

KEVIN KING
DALTON

A Biography

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By CRAIG L. DALTON

*Dedicated to
Bryce, Shélisa, Neil, and Colby,
their children, and
their children's children*

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Preface

As I completed this story of the life of Kevin King Dalton it became apparent that an explanation of this work's intended purposes would aid the reader in understanding the manner in which it is written and thus receive greater benefit from its perusal.

For reasons unknown to those of us remaining, Kevin's life was cut short at the age of only 38. Therefore Kevin's grandchildren will never have the opportunity to sit on this kind and fun loving man's lap and listen to the stories that grandfathers often tell about their youth, times gone by, and their multifaceted past. Stories that grandchildren love to hear. Stories that bind one generation to another. Stories that teach and guide as well as entertain.

One of the main purposes of this biography is to serve as a substitute, even though a very poor substitute, for a father and grandfather telling stories to and teaching his children and grandchildren. It is my hope that from these pages Kevin's voice and example may still reach out to teach, entertain, and inspire his loved ones. That his posterity may know how precious they are to him and that they may come to know and love him better. In so doing they should recognize that they come from a heritage of nobleness and honor, as well as vibrancy and fun, and that they should pattern their own lives in accordance with this legacy.

Probably the foremost purpose of this work is to provide a medium for Kevin to bear his testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel he so dearly loved to this same posterity. They should be able to see clearly that Kevin's faith was not one of mere passive

belief, *he lived what he preached!* Throughout his life and especially as illustrated in his mission to Spain, it is plain to see that Kevin did not just *talk the talk*, but very much *walked the walk!* Put bluntly to his children and grandchildren, even all of his posterity, Kevin would be anxious to see you receive the blessings of the gospel that he enjoyed and continues to enjoy. Therefore *walk the same walk!* Of course this also applies to that large group that considers themselves his family and friends.

The final reason for this work is simply the fulfillment of a promise. It also deals with the memory of two little boys growing up together and the unwillingness of allowing those and many of Kevin's other stories to remain untold and eventually forgotten.

With these purposes in mind, the reader will find that this biography is very much a collection of stories bound together with explanation and narrative in a loose chronology that I hope has given it a coherent flow. Often these are grouped in accordance with the various aspects of Kevin's life and character. A reader wanting to move through a history from beginning to end on a strict chronological time line will certainly find my approach annoying. However, readers desiring to explore one aspect of Kevin's life in detail before moving on to another will hopefully find this approach appealing.

Whenever feasible I have tried to include stories in the words of those personally involved. The intent being to present each story as if it were being shared verbally and in person to an intimate group. The language of such storytelling is often laced with broken speech and poor grammar, but more importantly it is often filled with personal experience, inflection, and excitement. Therefore I have quoted many of Kevin's family and friends, including myself (which may seem a little odd), as I have included stories told first hand in a variety of settings. In some cases I have added bracketed words and phrases in such quotes to provide clarity or continuity to the text as needed.

In saying this let me also state that I have worked very hard to insure that the information contained in this book is true, accurate, and correct. A history that presents unreliable information as fact becomes nothing more than a novel. This is a biography, not a novel. However, some of the stories are certainly told with exaggerated flare and storyteller's license. Such a story is true in

the sense that it is told in the way it existed during Kevin's life. Exaggerations contained in some of the stories are obvious and can't be confused with what is meant to be true.

Any errors that exist in this book I certainly claim as my own and are not an attempt by anyone to mislead.

I have also included a number of photographs that have been inserted along with the narrative to which they relate, remembering the adage, *a picture paints a thousand words*.

Reference notes are indicated throughout the book, the notes themselves being included in a section at the end. The intent of these notes is to indicate the source of much of the material presented in the book, and more importantly point the reader to where additional information on certain subjects may be obtained.

The compilation of Kevin's history extends far beyond what is contained in this biography. A CD-ROM has been created that contains much of the detailed research material used in writing this biography. All of the material indicated in the reference notes section is included on this CD, as well as various oral interviews, written memories of family and friends, correspondence, magazine articles, a transcript of Kevin's funeral service, a transcript of his mission journal, a compilation of his mission letters to home, other documents written by Kevin himself, his patriarchal blessing, a father's blessing, etc. as well as various electronic formats of this book. Because of the personal and private nature of some of this material, this CD will only be provided to close family members or possibly to others at their discretion.

In addition to this material, we have been blessed with a tremendous photographic history of Kevin's life. Much of this has been digitally preserved and placed on CD along with descriptions of each photograph in an electronic album format. Photos of Kevin's childhood and youth are available on two CD's labeled "*The King & Sharon Dalton Family*" volumes 1 and 2. Kevin's mission years are preserved on another CD labeled "*Elder Kevin Dalton – Spain Sevilla Mission*". Photos from his adult years and married family are recorded on a CD called "*The Kevin & Pam Dalton Family*". All of these CD's are created in formats that should insure historic longevity and preservation of the material contained thereon. The over 3,000 photos contained on these CD's

are easily accessible with search functions that make it easy to find specific pictures. They may be viewed on screen or printed.

I would like to thank Kevin's parents, brothers and sisters, wife and children, mission companions and friends, and other family members and friends who contributed their memories, insights, and stories. I know that at times I've been somewhat of a nuisance, gathering information from you and asking numerous questions, and I appreciate your patience and support. Each of you carries within you different pieces of Kevin's story and I realize that by sharing these you are in essence sharing a part of yourself. For this I give you my gratitude. By putting these pieces together we come to see a clearer picture of the whole Kevin. As you come to read these pages I am sure that each and every one of you, no matter how close you were to him, will find something you never knew before.

I would also like to thank those that read and helped edit the different portions of this book. I especially want to publicly thank my wife Sandy who has been very patient and supportive through what became a fairly long process, never complaining and never once suggesting that I could be doing something better with my time. Also for her efforts as my very brutal editor, whose advice is always appreciated, even when I don't always agree with her and do it *my* (read *wrong*) way anyway.

Does this biography cast Kevin's life in a good light? Of course it does, he lived a good and honorable life! Kevin certainly was not perfect. None of us are. But while I have made no attempt to avoid or white wash his imperfections and have included such where appropriate, I have also seen no point in delving into these. While some historians expend much of their reader's time trying to show how the subject of their work is a *real person* by exposing all of their perceived foibles, I don't believe that such an approach does justice to the life of the honorable (who have often removed such foibles from their character over the course of their life) nor does it provide any real benefit to the reader. We all know that Kevin was *normal*, so let's spend our time exploring what made him *special*, *honorable*, and *unique*!

Craig L. Dalton

The Beginning(s)

On a beautiful night in the spring of 1959 a short and fat baby boy was born in the tiny hospital of a small rural town in eastern Oregon called Nyssa. His name would be called *Kevin King Dalton*.

Kevin was the first born child of a very young couple and would fill the role of the eldest in what would become a large family of eight children. The births of his siblings would be spread somewhat evenly over a 21-year period and therefore Kevin's role of leader, teacher, friend, and at times, guardian of his brothers and sisters would be amplified and expressed with each one in an individual way.

Family was of utmost importance to Kevin, both the family in which he grew and developed as a child and youth, as well as the family that he would form when he would be married and sealed to a beautiful young woman on the 14th of November 1980. Within this eternal family Kevin would fill the role of kind and loving father to four beautiful children of his own.

Kevin demonstrated a strong faith and testimony in the reality of God and His plan for us. Throughout Kevin's life he served his Father in Heaven in a variety of roles, including: missionary, priesthood leader, father, and presiding authority over a congregation of His church.

Kevin's faith and testimony of the divine role of Jesus Christ as his savior and redeemer are readily apparent to all who knew him. His testimony that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints is the Lord's divinely authorized church is also readily apparent. Therefore, the faith and teachings that Kevin derived from this church become absolutely crucial to this history. To write a

history of his life without regard to this testimony or to treat such faith as secondary, would leave the resulting picture of Kevin woefully incomplete and distorted.

In reviewing Kevin's existence while striving to adhere to his own thought processes and the principles in which he had faith, it becomes apparent that many *beginnings* are clear and easy to see, while at the same time it is impossible to declare an *end* to virtually any of the important roles that truly define who Kevin is. This stems from Kevin's faith in the eternal existence of God's children.

Kevin did not *begin* in that small hospital in Nyssa. He lived long before as a spiritual son of God. Neither did he *end* in a farming accident near Corral, Idaho on October 10, 1997. He continues from that day as a spiritual son of God, awaiting the time when his body and spirit will be reunited in a perfect and glorious union that will continue forever.

Therefore Kevin began his mortal life as a son of King and Sharon Dalton and continues in that role forevermore.

He began as brother, teacher, and leader to his earthly siblings and so will ever be.

He began as a companion and husband to Pamela Sue Ivie, and being sealed to her through the power of God's holy priesthood, will be hers throughout all eternity!

As Bryce, Shélisa, Neil, and Colby were each born, he began as their father and in that role nothing has or will ever change.

As Kevin passed through this mortal life and touched the lives of those around him, he became a friend to many. That friendship and love does not have to end.

The characteristics, teachings, morals, etc., that he instilled in his children and others will be passed from one to another and from generation to generation.

His work as missionary and priesthood leader and servant of God continues on.

Kevin's history then, is a continuing one, with an influence that is ever expanding.

For now, however, we only have exposed to our view the brief portion of Kevin's existence beginning with that beautiful spring night in 1959 when his mortal journey on earth began, through that cloudy and rainy morning in 1997 when his mission here was

deemed complete. Therefore, we will describe as best we can that portion of his *life*.

Let us then begin by describing some of the important people that went before Kevin, his ancestry, because it is the characteristics, actions, and choices of these people that laid the foundation or circumstances for Kevin's time and place in history.

Heritage

Kevin's roots are a mixture of English, Scottish, Irish, Danish, and Swedish ancestry. Although you have to travel back several, and in some cases many, generations in order to find original immigrants to America on Kevin's family tree. In fact of Kevin's great-grandparents, all but one were born in Utah.

Genealogical records for Kevin's family are extensive, his lineage having been traced back significantly for several hundred years. Because of the space required to even show Kevin's connection with his original European immigrants, we will forego any attempt at such a genealogy here. However, these records are readily available within his extended family for any that are so interested.

Suffice it to say that within his lineage are numerous who settled in New England during America's colonial era, including several who immigrated with the pilgrims on the Mayflower. There are those who fought in the Revolutionary War. No, not on the side of the British! And there are those who were explorers and pioneers. Each of his ancestors has a story that is unique, and many led lives that were exciting and even inspiring. Kevin was familiar with many of these people and had great admiration for his heritage.

A study of the histories associated with Kevin's ancestry shows a pattern of common characteristics. Honesty, integrity, courage, willingness to stand against the tide of popular opinion, independence, adventure, endurance, and faith show through as

common themes. These attributes were then funneled into Kevin's character from his forebears.

At this point it is worth saying that Kevin is not descended from and has no family connection to the *Dalton Gang* of old west outlaws, although this was a common question during his youth!

Like his American ancestry, Kevin's ancestry within the church is very extensive. You have to follow his family tree down at least five generations before you begin finding converts to the church and in many cases seven and even eight generations before you come to the original convert on a given line!

Because of the important role that this ancestry played in his life, the first convert to the church on each of his lines is listed here along with their relationship to Kevin.

- Second great-grandfather Mathew William Dalton (1828-1918) who joined the church in 1850.
- Third great-grandfather John Hawkins Miller (1819-1905) and his wife Ann Shepherd Miller (1827-1910) who joined the church in 1849.
- Second great-grandfather Andrew Peter Benson (1844-1919) and his wife Mathilda Carolina Aaberg Benson (1844-1928) who joined the church in 1886.
- Second great-grandfather Albert King Thurber (1826-1888) who joined the church in 1849.
- Third great-grandfather Isaac Brockbank (1805-1878) who joined the church in 1843.
- Third great-grandfather John Lowe Butler I (1808-1860) and his wife Caroline Farozine Skeen Butler (1812-1875) who joined the church in 1835.
- Third great-grandfather John Calvin Lazelle Smith (1822-1855) who joined the church in 1841.
- Fourth great-grandmother Hannah Leavitt Fish (1805-1876) who joined the church in 1836. Her husband Horace Fish (1799-1870) joined in 1839.
- Second great-grandfather James Brown (1835-1898) who joined the church in 1851.
- Third great-grandmother Hannah Vernon Smith (1794-1858) who was the widow of John Smith (1775-1836) and joined the church in 1846.

- Fifth great-grandmother Abigail Mead McBride (1770-1854) who was the widow of Daniel McBride (1766-1823) and joined the church in 1833.
- Fourth great-grandmother Betsy Mead McBride (1802-1881) daughter-in-law to Abigail Mead McBride also joined the church in 1833.
- Fourth great grandfather Alva Benson (1799-1883) and his wife Cynthia Vail Benson (1801-1877) who joined the church in 1833.
- Third grandfather Walter Marshall Glenn (1821-1909) and his wife Elizabeth Stuart Glenn (1832-1908) who joined the church in 1852.
- Third great-grandfather James Glenn (1783-1853) joined the church in 1853, although his son Walter was the first convert to the church on his line.
- Third great-grandmother Isabella Mark Hendry (1816-1891) who joined the church in 1851.
- Third great-grandmother Elizabeth Russell Archibald (1817-1908) who joined the church in 1848.

Numerous of Kevin's forebears crossed the American plains to Utah during the Mormon pioneer period of the church (from 1847-1869). In fact the only one of Kevin's ancestral lines that did not cross the plains as Mormon pioneers, was the Andrew Peter Benson family, which joined the church in Denmark in 1886 and came to Utah via ship and train that same year.

Many of these pioneers were early missionaries, stake presidents, bishops, and other leaders of the church. Some of them are recorded in the annals of formal church history. All of these pioneers have wonderful histories, full of loyalty, faith, devotion, courage, adventure, and inspiration.

Brief histories of two of these are included here as examples. These were picked purposely because they are not familiar to most of the members of Kevin's family and certainly not to the church at large. However, they show the courage and faith of so many of these wonderful people who are perhaps anonymous to main stream history, but nevertheless left Kevin with a priceless legacy.

Abigail Mead McBride¹

Abigail Mead was born January 29, 1770, at Nine Partners, Montgomery County, New York, the daughter of Gideon Mead and his wife Martha Fisk Mead. In her late teens she met and married Daniel McBride from Stillwater, Albany County, New York.

All of Abigail's nine children were born while they lived in this area of upstate New York. Her first son, John, was born on January 5, 1788, just three weeks prior to Abigail's 18th birthday. Her last child, Martha, would be born 18 years later on March 17, 1805. In-between she would have: Samuel, Daniel, James, Margaret, Hyrum, Cyrus Gideon, and Reuben.

