

# Ken Replies



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# Ken Replies

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Home  
Evening  
Painting  
Pottery



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## **1    What advice would you give to future generations in your family?**

The first advice is that you are loved. I really care about you and your welfare. I lived next door to my grandfather and within a mile of the other, thus I would feel their love continually. Since our family is scattered throughout the United States and Europe I don't get to see you as often as I would like. I have taken to writing my stories for you because you are not close enough. I would love to have feed back which would bless me greatly. I do love each and every one of you.

First the gift of life is truly magnificent and of great value. It makes no difference whether you believe it came from your parents, God, or both. It is truly miraculous! Your mother went through great pains just to get you here. Parents have tried to help you along the way. The true question is "What will you do with it?" How will you make a difference? I expect each of you to contribute because you are very capable. I expect all of us to "Return With Honor." I suggest that each of you will adopt this slogan and join me after a long helpful life on the other side. When my grandparents passed on I started thinking of the good things they had taught me. To find my way back to church I had to work my way through some tough questions. One of the things I did is develop a constitution or life plan. I think that many of you have or should have written such a document. In this document I outlined my service to God and my family and humanity.

Last night I read the sealed letter my father wrote to our family before open heart surgery in 1968. I didn't see the letter until after he died. I hope this is not such a letter because I expect feed back. In this letter he gave specific

assignments to care for mom and the younger children. In a way it was his constitution that he shared with us.

It is my conviction that my choice to follow Christ is the correct path to follow. The present prophet, dad's surgeon, Russell M. Nelson has a special place in my life because gave me much more time with my father. His new book, "Heart of the Matter" will help you follow the Savior.

"A personal constitution is a set of principles that guide a person's life, similar to how a country's constitution defines its laws and rights. It can be a useful exercise to write down your personal constitution, as it can help you reflect on your values and actions, and ensure you're living in line with your ideals"

## 2 What is one of your go-to comfort foods, and why?

After we got rid of the chickens mother started working in "The Dairy Freeze". After work or school I would drop by and she would see that I got supper -

cheeseburger and fries and sometimes she would add dessert. She made a really good hot-fudge-banana-split(HFBS). I found the other workers could make HFBS for a price. I still find this a comfort food since since I am eating chocolate I can have my comfort food.

It's all her fault!!

Grok -“To double-check: a 1950s ad from a similar Utah diner lists banana splits at 20-30 cents, and Dairy Queen, expanding then, charged -25 cents for deluxe sundaes. The Dairy Freeze, not a chain, likely matched or undercut that to draw locals. Your 25-cent call feels spot-on—maybe even a deal if it was a generous scoop.” This is a 32.6 fold increase in price!



### 3    What was your mom like when you were a child?

My mother was the most beautiful lady in the neighborhood (my whole world). She was always happy except when I did things wrong, like set in the bucket of milk. I remember mother always wearing a dress and often with her hair tied up with a handkerchief, just like "Rosie the Riveter". Her hair was up because she was always working. When we would rest in the evening she was crocheting beautiful doilies for our house and as gifts. Our house was always neat and clean. She drove a car in a town even though many women did not drive. One night she and dad came home all excited and laughing about a car race, she had won. Dad was really worried because she didn't shift from second to third gear but no one could pass her.



Once a month she would dress up and meet with her friends to play 500 (cards). I think that there were eight women playing cards at the home of the hostess. As I remember they played once per month. They had neat treats and dad and I had to leave the house. They would draw lots from a saucer with 8 cards to assign partners and tables. They would play combinations for two prizes. I assume one for highest and the other for lowest score.

I truly loved my mother because she was so nice and pretty.

#### 4 What's the First Major News Story You Can Remember Living Though as a Child

World War II: Pearl Harbor was bombed when I was one year old so I have no recollection of the start. I do have a recollection of my Uncles coming home safe. A few years ago I found a small autograph book that had been signed by family members and mailed for Christmas 1943 to Uncle LeRoy (Rogue) Wilson. He had returned this with a story of the invasion of the Philippines. I never knew of any letters from my uncles. Of interest to me was that I had printed my name under Kenneth in the book. Rogue

was a cook and he wrote about people missing for breakfast and the problem of smokeless powder making it difficult to find the snipers. I remember the first Christmas gift from Uncle Rogue was a set of rubber stamps he left as he played Santa Claus. He had come to the house and hollered ho ho! and put me to sleep. He always claimed that he was going to shoot Santa Clause with his double barrel shot gun as he came over the mountain. He may have suffered the most from the war as he had some problems. Uncle Shorty came by one night and stayed with us in the three room house.



KENNETH  
KENNETH.

This night I shared my top bunk with him and Sue shared the bottom bunk with Dana and Aunt Thelma. We were told that he was AOL and we could not let anyone know that he was here. He fell asleep and no one could wake him to care for Dana who wanted her dad. She cried and cried, they put her in bed between the two of us and he slept on. I thought the night would never end. I did love the sword he brought me. I assume that as forward observer he would only dare sleep near the big gun. Then Uncle Cornell came home and we all met in the living room. Dad noted how big Corny was and he told dad he could whip him. Out came the boxing gloves and they started fighting in the house. Things pretty soon got very serious. Finally dad got him against the front door and really worked his younger brother over. Dad stood up, took off the gloves, and said that's all, never again. I must add that some 12-15 years later we were on the porch at grandpas house and this match came up and dad made the comment the Corny was so fat that he could whip again. This time the wrestling match started and soon dad had him down on lawn on his back and was tickling him.

Shorty trained in Louisiana and landed in Europe just in time for the Battle of the Bulge. Rogue fought on Anguar Island. Corny was in the air force in the Pacific. I was lucky all came home safe. My best friend Kenny Peterson's father served in the navy. I do remember listening to the Motorola trying to find out how are troops were doing. When it was over, they a big billboard on the lawn across from the Park that listed all that served and also those that did not come home.

## 5 What's one of the most beautiful places you've ever been?

I found my most beautiful spot on a Fast Sunday on a tour bus at the Mount of Temptations. One of the member travelers offered us some delicious looking figs, that I politely but reluctantly refused. We then stopped at the Sea of Galilee. As we walked down towards the shore I noticed a golden statue representing Jesus Christ healing someone. Further down the was a minister preaching to his flock. When I saw water and it was calm with mist rising, I felt a calmness come over me. I remember in the scriptures that He settled these waters. We toured the charming chapel

and signed the guest book. We then went out to view the lake again I noticed that a small motor boat was casting a wave as it left the shore, I imagined that His disciples would leave for fishing.

### My Favorite Spot



The Sea of Galilee



## 6 Describe One of Your Most Memorable Birthdays.

As a young person I had a measles problem on my birthdays. I had the unlikely event of measles on three different birthdays. I had the German or three day measles twice on my birthday and both times the middle day was my birthday. The hard measles last much longer and thus were more likely to fall on my birthday. Even more interesting from a coincidental analysis is that they were on alternating years, thus covering 5 years. Of course this minimized the number of birthday parties that I had which may have influenced my mother to approve a special party. The special party was to invite my friends and take them to a movie. The good news was the movie "Pride of the Yankees" was scheduled on my birthday. I didn't want to be

forced to choose between a party or the movie. I suggested that we could do both and Mom agreed to take all of my friends to the movie. This movie was very important to me because such things were not done in that era. A down side to this was all of my friends realized that I was truly a Yankee fan. The problem became clear when I had the flu during the World Series. I was so sick that I could hardly move and never watched any inning.



My Hero's Movie

When I went to school they would not believe I was really sick because the Yankees were playing in the series. No one would believe that I was sick. My fortieth birthday was memorable even though I had no party because Mt St. Helens erupted on my birthday.

## **7 If You Had to go Back in Time and Start a Brand New Career, What Would it be?**

I went to the University of Utah with goal of becoming an engineer. I soon found that I had some deficiencies academically, so I changed majors but still took many engineering courses. I also took an education course to see if teaching was for me. That course turned me off. My senior year I did have a half time assistantship teaching labs. As we were expecting our second child it became necessary that I graduate and find work. I learned that the best paying jobs in the area were with Hercules Powder Co. I went down town and survived the interview and was hired as a reliability engineer. So I did achieve my engineering goal. I worked there for a year and found that I really did not like being an engineer. I then went back to school and started a career in molecular biology and eventually teaching.

I have at times wondered if I should have taken a different direction. Could I have done more good if I had gone to medical or veterinary school. This was prompted by my time as a Branch President. I really enjoyed helping people, but for many of the problems I would have needed more skills. Another possibility was to follow my love for horses and become a veterinarian. I had a start when I studied dad's huge book on animal medicine while in high school.

## 8 How would you describe your grandparents?

In all honesty they were younger than I am now but they seemed old when I was young. My grandparents were nearly the same age all within 5 years.

Grandpa Tanner: was a sheep herder for many years with herds in the book cliffs of eastern Utah and in Idaho. He was friendly with Indians (native Americans). He gave me a gray leather purse with blue and white beads. At times he would chant some songs or words that later I would identify in western movies. He then bought some waste land from his father and built the farm. I remember moving him to town as a young boy. This move was great because he was much closer and we were able to spend more time together.

Alton was a friendly person and obviously loved me very much as with all of his grandchildren. He read the newspaper daily and especially "Little Orphan Annie". He explained that this was a political cartoon and helped me understand the story and political lines. He was a good reader and as well a good story teller. One of his favorite story subjects was Butch Cassidy and the hole-in-the-wall



Grandpa & Grandma Tanner

gang (who had visited his sheep camp). Unfortunately I wish that I had been more attentive but I didn't appreciate these because they were yet to become famous.

Repentance: One day we were walking up Main street, he pointed to one of the houses and told me that the owner, John Lant, had ridden with the "hole-in-the-wall-gang". I remember Mr. Lant as a man in a suit and tie and as an outstanding member of our community, even Mayor. Was grandpa certain that he had the right person? This bothered me for some time until I studied the genealogy very carefully and recognized this was his cousin, thus there was no error. A repentant Mr. Lant was an outstanding member of our community.

Grandma Tanner: Grandma was a cook for ranch hands. She helped build the farm. When they first started she had to carry water from a spring quite a distance for all of their domestic use until they could afford to drill a well. There was a large wind break south of the house that she and grandpa had to water the trees by hand. She was very nice to each grandchild. She was a great cook. I remember her making homemade noodles because she would let me unroll the noodles. She was so cheerful before she got sick. She developed hardening of the arteries or dementia. It was so hard for all of us. I remember one time we were pitting cherries. She would be working and then she would start mumbling and throw a handful of cherries with pits into the pan. We would carefully try to remove the cherries with pits. I guess we missed a few because every once in a while I would find a pit in my cherry pie. Even today when I find a pit in a cherry pie, tears come to my eyes and I remember how much I loved my grandma.

Clarence LeRoy Wilson:  
Pa Roy was my next door neighbor. We had a path directly from our house to his. I guess I was the one that kept the dirt path well packed going up to set on his front porch and talk. One time he wanted to learn dominoes and coerced Dad and I to learn and then teach him. The three of us spent time playing dominoes. His large garden was a major source of food. The first stories I learned of was the sheep shearing race he won. He owned and ran a freight line to the silver mines in Tonopah, NV. He sold his freight line and helped build the railroad to Nevada.

In addition to the three room house, where my father and I were born, he built the garage, cellar, granary, pig pen, and barn. He worked as a policeman and handyman. At the age 70 he was a carpenter during the construction of the Geneva Steel Plant. One time he made me a wooden cup-and-ball toy from scraps.

He always seemed happy and relaxed except on irrigation days. I guess over the years the most important time is "watering time", because that had to be done right or your plants would die. He finally had a heart attack irrigating his yard and died one week later.

Grandma Wilson: Died four years before I was born, but she had influence on me because of all the reverence the



Grandpa & Grandma Wilson



Nellie Louise Carson Wilson

family had for her. She was known for helping people. She would tell grandpa that she had to go home (Fairfield, UT) to help some family member that was sick. This is before phones and she sometimes arrived before the person was sick. At one time I felt that I looked a lot like her and my father.

