

## PERSONAL HISTORY OF VAN LADD BUSHNELL

I Van Ladd Bushnell was born March 25, 1934 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah to George Labrum and Iva Bell Swallow Bushnell. My grandmother Elizabeth Labrum Bushnell, a Registered Nurse and Mid-wife was set apart by Wilford Woodruff, delivered me. Grandma and Grandpa Bushnell lived next door to us on the South. My father was a farmer and worked for Leo and Cleon B. Stott as a mechanic, putting together farm machinery (J.I. Case), Repairs, Thashing grain and alfalfa seed which was a good cash crop in Millard County. He also would saw the Cedar Trees up for fire wood with a large saw powered by a tractor in the fall. He would also do plowing and other farm related tasks. He was also the town small appliance repairman.

My fathers name was George Labrum Bushnell born June 12, 1892 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. He was the fourth child of five. His two older brothers had died at child birth and so when dad was born grandma insisted they hand dad to her so she could tie off his cord. My father had an older sister Lula and a younger sister Mabel. His father was Howard Brockbank Bushnell, born January 12, 1865 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah who was a farmer and livestock man. My fathers mother was Mary Elizabeth Labrum, born January 3, 1868 in Cottonwood, Salt Lake County, Utah. Grandma Bushnell was set apart as a mid-wife and doctor by President Wilford Woodruff. She was promised that if she would respond to the calls she would not loose a baby. She brought in over 2000 babies and did not have to use her instruments but once. She would go as far north as Scipio and south to Milford, Utah. My grandparents also owned a general merchandise store. When they moved to Delta, Utah for a few years they leased the store to Vince Adams. The store was located to the North of our home. The home we lived in at one time belonged to Grandpa and Grandma Bushnell.

My mothers name was Iva Bell Swallow, born August 6, 1894 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. She was the second child out of ten. She had an older brother Thomas, younger sisters Laura, Noreen, Norma, Nola and Elva, younger brothers Truman, Don and Theron. Her father was Charles Swallow born November 4, 1865 in Stebbing, Essex, England. He was a merchant, who owned and operated the Swallow Merchantile and Post-Office, a farmer, and gardner. My mothers, mother was Isabella Dearden, born August 14, 1873 in Fillmore, Millard County, Utah.

My brothers and sisters were: Mildred Hope Bushnell Porter. She was born 22 April 1916 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. She married Glendon Clark Porter and had six children: Hal, Iva Mae, Bryce, Terry, Georgia and Kim. Howard Elmo Bushnell was born 8 July 1918 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. He married Iris Smith and they had three children: Koye, Keela and Kimet. Elmo was a trapper, rancher and worked on road construction. He served in World War II in Italy. Faryl G. Bushnell was born 13 August 1921 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. He married Joyce Johnson and they had three children: Patricia, Dwight and Bonnie. Faryl managed the Kelly's Department Store and IGA Grocery Store. Joy Elaine Bushnell Ashman, Harper was born 13 February 1923 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. She married John C. Ashman and they had three children: Joyce, Diane and Johnny. After John died she married Jack Harper. Dean C. Bushnell was born 17 August 1924 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. He married Stella Louisa Haise Lee. They had one child: Pamela Louisa. Dean was a Postal Carrier



and served in World War II. He was wounded in the battle of the Rhine in Germany. George Junior Bushnell was born 8 February 1928 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. He married Melba Arave and they had three children: Danney and Krystina. A boy baby died at birth. After a divorce he married Marilyn Clark and they had four children. Nancy and Paula from Marilyn's first marriage, they Steven and Shanna?. After Marilyn died he married Benita. George J. was a truck driver, driving oil and gas semis and truck and trailers. Charles Bushnell was born 30 October 1939 in Meadow, Millard County, Utah. He died 31 October 1939.

I was blessed 5 August 1934 in the Meadow Ward by Charles Swallow, my grand-father.

I was baptized 1 November 1942 in Ogden, Utah by RuVaughn Killpack.

I was confirmed 1 November 1942 in Ogden, Utah by Joseph P. Anderson.

My patriarchal blessing was given 16 September 1946 by Patriarch David E. Layton at his home in Layton, Utah.

My Schooling was as follows:

First Grade, Meadow, Utah. Miss Virginia Meiling, later married Tom Reay from Meadow. She was a wonderful teacher. I used to take my rabbits to school for "Show and Tell". I tried to make them do tricks but they would not, because I had not taught them how.

Second Grade, Meadow, Utah. Miss Minnie Howard, later married Blaine Penny from Meadow. He was a farm manager for the Beckstrand Ranch which was located between Kanosh and Meadow. She was a wonderful teacher.

Third Grade, Madison Elementary, Ogden, Utah. Ione Olsen was my teacher.

Fourth Grade, Clinton Elementary, Clinton, Utah. We lived in Sunset, Utah, Davis County, and attended the Clinton Elementary School which was one mile west of the Sunset LDS Church where we would catch the bus. Our home was two houses south of the Church. The school bus was an old Ford with a wooden frame. We called the bus "Cracker Box". Joe Ray, our bus driver, lived in South Weber. He would pick up the kids from South Weber, then pick up Elementary kids in Sunset, go down to the Clinton Elementary School, let us off. Pick up the Clinton junior high and high school kids, go back to Sunset, pick up our junior high and high school kids, then go to Clearfield to the North Davis Junior High School where he would drop off those kids, then proceed to Kaysville to Davis High School. My Fourth Grade teacher was Mrs. Lavon D. Mitchell. She was one of the sweetest teachers I ever had. It was in her class that I learned my "Time Tables" which I have never forgotten. It was in the fourth grade that I had "Yellow Jaundice", I had my tonsils out. I was sick a lot with colds and sore throats, but after my tonsils were out I was given new life and was not sick very much after that. Mrs. Mitchell worked with me and I was able to catch up on the schooling I had missed.

Fifth Grade, Clinton Elementary School, Mrs. Ruth B. Rampton was my teacher. She was red headed and strict. She was a good teacher but very demanding.