Sometime after the birth of Martha in 1805, the family moved to the area of Livingston County, New York. Here they lived on a comfortable farm about 40 miles from the towns of Manchester and Palmyra, during the time that the young Joseph Smith was being molded into a prophet.

At this same time, Abigail's husband was a Campbelite minister. His religion appealed to all his family as being the nearest to the primitive plan of salvation as taught by Jesus Christ of any of the creeds in his lifetime, but often he remarked to Abigail, as they returned from the Church after preaching his usually fine Sunday sermon: *"There is something lacking. I feel that I have not the authority. If only I could say to the people, 'Thus sayeth the Lord.'"*

Unfortunately Daniel would not live to see the full restoration of the gospel that he was seeking, as he would pass from mortality on September 1, 1823, just two days shy of his 57th birthday. Abigail would live the next 31 years as a courageous widow following the desires of her husband and leading her children in the fear of god.

About 1823 she heard of the mysterious visions of the prophet Joseph Smith and believed them. Consequently, the entire family joined the new Church of Jesus Christ shortly after its organization in 1830, when a great religious revival of all churches was taking place.

In company with many New York and Massachusetts families, they sold their thriving farms at great sacrifices and journeyed 135

miles to Kirtland, Ohio. In the beautiful springtime of June 1835, they made the trip by stage coach and canal boat in about six days.

They all donated liberally to the building of the city of Kirtland and the first LDS Temple, known as the Kirtland Temple. Abigail's son, Reuben McBride, would later become custodian of the Kirtland Temple and Joseph Smith's personal representative in Kirtland after the prophet's exodus from Ohio (see History of the Church). The family enjoyed many of the wonderful spiritual manifestations given at the dedication of the first House of the Lord in this dispensation. This dedication would be a wonderful memory that Abigail could carry with her through the trials, which she would shortly have to bear.

Another source of strength for her would be the Patriarchal blessing she would receive on June 8, 1836 under the hands of the church's first Patriarch, Joseph Smith Sr., who was referred to lovingly as *Father Smith*. Among the many wonderful blessings pronounced upon this faithful sixty-six year old widow, was the prophecy that she would "*go to Zion and be in good health*".

Abigail endured the persecutions attending the 12,000 members of the church in their migration to Nauvoo, Illinois. In Illinois she would suffer the loss of her sons James and Hyrum, and her daughter Margaret. She would participate in the rearing of the wonderful temple in Nauvoo and on January 27, 1846, would receive her endowment blessings within this temple.

After experiencing the terrible incidents connected with the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith at Carthage, Illinois and the driving of the saints from their Nauvoo homes, she suffered nobly the hardships of crossing the plains to the Rocky Mountains, in the open rugged west.

Abigail arrived in Salt Lake City, October 3, 1847, and came to Ogden in 1850. She was a short, rather stout, fine old lady, with a square face and fair complexion. Her faith in her Maker was reaffirmed when she fully realized, after a lapse of nearly twenty years, the fulfillment of the words of Father Smith, the patriarch, that she should go to Zion and have good health.

She passed away at Ogden, Utah, March 12, 1854, at the ripe old age of 84 years. Her remains were interred in the family burial plat of Gilbert Belnap in the Ogden City cemetery. A suitable

marker and monument, erected to her memory by the Belnap family, designated her final resting place.

Horace Fish²

Horace Fish was born on January 6, 1799, at Hatley, Quebec, Canada, the son of Joseph Fish and Sarah Speare Fish. His occupations included that of farmer, lumberman, and carpenter. At the age of 25 Horace married an 18-year-old young lady by the name of Hannah Leavitt on March 18, 1824.

Hannah was born on the 6th of December 1805, to Jeremiah Leavitt and Sarah Shannon Leavitt. She was the last of 10 children in the Leavitt family, as her father would die the next year at the age of 46.

In 1836 Mormon elders visited the community of Hatley. Hannah, her mother Sarah, and her brothers and sisters embraced the new religion and were baptized members that same year. Even though Horace would not accept the gospel for another three years, out of love for his wife he was willing to leave his home town of Hatley in order for her to join with neighbors and relatives who were anxious to gather with other members of their new church in Missouri.

This group left Hatley on July 20, 1838. By the time they arrived at Joliet, Illinois, on September 19, 1838, the Saints were being driven out of Missouri, so they decided to settle in the town of Twelve Mile Grove, Illinois, until their people should find a resting place. Horace would be baptized here in September 1839.

They liked their new home, but they wanted to be with the Saints and so they moved to Nauvoo, Illinois in September 1840. They farmed here, purchased a lot in the east part of town, and built a house. Horace also worked on the Temple in Nauvoo, and he and Hannah received their endowment blessings here on January 21, 1846.

On May 23, 1846 they were forced by persecution to leave their home in Nauvoo and cross the river into Iowa with the other Saints. Horace went back later and sold his property for a small amount but was glad to get what he could. He said there were 11 bullet holes through the door of their home.

They lived for a time in Farmington, then on May 8, 1847 they left with their son-in-law John C.L. Smith, going to the Missouri River and arriving at Council Point May 23rd. The Fish family remained here at Council Point (about 4 miles from Council Bluffs), then called Kanessville, Iowa, for three years. In 1850 they crossed the plains in the Milo Andrews company and first settled at Centerville, Utah near their son-in-law John C.L. Smith.

In 1852 they followed John C.L. Smith to Parowan, Utah on the *Iron* mission. John was called to be the first Stake president³ over all of the settlements in Iron and Washington counties, however this assignment would be short in duration as he would die 3 ½ years later at the age of 33. (John is Kevin's third great-grandfather)

Parowan would be their final home as Horace would pass away 18 years later on July 6, 1870. Shortly after Horace's death, Hannah's health began to fail her and she passed away on November 5, 1876.

What a remarkable woman, the elderly widow Abigail must have been to give up her lovely home and farm, the place where she buried her beloved husband, to sacrifice so much in building the temples of Kirtland and Nauvoo, to be driven from one home to another and then at the age of 78 to have crossed the plains some thousand-plus miles to the Great Salt Lake! Yet at the end of her life there is nothing to indicate that she regretted having made these sacrifices. She believed the gospel she had espoused was true and looked forward to a wonderful reunion with her long departed husband and had the joy of seeing so many of her loved ones firm in the faith.

Also, one has to be impressed with the devotion of Horace and Hannah, to each other and to their new church. Not many men, especially in the early 1800's, would be willing to leave their comfortable homes to allow their wives to follow a new faith into the unknown. But here you have Horace willing to pack everything he had and leave the town of his birth and travel to a land he had hardly heard of to join a people he hardly knew, so his wife could join with her extended family and be with her new

church. The love he must have felt for her. The spirit certainly must have touched his heart also. Then, after accepting the gospel himself, to endure trial after trial, until finally he crossed the plains with his family and settled in a wild and new land.

These two accounts are fairly representative of Kevin's pioneer forebears. Each one has a similar story of faith, trial, endurance, and adventure. Some were leaders in the church or their communities. Many were ordinary pioneer folk, who nevertheless were stalwart wonderful examples. They all sacrificed much in order to bring their posterity up in a faith that they strongly believed in and to give them the opportunity for a better existence than they had themselves.

Many of Kevin's pioneer ancestors would settle in the Cache Valley area of Utah. These would include the Browns, Bensons, McBrides, Glenns, Hendrys, Archibalds, and others. This group would eventually produce Wesley Leroy Brown and Ruby Hendry Glenn, Kevin's maternal grandparents.

Kevin's Butler, Thurber, and Brockbank ancestors helped pioneer the town of Spanish Fork on the southern end of the east side of Utah Lake. The Fish and John C.L. Smith families would pioneer in Parowan, Utah, where they would later be joined by the Butlers. Panguitch, Utah was also settled by the Butlers. Eventually, many of this group (the Butlers and Thurbers, in particular) would find themselves pioneering the central Utah county of Sevier, in particular the city of Richfield. One of the most important results (at least to Kevin's history) being the marriage of Isaac Erin Thurber to Caroline Butler and the birth of their first child, Helen Thurber on November 7, 1904 in Richfield, Utah. Helen would eventually become Kevin's *Grandma Dalton*.

In the meantime, Kevin's second great-grandfather Mathew William Dalton had pioneered Box Elder County along the east side of the Great Salt Lake. On April 7, 1870, he had his first and only child with Alice Ophelia Miller Dalton, Fredrick William Dalton. Fredrick would marry a young immigrant from Denmark by the name of Annie Dorothea Benson in 1895 in Salt Lake City.

A couple of years after their marriage the Daltons moved to Bingham County Idaho. Here in the little town of Coltman, which is near Idaho Falls, they had their fourth child and third son,

Audubon Mathias Dalton on July 18, 1901. This would be Kevin's *Grandpa Dalton*.

In 1915 the Daltons sold their 160-acre farm at Coltman and bought a 480-acre place near Manard, Idaho on the *Camas Prairie*. Here *Aub*, as he was called by those close to him, would meet a little 10 year old girl named Helen Thurber, who would eventually become his wife.

The Thurbers had moved to Manard a couple years after the birth of Helen. They were part of a small group of *Mormons* who settled the town of Manard, which was located a few miles south of present-day Fairfield in Camas County, Idaho. Kevin's great-grandfather, Isaac Erin Thurber was called as Manard's first bishop when the branch there was formed into a ward in 1907. He served in this position for about six years.

Life on the Camas Prairie was very, very hard and after four consecutive years of crop failure due to frost, both the Daltons and Thurbers left in 1916-17. Both families initially moved to Filer (near Twin Falls), Idaho and then on to the Boise area. Isaac Erin would pass away in Boise in 1920 at the age of 45.

With the passing of her father and her mother in feeble health at the time, it fell upon the children, especially Helen being the eldest to provide a living for the family. So at age 15 she got a job as a telephone information operator. This period between her father's death and her marriage she referred to as "*the hard years!*" Of this time she wrote:

"As far as I know we just lived on my \$11.00 per week, there at first. It wasn't very much, and now I know mother did mighty well to keep up the house and feed us on the little I could give her. I can remember feeling hungry at times even when we had finished eating, and being anxious for Sunday when mother always had a beef roast and potatoes and carrots and gravy. That was wonderful."⁴

After a time in Boise, Aub and Helen would meet again and fall in love. Aub served in the Marine Corps for 4 years and during part of this time exchanged beautiful letters with his



Helen Thurber – age 21

sweetheart Helen. As a Marine he was a Sergeant, won marksmanship honors, was a champion wrestler, and even qualified for the Olympics but didn't go because it would interfere with his leave home. One of the most significant things that Kevin would remember about his Grandpa Dalton was that he was very much a patriot. He loved his country, was proud of it, and supported it. He was always a Marine through and through. Even in his old age, when he would see a flag raised or the national anthem played, he would stand and place a hand over his heart. He would do this even at home with no one else around. It was in his heart!



Marine Corp Sergeant
Audubon Dalton aboard the
U.S.S. California

He left the Marines in 1927 and on November 1, 1928, married Helen in the Salt Lake Temple.

Shortly after their marriage, Aub began a long career working for the U.S. Postal service. Before her marriage Helen had worked as a stenographer and as a telephone operator. As a fatherless youth, she had borne a major role in the support of her family and had become an adult very early in life. Now she was able to enjoy the role of homemaker and had the opportunity to serve in church callings, in particular within the Relief Society organization, and do family history work. One of the main qualities Kevin would recognize about his *Grandma Dalton* was her love of the gospel and spirituality.

Both Aub and Helen dearly wanted children but had to endure 10 years before they would be so blessed. News of their impending arrival caused tremendous excitement within a family that had waited so long for such news and had almost given up hope. A letter from Helen to her mother Carolyn expresses the excitement of the moment.

"This is going to be a surprise – a big surprise – so sit down carefully and get a good hold on your chair before you read any further. All ready! Well, Aub and I plan to present you with a new little grandchild – our very,

very own!! December 7th is the day he sent word he would arrive, but we hope he will get anxious and make his debut on your birthday [Dec. 2nd]!"⁵

On December 7, 1938, in Boise's St. Alphonsus hospital their long wait ended with the birth of the first of their two children and only son, King Thurber Dalton.

Stepping back in time 33 years to December 28, 1905, in Hyrum, Utah we find Israel Smith Brown and wife Stella Ann McBride Brown being blessed with their fifth child and fourth son, Wesley Leroy Brown.

Little Wesley's childhood was a pleasant and peaceful one. In his history he states:

"I lived in Hyrum surrounded by my family, grandparents, cousins and other relatives. My mother was an excellent cook and homemaker and my early memories of home are full of love, good smells in the house and busy times. ... I had a real good relationship with my dad. Lowell was really too little then, I would be maybe six or seven and I use to go with him an awful lot and ride behind him on the saddle horse. I really liked to go with him to Brigham City to get peaches. We'd stay overnight and it was a big event. We would sleep in the wagon and turn the horses out in the pasture for the night."⁶

On February 6, 1916, his father died and little 10 year old Wesley had to grow up in a quick way. It fell upon him and the other kids still living at home to work their family farm in Hyrum. As the oldest son still living at home he left school at the end of eighth grade to help his mother full time on the farm.

At age 15 he went up to Montana to earn some extra money cutting hay. In fact he traveled about quite a bit as a teenager. Often he would hitch a ride on the freight trains like a hobo.

At age 17 his life would become even harsher as he would loose his dear sweet mother. He states:

"Seven years after dad's death on May 24, 1923, my mother died. I feel as her friend said, that she died of a broken heart. When my dad died, her spirit died too. She really missed him. We buried her beside our father in the Hyrum Cemetery. We were now alone."⁷

This was a truly heart-breaking situation for the entire community. The story is told that during Stella Brown's funeral as her eight newly orphaned children filed in, all in a line, dressed in their best clothes, the hearts of the people there were truly on edge. Then when they saw little Lavern, Wesley's youngest sister, walk up to the casket, put her little arm on it and softly pat it, the congregation just lost all control and broke into tears.



Wesley Leroy Brown – Age 17

With his mother's death, Wesley really was *alone*. He would travel about and stay at times with his dearly loved older brother Arnold, but his real desire was to marry a sweetheart he knew from Wellsville, by the name of Ruby Glenn. Ruby stated:

“When we were about seventeen Wesley thought we'd get married (his parents had both died and he was left with a farm to run) and he bought lumber and put a new floor on the front porch of the house and fixed it all up ... We never lived in that house he fixed up.”⁸

As her daughter Sharon put it, “She told him ‘No’, they were really too young anyway.” With this Wesley left his home in Hyrum and would never return on a permanent basis.