Grandma Geneva (Page): She was the grandma that I did know. She was very helpful to me. She and grandpa got along very well. I felt her love

and I loved her very much. Grandpa was married to each of his wives for the same length of time. After Grandpa died she went to live with her family in Genola or Murray, and I never saw her again. She was buried in the Goshen cemetery.

**9 What simple pleasures of life do you truly enjoy?**



# Puzzles I Solve





**Nature walks:**  
I love the woods,  
meadows,  
sea shore and  
of course my time  
“up the canyon”.  
A good book or  
even a TV series.  
Solving problems  
and puzzles.  
Trying to understand  
art and music

**Most of all I love being**  
around and sharing with  
people.

## **10 What Are Some of Your Favorite Family Traditions?**

My favorite family tradition was started when my father and his friends bought a tent. I like to refer to it as a "The Green Army Tent". This was the start of our family get togethers in Payson Canyon. The first trip I remember was to the Large Reservoir. A downpour ended our camping, resulting in a harrowing ride down the canyon. We pitched the green army tent in Yellowstone, Spanish Fork Canyon, West Tintic and many other places where you could have time for family and the environment. Eventually a small camp trailer replaced the green army tent for family trips. In time Dad and mom acquired a larger trailer to accommodate our growing family. Along the way we added riding horses, which were eventually replaced with off road vehicles. Our family traditions were always centered around communicating and learning. Many have been life events like baptisms, weddings, births and deaths. My parents were great teachers and learners. They taught their children and grandchildren, and in turn were taught by their offspring. We saw many important places in the United States and shared ideas and knowledge. When we went to Washington D.C., my parents named the Senators by sight from the Nixon Trials. In summary this thanksgiving we had simultaneous family meetings in Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Seattle. Time was spent communicating, sharing, and learning. Our family is separated by distance, but we stick together via zoom and face time.

## 11 What do you admire most about your father?

My father took parenting very seriously and was very good. He was a close friend, teacher, role model, and father. He taught me to respect my mother, family, neighbors and people in general. He taught me how to save money for the future by example and lesson.

I learned most things by doing them with him, riding horses, shooting guns, gardening, driving a car etc. We often competed head to head on things, including; pushups, poker, times tables, and racing horses. We spent time together listening to and keeping score of Ute basket ball



games.

He was the best dad in the world at the best time in the world to be a dad. Since we were chicken farmers and he had seasonal work and was home much of the time, he taught by working with me. He could do math and mom could to spell.

He truly loved our family. Due to this love for his family he never gave up on me or my siblings. From the time I was born until I moved to Ohio, we did everything together. After moving to Ohio we were together every summer for one or two weeks alternating between Utah and Ohio.

## 12 What are some of your favorite memories of your mother.



Jennie V Wilson  
my Mother

I was the first born in our family and thus had a lot of time with Jennie V or mom. She helped me with the Nursery Rhymes. I remember crying at night because I couldn't remember the new story. Mom was so helpful seeing that I learned things. She taught me to darn sox and embroider my initial K on my pajamas. We would gather eggs from the nests in the coops. The best time was lunch that we had chicken noodle soup, peanut butter sandwiches and hot cocoa. When I was out side I had my dog Duke a pit bull that took care of me. Skippy was my cat that kept mice from our coops.

Each week Linda and I take a lunch to our "work". When I prepare the lunch I remember my mom always prepared a lunch for my father and me when I had a job. I get this wonderful feeling that mom is helping make the lunch or at least I identify with her. For 20 plus summers she prepared scrambled egg sandwiches for dad to work on High Line Canal and then 25 years she made tuna fish sandwiches for his work on the Geneva Steel mill. I love my Jennie.

### **13   What have been some of your life's greatest surprises?**

The worst of surprises in life is the loss of a loved one. As a youth I had great faith in God and Jesus Christ, which helped me accept the loss of my grand parents as a natural process. The first time I lost a relative younger than myself was a great tragedy, my brother and cousin were killed by a drunk driver. There was two things that helped me through this tragedy. First I spent 6 months in Utah getting to know my younger (21 yrs) brother, Scott. Much of that was spent skiing, talking and palling around. The second event was getting reactivated in the Church (after leaving Utah). I am so happy that I was active before this tragedy. My testimony was strengthened to the point I could handle the tragic death of two young men just before they turned 21. The knowledge of eternal marriage carried me through the loss of my wife of 43 years. The loss of my grandson Spencer was extremely hard because they were expecting their first child. These sad surprises were the hard to handle emotionally.

Good surprises also occur like three children graduate from college and get married. I was able to locate a wonderful woman and remarry. I finally was able to serve on a mission for the church and then another. I do enjoy the glass half full activity of adding new members to our family. However it would be a sad life if one didn't have friends that you would not want to lose!

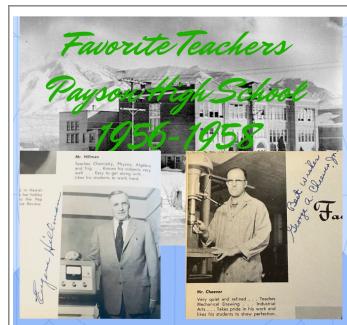
## 14 Who Inspires You?

I have been inspired by many real people. When I went to college I was inspired by Uncle Melvin Wilson my grandfather's younger brother because he went to college and encouraged me. In my student years I had many inspiring teachers. As I was finishing my dissertation my father was having heart problems that required open heart surgery. His doctor was a famous heart surgeon that I would follow for the next half century. When I returned to activity in the church he was called to be an apostle. Over the years he has been an active leader. Dr. Apostle, Prophet President Russell M. Nelson has inspired me with all his accomplishments. I am now reading his book (Heart of the Matter) and it is a great source of inspiration. Pres. Nelson inspires me to trust in my Lord and Savior who is the ultimate inspiration for all of us.

## **15 Do You Believe That People Can Change? Why or Why Not?**

As a child grows they learn and develop character. Growth is a period of change. Periodically there is need for a change in direction/personality. This need for evaluation followed by change is necessary for growth. As I approached my 40th yr I found a personal need to evaluate my life. This period in my life was similar to Saul -> Paul or Alma the younger's great change. I faced the greatest question in life "Is there a God?" The angel that I faced was my family , present and past (My ancestors who gave their life for the gospel.) I felt that it would be horrible to spend this life and not attempt to answer the greatest question. I would learn in this study some of the trials of my ancestors for this knowledge. As I went on this trek, I had to overcome beliefs and habits. The breakthrough came when I finally understood that Christ suffered for me at Gethsemane and Golgotha! I finally understood repentance that my grandfather pointed out to me. The whole point of the Gospel is that we can change our lives and vision of life, the cost is that we too must forgive others. In 40+ years serving in the gospel I have witnessed many that did change. In summary because of the "Atonement" all people can change but it takes hard work, humility, and faith to change. Those that do the mental and spiritual work will change.

## 16 Who Was Your Favorite High School Teacher? Why?



I had two teachers in high school that really stand out because they prepared me for college. George Cheever and Gene Hillman were very influential in my high school life. Mr. Cheever taught three years of Drafting and one year of Shop. Mr. Hillman taught me Chemistry, Physics, Plane Geometry and Trigonometry. Mr. Hillman also coached me in little league baseball before high school.

Mr. Cheever's classes were unique because first, second and third year students were all in the same room at the same time. This provided the value of everyone working together much like our one room Amish schools. I

loved the interaction. Many of the students that took those classes went straight to work in the aeronautics industry. Others did very well in architecture and engineering.

Mr. Hillman's classes were very classical but well taught. I was prepared for college classes but not for my first math class teacher. My first class in college math I got a D. That graduate teacher had no idea how to teach but as time went on I did much better in math, chemistry and physics.

## **17 If You Could Thank Anyone, Who Would You Thank and Why?**

A few years ago I was thinking about all of the people that helped us when we arrived in Oxford, Ohio. All have passed away and I wanted to express in some way my appreciation. I first thought of putting a flower on their headstone. I made a list of over a dozen people that had helped us. I then went to a class during BYU education week and Dr. Joe Price suggested in class you can add material to their name on Family Search. He reported if you add pictures or notes their family is more likely to do their temple work. Through this mechanism I can send messages to their dependents and hopefully to them on the other side of the veil. The first couple I wanted to thank was Rosie and Mel Bloom. Since adding a picture to their site I note that now they have been baptized and sealed in the temple. I have worked through my list of names to get their genealogies recorded. I have also added stories to other friends including my college roommate that saved my life. I feel that we can reach their family members and maybe even those who are on the other side.

## **18 When You Were a Child, What Did You Look Forward to Most?**

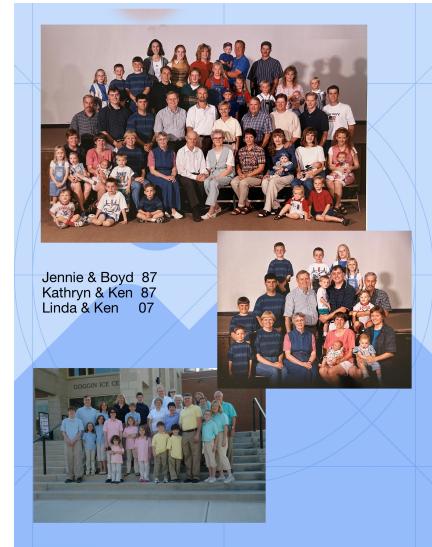
There were four things that I remember waiting for: my "New Baby Sister", a shipment of baby chicks, a new bicycle for Christmas, but a baby colt for my birthday is the one for this day.

One day my father proclaimed the no normal boy could be raised without a horse! I was afraid of horses and my father took me out to buy a horse. He soon traded this horse off for a brood mare named "Red". Old Red, as we called her was the one that trained me to ride. Soon we learned that Red was going to have a colt in May. That was exciting and then Glen Ray predicted that the colt would be born on my birthday! The sire for the colt was a thoroughbred (Sir Grayspot) because dad wanted a race horse. Obviously, I wanted kid's pony. The wait for and through May was exasperating. When dad came home from work at 1:00 am 18 May and he checked there was no colt. When we went out early in the morning there was "MY Colt" born on my birthday. I think mom picked the name "Ginger". Everyday I would pet Ginger and bring apples or sugar, dad didn't stand a chance because he had to work. Soon his race horse was my kid's pony. One year later Red would have "Buster" another colt which would be dad's horse. When dad was on his way out to break Ginger, mom explained to him he was too late. We had been riding her around the corral all summer. Later Ginger would run in saddle races and do quite well for 3/8 of a mile. Another story for another day would pit the sister-brother: Ginger-Buster :son-dad: Ken-Boyd face off.

## **19 What do You Consider One of The Best Days You Can Remember?**

My best days are when I am together with family. Often the best time is the work it takes to get everyone together. I have two special times when I had (almost) all of my family together. The first time was for my parents 60 anniversary. This was special because my parents and siblings were together and all of the extended family. A significant part of this gathering was the trip of “the dirty dozen” from Ohio to Utah and back in one large RV. This culminated in of the largest group of mom and dad’s families to ever meet. It was significant because of the building relationships between the eastern and western parts of the family.

The next great family day was my retirement party or “Graduation Party” as coined by Ruth Good. On this occasion all met for a time at Hueston Woods. This second gathering was significant because we had our family from Ohio and Pennsylvania together. We had Linda’s family and my family together. Included are pictures of both occasions.



Jennie & Boyd 87  
Kathryn & Ken 87  
Linda & Ken 07

Special Family Get Togethers

## **20 What's your favorite holiday tradition? Where does it come from?**

Celebrating Christmas is a yearly ritual that includes family, gifts, tree, songs, pictures and stories or memories. My first Christmas story occurred in when I was three (1943). When we went into living to open gifts on Christmas morning I crawled around the tree hunting for "My Baby New Sister". She would arrive in August. We sent a small book to my uncles in the army. I actually signed the one we sent to Uncle Rogue (LeRoy) which he returned with a letter about the fighting in the Philippine islands. Bing Crosby and White Christmas were the rage on the radio. As I grew the real meaning of Christmas and the Gift that Heavenly Father sent to earth came into focus.