Sixth Grade, Clinton Elementary School. My Teacher and Principal was Henry D. Call. He was a great teacher. He would read to us the book "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" towards the end of the school period. It was about the Civil Ward and this little boy and his hardship. It was fascinating and we looked forward to the time he would read to us. I believe this is one of the reasons I gained a great love for reading. Mr. Call would be writing on the chalk board and if



someone was talking, he would swing around and throw his chalk at the floor or desk in front of the student. He didn't miss very often either. You can be assured the talking stopped. Mr. Call liked to play softball with us. During recess if we were in a good game, he would not make us go back into class. I'll never forget the great love I had for him.

Seventh, Eight and Ninth Grade was at the North Davis Junior High School in Clearfield, Utah. I played the saxophone in the band, Mr. Lon Kennard was our band teacher. He played the trombone, and would occasionally come to our Ward and play a trombone solo in sacrament Meeting. (That's when brass instruments were allowed as special numbers in sacrament meeting.) Music has always been one of my loves. I remember my music teacher in the seventh grade, how she would play Chopan's "Pallinaise", she could really make her fingers move. During my ninth grade, I enjoyed shop from Mr. LeRoy Walker. Several wooden items which I made were a Plastic salt and pepper shaker, a lamp table and magazine rack, and a red cedar plant stand. I also played football and was the center.

Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Grade was at Davis High School in Kaysville, Utah. Davis was a big high school with students coming from South Weber on the north, Sunset, Clinton, Clearfield, Layton, Kaysville, West Point, Syracuse, Farmington, Centerville, Bountiful and North Salt Lake. Around 2300 kids, therefore I did not get to know or close to very many, other than the ones I associated with in athletics, band and those from Sunset who were very good friends. Paul Reid, whose father was our bishop and later became the stake president, was a good friend and later became the studentbody president. Dale Perkins, a great track, baseball and basketball athlete, V.R. Whittaker, who lived next door to us and Jack Allen, who lived three houses south of us, Keith Carver and Delbert Kay. In seminary I had Bro. Kenneth Sheffield and a Bro. Ensign. Mr. Lee Liston was our football and track coach. He had been the football coach down here at the Branch Agricultural College, here in Cedar City, Utah. I had Coach Liston for track and Coach Lynn Wilcox for basketball. Good coaches. I started out in football my sophomore year but because there were so many going out for football, I gave it up and went to work at the American Food Store in Roy, Utah. Lon Dunbar was the store manager. He was a good fellow and treated me well. We would take inventory every three months and would count every item in the store. I learned how to work in stocking shelves, bagging groceries and cashiering.

The Church activities were very important, especially on Tuesday Evenings. We danced, prepared for dance festivals, road shows and played basketball. Our leaders would put the girls in the center in a ring holding hands, the fellows on the outside. They would play some music and the girls would go one way and the fellows the opposite. When the music stopped you would dance with the girl in front of you. I remember this one girl, Joyce Mason, her dad was the first counselor in our bishopric. Joyce was tall and her hands were very cold and clammy. She was a sweet girl and very shy.

I ran track and in my junior year, Dale Perkins would pick me up and would drive up by Hill Air Force Base and run down and up the road that led to Layton. I always wanted to get my athletic letter which was a block "D" with an arrow through it. We were the Davis Darts. To get the letter in track you had to finish in the top three in region or state. My goal for that year was to win that letter. Our region included all of the Salt Lake Schools, Murray and Jordan. I finished third in the mile run during the region meet. I had to really turn it on and in so doing it I pulled a ligament in my right leg and was on crutches for the next two weeks, missing the state track meet. I received my letterman jacket with two gold rings, showing I had earned it during my



junior year. Put on it was the track fleeting foot and a basketball. I also enjoyed accounting, FFA from Mr. Zollinger. We went to Utah State University up to Logan, Utah in March. I couldn't believe how cold it could be with the wind come down out of the canyon. It was so cold I couldn't believe people lived there. I was the basketball manager for the basketball team and would scrimmage with them. Mr. Wilcox, our coach, said I should have tried out for the team. Besides running track I worked for Bishop George Reid in his Conoco Service Station. It was at that time when there was no self-service, only full service. I would pump gas, fix flat tires, grease and change the oil and deliver gas and fuel oil.

I must pause here and say that every summer, from the time that I was ten years old, I would go down to Meadow and work on our cousins big farm, which I did until the day I was married. I lived at Leo and Velma Stotts. Velma was my dad's first cousin. They had a large farm and I would cut hay and rake it until the hay became dry enough to bale it, then I would run the bailer as I got older. The bailer was manual. We had a tractor driver where I started out, then I went to the tying side, then to the threader. It was awful dusty and dirty. You would put a large red hanky over your nose so you could breathe and a pair of goggles so you could see. When the wind was blowing it was terrible. I would also cut grain, as they had a lot of dry grain to be cut, drive truck in the fields when I was small, later I would haul the hay and grain, plowed, you name it I did it. I also had a milk cow to milk both night and morning as well as other chores.

When I was 15, Mr. Nielson, the Millard High School band teacher, would drive his car down to Meadow, pick up and take us up to Fillmore to the high school, where we would practice playing and marching. We would play in the Ute Stamped Rodeo parade in Nephi, Days of 47 parade in Salt Lake City on the 24<sup>th</sup> of July, Millard County Fair days in Deseret and the parade in Fillmore during July 4, 5 and 6<sup>th</sup> when they had the horse races. Par mutual betting was legal in Utah then. Each fall the Stotts would ask me if I wanted to stay down and to Millard High School. Oh how I wanted to say YES! For that is where my love was, this was home, the Stotts were my second mom and dad, and I had many friends there. But I also had a mother who let me go each summer and who I could not disappoint in not coming home to mom and dad during the year. As I would leave to go back to Sunset I would stop in Fillmore, buy my school clothes at the Kelly's Department Store which my brother Faryl managed.

It was because of the large number of students that I did not become very close to many of them, therefore I did not attend any class reunions but my 50<sup>th</sup>. And if my former peers had not had on a name tag I would have not recognized them for they had changed, like I had.

When I graduated from high school in 1952, I received a scholarship to attend the University of Utah in music. That summer while in Meadow, I begin talking with a couple of my friends, Dean and Hyrum Johnson about going to school down at the BAC (Branch Agricultural College) in Cedar City, Utah. Back then most of the students from our area went down to Cedar, Utah State and some to BYU. Cedar was only 100 miles away making it easy for me to get back home and help out in the farming. It was there that I met and fell in love with my wife Allison Smith who was from Cedar City. I will tell you more about her later. Ronald Anderson, who later married one of Allison's best friends would to home almost each weekend so I would ride home with him. This worked out well as I could farm and earn some money that helped me in college, even though my dad assisted me with tuition.

