

A COWBOY'S PRAYER

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hoss between me knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

Autobiography of Presley Authur DuVall
written April, 1975

I was born on May 30, 1915 at Little Bear, Laramie County, Wyoming, in the two-room home of my parents. A Dr. Day was our family doctor, and Mrs. John Temple was the mid-wife who helped my mother. I was named for my uncle, Harry Arthur DuVall, and for Presley Horner, who homesteaded a half-mile west of my dad. My first home was a homestead shack on a 320-acre dry farm, 32 miles north of Cheyenne, Wyoming. My parents had moved there from Moravia, Iowa less than two years previously. My father sheared sheep and helped put up hay on a nearby ranch to supplement his income. Things were pretty tough, as homesteading was a completely new way of life. They had three little children to take care of with no doctors handy. They had to haul wood fifteen miles or more and coal from Chugwater, a little community sixteen miles away. They had to haul water in barrels from a creek over a mile away until they got a well. They raised a garden and had their own eggs, milk, and meat.

I was the fourth of eight children born to my parents. My father is Francis Leroy DuVall and my mother's maiden name is Elsie Mae Jones. I have four sisters and three brothers. Their names and birthdays are as follows:

Hoyt Laverne DuVall	13 December 1910
ENeva Lois DuVall	31 December 1911
Richard Francis DuVall	29 June 1913
myself	30 May 1915
William Wilson DuVall	12 December 1920
died 24 March 1921 of whooping cough	
Nellie Marie DuVall	22 May 1922
(daughter) DuVall	10 March 1925; stillborn
Dorothy Irene DuVall	30 August 1926

A few of my childhood memories include the following: I can remember when my little brother, William, died. I can remember one time when Dick and I were herding sheep and he kicked a rattleweed under my horse, which caused the horse to buck me off. Then I traded my good saddle horse to Dick for an old work horse which I had to ride. I also remember playing with the neighbor boys on Sundays when our parents visited each other.

I started the first grade of school in the country elementary school at Little Bear, Wyoming. I rode a bus to Chugwater to school when I was in the seventh grade. When I was in the second or third grade we moved into another home up on the hill, and we held school in the old home. When I was in the fifth and sixth school I attended a consolidated school one mile east of our home.

Jerry Pence was my best friend through Jr. High School and High

School. We used to stay with each other over the weekends during the school year. Mr. Burbidge was the first principal I remember, and Lois Jones, who taught me algebra, was my favorite teacher. One time Jerry Pence, Roy Olson and I had a hair-pulling contest on the school steps, and we all got mad and started fighting, but Jerry and I remained friends. Later on Jerry persuaded me to put on boxing gloves with Alva Miller, and Alva really whipped the stuffings out of me.

I went to High School at Chugwater, too, and had enough credits by Christmas time of the fifth year to graduate, so I didn't go the last semester, but I graduated in May, 1934. After graduation I worked at home mostly. Once in a while I worked for a few days at different times to help the neighbors with their work. As my dad and brothers were sheep shearers, I tried that for three days one time but I gave it up as my head ached when I worked hard and got hot. It ached that way after I had a bad fall when I was thirteen, when a horse I was riding stepping in a hole and rolled over on me. It knocked me unconscious for three or four days, and paralyzed my left side. It gradually got better and after a few weeks there were no ill effects to my side but I had a knot in the back of my neck that cut off blood circulation when I got hot, and this caused my headaches.

My first steady job away from home was in September 1937 when I went to work for Hugh McDonald on his ranch, putting up hay. After haying I stayed on, doing ranch work and feeding cows all winter. About the first of March, Dad started assessing again for the County property taxes, so I quit my job and went home to help with the spring work.

By this time I had a few head of sheep as Dad gave me fifty head of lambs for my twenty-first birthday, and I had already bought some ground (640 acres). I never took another steady job away from home until I went into the Army in 1942.

I bought my first car while I was working for McDonald's. It was a 1937 Pontiac coupe. I guess the first trip I took without the folks was when Herb Callen and I went to Sheridan, Wyoming to see Raymond Cline, then through the Black Hills and on to Moravia, Iowa to see our Iowa folks.

When the war broke out in September 1939, I was working for the Nimmo Livestock Company for a few days. We were rounding up cattle on their west range when we heard war had been declared.

Dad took the Pontiac and I traded his '36 Dodge for a new Chevrolet two-door sedan in November, 1940. Every year when we sold the lambs we would trail them to Chugwater. It would take two days and we would corral them in the stockyards at dark, then the next morning we would weigh them and load them on the train. One time Jay Bliss and I were putting the plank in place to load the upper deck and I stepped off the platform, fell, and broke

my left arm. Hoyt took me to Cheyenne to the doctor, and probably Dick and Jay finished loading the lambs.

I rode in the wild-horse race a few times at Cheyenne Frontier Days.

In 1942, I was drafted into the Army. I was at the lambing camp on the Eargle place when I got my congratulation letter for induction. I was in the army for sixteen months in the Medical Corp. I was in Little Rock, Arkansas for basic training, then went to Texas (just out of Abilene) for the rest of the time.

I was a supply Staff Sergeant but my head bothered me at times. I was given a spinal tap and then was given a discharge which stated "Not eligible for re-induction or re-enlistment". I returned home Thanksgiving Day, 1943. It was a nice surprise for my mother as she didn't know I was coming home. I still had my property when I came back as Dad had been looking after it while I was gone.

I kept buying more ground, buying a few cows and increasing my sheep and cows. It wasn't very long after I came home when I bought Uncle Harry's eighty acres from George Younglove and that made 1,520 acres I owned.

I joined the American Legion in Chugwater, and also the Masonic Lodge Number 23 of Chugwater, Wyoming. Hoyt and I joined the same time and I went through the chairs right behind him.

I married Doris Welty, a neighbor girl, in July, 1944. She went into the service a week after we were married. She was stationed in San Diego, California. She had the marriage annulled in the Fall of 1945 and never came back to Wyoming while I was there.

In the Spring of 1945 Dad and Mother moved to Cheyenne, where Dad accepted a job as full time Deputy Assessor for Laramie County. He rented his place to Hoyt, Dick, and me. It wasn't long until Hoyt bought some cows from Carl Long and sold his interest in the sheep and went to work for himself. Dick and I ran the place for a while.

I got married on December 25, 1946 to Marie Black Laws. She had lost her husband, Asa, while I was in the Army. He sheared sheep for a number of years with Dad and Dick. I had met her a few times while they were in Wyoming shearing, and she and Asa lived in our home while the folks were to the funeral of Uncle Malcolm Pilkington in Iowa. The next year after we were married Dick went into the Registered Hereford business and sold his interest in the sheep, so I ran the place for Dad until we left in the Fall of 1950, when I leased my share to Dad and he and mother moved back to the ranch. He leased mine and his all to Hoyt.

Marie's health wasn't too good, and she wanted to be closer to a doctor. She came to Salt Lake City and put her children in

school. At the time we were married she had three children; Dwight, Theda and Vicky. She got me a job at Noall Brothers Lumber Company on North Temple between West Temple and First West. I worked for them for eleven months and quit to go to Vocational School, taking welding. We lived with Grandmother Black for a few months, and then bought our first home in Salt Lake City at 561 4th Avenue, a duplex.

