

**A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LIFE
OF MY BROTHER
RICKE VON EDWARDS**

I'm writing this history for the descendants of my dear brother Ricke, so that they might know some of what I knew of my brother before he became ill with a brain tumor in the spring and summer of 1967.

My desire is for his family to know the brother I knew before illness changed his life forever as he and we knew it.

Annette Edwards Shepherd

June, 2014

October 1943, Camp Forrest, Coffee, Tennessee

Vivian E. Edwards, Private First Class, was training with the 222nd (The Triple Duce) Utah National Guard Unit, part of HQ Battery 204th Field Artillery Battalion, at Camp Forrest, in Coffee County, Tennessee, in preparation for their eventual departure to Europe to fight in the battles of WWII against the Nazi Regime.

Not long after Bessie Marie Fordham Edwards arrived in Camp Forrest, Tennessee, she found out she was pregnant. No doubt she and my father were thrilled, yet must have experienced some worries and concerns as to how having a new baby would work out, with the increasing concerns of my father being shipped to war in Europe anytime.

On October 28, 1943 mother gave birth at 9:54 am to a 5lb. 4 oz. baby boy. The birth certificate states she was living in Coffee County for ten months prior to the birth. Dad was twenty seven years of age and she was twenty years of age. The name my parents choose for my brother was Ricke Von Edwards.



The beginning of our family

Vivian E. Edwards was born 2 Apr 1916 in Manderfield, Beaver, Utah to Philip Edgar Edwards and Kathleen Twitchell.

Bessie Marie Fordham was born 25 Feb 1923 in Greenville, Beaver, Utah to George Albert Fordham and Jeanette Caroline Calvert.

At the beginning of World War II, on 27 September 1939, Vivian joined the local Utah Nation Guard unit in Beaver, Utah. A year and a half later, on 3 March 1941, Vivian's National Guard Unit was called into active duty and sent to San Luis Obispo, California for training. At this time, he left behind his family and a girlfriend named Bessie Marie Fordham of Greenville, Beaver, Utah, age 17 and a senior at Beaver High School.



Bessie Marie Fordham in front of Beaver High School

Bessie, some sixty years later, related on a taped interview with her family how she first met her future husband.

She was walking down the hallway of Beaver High School when a handsome young man walked past her and said "Hi!" She did not know the young man, but she turned around to look back at him, and he was turned around looking back at her. Bessie did some inquiries and found out the name of young man who caught her interest was Vivian Edwards and he was twenty-five years old.

During this time, Bessie and her girlfriends loved to dance. They often planned dances to be held in the old Greenville schoolhouse. They would advertise for the dance, make arrangements with a band to play, and charge so much per person to get into the dance. This would then pay the band for their services.

It was at one of these dances when she first danced with Vivian Edwards. He asked her if he could drive her home and she agreed. The first time he took her home he was driving his father's old truck. She said he took a piece of gum wrapper foil and wrapped it around a fuse to get the truck to start. She thought nothing of this unusual way of starting the truck, as no one in her family owned a vehicle.

Vivian took Bessie to the Fordham home and promptly ran off into a ditch while turning around on the road just west of the house. A cousin, Collis Bradshaw and his girlfriend Verl William, helped pull Vivian's truck out of the ditch. That was a real fun way to make an impression on a girl!

Bessie was dating other young men that her father, George Albert Fordham, did not approve of. Her father was a very strict man and did not mind letting any young man who came around know of his willingness to protect his daughter from problems with those who had the least bit shady reputation. Bessie knew her father was always looking out for her best interest, but wished he was not so intimidating.

Vivian did not let the embarrassment of running off in the ditch deter him from becoming better acquainted with Bessie. He began calling on her for dates during the winter of 1941.

In March of 1941, Vivian's National Guard unit was called into active service. He would soon be leaving for active duty to California. He was falling in love with Bessie, and she with him. This would have been a difficult time in these young people's lives.

Vivian's unit was first called to San Luis Obispo, California to begin training for preparation for experiences he would be called upon to be a part of in WWII.



Vivian Edwards, Collis Bradshaw, and Lee Waters in military dress uniforms at Murdock Oil in Beaver, Utah, prior to leaving for San Luis Obispo, California in March 1941.



Bessie and Vivian in front of Murdock Oil on main street in Beaver, Utah, March 1941 before Vivian leaves for San Luis Obispo, California

Vivian and Bessie corresponded with one another while Vivian was in San Luis Obispo, California. In a letter dated March 31, 1941, Vivian tells Bessie how much he misses her and that she is the only person he has ever loved or will love, and proposes marriage by asking if she would accept a diamond if he sent her one.