My higher education degrees: An Associate Degree in 1960 from College of Southern Utah.  
Bachelors Degree in Elementary Education in 1962 from Utah State University. Course work



was done on the CSU campus; Bachelors Degree in Business Education in 1966 from Southern Utah State College; Masters Degree in Business Education with an emphasis in Management in 1968 from Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona. Doctorate (PhD) in Education with business as my emphasis in 1973 and completed dissertation in 1974 from Arizona State University.

The reason we went down to Mesa, Arizona and Arizona State University was because of a college professor I had at SUSC, Dr. Quen Clark. She said if we as students wanted to teach in Utah, we should go out of the State to do our graduate work, as would become to "inbred" if we received all of our education from Utah schools. Sterling Church, a counselor at SUSC and friend from Delta, Utah, had done his master's degree at Arizona State and was going back to work on his doctorate. He said it was an excellent school. I had been accepted at Utah State University, BYU and Arizona State. I talked it over with my sweetheart and we decided since we had never lived outside of the State of Utah, this would be a good time to do it. Dorothy Messer Rowley, Collin and family who were our neighbors when we lived on 200 North and 900 West, had moved down a few years ago and Collin was teaching woods at Mesa Junior High School. I wanted an Internship in Business Education at ASU, but when I applied I found out I was too late as they didn't have one available. Since I was the Director of Financial Aid at SUSC, and knew about financial aid, I applied for Work Study. I thought I would be taking classes during the day and wouldn't have time to get a job off campus. When we arrived there I found out that most of the graduate classes were taught in the evenings. Also that the Business Education Department did have an assistantship available for me, however since I had accepted a position to work in the ASU Financial Aid Department on work study, I felt I couldn't back out of it, which turned out to be a wise decision.

Our home we bought was in Mesa, nine miles from the University and only a block from Dorothy and Collin Rowleys.

I had to go to school full time for a year to get "Residency" which I did. During the Fall of the next year 1968, the Assistant Director of Financial Aid, Gail Shuman, took another position in Security and I was offered the position. This was a blessing in disguise as we found out that our little son Tom was diagnosed with Leukemia. With my full time job we were able to buy a new car "Chevrolet BelAir Station wagon" for the many trips we would make to the University of Utah Medical Center with Tom.

I would work during the day, stay at ASU and study until my class, take a class in the evening, then drive home. Some nights I did not have a class so was able to go home and play with the children. My sweetheart was very understanding, taking care of the family, home and letting me get my education.

Marriage - My room mates, Dean and Hyrum Johnson and I stayed at Lt. Colonel Oliver Harris's home on 150 West in Cedar City. Lt. Colonel Harris was the Commandant of the Air Force ROTC program at Branch Agricultural College. It was required at that time that all male students would take ROTC. We lived in the basement where there was a family room and three bedrooms. We ate our meals up stairs with the Harris's. Mrs. Harris suggested we have a Christmas Party. We decided to each get a date. Mrs. Harris said she would prepare a dinner for us. I had been noticing this beautiful girl in the ticket booth of the Cedar Theater and decided to ask her out. I found out her name and called her home. She said she was working and I would



have to come down to the theater so she could see and meet me. I was scared, but I did. She approved of me and said she would go. Dean Johnson had his folks car, so he took us to pick up our dates. We had a great evening. I knew she had high moral values. She told me that night she went home and told her mother she was going to marry that fellow. She lived in Cedar City and her folks had a car. Her father was a sheep rancher and when I was invited up to her home they would fix me a great dinner. Her mother was an excellent cook and knew how to cook mutton and steaks. I remember the first time they gave me a big steak on my plate. I thought this was for all of us. Where I was raised this would have fed most of us. They told me it was for me. They fed me so often I felt I needed to repay them by marrying their daughter, Ha!Ha! We went together several months and I popped the question and she accepted. Here I was a little freshman in college with no money or full time job and she was a sophomore. I didn't have any money to speak of but I went up to Mullett's Jewelry and bought a set of rings. I gave her the engagement ring and I could see she was not impressed with my purchase. I took her down to the Jewelry store and she picked out one that was for an "Eight Cow Wife" which I was happy she did, as she has been proud of them since.

We went together six months and were married June 6, 1953 in the St. George Temple by President Harold Snow, Temple President. When we got engaged I was only a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood. On May 17, 1953, I went back to my home ward in Meadow to Bishop Melvin Duncan, where in his office I was given the Melchizedek Priesthood and ordained an Elder under the hand of my father, George L. Bushnell. I then visited President Roy P. Olpin, our Millard Stake President, who interviewed me and signed my temple recommend.

On June 5, 1953, Allison and I went over to Parowan to the Iron County Recorder and received our marriage licence, then the next morning we got into our 1950 light green Ford Coupe, 2 door with smitties on it, and headed for the St. George Temple. We had a beautiful ceremony and as I knelt across the alder in the East Sealing Room of the temple, the oldest sealing room in the Church today, and looked into the eyes of my eternal companion to be, how proud, humble, and grateful I was to be here in the Lord's Holy House, to the sweetheart of my dreams, to our Heavenly Father, to her parents for the daughter they had raised, to my own wonderful parents that were there, brothers, sisters and close friends.

We had our reception in the Cedar Second and College Ward meeting house that evening. When we got ready to leave for our honeymoon, we found that they had tied tin cans to our bumper, crammed newspapers in the car, written Just Married on the windows and outside. We had a hard time getting away but luck was on our side. We were planning on going as far as St. George, but due to a Lion's Convention, all of the motels were filled, so we had to go on to Beaver Dam, Arizona and stayed at the Beaver Dam Lodge. The next day we traveled on to Las Vegas, Nevada for a couple of days, touring the Boulder Dam and other places of interest. We made our home in Fillmore, Utah where I had employment with Kelley's IGA Store, managed by my brother Faryl. We lived in the basement of Vivian Wades for a few months then moved to Wanda Huff's duplex which was upstairs and closer to work. I made only \$40.00 per week, and since we had rings to pay for Allison had to go to work, first at Hugh's Café and then at Rowley's Variety Store. That was the only time she had to work outside of the home.