Payson Junior High had a Candle & Carol Christmas service that was memorable. It was important for two reasons. First we learned a new group of songs each year. Second all three grades presented the same program each year. We wore simple white robes and carried a lit candle in an out of the service. As I first marched in I was amazed that the whole town was in the gym, even the balconies were full. This was probably the largest crowd I had ever seen, even double the number at a basketball game!

When Cindy and Carla joined the family we first decorated a tree just after Thanksgiving. We were so proud of new lights, and ornaments on a Douglas fir tree. We spent a week with grandparents and returned home to find the tree denuded of ornaments and leaves. There was this pile at the base of the tree. No ornaments or lights were broken.

When we moved to Ohio we then took our custom of a tree and we soon added Boyd and then Benji to our family.

Our small family enjoyed Christmas parties singing Carols with our neighbors. One of my most embarrassing and harrowing time was a walk in the woods and Benji ran out on the ice to chase some birds and fell through. I had been warned to keep him on the leash but there was no one around for miles. It was very cold wading out to rescue our dog.

Our next addition to our Christmas tradition was a trip to Sullivan Island, SC. This was a record cold for the area. I remember walking the dog along the shore with a cold wind in the face and ice cold sand hitting me in the face and I recognized that we were not far enough South. Soon after we would spend Christmas in Florida and it only snowed one year.

In summation the main ingredients in our Christmas tradition still remains: Family, Carols, Trees, Gifts, Stories, Pictures and fond memories.



Carla, Boyd, Cindy, and Kathryn

## **21 How Would You Describe The Neighborhood Where You Grew Up?**

My neighborhood was a little over two blocks wide and three blocks long with the streets forming a "T". The top was Fourth North and the stem was First South. Our house was on the corner facing west. Most streets were numbered in Utah. In Payson only the two center streets had official names, Main Street(NS) and Utah Avenue(EW). All of the yards were carefully fenced and gated, presumably to keep animals out of the vegetable and flower gardens. These gardens and lawns were irrigated weekly with water from reservoirs in the canyon. The water flowed south to north or west to east in a ditch along the side of the road. Each yard had a bridge over the irrigation ditch to the gate into the yard. Our dog, Duke would jump the fence and chase a car and then jump back in. If the large garage door was open he would come through the garage and push the small door and enter the yard. Our three room house was on the corner facing west. Grandpa Wilson who built our house lived south of us in the adobe house that his father built. There was no fence between our yards. In fact there was a well worn path connecting the houses. This path was well worn by us and Grandpa. Regularly he came down the path with a quart can for eggs. Next to grandpa was "Mitcho-mitcho" (Mr. Mitchell and his wife) who had a grape arbor. Two of my best friends, Glen Ray and Dick Spencer lived across the street on the corner. Leaving my neighborhood south you would come to Highway 91 and town. Later I would cross the highway to get hot-fudge banana splits from Jennie, my mom, who

worked at the Dairy Freeze. One morning we awakened to find the fire truck in front of the house across the street. For several years after the fire, this was the spooky or haunted house in our neighborhood. My friend Boyd McAffe lived in the house behind the "haunted house". After dark I had to run by the scary house to get home. There were six houses on the north side of the street (top of the T). Only two had children at home and they were friends: Anita, Julia, and Phillip Ney my age and younger, and Muriel (1 yr), Paul (-2), and 3 older Schramm boys. Near the end of the war Aunt Thelma would live upstairs in the Ney house. I loved her very much and spent much time with her. After the war ended, the troops came home, and I got a bike; my neighborhood would increase in size and complexity. The Victory Gardens would diminish and new homes and cars would appear. I would start school and church. We would cut the kitchen off our 3 room house and build a new 5 room house with water running into the house through pipes rather than in buckets. When I started delivering the Deseret News (weekdays) and Tribune (Sunday) papers, my neighborhood would expand to include everything east of main street. When I started Jr. High School my friends would be from the whole town.

Payson had five "Mormon" wards or congregations. We lived in the northeast section of the city. Our house and grandpa's was in the area of the first or older fort. The area of the new fort was south and west of the line between Mitchell's and grandpa's yard.

## **22 How did you meet your spouse?When did you know you wanted to marry her?**

Kathryn and I were together for 43 years and then she passed through the veil. We had been looking forward to a retirement but it would be very lonely with out her. After some serious prayer and soul searching I recognized that I liked married life and I felt that I could be a good companion for the right person. Since there were very few single members of the church in our area, I choose to search for a possible companion on the internet. I joined three LDS dating sites. I had a high standard because every person would be compared to Kathryn. One of the problems was distance. It was costly to just talk on the phone to someone. I remember one phone bill of \$400. Meeting was another set of problems, in addition to cost was the care needed to have a safe meeting. Meeting location was a second choice but I did want to go to interesting locations. Searching through names I found an interesting person that liked Gettysburg. Later I tried to find the resume but I couldn't. Then later I found an email address and sent a note of interest. I finally got a phone number and after many hours on the phone she seemed to by my type of person. Intelligent, interested in history etc. but she was a cat lover. She actually allowed a cat in her house, something I had never done. But maybe I could go to Gettysburg with someone that could teach me about history.

Soon we set up a meeting: I would fly to Harrisburg and have a face to face meeting, stay in the 1778 house, visit Gettysburg...

The meeting went very well she was very personable but she had a bird and cat in the same house, she was asking for trouble. Oliver was a bit noisy, and the cat just sat on his cage and intimidated him.

In attempt to better know Linda and her family I traveled to visit her and we went to the Temple open house in New York City. Brian kindly got tickets and guided us to the Temple. This was my first trip to New York City. For our third meeting Linda drove to Oxford on Memorial Day weekend 2004. We toured Oxford and she seemed to be interested in living there in the future. I was almost convinced that she was the one, but I was not fully convinced. We were then touring the campus in the evening and I decided to take her by Upham where I worked for my first twenty years. As we went to the Upham arch it was fenced but it was possible to enter the arch. I then told her the story that Miami mergers start here by kissing. At that moment I then recognized that she was really the one, so I asked her if she wanted to kiss. Luckily she did! I was through searching and I totally made the right choice. She truly is the one!



## 23 What are quotes or scriptures that resonate deeply?

The search for truth is eternal and fundamental to the human condition, as is how we gain new or original information. There are two ways to gain new information. The scientific method and divine inspiration.

Divine inspiration from two books of scripture.

New Testament - James 1:5 If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

6 But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

Book of Mormon - Moroni 10:3-5

3 Behold, I would exhort you that when ye shall read these things, if it be wisdom in God that ye should read them, that ye would remember how merciful the Lord hath been unto the children of men, from the creation of Adam even down until the time that ye shall receive these things, and ponder it in your hearts.

4 And when ye shall receive these things, I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the Eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost.

5 And by the power of the Holy Ghost ye may know the truth of all things.

These passages resonate with my personal testimony because I have asked God and received a confirmation that Jesus Christ is the son of God and that through him I will be forgiven of my sins.

Further more I have used the Scientific method to gain knowledge of our earth and its many inhabitants, especially plants. Jakob Böhme (1575-1624) suggested that God marked plants with a sign, or "signature", for their purpose.

One day I was lecturing on this "Doctrine of Signatures" even though I was not fond of this doctrine it is important because it appears in Native American lore, Chinese herbal medicine as well as European cultures. My class met after lunch and many members had trouble focusing on the lecture. In my attempt to help students focus I tried some theatrics. I made the well used scientific statement that "God did not put plants here for mans use" and slammed my fist on the lectern. Instantly several gallons of water poured out from the ceiling covering the lectern with water. It was like Heaven had opened up and was dumping buckets of water in my class room..." This resonated with my whole philosophy of life. I was seeking answers to the question is there a God and this seemed to substantiate the hypothesis that there was a God and that he cared about me.

Some time later, I would be approached by my branch president asking if I could help him obtain a rare medicinal plant from South America. It was not long until I found myself in Argentina searching for *Mandevilla velutina* supported by his employer. After two weeks we were able to find the several plants and initiate in vitro cultures (plant tissue cultures) using the hotel table as a research bench. When I returned home and went to the stake high council

meeting Brother John Taylor noting my absence at the last meeting commented "I see you where following Alma 46:40." I couldn't figure what he was talking about until I read my Book of Mormon.

Alma 46:40 And there were some who died with fevers, which at some seasons of the year were very frequent in the land—but not so much so with fevers, because of the excellent qualities of the many plants and roots which God had prepared to remove the cause of diseases, to which men were subject by the nature of the climate— As I read this scripture it truly resonated with my new found knowledge on medicinal plants. Plants are definitely here for a purpose. The natives use the strange roots from Mandevilla to inhibit the pain from the bite of snake Bothrops. I was now a economic botanist like the great heroes of the 1800's that searched the earth finding medicinal cures!

**24 In what ways are you more like your mother? How are you more like your father?**

The fact that I am writing this is proof that I am more like my mother who wrote many things. Her hand writing was beautiful, with no errors. I need spell check to write. Mom was quite political like her father. When she changed parties for President Reagan I was shocked, but I later followed her. She finally got me back in the church working through my children.

Where my soft side is from my mother my hard side is from my father. Both parents were well disciplined.

Boyd expected me to be a "man". We were very competitive in every thing from math to racing horses. We raced each other in completing the 9 by 9 times table as well as putting the wooden puzzle of the 48 states together while naming each capital. He could do 19 one hand push ups, which I never equaled. (Boyd's one-hand-pushup right foot and right hand on the floor. Proof that you went down was to pick up a match from your hands with your teeth and on the next put it back. None of these wimpy pushups with two feet on the floor.) Once and only once did I beat the Jockey in a horse race. Dad was my go to for problems in math and physics. When I started trigonometry he said he could not help me. You are on your own! About halfway through the course I was stuck on a story problem; after much begging Dad finally read the problem and said, "Oh, sines and cosines; that's physics and I know that." He was a great teacher by example and explanation. I have never found anything that my parents taught me incorrectly.

**25 If you could have dinner with anyone  
– living or dead – who would it be?**

Living - I would love to have dinner with Russell Marion Nelson and thank him for adding to my father's life by operating on his heart. It would be very nice to have dinner with a prophet of the Lord. Dead - I would love to dine with Mahonri Moriancumer (the brother of Jared) because he saw the finger of the Lord and designed and built some neat boats.

## **26 What is one of the best trips you've ever taken? What made it Great?**

My first trip was to Yellowstone about 75 years ago, and since then I have made a trip almost every year. Of these trips one stands out as the best and most important in my life. Shortly after becoming active in the Gospel, I left our continent for the first time and headed for the Holy Land to present a scientific paper. After transfers in New York and Paris I arrived in Tel Aviv one day early. I didn't want to miss the scheduled premeeting tour that would take us around Northern Israel to the meetings in Jerusalem. Later I learned that our tour guide was the Minister of Tourism for Israel. On my way to the Hilton to arrange a tour, I walked through a park with many flowers and a statue of a seagull (the state bird of Utah) down to view the Mediterranean Sea. I met and talked with an older gentleman. After a welcoming discussion he then said he had to go down and talk to the old women. The only tour available was my dream tour of the Weizmann Institute. The tour members questioned a crazy non-drinker (me) on a tour of the Carmel Winery, but I was going to the Weizmann Institute. The next day we started on a life-changing tour where we would learn the history and geography in detail. My prior interests were on the recent wars and the Biblical times. I was not ready for the depth of this tour nor the tours during the week of meetings. My expectation of spiritual experiences that I was accustomed to as I submerged myself in the gospel was not met. In some places I was confused and confounded. The war stories were great, conquering the desert and malaria, but I had to learn the sadness of "via del rosa", the darkness of

Gethsemane and Golgotha, the confusion of where Jesus was buried.

How could I make sense of all the strong feelings I had? It started in Nazareth when we toured the Basilica of the Annunciation. For some reason our guide did not go with us. We were given instructions that our bus would meet us on the other end of the street. We would walk to and from the basilica. A guide would meet us and take us on a tour.

