**2 A MEMORIES-RECOLLECTIONS-FAMILY HISTORY**

**GEORGE DAHLE LOOSLE**

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

My earliest and most fond memories were when I was very young and would go with Dad and Uncle Norman to the ranch in the old Chev truck (usually pulling a trailer) to get a couple loads of hay at a time during haying season in the middle of the summer. Even though it was very hot and everyone would be sweating with the hard work and the heat, they both were always happy and upbeat and persevered from dawn to dusk. Since I was the oldest and only one old enough at the time, I had the privilege to go with them myself for a year or two to do the tromping of hay. I also learned to drive the truck in the field to pull up to the next piles of hay at the age of 5 or 6 when I wasn’t needed to tromp. Even though the Loosle’s were not known for their singing, on occasions such as this and driving to and from the hay fields, they were very vocal. Their favorite songs (and mine) were “Way up on the Big Rock Candy Mountain, where the jails are made of tin and you can get right out as soon as you were in.”, and “When it’s springtime in the Rockies and “Oh Susanna.”

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

Dad used to go out to the farm in the evenings and stay until after dark, when we would go out and pick him up he was singing at the top of his voice. He loved songs like “Home on the Range”, “You are my sunshine”, and “Red River Valley”. At one point Dad had a broken leg. I can’t remember how it happened. I do remember he slept in a hospital bed in the living room in front on the big window so he could see what was going outside and in the square.

Every year when the hay was ready to be cut, I would have to go and tromp the hay on the hay rack while he and Marvin would throw it up to us. As I recall, Darrell would help me tromp when we were younger. I also remember driving the tractor up and back when they were unloading the hay with the derrick. One time not very long ago, he said I was the one who put the first dent in his new tractor, but I can’t remember that. I remember Dad working hard during that season. Dad always had cows, chickens, and pigs to be taken care of when we were younger. On Saturday he would go catch a chicken, cut its head off and clean it. He would pluck the feathers off and get it ready for Sunday dinner.

Dad was of the “Old School” that men worked outside and women did the housework. I remember he would always clear the table, but never do the dishes. I only remember him frying eggs and making toast. I remember he loved to cut peaches and pears that Mom had canned, and he loved a slice of bread and butter to go along with it. In fact, I think Dad ate bread and butter with every meal and with everything. That is where I got my love for it. He also liked to take a piece of cold boiled potato, put a chunk of butter and some salt and pepper on it and pop it in his mouth. He always ate his salad without dressing. He liked it plain. He was a meat and potato person and we had that for lots of meals.

Dad and Mom had many friends, but their closest friends were Paul and Rangna Clark. They did lots of things together. They loved playing “Rook” and “High five” with them and other friends like Will and Edna Atkinson, Annie and Dave Thompson. Dad loved to read, and whenever he sat down, he had a book in his hands. He read to our kids a lot when they were young and we would come down to Clarkston, or they would come and visit us. He loved to tickle them on the knee and tease them about having “boy-friends”.

I remember Dad was a Ward Clerk for many years. He was also a Seventy for many years. I don’t remember Dad ever giving a talk in Church, but when he and Mom went on their missions’ he was Branch President of the Winchester Branch.

He loved to watch the boys play baseball. He would drive the car up to the square and walk up and sit on a blanket and watch all the games in the summer, as did we all. We would go to the other towns and watch the games.

As a child I remember Dad trying to teach me how to swim, bit I always felt like he would drop me and I didn’t want to lay on his arms. I am sure he must have lost his patience with me lots of times. I never did learn how to swim. We went swimming to Crystal Springs, Lava Hot Springs, and Downata Hot Springs with Mutual groups, or with Mom and Dad taking us.

I also remember Dad trying to drive up Trenton Hill in the winter time. He would get almost over the top, but have to back down and try it again. He just kept trying until we made it to the top.

He was a hard worker and I knew he loved us, but he was not one to show it much. In later years when we would come and visit or leave to go home, he would always give us a kiss and hug. We are sad that he had to leave us when we did, but he went quickly and did not suffer as some people do, so we are thankful for that.

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

Dad was a peacemaker. If there was disagreement in the family, he would try to settle the issue. If he and Mother had a disagreement, rather than be argumentative, he would take a short stroll outside. When he came back into the house, usually the tension of the moment had passed.

He once said to me as I was planning to go on a mission. “People are called on missions when they are twenty. Going for two years is really tithing by giving service”.

He never seemed to really spend a lot of time worrying. He often said that other people worry so much that they are worrying for him. He said that you should not worry about those things that you cannot change.

He always referred to his parents and Mother and Father. I never heard him say anything negative about his parents. He talked about them with respect.

I appreciate what he did for us and what he sacrificed for us. He was always easy to talk to and was interested in what we did. Truly we can say we were born of “goodly parents”.

**Submitted by Evelyn Loosle Humpherys**

Dad always jokingly said that you could swear at cows because they are the dumbest animals that God ever made.

Every Christmas Dad said that Santa Claus wouldn’t be able to come this year because he had broken his leg.

I remember Dad singing “Red River Salley” coming home with hay from the Newton Ranch.

Dad would often eat bread and milk and a green onion after having worked on the farm until late in the evening.

He said he wasn’t afraid of heights as long as he could keep one foot on the ground.

I remember when Dad got the hiccups when he shaved and when he said he had so little hair on his head that he can comb it with a washrag

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

When I think of my father, I think of a kind, gentle man. I remember Dad not saying much, but still being an active part of things. He loved to read and could be found sitting in the living room with a book in his hands. However, sometime instead of reading, he would be sitting there “resting his eyes”. He loved being outdoors and working on his farm. He loved riding around on the tractor or just being out in the back yard. He loved to eat and really liked the farm meals of meat and potatoes. He loved playing rook with his friends, Paul and Rangna, and also with his family. He enjoying winning and at and times could be seen giving a “little hit” to his partner (and sometimes just down right cheating). He was not an affectionate father, but I know he loved me. It may have been a quick hug, a tickle on my knee, or just the twinkle in his eyes, but he cared very deeply for his family. I am very grateful for my parents and the many things they taught me and especially for the good example they were in my life.

**FAMILY HISTORIES INCLUDING PICTURES, DOCUMENTS, AND STORIES CAN BE FOUND IN FAMILY TREE, ID # KWCB-GMJ**

**THIS DOCUMENT INCLUDES MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS, SUBMITTED BY HIS CHILDREN**

**SEE NEXT PAGE FOR A PICTURE OF GEORGE DAHLE LOOSLE AND GLADYS MAY MOYSES LOOSLE**

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**GEORGE DAHLE LOOSLE**

**1906-1990**



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**George Dahle Loosle and Gladys May Moyses Loosle**