**Our Children:** We moved to Cedar City in January 1954 where I had employment with Cedar Distributing Company, (Newel and LaMar McBride). My brother Faryl helped me to get this job as we were not making it. We hated to move but financially we had to. Jeffrey Van was born



June 12, 1954, Cedar City, Utah. When he was born he had the most blond hair I had ever seen and was the most beautiful child. As Sister Koonz let me hold him I could not help but shed a tear. Hear was the most adorable little spirit from our Father-In-Heaven which was whole and perfect in all ways. His mom came through with flying colors and we had our first child. He was born in the Old Iron County Hospital on 200 South 200 West which was next door to where we were living in Allison's parents apartments. Jeff was born on his Grandpa Bushnell's birthday, but not knowing whether we would have another boy, which was dumb on our part, we did not name him George, however he has carried that name by his parents to this day.

Kerry William was born November 12, 1955, eighteen months apart. He was also a beautiful child, fat and loveable. His mom did not want to get pregnant for a few years after Jeff, so we were being Very, Very careful. One day she called me home after she had missed her period. Her mother was there and we couldn't believe how she could have gotten pregnant. We know the Lord wanted this little boy to come into our home and be a close friend and companion to his older brother. How great ful we were then and now for that sweet loving spirit that our Father-In-Heaven has sent us. We had made an agreement that after Allison had nursed the children, that if they did not go back to sleep then it was my responsibility to take care of them. Jeff was easy, as he and I would go in and sit down in the rocking chair and the both of us would go to sleep. But Will was a different child. He would not rock and you had to walk with him forever it seemed until he would go back to sleep. Many of nights when I was tired I wanted to put him in his bed and let him cry, but couldn't.

Susan was born June 28, 1960 also in the Old Iron County Hospital. We were living in our first home that we purchased from Gilbert and Mrytle Janson down on 200 North and 900 West. We had to wait along time for Susan, but the wait was worth it as she was the cutest little blond headed little girl with that twinkle in her eye and she has always been my sweetheart.

Thomas Lee was born December 26, 1966. Mother had a miscarriage after we had returned from ElCajon, California where we had visited Dean and Stella, been to the SanDeigo Zoo, Sea World and many other places of interest. We waited along time for Tom but how great ful we were when he arrived. We couldn't have asked the Lord for a sweeter child and one that taught us so much in the short time he was here upon the earth. I will say more later.

MaryLou, our fifth and last child. Allison had a rough time carrying her. Her bottom came, the vains just hung like grapes, I couldn't believe a human body could look like that and survive. She had to be down on her back for part of her pregnancy. Dorothy Rowley, our good friend, would come up and take care of Tom and the children while I worked , then I would take over when I was not taking classes. How great ful we were when Jul 11, 1969 came and she was born in the Southside Hospital in Mesa, Arizona by Dr. Heath. She was dark headed, our only child and looked like her mom, which were glad. She was a cry baby and had to be tended most of the time, but what a blessing. The Lord knew that He would be taking Tom and knew we needed a special spirit that would help us to carry on and give us the love as the other children grew up and left the nest. She has been that and more. How great ful we are that the Lord had compassion on us, we couldn't have asked for more.

Jeffery Van served two years in the Denver Colorado Mission. This is the same mission that his grandfather George L. Bushnell served, however is was called at that time the Western States Mission back in 1913-1915. Jeff married Julie Donnette Towers 26 March 1976 in the St. George Temple and they had one daughter Vanessa Don. Jeff and Julie were divorced and he married Sherry Roper 13 March 1982 in the St. George Temple. Their children are Sherisa,



Jelisa and Brinton. Jeff graduated with a B.S. Degree in Information Management from BYU then received a MBA from Southern Utah University. He is currently working for South Central Communications and is the manager over the wireless part of the business.

Kerry William served two years in the Columbus Ohio Mission. Married Lela Harriet Thompson 12 November 1977 in the Provo Temple. Their children are Jason, Rachelle, Matthew and Adam. Kerry drove large semi fuel trucks for Tri Valley Distributing for several years but is currently living back in Connecticut. He is driving semi for a Hydrogen Company and delivers it to hospitals and other businesses. Kerry graduated from Dixie College with an Associated Degree in Marketing.

Susan Bushnell graduated from Cedar High School where she was active as a Mohey Taw wa, their precision drill team. She married Scott Rulon Werner 6 January 1979 in the St. George Temple. Scott became a Medical Doctor. Their children are: Nathan Scott, Richard Bushnell, Kristal Marie, Steven Van and Camille. Susan was divorced 18 April 2003.

Thomas Lee was five and a half when he died 29 May 1972 at the University of Utah Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah of Leukemia. This was during the Memorial Day weekend and there was not any doctors on duty, so I took Tom out to my sister Mildred's home in Clearfield, Utah. He got along fair Sunday, however on Monday he turned for the worst. I called several times the hospital, but could not get anyone to talk to me. I finally told them about 5 p.m. that I was bringing Tom in as he was passing blood and was very sick. I put him in the station wagon with his head on my lap and we headed to Salt Lake. When I got to Bountiful, Tom kept saying Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Tom knew he was going but wanted me to go with him. I hurried as fast as I could but I knew he was gone, as he did not talk to after that. I got to the U of U Hospital and carried Tom up to the Pediatric's Ward where the staff met me. That night they performed an autopsy and found out he has bled internally to death. I have never been so sad to have lost temporarily one of the sweetest sons a father could have.

During Tom's illness he insisted that he go Home Teaching with me and his brothers. When I would rehearse the Choir, he would go and sit for hours and not move. When he was in the hospital and they were going to draw the bone marrow from his back, he only asked that I hold him. He never cried, he was so brave and strong. If he had not been, I don't know what his mother and I would have done. One day the interns wanted to look into his eyes. He let them except his one. Every time the intern tried Tom would hold his eyes shut. I would talk to him and try to reason with him, however each time the intern came back he did the same thing, finally the intern gave up. Jeff and Will would try to dress him and he could take them off faster than they could put them on. Oh how I Miss that boy. He taught his mom and I more than we could have ever learned in any other way. I know our Father-In-Heaven knew the greatness in this son of his and lent him to us for that short time, knowing that Tom was perfect in every way and we would learn from him. We know his is in Heaven and look forward to the day when we can be with him again.