After going to Vocational School four or five months I got a job with Western Steel on the evening shift and went to school in the daytime. In May my G.I. schooling ran out, so I went day shift for Western Steel. Ken came along July 13, 1952, and he was a good looking baby so we gave him a home with us. We named him after his mother's brother, Kenneth, and for my father, Francis Leroy.

I started going to church regularly when we came to Salt Lake City and also started paying a full tithe. On April 8, 1954, I was baptized by O. Frost Black and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by W. Mont Timmins, who later became the father-in-law of my step-daughter, Theda Laws.

I was ordained a Deacon May 29, 1954 by Bishop Robert Farr Smith in the North 21st Ward.

On June 10, 1954 we had an addition to our family -- a little girl was born at the Holy Cross Hospital and her mother named her Rita. Our Dr. Bayles was in Blanding at the time and Marie accused him of bringing an Indian girl back with him as Rita was so dark.

I was ordained a Priest December 5, 1954 by Bishop Robert Farr Smith and ordained an Elder September 11, 1955 by Thomas W. Muir, a High Priest. I worked in different jobs in the church and was in the Elders Quorum Presidency when we decided to get a larger house. So we sold our duplex in July 1959 and moved into an apartment on 6th avenue while we looked for a larger home.

We found a nice house that was just being built at 1051 East 4025 South and before we hardly got moved into it our family started getting smaller.

I went through the Salt Lake Temple for my own endowment December 11, 1957. Rita had pneumonia so Marie's sister, Nec, stayed with Rita while Marie went to the Temple with me.

Dwight went on a mission to Minnesota and Canada, and Theda married William M. Timmins, Jr. October 14, 1960.

I had an operation on my throat shortly after we moved into our new home. Then in 1961 I blacked out and wasn't able to drive a car and had to go on medication. I had to be taken to work so Marie would take me to where I could catch a ride with Rube Burgess, who was the foreman on night shift for Western Steel Company. He took me home after work. It was too far from work,

so we sold our home and bought a new home at 2301 South 300 East, where I had a better chance to catch a ride to work and good bus service and close to everything we needed if I didn't get so I could drive. I was able to drive again after about a year.

The last time I blacked out was about 1965 when I got a phone call from D. C. Berry, my brother-in-law in Wyoming, who said that Dad and Mother had had a car wreck and were in the hospital in Cheyenne. I was working afternoon shift and was just ready to go to work when he called. I called and reported I would not be to work and I headed for Wyoming by myself.

I arrived in Cheyenne about 2:00 o'clock in the morning, met the family, and went into the room where Mother was, and passed out. The family had a doctor look at me and he said it was over fatigue. I have never been bothered since, but I still take medication.

Dwight came home from his mission when his Grandmother Black died, March 12, 1962. He and Linda Heurkens were married July 13, 1962, so he didn't live with us long after he returned from his mission. Vicky was going on a mission in 1965, so before she left Marie and I took a trip back through Kansas to Moravia, where Dad and Mother had been visiting. We brought them back to Little Bear, Wyoming to their home on our way back to Salt Lake City. We made two trips every year to Wyoming to see the folks while they were living.

Before Marie and I and our family left the ranch in 1950, we were dealing to buy the Eargle Place which consisted of 1,040 acres of deeded land and a school section lease of 640 acres of grazing land. That made us 2,560 acres of deeded land and the school section lease and after Dad retired we leased 200 acres from Dorothy. I got about 600 acres from Dad when he retired which made us 3,160 acres with the additional land. We bought some of Dad's cows when he sold out and increased our herd to 120 cows and four bulls. That is what I had when I sold out in 1973.

After Vicky got back from her mission she spent one spring in Wyoming with Dad and Mother. She took Dad to buy wool as his eyesight was bad and he couldn't see to drive on the highway.

Mother's mind was failing her and so on July 31, 1968 she had to be taken to the rest home. Dad died October 20, 1968, and Mother died November 5, 1968. It seemed like things weren't the same in Wyoming after that, but we still went that way once in a while on our vacation.

Vicky married Sid Carney November 3, 1972 and had a little girl May 11, 1973, born premature, who only weighed 2 lbs. 4 oz. Sid, Bill, and I went to the hospital and Sid gave her a blessing.

It didn't look like there was any way she could live until morning, but she will be two years old next month, and she is quite a gal. Marie got to see her between operations.

In January 1973 Marie was having a lot of back trouble so she went to get it checked. They found she had a bad heart and would have to have heart surgery before they could do anything about her back. On April 23, 1973 she had open-heart surgery. She recovered from the surgery but still had back trouble so they decided to operate on it. On the 9th of July she entered the LDS Hospital and was operated on the 16th of July. She returned home but was still real bad and was getting a lump in her stomach so she went back and had a stomach operation on August 7, 1973. They found cancer that was spreading real fast. She came home for about two weeks, but on August 31, she went back to the hospital and died Monday, September 3, 1973 at 11:10 p.m.

We had the funeral Friday, September 7, in the Kimball Ward. All my brothers and sisters came for the funeral. She was buried in the cemetery in Blanding, Utah by her first husband, Asa Laws, to whom she is sealed for time and all eternity.

In 1972 we had decided to sell out in Wyoming. On April 1, 1973 we sold the cows and part of the land to George and Louise Jacobsen (Hoyt's daughter) and the rest of the land to Dean and Ruth Vaughn (ENEva's daughter), so all I have left in Wyoming now is a roll-top desk and roping saddle at Hoyt's.

After Marie died, Ken, Rita and I lived at home together. Rita worked at the Holy Cross Hospital as a volunteer 'candy-striper' the summer of 1972 and intended to study to become a nurse. She enrolled at the University of Utah that fall. She, Ken and Dwight were all going to the University at the same time, and she was working part time at the hospital. In July, 1973 she was hired to be the payroll clerk on full-time salary.

The kids all took music lessons and Rita played the piano and organ and was installed as Sunday School Organist the last Sunday in 1970. Ken was a member of the Tabernacle Youth Chorus. Dwight was a member of the Tabernacle Choir and went with the Choir all over the world, to sing.

Dwight's job was after him to move to Arizona, so on April 10, 1974 he and his family moved to Mesa, Arizona. He and Ken were going to the University so he flew back to attend classes and to sing with the Choir. They both graduated from the University on June 8, 1974.

In the Fall of 1973 Forrest Hancock, who was in charge of the Special Interest Group in South Jordan Area and who I had worked with for nineteen years at Western Steel, invited me to come meet some lady friends he knew through activity in Special Interest work. I told him what qualifications they had to have, and he said he knew one that had them all. So, on October 25 I went to a Social in Riverton and met Evelyn Camp. We went to Bratton's the next evening to dinner. She had all the qualifications so we kept seeing each other. On Memorial weekends the family always tried to get together at our cabin

on Blue Mountain, about 15 miles north of Blanding, Utah, which we finished building in 1971. I invited Evelyn to spend the weekend at the cabin so she could get acquainted with the family, as I was considering her to be my bride. Ken was going on a mission and this was going to be a lonely house for just Rita and me, as a house is not a home without a mother. A few days later she accepted my proposal and we decided to get married the last Friday in June.

