

Mike Lovejoy
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Memories/Thoughts re. Bill Lovejoy & Family

We moved from Nyssa Oregon to Idaho Falls on May 31, 1955, my 5th birthday. I don't remember much about Bill or Turp being around at that time? I have memories of Nyssa and the house on Good Avenue, Pat and Kent but very few of the older kids. I do recall playing on the front lawn and Turp pulled up in his green 49 Ford with his girl friend, Phyllis Shelldalin. I believe he was already away at college and had come home for a visit. I think Bill was driving a black 48 Ford by then but I never saw it much.

For some reason, that old 49 of Turp's ended up on the farm and stayed there for years while he went to the Army. Mom and Dad's 39 Pontiac was also there, 3 speed on the column, but no body drove it. Kent started driving the 49 to high school. I remember he wrecked it so when uncle Duds came for a visit and they put a "new" front end on the thing from the wrecking yard, it was white...

Being an accident I was a lot younger than the others and grew up in many ways like an only child. That had its advantages for sure but there were a lot of things I suppose I missed. Interacting (fighting?) with siblings was one of them. In fact, growing up on the farm, mostly with adult companionship, I was a little uncomfortable interacting with other kids. Looking back I don't think I ever did get the hang of that? There were advantages. Farm life was wonderful but I was always amazed when I'd go "to town" to visit the cousins. They were exposed to such a different life style, all of 4 miles away. Another advantage is I did a lot of traveling with mom and dad, even a little with grandma and grandpa Stoddard.

My world always revolved around my family. It was big news anytime Turp & Barb or Bill and Nance were coming for a visit. Kent was away to college or on his mission by then and Pat was at college, then married to Jon. Homecomings were big events because the folks looked forward to them so much. Dad would get a little break from farming and mom had a chance to fret and worry even more than she normally did.

Of all my siblings, Bill was by far the most outrageous. By outrageous I guess I mean full of stories, thoughts, and strange ideas. He would always challenge you, never letting you get too comfortable. There was never a dull moment when he and Nance came to visit. The visits each Christmas were extraordinary and as the family grew, so did the commotion and excitement! I could never understand how Bill and Nance could get all those kids, gifts, and sometimes dogs into one car and travel home like they did, but I loved it.

Bill's creative nicknames for his kids were legendary. "Tug" was a character in a Phil Silvers sitcom about arm life. Not sure if he picked up the "Dobby" part from Dobie Gillis? No idea where he got Tani, Rab or Rabbit. He may have worn out a little about that time because I never hear Mike called much besides Mike, or Mikkie but Willie was