kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/163512

Title: **REC-Autob29**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

I said, "How much? How many dollars?"

I kept pestering and he kept refusing until he lost his cool and finally he said "seventy five dollars." I said "I'll take it. I'll leave the money in the bank for you tomorrow."

It was the tax time in the fall and winter coming and no work and I had less than eighty dollars, but the next day I went in the bank. He happened to be in the bank and tried to talk me out of it, but I handed the banker Grant a check and told him to give it to Dick Knowlton. All the while Dick was listening, but I wanted to do it exactly as I had agreed. The purchase contract for both pieces was in my name, so I just handed him the one for his piece and told Grant. But I now had the corner I wanted.

At the time we were building the court house and bank, there were a few interesting items. I had my bank account with the Sugar House Banking Co. (close to where I lived). Ken had his account with Columbia Trust Co. This was the time of the great bank crisis. We received a payment of $150.00 on our work. Ken gave me a check for $75.00 and he kept the check. That night we learned his bank had closed, so the next day I gave him a check for $75.00 and I took our paycheck. The next day I left our paycheck with my wife to deposit in my bank. She was probably the last depositor. Someone inside unlocked the door to let her in; the bank was crowded with people. She didn't notice they were all withdrawing their money. The bank never opened again. I made Ken's check good. We lost about $200.00, all we had. Over the years they paid us 35%.

When we were nearing the end of the court house, Dick bid on a highway bridge over the Santa Clara River, about 10 miles beyond St. George. While he was figuring it I cautioned him to figure plenty for hauling steel, cement, and etc. the 60 miles from Cedar City. I was aware of the problem because of the 50 mile haul from Montpelier to Star Valley. He asked me how much he should allow and I said "about 50 cents per 100 lbs."

He said, "Will you contract to haul it for that?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "OK, I'll figure that and if I get the job, I'll give you the hauling."

I went with him to the bid opening at the capitol building. His bid was low and he affirmed again that if he got the job I could have the hauling.

He was awarded the contract and left to inspect the area and make some preparation. While he was away I started pricing trucks. When he returned he said, "I'll do everything I promised." But he seemed a bit evasive and I suspected a change. I never got the job.

After finishing the court house, the architect, Mr. Pope, referred us to a school building he was designing for the B.A.C. at Cedar City. We did the brick work on it. A couple of weeks before finishing, I had my wife and two children come on the train and we lived in a motel. While they were there we drove on a Sunday to see Dick Knowlton, who was still building the bridge. It was a HOT day in the summer. I think I have never noticed the