Ken entered the Mission Home June 15, 1974. He had a call to the Chilean Mission. He went to the BYU language training school for about three months. That is where he was when Evelyn and I were married for time and all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple on June 28, 1974. He and Dwight were the witnesses at our wedding.

The kids had an open house for us at Theda's home that evening. We headed for Colorado that evening to see Evelyn's parents, then to Nellie's home in the mountains, out of Denver, Colorado; on to Dorothy's and Dick's. The Wyoming folks had planned an Open House for us at Little Bear Grange Hall. Quite a few of the neighbors came, and they served ice cream, cake, and coffee. We stayed with Dick and Emma a couple of nights, then headed home through Yellowstone Park.

When we got home we moved Evelyn into our home here in Salt Lake City and rented her home in West Jordan to a newly-married couple. When we put the two families together we have eleven children and twenty-three grandchildren, so it keeps us busy just to keep in touch with them all.

I am glad we got married when we did, because I could have looked for the rest of time and not found a gal half as good. She has accepted me and my family and I am real proud of her.

Rita has grown into a nice, good-looking young lady. She resembles her Dad. She lives here with us, keeps on with her music and her job. We are proud of her and her accomplishments.

Dedicated to

PRESLEY A. DU VALL

May 30, 1985

in honor of your 70th birthday!

To a wonderful husband, father and grandfather. As we stop to celebrate your 70th birthday, we wanted to share with you some of the special ways you have influenced each of our lives.

Obviously, a few short pages cannot adequately represent the tremendous love we feel for you. Your love, council, excellent example, support and continued help have been felt by literally hundreds of people throughout your life. No family has ever been blessed with a greater patriarch.

We love you very much. While we don't take the opportunity often enough to express our love and gratitude, we hope that these few pages will represent our feelings for you every day.

Love,

Your family!

EVELYN REMEMBERS PRESLEY . . .

There are so many things to remember that are outstanding about Presley. He is a man of many hats, and he wears each one of them exceptionally well.

He wears the hat of a friend in such a way that his friendships are permanent and deep-rooted. He is true to his friends and is loved by them. His friends feel good when they are in his company.

He wears the hat of a citizen well because he lives within the law and he respects the law. He believes in doing the right thing and he never wavers in doing his duty. He is honest, he is self-sustaining, and he always does more than his share. He makes the world a better place to live in.

He wears the hat of a member of the Church to the extent he is an example for everyone to follow. He is to his meetings on time or early; he is neatly groomed and in a proper frame of mind; and he donates his attention to the business at hand. He holds the Melchizedek or "Higher Priesthood", he pays a full tithing and generous contributions, and keeps accurate account of his finances so his reimbursement to the Lord is paid in full. He has a strong testimony of the gospel and teaches by example. His church callings are important to him, and he spends all the time and effort necessary to fill each assignment to the best of his ability.

He wears the hat of a neighbor so well that his neighborhood is blessed because he's there. He fills the need that each of his neighbors has of him. To the little children he is the one who gives them a cold drink on a hot day. To the widows he is the neighbor who carries out their garbage, shovels their walks and driveways, drives them to the voting polls and to viewings, funerals, and wedding receptions. To the widower he is the confidant, the sympathetic ear, the helper, the chauffeur to a dance or the bus depot or the airport. To the young couple he is a lender of tools and ladders, a consultant regarding yardwork and other facts of every day living. To the retired couples he is the steady, dependable, consistent neighbor always available and always willing to help in any way possible. To the youth he is a well-balanced, happy, successful man who has kept the rules and lived a good life and enjoys the high esteem of all who know him -- a person who they look up to and want to emulate.

He wears the hat of a brother and his love and respect for his brothers and sisters is apparent in the way he speaks of them and the way he treats them.

He wears the hat of a son and excels as a son. He has always honored his parents by the life he has led. He has performed the temple ordinances for them and has been sealed to them for eternity. He honors their name and their teachings and example by being an honorable man himself.

He wear the hat of a Father to perfection. He is always on the alert for ways to help his family members. In daily family prayer he prays for them, he physically assists them, he supports them with his presence at the important occasions in their lives, he administers to them, he sorrows for them when they have problems, he rejoices when they have good fortune. He is their counselor, their good friend, their dad.

But of all the hats he wears, the hat I am most grateful for is his hat of a husband -- my husband. He is a husband every minute of the day, looking out for my welfare, my comfort, my happiness. He shows me respect and consideration and he listens to me. He is my best friend, my favorite companion, my pal.

Whether we are working together or playing together or whatever we are involved in doing, it is better for me because he is there.

We have experienced numerous events together since we became acquainted, and I have never been disappointed in him. He always comes through every experience with the same quiet faith and courage and fortitude. When he talks, people listen because he knows what he is talking about and I trust his good judgment and his integrity. When we were married, I put my life into his hands and I have never regretted it. He is everything my husband should be and I love him and respect him for the special person that he is. I could write a book about all the things I remember about Presley.

DWIGHT REMEMBERS DAD. . .

I remember Dad as a young man (in his thirties) rounding first base at full speed after hitting a solid shot to left field, wearing his levis and cowboy boots, with his leather gloves hanging perilously from his hip pocket. Left field was a mile and a half deep on the Wyoming prairies. I remember the cars lined down both base lines and behind a backstop honking loudly as he ran.

I remember challenging Dad to a race down the hill from Uncle Dick's (1949) and being amazed at how fast he was in those boots.

I remember going to town (Cheyenne) or Chugwater with Dad. My legs would ache trying to copy him and the other men at Welty's garage while they sat on their heels with a straw in their teeth and chewing the fat.

I remember watching him suddenly jump from his horse, King, stomp on a hole with half a rattlesnake sticking out, grab its tail, whip it into the air, and dispatch it with a few well placed lashes from his lariat. The most amazing thing of all was that he would get back on King and ride off without a second thought. The event to him was as common as shearing sheep, slopping hogs, or milking the cow.

I remember Dad letting me drive the pickup at age 9 all alone. I remember playing a basketball game with him against the barn. Shearing time was exciting. I remember Dad counting the cows. How he did it was a mystery. He also knew which one was missing.

I remember him coming home to the ranch driving a brand new Nash! I remember old Blackie, a Chevrolet. I remember trips from Salt lake City to Cheyenne in it.

I remember feeling bad because he left his beloved ranch and moved to Salt lake. I remember him delivering lumber for Noel Bros. I remember Garrett Truck line. I remember Western Steel. I remember the concern when he had a head operation. I was so ashamed when I wrapped his new 1959 Ford (what a beautiful car it was) around a telephone pole just before my mission.

I remember him fixing tractors, (removing nuts and washers with his gloves still on), balers, and combine machines. His Wyoming uniform is still in my mind: Levis (no belt) cuffs turned up about 4 inches, levi shirt (snap buttons), boots, small-rimmed cowboy hat (straw) and gloves. The winter version was the same with a few changes and additions. He traded his straw hat for a cap with fold-down ear flaps. He added a levi jacket and overshoes. Can you believe it -- he had overshoes that actually fit cowboy boots! ! !

