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Title: **REC-Autob37**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Willard Hanson became ill and died. Stewart called me in and we arranged to engage H. Arnold Rich in his place and to work with Hanson. Mr. Rich was a good trial lawyer and fought the case to its conclusion.

When I told my boss, Thomas B. Childs, he said, "When you get through paying Rich, you'll know you have paid an attorney fee."

I replied, "I don't mind paying for a Stetson hat if I get a Stetson hat."

He said, "You've got a Stetson hat." Meaning, of course, that he was a good lawyer.

It was over a year before we went to court. The building had not yet been torn down. The department sued the oil co. and me in a joint action. The jury were mostly local farmers and etc and I could tell they considered the station worth about like a two-car garage, and it worried me. The judge seemed to think the station of little value and indicated as much. Then my lawyer jumped to his feet and moved for a mistrial. The judge admitted that he had said too much and had probably prejudiced the jury and declared a mistrial. They continued the hearing for the oil co. and came to a verdict.

The thing dragged on for another year before we could get it into court again. The judges were all so busy.

Finally Stewart Hanson went to Farmington to the court house to try to get the case into court. He was told there were no judges available. He said he knew one down Richfield way who was not busy, so they asked Stewart to call Judge Larson. He was a friend, or at least not hostile, and a new trial date was set.

I had learned a little by the mistrial. The building had now been demolished. I found the original plan and had "Ted" Jacobsen of Jacobsen Co. figure the cost of replacing the building. Mr. Rich was well acquainted with all the top appraisers in Utah, and he was a good friend of Mr. Boggs of the oil co., which made him a good, friendly witness.

I told Stewart I thought under all these circumstances that we should try it without a jury. The new judge would simply have to go by the evidence in court. The department agreed, too. No jury.

As we were in the court room getting ready to start, the highway man, whom I knew pretty well by now, said to me, "We're sure going to give you a going over today."

I replied, "I'm going to lick the sox off of you today."

We had such a parade of such expert witness that the other side was just snowed under.

When I was on the stand, their attorney, thinking of how mad they were because I had leased the place again, asked me, "Didn't you know that they were going to take your building, before you made the lease to Mr. Boggs?"

I answered, "No."

Question: "Were you in the highway department office in Feb. and didn't Mr. _____ tell you that they were going to take your property?"

[Page 37]