Bessie writes back that she will accept his proposal of marriage. Vivian does not end up sending a diamond to her, but waits for his furlough in September of 1941 to give her a diamond.

Marriage

While on his two week furlough in September, Vivian took Bessie on a trip to visit his brother Cecil Edwards and his wife Norma in Caliente, Nevada. Along on the trip were his cousin Jess Edwards and wife LaPriel. As they went through Pioche, Nevada, Jess and LaPriel began telling Vivian and Bessie they should go back to Pioche and get married. They were joking and daring Vivian and Bessie to get married

at first, but the conversation became serious and the young couple decided why not? Jess turned the car around and returned to Pioche. By this time it was late in the evening. They found out where the Justice of the Peace was located and knocked on the door and awakened him. They told him they wanted to get married. The Justice of the Peace got dressed, went to the court house with them. He married them and said, "That will be \$5.00 please."

Bessie and Vivian spend their honeymoon in his brother's living room in Caliente, Nevada!!!!



Vivian and Bessie at Delmar, Nevada on 14 September 1941, the day after their marriage in Pioche, Nevada on 13 September 1941.

Vivian and Bessie called the only family in Greenville with a phone and asked them to go tell Bessie's parents they were married.

The couple returned to Greenville to tell Bessie's parents she was now Mrs. Vivian Edwards. They were not totally surprised because Grandma Nettie Fordham said to Bessie before they left Greenville for Nevada, "Now don't you go out there and get married." Vivian responded back, "What would you do if we did?" Grandma replied, "There is not anything I could do."

The few remaining days of Vivian's furlough was spent with Vivian's parents Edgar and Julia Edwards and family in Manderfield, Utah. Bessie recalled it as a very sweet time she spent with her new husband and his family.

Within three days of their return to Manderfield, Vivian returned to San Luis Obispo, California. Bessie returned to her parents' home in Greenville until near the end of September, when she moved to Logan, Utah to begin attending college at Utah State Agricultural College (USAC).

Bessie was Valedictorian of her high school graduating class in Beaver High School. She applied for and received a full tuition scholarship to attend USAC for the school year of 1941-1942. She had a place to

live with a family her oldest brother Howard Calvert Fordham helped obtain for her by working for the family the summer before she was to start school. To help pay for her board and room, she worked for the family doing cooking and cleaning. She maintained this arrangement for one quarter. Due to the unrealistic expectations of the wife of the family she lived with however, she moved out. It was too difficult to study with all the work the family required of her. She moved into an apartment with some girls she became acquainted with.