Ruby Hendry Glenn was born on February 27, 1906 in Wellsville, Utah. She was the fifth daughter and seventh child of William Stuart Glenn and Christina Hendry Glenn. She was a happy cheerful child and this temperament continued all her life. She was extremely active all her life, always involved in something. Even at almost 80 years old, her baby grandson Jeffrey would refer to her as “the *fast* grandma”.

Ruby developed early an attitude of compassion and service for others. This quality she saw readily in the example of her mother. A couple of statements from Ruby's brief oral history show this clearly.

“Most of my youth I worked for women in the area who had had a new baby or were sick. This was always free of charge because my mother would never allow me to take money. She always said the people couldn't afford to pay and I was not even to act like I wanted pay. My mother, in

spite of her bad legs, was always sending food and help to people who needed it and I was almost always her legs (delivery person). I would stay for a week or more sometimes helping in different families. One time I took care of Wesley's grandmother who was ill. I slept in a cot next to her chair where she sat because she couldn't lay down. In the night she'd have trouble breathing and then she'd touch me on the face to wake me up. It use to scare me to death."

"I was never a farm girl, at least I never milked cows. My mother wouldn't let me. She said she was going to have at least one lady. She said she'd do the milking and I was to stay in the house. She milked all the time even with her sore legs."⁹



Ruby Hendry Glenn – Age 17

At age 22 Ruby decided that she was going to marry Wesley Brown. This decision was made against the strongly voiced wishes of her father. She left her home in Wellsville and went to Boise where Wesley's brother Arnold picked her up and brought her to the Cartwright ranch near Horseshoe Bend, Idaho where Wesley was working. The two then went to Baker, Oregon where two of Ruby's older sisters were living. It was here in Baker that they were married on November 17, 1928, by "*a justice of the peace*".¹⁰

Financially their early life together was not an easy one. They not only started out with nothing, but they were headed into the great depression era of the country. Ruby put it simply "*We were really poor.*"¹¹ However, Wesley was readily recognized as a hard worker and never had too much trouble finding a job. During the early years of his married life he would work in a sawmill, as a Fuller brush salesman (this took a lot out of him), and truck driver.

The Browns moved from place to place as they struggled through the depression. They lived in Baker, Oregon; Brigham City, Utah; and Boise, Idaho. By 1937 their first two sons had arrived and they were living in Boise. Wesley was working as a truck driver and farming wheat on some rented land on the side. Ezra Taft Benson was president of their church Stake. It is during

this time that a wonderful event happened in the life of this young family. Here's Wesley's description of it.

"It was during this time that Ruby and I took Fon and Roy and went to the Logan Temple and was sealed as a family. This was on July 28, 1937. It was truly wonderful to see my family all in white kneeling around that altar!"¹²

Summarizing Wesley's feelings of that moment, Ruby stated:

"He leaned his head on his hands on the alter as the two boys came in in white and cried."¹³

On February 12, 1941, Wesley and Ruby were blessed with the birth of their first (living) daughter and named her Sharon Christina. Their family became complete with the birth of Richard Arnold on December 5, 1942. Kevin's *Uncle Dick* would play a special role in his life. Kevin would be reminded often of the handsome physical resemblance to his Uncle Dick that he was blessed with. Kevin would also carry the same easygoing disposition and would always feel a special affinity towards him.

His Parents

A boy is very much a product of the character and attributes possessed by his parents. The way his parents were raised, their struggles and triumphs, their likes and dislikes, and the environment in which they developed, will very much affect the character of their son. Here I hope to show an image of Kevin's parents during their developmental years so that we may better understand the family that he would soon join.

By knowing his parents, it is easy to see from where Kevin came to possess his love of music, knowledge, guns, the outdoors, and athletics; his faith, devotion, trustworthiness, and his mischievous nature which stopped well shy of maliciousness; his creativity, cheerful disposition, etc.

As mentioned before, Kevin's father, King Thurber Dalton was born on December 7, 1938, in Boise, Idaho. His name came from his great-grandfather, Albert King Thurber, and because his mother liked the sound of the initials "KT". His future wife would refer to him as *KT* also. He had one sister, Carolyn who was about 3 years younger.

King and Carolyn had a close relationship growing up and got along well together, especially for a brother



King T. Dalton at about age 18
with his sister Carolyn

and sister. They were good friends. Carolyn described him as a model brother, caring, protective, and good to her. However, King was somewhat of a tease and always had an extremely creative mind for practical jokes. Being a younger sister, Carolyn and at times her friends, were ready targets for this side of King's character. Examples of this include King electrifying her bed with a car battery, wiring a smoke bomb to go off when one of Carolyn's friends (Sharon Brown) started her car, and the time King, out of the blue, decided to put an ice cream cone on Carolyn's nose. Of course, Carolyn was more than able to hold her own with him, as on this last occasion she responded by hitting him with a brick!

King's mischievous nature would be well matched with that of his future wife, Sharon. The prankster in Kevin's father and mother did not end with childhood. April Fools Day in the King and Sharon Dalton family remains to this day a battle of creative genius, with their children at times caught in the crossfire.

As with most *Mormon* boys, King's twelfth birthday was a milestone. He was able to receive the Aaronic Priesthood and be ordained to the office of a Deacon within the church. Within the Dalton family age twelve was also the dividing line between being a child and becoming a young man. As such he would now begin to be treated like a *man*. His mother describes another exciting part of turning twelve and a Dalton tradition that was established.

"... and was now eligible to get a hunting and fishing license. His father had always planned that when his son was twelve he would give him a real gun. When the time came he could not afford to buy one so he gave him the 32 Special which had formerly belonged to King's grandfather, F.W. Dalton, and which Aub his father had had made over. It was a fine, beautiful gun. King was *so thrilled he took the gun to bed with him for several nights*. His father took him to the rifle range and taught him how to shoot."¹

This gun he received, and its origins, will be discussed later. King, like his father before him, became an excellent shot. He spent much time as a youth shooting, hunting rabbits, etc., particularly in the sagebrush plains south of Boise. Later in high school he would compete on the R.O.T.C. Rifle Team and eventually would be a team coach. In the Marine Corps reserves he would qualify as Expert with the M-1 rifle.

In April 1953, the family moved to a 40-acre farm at 6204 Victory Road out on the Boise bench. They bought some cows and began a small dairy operation. King's father was still working for the post office and had to be at work at 6:30am each day. Because of this, King's help in getting the chores done before his father had to leave was critical. He was anxious to do this as his father had offered to give him a \$25 a month salary. This offer had one catch, from that time forward King would have to buy his own clothes, band instrument, car, and anything else he wanted he would have to pay for himself. This was not much of a change for a boy whose heritage had instilled the concept: *If you want it, you find a way to earn the money to buy or do without!* This mantra would be readily passed down to King's children.

To meet his father's work schedule, King and his father would have to get up by 4:00am and sometimes much earlier. Of this experience his mother would write:

"King would finish and wash up the milkers then come in and lay down in front of the radiator and nap for an hour before getting ready for school, but sometimes he didn't get a nap.

We knew this was taxing him almost to the limit, but we needed him, and he was always so good about getting up so early. He never complained once, nor tried to 'renig'. Aub said sometimes he would come out to the barn half awake, but King was always cheerful and got his work done."²

He was asked to join the band at Whitney School in Boise where he attended grade school and as his mother puts it, he "*took to the Trumpet like a fish to water*". He played trumpet in the South Junior band and later the West Junior High band where "*he was always first trumper*"³. It was at this time that his band leader convinced him to get a cornet, which he finally did at a cost of \$350 that he paid himself with money he earned at \$10 a month. He also played in the Boise High School band and later after intense pleading from the Boise Junior College bandleader he played there as first cornet. He was well known as a fine musician and his interest in music has never ceased.

In Boise at this time, students spent four years in junior high school and only two years at the high school. At age 16 he began attending Boise High School and immediately joined R.O.T.C. Being a Marine's son, R.O.T.C. was in his blood. He loved

anything military. He advanced quickly and ultimately held the rank of Major.

He was very meticulous in his dress, a trait that Kevin inherited in full. This habit lent itself especially well to his love of R.O.T.C. His mother's description of this includes:

"He soon earned awards such as 'best dressed' and how he did spend time polishing shoes, etc. and his uniform had to be just spic and span."⁴

King did well in school when he wanted to, however in high school much of the time the desire was not there. He loved to read and did very well taking tests, therefore school was easy for him, but with little motivation he typically got only slightly above average grades. In regards to this, his mother related:

"He became an avid reader of light novels, mysteries, westerns, science fiction, and adventure. King told several times that sometimes school was boring, and he took to taking novels to school and read, when there was nothing else to do, and he took to reading in classes too much and it irritated teachers and rightly so. One such time, in a class, I guess the teacher decided to teach King a lesson. ... had been explaining a certain thing and King was reading, and at the close, called on King to answer a certain question, and King immediately answered it fully and completely and correctly, and that fact irritated the teacher even more. When we scolded King about these little things, he said, 'Well, I know what it was about, and that is the important thing. Why hand in all that daily work, when I know I could pass the tests!' And that was just about his philosophy toward academic work."⁵

This attitude toward schoolwork changed dramatically with his marriage and the birth of his first son. Realizing that his ability to provide for his family depended on how much he could learn and how fast he could learn it, gave him a great incentive to do well in school. So in college, IRS courses, and the correspondence courses he took he did extremely well, moving quickly, getting virtually straight A grades, and was usually at the top of his class.

King was also very athletic. In high school and college he ran cross-country and track. He did very well, received his varsity letter, and won numerous awards. He learned Judo in the Marine Corps reserves. King really enjoyed this and with his Captain and Judo instructor, put on demonstrations of Judo in and around the Boise area.

As a youth, King was generally shy and reserved socially. He had a few good, close friends growing up, but was also very

careful about his choice of friends. His standards were firm and he did not care to join with company that even though popular, were doing things that did not meet those standards. At times he was willing to just be the *lone man out* rather than join with a crowd that was doing wrong.

Around girls he was very shy. He was very attractive and girls at church and school liked him, but he was oblivious to this or was just too shy. Dating and dances were definitely not within his comfort zone.

When pressured by his mother he told her that he wouldn't go to dances because he didn't know how to dance. He expressed an interest in learning how to dance so his mother arranged for him to take a course in ballroom dancing, his only problem being that of having to bring a partner. So he enlisted the help of his sister Carolyn, who went reluctantly. King liked this course and learned to dance quite well.

After that he went to dances occasionally, but dating was still out of the question. Then during his senior year in high school, King, as a Major of the R.O.T.C. was required to attend a special military ball and *he had to take a date!*

His mother tried to convince him to ask a girl from church or school, but trying to take the easy way out he worked to convince his sister Carolyn to go with him. He asked her several times, but she was resolute in her refusal, "*it just wouldn't be right!*"

Carolyn ticked off a list of her friends that could be possible dates for him. With each one he'd comment, "*No*" or "*Maybe*". Finally she got down to her best friend, Sharon Brown. He said that he'd go with Sharon, but requested that Carolyn see if she'd be willing to go with him. She talked to Sharon about going to the dance with King, and Sharon told her "*Sure, but he'll have to ask me himself!*"

The rest of this story is best described in the words of his mother:

"A week or two went by, and I reminded King that since this was a formal dance, any date he chose should have time to arrange to get a formal dress if she did not already have one. Still he demurred. Two days before the ball, King said to Carolyn at breakfast; '*Carolyn, will you ask Sharon if she will go with me to the ball? And tell her I will call her tonight!*'"

Carolyn was so excited! She loved King and looked up to him, and she also loved Sharon her buddie. She hoped it would work. It did, and I think Sharon was very gracious in accepting and getting ready on such short

notice. Her mother bought her a lovely formal dress. King looked so spick and span in his uniform with special braid on his right shoulder. The Statesman [Boise newspaper] photographer took pictures of King and four others, which was put on front page of the Society news. Well, King must have been attracted to Sharon, for they had dates every now and then.”⁶

As mentioned earlier, Sharon Christina Brown was born on February 12, 1941, to Wesley and Ruby Brown. She was born at St. Lukes hospital in downtown Boise.

This adorable little baby girl, the only girl in a family of men, was treated like royalty. Everyone loved her. She had the energy, vibrancy, friendliness, and upbeat nature characteristic of her mother. From the beginning she was always on the go. She also was blessed with the kind and sensitive nature of her mother. These attributes made it easy for her to make and keep friendships. Making friends was always important to her. She readily became endearing to all with whom she came in contact. To this day you can see brightness come into the eyes of family, friends, and acquaintances when they see her again after any length of separation. Kevin would receive his friendly and cheery disposition from her.

At the Brown home in south Boise, Sharon was particularly adored by her “*big*” brothers Fon (age 12) and Roy (age 9), and some close neighbor friends of the family who were Basque, named Lizaso. In fact, one of Sharon’s first friends was little Pete Lizaso.

When Sharon was not quite two years old her brother Richard was born. She would call him *Richie* and thought he was wonderful. The two would be good friends and very close growing up.

In the mid 1940’s the family moved to Stayton, Oregon where they bought and operated the Fisher Dairy. Sharon’s Uncle Lowell Brown and his family were already living there and she had a wonderful time playing with her cousins and taking little trips with them.

The family only lived in Oregon for a couple of years before moving back to Boise where they rented a farm out on Franklin Road. Here Sharon first started school. She only attended the Franklin School in Boise for a month and a half before the family

moved to Grangeville, Idaho where her father had bought another dairy in the fall of 1947.

Actually the dairy and family home were located in Mt. Idaho which was a little town a couple of miles from Grangeville. Here Sharon began attending the little Mt. Idaho School. This was a little one-room building with eight grades and 28 students, a couple of whom were in their late teens and of a fairly rough character.

Grangeville was a logging and farming community on the edge of the vast central Idaho wilderness. At times it was a bit wild. But Sharon enjoyed it there and would carry fond memories of her childhood home.

Sharon's father had to sell the dairy in Mt. Idaho because they couldn't hire the help they needed to run it and the family moved into a house in Grangeville. Wesley got a job driving the mail/freight truck from Grangeville to New Meadows about 70 miles to the south. Sharon loved to ride along with her father as he picked up the mail from each house on the way down to New Meadows. It was held in a mailbag attached to a post in front of each house along the highway. He'd snatch this bag, as he'd drive by at about 55 miles per hour. On the way back he'd deliver the mail by throwing the mailbag out of the truck window and into open 55-gallon drums the people used for mailboxes. This he'd also do while driving by at about 55 miles per hour. Sharon used to love to watch him do it and was amazed that he seemingly never missed!

