



What were you all doing Christmas Eve 1970, 49 years ago tonight.

Mildred Vearlene Sullivan was spending Christmas Eve with her kids in Dallas, Texas.

I Charles James Apgar was in a conversation with a friend, we were talking about the future.

He was supposed to be home with his wife and three daughters.
Although he was a little late getting there, he did make it.

The following is some of what that conversation was about.

The Multi-Trillion Dollar Dream Projects - Background Story

This Background Story Is To Whom It May Concern.

The evolution of a simple dream into The Multi-Trillion Dollar Dream Projects that it is called today, started with a conversation that took place between two people on Christmas Eve 1970.

That casual conversation took place the evening of December 24th, 1970 in Irving, Texas.

The other guy in the conversation was forty-one and a native Texan, I was twenty-eight and from Ohio.

We had met in Texas through a mutual friend in May of 1970. We continued to be friends through the years, to the day he passed away in 2001 at the age of seventy-two. He will always be missed.

I had gone by his place of business in the late afternoon of that Christmas Eve, to wish him and his people a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. As I was walking in, most of his people were leaving for the holidays.

After all his people had gone, the two of us were left sitting in his office and we started talking about business in general and what we hoped to accomplish in the next ten years or so.

This guy had some nice offices, for a construction firm. They were all furnished with a Spanish theme. The executive offices had custom built desks, custom built black Spanish leather couches and chairs, with plush red carpets and flocked wallpaper.

Needless to say, this guy was proud of what he had accomplished.

I had grown up in a construction family and had been in business in Ohio before moving to Texas, but I had just started my business in Texas with four other guys as partners, in September of that year.

We had filed for a corporate charter, which we did receive December 27th, 1970.

This guy I was talking to, not only knew the guy that we had named as President of our new corporation, but according to him, he had taught him most of what he knew about the construction business.

Because he had known this guy for many years, he didn't feel that the partnership that we had formed, had a chance of making it.

To his surprise, I agreed with him, because I knew he was right, although I had only worked with this guy from May until September, prior to forming the partnership.

I had seen it as an opportunity to get into the construction business in Texas and simply took advantage of it.

By July 1st, 1971 all of the partners had gotten out of the corporation and I had acquired full ownership. I continued to run the corporation as the new President, naming my wife as Vice President and my accountant as Secretary-Treasurer, until around July of 1976.

At that time, we had completed all work that we had on contract, paid off all of the debts we had assumed when everyone else left, and at that time we decided to shut the business down.

We did maintain the corporate charter until around 1992. At that time, we let it expire. Our accountant resigned as an officer of the corporation and we all felt it had served its purpose.

My wife and I had been in Las Vegas for about ten years by that time and we didn't feel that we had any further need for a Texas corporation.

We had continued to use the Texas corporate name for years, until we decided to start using Apgar And Sullivan.

We had to call ourselves something and being as my name is Apgar and her name is Sullivan and A comes before S, Apgar And Sullivan seemed to make sense. We didn't feel that anyone could object, after all its who we are.

Getting back to the Christmas Eve conversation of 1970 and the role it played in the evolution of a simple dream that only lived somewhere in the back of my mind that evening.

As the conversation that evening went on, the competitiveness between the two of us began to dominate the conversation. As I've said this guy was proud of what he had accomplished, and I was proud of what I was trying to accomplish.

Although we had known one another since May of that year, this guy didn't know a whole lot about me, and he knew even less about my background.

It's not that I had any big secrets, it's just that he didn't bother to ask, and I didn't bother to volunteer. I believe to this day that he grossly underestimated my understanding of the construction business.

Twelve more years would pass before this guy would come to realize some of the things I was capable of doing, but he would never have the opportunity to learn more about me, because in 1982 my wife and I left Texas and moved to Las Vegas, Nevada with the intentions of seeing a simple dream we had been working on, built in the Las Vegas Valley.

That was also the last year we ever saw this guy in person, although we stayed in touch through the years until he passed away in 2001.

There was no Multi-Trillion Dollar Dream Projects when we started that conversation on Christmas Eve of 1970 and there was no Multi-Trillion Dollar Dream Projects when the conversation ended later that evening, but that

evening of December 24th, 1970 will always be the birth date of a simple dream, because it was that conversation that gave birth to the idea that would continue to evolve through the years into The Multi-Trillion Dollar Dream Projects as it's known today.

There was a little bet put on the table that evening between this guy and myself. It didn't have as much to do with him as it did with me, because as I've said, he was pretty comfortable at that point in his life.

I on the other hand had a long way to go and the one thing that kept bothering me throughout the conversation was, that no matter what I said to this guy, he wasn't about to give that I was just as capable of accomplishing the same goals as he had, given the same amount of time.

I decided to ask him how old he was, and he told me he was forty-one. I was twenty-eight at the time. So, in trying to rib him a little bit, I said, you're thirteen years older than me and this is all that you've got to show for it.

