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Title: **REC-Autob36**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
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While selling real estate I bought two half-acre lots in Holladay and decided to build a home on one of them. Holladay is a real nice place to live, one of the more desirable places. There was a mixture of real wealthy people and the old farmer type. We moved there early in 1947. After moving in I decided to return to laying brick. I made a little more money selling than laying brick, but I did not feel as at home. I think I knew the product and the market, but it was awful hard for me to keep track of all the properties that came on the market. I felt frustrated. I have often wondered if it was a mistake to quit. I believe I could have done well by getting for myself some choice deals. I did that a little in the year I was there. But one event outweighs all the others: if I had been selling, I would probably not have gone to New Zealand. I would not have missed that for all the other considerations.

Early in 1947 I was casting about for a tenant for the gas station in Farmington, whose lease expired April 1. In talking with Conoco, I was told that they were not interested, as the state was going to take the station to widen the highway. I immediately went to the capitol building and talked with one of their men. Sure enough, they needed my property. I told him that my lease with Sinclair was expiring April 1, so they need not deal with anyone but me. They seemed pleased and said their man would come see me in a "couple of days" and buy my property. After waiting a few days and the buyer did not come, I decided to try to lease it to Mr. Boggs of Wasatch Northern Oil of Ogden. He had been trying for a month or two to see me. He was eager to see me, and we made a deal in a few minutes. He was to pay $105.00 per month on a five year lease with the first and last months' rent paid in advance. I was to meet him next evening in his attorney's office in Salt Lake. I told him if his lawyer drew up an agreement that was simple enough for a bricklayer to understand, that I would sign it. If not I would have to have my lawyer examine it. He assured me it would be simple and plain and it was, so my wife and I duly signed it. Mr. Bogg's Wasatch Northern Oil Co. was in the station a few months when the buyer for the state highway came along. He could not arrive at an arrangement with the oil co. and I laughed at him when he proposed to pay $8000 for the property.

A going gas station paying $105 per month rent on a five year lease looks a lot better than a vacant station with broken windows and which, when operating, was paying $50 per month. So I was lucky and really glad that it had been leased.

The highway department was not so glad. I tried quite hard to come to an agreement with the department. I went to the capitol building and offered to compromise if they would make it twelve to fourteen thousand. They laughed at me and said, "There are plenty of good lawyers in town who need a job. Why don't you get one." So I started looking for a lawyer. I settled on Willard Hanson and son Stewart. The department condemned the property and took possession and we squared off for a fight.

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