At the time, the closest LDS church was in Lewiston, Idaho. The church and raising his family in the church had become very important to Wesley, but the distance to Lewiston was a definite problem. Of this he stated:

"Lewiston was about 82 miles from Grangeville and that was where the nearest church was when we moved to Grangeville. We couldn't milk, deliver the milk and get to Sunday School by ten o'clock. So Ruby wrote to Salt Lake to see if there was a church closer. ... The mission president of the Northwestern States Mission wrote to us and said if we could search the town and see if there were any other members of the church there, he'd send a couple of missionaries to help us organize the Sunday School. We put an ad in the local paper and said that there would be a Sunday School held at a certain time for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and everyone was invited. The first Sunday we had seventeen members. They came out of the bushes. [They eventually found a number of families who

were members.] ... We had the missionaries assigned to Grangeville and they lived in our home on the farm for a while. A little later we were made a branch and I was branch president and a counselor to the branch president until we left and moved back to Boise.”⁷

A decade later Grangeville would be a ward and would have a fine church building. It was in this little town that Sharon’s older brothers, Fon and Ron would meet their wives.

At age eight, Sharon was able to take a very special trip to Salt Lake City with her family. While on this trip she was baptized a member of the church by her father in the historic Salt Lake Tabernacle font.



Sharon Brown – Age 8

They moved back to Boise where Sharon attended Franklin School again for fourth & fifth grades while the family lived in a house on Denton Street. A couple of years later they moved to another house with a small acreage out on Ustick Road. Here Sharon attended Cole School during her sixth grade. The next year they moved again to a 160-acre farm out on Boise’s second bench where they had 120 head of dairy cattle. Here Sharon attended the new West Junior High School as she began seventh grade.

At this time they were living in the Boise Eighth Ward of the church, the same ward as the Daltons. Sharon’s father was a counselor in the bishopric.

By this time Sharon had developed a love for music. She was quickly becoming a talented pianist and played clarinet in the school band. She studied hard and did well in school, except that she talked too much. She was a cheerleader and participated in school plays. Her friendly disposition made her popular in school and church. She attended dances regularly and was invited out “a lot”.

Sharon had a special group of about 12 girl friends during her teenage years. They had named their group of friends the “Buddies”. Within this group Sharon had a “very dear buddy, Carolyn Dalton”⁸. The two were and would remain very close

friends. With this in mind, it isn't surprising to find Sharon Brown's name on Carolyn's list of possible dates for her big brother's important R.O.T.C. ball.

The R.O.T.C. ball was a turning point in the lives of both King and Sharon. A few months after this they would be dating regularly. King graduated from high school and began attending Boise Junior College, but his relationship with Sharon continued to grow. By Christmas 1957, it was apparent to all that their relationship was getting very serious. This caused considerable concern with King's mother. She thought a lot of Sharon but she was just 16 years old and her boy was barely 19. "*They are just so young!*"⁹

Little did King's mother know how serious things really had become, because after a formal dance that Christmas night he asked Sharon to marry him and she accepted. However, he didn't announce their engagement for a few months because it took him that long to earn and save the money needed to buy Sharon the special ring they had picked out together. By the time of Sharon's Junior Prom they were ready to make their engagement official. Before the dance King brought his girlfriend back to his house to show his parents her finger with a beautiful diamond ring on it. Later at the dance they made quite a sensation with the news.

At this time King had decided that he wanted to be a farmer. With his father now retired from his position with the post office, the two decided to go into farming together. So in June 1958, they traded their property in Boise for a 160-acre farm at Parma, Idaho.

Initially King and Sharon had planned to get married the following December, however on this farm at Parma was a little house about a half mile away from the main farmhouse. With this little house available to them, they decided to move up their wedding plans.

Sharon would often tell her children that when King asked her to marry him, she responded with the question; "*Where?*" She would say: "*I figured that if he didn't love me enough to marry me in the temple, that I didn't want to be married to him!*"

King's response to this question was correct and on Wednesday, August 20, 1958, they were married and sealed in the Salt Lake Temple.



King & Sharon Dalton at their wedding reception

Two days later, a lovely reception was held for them in the Boise Eighth Ward church building. After this they went on their honeymoon, which consisted of several days of camping in the mountains of Idaho. They had told no one where they were going, however they soon ran into Sharon's older brothers Fon and Roy and their families who went camping in the same area. This is why many of King and Sharon's honeymoon pictures include photos of them with Sharon's young nieces and nephews. They did have a wonderful time together and were lucky to have found them as King and Sharon's car broke down, which would have left them stranded in the Idaho wilderness.

After the events surrounding their wedding, life as a new family began for them in a tiny white house on one end of their farm in Parma. In the beginning they had very, very little. As Sharon would put it; *"We didn't have enough money to be poor!"*

They did have the hopes, dreams, and enthusiasm of newlyweds and Sharon excitedly went to work making this little house their home. With the help of her mother and friends, they

actually made it look kind of nice inside. However, it had no bathroom or hot water, and had a beehive inhabiting one wall. They did have an outhouse but it was a little ways out into the field. Sharon describes this as such:

“It had an outhouse with two sides. [A men’s and women’s outhouse?] No, no, *two sides!* The other two were open! If somebody was in the field doing any work, you didn’t go!”¹⁰



King & Sharon Dalton’s first house at
Parma, Idaho

Financially things did not go well on the farm in Parma. King and his father were going through a lot of anxiety, with both crop problems and mistakes in the business of farming. King quickly realized that he was lacking in business experience and that even in farming, if he didn’t gain at least a basic understanding of business, he would always be subject to potentially costly mistakes.

He also wanted to broaden his knowledge to include business and other aspects of life so he could be comfortable and not embarrassed when speaking with others. So he decided to change his direction in college and emphasize business. He also took a LaSalle extension course in business and law. At the time he commented to his mother:

“I don’t want farming to be all I know. I want to learn enough about business so that I will never again get in such a mess.”¹¹

With the incentive of needing to support a wife with a baby on the way, King’s schoolwork became exceptional.

As they began attending their new ward in Parma, King and Sharon quickly became involved in church assignments. King worked with the Boy Scouts and Sharon served as organist and with the Young Women’s Volleyball team. They also quickly made friends with several other young married couples.

With their financial misfortunes, soon they had to sell the half of the farm with the little white house, and King and Sharon

moved into a room at one corner of the dairy barn. Sharon's description of this home includes the following:

"We split it [the room at the corner of the barn] into two pieces with a curtain of muslin in the middle. We had a bedroom and a front room!

There was hot water in the barn, not where we were. There was no water where we were. You had to go in where they milked the cows, there was hot water in there. There was an outhouse around the other side [of the barn], you went down to the house [were King's parents lived] and took your showers and all that kind of stuff."¹²

So it was in the corner of this barn, that Kevin would find his first home here on earth!

Chapter Four

A Newborn

Kevin always enjoyed the distinction of being the only one of his brothers and sisters to have been born in Oregon. Of course, he was also the only one who lived in a barn! But that was rarely brought up.

About eight miles from Parma, across the Snake River which forms the Idaho-Oregon border, sits the town of Nyssa. Nyssa's Malheur Memorial was very small, however being the closest hospital in the area it would be Kevin's birthplace.

And so it was late on a Friday morning that about 16 hours of labor would begin for Sharon as she gave birth to her first child. Or would it be *children*? During her last visit, Sharon's doctor, Grant B. Hughes, had told her, "*I wouldn't be surprised if you had twins.*" Now with the baby coming about two weeks early, that comment added significantly to the anxiety and excitement of the moment at hand.

That afternoon Sharon and King drove over to the hospital in Nyssa. Later when a mother is in labor or giving birth, fathers and even whole families are allowed in the room with her and often participate in the process. Fathers are allowed to be right there to witness the birth of their children and lend support and comfort to their wives. However at the time of Kevin's birth the hospital experience was totally different. Sharon describes it this way:

"Now in those days, the dad's didn't come in [to the labor or delivery rooms of the hospital], he chunked me in and that's the last time he saw me."

(King comments: "*He just sat around!*")

"Just sat around, dazed, waiting all those hours! And no one is supposed to come in. So I'm in there and there were four or five beds in the

labor room, we were just all chucked on top of each other. Anyway I'm in there and all at once in through the door came my mother! She just came in!

I said, 'mother how'd you get in here?' She said, 'I just walked in, you know if you act like you know what you're doing they don't bother you.' *She came right in!* She stayed in there really for about an hour. They finally threw her out. They threw her out when they took me into the delivery room. She had to go out in the hall with everybody else who wasn't gutsy enough to just walk right in."¹

The night of Kevin's birth was already an event scheduled on the calendars of many of the women in Sharon's church ward, as they had planned a shower (expectant mother party) for her that night. They expected that this shower would be a couple of weeks before the baby's birth. Unfortunately, the new mother wouldn't even be able to attend. Sharon remarked:

"So [this shower] was suppose to be for the night I was in labor with him. So Grandpa and Grandma Brown, and Grandpa and Grandma Dalton went over and opened presents, had the baby shower and had such a good time [without us]! Then after they got all that taken care of, they came over to the hospital. As Grandma and Grandpa Brown were coming over, a cow came down off the side of the side hill and ran right in front of them and they hit it and killed it. It went up over the car, just really, really ruined the front of their [new] red car."²

So after a rather eventful night for his new family, Kevin came to earth the next morning, Saturday the 16th of May 1959, at 1:54am. Kevin's physical appearance throughout his life was that of a tall slender build, with brown eyes, and blond hair during his childhood and youth which turned brown as he reached adulthood. Those who knew this Kevin might be a little surprised at the description given by his mother of her new firstborn son.

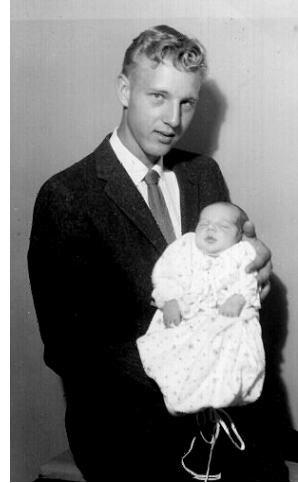
"He was a little cute blond [his skin color]. He was so short and so *fat*. He was 19 ½ inches long, that's all! The shortest kid I had. He was 8lbs 2ozs. ... Just had this little blond cute face, he was a pretty baby. Some baby's are not real cute, but he was a really pretty baby with dark hair and dark eyes."³

After a four-day stay in the little hospital in Nyssa, Kevin and his mother were able to return home to the little room in the corner of the dairy barn.

Having both sets of grandparents nearby, and being the first grandchild to one set of grandparents and the first baby for two

young parents, it isn't surprising that Kevin immediately became the center of attention. Being the adorable new baby of her beloved older brother and also that of her best friend, made Kevin especially endearing to his Aunt Carolyn who thought he was the cutest thing in the world. In company with her boyfriend, David Trost (eventually Kevin's "Uncle David") she would take him "*anywhere*".

Babies within the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints are given a blessing by virtue of priesthood authority and a record of their name is made. Kevin was so blessed on July 5, 1959, in the Parma Ward building. His father performed the ordinance. It



Kevin 10 days old with his father



At left: Kevin with his mother on July 5, 1959 the day he was blessed in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Parma Ward).



At right: The special robe Kevin was blessed in. Kevin's third great-grandmother Ann Shepherd Miller made this all by hand in about the year 1842 while living in Southampton, Hampshire, England. Her daughter and Kevin's second great-grandmother Alice Ophelia Miller Dalton was blessed in it. Kevin's grandfather Audubon Mathias Dalton and great-grandfather Fredrick William Dalton were also blessed in it.

would be the first of many priesthood ordinances that his father would perform for him during his life and during the lives of his other brothers and sisters. At this time Kevin had an additional honor that none of his other siblings would have. He was blessed wearing the special gown made by his third great-grandmother, Ann Shepherd Miller and used especially as a blessing gown by his ancestors within the church.

In late August that year, Kevin and his family moved from the barn and into the *basement house* on the farm in Parma. His grandparents and Aunt Carolyn, who were living in that house, rented another little house a couple of blocks away.

At this time Sharon had still not graduated from high school. She was married just after her junior year, but only needed about three credits to graduate. After her marriage she started school in Parma, but with her pregnancy with Kevin and the fact that Parma High School would not allow her to take only the credits that she needed but required that she attend full days for the full year, she had to give it up. Now with Kevin born, and King driving to Boise Junior College each day, she decided to finish at the new Borah High School in Boise. Here she could go to school for just a half-day for half of the school year in order to get the remaining credits that she needed to graduate.



Four generations; Great-Grandma Carolyn Butler Thurber, Grandma Helen Thurber Dalton, Father King Thurber Dalton, and Kevin King Dalton. Taken December 2, 1959 on Great-Grandma's 79th birthday

With the school year now starting, a typical day for Kevin and his family would proceed as follows:

King would get up at about 3:00am and milk the cows and do other chores. He'd load the full milk cans in the back of an old Ford pick-up they had and after breakfast, he, Sharon, and Kevin would begin their 45-mile trip to Boise.

On the way they would stop in Caldwell and deliver the milk to a dairy there. By hauling their own milk they were able to save the money they would have had to pay to have it hauled. This saved money they were then able to draw from the partnership and use it to pay for the gas to go to and from Boise and for a few groceries.

Once in Boise, King went to the college, Sharon to high school, and Kevin was left with his Grandpa and Grandma Brown who would tend him each day while his parents were in school.

After King's last class he would pick up his wife and baby son, and travel back to Parma where he would milk the cows again and do other afternoon chores with his father.

Most evenings they would go to the church building where they would meet and socialize with about six other couples with young families. The men played basketball, the wives socialized perhaps enjoying a treat someone had brought, and the kids played or were just admired by their young parents. None of these young families had any money, but had a good time enjoying each other's company.

The basketball games would often go until midnight, after which King would go home and go to bed, just to start the daily routine again in a few hours.⁴

Of course after a consistent routine of late nights and early mornings, King was very tired during the day. This caused a particular dilemma as during his drive to Boise each morning he would regularly fall asleep. Of course being young students, who weren't wise enough to go to bed at a reasonable hour in the first place, their solution to this problem left a lot to be desired. Instead of just switching drivers, King would drive while asleep and Sharon would steer the pick-up down the highway from the right seat (Kevin was between the two).