Well, if I don't have any more than this to show for my efforts by the time I'm your age, I'll probably just quit the business.

Then I said, if you would like to put a little money on the table, I will bet you, that at the end of ten years of continuous operations, I will be operating out of at least a ten story office building and some part of my operations will occupy all ten floors.

Why a ten-story office building? I have no idea, ten stories, ten years, ten-thousand dollars, it just seemed to fit at the moment.

We had both had a drink or two by that time and you know how it goes sometimes. So, I said, let's make the bet one-thousand dollars per year for a total of ten-thousand dollars and whoever loses the bet works for the other person for two years for nothing, in addition to the ten-thousand dollars.

Now I know this little bet seems a little lopsided, after all this guy didn't have to do anything in the next ten years to win. All he had to do was wait for me to lose, but the thing that was in my favor, was the fact that the bet was based on ten years of continuous operations in my own business.

Well as it turned out, things didn't go as planned. We shut the business down in July of 1976 and we never reopened the doors. The bet was off.

After shutting the business down, my wife and I moved to West Texas where I worked off and on, mostly off, as an independent construction consultant/project coordinator for a while.

I wouldn't recommend it to anyone though, as a way to make a living.

In 1978, with very little going on in my life business wise, I designed an office complex that I hoped to fund and build in West Texas. It was a group of interconnecting round office buildings that would have served as offices for several different construction trades.

We still have the drawings.

There would be warehouse space at the back of the complex for maintenance shops, material storage and whatever they would need to run their day to day operations.

I was unable to fund the project, so I gave up on that idea and left West Texas.

We moved to Austin, Texas in 1980. I was unable to get anything going in Austin, so we moved back to Irving, Texas in early 1981.

At that time, I decided to design an office complex that consisted of a ring of six round fifteen story buildings that would revolve around a center core.

At the center core would be elevators and lots of common space that could be used for meetings, small conventions, etc. The ring of office towers would be connected by overhead walkways that in turn would connect to the center core.

The ring of office towers would sit atop a multi-story parking garage that would elevate the office towers, giving them an un-obstructed view of Reunion Tower and downtown Dallas.

It would be built on twenty-five acres of land just south of the Trinity River and west of I-35 south, in Dallas, Texas.

I had built a paper model of the Dallas project as a visual aid when talking to the few people that were told about the project. Well, guess what, I wasn't able to do anything with the Dallas project either.

As 1981 turned into 1982, something drove me to keep working on the design concept of the Dallas project, although the project itself was dead and would never be built.

I was curious about this design concept and whatever it was in the back of my mind that drove me.

I didn't know in early 1982 how things would unfold before that year was over. In 1981 I had run the idea of the Dallas project by the guy in the Christmas Eve conversation of 1970.

He didn't express any interest in the concept or the project.

I wasn't surprised, being as he and I hadn't agreed on much during the eleven years that we had known each other. We had remained friends through the years because my wife and I could always discuss anything from business to personal with this guy, and it was always done in an open, honest and respectful way.

We always knew where we stood with each other and no matter what we discussed, it remained private.

He was a true Texan, the hat, the boots, the whole nine yards and he will always be missed.

Well, I've told you about the conversation on Christmas Eve 1970. I've told you about the bet that took place about a dream that only existed somewhere in the back of my mind on that night.

I've told you about shutting our business down in July of 1976 and as a result of that, the bet was called off.

And I've given you some idea of what took place during the time between 1970 and early 1982.

In 1982 as I continued to work on the design concept that would ultimately develop into The Multi-Trillion-Dollar Projects, I became more and more interested in the concept.

It's like the idea had been there in the back of my mind for forty years at that time, just waiting to get out. The mind can conceive many ideas, but it still takes the hand of man to turn an idea into a reality.

I was also beginning to realize that these projects couldn't be built just anywhere.

It had become more than just another building project. They would have to be built where people gathered in large numbers, for business meetings, conventions, personal recreation, etc.

The only place that kept coming to mind, was Las Vegas, Nevada. I had passed through Las Vegas in the fall of 1968 and again in the fall of 1969. Both times I

was on my way to California and I had spent less than a day or night in Las Vegas each time. That's all that I knew about Las Vegas.

My wife had never been there. But Las Vegas seemed to be calling our names, so by August 1982 my wife and I had made up our minds. We packed our personal belongings and moved to Las Vegas, Nevada the first week of September 1982.

We have now been in Las Vegas for over 37 years. Still working on The Multi-Trillion Dollar Dream Projects.

Dreams have no expiration date.

Someday soon, maybe even today, by the Grace of God something good will come from all of these years. One can't get there by quitting.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all of you that we have come to know. We hope that 2020 brings you all the best that life has to offer.

Sincerely, Charles James Apgar and Mildred Vearlene Sullivan