MaryLou Bushnell married Alan Hawkes Pearson 25 August 1989 in the St. George Temple. Their children are: Christopher Alan, Katlin (Katy), Sara and David Lee (Davy Crocket). Mary graduated with a BA and Masters in Accounting. She teaches part time at Southern Utah



University and does Taxes and Accounting for different businesses. The Lord knew we would be awful sad with Tom's passing so he sent us one of his choice daughters to keep tract of us and to keep us moving.

**Additional Information pertaining to the family** - When Jeff was born, 12 Jun 1954 we were living two houses west of the Iron County Hospital on 200 West and 200 South. We lived in the basement of one of the four apartments houses that Allison's parents owned. We had a living room, kitchen, bathroom and one bedroom. When we moved down from Fillmore, we bought a couch, a rocker, which we still have, and a regular vinyl chair from Leigh Furniture. Allison's mom had given us a used kitchen table, chairs and bed. We were happy.

When Allison went into labor we walked up the Hospital where Dr. A. L. Graff delivered our baby boy. When Sister Koonz brought him out for me to see, I could not believe my eyes. He was so beautiful, a full head of blond hair, fully developed and weighted 8lbs 8oz. I just cried I was so happy and grateful to our Father-In-Heaven. At that time they used to keep mothers in the hospital for a week and they moved them down on the sun porch on the south end of the hospital. It was very convenient living next door to the Hospital. I could run home, eat and walk up and see Allison and Jeff.

When we brought Jeff home, his mother and I made a pact that if he did not go back to sleep after he had been nursed, then I would take over. He was a good baby though. I would take him in the living room and rock him and then we would both go to sleep in the green rocking chair. I am surprised I didn't drop him. His mother would come in a few hours later and take the baby and put him back in his crib and I would go back to bed.

Jeff grew fast and was so cuddling. He wore chubby red shoes which had bells on them so we could tell where he was.

Jeff had problems with his "R's" so he had to go to Miss Gaddy, speech therapist, who later became Mrs. Fred Adams who started the Utah Shakespearean Festival. Jeff soon got over this Problem.

Jeff was always inquisitive and doing something. One day he and his brother Will went down to the LaNoir Jones Farm, Father-in-Law to mother's brother Kay, whose farm we were leasing. We had an old Ford Tractor and a new Ferguson which belonged to LaNoir. One day after school Jeff and Will went down to the farm and begin racing with the tractors. Will was on the the old Ford and put on his brakes and Jeff ran into the back of him with the new Ferguson. It caved in the front of the tractor and broke the radiator. When I got down to the farm and saw what had happened, I was to say the least very unhappy. I went back home as I had surmised what had happened and who was responsible for it. I first checked our house then went up to grandma's but could not find them. I searched for some time and when it begin to get dark I became more worried for the boys. I had circled grandma's house several time going under the apple tree but not looking up. The only way I found them was that Will had to go to the bathroom and I found him in grandma's house. Will I was more happy to have found them than I was of being mad, so I took Will home and sent him to bed without his supper. Jeff who was the instigator got off free. The Lord has ways of saving his little children.

Will never gave us any trouble when he was growing up except the day we moved from Mesa, Arizona to Cedar City where I had taken employment with Southern Utah State College. We had just unloaded the Uhaul Truck and Will and his friend Danny Carroll, from Mesa who had come with us, which was a mistake, went to bed. During the night they got out of bed and got in Will's



Volkswagon Bug and went back to Mesa. Mother wanted me to go after him but I thought he would get homesick and would come back. He didn't and because of this his mother became depressed and I moved the family back to Mesa for the rest of the school year. Another time was while we were living in Mesa and Will was a student at Kino Junior High School. Many afternoons his little girl friends would call him on the phone and talk forever. His mother told him to get off from the phone and if he didn't she would begin the count down. He didn't so she went over and hung up the phone. Will was mad that he kicked in the wall (plaster board) in the livingroom. This cost him dearly in money and being grounded, he never did it again. Will was a good boy, he would work late at Village Inn on Saturday Evenings and would still get up early the next morning and go to Priesthood Meeting with me. He and Jeff both paid for their cars and were good to cut the lawns or whatever they were asked to do. I appreciated their respect and willingness to work and still do well in school and obey the rules of the home.

Susan was my little blond headed girl, the apple of my eye when she was growing up. Her mother would put her hair up in "Doggie Ears". She would get on her little bicycle and go so fast that her doggie ears would be blowing in the breeze. When she was two years old her Grandma Bushnell came and stayed at our house on 354 S. 300 West in Cedar City for a few weeks. Susan sucked her finger and we had tried everything to get her to stop without any success. One afternoon Grandma Bushnell wanted to take a nap and Susan as usual wanted to keep on talking. Finally her grandma became so frustrated with her that she said, "Susan, put your finger in your mouth and go to sleep." Susan was in the Mohy Tawaw's. I let her drive our little Red Ford Falcon pickup. I would fill it up once a week and told her that it had to last all week. She would load up all of her friends in it and run out of gas. She would call me up and after work I would go and take gas can, put 5 gals in the truck, pump the gas feed forever and get it running again. The next week we would go through the same ritual, PATIENCE!

Tommy Lee, He was the one with patience. At three and a half years old he contacted Leukemia and for the next two years we made regular trips to the University of Utah's Medical Center with him. We were told when he was diagnosed with it that we could go to Houston, TX. Los Angeles, CA. Denver, CO or the U of U in Salt Lake. This was home so we chose the U of U. He was a very brave little boy. When they would take the bone marrow from his back in order to see how he was getting along, which was every other visit, all he wanted was for me to hold him. He never cried whatever they did. He was also very determined in his ways. On one occasion Jeff tried to put his clothes on. Jeff would try to force them on and eventually got most of them on with Wills help, but Tom would have them off before they had him fully dressed. One time while at the U of U Medical Center, an Intern at the Hospital wanted to look into Tom's eyes. Tom would hold them tight so he could not open them to see in. He would come back several time during the day but to no avail. Finally the intern gave up. I tried to talk to him about letting him see his eyes but he wouldn't. When I would take Jeff and Will Home Teaching with me, we couldn't get out of the door without him coming. When I would have to go and rehearse the Choir, Tom would go with me. He would sit on the bench for hours and not move or make a noise. He was my little shadow, my pride and joy I felt so sorry for him when he had to have his Predrizon medication or been to Kimo therapy. The Predrizon would cause him to lose his hair. When he went to Kindergarten we would put a stocking had on him, but the kids would pull it off and laugh at him. I felt so sorry for my little hero.