Fortunately this routine was put to an end when one morning a policeman saw this truck driving by him. Inside, he saw the driver with his head leaning against the window sound asleep! He quickly pulled him over and asked him why and just as importantly, *how* he was driving while asleep! After getting their somewhat incredulous explanation he let them off with a kind but stern warning, "*Next time you're tired let her drive!*"⁵



Kevin, Aunt Carolyn Dalton, and David Trost on Christmas day 1959

By the time of Kevin's first Christmas he was making the transition from baby to toddler. He was fun for all those around him, doing cute things, with everything in the world new to him. Of course, Christmas with its bright lights, tinsel, and decorations was especially exciting, not only for him, but for his young parents who were able to enjoy the Christmas excitement in a way that only a young child can bring for the first time. Of this his mother remarked:

"That first little Christmas he was just adorable. He was so excited. We had absolutely nothing. I think I spent \$5 on cute little clothes and that's all he got. But he thought the tree was so gorgeous, he'd just squeal! He wasn't real big, about eight months. He walked when he was nine months and he was almost walking [at Christmas time]. But that Christmas was real fun, he really, really was cute.

We lived in the basement of that house [on the farm in Parma] that first Christmas. Carolyn and David just thought he was so cute. David had given her [Carolyn] a big huge dog [stuffed dog] and they'd put Kevin on it and ride him around on this dog, we thought that was so cute. They were dating at that time and they were having a really good time, they were both in high school still."⁶

At nine months Kevin reached another milestone in his young life. Time for his first haircut. His hair had grown to a shaggy inch or two in length, which was *way to long* for his Grandpa Brown who was ever vigilant in making sure that his male posterity looked like men and would use the term "*He looks like a*

girl!” Anytime one of Kevin’s hairs would grow long enough to actually comb. Of course, Grandpa Brown was the designated hair cutter in Kevin’s family, having gained this qualification by having sheared a sheep once. Anyway, Kevin having little concern for his appearance at this time, readily submitted to the haircutting by his beloved Grandpa Brown.

The financial situation on the farm in Parma continued to deteriorate and by early spring 1960 it became clear to King that there was no way that both his family and his father’s family were going to be able to make it on the farm. At this time he decided formally to pursue a career in business. He had the examples of both his Uncles Waldo and Milton Thurber who were Certified Public Accountants, as well as that of his late Uncle Erin Thurber and Sharon’s brother Roy Brown who were also CPA’s. With the accounting examples within his extended family, his pursuits naturally took a course in that direction.

With the farm’s failure he had to look for other work. The drive from Parma to Boise each day was also becoming a difficulty. The solution to both of these problems came when Kevin’s grandfather, Wesley Brown, needed help on his farm and dairy just outside of Boise and offered King a job milking. So in late April 1960, Kevin and his family moved to Boise and lived with his grandparents Brown.

Kevin’s Grandpa Dalton continued with the farm in Parma and milked the few cows that were left. Shortly they left that farm and after a couple of trades ended up with two houses on Menlo Drive in Boise. It was this property that Kevin would remember as he visited his Grandpa and Grandma Dalton in Boise during his childhood.

Kevin enjoyed living with his grandparents in Boise. There was a tire swing in back, a little wading pool that he could “*swim*” in, and he loved to explore the garden and plants around this house with his grandmother. Having been able to walk for a few months now, he loved to be outside exploring and



Kevin on his 1st birthday

spring was a wonderful time of year to be out there. And now learning to speak, he was able to describe what he saw.

It would be impossible to envision a more adorable little boy than Kevin as he reached his first birthday on May 16th, 1960. A toddler running about, saying newly learned little words, and surrounded by loved ones. Was he spoiled? Of course! But not by material things, by affection.

In June of that year, Kevin had an opportunity that few children have. He was able to attend his mother's high school graduation. Sharon Dalton graduated from Borah High School in Boise. At the time Kevin was 13 months old and Sharon was four months pregnant with her second child.



Kevin with his mother, Sharon Dalton at the time of her high school graduation (June 1960).

Chapter Five

Seattle-Boise-Pocatello

King had finished his second year at Boise Junior College and in July he got a job with the Internal Revenue Service in the collection division in Boise. He immediately requested a transfer to Pocatello, Idaho, or Moscow, Idaho, the locations of Idaho's only universities. He couldn't afford out of state tuition so these were his only choices if he was to attend a four-year college. They agreed to send him to Pocatello, the location of Idaho State University. However this transfer wouldn't take place until January 1961.

In the meantime, King was required to attend a two-month long IRS school in Seattle. So in August 1960 they packed up and moved to Seattle. Here's Sharon's description of that time:

"When we went to Seattle Kevin was 15 months old and we went clear to Seattle in a little Volkswagen [beetle] with everything we owned. We had his baby bed, stroller, our clothes, our high chair, and a potty-chair, in this Volkswagen and it was full, so Kevin was like he was on the roof shelf.

[This was in the days before seat belts, etc., were an issue. What she is describing is the little gap of space between all the stuff they had packed into this Volkswagen bug and the ceiling, where Kevin rode on this 450-mile trip from Boise to Seattle.]

You know that baby never cried, he was so good! He just rode up on that little shelf up there and I guess he could see out. Those were the days before seat belts, so we just put him up there on his mattress on his bed.

When we got into Seattle, we weren't smart enough I guess and our parents didn't help us out with that, we had no place to go. We hadn't gotten a place to [stay]. We were from Idaho! We figured you just went, found an apartment, and you rented the sucker, right! No one would take children! No one in Seattle would rent to somebody with kids! So for the first couple weeks we stayed in cheap motels. And these people ... weren't real happy about having Kevin, they'd say *'If he breaks anything you have*

to be sure it gets fixed!' Kevin never broke anything, he was very easy to have. He was good.

[King] was going to school and Kevin and I would drive around in this Volkswagen trying to find anything that would take a child. We finally did find a little one-room thing with a kitchen-front room-bedroom-bathroom thing. [It was] maybe 500 square feet, just teeny. They would take a child.

Poor old Kev, he was born a really good child. Thank goodness, because he had a couple of green dummies for parents. You know we'd take him to Sacrament meeting, I don't ever remember really taking him out. He just was good! He's now a little 16 month old with all that energy, a little toddler. He was already pretty much potty trained. He talked very well, very early. He'd just say a lot of things, big words and sentences by the time he was 16 months.

This little house had an alley that ran down the back of it and it was really a busy alley and then this main street right in front of it. It was maybe 10 yards between the front and the back [the street and this alley], no fenced in yard, and then the next one, there were a group of little [bungalows], there was about 16 feet between it and the next one. That was his play yard, that little 16 feet with an alley in back and the street in front, and I told him *'You can not go in that road, you have to stay away from that road'*! You know he never did go towards either thing [street or alley], this was all dirt, and he'd play in that dirt with his cars and things. I wouldn't go off where I couldn't see him real close. He was amazing because he would play right there!"¹

While in Seattle, Kevin and his parents loved to visit a large park nearby called Woodland Park. This park had big pine trees and a lake with ducks, and Kevin just loved that. He loved to go over there to run around, "*climb*" trees or rocks, and "*shoot*" the ducks. He'd always find a stick and just spend hours just running around pushing his stick on the ground like a little car or popping toy. College students would jog around the lake and Kevin loved to sit and watch them run. Kevin and his mother spent a lot of time in this park, passing the time while his father was in school.

Kevin's father was a very quick study, a fast reader, and very motivated when given the opportunity to work at his own pace. He was able to complete courses that were intended to be taken over a period of months or



Kevin (16 months) with his father
at Green Lake in Seattle

years in a matter of weeks. The combination of these qualities and skills enabled him to move ahead very quickly in his employment with the IRS. This is shown in his description of his time in Seattle.

“I lived in Boise and was waiting for the class [in Seattle] and while I was waiting they had some free correspondence courses they would give you and when you finished them they [the IRS] would accept them as a college degree. So I waited for a couple of weeks, maybe three weeks before the class in Seattle started that I had to go to, so I got those correspondence courses and decided to work on them. Then I went to Seattle and took Kevin, of course. The way they had the course set up they would give you a reading assignment ... everybody in the class had the same length of time, then they would have a discussion for a half hour or so after your reading assignment. So the whole class would start just reading the text. What would take the rest of the class an hour to read, I’d do in fifteen minutes, so I’d read the assignment and then I’d [use the rest of the time to] work on my correspondence course. ... At the end of the 6 weeks I had all of those [correspondence] courses done and they [the IRS] accepted them as the equivalent of a degree. So I immediately applied for a job as an Internal Revenue agent which was a step up [from the collections job for which he had just been hired]. They transferred us down to Pocatello so I could go to school. I worked in collections there until the thing came through as a revenue agent.”²

With the IRS school completed the family moved back to Boise in the fall of 1960. Briefly they lived with Kevin’s Grandpa and Grandma Brown again at Route #4, before moving into a little red house next door. However, they knew all of this was only temporary as they were expecting King’s transfer to Pocatello and the start of school in a few months.

At this time another major change came into Kevin’s young life. On November 15th, 1960, Kevin’s first little brother, Craig was born. Kevin was excited to have a baby brother and loved him, too much at times. However, accompanying this new brother would also be a division of the attention that Kevin had enjoyed alone. As would be the case with virtually any toddler in Kevin’s situation, he had a period of adjustment. His mother describes:

“Kevin was always pretty good-natured. Actually the only time I ever knew him to have any temper particularly was when we lived in the little house by Mother and Dad and [Craig was] a little baby and he [Kevin] got a little jealous. He had Grandma and Grandpa Brown’s attention, he’d been the center of their [attention], they tended him while I went to school and then we lived next door to them and had lived with them, and ... he had all of their attention. The other grandkids were somewhat older so he was it,

he was the cute little grandkid! And then [Craig] came along, so for a few months actually he had what I called crying fits, he'd get so upset with whatever didn't please him at that point that he'd cry and cry and cry until he absolutely couldn't quit. So we took him to a doctor and he said *'boy, you can solve that! Just take a cup of cold water and throw it in his face and he'll stop!'* Boy he did! He only did it twice after that. It was kind of a temper tantrum. There was nothing wrong with him."³



Kevin (1 ½ year) feeding his brother Craig (1 month) a cookie

Aside from this little adjustment, Kevin enjoyed having a new baby brother. This enjoyment would grow as his little brother would grow and begin to be able to do things. When other friends and playmates were gone, this one would always be there. Here was someone to play with. In Kevin's world of big people and adults, here was *his* subordinate. Here was someone to whom *he* could teach his vast childhood wisdom. Here was someone he could protect and love. In short order, the person paying the most attention to Craig would not be the grandparents or even his parents, it would be Kevin!

The above quote from Kevin's mother gives us an insight into the disciplinary practices that Kevin would be subject to growing up. Kevin's parents were loving and for the most part gentle in their dealings with their children, however depending on the stage in a given child's development and the misbehavior involved, corporal punishment was used when deemed appropriate. For a young child with limited ability to reason, a spanking was the common punishment or perhaps sitting on a chair in the corner. Older children would be subject to removal of privileges or perhaps a fine. Encouragement was used as often as the threat of punishment. However the term "*No!*" was common in the Dalton home. The best description of discipline in the Dalton household would be practical and common sense. The home was filled with a feeling of love, however, you did what you were told and that without argument.

Truly the greatest deterrent against misbehavior for Kevin as he grew was simply the desire to please his parents. Their approval of him and his actions was always important. In his later teenage years this desire would be augmented by his testimony of the gospel, his conviction to do what he believed was right, and a sensitive conscience.



Kevin (19 months) – Christmas 1960

Christmas that year was particularly exciting. With his father's job at the IRS the family's financial situation was improving. They would still have several years as a struggling college student family but compared to their situation on the farm in Parma things were definitely improved. Kevin was at a fun age to be given fun things, and now with a little bit of money his parents were able to give him some wonderful gifts. Among the gifts he received that year was a yellow rocking horse with a large wooden head and a small tricycle. Kevin loved these toys and would later pass them down to his younger brothers and sisters, as they would last many years.

Adding to the family's excitement of that Christmas was the recent birth of Kevin's new brother, the marriage proposal of his soon to be Uncle, David Trost to his Aunt Carolyn, and the fact that the family would be moving across the state to Pocatello in a few days.

About the 1st of January 1961, the family moved to Pocatello. Instead of the Volkswagen they now had an old Plymouth that looked like it had been hand painted green. They rented a little house at 657 South 3rd in downtown Pocatello. This was right by the railroad tracks, with the college about three blocks away.

They would only live in this home for about three months. As part of King's new position as a revenue agent, the IRS sent him to a 13-week training school in Phoenix, Arizona.

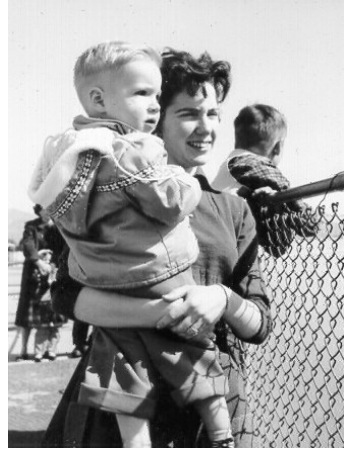
On March 18, 1961, Kevin watched with his mother as his dad left from Boise airport for Phoenix. While King was in Phoenix, Sharon and the two boys lived with her parents in Boise. During

this time Sharon worked helping to prepare for her best friend's wedding. On April 12, 1961, Carolyn Dalton married David Trost in the Salt Lake Temple. Sharon helped with the reception, took pictures, and served as matron of honor. They had a wonderful wedding, but Sharon missed having "*her best man*", as King couldn't be there due to his school in Phoenix.

Two things marred Kevin's otherwise enjoyable 2nd birthday. One was the lack of his father who was still in Phoenix. The second was that he had to go to St. Luke's Hospital in Boise to have an operation on his eyes. He had a problem with closed tear ducts and this caused his eyes to tear all of the time. He passed through this well, but of course the experience was definitely a trial for a little two year old boy. Fortunately, he was surrounded by the loving arms of his mother and grandparents.

One very welcome benefit the family received from the IRS schools in Seattle and Phoenix was the fact that in addition to King's normal salary they were paid a per diem living expense allowance. Having lived on virtually nothing since the beginning of their married life, King and Sharon made sure that they lived on about half of this per diem stipend. The remainder they saved and eventually would have enough for the down payment on the first house they would own together.

At this time, King did very well scholastically. The days of just *sliding* through high school had definitely passed. Now with his growing family he was motivated to get ahead and doing well with his studies was becoming habitual. This class in



Kevin (22 months) & his mom watching his dad fly out of Boise airport for Phoenix



Kevin (2yr) being held by Grandpa Brown after his eye operation

Phoenix was no exception. King was the only attendee who was not a college graduate, but received the top grade in the class and thoroughly impressed his instructors.