The church looks like an upside down funnel from a distance. We entered from the ground floor via a beautiful backlit door and were faced with Mary's house, which was directly under the tube of the funnel roof. She was the focus of all things. We then went upstairs to a very large room with a large hole in the floor over Mary's house. The walls of the room had large murals from countries around the world. From this vantage point you could see everything focused on the home and Mary's meeting with the angel Gabriel.

I was impressed with the spiritual feelings in this place. I would reflect that this was the strongest spiritual feeling of the whole trip.

As we met at the bus we found one of our tour members, Edgario, was missing. He had gone back to where we left the bus. When he rejoined us, he stated in broken English that this was the land where you leave the 99 and save the lost lamb.

As I reflected on the trip I visited many exciting places such as the Lebanon border where we heard sonic booms which turned out to be a battle ship shelling Lebanon. We toured Masada where I walked in a furnace without roof and fire. I swam in the Dead Sea cutting my feet just before

heading home. I walked across the Jordan River (on a bridge). I was able to look down into an Israeli jet as they challenged the western border at Belvior. On the way home our plane made an emergency landing in Athens because someone reported there was a bomb on board.

The first thing I did when I got home was read “Jesus the Christ” by James R Talmage. This brought order to my mind and logic to my heart.

But the true clarity came on our mission to New York when the spirit reinforced my feelings at Nazareth. One morning during my prayers I had the feeling that a certain Elder needed to hear my story about the spiritual event in Nazareth. I related the story, and he responded that as a molecular biologist he was praying about Jesus’ divine birth. This revealed to me that His birth was divine, and this meeting confirmed it to both him and me. I now have personal knowledge that Jesus is the son of God.

# Bacilica of the Annunciation



Entrance

Mary's Home

27 What is one of the stupidest things

## **you've ever done?**

I would like to confess that I have done two exceptionally stupid things in my life that I am willing to share. The first was turning my back on my religion, and the second was failing to work on a much needed skill, ie writing.

### Turning my back on my heritage and church:

My interest in the church started with a friend inviting me to primary when I was about old enough to be baptized. For the next eight years I was very active until I started working seven days a week. By the time I entered college I was inactive. I declared my inactivity by announcing that I was going to start having a smoke break. This was a statement or declaration of inactivity in my church. The smoking was joined by drinking. My justification was that I was upset with the church and the problem of colored people not being allowed to hold the priesthood. This attitude lasted for some 20 yrs. With help from my family the prodigal son would return to the gospel by changing my life and becoming an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

### Failure in learning English.

In junior and senior high school I rebelled against English teachers and refused to do the work needed to write well. I was in trouble in college English because I considered the subject matter distasteful and I was a poor writer. Since I didn't even have a typewriter, I asked my future sister-in-law, Shirley, to please type a paper for me. She not only typed it, she rewrote it. It was due that morning, and I knew I shouldn't hand it in but I did. The teacher correctly

accused me of cheating, and as a result I received a D which I thought was passing. As I neared graduation I received a letter from the Dean of Arts and Sciences stating that because I had not completed the remedial English course required because of my D grade, I would not graduate. I had a good job offer and needed the money very badly to pay for our expected child. Since graduation was immediate, I met with the Dean to plead my case to skip the course. My grades showed that I was a much improved student. After listening to my case he warned me that I should make it up but because of my performance in other classes he would let me graduate, but he advised against it. My major problem on the job at Hercules was my writing. The tech writer spent more time with me than any other person. This may have been a contributing factor to losing my job. Next I had problems getting a dissertation written. To make a long story short I had many problems in writing. One of the main reasons that I work at writing now is I truly want to learn to write.

"Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection," Doctrine and Covenants section 130:18

"Explanation: This verse essentially means that the knowledge and understanding we gain in this life will continue with us after the resurrection, highlighting the importance of learning and seeking wisdom in this mortal existence." Google.

**28 When you think of the word 'home' which places comes to mind? What made it dear and unique to you?**

Home is where you hang your hat!

I have multiple mental pictures of my homes. The first home had three rooms and I hung my first hat (a fedora like my father's) on a nail from ages 1-8. The kitchen was removed to provide room for the new five room house which was home for the next 10 years, and when I had a cowboy hat it hung in a closet. Even though I lived in and around the University of Utah I would still think of this as home for the next 9 years but rarely hang a hat there. We crossed the prairies to Oxford, Ohio where we would reside in a rental home for 4-5 years. We then bought a modern style home in the woods where we would reside for 30 years. My soft hat hung in my coat pocket in the closet. We bought a new house on Prevalent Drive where I lived with Kathryn and then with Linda. After a year in New York City and two in Lititz, we built a home in Gordonton PA which is my home now. I hang my hat collection on a rack in the garage as well as in the closet and on the coat rack. The common elements of these homes are the safety and



security provided by each of the three permanent homes in Utah, Ohio, and then Pennsylvania. Home is where you hang your hat in safety!

## **29 What qualities do you most value in your spouse or partner?**

To prepare my answer I had AI give me a complete list of qualities in a successful relationship.

“Important qualities in a relationship include: trust, honesty, respect, open communication, compromise, empathy, commitment, individual growth, shared values, and the ability to express needs and feelings openly; essentially, treating each other with kindness, understanding, and valuing each other's individuality while working together as a team.”

What I value most is her dedication to Jesus Christ because that quality gives her all of the qualities listed above. She is faithful in her study of the scriptures and is a living example of all that is good. She is talented in making our home a pleasant and beautiful place. I enjoy very much the care that she takes in arranging and rearranging decorations in our home. I enjoy the enthusiasm and care as she hangs a picture, sews a quilt, and cares for our finances. There is harmony in our home from her order to her music. I love her very much! She is an ideal companion.

### **30 What song always brings back a particular memory?**

There are a few songs that I identify with a particular memory. The first was a song that my father would share with me. Strawberry Roan was sung after a particular experience Dad had with Buster. He claimed that when Buster bucked, his feet were higher than his head. When Dad was breaking Buster his step-brother wanted to ride him, and he refused to take no for an answer. Buster made a high dive and down went the greenhorn. This success went to Buster's head, and some days he wanted to act the part of the strawberry roan. If we made the first couple of blocks without trouble we were alright, but you never knew!!!

One morning I went to the pea viney and found that there was no work that day. I decided to go for a ride on Buster. I went home, saddled up Buster, and as I was climbing into the saddle Buster started acting up and stumbled on a bale of hay. We both went down with my left foot still in the stirrup; as he got up I reached for and missed the saddle horn. I now had the reins in one hand and one foot in the stirrup, and he jumped again. On the next jump he caught his foot on the bale of hay and fell with his knee in my chest. It seemed like hours before I could breathe again. When I did get my breath I explained to him in loud clear language that he would regret falling on me! We were soon on our way for a great day climbing mountains.

Strawberry Roan  
I was hangin' 'round town, just spendin' my time

Out of a job, not earnin' a dime  
A feller steps up and he said, "I suppose  
You're a bronc fighter from looks of your clothes"  
"you figures me right, I'm a good one" I claim  
"do you happen to have any bad ones to tame?"  
I said "he's got one, a bad one to buck  
At throwin' good riders, he's had lots of luck"  
I gets all het up and I ask what he pays  
To ride this old nag for a couple of days  
He offered me ten; I said, "I'm your man  
A bronc never lived that I couldn't span"  
He said: "get your saddle, I'll give you a chance"  
In his buckboard we hopped and he drives to the ranch  
I stayed 'til mornin' and right after chuck  
I stepped out to see if this outlaw can buck  
Down in the horse corral standin' alone  
Is an old caballo, a strawberry roan  
His legs are all spavined, he's got pigeon toes  
Little pig eyes and a big roman nose  
Little pin ears that touched at the tip  
A big 44 brand was on his left hip  
U-necked and old, with a long, lower jaw  
I could see with one eye, he's a regular outlaw  
I gets the blinds on 'im and it sure is a fright  
Next comes the saddle and I screws it down tight  
Then I steps on 'im and I raises the blinds  
Get outta the way boys, he's gonna unwind  
He sure is a frog-walker, he heaves a big sigh  
He only lacks wings, for to be on the fly  
He turns his old belly right up to the sun  
He sure is a sun-fishin', son-of-a-gun  
He's about the worst bucker I've seen on the range  
He'll turn on a nickel and give you some change

He hits on all fours and goes up on high  
Leaves me a spinnin' up there in the sky  
I turns over twice and I comes back to earth  
I lights in a cussin' the day of his birth  
I know there are ponies that I cannot ride  
There's some of them left, they haven't all died  
I'll bet all my money, the man ain't alive  
That'll stay with old strawberry  
When he makes his high dive  
Lyrics "The Outlaw Bronco" by Curly Fletcher  
December 16, 1915. (my father was 10 days old)  
Music J. E. Patterson

### 31 How do you want to be remembered? Returned with Honor!

#### Return with Honor

As a young child my parents established a goal for me by purchasing two war bonds for my college education. I adopted the goal of graduating from college as my personal goal. After earning a Bachelor of Science degree, I realized that if a BS degree was good a doctorate

would be better, thus I went all out for a doctorate. I refocussed my personal goal to become a college professor. The effort needed to finish my degree was greatly increased by a severe illness. After a great deal of support and hard work I finally returned from college and acquired an honorable job. My family helped through these hard times and our efforts have been a blessing to all.

As I neared my 40th birthday I did a reevaluation of my life by examining the teachings of Steven Covey and Hyrum Smith. I actually studied their materials before they joined forces.

I concluded that I needed to come closer to the Savior. As a result I developed a love for God and increased my desire to help people. I helped establish a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Oxford, Ohio, which served the students and general public. I became aware of a sign that I chose for my motto. I placed a sign on the wall near the door to my garage that stated "Return With Honor". My interpretation is that our family members return home safely after doing good things. I later learned

that this motto probably came from Apostle Robert D. Hales when he served in the air force. This was the motto that graced the side of his aircraft. It was a constant reminder of his determination to return to his home base with honor only after having expended all of his efforts to successfully complete every aspect of his mission. He further emphasized how important it was to prepare for all aspects of a mission. His final point was the comparison of our coming to earth as a mission and our return to our Savior. Since we want to return home with honor it is important that we follow the commandments that our Heavenly Father lovingly provided to guide us home with honor.

I want to be remembered as one who endured to the end and Returned With Honor.

#HearKen.

## **32 Do you believe in a higher power?**

In my hometown almost everyone believed in a higher power, and that was God. This was because our little town was founded in 1850 by pioneers who were forced from their homes because they believed in God. All of my great-grand parents started the great trek, and two ancestors died while on the trek. I believe the first article of faith. I “We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.”

The question of a higher power was expanded and challenged when I entered college. The basic concepts of our society were being challenged in school, newspapers, and television. The concept of living together before marriage was introduced in freshman English. At this time I became aware of how blacks were treated in some parts of the country. The fact that they were not given the priesthood especially disturbed me. Billy McGill, the first black athlete to receive a scholarship at the University of Utah was in my class.

I was even further confused when I heard the popular folk singer Joan Baez perform in the Mormon Tabernacle. Joan who was famous for her liberal, beautiful music and her ridicule at the pen of Al Cap, in the Li'l Abner cartoon as Joanie Phonie. After winning a court trial he pointed out that Miss Baez looked nothing like Joanie Phonie, but they did sound alike. She asked that we not tear the place down because the director of the choir had helped her with free voice lessons and allowed her to sing in the tabernacle.

This lack of clarity lasted for almost twenty years until I was finally forced to come to grips with the basic question “Is there a God?”

My sabbatical leave at the University of Utah forced me to revisit my student life and the questions of previous decades. The main contact with church was evenings in the genealogy library. When we returned to Oxford, Boyd wanted to be ordained as a deacon by his father. As a Priest I realized that if I were worthy I could perform the ordinance. During a family discussion I was informed that I was not worthy to perform that ordinance and I needed to change. Boyd said he would wait until I was ready. This forced the issue and I met with the Bishop. In this meeting I was called to teach Sunday school. Soon after I ordained my son a deacon and started my return to activity. I soon regained my testimony and have never looked back.