I know he is and was one of our Father-In-Heaven's choice sons and which we were privileged to have in our earthley home for those short five and a half years. He taught us so much and I look forward to seeing and being with him again.

Mary Lou was blessed with the talent to teach as was told in her Patriarchal Blessing. Because of that she has taught in many church callings and at the University in Accounting.

When Mary Lou was very young and we had to take Tom to the U of U Medical Center, we would leave our home in Mesa after I was off from work. Mary Lou was an awful rider. She would cry and carry on. The only way we would get any relief was for Will to sit in the front seat and hold her on his lap and whisper in her ear. Somehow she would settle down and go to sleep. I don't know what Will told her but it worked. He was very patient with her. When she got older while we were going to Salt Lake or Logan, instead of looking out of the windows and looking at the beautiful scenery she would sit in the back seat and read or go to sleep. When she was in high school she would take my old green International Scout, called the "toy" and drive it to school and whatever. One night she called me and said she couldn't get it started and that it was up on First East across from the Cedar City Fire Department. I went up and opened the hood and it was caked solid with mud. You couldn't see the motor. I found out she had taken her friends and gone up to the dikes on the south east side of Cedar and had been jumping the dikes. I had to have Del Sillitoe come and pull it out to his service station and garage where he steamed cleaned it and got it going. One day she had out little Civic Honda up on Main Street with Nathan and Ricky. She was trying to parallel park. Another teenager did not see her and ran into the back of her and totaled the Civic but did not hurt the kids. On another day she took the old white Chevrolet Bel Air Station wagon down to the City Swimming Pool on Harding Ave. She had not eaten and had taken Nathan with her, had gone down the Hydro-tube several times and had become tired and dehydrated. When she turned the corner from Harding to 300 West to come home, she blacked out and ran over the curb and hit Will Bishop's pickup truck. Nathan got out of the car and ran up the street saying "Ninny you stupid idiot." Mary has been a Space Case, but very intelligent. We love her very much.

**Faith Promoting experiences** - I know that my Redeemer lives. That my Father-In-Heaven answers prayers. I know that if we keep his commandments that He is bound. Mother and I have always been full tithe payer.. It is the "BEST" insurance policy one can have. We traveled the road from Mesa, Arizona to Cedar City to Salt Lake many times during the seven years we lived in Mesa. We seemed to travel in the night or dark all of the times. Not once did we have an accident or have any car problems. Everyone would go to sleep and I was left alone to drive and stay awake. When we would get to the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona, the street lights would make me sleepy. Mother would wake up and put a cold cloth on the back of my neck to keep me awake while we continued on to Mesa and home. One night Tom was sitting on my lap and reached up and pulled the Shift Leaver Arm into Reverse. That the stopped the engine of the car and I pulled over to side of the road. I thought the transmission had gone out. I turned the car off, then turned the key on to restart it. To my great surprise and relief, the car started , went into gear and we continued on home. We had sustained no damage. I know out Father-in-Heaven was looking out for us. Another time in April after we had moved back to Cedar City, we decided to go up to the Mountain House on the Ranch and take some coal and other things. Because it was early Spring, the road was closed around Navajo Lake, so we went down around



through Zion National Park and took the North Fork Road from the south end. We had the old green Scout. When we got to the lower gate, Mother got out and opened it. At the Horse Pasture where the gate was locked I turned off the truck and used by key to open the lock and gate. When I got back in I turned the key on to start it and it wouldn't start, it wouldn't even turn over. Here it was early Spring, no one but ourselves were up there. We didn't have any bedding or food, as hadn't planned on staying. We prayed for assistance from our Father-in-Heaven. Still nothing happened. We walked up to the Mountain House, did what we needed to do, worrying all of the time what we were going to do, then went back to the truck. I turned the key and it started. The Lord had heard our prayer, knew our predicament, and we were able to go home. On October 26, 2002 I decided I'd better go up the Ranch and turn the water out of the house and spring. It was a stormy day, snow was threatening but I thought if I left early I'd be able to get up there and back before the weather turned worse. I got my old Scout out of the garage and went up to KB Express, got some gas, candy bars, popcorn and headed for the Ranch. When I got up to the Zion look off and Midway the roads were covered with snow and ice. Around Navajo Lake it was about the same. At the end of the oiled road I turned to go down the North Fork. I shifted into second gear and was going about 20 miles per hour when I went to turn to the right. It was snowing lightly and I did not see the ice under the snow on the turn. Instead of going into the bank on the left, the back end swung around and the truck went off the embankment on the right. I could see what was going to happen, a 45 % straight down, the only place there was no trees, only large lava rocks. I was helpless, I couldn't do anything in the couple of seconds I had. I had my tools inside the cab, jack and other tools behind the seat. As it began to roll it seemed like it would never stop. As it turned out it had rolled once, hit the only little Quaken Aspen Tree on the whole hill side with the front fender on the drivers side where the motor was, caved it in and then slid half way down the mountain over the lava rocks coming to rest on the passenger side. As it turned over and slid down the mountain, it seemed like everything was hitting my head. When it stopped I stood up and tried to open the door above my head. It was so heavy that I got my plastic bucket which had my tools in at one time, pushed the door up wide enough to put the bucket in. I threw out my old army field jacket, found my hat and then pulled myself out and fell down on the ground and rolled down the hill some more. A man from Las Vegas, Nevada came along and gave me a ride back to Cedar City. I sat in the back of his pickup as he had his four little children in the front. My life was preserved and I only had a few cuts on my head and a separated shoulder.

While on our mission in the Washington DC Anacostia area, we were shot at. We had been out with the young Elders as they were knocking on some doors as they had been stood up by the contact they had scheduled. As we pulled up to the stop sign on Eastern Ave. A loud bang was heard. The bullet missed the one Elder who was riding in the back seat by four inches. The back window was safety glass and shattered in little pieces. The hole looked like the size of a small caliber weapon. Again our lives were spared.