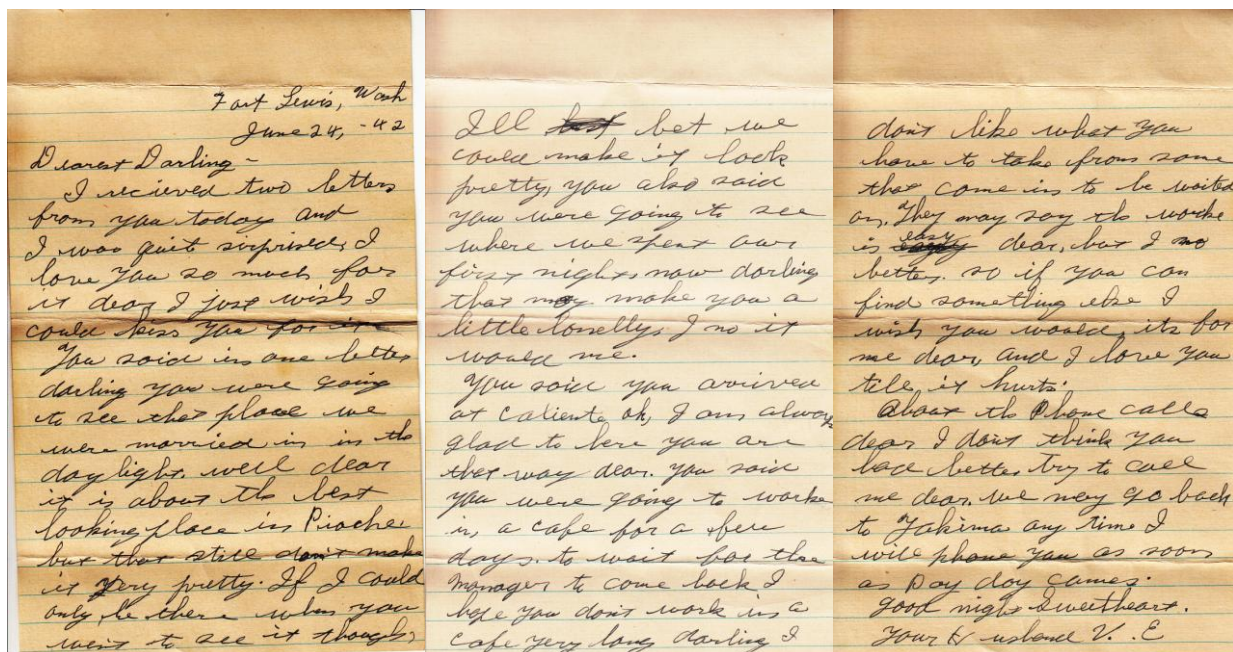
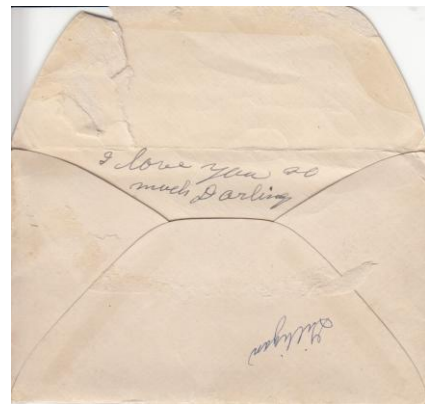
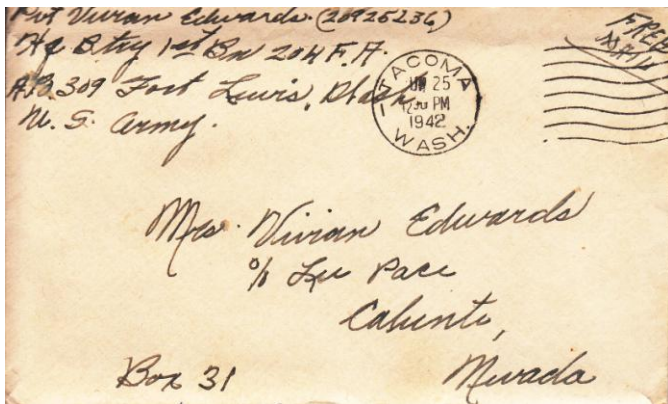
In order to pay for her new arrangement, Grandpa and Grandma Fordham sent a weekly package of food to Bessie and a small amount of money. She maintained her scholarship and the arrangement worked out.



**Bessie Marie Fordham Edwards as student at Utah State Agricultural College 1941-1942 in Logan, Utah
(left)**

Ester Fernus and Darlene Condie- College Roommates Jan-Jun 1942 at USAC (Right)

Bessie wrote often to her husband and he sent letters back to her as often as possible.



During Christmas college break, Bessie traveled by train to San Diego, California to be with her husband. She returned to USAC the first of January 1942 to continue her education.

Bessie finished her year of college at Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah and then returned to live with her parents in Greenville for the summer of 1942. Vivian's letters let her know how anxious he was to be moved to a different location where the possibility would open up for her to come to where he was. This became a reality in the fall of 1942. Vivian's unit was moved to Washington State. Bessie was able to travel by train to be with Vivian. She would be with him for brief periods of time in Yakama, Olympia and Fort Lewis (Tacoma), Washington. Each time Vivian was to be relocated, she would return to her parents' home in Greenville, Utah.



Vivian and Bessie together on one of her visits to be with him in Washington State in 1942.

The first of 1943, Vivian's military unit was moved for further training from Washington State to Augusta, Georgia, then to Camp Forrest, Coffee County, Tennessee. After Vivian was settled in Tennessee, he wrote for Bessie to come to Camp Forrest. Bessie traveled there with some of the wives of other men who were in Vivian's Unit. By now these women were great friends.

Not long after my mother arrived in Camp Forrest, Tennessee, she found out she was pregnant.

My mother at one point receives a letter from her mother, Jeanette Caroline Calvert Fordham, expressing her concern for having her baby in Tennessee. Her mother told her she should come home to have the baby where she could help her. Grandpa Fordham also sent a message in Grandma's letter for her to "Come Home!!!!"

My father would be out on training bivouacs for several weeks at a time. Their exchange of letters shows my mother's ambivalent feelings. She wanted to stay, but she was nervous to stay too long due to the long train travel time to reach home in Utah. My father tells her several times, "Just stay one more week."

About two months before she was to have the baby, mother developed blood clots in one of her legs. The only therapy practiced at the time for blood clots was bed rest and applying hot and cold packs to the legs. (Having been a Labor and Deliver Nurse for many years, the thought of my mother having

blood clots is a scary one. There is a great chance of the clots moving without the medications used today to dissolve them).