He was and is absolutely honest. He is famous among his associates for his smile, punctuality, hard work, dependability, sense of fair play, and lack of guile. Everyone loves him and respects him.

I remember his pride in Kenneth and Rita. I remember his heartbreak when Mom died. I remember his resurrection when he found Evelyn. I love him, and I am so thankful that he got such a reward as Evelyn. She is the best thing that ever happened to my Dad. I look forward to many more remembrances of Dad and Evelyn and an eternal relationship with them both.

LINDA REMEMBERS PRESLEY. . .

What a man, one that always tries to please those around him.

I remember going to Wyoming with him and family members, one time. He asked if we wanted to stop for an ice cream cone. We all said yes. When we found one, it was on the other side of the street, and I said just that. He drove on by. About 15 miles up the road, he said very calmly, why can't we stop for ice cream when it is on the other side of the street?

Birthdays are a very important time to all of the children, and it seemed very interesting that when every birthday came around, a card and check were either early or right on time.

I thought that Marie was really on top of things. Well, there

came a very special day when I teased him about the birthdays in the family, and he immediately pulled out a card from his shirt pocket with all the birthdays on it. It was then I realized it was Pres that was the one that made sure his kids and grand kids always had a special birthday. What a man. To this day he will correct me if I happen to remember the wrong day for the right child.

I remember how proud he was the first time I went to the Ranch. He drove Dwight and I all over. I loved every minute of it and have gone back many times to see it. I love his family and it is very important to me that we keep in touch with them.

Life seems to be a little more fun when he is around, unless he is carving the turkey and you try to take a taste of it.

I remember seeing him wash dishes after every meal, when we visited. I thought what a wonderful gesture. I remember quilts for the last children that were hand done by Pres and Evelyn. I was so pleased to get those quilts -- and proud of them for making them.

JODI REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

My most vivid memory of my Grandpa is with his hands in the dish water! It used to amaze me that a man would do the dishes.

I remember asking my mom "How come Grandpa does the dishes?" She answered, "His hands get so dirty at work, that he can't get them clean unless he does dishes." So I grew up thinking my Grandpa had the cleanest hands in town because he was always doing dishes.

I have always admired Grandpa for his unchanging honesty and faith. I remember going over to visit with the family on Sunday.

My brothers and I would sit on the front porch and wait for Grandpa to come out the church doors. I always knew it was him coming because he always wore cowboy boots. My Grandpa, the cowboy through and through. Of course, that made me happy.

In my mind a man who wore boots could do no wrong.

Grandpa always had a saddle hanging in the rafters of his garage (until a few years ago when he gave it to my Dad). I used to think it would be great to see Grandpa riding a horse, just like in the old days.

I rode my horse in a horse show, and I won some ribbons. I was so excited and even more excited to go and show them to Grandpa. I remember the smile on Grandpa's face when I showed them to him. He made my day when he hugged me and said "Good Job!"

Thank you Grandpa for your laughter, your love, your honesty, and always remembering my birthday. I think you are the only person I know who has never forgotten. Thank you also for your support and understanding over the years. You have truly surpassed the meaning of the word GRANDPA. I love ya!

DAVID REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember Grandpa every year at Christmas time when I go into the storage room to try to find the Christmas tree stand. It usually isn't too hard to find because it is fairly large. The hard part is carrying it into the family room in order to put the tree in it because it seems like it weights at least a ton. It's gotten easier these days because I have grown up a little since the first days when it was "my job" to get the stand. It is still quite a job though because even today it weighs at least half a ton. It is a great stand though because I'm pretty sure that there isn't a Christmas tree in the world big enough to tip that stand over. I am sure that this year when I go to find the stand again my thoughts will go to Grandpa. Thanks Grandpa, I love you.

ROGER REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember when I was about six or seven years old when my family and I were visiting for a day. I heard someone call you Presley so I figured that when you were big that is what I called you.

Since I had a few little brothers, I figured I could call you that because I was bigger than they were. A few minutes later I found you out on the front porch. I can't recall the question that I wished to ask, but I confronted you and said, "Presley?"

There was a long pause and you didn't answer so I repeated myself. "Presley?" After a slight pause you addressed me saying, "My name is Grandpa," and that was all you said, so I left.

I also remember your face when I told you about my mission call. I have never seen a face glow as yours did. I am grateful for all your support and thoughtful notes.

RICK REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember Grandpa DuVall when I was younger. He never forgot my birthday, or for that matter anyone else's either. The thing I remember most is his laugh. I always have liked the way he laughs.

His house has always had toys for the kids to play with. I think the most used were the Dominoes and that little wheel that is used to do push-ups or (like we used to do) roll around the house.

We always have Christmas dinner at his house, and that is always fun. I'll always remember how much I love him. I love you Grandpa!

RYAN REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember Grandpa DuVall most because of his love for everybody. One of the best memories of him is one time when Ricky and I went to stay with them when I was about 9. We were really dirty after playing outside one day. He called us in and told us to take a shower. Ricky and I turned the water on and started to take a shower. The only thing we forgot to do was put the shower curtain inside of the bathtub. Grandpa came in to see how we were doing and the bathroom was full of water. When Ricky and I looked out to see who was there and saw what we had done, we thought we were in deep trouble. All he did was help us get out and cleaned up the water and didn't make us help.

I love you very, very much Grandpa. Thanks for everything.

JULIE REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember when we would go to his house to go to the Christmas dinner and he would fill the Santa with kisses and he would let us take some. He would always hug me when I would come to visit him. He would also ask how I was doing and even compliment me.

Just this year he recited a poem about Christmas and he did his best and I've never seen him do that so I thought it was pretty neat. He always gives us presents.

I love when he smiles. I LOVE YOU GRANDPA. You never ever forget any time I have something special coming up.

REED REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember Grandpa DuVall when he bought me a basketball for

Christmas. I remember when he let us eat over at his house.
I remember when you spanked me for fun just before I went to sleep downstairs in your house.

I also remember when you used to give me toys from your house.
I remember when you almost gave me a shirt that fit you. I remember when we were at Tina's party you always smiled at me like it was my birthday. I am glad my middle name is like your middle name. I love you Grandpa.

DRU REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember Grandpa Duvall because:

1. He makes me smile.
2. He lets our family eat over.
3. He gives me birthday presents.
4. He plays with me.
5. He lets me play with his toys.
6. He gives me books.
7. He gives me all sorts of things.
8. He loves me.

DUVALL REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember my Grandpa because his name is the same as mine. You always remember my birthday, and give me hugs when I come to your house.

You let our big family eat over. You give us presents at Christmas. You always wear cowboy boots and Levis. You always smile at me and laugh at me and you let us come to your house always.

THEDA REMEMBERS DAD. . .

Dad

As you approach your 70th birthday I just can't believe you're really 70 and that the years have gone by so fast.

I remember vaguely (I think) the wedding ring being left at Uncle Vet's house and the wedding being at Uncle Frost's.