Towards the end of King's stay in Phoenix, Sharon drove down and stayed the last three weeks with him. During this time, Kevin and Craig, although missing their parents, had an enjoyable time staying alternately with both sets of grandparents.

Soon after King and Sharon's return from Phoenix the family moved back to Pocatello where they would stay for the next 2 ½ years. They rented the basement portion of a house at 594 Richland. The owner of the house, Mrs. Mary Green, lived upstairs.

While in Pocatello, King worked during the day as a revenue agent with the IRS and went to school at night at Idaho State University. King also served as financial clerk in their church ward. Because of his busy schedule there was little time for other activities.

Trips to the park and playground with his mother and little brother were common for Kevin. On occasion the family had outings in the hills near Pocatello and they took a trip in late August 1961, to Yellowstone with Uncle David and Aunt Carolyn Trost. But most of Kevin's time was spent playing inside or in the backyard with his little brother.

About this time Kevin's beloved Grandpa and Grandma Brown



Home at 594 Richland, Pocatello, Idaho

Left: Kevin (2 ½ years) and Craig playing in backyard

Right: Kevin (2 ½ years) giving Craig a "kiss" in his little red wagon

were called to serve a mission for the church. They were assigned to the Eastern States Mission and worked in upstate New York. They would be gone almost three years working in the town of Oneida and later at the church historical sites around Palmyra, New York. They had many wonderful experiences and memories of their

mission were very dear to them, but to two little boys and especially Kevin, their leaving was almost tragic. They spoke of how when they left after saying goodbye to Sharon and her family all they could remember seeing was two little boys crying at the window.

One thing worth mentioning about Christmas 1961 is the making of special Christmas stockings for Kevin and Craig by their mother. These stockings were made of flannel with flannel letters sewn on to form the names of the children. Each was decorated with little flannel figurines of clowns, balls, etc., which were also painstakingly sewn on. This started one of the family's Christmas traditions as Sharon would make a similar stocking for each child, grandchild, and in-law that would come into the family. The stockings would be hung each Christmas in the Dalton home, usually over the fireplace, and filled with goodies from Santa. This would continue for the rest of Kevin's life, even



Craig & Kevin (2 ½ years) being held by Grandma & Grandpa Brown just before they left on their mission to New York.



Craig & Kevin (right) on Christmas Eve 1961 – notice Kevin's stocking hanging on the cabinet to his left.

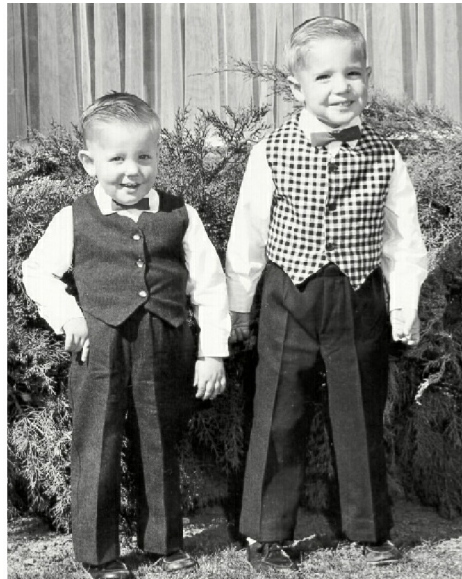
after he was grown, married, and living almost a thousand miles from his mother. Sharon would mail all of the filled stockings to her grown children and grandchildren who no longer lived nearby. They would enjoy the stockings and goodies for a while and mail the empty stockings back to Sharon sometime before the next Christmas when the process would begin again.

About the 4th of July 1962, King and Sharon bought their first house and moved a few blocks away to 3445 McKinley. This was a cute little brick house and the family was very excited to move there even though they had almost nothing with which to furnish the house. For example, all they could afford to put in the living room was an old black & white television set, Kevin's little rocking chair, a rug, and a couple of boxes to sit on.

Another tradition established early in the King & Sharon Dalton family was Easter clothes and pictures. Each year for Easter the children would be given new Sunday clothes. Then before church, while they were still clean and neat they would pose while their father took pictures of each of them. Kevin's Grandma Dalton was an early amateur photographer, developing her own



Kevin 3 years old



Craig & Kevin – Easter 1963

Often their clothes, including Easter outfits were made by their mother, as is the case with the outfits they are wearing on the right, which were made by Sharon out of their father and grandfather's old shirts.

black and white photographs, etc. King greatly expanded on this hobby and at times would work as a professional photographer. It is probably due to this interest that there are so many early photographs of Kevin available. King loved to take pictures and his children were ready subjects, especially Kevin with his big, bright, brown eyes, and cute, chubby-cheeked smile.

By spring 1963, King was nearing the end of his schooling at Idaho State University. He studied hard and the family prayed a lot for him to be able to pass his CPA exam. Although he had always been extremely good at taking tests he was not taking this one lightly. This test consists of sections that may be passed individually. Most applicants take the exam several times until they have passed all the sections, very, very few pass the entire exam at one time. On May 15th King began taking the 3-day exam. By August he received the results, he had passed the entire National Certified Public Accountant exam! Some twenty years later Kevin would follow in his father's footsteps in having to pass this exam to become a CPA.

At this time, King's Uncle, Milton Thurber, asked if he would be interested in coming to California to work for him in his CPA firm. By this time King had been doing quite well working for the IRS so the change would only result in a slight increase in pay, but it would give him an opportunity to buy into a partnership in the firm. On top of that he would be working with his *Uncle Milt*, a man who he admired and respected very much.

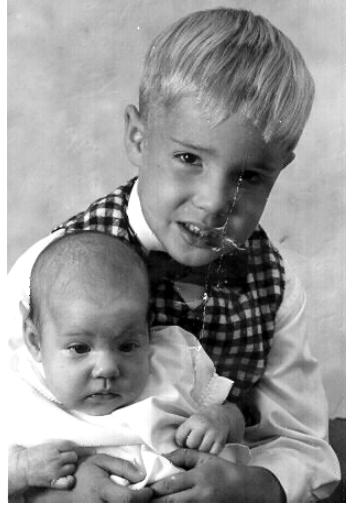
That summer of 1963, Kevin rode with his father and Grandpa and Grandma Dalton as they drove down to Ontario, California to visit with Uncle Milt, see the area, and decide whether or not to take up the offer. This was the first time that Kevin would see Southern California. Kevin's mother didn't go on this trip because she was expecting another baby shortly. Craig didn't go either.

King told Milt that he would take the job, but that he couldn't move to California until the beginning of the next January, because he still had a few credits remaining before he could get his degree.

With the deal set and plans to move to California in place, they began to worry about being able to sell their house in Pocatello because "*nothing was selling*". Before listing it with a realtor, Sharon put a *For Sale* sign in the front window to see if they would get any interest. Immediately two interested parties stopped to

inquire and one of these bought it and wanted to move in right away. By August 7th the family had to move into an apartment because they still had five more months before King would be through with school in Pocatello.

With all of these changes in their lives, Kevin's sister Shauna was born on August 24, 1963, in Pocatello, Idaho. Being older now, none of the jealousy or insecurity that was somewhat an issue when Craig was first born was part of Kevin's attitude towards his new little sister. He was excited about the "*baby*" and loved to do things for her. As Kevin grew into an adult, his love for and affinity towards, *little baby girls* would never change.



Kevin (4 ½ years) with
"Baby Shauna" (6 weeks)

On to California

It was in December 1963, that the Daltons were finally ready to begin their move to California. First, Sharon and little Shauna went by bus to Ontario and lived with Uncle Milt and his wife Madge. The intent was to find a place to live before King came down with the two boys and their household belongings.

She found a nice apartment (781 Wedgewood Court, Apt. A) in a little town just north of Ontario named Upland. The small apartment complex where they would live was located on the southwest corner of 11th Street and Mountain Avenue.

King and the boys moved down during Christmas break at Idaho State University. This move was horrific for King. He rented a U-haul trailer and attached it via a rented bumper hitch to the blue Ford Thunderbird he had bought previously from Sharon's brother Roy. With the help of Kevin's Grandpa and Grandma Dalton, who had come from Boise to help with the move, the trailer and car were both loaded to the extreme. This caused the first problem during their journey to California when a few miles out of Pocatello at a weigh station King was informed that his trailer was 1400 lbs. overweight. After about a half-hour of King's polite persuading they were allowed to go on. The next problem was a flat tire on the trailer, which King changed at the weigh station. Then as they finally left the Pocatello area it was snowing.

King's parents followed along behind in their car as far as Salt Lake City, Utah where they all stopped to stay the night with Carolyn and David Trost who were living there at the time. King decided to unload part of the overweight trailer and leave it at his sister's house to be picked up on another trip. Being worried about

getting caught in a snowstorm headed through southern Utah, he decided to leave about 7pm, instead of spending the night in Salt Lake as originally planned. His parents remained at their daughter's home and King with his two little boys, Kevin and Craig, started off in their little blue Thunderbird and U-haul trailer. It would take them 20 hours to make the typically 12 hour drive from Salt Lake to Ontario. King would speak of this trip often with a certain dread in his voice, this following comment being typical:



Kevin (4 ½ years) decorating tree
on Christmas 1963

"Pulling that trailer was really slow, car pinging as we went up the hills. We got caught late at night in a snowstorm over the Beaver summit (in southern Utah) about midnight with Craig and Kevin. We just barely made it up. ... [I] stepped on the gas and the wheels kind of cut down through the snow and ice and hit the pavement and kind of jerked forward, kept doing that until we finally slid over the top. That was a miserable trip!"¹

The family was now ready to begin a new life, in a new home, just in time for Christmas. Christmas that year wasn't much, a little scraggly tree, an apartment half-unpacked, and exhausted parents. But Kevin was filled with the excitement of his new home. On top of that, it was winter, and yet it was still warm outside! Something definitely new for a little boy from Idaho!

The first week in January King returned to Pocatello to finish his last two weeks at Idaho State University. In route he left Sharon and the kids in Salt Lake City, Utah to stay with and visit Kevin's Uncle Roy Brown and Aunt Carolyn Trost and their families who were living in the area at the time. In mid-January with King's schooling complete the family would return to Upland which would be their home for a long, long time.

Upland in the early 1960's was composed almost entirely of citrus orchards. During Kevin's childhood he would watch as

these lemon groves were replaced by track homes. By the time Kevin would go to high school the citrus orchards would essentially be gone, and the population of Upland would be quadrupled.

At this time Upland was a quiet, safe town, with little noticeable crime and few worries. Kevin's days were filled with having lemon fights with his little brother and friends in the lemon groves across the street from the apartments where he lived, building little forts, playing *hide-n-seek*, and a multitude of other boyhood games. The lemon fights consisted of simply grabbing lemons and just throwing them at each other, trying to hit each other with lemons, kind of like war, but with lemons instead of guns.

There was also a vacant lot to the southeast of the apartments where there were a number of abandoned cars, this was near the parking lot of the old *Michael's* grocery store that used to be there. Kevin would spend numerous hours in those vacant cars with his little brother and friends, playing different imaginary games, having make believe races, and other activities typical of a five year old boy.

He also would regularly walk down to the *Stop-n-Go* market (a convenience store) just across from that Michael's parking lot. It was a regular occurrence for him to walk over there and get *Icees*, which was a type of slushy frozen drink popular at the time. Kevin's mother would let her little boys walk there alone, although she would often watch them from the corner or out the window or from some other vantage point.

The owners/managers of the apartments were a family by the name of Novak. John and Robbie Novak and their two boys Jay and Chucky lived in an apartment near the Daltons. The two families became close friends. At the time, Jay was eight years old. Chucky, who was about the same age as Kevin, immediately became his best



Kevin & Craig Dalton with Jay & Chucky Novak at the "Rocket" park near Upland

friend. They would do everything together!

Often the Daltons, Novaks, and later the Trosts, would go to a park nearby that the children nicknamed the “*rocket*” park. It was so named because of a large “*rocket*” or large tower climbing toy that was built in the shape of a rocket. Kevin loved to go there and play on the *rocket* and on a wooden car built like the car from the cartoon show *The Flintstones*.

During this time Kevin’s family spent a lot of time together doing a variety of activities that cost little or nothing. Money was still in short supply. Kevin’s little brother describes some of these activities:

”We did lots of little family outings as children, picnics, drive-in movies, to play in the park, up Mt. Baldy Creek, etc. When we’d go to a drive-in movie, mom would typically make a ton of buttered popcorn, almost a grocery sack full. In fact she’d put it in a paper grocery bag, the bottom of which by the end of the night would be kind of soaked with the butter. Kevin, Shauna, and I would sit with blankets in the back seat eating popcorn and making a big mess. We’d usually fall asleep by the end of the show, but it was a lot of fun anyway. I remember the old metal speaker that dad would pull off the pole outside and clip it onto the top of the window. These speakers usually didn’t work real well and you had to turn them all the way up in order to hear. I mention this knowing that drive-in movies are a thing of the past and that many who read this may have never experienced one.

Another family outing that we did regularly as little kids was to go over to the botanical gardens at nearby Claremont College. This was usually done in the afternoon or evening and often in combination with a picnic. Mom and Dad would walk along the paths enjoying the wide variety of plants and scenery, while Kevin, Shauna, and I would run around trying to catch lizards and put them in the paper grocery bag that Mom had brought just for that purpose. At the end of the evening we’d let these go, but it was fun to try to catch them. This was an uncrowded and very peaceful area, the solitude of which was usually only broken by the squeals of a young family catching lizards.

Kevin, his cousins Trost, and I would go over to the Cucamonga wash near the Trost’s house and catch lizards and horney toads and the like. We’d also go as a family, often along with the Trosts over to the Los Angeles Arboretum near Pasadena. Here, while the grown ups were enjoying the scenery and peace, us kids would be catching lizards, playing in the *Tarzan jungle* (they had filmed some of the old Tarzan movies there) and little forts, trying to catch the peacocks that roamed around there, collect peacock feathers, feed bread to the fish in the ponds, etc. We would often have a picnic here also. Kevin loved being outdoors doing things like this.”²

Kevin's fifth birthday was an especially exciting time. In addition to his little brother and baby sister, his new friends, Chucky and Jay joined him in celebrating this day. Among his presents were two really special gifts. One of these was his very first tool set which consisted of a hand drill, chisel, wooden hammer, and a few other small tools. He would play with this for hours trying to make things on his home's small patio. Another really



Kevin playing with his new tool set on his fifth birthday with Chucky Novak on the back patio

exciting present was a set of roller skates. These skates were designed to be strapped to the bottom of shoes and had metal wheels. This was typical of the roller skates of the day. Like with most new things, the thought "*I don't know how to roller skate*" probably never occurred to Kevin. He just strapped the skates to the bottom of his shoes and started going up and down the sidewalk!