Mother survived this problem and then, about six weeks before time to deliver, she developed mastitis in both of her breasts. Again, heat and ice packs were the treatment. (Having been a Lactation Educator for years, I never saw a case of mastitis prior to birth). Mother went through lots of pain with this condition, and due to the infection causing scar tissue, it made lactation impossible for mother when her baby was born and with the births of her three other children.

Ricke Von Edwards Arrives

On the evening of October 27, 1943, my mother tells in her recorded history, she remembers having back pain and what she thought was gas. All night long she was in pain. Never having had a baby before, she did not know she was having labor pains. It was a month before her baby was due to be born. It did not dawn on her she could be in labor. My father was out on bivouac training and she was alone.

When morning came, she went to one of her friends. While talking with my mom, and having had one child herself, the friend knew right away mother was having labor and needed to get to the base hospital soon. After calling a taxi to come to mother's apartment, her friend called another friend to come to mother's apartment to and go to the hospital with her. The friend came right over and went in the taxi with my mother to the base hospital.

Mother was in active labor. She was not in the hospital a long time before giving birth.

Mother told how her friend brought her knitting along for something to do at the hospital. Mother stated each time she had a pain, her friend knitted faster and faster.

Mother gave birth at 9:54 am to a 5lb. 4 oz. baby boy. The birth certificate states she was living in Coffee County for ten months prior to the birth. Dad was twenty seven years of age and she was twenty years of age. The name my parents choose for my brother was Ricke Von Edwards.

[I don't remember how long Mom stayed in Tennessee before coming back to Greenville by train with my brother. I know she tells about having to leave my father and return to Utah in her taped record of her history. I will need to pull that information out of the transcribed digitized record when it is available to do so. I will add it to this part of the history of Ricke.]

From my father's military discharge records, it shows Dad left for Europe with his National Guard unit on 28 March 1944, now designated as the 204th Field Artillery Battalion. They go to someplace in England and prepare for the D-Day Invasion. Their arrival date in Europe was 8 April 1944.

It is hard to imagine the difficult time this was for my parents. My mother returned to Greenville and lived in her parents' home. There were five of mother's nine siblings still at home, the youngest being a four year old sister with Down's Syndrome. My mother helped with the daily care of her family alongside her mother.

My grandparents had their own set of concerns and worries. Two sons and an son-in-law serving in WWII, aging parents, their six growing children still at home, along with other loved ones and friends who's children were also involved in WWII.

No doubt, my brother Ricke brought new love and joy to the Fordham household as the first grandchild of my Fordham grandparents.

He must have been a joy to his aunts and uncles in the Fordham household as well. He was also the first great-grandchild for my Calvert grandparents, William Hyrum and Laura Jane Arthur Calvert, who also lived in Greenville.

The Edwards grandparents, Edgar and Julia Edwards, shared in the joy of their son Vivian's first child as well. Bessie would take Ricke to visit and stay with his Edwards' grandparents and siblings of my dad in Manderfield, Utah, some five miles north of Beaver, Utah.

I remember my father's sisters telling of how my mother would feed my brother, trying to do everything just perfect as a new mother. They spoke of what a cute baby my brother was. They enjoyed the company of my mother and she also enjoyed being with them. She felt so welcome at the Edwards family home.

During the time my mother was separated by war from my father, she looked toward the future and tried to prepare for when my father would return home. My mother became aware that the Greenville Post Office job would be coming open, as the current Postmaster of the Greenville Post Office had married and was going to move to Beaver, Utah with her husband.

Mother took the Civil Service Test and passed it. She then applied for the position and got the job. She secured being able to rent the home the Post Office was in for \$20.00 per month. She began to buy furnishings for the home she was going to be renting as the funds became available to her from her Post Office job. She purchased a burgundy hide-a-bed and chair, a stove, a bedroom set, table and chairs, etc., all before my father returned home from war in the end of September, 1945.

Post-War Days

Dad sent a telegram from Camp Henry, Virginia on 22 September 1945, telling her he was back in the United States. The telegram stated he would be heading home in 48 hours. How thrilled she must have been to know her dear husband was home safely in the United States once again.

Vivian's Army separation papers say his official separation date was 31 September 1945 from Fort Douglas, Utah. The two photos below were taken the day of Vivian's return home in Greenville, Utah.