I remember your willingness to take on three little kids that weren't yours and love and care for them.

I remember the ranch where you worked long, hard hours to make it a success. I particularly remember the trip to the snake den where everyone went to kill the snakes and cut down their numbers.

I remember your lifting bales of hay, riding the tractor, milking cows, breaking a wild horse, using your lariat, shearing sheep and stuffing the long sacks full of wool, branding cattle, cutting tails off of lambs and inoculating them, delivering new baby calves, dropping hay from the back of the pickup while Dwight or I tried to steer it, and rounding up strays.

I remember your leaving Wyoming and moving to Salt Lake because of Mom's health.

I remember your going back to school to learn a new trade, welding, and then making your living at it here in the city.

I remember that you investigated the church, believed it and became a member. A devout member and a true Christian in every sense of the word.

I remember that you paid the bills for clothes, dances, parties, missions and weddings, and that you did it willingly.

I remember that you stayed home and took loving care of Mom through her whole bout with cancer. Then after her death you gathered Ken and Rita close and became mother and father to them.

I remember Christmases, Birthdays, Holidays, Sundays and other fun times spent with you.

I remember your helping to build the cabin. And then the times we spent there as a family, cooking, playing, hiking and laughing together.

I remember you finding a lovely woman who you could take to the temple and be sealed for time and eternity. Never settling for anyone but the best.

But most of all I remember a dad who is good to me and my family and who I love very much.

Happy Birthday, Dad.

BILL REMEMBERS PRESLEY. . .

My earliest memories of Presley are from my courtship days of Theda. I remember him being very friendly to me when I came to call for Theda at the old family home on Fourth Avenue. I remember him well from my quorum presidency, too, when I was a young elder. I watched him conduct lots of meetings and officiate in quorum leadership activities -- such as, welfare projects, service assignments, etc. The only ward I ever knew was the North 21st (until my marriage), and we worked on several big service projects. So I remember Pres from the late 1950's on, at least.

After we were married, I remember storing a lot of our wedding gifts at his place when we moved to Massachusetts and retrieving them on our return over a year later. I recall many trips to the cabin in Blue Mountains after it was built (I missed the construction to study languages that summer). I have many impressive memories of his skill of the outdoors (cooking fires, etc.) and his construction ability.

I remember long talks about unions (he was less positive about unions than I was), and talks about the Masons (I tried often to "pump" him, but he would only give me generalities). I decided a long time ago that he was of total integrity and complete honesty. Maybe the most honest man I ever met.

Several times Pres loaned me money in a pinch. He was always fair and accurate in his accounting. I have often thought of the couple of times he saved my neck years ago, and how much I still appreciate his help, then. One of the nicest surprises of my whole life was when Theda and I closed on our just-bought home on Wayman Lane, and he gave us \$5,000 to help pay for it.

We were so pleased a few years later to let Pres and Evelyn use our place for their reception.

After my father's death, I have counted Pres as my dad. His advice has been sound, solid and straight. I truly love him and value his more than twenty-five years of support, friendship and love. Thanks, Dad!

MONT REMEMBERS GRANPDA. . .

A few things stick out in my memory about Grandpa DuVall. It seems that through all of the years I have not really gotten to know him all that well. Sometimes he was the greatest guy -- like seeing who could do the most push-ups with his wheel thing-a-ma-jig (which he always won at); and other times he seemed like a real meany -- like when Clark and I would have to go out and work on the tree every time we went up to his house. I guess the ones I should really blame for that was Grandma DuVall and mom, but grandpa would always take us out to the garage and get us a saw to use. I don't really know why I didn't like cutting down that old tree; because at times it was really fun and challenging. I guess it was just the fact that we were being made to do it.

I remember building the cabin with him and he would always show me where to put the nails in and how to hammer with the least amount of effort so I could work longer. I still have a picture around here someplace of me sawing a board for the cabin, and whenever I look at that picture it always brings back good memories. When the family would get together to go down to the cabin for a weekend or something everyone would stay up

playing rummy and the such (and I was so excited when the big folks would let me play with them) until late into the night.

Grandpa and grandma would always get the bed and be the last to get in it; but guess who would always be the first one up getting a fire ready for all of us little kids so we wouldn't freeze as much when we got out of our sleeping bags in the morning. Sometimes I think how terrific it would be to do that all over again, but then we have all changed and I just don't see it happening ever again.

I remember playing hide-and-go-seek in his basement. There were so many neat places to hide and things to get into. I probably was the cause of a lot of the mess that was always having to be picked up after the Timmins family left. The back room in the basement was supposed to be off limits for the kids, but we always managed to sneak in and pretend that it was some kind of prison or something and that we were going in there to rescue somebody.

I will always remember the Christmas Eves and Thanksgiving dinners that we had at his house. Lately I have not been around as much, and I kind of miss them. I don't miss the times that Ken (that rotten little brat!) would hold me down and tickle me until I wet my pants. I guess Ken turned out OK after all. Grandpa must have been a great dad.

I remember mom always telling us what a great and special man that grandpa was -- taking care of her and the rest of the family when Grandpa Laws died. Momma was always so loving and caring about grandpa that there was no way that you could say anything bad about him (even when he made you go over to the ward and carry chairs until your arms fell off). He must have loved Grandma Marie very much, and her children too, to do what he did; and I guess that I will never be able to pay him back for that and all the other things that he has done for and given to my mother and me.

Mother would tell us stories about the ranch in Wyoming and grandpa. She would always tell us the story of grandpa on horseback whipping the rattlesnakes to death with the end of a rope. The way she told it I still don't know whether to believe it or not. She would tell us the stories about the house on the avenues, and how she was scared to death to go into the basement alone and do the laundry. I remember her telling us how Uncle Dub scared her real bad once.

I guess what I am really trying to say is that my Grandpa DuVall is the greatest grandfather that anyone would ever want or could ever get. He raised my mother so well and I love him so much for that. Once again I want to thank you for all you have done for me. I hope that someday I will be able to repay all that you have done for me, and I want you to know that I love you very much. May God bless you, so that the remainder of your life will be as wonderful as the first part.

CLARK REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I guess the fondest memories of you are those that have slipped back into the golden age of my existence. I remember sitting around campfires with you down at the cabin. I was always amazed of all the things you knew about the natural world.

And of course, I will always remember the Christmases that I have spent at your house. When I was half my present age, I didn't like to go because it meant leaving behind my fantastic world of toys. But mom would always let me bring along one or two, and the night would always go by too fast once I was there.

You were the nucleus of the family, as far as I was concerned: the only time I ever saw anyone was at your house.

I have been concerned for you at times. I was so scared when I found out that you were the ward clerk and would be carrying money around by yourself. I didn't want any "bad mans" to get you. Then my brother told me that Heavenly Father would keep you safe, and he did.

I love you Grandpa!

LAUREL REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

When I think back about Grandpa, the first thing that comes to mind is that he always gave me a big, giant hug first thing whenever I saw him, along with a kiss on the cheek. I always used to think how strong Grandpa was when he hugged me.

