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During 1933 I worked at the ZCMI Display Dept. and learned how to write price cards with a chisel brush. I was paid \$7 per week for the first 3 or 4 months, then, with FDR as US President, a minimum wage was set and my pay skyrocketed to \$18.50 per week.

One day the wife of a co-worker, Bill Hansen, came to the shop. Iris was her name, and she was a beauty. When I told Bill so, I asked "Are there any more like her?" He replied "just one more, would you like to meet her?" So he took me up to the filing dept, and introduced me to RUTH SOLOMON and she was more beautiful than Iris. What a great moment in my life - and her name was RUTH, always my favorite girl's name. She was for me.

On Christmas Eve one of the ZCMI crew dropped by at our home on 7th East to tell me that I was fired. I was so mad at such thoughtlessness that I started to make plans right then to get out of Salt Lake. Mother wrote to Mrs Hinckley in Los Angeles to see if I could stay with her and her two sons, Myron and Charles. She agreed, so I went alone, by bus, in the spring of 1934. I've often thought what a heart-breaking moment to my parents. To see their only son board that bus and out of their lives. Little realizing that it would be 30 years before he came back with a wife and 3 grown children.

On discovering that Woodbury School was not an art school as advertized, I determined to get a job or return to Salt Lake. Fortunately I did find a job at a studio called Southwest Studios at 1121 South Hill T. I was to be paid 50 cents an hour, but surely this would improve. And only for the hours that I did work. Quite generous. As it turned out, I left them in 1937 and went to work for the Essig Company, an advertising agency. Now this was worth while. \$200.00 per month. Al Essig owned the agency, Stan Macauley, accounts executive, Joe Eccleston, writer, and me as Art Director, Marion Lytle, bookkeeper. When I announced that our son, Michael was born, I was called into Al Essig's office and from what he first said, thought I was to be fired. Instead, he handed me check for \$200 and said, "Take the afternoon off".

Ruth and her Aunt Edith (as chaperon) visited me at the Hinckleys and I took her for a ride out to the ocean. It was at a romantic and scenic spot near El Segundo called the Hyperion Outfall that I slipped the smallest diamond ever mounted on her finger. I learned later that the Hyperion Outfall was a huge sewer pipe that took Los Angeles sewage out to sea.

Ruth and I were married Dec. 17th, 1936 in the Salt Lake LDS Temple. Now it is 1996 and on this Dec. 17th we will have been married 60 years. I don't know how she stood it.