**8 A Memories and Recollections-Family History**

**Norman Deverl Loosle**

**Submitted by Lyle B. Barson (Nephew)**

I used to have conversations with Uncle Norman. I was an early riser, and in the summer-time many mornings I would get up before the rest of the family and walk up to his barn or out to one of the pastures and participate in the early morning cow milking. He would let me do some of the milking and talk to me about the world. Uncle Norman had a great amount of patience and understanding. As cats came around the milking area, he would give them a few shots of milk.

When I was about 8 or so, he got a couple of roosters. I don’t remember the reason for the roosters, but they were free to wander around the yard. I walked to school in the center of Clarkston and it was closer to cut through the yards including Uncle Norman’s yard. These roosters would lay in wait for me and if I wasn’t alert, they would attack from the rear. They mostly startled me although it was a bit painful to get spurred. I would give them a couple of hard kicks and be on my way. They never seemed to learn that I would retaliate with my own swift kicks. It was Uncle Norman that kept those mean old roosters, but he never gave me a good answer.

I don’t remember my age at the time, but it was after I got in college and probably after I returned from our England stint. I was up visiting Uncle Norman and he was in the study. I asked what he was doing and he said, “studying college trigonometry”. I was amazed. He was a farmer and I couldn’t come up with any reason that he would need to know trigonometry. He indicated he just wanted to learn it for learning’s sake.

Once when Uncle Norman was helping me in the custom grain cutting business by hauling grain to local Clarkston farmers granaries. One of the farmers was gathering up a few hands of grain that had spilled while the load was being dumped and was putting it into the elevator. After we were driving away, I commented that he was quite a cheap farmer to be worried about a few handfuls of wheat. Uncle Norman gave me one of his lessons of life that I will never forget. He chuckled and said, “oh he wasn’t being cheap, but just being veery careful.” He always looked for the good in people and tried to make them feel good. He was a great uncle and friend to me.

**Submitted by Marvin W. Loosle (Nephew)**

My most vivid memories of Uncle Norman, along with Dad, are of going with them to work on the farm. Since I was the oldest in our family and Uncle Norman didn’t have any boys, I got all the attention while a young child. It was almost like having two fathers. As soon as I was old enough to learn, they taught me to take their cows to and from the pasture daily and to do the daily chores such as feeding the chickens, cattle, pets and pigs. After Uncle Norman got married and moved from their parents’ house, I still picked up his cows in addition to ours to take to and from the pasture each day. In fact, I also took the Clarence Clark (and his brothers) cows as a money-making job for a number of years.

He was also instructional in teaching me how to drive the truck on the farm, tromp hay and do farm work on his Ford tractor.

One of the most memorable things that Uncle Norman did for me was to teach me a knowledge of mechanics and how to maintain and repair farm machinery and engines. Since Uncle Norman was mechanically inclined and Dad wasn’t, he had the responsibility to make everything work and do the farm repair and maintenance as needed. Since I had a real interest in the same, I tagged along with him while he was accomplishing most of those activities and probably hounded him with many questions about how things worked and what I could do to help out. He was also very patient and eager to teach and give me responsibilities as soon as I was old enough. He always seemed very proud when I learned to do as I was taught.

I especially remember all the work to get the old International Harvester working each year in time to harvest the wheat and barley. It included greasing or oiling all of the bearings, cleaning all of the insides, adjusting all of the drive belts and getting the engine started and tuned up (as well as to obtain repair parts). I also remember working with him regularly on his Ford Tractor and the old Chevrolet truck.

As I grew up, these activities gave me a good understanding and an interest in that field. I ended up doing most of the mechanic type work in our family at that time (before others took over.) I think that Dad was happy as well to get help in that area. It also had a big bearing in the choosing of my professional careers.

Uncle Norman gave me the feeling that I was his favorite adopted son, although he probably made all his nephews feel the same.

When Pat and I got married Uncle Norman was the Master of Ceremonies at our wedding reception. He did a good job with jokes and stories and made us feel at ease.

Since most of our activities related to Uncle Norman were associated with farming, sports and other outdoor activities, I really did not get very well acquainted with Aunt Veda while young. However, after my serving in the military, getting married and having children, most of our visits were to both Uncle Norman and Aunt Veda at their home after they moved into Veda’s parents’ home of the corner (after her parents were gone). In all cases, they were both happy to see us, did all they could to make up feel comfortable and Aunt Veda had something good for us to eat.

During the later stages in Uncle Norman’s life, we would visit him at the hospital and the nursing home in the Salt Lake area. Even then he maintained his happy and positive attitude. He would even flirt with the nurses and then laugh.

Those memories and reflections of Uncle Norman and Aunt Veda wouldn’t be complete if we didn’t remember their daughter, Dixie. They evidently did a great job training Dixie as she has inherited or learned to carry on their friendly, happy and jovial attitude as well as their intelligence and professional characteristics. We are happy to have such fine close relatives.