### **33 What things have mattered most to you in life?**

The things that matter in this life are my values. The first value I recognized was my family with my major emphasis on my parents and grandparents. As we added siblings I really bonded with each one. Grandma Tanner was one that liked to prepare a large meal and have the family over to her house in town. In these family groups I met aunts, uncles, and cousins. These new members were harder to bond with. I seemed to like all of them, but some were out of my comfort zone. This is the first time I started to think about how we add new people to our spheres of friends and family. The rule was you had to respect family but realize they are not perfect.

When I studied Covey's Seven Habits I found something unique about my values when he taught the I-beam. He defined real value as something that a person would walk the I-beam for. What would it take to get you to walk a beam in the parking lot? Is \$5.00 enough? Of course. Now if the beam were moved to connect the two tallest buildings (the old twin towers) in New York City, how much more would it take to get me to cross the beam. He then added wind and snow etc. What I found was if the money were sufficient to make me and my family financially secure for life I would be truly tempted to crawl the beam. I really am afraid of heights, but I then recognized that security was a principal value. That was the value I found in my family as a small boy, security. That is why I decided to get an advanced degree in college. I assume that the drive to get a PhD was for autonomy. It allowed me freedom to work on

things of my choosing. Security and freedom are two of my core values.

**34 How would you describe your parents' relationship?**

My father met and married his best friend's little sister. About a year later they purchased the three room house



and chicken farm from Grandpa Wilson. They were hard workers, frugal, and constantly saving for a new house. Dad had odd jobs and both cared for the family business of producing eggs for the market. After some time I joined the family and took over the job of training them. They definitely had divided up the family duties. Mom and Dad would feed the chickens, gather eggs, and clean them for sale. Mom was in charge of meals, lunches, canning, sewing, crocheting, and cleaning house. Dad was in charge of the yard, buildings, dairy cows, garden, and the coal bin and bucket. Dad had his time with the men fishing and hunting, and mother had her time with her friends at card club each month. They went to the movies, basketball games and civic events for entertainment. In summary they had their duties established by custom.

I very seldom saw any disagreements but when they did have them we never focused on them.

Soon they had enough money for a down payment on a new home. It was so neat to see them work together on the new house. Mom got a washer in the basement and a new clothes line for laundry; no more washing laundry in the back yard. Dad got a gun closet for safety. The builder of the house recommended a broom closet, but mom demanded a gun closet. The new house was really a team project. Soon things changed. Mom started working at the Dairy Freeze and Dad had shift work at Geneva Steel. Still they were the wonderful team that had married years ago. I feel that they returned with honor.

### **35 What are the most important lessons you learned from your parents?**

I am thankful for my parents because I was able to learn lessons from each parent. My father was extremely well organized while my mother was more original in thinking. My strengths come from balancing character traits from both. My father taught me to count money and save. I still count money by stacking the coins. I learned this because I would periodically count my money at the table or on the floor. I learned the times tables by racing against his time. We studied the geography of the United States by racing against times putting a puzzle together. My father trained race horses as a jockey where time/speed was important. I learned to do things quickly. If I really knew it, I could do it faster. Some of my best training came while weeding the garden side by side. He was always teaching as we worked. I feel that I learned many of my teaching skills from my father.

Mother was organized, but she taught me independence and free thinking. She was the poor girl that would get off the school bus and change her clothes at her friend's house before school. At our house we always used first or given names when talking to people. This custom was much different than the society we grew up in. At a young age I used first names for most of the people I knew.

When I hear stories about Sean McCall and his conversations with adults it reminds me of myself. I feel that this independence stems from my mother and her breaking with some traditions. I feel that she did this to treat all people equal. My mother was a great writer. I have many pictures of letters she wrote because the penmanship

is so beautiful and prose very logical. She was my dictionary and my thesaurus. From both parents I learned honesty, punctuality, reliability, and spirituality in a loving environment.

### **36 What is one of your fondest childhood memories?**

One of the most important things in my life has been learning. My fondest memories are learning with and from my parents. The first time I saw Dad working on the canal was in the lantern light during spring runoff. My hero hooked a cable to a fallen tree and pulled it from the rampaging stream with a truck. As a toddler I emulated my Dad by watching the ditch in our front yard. When Mom brought me lunch one day she added an electric lamp with a pink shade for effect. Our ditch was about a foot across with slow running water, but in my imagination it was a raging river.

My learning with my father took a big jump after my summer kindergarten when I got to go to work with him 5-6 weeks before the first grade started in the fall. This was like following dad for a day but much more. Dad was in charge of a repair crew for the Strawberry High Line Canal that delivered water to farmers in the south end of Utah Valley. The water came via tunnel from the Strawberry Reservoir up in the Wasatch Mountains. The canal followed the contour of the land forming a great arc around the southern end of the county. Only the land down hill from the canal could be watered by gravity flow. There was one major interruption where the canal water went under

ground for some 3-4 blocks at the mouth of Payson Canyon (The Syphon). The dry land uphill from the canal was much less productive.

The work year for the canal started in the spring with cleaning the canal and removing weeds and junk before and during the snow melt and spring runoff. Thus, the really intense work was finished while I was in Kindergarten. During the summer the crew was reduced to Dad, Roy Haskell and now me. The first day, Dad introduced me to the office workers and then we went out to the shed and got into the pickup truck with a canopy over the bed. When we picked up Roy, he got into the back of the truck and we were off. Soon I started worrying about Roy in the back. Finally I had to ask Dad why Roy didn't ride in the cab. He said Roy wanted to ride in the back so he could get a pheasant with his home made slingshot.

One of the most memorable days we had a report that a head-gate would not open. It was our job to fix it so the farmer could water his thirsty plants. After driving for what seemed like an hour we arrived at the trouble site. Dad tested the gate but couldn't see why it wasn't working. We then found a culvert/pipe that could lead us to the problem. I was really afraid that they would ask me to crawl in. I noticed that the pipe went back and then turned to the side. Dad asked for volunteers, and I noticed that Roy was no more excited than I to crawl in. So Dad started in head first and around the corner out of sight, and then we waited and waited. What would Mom say if I lost my Dad? After a long wait he came back head first. Roy asked him how he turned around in the small pipe. Dad said he just bent over and crawled back under his legs. We weren't buying this story. Later Dad set my mind at ease when he explained that there was a dry room back there where he could sit up

and turn around. He found a board that had blocked the gate, fixed it, and decided to let us worry for a while before he came out. Every time we encountered a problem my father would explain the problem, ask me for a solution, and then propose a solution and fix the problem. One day for lunch instead of scrambled egg sandwiches we cooked hot dogs over a fire and then roasted some acorns. I was now seeing the other side of the job. In the past Dad would tell me to check his lunch box. When he said that, I would open his lunch box slowly, expecting a surprise. I would find interesting things like a rock, rainbow trout, lizard, or tarantula. As we were traveling he would show me where he had found many of these items of interest.

As I am writing this I realized the answer to an old problem. There was a well known story that Boyd Wilson had gone through the syphon under the road for about three blocks and survived. But Mom told me that it was not my Dad it was the other Boyd Wilson. Recently my sister had questioned that story, but I never did until I started to answer this question. As I thought about the difficulty of getting into the fenced area upstream from the syphon by anyone but a canal worker, I realized that the other Boyd Wilson, a school teacher, would have no reason to be near the entrance to the syphon. So I called my sister, Carol Sue, and told her she was correct to question the story. As we discussed the question, her husband Jim remembered that Dad had pointed out to him where he went through the water. The sad thing is I never remember asking my Boyd if he went through the syphon. Apparently my mother fibbed because she wanted to protect me from following in his footsteps. No wonder he wanted me to be a good swimmer like he was. I am thankful that like Nephi I too was born of goodly parents and brave!

**37 Did you consider any careers other than the one where you landed?**

At one point in my life I tried to build a business and leave academia. Maybe I was haunted by a quote I heard as an NDEA (National Defense Education Act) graduate fellow. The quote was "Those that can, Do; Those that can't, Teach; and those that can't Teach, teach teachers". As a Professor at Miami I taught students and teachers, so it seemed normal to attempt the do.

At that time I was investigating the biosynthesis of three essential amino acids. These are the amino acids that animals cannot synthesize, hence they must be in their diet. I proposed a mechanism to synthesize a gene segment that would code for protein with multiple sequences for these three amino acids. This was unique because we proposed to clone our artificial gene. Based on Miami's application for a patent on this gene, we received a grant from Kodak to verify the principle of synthetic dietary proteins for animal food. We formed a company called Modgenes (modular genes). We were able to build DNA that contained multiple repeating sequences that would code for our desired polypeptides. What we could not do was get the sequence to replicate and grow in bacteria. The next problem was that we were unable to acquire a patent because another lab had patented a similar process for adding restriction sites to DNA for cloning. Later we would learn that repeated DNA sequences cause problems during DNA replication by either increasing or decreasing the

copies of the repeated sequence. In humans this mutation is the cause of Huntington's Disease. We then tried to reinvent ourselves as a plant tissue culture company. We built a tissue culture facility in the basement of my home. We successfully multiplied medicinal plants for a group in Central America. We tried to market plants grown in bottles sealed with shrink wrap with little success. We finally had to give up. I donated our equipment to the Cincinnati Zoo, and they used our ideas to raise money for the zoo. I paid off all of our debts and moved on. I remained a teacher of students and occasionally of teachers, but not a doer.

### **38 What is the best advice your father ever gave you?**

I had great trust in my father because I always found his advice very good. There are a couple of pieces of advice that were clearly outstanding. The first was when I started digging ditch for the City and second, when I was working on my doctorate. A third time it didn't appear to work out.

#### **Digging Ditch.**

One year when our family was having financial trouble, my father signed up for the spring cleaning of irrigation ditches. He helped on the first Saturday, but the second Saturday presented a problem because he had the opportunity to work at the steel mill. He didn't want to leave the City crew shorthanded, so he called the supervisor and asked if I could fill in for him. The supervisor said he guessed so, but he must work! Dad promised that I would work as well as anyone on the crew.

The crew would start at 8:00 am, the same time as the steel mill. We drove to the site an hour early, and Dad gave me one of the best lessons of my life. He checked that I had proper work clothes, gloves, hat, file, and shovel before leaving home.

The basic plan for a ditch cleaning crew is that the workers are scattered along the ditch about a rod apart. Each worker cleans to where the person in front of him started. He then walks to the front of the line plus a rod and starts cleaning and so on until lunch. After lunch they start where they left off..

A good worker..

1 Keeps his shovel sharp.

2 Trims the edges of the ditch.

3 Removes the material from the ditch placing it carefully about a foot away from the ditch on the road side.

Hint: get the dirt out but no further than necessary. Don't waste energy throwing dirt; you will need it the last hour. Don't show off and don't fizzle out.

Evaluation:

Do your share and pace yourself for the whole day. At the end of the day you will be judged by how fast you're working, how well you cleaned, and how many sections you cleaned.

I quickly figured out who the real workers were and did my best to keep up with them. At the end of the day his training was successful because I was hired to come back the next week.

Years later when I was in the middle of my graduate studies Dad wanted to know how I was progressing. He had me make a list of things needed to finish my degree. After many sessions I finally made a list for him.

1. Pass German exam.
2. Pass Spanish exam.
3. Pass final Genetics exam.
4. Pass Molecular Biology exam.
5. Defend my dissertation/final exam.

For the next three years he would hold up his hand and ask if any were completed. Each time I finished one he would pull a finger in and add, "You are making progress". It took six years to finish, but Dad and Mom stood by me. Mom is probably the only person to have read every word of my dissertation other than my examining committee.

Burned by advice. My first quarter in college I wanted to drop Trigonometry, but Dad told me that I had to dig in and work and stick with it. I received a D and had to take the course over. The next year I was in a surveying course and wanted to drop it and change my major. Dad refused to make a recommendation. Feeling worried, I dropped the course before I had results on the first exam. Just after dropping it, I found that I had a high B. Maybe he should have told me to stick it out. Had I waited I could have passed the course.