Vivian, Bessie and Ricke



Vivian and Ricke

There was an adjustment time for Vivian being home from such an experience as war. Not only did he need to adjust, but Bessie and Ricke also needed to adjust to having Dad home. Ricke was used to living with his grandparents, uncles and aunts. He would call his father "Silly Vivian" when he saw him kissing mom. Ricke was a month short of being two years old when his father returned home.

Ricke and his parents began living at the home where the Post Office was located. They lived in this home from October 1945 to the summer of 1946. The Post Office home was a wood frame home without much insulation. Mom told my father "Before next winter, we are going to live in a different home. This house is too cold!!!" She tells in her taped history that ice would form on the blankets from breathing at night during the winter. Ice would freeze in a cup of water at the bedside. (The post office home was bought by James and Lilly Williams after Vivian and Bessie moved out.)

During the summer of 1946, my parents had the opportunity to buy my dad's grandfather's home in Manderfield, Utah for \$500.00. This house was moved to Greenville. Mother tells this story of this adventure in her taped history.

Lots of work was needed to be done on the old Moses and Harriett Edwards home after the move from Manderfield to Greenville. It was placed on its foundation on property that my parents bought from Uncle Ross Calvert and Dan and Josie Barton. The Post Office and a small store were opened for business in our home. Eventually, my parents put in one gas pump to add to their small family business.

Someone from every family in Greenville came to our home every day except Sunday to pick up their mail and perhaps buy a few things from the store or to buy gas.

Childhood

Ricke had a fun childhood in Greenville. As he grew, he did not have many restrictions as to where he could go or what he could do in our small town. He could walk or ride his bike to his grandparents' home anytime. He could also stay there all night if he wanted too. There was an open door at our mother's parents' home.

Ricke began kindergarten in 1948. He rode the bus to Beaver with all the other Greenville Students.

Friends close to his age in Greenville during his growing up years were: Dave and Orson Blacker, JoAnn and Geraldine Williams, Lynn Smith, Bob and Kenneth Orton, Mary Jane Williams, and Bob and Sherrie Murdock.

My brother was six years older than I was, so he definitely was my big brother. I was born in 1949, our younger brother Brent was born in 1952 and our youngest sister Mary Anne was born in 1957.

Our father worked for Yardley Brothers after coming home from the military. He worked for them from 1946 to around 1955 when our parents decided to buy our Fordham grandparents farm in Greenville.

My mother's brother Dean Fordham was going to buy it but his wife did not want him too. They were to live in my grandparent's family home and my grandparents were building a new home on the old Ormond Morris lot, north of our home. The Atkin Brothers built the home for my grandparents, but when Uncle Dean decided not to buy the farm, Grandpa Fordham sold the new home to Cullen and Mary Anne Williams.

My parents bought the farm. This gave our family a whole new type of lifestyle. Milking cows morning and night was a life of never ending work. Not that it was bad, but our family rarely left Greenville for more than a few hours at a time.

My older brother was a great helper to my father by the time he was ten to twelve years of age. He took the cows to pasture in the summer, returned them from their pasture in the afternoon. He was a happy young man and dependable. Ricke was a tease as well. He especially enjoyed making my life a bit uncomfortable.

Riding a bus each day to school could be difficult if your big brother teased you on the bus and told stories of things you did not do to get others to laugh at you. I remember when I was around age eleven or twelve, Ricke and his older friends were teasing me as we came home from school on the bus. I had taken all I could take. As my brother walked down the aisle of the bus in front of me to get off the bus, I

jabbed a sharpened pencil I had in my hand right into his right shoulder. I was really in trouble then. I thought I might not make it to our house alive. Ricke later forgave me and told me he was sorry for teasing me so much.

High School Years

In high school, one of the talents my brother developed was making pottery at our high school. He went on to do some beautiful pots and vases in classes at CSU in Cedar City, Utah while he attended there.

Our high school had a radio station. My brother took radio classes his sophomore through senior years. He enjoyed being a broadcaster. He bought the latest popular recording artists albums at a discounted price and shared them at home as well as on the radio station. I came to know the music he enjoyed and we sang many hours away in our home during the years he worked in the school radio station. I would buy the sheet music to our favorite songs and learned to play them on the piano. The two of us would then harmonize together. Ricke had a beautiful tenor voice. I mainly sang alto and could harmonize to anything. One of the favorite songs we liked to sing was "When the Snow is on the Roses" by Sonny James.

Ricke's first car was a little green Mazda. I so enjoyed riding with him to go do things like drag main in Beaver. I thought my big brother was so cool. I enjoyed being with him.

Ricke was a good student in high school. He graduated in May of 1961.