**Submitted by Jeanette Loosle Moore (Niece)**

I always loved to see Uncle Norman. He was always to fun to be around and he would tease us like Dad did. It seemed to me that they were a lot alike. I think that my first thoughts of Uncle Norman were seeing him on his Grey Ford tractor coming into our place to help with the hay or whatever Dad was doing. I remember him coming over to visit Grandma Loosle. It seemed like he came over quite a bit. We used to get together with them when Uncle John and Aunt Rhea and family came from New York to visit Grandma Loosle,

I heard a story from Dixie Ann told to her by her dad (Uncle Norman). It seemed that he and Dad went to the Newton Ranch when I was quite small. I believe I was about three years old. On the Newton Ranch there were high power electricity towers running through it. Dad went to do something and told Uncle Norman to watch me. Well, I guess he turned his back and I climbed up the towers. When he and Dad saw me, I was quite a ways up. Dad wasn’t sure what to do, but Uncle Norman saw that I had left my doll on the ground, so he picked it up and called for me to stop and he would bring my doll up to me. So, I did, and up he came to where he could grab me and carry me back down.

A couple summers while I was in High School, I worked cleaning house for Aunt Veda’s mother, Grandma Barson. Aunt Veda would stop and say hi during the day when I was there, but never stayed long. I also cleaned house for Aunt Veda’s sister-in-law, Margaret Barson. They were always so good to me and paid pretty well. It was fun cleaning their houses. That way I didn’t have to go in the fields and pick beans like I had in the past.

After I was older and left home, Uncle Norman would come over to see us whenever we came home. When we were married and would come to Clarkston with the kids, he would come over to Mom and Dads’ house and loved to play with the kids, and showing them his dogs. He always had his dogs with him. As he and Dad got older, I remember he would come over and pick up Dad and take him to get the mail. Many times, he would just get the mail for Dad. Some of the time when we came home to Clarkston for a visit, we would go over to see Uncle Norman and Aunt Veda. We made a special effort to see Uncle Norman after Aunt Veda died. We would usually find him sitting on the porch petting his dogs, especially after he had his hip replaced.

**Submitted by Darrell K. Loosle (Nephew)**

The first thing that comes to my mind when I think of Uncle Norman is that I considered him a “second father”.

My earliest recollection of Uncle Norman is when I was four years dol. I was riding with him on his new Ford tractor. I enjoyed going with him on the tractor. I was sitting on the fender with my arm on the rubber tires, and letting the rubber lugs of the tire bounce my arm up and down. While I was doing that the tire flipped my arm over to the fender. My arm was broken. I remember Uncle Norman carrying me to the house and going to the Doctor and getting a cast on it. That did not slow me down from riding on the tractor with him whenever I could.

I remember going with him to John’s service station a number of times, He would always buy ice cream for both of us. I went with him whenever I could.

When I became a little older, I would go with him out to the “Closest Ranch” to farm. I would spend hours with him on the tractor plowing or harrowing the ground. We would eat lunch down by the watering trough and I would climb trees. These were very fond memories of my growing up years.

Finally, I was old enough to drive the Ford tractor. Uncle Norman hired me to plow some of the fields. I enjoyed it and always looked forward to him coming out to check and see if everything was in order.

Uncle Norman hired me “taking the cows to the pasture in the morning and bringing them home. His pasture was close to ours. I also took cows for Dad, Uncle Norman, Clarence Clark, and his brother, John Clark. I enjoyed being at his place when he was milking. It was there I learned to shoot the milk from the cow right into the mouth of one of the cats. It was great fun.

I always felt Uncle Norman was a very patient person. For example, one day his Ford automobile was parked in front of Grandmother Loosles’ house. I was practicing my rock throwing seeing if I could hit the telephone pole. As I threw a rock, I heard glass breaking. I had hit the side window of his car and broke the window. I was very scared, but told him what I had done. He had every reason to be angry, but said it was alright and not to worry about it. However, my father felt I should pay for it. I remember paying him three dollars of my savings for the window. I am sure it cost much more.

After we were married and moved away, we didn’t get to see Uncle Norman and Aunt Veda as much. We did visit them during visits back to Clarkston. I always enjoyed talking politics and world events as we visited. He was always interested in where we lived and what kind of work we were doing. I always felt he was up-to-date on current events.

When I was going to college Uncle Norman always asked about how things were going. When I was in Graduate School, I always kept him up-to-date. When I finished by Doctor’s degree, he made a special point to congratulate me and to find out where I would be working. It made me feel good that he had taken an interest in encouraging me to finish the Degrees that I was working on.

Whenever he saw one of our cars in front of my parents’ home he would usually stop and visit. He also enjoyed playing with our children.

We were very appreciative of how he always checked to see how Mother and Dad were doing. After Dad died, he checked in every day to see how Mother was doing. He would also pick up the mail for her.