### **39 What is one of the most memorable road trips you've ever taken?**

Of the many trips I have made, trips across the heartland of our country were the most memorable. My first trip was our family move from Utah to Ohio in the fall of 1967. We were reversing the westward trail of my great grandparents a century before. As we crossed the Mississippi River, we recognized Saarinen's Gateway Arch. We noted that much of the great freeway was unfinished. In April we headed back home to Utah to finish the school year and my dissertation. As we traveled through Utah, Cindy noted that we were going away from Salt Lake City! Her home was SLC and mine was Payson. In July we returned to Ohio.

Later we started an August tradition of traveling to Grand Canyon to visit Grandma Jermain "Goshen Grandma" and then to Utah to visit family there, then back to Ohio. On alternate years my Mom, Dad and Scott would visit us in Ohio. In these east-west trips we took many different routes. Thus we visited most of the states in the heartland.

In 1997, the 150th anniversary of the Mormon Trek to Salt Lake City, a dozen family members followed the pioneer route in an RV. In western Wyoming we joined a commemorative group for Sunday services. This was fun because we had sacrament meeting on the prairie. Marissa was happy because someone had his cat at church. Another note was a mule baying during the meeting. This was a small taste of the great trek west.

The best trip was a honeymoon trip from Ohio to Utah and back. We followed the "Old Mormon Trail" from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. We visited Nauvoo where my

great grandparents received their endowment before crossing the Great Plains. We also visited Mt Pisgah, Chimney Rock, Fort Laramie, Independence Rock, Martins Cove, and finally the summit of Parley's Canyon overlooking the Salt Lake Valley. As the sun was setting we descended into the valley where the city lights were filling the view. We then ascended to the top of the Joseph Smith building overlooking the Temple, the Tabernacle and the entire Salt Lake Valley. Dining with the roof open to the desert air, we could see the stars. We then spent time meeting with family including my mother, sister, brother, and extended family. They truly welcomed my new bride very well. Over the years we would repeat this round trip several times, traveling various routes, but the first together was the most memorable. It was a wonderful experience, the first honeymoon for both of us!

## Sites Along the Mormon Trail



**40 Did you have any nicknames when you were a Child? How did you feel about them?**

I had one nickname that was meant to be derogatory and that was "Twist". I think Dick Spencer gave that to make fun of how I walked. Fortunately that name did not travel outside of Utah County. There are few living that know me by that name.

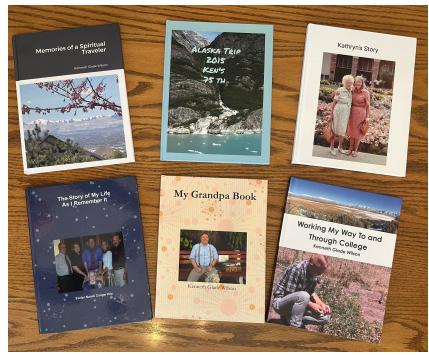
My given name was Kenneth, "Kenny" and then "Ken" were the names that I preferred. Jennie did not use Ken. When I started at Miami University I became "Doc". When I became president of the Oxford branch I became "Pres". My call sign is Kengladet123 or Kwilson123 on the internet.

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**41 What do you admire most about your mother?**

The depth of her love. She always found a way to lift and strengthen me. I felt the love as she read nursery rhymes and taught me to pray. She showed me how to embroider my initials on my pajamas. We had warm loving times together over chicken noodle soup with Ritz crackers or peanut butter and jam sandwiches.

I remember how happy she was when we added a "Baby New Sister" to the family. When Carol Sue arrived, mother taught me to hold and love a baby. We would repeat these lessons when Brent arrived. Throughout her life she would welcome new family members with the same love and care. As her family grew her love increased. She anchored this family in the gospel with her love. Mom and Dad were there when I finally made it to the Temple. I conclude by stating that my mother was always there when I needed her. She taught me what family is all about.



Book Covers

#### 42 What traditions do you keep that are related to your family's heritage?

Dictionary: "I they had stolen his heritage. inheritance, birthright, patrimony; legacy, bequest, endowment, estate, bequeathal; Law devise, hereditament."

What is my heritage? As a Primary Student in Payson it was my four generation family tree. All of my great grandparents were pioneers for religious reasons. As a college student I was able to identify ancestors covering over 8 generations, many of which were involved in the revolutionary war and emigration to America. Again many

of these ancestors sought religious freedom suggesting that my heritage was based in freedom to worship as one pleases.

My mother had two comprehensive books on the Tanner family genealogy but more work was needed for other family lines. The invention of Xerox made it possible to collect my Wilson, Carson, and Tiffany families at 10 cents per page. I combined these sheets in a binder, which I could show people. With the advent of personal computers I entered the information into a computerized genealogy program which made it much easier to share. In one particular case I entered requested information into a computer rather than lend the Tanner Family book. Brian gave me a book of questions that would yield My Grandpa Book, about the same time that Sister Naomi Hite who ask Linda and I to help her publish "Her Story". On our mission, Brother Stephenson had insisted that we publish two issues of a newspaper which gave us the confidence that we could publish Sister Hites book. I then took to writing my heritage and publishing it that I share with family and friends.

The Tradition I have started is sharing the heritage of my family in books, pictures, and movies.

The Story of my Life as I Remember It, by Evelyn Naomi Conger Hite 131 pages, 2013.

My Grandpa Book, Kenneth Glade Wilson 105 pages, 2013.

Working My Way To and Through College Kenneth Glade Wilson 91 pages, 2017.

Memories of a Spiritual Traveler. Kenneth Glade Wilson.  
69 pages 2022.

Alaska Trip 2015 Ken's 75th. Kenneth Glade Wilson. 27  
pages 2022.

Kathryn's Story. Kathryn Jermain Wilson, Matthew  
Dean, and Kenneth Glade Wilson 83 pages. 2024.

### **43 Do you have favorite stories about your cousins?**

I have several cousins that I can relate to with a story.

Richard Nash - I first remember Richard because he was a pilot that took me for my first ride in an airplane. I had to sit on Aunt Chloe's lap. The plane was a trainer with a dual body like the famous P-38. We circled over Salt Lake City, and I saw the people walking on the sidewalks.

Bob Nash - I went and stayed in Springville with Bob. He tried to convince me that the sun rose in the west in Springville to confuse me, but I held to my guns that it was east. We visited the fish hatchery, and I vividly remember watching a monkey eat a banana.

Vern Tanner - Vern and I went on the bus to the basketball game in Price. He was a star on the varsity and I was the last bench warmer on the sophomore team. The team was treated to a dinner. When I was confronted by two spoons, I didn't know which one to use first. I followed his example because he was so cool. As the other two at our table finished their soup Vern announced that he was only halfway through his soup because he had chosen the wrong spoon. I was so embarrassed, but I learned the lesson well. I respect him for admitting his mistake.

Connie Tanner- We were the closest of cousins because we were in the same grade school, Junior High, and High School classes. We really competed in every class we took together. Our Grandpa Tanner saw to it that we were aware of the competition.

Connie and her sister Betty moved to Idaho and then to Canada. In Idaho they decided that they needed more land

to farm, and their husbands went off to Canada to find land: they arranged for land and informed the sisters that they were moving. After that we would meet at our High School Reunions.

Daryl Tanner- On a bright clear day Niel Francom and I rode Ginger out to the farm to visit Daryl. We offered to help him move hay from the barn to a wagon using a loader. Niel was assigned the task of keeping the belt tight between the motor and the loader, using a pipe. Daryl and I started loading chopped hay on the loader. Suddenly there was a loud clap of thunder as lighting struck the loader. Daryl threw his fork in the air and ran for the door. I had to wait for the fork to hit the ground before I could get out of the barn. Niel felt nothing, which amazed me. The only real danger was the flying fork. He graduated from BYU and loves to irritate me on the internet.

Leeland Chapman - Leeland had a serious accident using a table saw. This accident was extremely hard because he could no longer wrestle or draw. I was invited to help him as much as I could. I shared my anatomy notebook to help in biology class. Which he improved by adding new improved drawings. Linda and I were able to have a nice meeting with him before he passed away.

#### **44 What times in your life were you the happiest? Why?**

I remember being very happy as a child. I had Duke my pit bull, Bossie the cow, chickens and pigs. As I grew up, I found happiness in helping people. Mom taught me well to help the neighbors by example and at first by gentle persuasion, but soon it became my choice. My father was always helping people. As a student I took the time to help fellow students.

When I started work at Miami University, my goal was to be a researcher and teacher. I didn't spend much time advising students other than my own graduate students. Later in my career, I became the chief departmental advisor, which meant that I was able to advise all botany students. This became a very rewarding time because I could help students adapt to their academic environment. At about the same time I became involved in LDSSA, Latter-day Saint Student Association. We started out with just one student, myself, and the teacher. Soon we had several involved in the group and 20+ meeting once a week in our home. This was a very rewarding time because we were able to help students be true to their values. With the help of the student group a branch of our church was created in Oxford; the actual initiation of this Branch was due to a letter from sister Ann Wicks. Tom Cupps was the first branch president and he put us on a good foundation, and then I was called to be branch president. This was an important time in my life because I learned how to really help people. I had the resources of the church and, most importantly, I had the savior at my back and the Holy Spirit as a guide. We were able to help many people both

students and families. After the death of Kathryn I was fortunate enough to find another special wife in Linda. And then one day I was called again to be a branch president, and with Linda as Relief Society President we were able work as a team to help people.

Both callings followed the same manner. In the first case I heard a voice indicate that my calling would change. I then was asked to meet with the stake president on Wednesday. I went home and told my wife that we had a meeting on Wednesday. I then explained that it was for a new calling and I felt that I was to be branch president. The second time I was called I had a feeling that I would be the next branch president. I then explained to Linda what was going to happen. We would be asked to meet with the stake president and then I explained in detail what would happen in the meeting. When we met with the stake president he went down the check list I had envisioned. I feel that this strengthened my wives' testimony and prepared them for one of the hardest callings in the church, that of the Branch president's wife.

After retiring Linda and I were able to serve a mission in New York City. We worked with young adults and helped them and, this year we had many valuable experiences with wonderful and powerful students. The big thing in life is helping people and that makes me the happiest. It is the most important thing we can do, and the most valuable thing that I've ever done!

#### **45 Who had the most influence on you as a child?**

Obviously, my parents had the greatest influence on me, but I would like to change this question to "Who outside the family had the greatest influence on me." In my little world as a toddler, I knew everybody for about three blocks around our home. There were two houses that are of interest to this story. I will start with the house immediately across the street. One morning we were awakened by a lot of noise outside. Mom and dad took me out and showed me the firetruck across the road. This fire created an old house that would be uninhabited for much of my childhood. It was the scary house on the corner. My question was how did the fire truck get here? I was excited to see this truck that saved houses. How did the driver know where to go? My parents explained that someone called the fire chief reporting a fire and he sounded the fire alarm. The firemen ran to the fire station to get on the truck and go to the fire. This made sense because we had just gotten our first phone. Basically I was taught what to do if there was a fire. Much later, I was playing out in the yard on a day that there had been two fire alarms. I then looked up and noted that there was smoke coming out of the house down the street. I ran in the front door and told mom about the fire. She called the fire department. Dad grabbed a bunch of buckets and started running towards the fire. He hollered at the neighbor boys and they came and helped. Due to my dad and the neighbors we had a bucket brigade set up using irrigation water from the ditch right in front of the house. The fire siren was screaming, but no engine came. The fire was out but where was the fire truck? Finally the firemen

came and checked the building. It turned out that there was another family with the same name in the other end of town. No one knew Ross Dowdle lived there because he was a sheep herder and hadn't moved in yet.

Much later, Mr. Ross Dowdle retired and moved in. Finally, I would meet this man that insisted that he was not Mr. Dowdle he was Ross! I went over one day to meet him and he called me a hero because I'd saved his house. I never knew a hero and here I was one! We became very good friends. I would spend much time with this adult throughout my childhood. He had a record collection and a record player; I had never seen either one before. I had heard about them, but he actually had a player and whole drawer full of cowboy records. Since I was a Roy Rogers fan I loved cowboy music, and soon I would be introduced to a lot of new singers. Ross was more than a sheep herder, he had been in the Navy. He taught me about ships and atomic power, and how they could go across the ocean on a cupful of uranium. He started taking the neighborhood kids to movies. He had a truck called the shrimp boat in which he drove us to school. He treated me like an adult and talk to me like a real person. Thus, he was one of the great influences in my life.