While on our mission we saw a young father, Mark Jackson, with three young children and a non-member wife come back to church, received the Melchizedek Priesthood and go through the temple and receive his endowment.

We also taught two little girls, one was 10 yrs old and the other was eight. We taught them and their mother, even though he mother was a member but very inactive. We baptized them and saw some activity for awhile but because the Young Women's President spoke on modesty and talked of how good it was to see the young women showing this, the mother refused to come



back after that. Everything we have we owe to the Lord. How great ful I am that Mother and I could go on our mission . We were able to become acquainted and to know our Savior and his love for us.

**Health** - The Lord has blessed me with excellent health, however when I was youn, I used to have severe stomach cramps. My bowels did not function right at time and mother would give me [Salapaticka], Epson Salts, Enemas so I could get rid of my constipation. I had the mumps, measles, whooping cough, chicken pox, hives, lots of colds, and yellow jaundice. When I was 10 years old several of my friends and I went down to this good ladies place and had our tonsils out. They would take us in one at a time, lay us down on the kitchen table, four big men would hold us down, then they would put a funnel over our nose with a cloth soaked with "either" on it. I thought I was going to suffocate, then you felt you were going up into the clouds. After it was over we woke up on a couch with a very sore throat. My mother got me some aspergum to take away the soreness. From that day on I did not have any more sore throats nor was I sick as much. It was like I had new life. Before then I put on long legged and arms union suits and brown socks that came up over my knees. I had to have elastic garters to hold them up. I hurt my back lifting a large section of a tree trunk and trying to put it into the back of the cattle truck at Grandma Smiths. I had my eyelids cut and sewn up so they didn't droop over my eyes. I had two hernias repaired before they would let me go on our mission. I had my heart repaired, using Angio Plasti {Balloon} to open two arteries that were plugged and a third that was 60 %. They also put in a "Stint" to hold them open. Other than that I have had good health.

**Home Life with brothers and sisters** - I grew up in a small farming community in Millard County, Meadow, Utah. Every summer you could hear the Meadow Larks sing "Meadow is a pretty little town." There was six years between my brother Junior and I. My oldest sister Mildred was 18 years older than I. I do not remember her being at home. She was married when I was two years old. Elmo worked for Uncle Tom Dearden, Grandma Swallows brother, out at Garrison, Utah on his Ranch. Faryl worked at Kelly's Department and IGA Store in Fillmore, but lived at home. Joy, Dean, Junior and I lived at home. The kitchen was large with the old cook stove that we have on the mountain which sat in the east end of the kitchen. The sink was on the north with the cupboard for dishes and pans on the west. The large kitchen table sat in the center. The living room was closed off in the winter to preserve heat. Mother washed out on the south porch where water had to be carried out to the washer. Dad farmed and worked for Cleon B. Stott putting together J.I. Case Farm Machinery, repairs, thrashing, plowing, sawing up Cedar Trees for fire wood. He repaired all of the towns small appliances. We were one of the first in town to have a radio. Dad later became the town marshall. He also drove the temple bus that picked up the Stakes temple goers in the Millard Stake (Eastside) starting at Kanosh to Scipio and go to the Manti Temple every other week.

I loved out big home on main street. My Grandma and Grandpa Swallow lived to the north of us. Grandpa had the Swallow General Store. My Uncle Don had a Confectionary Store and Service Station. My Grandma and Grandpa Bushnell had a General Store and Post Office on the North of our house and they lived next to us on the South. We had six big Box Elder Trees in front of our house with a long side walk, as the house set way back in the lot. This made it fun to ride my tricycle and pull my wagon. Out south of the house we had a lot of lilac bushes. I enjoyed playing with my toys and building roads, putting up willow fences with string for wire.



We as a family did not go on many trips. Dad would take us down to the White Mountain on Easter to roll our Easter Eggs. Down to the Warm Springs to swim. The Ward had plays and every other week they would bring a movie down to the Cultural Hall. I remember going to Yellowstone National Park once. When we moved to Ogden, then to Sunset, Utah we would go down to Meadow to see the grandparents, down to Henrieville to see Elmo and Iris. I never felt deprived. We played games each evening like Panjandern, or Rummy which both mom and dad enjoyed playing. As kids we enjoyed playing "Kick the Can" in front of the Store and "Run My Sheepy Run."

We had an old dog named "Spot" that I enjoyed. He was a lot of company for mom.

**Hobbies and talents** - I have always enjoyed music, playing in the band. I played the saxophone and later the Baritone Saxophone. I played the E flat Alto Saxophone in the dance orchestras. I enjoyed being in the National Guard. In November 1953, the local Guard Unit "C" Battery of the 213<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery Battalion, located in Fillmore came around to the Kelly's IGA Store and wanted Bill Thomkinson, a former member who had served during the Korean Conflict, to rejoin, as they were reorganizing. I had always wanted to serve my country, so I joined along with Bill. I went into Maintenance in Fillmore, but when we moved to Cedar I transferred into the Headquarter's Battery and into the Fire Direction Center. I served in the Guard from November 5, 1953 to June 1987. I was an enlisted man for seven years. My last rank was Specialist 5 and Sergeant E6(Staff Sergeant). I was getting close to being 27 years old which was the cut off time if you wanted to become an officer. I went to the State OCS (Officers Candidate School) for two years and was commissioned a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant. I went to Ft. Sill, OK 14 weeks for my basic training. As a 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant I became the Executive Officer for "C" Battery in Fillmore and the Detachment Commander for "C" Battery. As a Captain I served as the Battalion's Commo Officer, Headquarters Battery Commander, Bn. Liaison Officer, Bn. S-1 (Adjutant). As Major I served as the Bn S-3 Operations Officer, Bn. XO Executive Officer of the 222<sup>nd</sup> F.A. Battalion, then went to XI Corps Artillery as the Corps S-2 Intelligence Officer as a Lt. Colonel. Got out for three years as they made me the Bishop of the Second Ward. Later I went back in as the Executive Officer of I Corps Artillery and was promoted to Full Colonel O6. I went to Korea three times and Japan 3 times on various exercises. I associated with and met many wonderful people that I will always remember while in the Guard. If I had to do it over again, I would.. I also have enjoyed going up to the Ranch, the Mountain House and being with the family. All of the picnics we have gone on to Zion National Park, Redcliffs, and etc.

