

always "Wilf". The rest, and I do mean all of the rest – Tani, Rab, Mike and Willie came later and just added to the excitement of each visit. What a house full. Every Christmas without fail the clan would show up. I have no idea where everyone stayed, that house was full to the rafters.

Bill went to Utah State and studied Mechanical Engineering so on occasion we'd head to Logan for a visit. I decided early on I was going to Utah State, mostly because that's where Bill had gone. I remember Bill and Nancy's first apartment was in on campus housing for married students called the "Lambing Sheds". They were grim, like army barracks, rows of big beige wooden buildings full of young couples with kids everywhere. The next place they had was a little green house on the bench south of Logan. It didn't have a yard and was perched on the hill side with a tremendous view. It felt like if you went out the front door you could literally roll down the hill side for several hundred yards.

One spring we went to Logan and dad and Bill headed to campus to play a little tennis and I tagged along. There were others at the court so of course there was a doubles match. I'll never forget, Bill hit dad square in the back of the head with a line drive serve. I actually think dad had tears in his eyes. Each time he served after that dad would wait at the net holding the racquet behind his head, hoping to deflect the oncoming shot.

Dad coached in Nyssa and had both Turp and Bill on his teams. From what I heard Bill wouldn't take an ounce of crap from anybody. Apparently some kid from Nyssa lipped off that Turp was the quarterback because he was the coaches son. Bill took exception to this and as the "discussion" escalated he ended up cleaning the kids clock when the other guy suggested they take it outside. Dad always said Bill had the fastest hands he'd seen on a kid. I always heard he was an excellent boxer. Bill would tell mom that he was now tougher than Turp and could take him. Of course Bill knew mom would relay the message back to Turp. One visit home Bill was sitting innocently in mom's kitchen at the farm and Turp quietly walked up behind, easily got the advantage and threw him, just like the old days I suppose? The surprise attack worked and Turp remained "the older, stronger" brother to the end.

In the summers the family would head to Island Park and skid trees, with a team of horses, for Uncle Garland. Bill, Nance, Tug, and Doby lived in a cabin tent. The tent was basically a wooden box with a canvas roof that sat in the jack pines next to Fish Creek. Uncle Garland and aunt Phyllis's trailer house was parked right across "the drive". One time I was up for a visit and someone had killed a bear. Bill had one of it's paws in the back of his 39 Ford pick-up truck. He came bringing that paw back to camp and Charlie (or Spare Ribs) immediately froze and every hair on it's body stood straight up. I had never seen anything like that, bear paw or the frozen dog....

Bill was always up for a good time. One summer we picked Bill, Nance, and the kids up at Fish Creek and headed to Yellowstone Park to camp. May have been the 4th of July?