

little doubt--look out. I hope my descendants will remember this.

She wrote me a few times, but I never replied. I have seen her a few times over the years. She married happily and raised a fine family.

1923. After staying in Farmington a little while, I again went out to sell woolen goods, this time in Colorado, around Grand Junction. This was a mistake. I could not sell hardly anything, so I returned home in time for April Conference.

Father had a few acres of good farm land at Farmington, so I decided to farm some. He had not paid me for working the summer before, so we called it even for me using his ground.

July 2, 1923 at 2:30 a.m. I left Farmington on my bike for Star Valley. The year before Porter had been selling insurance around Bear Lake country, Star Valley, etc. He accepted notes for part of the first year premium. A lot of these notes were not paid, and he offered to give me half of all I could collect, and I was authorized to settle as I chose. So when I left on my bike it was partly for this purpose. The first day I rode to Montpelier, Idaho. I went by way of Brigham, Logan, Bear Lake, etc. I arrived in Logan about 7 a.m. and got breakfast in a cafe, then I went to the A.C., had a swim in the pool, and then went to a summer school class with Mildred White, my cousin. Then I undertook the long Logan Canyon. I did not get anything to eat after breakfast. I nearly famished for food. I drank and sweat and drank and sweat. About halfway up I stopped at a vacant summer home and searched around. I found an old wilted potato and ate it, but at last I reached the top. The ride around the lake was nice. I detoured off the road and went over to Lanark (about five miles each way) to see a girl and then to Montpelier, one hundred sixty miles with the side trip. I expected I would be stiff and sore after, but I got a room in the Burgoyne Hotel, had a cold bath and rub-down and felt fine the next day. Mr. Parker, father of the girl at Lanark, had taken delivery of a new Model T the day I was there, and no one knew how to drive it, so I went there the night of July 3 and next day chauffeured them to the celebration, dance, etc. for the 4th. The 5th I went to Afton and was in Star Valley a day or two. I went out the north end and to Soda Springs, Grace, Preston, Logan and home.

Some of the land I was farming--about 2 1/2 acres--I planted to onions, but they were flooded out when the spring run off spilled over the creek. I then planted sugar beets there and some corn on another tract.

On Aug. 12, 1923, my cousin Kenneth Clark told me about a course that was starting at West High School to train bricklayers. He and I went to Salt Lake on Aug. 13 to investigate and decided to enroll. On the way home, as we got to the Bamberger depot, it started raining awfully hard. It did not let up, so we had to run through it to get on the train. While the train was stopped in the station at Centerville the power went off, so we decided to hitch-hike the other 5 miles to