I remember when I was little wondering why he wore his boots all year long. When we went over to his house, I was always allowed to play with the exercise wheel. I could never quite figure out how it worked, so one day he came in and showed me how to use it. I thought that was pretty funny.

The things I remember about him now are how gentle and kind he is. And how good he is to Grandma. And that he makes the best caramel popcorn I have ever tasted in my whole life. Especially at Christmas.

I love you Grandpa! Happy Birthday!

SALLY REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I remember all the fun Christmases and Birthdays we've had together. At Christmas time we all come over for a great dinner that you and Grandma made, and all the fun times after the dinner that we'd get together and talk and/or play games.

Then at the birthday parties, I'd always love getting the birthday money, because I could always go and spend it on exactly the birthday present I wanted.

Thanks for everything else that you have done for me, and I want you to know that I love you a GREAT deal, and I appreciate you just as much. Have a great Birthday and many more.

REBEKAH REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I love my Grandpa very much!!!

I remember at birthday parties - grandpa's gifts - money is the best. I remember going and buying things with it. I also remember all the little kids faces when they get the money.

I also remember when you gave Laurel the kitchen stool and how much she enjoys it and uses it.

I remember all the times you helped Grandma serve at the Christmas dinner and all the lovely gifts you buy us.

I'm glad you helped build the cabin.

Love you and the things you do.

VICKY REMEMBERS DAD. . .

My first vague memory of Dad is in Uncle Frost's house at his and Mom's wedding. Then another vague picture of a crowded car which I think was our move to Wyoming.

I have fond memories of Dad and Wyoming and the animals. Dad taught me how to drive a car when we went to the Ranch one summer.

Dad has always been a hard worker and spent long hours working on the Ranch, and I loved to tag along and ride on the tractor or "help" herd the cows.

There was a BIG snowstorm one winter and Dad had to shovel tunnels to get out of the house. We got to sleigh down the hill off the outhouse. The cows walked out of the corral because of the snowbanks.

Dad has a genuine concern for all people and is deservedly loved by everyone. I remember the paper objects Dad brought home from Trade school while he was learning to weld steel. He was very proud of them.

Even though I prefer to remember myself as a very good, model child, I remember some hard spankings I received from Dad. I don't remember the things I did to deserve them.

After we moved to Salt Lake City, Dad changed from a rancher to a steel fabricator. His all was put into this job and he soon won the respect of the men he worked with.

I don't remember much about Dad's baptism, but I remember the missionaries coming to our house -- seems like they were lady missionaries. I do know I was happy when he got baptized.

When I was going to Granite High, I would sometimes miss the bus and hurry back home to catch a ride with Dad. I would be late riding with him and he wasn't happy I was late, but he was happy to give me a ride.

He went with me to a Daddy-daughter date at school and we danced the night away. He's a good dancer even though he claims to not like dancing.

When we lived in Lehi, Dad came by with Evelyn to introduce her to his family. She fit right in and has been accepted by us all. They were married in the Temple and had a reception at Bill and Theda's home.

Dad still helps everyone and kept my car running for about a year. Even letting me borrow his truck to go on some job interviews. Then when it got to be an overwhelming job just to get my car from one place to another, he bought a new car and gave me his old one.

Still his help does not stop. With a telephone call he becomes a banker, chauffeur, doctor for sick kids, last minute child care, takes grand kids to the dentist, plays games with anyone who stops by, and always has a listening ear, a word of advice and a smile. Thanks, Dad! ! !

TINA REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

My grandpa comes to my birthday parties and helps the family.
He brings us fruit and vegetables and watches us when we are sick.

JAMES REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I couldn't think of anything, so I wrote this letter and a poem:
Grandpa, grandpa you are the best. You are smart and don't
rest until you're done with the day. You work hard and take
it easy and have great hospitality in your work.

Dear Grandpa:

Happy, happy birthday Grandpa. I missed you when you went to
Colorado and I'm glad you are back now and I'm glad to see you
now.

I remember one thing, it is when we were staying with you I
locked you outside. When you got in you whipped me so hard
I cried until we went to bed.

Love,
James

P.S. I love you a lot.

MICHAEL REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I got to go to Grandpa's after school one day, and we played Dominoes. I won twice. Grandpa won once. Grandpa will take care of me when I'm sick. I got to stay with him when I fell and hurt my mouth. We went to the store.

ROBERT REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

He would take me to the dentist for my caps because Momma had to work. Grandpa picks me up from school when I'm sick and Momma can't. I love Grandpa.

KEN REMEMBERS DAD. . . .

My earliest memories of Dad are of him arriving home with some potato chips or cookies left in his lunch box. I look back on that now, and I realize that he was probably very hungry at work (he worked harder than I have ever had to work), but he always seemed to save some for Rita and me. It was many, many years later before I began to appreciate how hard Dad worked to support his family. As a carefree kid, I was always happy and well cared for. I suppose cares of the world are reserved for the "older generation", but Dad always did an excellent job of caring for me.

Some of my fondest childhood memories center around our trips to Wyoming. I love Wyoming, it was a great place for a young boy to explore the world (or create his own world). However, I will always be grateful for the sacrifice of my father in leaving his home and family to start a new life in Utah. I am naturally a rebellious person, and I am not sure that I would be active in the Church today if I would have grown up in that environment. I have had occasion to move away from home and family. I sure am glad to be back close to my Dad.

I suppose that it was because my father was brought up in a work environment that he never learned to play sports, go fishing, or do other things like that some of the other fathers always did. While other friends would go on vacations to Disneyland, Canada, or other wonderful places, our vacations

were always to Wyoming and back. I have come to find out in my later years that I didn't miss a thing. I have been to all of those places now, and I wouldn't trade a single vacation on the ranch for anything.

I do recognize (and I am grateful for) how willing my father was to support me in everything that I wanted to do. My family always teases me about my paper route, and how they delivered papers as much as I did. However, Dad probably DID deliver as many papers as I did. He and I were partners as station managers, and as I remember it, he always got the hard part of the partnership. When I turned 16 and announced that I was going deer hunting, Dad agreed to take time off from work and go with me. I'm sure that it wasn't as much fun for him as it was an adventure for me, but from the position of years later, the best part was doing something with my father.

There is no question in my mind that my dad loves me with all of his heart. I have taken him for granted over the years, but I have developed an ever deepening love for him. Dad, I love you more than words can tell.

Dad was the perfect person for me when I was in my teen years. He was always trying to get me to do what was right, but he never tried to force anything on me. It was for that same reason that he was the perfect person for me when my mother died. That event was very traumatic for me, and Dad made sure that the family made it through. Dad, Rita, and I lived together and shared the loss together. We probably each had our different ways of handling that event in our lives, but it seemed that we were supportive of each other.

Dad has been a living example of doing what was right. I only remember once in my life when he made me go to a church meeting that I didn't want to go. I was sitting in the living room watching the church doors to see what would happen. (I told you I was a little ornery). I was late for sacrament meeting, and I knew it. About 10 minutes after the meeting started, the church doors came flying open and there was Dad on his way home. I knew I was in trouble, and at that moment made the wise decision to attend church that day. I met Dad half way, and we went back to the meeting together. Dad never expected me to accept an assignment or responsibility that he wasn't willing to do with me. Whether it was delivering papers, collecting money, a church assignment, or anything else. How could a person lose with that kind of support.