I enjoyed the old Motor Home and our trips with Mary Lou and her children up along the Columbia River and down the Oregon Coast, the Redwoods, Yellowstone National Park and Glacier National Park. Our trips with Scott and Susan to Yellowstone and up to Canada to see the beautiful parks there. Our trips to San Diego, Calif. with the family at Easter time and the trips into Mexico where Scott would use his Spanish. The fish tacos and eating at the Mexican Restaurants. Mother and I enjoyed our 5<sup>th</sup> Wheel and going to Yellowstone, up the Bear Tooth Highway, through East Entrance of Yellowstone, Mt. Rushmore, in South Dakota, the Bad Lands, and the Rocky Mountain National Park. We enjoyed going to Disneyland in March 2003 with Jeff, Sherry and family, Alan, Mary Lou and family, Susan and Camile. It was a joy to see Susan like her "Old Self" as she laughed on each of the rides. She was so wild that I got sick on the "Tea Cups" as we got the cups going into a circle so fast. It was like new life had come into her.



Gardening has been a lot of fun, especially up at Grandma Smith's where the soil is so good and she has ditch water. Our lot here on Ridge Rd has been good and kept me busy with the 1/3rd Acre. With all of the rocks up here my motto has been "Man's best friend is his Crowbar". All of the rocks have babies, they just keep multiplying. We hauled in 32 loads of top soil when we were landscaping. We have a good base 6 to 10 inches down. It amazes me when you hit rock, especially after the beautiful soil we had at 185 South 300 West where we lived for 20 years. We wouldn't have moved but the University after three times said if we did not sell they would buy our north neighbors home, the Turnbaughs, since they already owned the home south of us and had turned it into a fraternity house.

**Goals and Plans** - During my life I worked as a clerk in Kelly's IGA Grocery Store in Fillmore, as a salesman and delivery truck driver for Cedar Distributing Company (Utah Wholesale Grocers) for Newell and LaMar McBride, A clerk in the Neal & Olie's Grocery Store in Cedar, Cashier for College of Southern Utah, Financial Aid and Placement Director, Band Director and Business Instructor at College of Southern Utah, Assistant Financial Aid Director and Office Manager at Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ., Assistant Dean of Students for Financial Aid, Placement and College Relations, Professor of Business and Director of Vocational Education, then Professor of Business and Assistant Provost for Applied Technology at Southern Utah University.

I received my B.S. Degree in Elementary Education at College of Southern Utah from Utah State University. A B.S. Degree in Business Education from Southern Utah State College, a Master's Degree in Business Education in 1968 and a Ph.D, Doctorate Degree in Education with an emphasis in Management from Arizona State University in 1974.

I have achieved many of my goals:

1. Married a wonderful companion and mother to my children
2. Wonderful children whom I am proud of
3. My Ph. D
4. Full Colonel in the Army National Guard
5. Assistant Provost for Applied Technology
6. Full time Proselytizing Mission for the Church with my Eternal Companion for 18 months in the Washington DC North Mission.(Calvert County in Southern Maryland and Anacostia in Southeast Washington DC.
7. Ordinance Worker in the St. George Temple
8. Built a new home for mother at 411 Ridge Road
9. Landscaped the surroundings on the rock pile of the home
10. Gained a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ

**Church Experiences** - Served as an advisors to the Deacon's Quorum; Sunday School Teacher; Choir Director; Sunday School Superintendent; Elder's Quorum Presidency; Seventy(one of the Seven Presidents of Seventy), was ordained a Seventy by Elder Henry D. Taylor 24 November 1962, and while serving in Mesa, AZ I was set apart as one of the Seven Presidents of Seventy by Elder Marvin J. Ashton of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. We were the Mission Presidency of the Mesa South Stake. Have served as Ward Financial Clerk of the College Ward (Cedar 8<sup>th</sup> Ward now), Ward Clerk of the College of Southern Utah married ward, CSU 2<sup>nd</sup> Ward. At that time the Bishop and Ward Clerk had to be from the community, the counselors could be students.



LeRay McAllister, a Professor of Accounting was the Bishop and I was his Ward Clerk. Later I was called to be the Stake Clerk by President Gail Duncan of the Southern Utah State College Stake. I have served as the Ward Activities Chairman, President of the Young Men, Varsity Coach, Served on the SUSC High Council, called to be the Bishop of the Cedar Second Ward and set apart by President Jeffrey Marchant of the Cedar City Utah West Stake in March 1980. Was ordained a High Priest by Charles Kent Hugh on January 16, 1979. Served on the Cedar West Stake High Council for six years by President Harold Hiskey and President Thomas Higbee. Called to be the Cedar View Ward Music Chairman and Music Director for Sacrament Meeting. Called to be the First Assistant to Bro. Sterling Church of our High Priest Group in August 2002. I have served as a Home Teacher for 55 years and have enjoyed every minute of it. While we were on our Mission I was called to be the First Counselor to the Branch President Jomo Oludipe and while he was over to Nigeria for three months I served as the Branch President of the Anacostia Branch.

I have a great love for the Gospel. I have read the Book of Mormon several times, Jesus the Christ by Talmage and will say this to my children that if they will read the scriptures daily and keep the Commandments, all of them, paying an honest tithing and offering, attending their Church Meetings weekly, holding family prayers, attending the temple regularly, holding weekly family home evenings with their children, the Lord will bless them with the blessings promised by the Savior and you will have Eternal Life. You will rise on the morning of the first resurrection clothed with glory and exaltation, you and your family.

Mother and I do not want any "Empty Chairs" around our Eternal Table.

I know that my Redeemer lives, that He guides and directs His Church on earth today through a living Prophet, President Gordon B. Hinckley. That Joseph Smith, Jr. did see our Father-In-Heaven and His Son Jesus Christ in the Sacred Grove, that the Church was restored and organized on April 6, 1830. I know that if we will follow the counsel of our Prophet, Apostles, General Authorities, Stake and Ward leaders we will again be able to go back home and be with our Father-In-Heaven, our Savior Jesus Christ and those we love, family and friends. I will follow Him. I am greatful for membership in His Church. For my Eternal Companion and the family we have been given.