There were two phrases I picked up from Uncle Norman. He like to call young people “small fries”. I ended up doing the same. The other phrase be used when he would tell us how busy he was. He would say with a smile. “Never do anything today that you can put off until tomorrow”. I have repeated it many times since. It is a good reminder for a person not to be so busy in life and don’t take time to do the important things.

When I think of the memories I have, it reaches back to the many experiences I had with him. I have always had a deep appreciation for him and will always cherish the memories.

I have always enjoyed the association I have had with Dixie, especially the times when we were able to talk about education and our experiences in the profession. I feel that she has achieved not only in education, but in the health fields and in the business world. She is intelligent and very professional. I am sure Uncle Norman and Aunt Veda were very proud of her.

I also appreciate Dixie sharing some of the things that were in her possession. As I was writing Family Histories, she shared a number of things that our grandfather and grandmother Loosle had, and things that belonged to Uncle Norman. They were very precious to me and my siblings. I am honored to be a friend and a close relative to her.

**Submitted by Evelyn Loosle Humpherys (Niece)**

One thing I remembered about Uncle Norman is that when we went past the house in Clarkston and waw that we were there, he always stopped to say hello. He always gave my kids money so that they could go up to Brig’s store and buy some candy. He was always so cute with my girls. I asked Susan what she remembered about Uncle Norman and she said that she thought he looked like Dad. He was always very sweet to me.

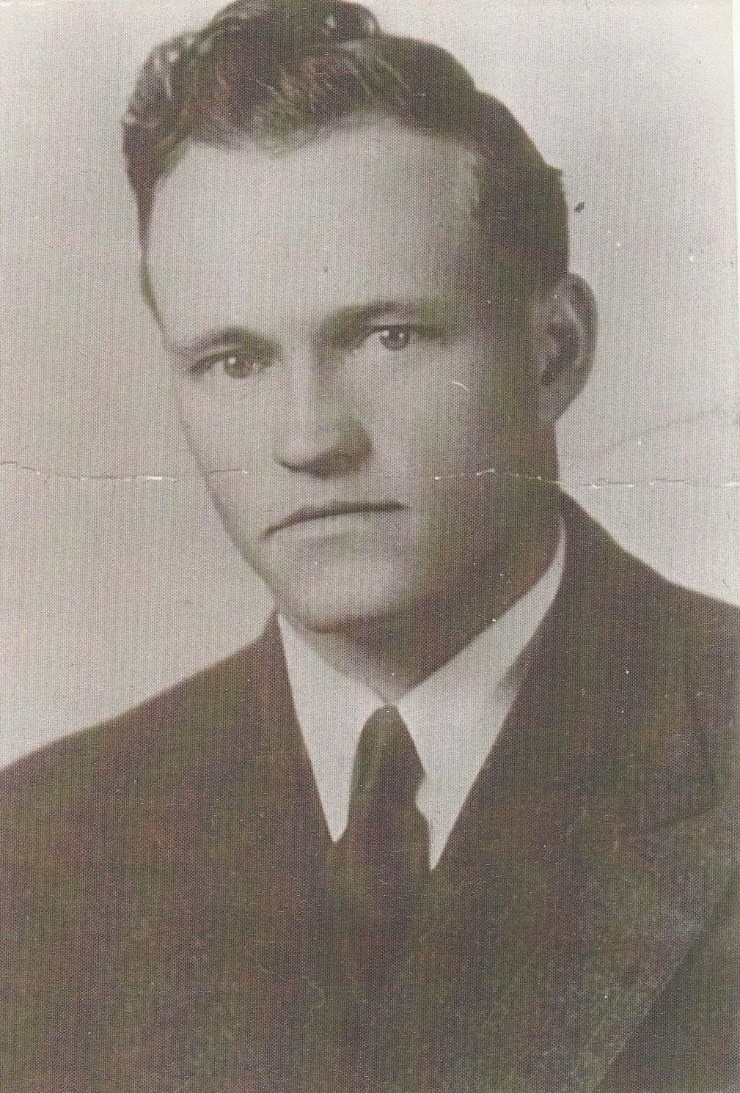
**Submitted by Brenda Loosle Jacques (Niece)**

Durin the year 1971 when Mom and Dad were on their mission in England, Ron and I lived in Clarkston. We had many opportunities to spend time with Aunt Veda and Uncle Norman, and we enjoyed our visits with them. Ron rode with Aunt Veda to Logan every day and had many good chats with her. That year, they gave a doll to each of our two little girls for Christmas. Uncle Norman and his dogs used to happen by often to check on us and see how things were going for a struggling college student family. We appreciated their love and concern.

* **FAMILY HISTORIES INCLUDING PICTURES, DOCUMENTS, AND STORIES CAN BE FOUND IN FAMILY TREE # KWZB-25R**
* **THIS DOCUMENT INCLES MEMORIES AND RECOLLECTIONS BY NEPHEWS AND NIECES**
* **SEE NEXT PAGE FOR A PICTURE OF NORMAN DEVERL LOOSLE**

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**Norman D. Loosle**

**1910-1995**