Kevin also learned how to ride a skateboard while living in the apartment on Wedgewood. Skateboards were a fairly new innovation at the time, basically being just wooden boards with roller skate wheels bolted to them. His brother Craig describes this:

"We bought two skateboards for 99 cents each. These were old wooden ones with steel wheels. Back in the early or mid 60's that's how they looked. They didn't have the gum type wheels and fiberglass boards like they have today. Nevertheless, we would ride those things up and down the hill in front of the apartments there. This hill seemed so, so steep (it wasn't that steep but seemed to be at the time). Kevin could get so he could stand up, while most of the time I would ride while sitting down on it."³



Kevin roller skating on his fifth birthday with Jay Novak

Throughout Kevin's life, virtually every new activity or hobby he took on, he learned by just jumping in with both feet and doing it. Nothing is more exemplary of this characteristic than his learning how to swim. Here's his mother's account of that event:



Kevin on his first Huff bicycle

"... we had come down to California from an area that really didn't have a lot of swimming pools and things like that, the place we were in had a swimming pool. He had another little friend [Chucky Novak] that was the same age as he was. There was a pool in this [apartment] complex and the two mothers were walking down and we were going to take them down and let them swim in the pool. And the two little boys [Kevin and Chucky] were dancing along in front of us and they were saying *"I know how to swim, I know how to swim"*. Kevin had never swam, he didn't know how to swim! But they were sure both of them knew how to swim. Well both mothers knew they didn't know how to swim! However, they beat us to the pool and as we frantically stood on the side of the pool, both of them jumped in and swam to the end of that pool! And that's the way Kevin did with everything in his life, he jumped in with both feet and he made it work! And he did make it work! He was good at anything he did!"⁴

Perhaps a little before Kevin's sixth birthday, Kevin was given his first bicycle. This was an old Huff bicycle that was lovingly cleaned up, restored, and painted red by his father and his Grandpa Brown. To Kevin this bike was as good as new and just as exciting. This is his mother's description of Kevin learning to ride that bike:

"... we were given a little bicycle by someone. He and his dad and his Grandpa Brown restored that and painted it and fixed it up. We lived in an apartment that had a little hill, the road went down a little hill. Kev took that little bike up, this little [boy], took that little bike out to the top of the hill. We weren't allowed [by Kevin] to put training wheels on it, he didn't need those! And he got on that bike and with his grandpa chasing him and with wobbles, he rode that bike down that hill and turned around and rode it back to me, who was panicked on the top of the hill and said *"see mom I can do it, I don't need help!"*"⁵

In addition to showing Kevin's ability to learn things quickly this bicycle also demonstrates another of his characteristics, that of generosity. He truly enjoyed giving gifts and seemingly the more precious the gift was to him, the more enjoyment he received in giving it. His brother Craig relates this story:

"That same bicycle a couple of years later was painted kind of a gold color and given to me, I believe as a birthday present. Kevin spent much time working with me, teaching me to ride that bike. Once again like the coloring incident, he had a certain amount of frustration with his little brother just not being able to *ride the bike* right off the bat, like he had. But with a few cuts and bruises, and a little bit of a bruised ego, his little brother was able to ride that bike. I remember Kevin being so happy and pleased that he was able to give his little brother that bike that he loved, which again was lovingly painted a different color and restored to make it mine, by my father and him."⁶

These few examples of Kevin learning new things during his early childhood show an attribute of his character that would be shown clearly throughout the rest of his life. Kevin rarely, if ever, doubted that he could do whatever he set his mind to. As a child, strapping on a pair of roller skates, jumping with both feet into a swimming pool, or riding a bike down a hill were simple tests of his self-confidence. Later, excelling in any sport he tried, scuba diving, memorizing the massive missionary discussions in a foreign language, and teaching himself to program computers were like tests. Even with a dreadful fear of heights he would become an airplane pilot, fly hang gliders, and enjoy rock climbing, simply because he wanted to and he knew he could!

Being the oldest brother he was always anxious to teach his younger brothers and sisters. Most of the time he was an able young teacher, but occasionally his desire to teach and lead exceeded his wisdom at the time, as the following story from his brother Craig illustrates:

"While we were there another bright idea we had was to catch bees and put them in jars. Kevin, being the older and wiser brother expressed the fact that, *hey you can't just catch these bees with your hand, you'll get stung*. So we proceeded to arm ourselves with Kleenex (tissue paper) and feeling protected with the bountiful layer of one tissue between our hand and the bee, we proceeded to collect these bees and put them in a jar. It wasn't long before I got stung. I'm not sure whether Kevin got stung or not, I can't remember. But I certainly remember very vividly my getting stung, running home, and the consternation on mom's face at the concept of us catching bees with tissue paper. Anyway, we did learn that lesson and to

my knowledge neither one of us every tried to catch bees with tissue paper again!”⁷

During Kevin’s childhood and youth, his younger brother Craig was almost always there at his side and except for the occasional fight, they were good friends and close. Craig, being the somewhat gullible younger brother, occasionally served the purpose of testing the “unknown”. In addition to the bee catching example, such testing would surely include things like trying out a parachute made of a sheet from the roof of the house, the temperature of pool water before a swim on a sunny day *in winter*, etc. Anyone who has experienced being an older brother or slightly younger brother will readily understand what is being described here.

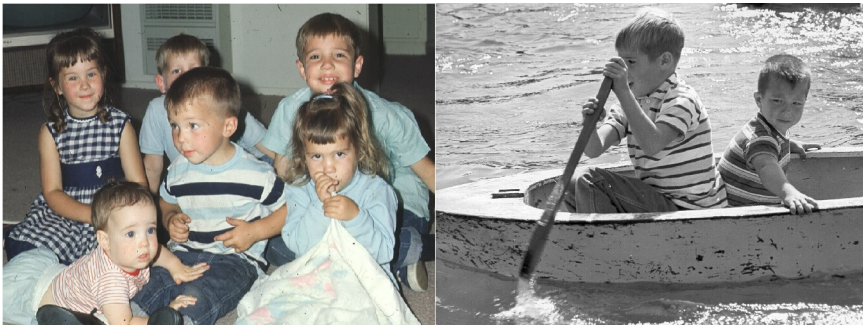
In the fall of 1964 Kevin began school at *Baldy View Elementary* school. This was on 11th Street between San Antonio Avenue and Mountain Avenue. He would only attend his kindergarten year here. He was very excited about this new adventure. His first few days of school his mother and sometimes little brother would walk with him the few blocks to his school. After that most of the time he and his friend Chucky would just go off to school and come home again by themselves. His little brother remembers “*watching for him and Chucky to come running home through the field that was on the corner of 11th and Mountain in front of our apartments. He always seemed so big, and he acted big also!*”⁸

At this time someone at the school or in that area had a “*batch*” of kittens and Kevin got to pick out a kitten to take home with Mom and Dad’s approval. He picked out a beautiful little Calico kitten that he named *Dottie*. Dottie would be with Kevin for a number of years and was very, very special to him. It was a wonderful picture, a boy and his little cat. She was so good to him. She would come and curl up on the end of his bed and want to be wherever he was. Over the years, there have been many cats named “*Dottie*” in the Dalton family, but at least in Kevin’s memory, there could never be another like his *Dottie*, she was unique. Of course, then again in a little boy’s eyes, such things are always unique and special.

Kevin’s mother describes a cute incident that happened when he first brought this kitten home:

“Anyway [Kevin] brought it home in the little apartment. Kevin thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world! It was his favorite, loving cat, he talked me into it finally! Anyway [that evening] this little kitten disappeared, I mean absolutely disappeared! Kevin had gone to bed and Dad and I spent until we couldn’t stay up any longer hunting for this cat! We knew it hadn’t gone outside or didn’t think it had gone outside, the doors were not open and nothing had happened. I was in tears, I knew this child [Kevin] was just going to bawl his head off when he got up and this cat was gone. We finally gave up, went to bed, ... said the prayers ‘*please help us find this cat!*’ Got up in the morning, the cat hadn’t turned up. Kevin came out, went ‘*kitty, kitty*’, and right then this cat came out from [inside] the back of the couch. It had gone underneath the couch, as soon as it heard Kevin’s voice, came right back out! We spent the whole night in absolute misery because this little boy was going to be missing his cat! It had disappeared!”⁹

In March 1965, Kevin’s Uncle David and Aunt Carolyn Trost and their two children, Tammy and Randy moved to California and into an apartment in the same complex. Steven Trost was born shortly after their move to Upland. The two families would live close together throughout Kevin’s childhood and youth. They would do many activities and celebrate virtually every special occasion together. Kevin’s cousins would be more like brothers and sisters.



- Left: Tammy, Steven, Craig, Randy, Kevin, & Shauna celebrating Randy’s third birthday. Birthdays were typical of the occasions when the cousins would get together.
- Right: Kevin (8yrs) giving his cousin Randy Trost (4yrs) a ride in a little wooden boat at a Father and Son’s Outing.

1536 Carnation Way

The Daltons, Novaks, and Trosts all moved out of the apartment complex on Wedgewood Court within a short time of each other. Kevin would see the Novaks a couple of times after that, but soon lost contact. Kevin had wonderful memories of his friendship with Chucky. The Trosts, being family and cousins, would continue to be an integral part of Kevin's life forever.

In June 1965, King and Sharon bought a house at 1536 Carnation Way. Carnation Way is a tiny street located mid-way between 15th and 16th streets and San Antonio and Euclid Avenues in Upland. This house would be Kevin's home until he would marry and establish a family and home of his own. They purchased the house from Marwood Stout who was a member of their church ward and later would become their bishop. The house cost them about \$30,000, which was a lot of money for King at the time. He would worry about the debt he incurred for this house and for several years would question whether he had made a good decision. Time, however, would show that this choice was a correct one.

At the time they purchased the house it had 3 bedrooms, a front room with a brick fireplace, living room, kitchen, and two bathrooms. A few years later they would add another room that would become the parent's master bedroom. Growing up, Kevin would share the little yellow bedroom in the middle east side of the house with his brother Craig. Later they would share the old master bedroom on the southwest corner of the house. It would only be his last couple of years in high school that Kevin would

have a room all to himself and this would be the one in the middle of the house. The front yard had a lawn with a small plum tree in the middle and a large tree growing at one end that was excellent for kids to climb. The lawn was hedged around the edge with juniper bushes, which the kids nicknamed the “*stickery bushes*”. A patch of ivy grew between the street and sidewalk. In front of the kitchen window was an olive tree, which caused Kevin’s mother considerable grief as she had an allergic reaction each spring when it bloomed. Kevin and the other kids would also have to clean up the olives each fall when they would rain down all around the front yard in a purple, squishy mess. For little kids that olive tree was great fun, messy but fun! Eventually Kevin’s mother could stand it no longer and about 20 years later had it removed.

In the back yard was a large cement patio. To the right of the patio was a small lawn that was just large enough for a swing set. Later this swing set would be moved behind the garage and a large wooden playhouse given to Kevin’s sister Shauna would take its place. Behind the left side of the patio at the end of a long cement driveway was a detached garage that was used to store just about everything except a car.

Kevin loved to swim and to his utter excitement he found that his new house had a large swimming pool! His brother Craig describes their first experience with this pool:

“When we moved in we found tons of glass marbles in the bottom of the pool. We’d dive down and gather up these marbles, throw them back in and do it again and again. Doing this we got fairly good at holding our breath under water. It seemed like there were hundreds of these marbles, big ones, little ones, different colors and patterns. There was also a diving board and later Dad installed a slide into the pool.”¹

There was an area of thick bamboo growing in the back corner of the yard just to the side of the pool. The kids called this area the “*bamboo forest*” and would play *Tarzan* and other games in the bamboo. A large block wall bordered the property on three sides. They would play *hide-n-seek* and other games wandering around on the brick walls. This was especially common when the Trosts would come over for birthdays or other occasions.

There was a little field area back behind the garage that was first used as an attempted garden plot. Later Kevin and Craig

would fill this rather larger area with a few inches of sand. They hauled it wheelbarrow by wheelbarrow full from a pile that had been delivered in front of the garage. This area was called the “*pile*” as in sand *pile*. Later it became known as the *pile-pile* because the dog would use this area to do her *duty*. The boys would have to clean the *piles* off of the *pile*, therefore it received its name of “*pile-pile*”. Craig described another use he and Kevin found for this area behind the garage:

“Before the sand, swing set, and other toys were put in this little field we got the bright idea of digging a tunnel and building a fort there. We started digging all these tunnels with soup cans and little garden implements, and dug around there quite a bit with visions of digging underneath the walls and tunneling all over the neighborhood. I think we got the idea from watching *Hogan’s Heros* [a TV show at the time]. Our ambition didn’t take us that far and the tunnel didn’t last that long. Mom knew we were digging tunnels, but I’m sure she didn’t know the extent of our plans. One night she saw a TV show where some kids had dug tunnels that had collapsed on them. That put an end to our tunnel digging! This was just as well because shortly thereafter it rained and the tunnel collapsed and just made a big hole in the ground, which filled with water. We put some of the old vinyl from the swimming pool in there and made a pool out of our tunnel. Of course we already had a real pool, but this was one *we had built*! Besides our pool was kind of muddy and great fun. I’m glad Mom didn’t look behind the garage very often!”²

In the fall of 1965 Kevin began attending *Magnolia Elementary* school as a first grader. He would attend grades first through sixth here. Kevin did well in school. He was, for the most part, pleasant with a cheerful disposition and most of his teachers enjoyed having him in their classes. A significant asset during his education was his love of reading. Like his father, Kevin enjoyed reading. During his childhood he began to enjoy novels, in particular those written by *Zane Grey* and other authors of western novels.

Magnolia Elementary school was only a couple of blocks west of Kevin’s home on Carnation Way. Therefore, it was very common for him to go over to the school grounds on weekends and after school to play. This he would usually do with friends from the neighborhood that surrounded the school, of which he had many. This description by his brother Craig shows what life was like in the neighborhood for Kevin as a boy.

“Often we would play baseball, *3 flies up, or 500* in the street. We would regularly break windows and got pretty good at replacing them. Mom would make us chisel out the old glaze, buy the new glass, and putty it in place ourselves. We would go over to Magnolia School and play football, we’d play football in the street too. We’d play in the lemon groves before they were replaced one by one with track homes. We’d also walk almost all over the neighborhood on the block walls that were around almost every yard. One thing that used to bother Kevin and I was that our bedtime was typically earlier than the other kids in the neighborhood. It was kind of an annoyance as all our friends would be out playing still and we’d have to go to bed (this was more of a problem during the summer when it was still light much later). On occasion they’d come walking along the block wall outside our room and taunt us through the window.