## **46 What makes you happy?**

The thing that gives me the greatest joy is the gospel of Jesus Christ. His atonement has been the key in my life to bringing happiness or true joy. I had some things that needed to be corrected in my life before I could have true happiness. When I finally understood the process of repentance, I could achieve the happiness for which I am so thankful.

My second source of joy or happiness is my family. I am getting to know at least 15 generations, many of whom I am looking forward to meeting in the next life. I love being with family whether it is face-to-face or in a book or story. I enjoy working with people. I love a good conversation. I like to joke and play. I have been known to be a trickster in the past.

My next source of happiness is solving problems. I have always enjoyed working on good problems, thus I chose the area of science because it is challenging and interesting. I have worked in the fields of statistics, genetics, botany, and molecular biology.

#### **47 What traits do you share with your mother?**

In some ways, I'm more like my mother than my father, but there are some ways that the reverse is true. My mother and I were more liberal spirits than my father. One of the problems as a youth when I would get into trouble, my father and mother would be talking and Dad would say I don't understand how you figured out he was lying. Mom would say I used that story once myself. We were a little more rebellious than my father was. Mom took me to my first basketball game when dad had to work swing shift. As we went to our seats everyone asked "Jennie, who is your date?" I was so proud when she said I was her date for that night. I guess my first date was with my mother! I remember how happy mom was when I came home from basketball practice and told her that the coach said that we should have steak before the game. Mother was exceedingly excited because Dad never liked steak and this gave her a good excuse to buy steaks on game nights. Our diet preferences were generally similar. Basketball brought us much closer. One of the things that impressed me about my mother, when we were living in Ohio was that she wrote such beautiful letters and took careful notes when she traveled and then would send them back to us. I have many photographs of her writings because they're written with such beautiful hand, and she never had any spelling problems and was very good with her grammar. I understand that we differ very much in my ability to spell but with spellcheck I'm now almost as good as Jennie. As I searched through family search and look at all the family stories that she has posted, I recognize how close our traits are. We both love our ancestors and writing. I still love her

penmanship in her stories. I think that she's a light that keeps me writing. I would say that our greatest bond is the desire to write, not the ability because hers is much greater than mine.

She has been such an important factor in my life. She backs me on every turn. I remember the first time I went deer hunting she went with us. I feel that she wanted to make sure that they took care of me.

When we got horses she was very active in the riding club, she was president of the Saddleites (female riding club). She was a good rider. She did the barrels really well. I was proud of my mother when she would ride Ginger. She and I thought Ginger was better than Buster. And the day that I rode Ginger and Dad rode Buster for a quarter mile race. I would say I beat the jockey and Mom cheered for me and we gave my dad a bad time.

I cherish the things that she's taught me, her greatest strength was the gospel and she hung in and trusted me until I finally got active in the church. She supported me when I married Kathryn and also was there to support me when I married Linda. She was a great example to my family.

**48 Tell us about a time that you felt awe.**

Awe is not a word I normally use, so I had to think carefully. Had I ever seen anything that awed me? One of the times I felt awe occurred on a night flight from Miami to Buenos Aires. The view from the window was beautiful because of the extra lights at Christman time. As we flew over islands the shore lines were outlined by bright lights, then as we got into the flight everything appeared dark, possibly because of altitude or time of night. About halfway through the flight I noticed a long light blue line on the ground at right angles to our flight path. I was puzzled because I couldn't understand how the blue was created. My awesome blue line had to be the Amazon River reflecting the moon light. The size of the blue line was overwhelming, affecting me deeply because I had missed an opportunity to see it up close. One of my favorite professors had asked me to spend a summer on the river. I was afraid to mention it to my wife until it was too late. When I commented on the opportunity she responded, "Why would you miss such a great opportunity?" As I viewed the size of this river I wished that I had shared my opportunity to see this country.

#### **49 What were the biggest surprises when you moved out on your own?**

Moving out on my own was a gradual process. Unlike my cousin that was kicked out of the house, I had a supportive family. At times I did things that my parents didn't approve of, but they never failed to love me. My parents were there, and I knew that I was always welcome in their home. I went to Scout Camp, worked on a ranch, went on trips with friends, and finally went to college. Many of these activities carried a surprise, but I knew that I could handle these events. I had confidence that my parents would help me with the problems in life.

Kathryn and I were married near the end of my fourth quarter in college. We moved into a trailer court in downtown Salt Lake City in a new camp trailer provided by my parents. Our first big surprise came during finals week when we were notified that our heater was possibly faulty. With my last final exam the following day, I was told I must move out! Out where? The real problem is that I wasn't doing well in the class because we had five unannounced examinations. I was unable to adjust my study habits for this class schedule. On the last day of class a friend asked the teacher what kind of score he needed to pass. The professor told him that with his score, he didn't need to take the exam because he had failed already. I was really worried because I thought my score was lower than his.

Fortunately we were able to stay with Kathryn's sister as long as we needed. I recounted my test scores and found that my total was greater than my friend's, so maybe I had a chance of passing. I studied hard for 3-4 hours. The next morning when I looked at the first question, I recognized

that I had no hope of answering it. The good news was that the rest of the test was a piece of cake. It was the part of genetics that I loved. I finished the two hour test in about 15 minutes. After double checking everything, I turned in my exam. The teacher commented on the blank page. I replied that I left the first question blank but everything else was correct. He looked at me like I was crazy. I later found out that he told the rest of the faculty that I did an outstanding job. After our heater was checked and found to be safe we spent the next two quarters without trouble. After the last exam that year I took Kathryn to Payson, and a day later Cynthia was born at four am.

The next two years were difficult but with no great surprises until the car accident that effectively killed our old Studebaker. Kathryn and Cindy were OK, but Naomi hit her head on the dash board while keeping Cindy safe. This was a big surprise because we now needed another car. My parents again came to our rescue with a '52 Chevy which was a much better car. My first academic job would be at Miami University in Ohio. All I had to do was finish my dissertation and move to Oxford. The next surprise was that I got very sick and was not able to work on my dissertation before we had to cross the prairies with our two little girls. Miami allowed me to teach, but I had to finish my dissertation within a year. In April we returned to Utah to finish my degree. My father had open heart surgery the same day I successfully defended my dissertation. Now I could truly say that we were on our own.

The first surprise of being completely on our own was the debt we had accumulated from moving and finishing school. My take home pay was about the same as we had in grad school, but we needed things for our apartment and the new baby that would arrive on Easter.

We really wondered if it was all worth it. When I finally got tenure we could safely feel that it was worth the effort and we could make it on our own.

## 50 What is the significance of your faith to you?

Almost every one in my hometown was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and most of us were baptized when we were eight. I was faithful in learning and attending church. I gained much that helped me be a good citizen and sound member of the church. When I started choosing classes for high school, I faced a dilemma. Everyone in high school was expected to take seminary, which was not taught on school grounds. As I made out my schedule for engineering I needed to take drafting as my sixth course. I asked if I could take early morning seminary (8:00 am) to avoid a schedule conflict but was told that was only for seniors, and I had to take seminary during the regular block. That is when I told them that I did not need seminary to graduate. The decision to skip seminary and to work every day during the summer limited my growth in the gospel. Soon, like the prodigal son, I fell away from the church. This period of disinterest lasted for 20+ years. I spent a sabbatical leave at the University of Utah but never attended church. But I did spend most evenings in the Genealogy Library. I studied the history of my people and was touched. I had an event that came to mind as I thought about the “awe moment” question, a vaguely remembered dream that convinced me that I wanted to change my style of dressing. My recollection was that three well-dressed men appeared in this dream. I didn’t recognize any of the men, just their clothes. My takeaway was that I should dress more like the leaders of the church of my youth. As my faith increased, my wardrobe looked more like the people in my dream. It is interesting that leaders dressed like the men in my dream

come in threes, Bishoprics, Stake Presidencies, and the Presidency of the Church, while threes are uncommon in academia and business.

Following this and other experiences I was reactivated. It happened just in time to help me through the deaths of my brother Scott and my cousin Kelly. Since that time my testimony of the Great Plan of Happiness is robust and still growing. The blessing that I have received is that I have been able to help many people. As I reflect on my life, I feel that I have learned to love and help people. The gospel has helped me through the loss of many friends and family members who I look forward to meeting in the future. I love God and try to love all people even in these hateful times. My commitment to the Savior and His gospel have brought me true happiness.

## **51 How did you overcome a difficult experience in your childhood?**

My first time that I experienced difficulty was trying to remember nursery rhymes. I would be unable to sleep and was upset at myself. My mother was very good to help me through these crying spells. I think that she gave me a basis for solving problems on my own. The second time I felt really upset was the last day of first grade. My teacher explained that our report card would tell us whether we would be held back or go to the second grade. She warned us that not all had passed and that we must take the card to our parents. Wilson was one of the last to receive a card. Everyone wanted to get out of there while I was trying to understand if I had passed. But I couldn't read the writing and was really feeling dumb. The biggest kid in the school came by and asked if I had passed. I had to answer that I didn't know. He then helped me read the card, and I was so thankful! My problem was solved because I lived in a time and place where people cared about each other. It was a valuable lesson to learn that people like to help.

I loved to sing but my loud, deep voice meant that my teacher didn't want me singing. She made me master of ceremonies and told me that was the most important part of our program. My gullibility helped me through this setback.

My biggest difficulty arose one winter day when I unzipped my coat and found that I had forgotten my shirt. I just couldn't be seen in my horrible undershirt. They were made of a material that everyone would identify. Dick Spencer came to my rescue by taking me home on his bike. I sat on the seat and he stood up for the longest mile ever. After getting my shirt mom said she would drive us back to

school. On the way back I was terrified but mom told me that I had to laugh with everyone when I got back. Mrs. Wride took over where mom left off, and I was able to laugh with just a few tears.

## **52 How did you get through unhappy times in your life?**

The real unhappiness came from the loss of family members, but these losses were relieved by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Each loss hurts, but unexpected losses like Scott, Kelly, Spencer, and Kathryn require some time to refocus your life. I was spiritually warned of danger in the loss of Scott and Kelly. I was awakened that morning and sat up in bed with a cold sweat. I could feel the cool breeze and smell the air of a specific place in Payson Canyon. I learned of the loss later in the day. After burying Scott and Kelly I went to that place of my dream and my mind was given rest knowing that they were in a better place. In the case of Spencer and Kathryn I thought that my prayers could make them better, but the Lord called them home.

Getting through the loss of Kathryn was greatly aided by a speaking assignment from Brett in Florida. He asked me to speak on "Walking by Faith". I prepared for this talk by taking a walk on the beach. Many of us walk on the beach for peace and comfort. The only thing that we must remember is which exit will return us to the car and then our home. Preparing and giving this talk , I made the connection that when we walk by faith all we must remember is how to exit to our Heavenly Father. We must "Return with Honor". I reread this talk when Spencer passed and it helped again. I know he and Kathryn were really needed on the other side of the veil.

It is scary because I am now the oldest living member of my family but I am not ready to give up the ship!

### **53 How did you deal with your grandparents dying?**

In Chapter 8 I covered the loss of my grandparents but not my feelings about those losses. As a youth we were surrounded by the deaths of animals and plants. There was good death which was the loss of rodents, insects, and pests. Every house had fly paper hanging from the ceiling with dying flies stuck to the surface until DDT was made available. Mouse traps were common. There was necessary death such as killing a chicken for dinner. My first real loss was my pit bull, Duke. I still remember turning the corner and seeing Duke on his back with his legs pointing in the air just before we pulled into the garage. As I remember there were car tracks running between our fence and the telephone pole which meant that someone had run over him on purpose. This was the bad side of death, and it disturbed me very much. A good animal had been killed, but he may have been chasing cars when someone chose to run over him. I moved on when we got a new dog and named him Duke.