Dad was very strong on education. From the first time that I can remember, Dad wanted me to get a good education. He knew from experience what a benefit a good education was. He felt that he didn't have it, and he had a tough work life. As a

result, I received all of the support I could possibly want in receiving my BS and MBA degrees. I think he was happier that I was when I received my first job offer at the same salary that he was making when he retired after 25 years of hard labor.

Dad was very supportive when I was away from home. There were three different times when I lived away from home for extended periods of time. The first was when I lived in Blanding with Arvid Black. I worked with Arvid for a few months after I graduated from high school. He was always in touch, and always happy to see me. I called him one day to ask him to come down and pick up a deer that I had shot. He came that weekend, and on the way into town he hit a cow that was in the middle of the road. It really damaged the truck, but he never said a word about having to come for my deer.

The second time that I was away was while I was in the Army Reserves Basic Training Camp. I was away for 6 months, and Dad always wrote to me. He never said a word about all of the times that I would call collect either from Blanding or the Army Forts. I didn't even know that he noticed until I

was leaving for my mission. As I was getting on the plane to fly to Chile, he said something like "Whatever you do, do not call collect".

There was not a single week during my mission when my father didn't write to tell me the news. He was always supportive, and would always advise to do what was right. He gave me the impression that he was very proud of his missionary son.

I guess that one of Dad's greatest strengths is his strong knowledge of right and wrong. Dad has the ability to know almost immediately whether an issue is right or wrong, and is also blessed with the strong desire to do what is right. He never seems to wrestle with what the rest of us see as the gray areas, to him there are no gray areas -- it's either right or it is wrong. He also will spend a lot of time thinking about issues.

It is very common to ask Dad a question about something and talk about it for a while. Later (that could be hours, or even days later) he will call and want to give you additional advice on the matter. You can tell that he has been thinking about it for the whole time. It makes it seem that everything is important when his family is concerned.

Another strength that I truly admire is his ability to work hard. I'm sure that his ranch background had something to do with that, but even with that I hear stories about how he worked so much harder than others in that same situation. He sure set a good example for all of us, one that we all have a long way to go to meet.

Dad has given me more than I could ever repay. I certainly

owe him a lot. He has been, and still is a great example. I love him more than I could ever express. I try to be like him as much as I can, but I hope that Dad will be patient with me because I have such a long way to go.

MARY REMEMBERS PRESLEY. . .

When I first met Presley, my first impression of him was that he was a genuinely nice person with a deep love and concern for each of his family members. Through the years that I have been a member of the DuVall family, I have come to see just how true that initial reaction was. I don't know of anyone who spends more time, energy, prayer and thought towards the benefit, betterment and genuine love of his children, their spouses and his grandchildren.

I especially appreciate the way that I have been accepted as one of the DuValls from the first time I met them. I truly believe that Presley loves me and is concerned about me even in areas where Ken is not directly concerned. I don't think Ken has ever taken a business trip out of town when Presley hasn't called at least once to see how we were getting along and to offer his services, if needed. He also never forgets me on special occasions. Not one birthday, anniversary or mother's day have gone by without a call of love and appreciation from him.

One of the qualities that I have really grown to appreciate in him is his unfaltering honesty. I have never met a man who so strongly knows what is right and wrong and doesn't ever waver no matter what the circumstances. He has set such a good example for me and for our children to follow. I don't think there is a greater honor that can be bestowed upon a man than to say that he is truly honest.

Whenever we need Presley he is always there, willing and able

to help us, no matter what he has to sacrifice to do it. We have asked to borrow his truck on many occasions and he never refuses to help, even if it is inconvenient for him. We have also had many projects that we needed help on and he comes right out to help, despite how unpleasant the job may be. Many times we couldn't have made it without his help.

When we lived away from Salt Lake, that love and concern still existed. We received a letter from Presley every single week no matter what. We looked forward to his letters so much and were always uplifted by them. Since we moved away so soon after we were married, it was through these letters that I grew to know and love Presley so much.

Every year we knew we could look forward to a visit from Grandpa no matter where we lived. It became the highlight of the year. Though they never stayed more than a few days, the visits were always refreshing and enjoyable.

I appreciate the way Presley treats our children. A birthday never goes by without a card or "mad money" for each child despite the fact that he has 31 grandchildren. He always expects a hug from each one of the kids when he sees them, but never forces his love on them. It took Julie almost 5 years before she would hug him, but he was always so patient with her and would kindly say "next time".

Both times Holly was in the hospital, Presley visited her almost daily and would call frequently to see how she was doing. When he and Ken administered to her before she had the surgery, I felt such a strong sense of faith from him and I knew that she would be healed because of the great faith and prayers offered by him in her behalf. He was always concerned with her progress and seemed to feel more joy than we did at her recovery. He also seems to remember that miracle so much more than we do as we take her excellent health almost for granted now. Frequently he will point out what great progress she has made and how it truly was a miracle.

I really admire the courage it must have taken to move from his beloved ranch in Wyoming to a strange environment without the security or skills to provide for his family in Salt Lake. Yet because of his love for Marie and his responsibility for his family, he sacrificed all that he loved and knew so well to do what he thought was right.

Presley has always chosen to do what was "right" no matter the consequences. Many times we have had a big decision to make and will ask for his advice. He never gives advice without weighing all of the variables on both sides before reaching a conclusion. Sometimes this conclusion has taken days to reach, but when he calls, you know that he has spent hours thinking and pondering the concern. Whenever we have followed his advice, it has always been correct, even if we didn't fully

agree at the time.

I am so grateful that my children have such a fine example to use as a role model as they use their free agency in this life.

They see the blessings that obedience has brought to their Grandfather and hopefully will choose to follow his example.

I too have learned a great deal from Presley and have grown to love and admire him so much. Thanks for blessing our lives with your love, your concern and your wonderful example.

JULIE REMEMBERS GRANDPA . . .

I love grandpa because he tends me. I like to have dinner with him. I like to go to his house for Christmas dinner. I like to go to his house on Halloween to show him my costume and get candy bars from him. I like the presents he gives me for Christmas and the money I get for my birthday. I like to play card games with him. I like to go to his house. Thanks for being my Grandpa.

SCOTT REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I appreciate Grandpa. He tended me and he let me open his freezer when I got the ice cream. He lets me go for rides in his truck. He let me see some of Dad's bullets. He let me climb his fence.

I like to hug Grandpa whenever I see him. I sometimes even give him a hug for Julie when she won't hug him. I like to go to grandpa's house and lay in his big trees and climb on his porch. I am glad he is my Grandpa.

KRISTI REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I liked it when Grandpa tended me. He lets me play with his marbles. He lets me play games. He likes me. He even visited me when I had the chicken pox and had to stay home from a birthday

party. He let me watch cartoons on his TV. I like to eat dinner with Grandpa, especially when he lets me have ice cream. I love Grandpa a really lot!

