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Title: **REC-Autob35**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

wartime building restrictions. These restrictions had been abandoned and I bought and took to the site the blocks, steel trusses, windows, lumber, etc. and was ready to start as soon as spring came. Then they announced that the restrictions were to be re-imposed. The next morning I was in Rigby building the garage. With some maneuvering and a lot of luck getting cement, etc., I built the whole thing in six weeks. The garage was about 50x54 feet. He paid me $65.00 per month and paid the last year's rent in advance.

When we came home from building the garage, I began selling real estate for American Housing Corp. (Estel Wright). I had been planning on doing this for a time. We sold our place in Hunter and moved into a small tract house in Lehi. I bought the house and was able to sell several houses in the tract. We lived in Lehi one year. We lived in the Lehi 3rd Ward. It was a delightful place to live, mostly old time country people, friendly and honest and not too well off. They sent me ward teaching with a young fellow (Smith), a newly married son-in-law of the bishop (Rick). This young fellow knew the people of the ward. As we walked in the dark on our route, we stopped on the sidewalk in front of one of the houses that sat back about forty feet. My companion was telling me about this man we were to visit. "He was a cantankerous old so and so, unfriendly, critical, and etc." As he was talking, I thought I could discern someone on the porch behind the screen. I kicked the kid on the shin to silence him. We went in and had our visit and as we arose to go, the man repeated exactly what young Smith had said. "The man who lives here is a cantankerous old so and so," etc. Of course my companion was embarrassed, and I also, but I held my peace. Then the kid (about 19) showed he was a man. He apologized as humbly as a man can. He said he was sorry and shouldn't have said what he had. The man accepted his apology. They shook hands and we left. We were teaching companions for a year and I doubt that anyone could treat their ward teachers better and more friendly than this fine man. Sometimes it is healthy for a man to hear the truth about himself.

While living in Lehi, I became quite friendly with Bishop Rick. After moving to Holladay we would go to Lehi on occasion to visit with him and others on a Sunday afternoon or other. He lived north of Lehi up on the hill. He was in the city limits, but had milk cows. He was also the city marshal. One afternoon at his place he said, "I'd give you one of those ducks if we could catch it."

I said, "Let's shoot it. I've got my woodsman here."

He said, "We can't. This is in the city limits."

I said, "That doesn't matter. We've got the law right here with us haven't we?"

He went in the house and got his pistol and I with my .22 Woodsman, we killed nearly all his ducks before we were through. It was fun.

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