Our next loss was our milk cow, Bossie. Dad had acquired her as a small calf as part of a program to improve the milk production in Utah. He picked the smallest calf and saved her from the scours (diarrhea) which killed the others. One day Uncle Wayne sold three cows at the auction and offered dad the money for Bossie. He was certain that she would break world milk production records. Dad rejected the offer because he loved the "best cow in the world". Unfortunately the next morning she was dead. Duke had barked all night, and had Dad heeded the warning he surely could have saved her life. We were really

sad as she was a source of food and real income. Obviously we loved her. From these two examples I learned the finality of life.

Grandma Tanner was the first person that I knew to move on but it took some time. She lost her memory due to "hardening of the arteries". Finally the family moved her to a rest home, and I was not allowed to visit her. This was sort of like a death. I watched as grandpa and the family used their money to maintain her in this facility. Much of this time she was in a home near the cemetery, and I felt that it would be good if she could move on. Grandpa was using most of his social security to keep her. Finally the day arrived when she passed on. As Mom and Dad got in the car to go take care of things, they ran over my cat Skippy. This was sort of fitting because of his age and our change in life style. As the mouser that protected the chicken feed he was no longer needed because the chickens were gone. I handled these deaths because I felt that Skippy and Grandma were better off in heaven. She had long forgotten her husband and us as well. I don't remember her funeral, but I do remember unfolding noodles for her famous soup and the fun at her house on the farm and in town.

Grandpa Tanner was the next to go. I had assumed that he would have a load off of his shoulders after grandma's passing, but it was barely a year before he would pass on. He had always pushed me to be a better person. He offered to give me his car, but I was not allowed to have a car because my parents believed that teenagers with cars didn't make it to college. He was a shepherd not just a sheep herder, he took care of his family right up to the end. I was startled at his funeral because of the story about him smoking a pipe in the barn and using his hat to catch the sparks. I had never seen him smoke because he had

repented and quit. He had not been to the temple but he lived all of the standards. After the funeral I was able to get his picture of the Salt Lake Temple. He is one of the people I try to emulate because he pushed me with love.

The next to go was "Pa Roy" Wilson. He had a stroke and fell in the irrigation ditch and was saved by Horatio Page only to die a week later in the hospital. He was my everyday buddy, either he came for eggs or I went up just to talk. After seeing him struggle I knew that he would be better off joining his first wife. I still had enough faith to know that he would be better in heaven. I was touched by my Dad crying for him. Up until that time I had never seen my father cry; he was finally human! Grandpa just missed my marriage in Goshen by 3 months.

#### **54 What are your favorite songs?**

In my early childhood, music was a rare treat heard mainly in Roy Rogers' movies. After Ross Dowdle moved to town, we listened to cowboy records. My love of cowboy music was enhanced with two weeks of stacking hay west of Utah Lake. My favorite song was Strawberry Roan. (see chapter 30)

I then spent two years in the Jr. High Band playing a clarinet during which I learned to love John P Sousa. We marched in the Days of 47 parade in Salt Lake City with the high school band.

In high school I discovered the Kingston Trio and Elvis. The Beach Boys and the Beatles came later.

In college I felt a desire to study classical music when my best friend introduced me to the music rooms. We would sign up for study time and music to study by, and they would play the music for us. I learned to like classical but not opera. This quarter I had my highest grades, suggesting that music does help one learn.

As an adult I loved Manheim Steam Rollers, Men at Work, Kenny G, Buddy Holly, and Paul Cardall.

Now my favorite group is the Tabernacle Choir at Temple Square, which we listen to every Sunday. We listen to the show "Music and the Spoken Word".

Favorite hymns include:

A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief,  
Brightly Beams our Father's Mercy,  
Come, Come, ye Saints,  
Families Can Be Together Forever,  
It Is Well with My Soul,  
His Eye Is on the Sparrow, and  
Gethsemane.

**What was the best thing that has  
happened to you since last Christmas?  
Why?**

"Christmas magic is silent. You don't hear it. - you feel it.  
You don't see it - You believe it." Kevin Alan Milne.

We are so happy that we have been called on a service mission for our church. We are teamed up with four others couples, digitizing records at "Lancaster Theological Seminary" and fortunately we will continue in 2025. We photograph birth, marriage, and death records from a thousand plus churches that have been inactivated. We are about 4/5 of the way through these data and will have much more data from other sources. As we have been working on these retired units my respect for the work of the individual pastors and congregations has grown exponentially. Many of these congregations came to Pennsylvania for religious freedom. They were instrumental in forming colleges and important in the formation of our United States.

Since we started this project my heart and soul have been changed. I went from feeling that these churches were antagonistic to our church to understanding they were like us, sentinels against satan. They were bastions of truth, love and faith in God. These congregations were lead by diligent pastors that kept meticulous records. I believe that these records will be important to their posterity. They were the Lord's servants teaching people how to live a good life. They provided a base for truth and righteousness by training children and

adults. The size of these congregations were limited by travel by horse back and buggy throughout our country. As I started to understand the importance of these small congregations, I started to understand my past work. I can now reflect on my forty years as a church member in Oxford, Ohio. The distance to church was a justification to limited activity, and when I became active the cost of driving was real. As my faith increased I worried less about the travel time and cost. I helped new people move into Oxford, and soon Sister Wicks sent a letter to the Bishop requesting a branch in Oxford. I had never been in a branch. The prospect of being in one increased when I became a member of the committee assigned to study the possibility of a branch in Oxford. As a committee member I was asked to propose boundaries for a small branch centered in Oxford. My first thoughts were to save driving time for any members assigned to the new unit. My first proposed boundaries based on travel time were politely rebuffed by an inspired stake president. He said I should choose boundaries that would give us a strong core. We needed to worry about times to visit members. The wisdom in his recommendation became clear years later when I became branch president. I now identify with these valiant leaders as I compare my experience to their's. The trials and rewards are met by helping people, distance limits the number and depth of real interactions. These small units must have valued their ministers' guidance because they supported them. I can see the advantages in small groups as well as large.

## **Which Boyd Wilson went through the siphon on The High Line Canal?**

Over 40 years ago the High Line canal was popularized in the movie "Foot Loose" by Kevin Bacon in the great tractor-chicken-race scene where he could not get his foot loose. I enjoyed this scene of the canal that played an important part in the life of my family and the lives of many farmers and other people in Utah County. This early reclamation project dammed the Spanish Fork River to create the Strawberry Reservoir to store enough water to irrigate much of Utah county. The canal encircled the south end of the county. In order to allow the natural flow of streams such as Peteetneet (or Payson) creek, the canal water was piped under the stream using a siphon. The protective advantage of this system was obvious after observing the destruction in the canyon after the Box Reservoir broke in May 1973. When my Grandpa Tanner was a small boy he found a fish on Main Street after a canyon reservoir broke.

I was surprised one day when someone asked me if my father had survived a trip through the dreaded siphon. I had never heard this story so I asked my mother about it. She assured me that it was the other Boyd Wilson that survived the trip, not my father. After entering college and moving away I was not faced with the question until I started writing about the month that I was able to follow my father as he worked for the canal. I noted how brave he was to crawl back in a pipe to fix the head gate. I then re-asked the question, "Was it my father that went through the siphon?" My new hypothesis was that my dad had access and would have the charge to keep the water flowing. I

searched the newspaper files of the Provo Daily Herald for "Boyd Wilson". I found references to Boyd L Wilson and Boyd C Wilson. In fact most were for Boyd Lee Wilson as a student and later as a teacher. According to the newspaper, June 7, 1928, Boyd Wilson had survived a miraculous trip through the siphon in the Strawberry (High Line) canal.

This was not a story about a canal worker but a story of two heroes: Boyd, who jumped in the water to save his dog "Muggs", and was taken by the undercurrent through the siphon and his friend Neldon who ran down and pulled him from the canal and administered first aid to save him.

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The Provo Daily Herald

June 7 1928

BOY IS SAVED FROM SIPHON BY COMPANION

Boyd Wilson 14, Swept Through 300-foot Siphon,

But Is Rescued By Prompt Action of Neldon Stevens

PAYSON, June 7 (Special to Evening Herald)-

Carried through 300 foot siphon containing 210-second-feet of water, Boyd Wilson came out alive and almost uninjured!

Saved By Quick Action This was the almost miraculous experience of the 14-year-old son of Mrs. Alfred R. Wilson of Payson, who was rescued by the alert thinking and quick action of Neldon Stevens, 18-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Stevens.

The accident occurred Monday afternoon at the siphon which takes the Strawberry high line canal under Payson City creek at the mouth of the canyon.

The two boys had been to the cattle corral in the canyon, and Boyd Wilson's dog "Mugs" leaped into the canal. Boyd had taken his dog from the canal on several other occasions, and attempted to do so again, but he was too close to the siphon, and the undercurrent, took him under.

The Stevens boy exerted every effort to get him out, but as the water drew him away, he rushed to the other end, arriving just as the younger boy came through.

He dived into the water and pulled him out onto the bank.

First Aid Applied—

The rescued boy was nauseated by the shock, but Stevens applied first aid promptly, and he suffered only slight ill-effects:

Both boys were put to bed and warmed thoroughly, and experienced little discomfort as a result of their thrilling experience.

The escape is regarded as miraculous by those familiar with the siphon, where many animals have met death in the rushing waters."

The Provo Daily Herald

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It was clear that the article provided information about the other Boyd Wilson. This event happened at least 10 years before my dad started working for the high line. In fact this article agreed with the explanation that my mother gave me. Mom was so convincing that I never questioned her. I truly believed her and stated that it was the other Boyd, not my dad, on many occasions. She was well aware of the pride I had from watching my father pull a tree from the raging high water. Had she told me this to protect me from the challenge to follow my father?

What is the chance that two people named Boyd Wilson went through the siphon and lived?

I needed more evidence, so I called my sister Sue, and she relayed that Boyd C had identified for Jim the place where he went into the water. Conclusion: My dad had entered the siphon and of course survived it.

I finally found that Carol Sue recorded in her book a quote from my mother that my father went through the siphon after their marriage in June 1937, probably 10 years later than this report.

Is it possible that both Boyd Wilsons went through the siphon approximately ten years apart? It appears to have happened.

My initial question was based on the fact that dad worked on the canal, but this story is about a 14 year old trying to save his dog.

Thus, it was true that Boyd Wilson went through the siphon, but this identifies Boyd Wilson with Mrs. Alfred R. Wilson not Clarence LeRoy Wilson as parent. This would corroborate with Boyd Lee Wilson, not my father. This is essentially what my mother had told me.

These Boyds have more in common than their names and the trip through the siphon. I remembered that my father Boyd C had a dog named Mugs that had saved him from an attack by a boar pig. My aunt Thelma also related how her brother had put a harness on Mugs and he would pull her all over town in a wagon. I asked how likely it is that both Boyds had a dog named "Mugs". I searched Google using "Mugs" and found nothing. Then Linda queried google if there was a famous dog named Muggs in the 1920's and found that there was one that died around 1928. James Thurber had a story about an Airedale named Mugg's, "The dog that bit people" found in "My Life and Hard Times" 7 June 1910. Thus, Mugg's could be a common dog name at that time. Boyd Lee became a school teacher (English) and might have a dog named after Thurber's "biting dog".

I then turned to family search to see if I was related to the actors in this story. I found that I was not related to Boyd Lee Wilson but I was related to Neldon Stevens through my mothers line. They, Jennie and Neldon are second cousins because their grandmothers were sisters. Thus it is possible that Jennie knew about this story before she met her husband.

This story is intriguing because it took many years for the final story to be unraveled. I was always intrigued by my

fathers work on the canal. I was first impressed when I saw him pulling trees from the high water, cleaning ditches and working hard. I was afraid of the canal yet awed by its importance to life in our community. I was greatly relieved when mother told me it was not my father that was sucked through the siphon. But I couldn't see how a school teacher would be sucked into the siphon. The story never seemed to make sense, until I made a serious search of the published literature. When I made the search things got more confusing. It was only solved when I finally listened to Sue and Jim. My belief is that mom told me what she knew and at a later time she told Sue what she had learned.

#### About the Author

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