HOLLY REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

I like to play with Grandpa's marbles. I like to hug Grandpa and go to his house. I like to smell his sea shell soap. I like to eat dinner with Grandpa and play in his trees. I love you Grandpa!

RITA REMEMBERS DAD. . .

I guess the earliest memory I have of Dad is of him bringing home his lunch pail from work and there always being something in it for Ken and I. It was usually potato chips and cookies.

In July of 1968 Dad and I took Grandma and Grandpa DuVall home to Wyoming after they came out to visit. On the way back it took us about seven and a half hours for a trip that normally took eight to nine hours. Dad was really flying low on that trip. It was just the two of us and it was a fun trip. Of course that was before the 55 mph speed limit.

I remember him on a trip we took to Bear Lake one year. There he was on the beach in his swimsuit and his cowboy boots. He was a real trendsetter.

One year I had to give a part on the program during the Kartchner reunion so Dad taught me the poem "Strawberry Roan" to give. He knew a lot of poems and songs about cowboys and the old west.

When Mom was sick and needed constant care, he was there the whole time for her. He was so devoted to her and I never heard him complain once about anything he had to do.

After Mom died and Dad started dating he and Ken were always comparing notes on their dating techniques. It was very entertaining to listen to them. They had a lot of fun kidding each other about their dates.

Then Dad met Evelyn and decided she was the one for him. I

think he made a wise choice. He couldn't have found anyone better. Evelyn has been so good for him.

A few years after Dad and Evelyn were married they took off to go to Arizona to visit Evelyn's parents. They were supposed to be gone about a week but they showed up back home within a couple of days. They had an accident and turned the truck over. I was so upset when they told me because it scared me so. I don't know what I would do without them.

Friday afternoons have become my day with Dad. We play cards and just talk. I have learned a lot about him during these times. I enjoy them so much.

I keep telling Dad that I am going to quit my job and move back home and Dad keeps telling me no I'm not going to. But I keep trying. I tell him I want a job like his, where I can just sit home and count my money. It sounds like a great job to me.

Dad has always been very supportive of me and I think he is proud of me. It means so much to me to know this. I love him very much and think he is the greatest Dad ever. I am so proud of him for everything he has done in his life. Dad, I love you.

ELAYNE REMEMBERS PRESLEY. . .

A good man, a fine fellow indeed,
He is always ready to help when there's a need.
Whether it's clearing walks for the ladies in the ward
Or delivering booths for the election board.
He doesn't say much, but I surmise,
It's because he can't get a word in edgewise.
He teases and says Mom cracks the whip,
That she's the boss and takes no lip---
But I know that he's only kidding
And he's more than happy to do her bidding.
When we go to his house for a chat
He really puts out the welcome mat.
He likes cowboy boots and ice cream too,
But Lake Powell vacations are really taboo!
I think you're great and I'm happy to say
I hope you have a SUPER birthday!

DELRAY REMEMBERS PRESLEY . . .

A quiet cowboy whose heart is in Wyoming and his boots are
in Salt Lake. We are happy for your 70 years and wish you
30 more.

STACEY REMEMBERS GRANDPA . . .

Kind, helpful and generous. I'm glad you're part of our family.
Thanks for everything you do. Happy Birthday and we love you.

STEPHANIE REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

A kind, quiet man who is always ready with a laugh or smile!

PAUL REMEMBERS PRESLEY. . .

I sure am glad someone asked me to write down some of the qualities that I know you are full of -- like being able to completely depend upon you come rain or shine no matter what is asked of you. Pres, you are one of the most unselfish people I have ever know; and as far as being honest, you are on par with Abraham Lincoln.

Mom asked me to write down what my thought of you are, and what comes to mind is trustworthy, kind, generous, and loyal. I guess what I am trying to say is that I think you are great. They must have written the Boy Scout Code with you in mind. You are a great example to everyone around you, and I am proud to know you. Don't ever change.

ROXANE REMEMBERS PRESLEY

When I think of you, I think of someone forever helping others. You're always helping and doing so in such a quiet way. You never seem to expect anything in return.

We all seem to rely on you so much, and you are always so reliable. Thanks for always being there. Love you a lot.

BARBARA REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

When I think of you, I think of honesty and sincerity. You've always seemed to understand. I love you.

ADALE REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

When I think of you, I think of a happy and very wonderful person.

MICHELLE REMEMBERS GRANDPA. . .

Thank you for being here. I love you.

SOUTH SALT LAKE STAKE - LIFE ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

Presley Arthur DuVall was born on May 30, 1915 at Little Bear, Laramie County, Wyoming. He is the fourth of eight children born to his parents. His first home was a homestead shack on a 320 acre dry farm, 32 miles north of Cheyenne. His father supported his family by shearing sheep and helping the neighbors put up hay, while he developed and increased his own land.

Presley attended elementary school first in the Little Bear Community School and later in Chugwater where he graduated from high school in May 1934. He continued to live at home with his parents and helped his father on the ranch and sometimes helped his neighbors with their work. As his father was away from home quite a bit of the time as County Assessor and shearing sheep, Presley assumed more and more responsibility for running the ranch. When he was 21 years of age his father gave him 50 lambs to add to those he had already purchased and he already owned 640 acres of ground. He continued to live at home and increase his holdings. He rode in the wild hors races several times at the Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo.

He served in the U. S. Army in the Medical Corps from July 1942 to November 1943, when he was honorably released. When he returned home, his parents moved to town and Presley and his brother ran the ranch.

He was married to a Mormon girl, Marie Black Laws, on Christmas day in 1946. Her former husband had died and left her with three small children and Presley assumed the responsibility of being a father to them.

In the fall of 1950 Presley arranged for his father to take over

the ranch, which at that time consisted of 6,400 acres, and he and the family moved to Salt Lake City because of Marie's poor health. He worked for a lumber company for eleven months and then attended vocational school at night to become a welder. Upon completion of the course, he accepted employment at Western Steel where he worked for 25 years. He retired from there in May 1977. Presley and Marie had two children, Ken and Rita.

Presley began attending Church when he moved to Salt Lake City, was baptized in 1954 and has been an active member ever since. He went to the Temple for his own endowments in 1957 and has done the temple work for numerous family members of the past eight generations. He has done extensive genealogy work for many years.

He moved into the Kimball Ward in 1962 and since that time has been the Financial Clerk for the past five Bishops and the present Bishop to date. He is also a Temple worker in the Salt Lake Temple on Tuesdays and has been a Home Teacher continually since joining the Church. He and Marie sent their two sons and one daughter on missions and he has supported many other missionaries in the family and the ward.

Marie passed away in 1973 after a serious illness and major surgery. During her illness she was cared for with tenderness and compassion by Presley. In 1974 he was married to Evelyn Camp in the Salt Lake temple. Their combined families consisted of eleven children and they now have 35 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. Presley is loved and respected by all of them and he has earned their esteem by his goodness to them and by the exemplary life he leads.

Presley DuVall is the best neighbor a person could ask for. He is there to help regardless of request. He is truly a practicing Christian in every sense of the word.

SOUTH SALT LAKE STAKE PRESIDENCY