College Years

He registered for his first year of college at CSU in Cedar City and moved to Cedar City in September 1961. I don't recall where he lived, but it was most likely in the dorms. I was thirteen years old when he first left home. I felt lonely and sad knowing my big brother was no longer at home.

My brother did not seem as happy about attending college as I anticipated he would. He came home on the week-ends each week, a fact my parents did not want him to do. They wanted him to stay at school and enjoy the experience of college life. The third or fourth week-end he came home, he informed our parents he was not going back to school. He told them he quit. They were not happy with him, but could not convince him he should continue on. The sad part of the situation was he went to withdraw from classes at the Registrar's Office and the Registrar was not there. He left a message stating he was withdrawing from school. The withdrawal did not get properly taken care of and Ricke ended up with sixteen hours of F's on his transcript. A year or two later when he returned to school, he

found out what had transpired. By then, he was ready to work very diligently to earn top grades in any classes he took to bring his GPA up to as high a level as he could. He became a top competitive student.

Rick was commuting daily with friends to CSU to take classes. He loved learning and by this time was a straight A student, and top in all his classes.

Memories

When Ricke dropped out of school, he joined the local Utah National Guard Unit in Beaver, Utah. He went to basic training in Fort Ord, California in 1962. He was there for about six months before returning home. During his time away from home, he grew up tremendously. He was a kinder, gentler brother and son. I so looked up to my brother and enjoyed his company.

My brother loved the outdoors and the activities it provided where we lived. Our father was an avid deer hunter and loved stream fishing in the mountains in Indian Creek. Having grown up in Manderfield, Utah, our father knew the mountains in Indian Creek like the back of his hand. He loved to take us all fishing the opening day of Fishing Season to Indian Creek. Our first days of deer hunt each year were always in the Indian Creek area, usually Pole Canyon.

Ricke also loved Indian Creek and loved to hunt with dad. He was a good shot and enjoyed the fall deer hunt. We had an annual routine of where we would hunt on which days. Ricke's boys grew up with the same desire to hunt their father had in his youth. Grandpa Vivian taught our family to love the beauties of the mountains and streams of Indian Creek. Although we were not able to go camping in the mountains over night because of our dairy herd, we hunted all day, usually getting our deer and catching fish in the streams and Indian Creek Reservoir.

My brother worked in the summertime for the Forrest Service out of Beaver. He did this for several years. Those he worked with he enjoyed very much. His fellow workers liked him as well. One of the jobs he had was to transport supplies to camp grounds and on Beaver Mountain. One of the places he took supplies to was Puffers Lake. The lodge and cabins there were run by Bob and Marg Scram from Milford, Utah. It was a daily dose of good fun at the Lodge between Rick and Marge. I can still hear her unique voice teasing Rick. I was there on a number of occasions when my brother would arrive to check out any problems the Forrest Service should be aware of from Marge regarding Puffer's Lake. There was always good fun between him and Marge at the Lodge. It was so much fun to see him interact with people he was around. Years after Ricke passed on, I took care of Marg Scram in the hospital in Cedar City, Utah. She was ill and dying from Lung Cancer. We talked several times about how much she loved my good brother and felt so bad about his long illness which took him away from his wife and family at the early age of fourth-two years.

Some of my sweetest memories of my brother took place during my junior and senior years of high school. Ricke had a new black Malibu car with red interior. It had four on the floor and was a fast, sweet machine. Occasionally he let me drive it.

My sweet brother watched out for me. If I did not have a date to a special dance my junior or senior year, he would take me to the dance. I especial remember him taking me to my Senior Ball in December of 1966. My friends were jealous I had such a good looking brother to take me, instead of the immature dates they had with the boys in our class.

After I graduated from high school in May in 1967, I had a job as a nurses aid at the Beaver Hospital. My brother had National Guard Summer Camp at Camp Williams north of Lehi, Utah for two weeks. He gave me the keys to his black Malibu and told me I could drive it to work and back while he was gone. That was a big deal to me. He trusted me with his prized position, his black Malibu. It was such a fun two weeks.

Adult years

My brother came home from National Guard Camp not feeling well. He was complaining of headaches. It became more difficult for him to drive the mountain roads due to headaches. He told me he was having headaches which he thought were a type of migraine headache. I had experienced migraine headaches and he knew I could relate. He finally went to Dr. Henrie in Beaver, our local MD. He thought Ricke was having problems with severe allergies. He prescribed allergy meds. Nothing changed taking the allergy medication. In fact, the headaches became worse. Ricke returned to Dr. Henrie a week after the first visit. Dr. Henrie could tell from this exam Ricke had some neurological changes. He called a Neurologist's office in Salt Lake City and scheduled an appointment. The appointment time was two or three weeks in the future.

