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WES WRIGHT'S FAMILY STORIES

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English 1st period

English, Lysle R. 16 December 1936. Provo, Utah. Telephone  
Interview. Toquerville, Utah. 14 April 1995.

When my grandpa was a young boy, eight to be exact, his cousin would come over to Lysle's present hometown of Pendleton, Oregon, and spend summer with his family.

It was a hot day. Lysle and his cousin John, were running down to a local creek. As usual, John was about fifteen feet behind Lysle. This was probably because Lysle wasn't wearing shoes, and John was wearing a pair of leather boots about two sizes too large.

They had been waiting all winter and spring for school to get out, and it to warm up so they could go swimming. Shortly after school got out, the next day to be exact, they had about a million chores to do. After they were done, they started begging Lysle's parents to let them go. Finally his parents broke down, and said they could go.

→ So there they were, walking down the street, both of them wearing blue cut-off shorts. They were incredibly happy to be going swimming. See, both of them had turned eight years old during the school year. Now that they were eight years old they could go swimming by themselves. Boy, were they two happy kids. After what seemed like an eternity, they finally arrived down at the creek. They swam around for a hour or two, then they went home.

That night, after dinner, John said, "We could build a dam down on the creek at our favorite spot!"

Lysle agreed, "Let's start tomorrow as soon as we get done with the chores."

The next day they started piling rocks up at their spot. By the end of the first day, the water was already beginning to rise.

Suddenly, John yelled out, "come over here Lysle, we've only been working out here for a couple of days, but I've already found something cool."

It was an old suitcase. It was different shades of brown. Most importantly it was locked. Well, being eight years old, their imaginations started going.

Dreamily John stated, "It could be money, or gold, or a treasure map, or money, or, or, or..."

Just then Lysle slapped him. Not hard, but enough to pull John back into reality. They took the old suitcase over to Lysle's house. John got out a saw, and they started sawing.

"We are going to be rich!" John would say.

"We'll be famous!" Lysle would add.

This type of conversation continued for a minute, until they got the suitcase open. Dreaming of untold riches they opened up the box. They looked inside, and found, absolutely nothing. They were a little more than dissapointed.

The next day they were out swimming.

English, Lysle R. 16 December 1932. Provo, Utah. Telephone  
Interview. Toquerville, Utah. 24 April 1995.

When my granfather was a youngster, about fourteen or fifteen, during the winter when there was no school, him and some of his friends would go ice skating. There were a few good ponds around his new town of Salt Lake City.

On one particular morning I woke up and looked outside. It was a beautiful winter day, so naturally I rolled over and started to go back to sleep. Suddenly, I remembered that some of my friends and I had decided to go to one of the local ponds and ice skate. I ran downstairs, went and did all my chores as fast as I could, and started eating my breakfast as fast as I could.

"What are you in such a hurry for?" inquired my mom.

"Well mom, I was wondering if I could go go ice skate with some of my friends?" I replied.

"I don't see why not," was my mother's reply.

I ran over and picked up Charlie. Then Charlie and I went to Don's house, and Mark's house to pick them up.

We finally got there and started skating when we heard a strange sound. It was the ice cracking underneath us! I got off as fast as I could, and so did Don. Mark, on the other hand, did not. We yelled out to him to make sure he knew what was going on.

"The ice is cracking, where?" was what Mark said.

Just then it started to crack again. This time Mark saw it, and he skated like heck to get away from it. He got on solid ground just as the crack got incredibly large.

After that, at least for a couple of weeks, we found other ways to keep ourselves busy, and entertained.

English, Lysle R. 16 December 1936. Provo, Utah. Telephone  
Tab Interview. Toquerville, Utah. 14 April 1995.

When my grandfather was a young pup, about ten or so, his older brother, Lee, would usually help him do his chores. After feeding all the animals and doing everything else that their parents told them to, sometimes Lee would take his younger brother somewhere to play.

During the summer that my granpa was eleven, a fairly interesting thing happened to him. He and his brother Lee, were finishing their daily chores.

Suddenly Lee said, "Hey, Lysle, do you want to go to the tree?"

"Which one?" was his brother's reply.

"The large oak," Lee said. This was refering to an old oak tree on a hill just outside of their present hometown of Boise, Idaho.

"When?" asked Lysle.

"Just as soon as we get done with our chores," was Lee's reply.

"Sure," was all Lysle said.

They headed up the hill wearing their dirty work clothes. On top of the hill was this "oak". It wasn't really an oak, but it was a large pine tree. As soon as they arrived, they started climbing. After climbing for a few minutes Lysle fell.

At first, everything went black. Then he heard a voice behind him. He turned towards a bright light, and saw his dead great-grandpa.

Not really. What actually happened Lysle can't remember. His family told him that he was knocked out. While he was out his brother started to think he was dead. When Lee looked closer, he saw that Lysle was still breathing. He carried his younger brother back to the house. Shortly after that, Lysle woke up. When asked about it later, he said he couldn't remember anything after that morning's breakfast.