By this time, my brother was at a point he could not hardly stand another moment of pain, let alone the two to three weeks ahead of him before he could be evaluated by the specialist. My mother called Dr. Henrie again the next day. She told him something had to be done sooner for Rick. Dr. Henrie called the specialist again and they moved his appointment up to two days from then.

Our family was so worried and concerned for Ricke. Many prayers were said in his behalf. Dad and Mom drove Rick to his first appointment. The specialist did the necessary tests needed to determine the cause of the severe headaches my brother was experiencing. It was determined my brother had a brain tumor needing to be removed as soon as possible.

It was now into the month of July in 1967. My brother had his first of several major craniotomy surgeries he would endure over the next seventeen years. He came through the first surgery very well.

He recovered, returned to college and on the 2 February 1968 he married his sweetheart Lenda Kay Edwards in the St. George Temple.

Rick and Kay were introduced to one another by Marilyn Anderson, a friend of both Rick and Kay's who was in Nursing School at CSU with Kay. Marilyn also commuted from Beaver with Rick and some of his friends.



I will always remember a Sunday morning in June of 1967 when my brother took me for a ride in the Black Malibu so we could talk. He told me he met the girl he was going to marry. He told me all about her and how I would just love her. He was right. What was there not to like and love about sweet Lenda Kay Richards. Our whole family fell in love with Kay. Knowing Kay loved him helped Rick get through the first surgery, and the second, and the third and the fourth, along with all the other trials along the way.

I want my brother's family to know of my great love for their father and husband had for each of them. I have always said the best thing my brother did was to get married and have three children. Even though the trials were hard, difficult and long for your family, so much was learned along the way. As your father's siblings and family, along with our parents, we learned about endurance, long suffering and most of all love. So much love was shown our family through your father's illness and the illness of my father Vivian.

One of the last things my dear brother told me a few hours before he passed, when I asked him if he was ready to let his spirit leave his poor ill body, taking several minutes to respond, he told me he just wanted to be with his wife and children. I would say he truly endured to the end. He would have gone through it all again to have his wife and children. May each of you be blessed to know of your father's deep love for each of you despite the pain.

Remembrances from Family and Friends

Below are two letters that are newly written by two of my brother's best friends he commuted to CSU with from Beaver to Cedar City, and roomed with for two years in Cedar City while attending CSU. One, Dr. Noal Robinson, is a first cousin. His mother is my father's full sister.

The other, Dr. Hal Murdock is a dentist. Both of these men are now retired. They provided great medical and dental care to my brother and his family for free for years when my brother had no medical insurance. These two men and my brother were top students @ CSU. At the time they were admitted to Medical School and Dental School, my brother was admitted to Veterinarian School in Colorado. Due to my brother having his first major Craniotomy, he had to cancel his admission to Vet School.

MEMORIES OF RICKY

by
Hal Murdock

I met Ricky when we both attended Beaver High School. He was two years ahead of me in school, but I did not know him other than to say hi. I also knew Rick from my Dad's gas delivery service. I worked for my Dad after I got my driver's license and was able to drive the delivery truck. One of my delivery routes was to Greenville where I would fill the gas tanks at the Edward's store and Ricky was often the one to unlock the tank for me to fill. However, my close association with Ricky began as we attended college at CSU (College of Southern Utah). We carpooled together and we quickly became close friends. David Reynolds, Larry Rowley, Ricky and I were the main ones in the carpool. There were others, off and on, who joined with us, but we were the main four for almost four years. We had a lot of laughs and many serious discussions in that one hour drive to Cedar City and then back to Beaver each school day.

We had a close call one cold winter day. David Reynolds was driving his little VW Bug. This was before the freeway had been constructed between Beaver and Cedar City. The road was slick and we were approaching the Summit Bridge. This bridge was narrow and as we approached it a big eighteen wheeler was approaching from the North. Dave put on his brakes, but instead of slowing down we began to slide sideways. I don't know how we came out of that slide, but just before we went onto the bridge the car righted itself and we shot across barely before the big truck got there. It was very quiet for a few minutes and then we all laughed about how scared we all had been, then how grateful we were to be safe. Life can change on a dime and we all realized how blessed we had been that day.

Rick and I also had similar hobbies. Ricky loved the mountains, hunting and fishing and so did I. We walked many miles together hunting in the hills South of Greenville.

We also enjoyed aquariums. We thought it a good idea to turn a profit from our hobby. We purchased a good breeding pair of guppies. We decided to go into the business of breeding and selling guppies. After all, guppies produced babies like rabbits, right? Well, after a year or so we had produced a lot of baby guppies, but not any adults to sell. There is a disease called ICK that many aquarium fish get, probably because of the enclosed conditions that commonly occur in aquariums. The ICK wiped out our baby guppies and our dream of being successful fish growers and sellers.

Another venture we got into that was fun was honey bees. We worked in this together for several years, then Ricky became ill and couldn't do it any longer. I went on to raise bees and produce honey for many years after that. In fact, I'm again raising bees in my backyard mainly because I need them to pollinate my fruit trees and garden plants.

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Rick and I really found it interesting to watch the bees coming in all loaded with pollen. We learned a lot about the way they worked together to keep their queen safe, the production of honey, raising larvae, and guarding their hive from invasion by other bees, wasps and animals. Rick always seemed to be stung more than I was. I kidded him about being so hairy that the bees thought he was a bear getting too close to their hive.

Ricky worked for the United States Forest Service during the Summers while he was still going to college at CSU. Two of the regular employees were Bub Green and Carl Ward. Rick became a member of their cleanup crew. They teased Rick a lot. It seemed that the younger guys on the team were fair game for teasing on any subject. Rick was a good sport and just took it in stride. These two men became two of Rick's best friends during those summers of working together and throughout the rest of his life as well.

Many of Rick's favorite sayings came from Bub and Carl. Quite a few of them were a little racy, but were usually wise as well as funny.

Ricky had a black SS Chevrolet Chevelle with a stick shift that could really go fast. He and Elmer Evans had some good races out on the Manderfield Road which ran from Manderfield Hill toward Beaver. He was so very proud of that car. Nobody drove that car unless you were a very close friend, or maybe his sweetheart.

While Rick was still in college Marilyn Anderson introduced him to a young woman named Kaye who was in the nursing program with Marilyn. It was fun to see him get so twitterpated when they first began dating. All of us in our carpool gave him a bad time 'til he and Kaye got married.

Ricky was proud of his family. He would have loved to have been able to teach them how to hunt and be in the outdoors like he had been in his childhood

To summarize, Ricky was a great friend. Gloria and I became very close to him and Kaye. We enjoyed spending time with them and their family. Rick loved Kaye and his children. He also loved this valley and all the opportunities to work and play here. In general: Ricky loved life.

9 June, 2014

Dear Family,

As you know, attempting to describe feelings with words usually falls short of the mark. Rick was a dear and choice friend. We really didn't get to know each other well, even though first cousins, until we lived together for two years while attending College of Southern Utah. While roommates, I developed great love and respect for Rick. I believe his feelings were mutual.

Rick had a delightful personality. He was always pleasant and had a ready smile. As I recall there were seven of us living in a small basement apartment. Money was more important than space. Rick connected well with all of us. He was very easy to know and get along with. He made no waves.

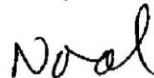
Rick was the designated cook for all of us. We usually had our evening meal together. I can still see Rick with his apron on bustling about while preparing the meal. We affectionately called him "mother." I well recall the frequent refrain, "...what the heck is this...but oh, we love it!" We ate lots of venison, cakes and cookies and bottled fruit made by mothers. The rest of us did the dishes and cleaned the small kitchen. These are choice sweet memories of a dear old friend. I recall one of Rick's good natured retorts used to express his frustration and it always made me laugh (still does today...): "Well the hell with you and the horse you rode in on..." He had a great sense of humor...and a really quick wit.

Rick and I slept together in an old rickety bed. It was forever falling down---one side and then the other. On a particular night one side of the bed fell down. Amid an expletive or two we jumped up and down on the bed until we stomped it to the ground. I think we just slept with it flat on the floor for the rest of the time. This was done to the cheers and delight of our roommates. There were endless "short-sheetings" and other mischievous acts I don't begin to remember. It was all in good humor and good will and well tolerated by all.

There were two other notable pranks that come to mind. We would carry the bed of a particular roommate up the stairs and out on the lawn and there leave a cozy bed for him when he arrived home late. I recall our land lord, Mr. Chatterly, arriving on the scene as one of these episodes was in progress. He had a rather quizzical expression on his face, but I think he was just recalling when he was a young man who hadn't grown up yet. The other event was the filling up of the stair wells of some of the other Beaver boys with snow. This necessitated them crawling out their windows to get to class the next morning. Rick's finger prints were all over these things. He was great!

Rick was one of the ushers at my wedding reception, July 9, 1965. God bless my dear old friend.

Love and respect to all of you,



(Linda and Rick shared the same birthday, October 28, 1943. They were classmates throughout school.)