As children we would also play baseball and football with Dad, Uncle David, and our Trost cousins. We’d sometimes go over to our cousin’s house in Ontario and have neighborhood football games with them at the school across the street from their house. The Trosts would also come to our house regularly and go swimming. The video that Scott put together shows the image of our swimming activity that was very common with us swimming, playing around the pool, or laying in a puddle of water on the hot cement getting *warmed up*, and of course, Kevin’s dog Gidget running around and around the pool nonstop barking.”³

When Kevin was about eight years old he gave his little Huffy bicycle to his brother Craig as described earlier. At the same time Kevin was given a black Schwinn 3-speed bicycle. This bike was a larger *grown-up* sized bicycle and had the gear shift lever on the handlebars so you would change gears using your right thumb. Kevin knew that the Huffy bike was being given to his brother, but he didn’t know that he was getting this new bike. His parents had put the bikes in the *dark room* (where his father developed photography in the garage) with bows on them to make them look present-like. Kevin was sent to the dark room under the pretense of getting something for his mom with the belief that he would find his gift. Kevin went out, pushed passed the bikes to get what he was sent for and returned. Upon his return he said nothing regarding the bike, so his parents sent him again on a like errand, with again the same outcome, mission accomplished but no mention of a bike. This occurred several times and finally his puzzled parents asked him “*did you see anything else in the dark room*”. His response was “*No*”. He was so focused on performing the tasks requested that even though he had to push by the bike in

order to get into the dark room, yet he didn't notice it. Finally his parents took him out and presented him with his bike.

At times Kevin's parents could be very creative in finding ways to discipline or teach their children. Kevin's brother Craig described one such creative teaching moment. Because it relates to Kevin's new bicycle it seems fitting to include it here.

"Like most kids we were not very good about putting our things away. We had a habit of just leaving our bikes lying on the front lawn or in the driveway and Mom and Dad would scold us frequently about putting our bikes away. Mom over and over would say, *"if you don't put those bikes away somebody's going to steal them!"* Well one day our bikes just disappeared, somebody *had* stolen them! Kevin and I searched frantically for those bicycles but they were just gone. Mom said several times in a very, *I told you so*, way *"Now if you wouldn't have just left those bikes laying around you wouldn't have lost them"*. We were very upset.

The DeCarly family were our next door neighbors to the north of us. They had an older boy, at least he was older than us, probably about four or five years older than Kevin, by the name of Johnny. He was a really good neighbor and did a lot of things with us. Kevin really liked him and enjoyed his company, he was like an older brother to Kevin.

Anyway, a couple of days after we had lost the bicycles, Johnny came and told us he had found them, he knew where they were at. So Kevin and I went on this odyssey with Johnny to go retrieve the stolen bikes. Before you knew it we were several blocks away and there were our bicycles laying in somebody's front yard. Johnny told us *"OK you guys, you need to sneak in there and get the bikes without being seen or whoever stole them will probably beat you up!"* So Kevin and I, in our best stealth like fashion or at least as stealth like as seven and eight year old boys are capable of, snuck slowly up to the bikes, grabbed them and rode home as fast as we could going ninety miles an hour, at least our hearts were anyway. We were so happy to have our bikes back. It wasn't until some time later that it dawned on Kevin and I that the bikes weren't really stolen, that Mom had put Johnny up to removing them from us and storing them elsewhere in order to teach us a lesson to put our bikes away and not just leave them laying around the yard. We learned that lesson well, *for awhile*.⁴

Kevin was mechanical as a kid, but it wasn't a big interest of his at that time. Later in his adult years he enjoyed woodworking, building, and other things of a constructive nature, but as a kid engines and things like that were not something he was tremendously interested in. He did enjoy building things with *erector sets, lincoln logs, tinker toys, etc.* In particular he enjoyed playing with erector sets. This was a common toy when Kevin was about 6-10 years old that consisted of numerous metal pieces

full of holes, and screws and nuts that were used to bolt these metal pieces together to form all kinds of different structures. They have similar things made of plastic now. Kevin was very creative and regularly would build various contraptions out of his erector set. *Tinker Toys* was another building kit that consisted of a bunch of wooden dowels and spools with holes in them, which you would connect together to form whatever you wanted. *Lincoln logs* were sets of pre-cut little logs that you could build little log cabins or other buildings with.

Another thing that Kevin and the other neighbor kids would do, particularly under the tutelage of Kevin's older friend Johnny DeCarly, was build *carts*. These were not *go-carts* and not really *soap box derby type cars*, they were just little coaster cars that consisted simply of a board that the driver would sit on, with four wheels under it. The front wheels were attached to a 2x4 or like board that had a rope attached to each end and would pivot in the middle. The driver would steer by pulling on these ropes. Kevin and his friends would coast these down the street, having races, etc. Sometimes they would take their *carts* over to the steep asphalt hill in the school play area or a steep street a couple of blocks to the northwest of Kevin's house.

Kevin also really enjoyed playing with *trains*. When he was about six years old he received a *Lionel* train set. Craig gives a description of Kevin and this train set:

"He played with this a lot and would leave it set up for weeks on the floor of his bedroom. He'd run the train around and around, put stuff in the way for the train to run into, or powder in the train's stack which would make smoke. I can still remember the smell of burning *transformer* in our bedroom. The old transformers would get hot and when the train would get stuck or something it would smell like burning electrical insulation, which it was. Kevin would spend hours playing with his train sets."⁵



Kevin (9yrs) working with his microscope and wearing his Cub Scout uniform

Kevin also loved to play with a

chemistry set that he received when he was about eight years old. He would play for hours doing various experiments. He was also given a microscope about the same time. He loved to look through this microscope and was fascinated with the microscopic world. In particular he enjoyed examining blood cells, leaves, cork, fly wings, and pond water in which he could usually find protozoas, amebas, etc.

Another hobby Kevin began pursuing as a child was that of photography. He worked with his father in learning how to develop his own pictures, print them, mount them, and a variety of different aspects of photography. As a child he was very good at this and had free access to his father's dark room and photography equipment. When he was ten years old he went on a trip to the Teton Mountains in Wyoming where his father went on a climbing expedition. While on this trip Kevin took a picture of a moose in a marshy wilderness setting. It was a beautiful picture for which he won an award. He was very good at photography even as a young child.

Kevin's childhood was filled with numerous opportunities to learn many different skills and hobbies and participate in a multitude of different activities. As a child and youth Kevin was able to do, see, and experience things that most people can only dream about their entire life. He truly was fortunate to have so many opportunities available to him, however credit is also due him for taking full advantage of those opportunities. All of this will become apparent as we review more fully some of his main interests in chapters to follow.

On August 1, 1967, Kevin's family expanded a little larger with the birth of his second sister Valerie Ann. Valerie was an extremely bubbly and vivacious little girl with very blond hair and bright blue eyes. She inherited many of the character attributes of her mother and grandmother, in that she was *always on the go!* She never stopped and she always made a multitude of friends wherever she went. She was truly adorable, even though she learned to walk and talk very early and never quit!

A year later in the fall of 1968, Kevin's family expanded yet again. This time the family was joined by an eight year old Apache Indian boy from Bilas, Arizona by the name of Darwin Hadley. The family had become participants in their church's

Indian placement program. This program was designed to help Indian children who lived on the reservations to get a good education and live in a good stable family environment. In describing this program and Kevin's foster brother Darwin, Craig wrote:

"Darwin stayed with us for four school years, going back to Arizona each summer. He became a good friend of ours and we all got along fairly well. Actually it gave Kevin a break from fighting with me, because Darwin got to take his place being just older than I. Kevin was a good brother to Darwin and a good example for him, taking him under his wing so to speak. It was somewhat of a trying experience also. It did give Darwin a chance to get a better education and to live in a stable family environment with righteous parents and see what a good family could be. But each summer as he would go home, my mom would get very frustrated because the things that she had done and the progress that she thought that she had made, would be seemingly undone when he would come back to school the next year. She was disappointed when he didn't return after that fourth summer. Nevertheless, Darwin has stayed in contact with the family from time to time. And it did give him a home and a family to lean on in times of need and a good example. It was also good for the family in many ways."⁶



Kevin 10 years old with Darwin and Craig at a Cub Scout pack meeting.

Darwin was a cute little boy with big dark eyes and a wide grinning smile. He was very shy around new people, but would open up very quickly once he got to know them. Kevin did a lot with Darwin and was a good big brother to him. Kevin, Darwin, and Craig all shared the southwest corner bedroom in the Carnation Way house. After the fourth year, when Darwin was about 12, he decided to stay in Arizona. That would end the family's experience with the Indian placement program. For the most part Kevin enjoyed having an Apache foster brother and would miss him. He would remain concerned about Darwin for many years.

Chapter Eight

Pets

Kevin had numerous pets growing up, including mice, hamsters, rats, turtles, fish, insects, etc. He even participated with his little brother in keeping some black widow spider egg sacks, which they watched hatch in his little brother's underwear drawer into what seemed like millions of little spiders.

Kevin had an area behind the pool in his back yard that was informally designated as the pet cemetery. Numerous shoeboxes with little animal skeletons were buried there. The Dalton children would have little funeral services for them and put rings of stone around them with flowers on their graves. This became a ritual, as each child would bury their animals there with the others attending the service to help mourn or provide comfort to the griever. Except for fish, which simply were buried *at sea* in the toilet, as Kevin's mother often put it "*just flush'em*", although occasionally even the fish got some sort of maritime service. The animals were buried to rest in peace, except a few which were exhumed just to see if they were still there.

Kevin always had a love and compassion for animals. From the pets he loved as a child to the horses, cattle, and other livestock he worked with as an adult, animals played an important role in his life. Here I'll mention a few of Kevin's more significant pets.

He had a deep love for his cat *Dottie*, as mentioned earlier. When Kevin was six years old this calico cat Dottie had kittens. Kevin's mother didn't want any more cats around the house, so they proceeded to give away these kittens. Eventually they got down to this one little black kitten that they tried over and over to

give away but nobody seemed to want. At one point they had even given it away to one of Craig's friends at school but his mom said he couldn't keep it so they had to go get it from him. Finally, out of what seemed like no other recourse and with much pleading from Kevin and his little brother, their mother let Craig keep that kitten, which was named *Rango* after a TV show that was aired briefly at the time.



Kevin about 9 years old, showing some new kittens to his little sister Valerie and brother Craig

This cat became very, very special to the family. Dottie died a few years after that, but Rango lived to be about 21-22 years old.

She was there throughout their childhood and even into their adult years. Kevin did love and enjoy that cat very much.

Kevin's older neighbor Johnny DeCarly introduced him to lots of different things in the neighborhood, he really opened up the world to the eyes of two little boys. Johnny had a friend who had snakes and with the snakes he raised mice and rats to feed to them. One day, while visiting this "*snake guy*", Kevin was given a rat. His mom hadn't given Kevin permission to keep a rat but being that it was easier to get forgiveness than permission, and knowing his mom's soft spot for cute little furry things (yes, even rats are cute when they're little), Kevin took it home anyway.

This rat was white and brown. Kevin named him *Herman*, *Herman the Rat*. He was named after *Herman Munster* from the TV show *The Munsters*, which was on at the time. This rat actually became very endearing to the entire family. I don't believe that his mom was very enchanted with the concept of keeping a rat as a pet at first, but he was a very special rat and Kevin loved him very much.

When Kevin first brought him home, he kept him in a cardboard box and then eventually got a cage for him, but most of the time this rat was left to just run around the house. He would come and sit on Kevin's chest when he was lying down or would

ride around on Kevin's shoulder just like a pirate's parrot. The image of Kevin with Herman on his shoulder or running around the back of his neck or down his shirt is indelibly impressed on his little brother's mind. Kevin had such fun with Herman. Kevin's mother would later let her children keep other rats, mice, hamsters, and a menagerie of other pets, but in the rodent family nothing compared with *Herman the Rat*. Herman lasted a year or two and then died.

Now for Kevin's most precious pet of all, he was eight years old when his parents decided that he could have a dog. There was this litter of Collie pups that were bred as show dogs that they looked at and in this litter was a puppy that had a defect in one eye. It was a little white area, which was unnoticeable to Kevin, but would prevent the puppy from ever being a *show dog*. So Kevin got to come home with this fuzzy little Collie puppy, which instantly took to Kevin and loved him dearly and which Kevin loved the same. He named her *Gidget*, the name coming from the old "*Gidget*" movies.

Through much of her life, Gidget had an ailment called *collie nose*, which made her nose scab over and peel in places like a sunburn. Kevin's mother would put salve and medication on it to try to prevent it or cure it. It got kind of ugly but it didn't seem to matter to the kids, they loved her anyway.

Gidget was a very friendly and loving dog with children although with strangers and others that she perceived as threatening she would be aggressive. She was definitely very protective of Kevin and the other kids. If she thought they were threatened she would snarl and no doubt would have attacked if not restrained. She would even bark and snarl at other kids she thought were acting mean to Kevin. She was always a comfort to have around and made the Dalton kids feel like they were walking on top of the world and invincible when they were with their dog. Craig describes what life was like with Gidget:

"Gidget loved to play with us. Anything we were doing she wanted to be right there. One of her favorite activities was running around the pool watching us swim. She would bark nonstop as she would run around the pool, stop briefly where we were, and then bark and run around the pool again. This would continue the entire time we were swimming. She'd seemingly run around that pool hundreds of times. Mom and Dad would yell '*make that dog shut up*', but nobody could stop Gidget from barking and running around the pool if we were in it. If you watch the family video

that Scott produced closely you will notice her running around and around the pool. She hated getting in the water though.

Gidget would sometimes run around with Kevin on his paper route and would always sit with him while he folded his papers on the front porch. She was an extremely smart dog. She knew that he had to put a rubber band around each paper as he folded it and that as soon as he finished folding the papers he would leave. So wanting him to stay with her as long as possible, she would put her paw



Kevin's childhood dog Gidget

on the pile of rubber bands to prevent him from putting a rubber band on the paper he had just folded. He'd move her paw, get a rubber band, put it on the paper, fold another, and right before he'd pick up another rubber band she'd put her paw on the pile again. When she'd get scolded about putting her paw on the rubber band pile, she'd start putting her paw on the stack of unfolded papers, or sit on the paper pouch to keep the papers from being put inside. She was amazingly creative in her attempts to delay his leaving.

We would also go running with Gidget. Kevin and I in grade school and later would go run. We would run over to Benson Avenue and back which was about 3 miles. Gidget always wanted to go with us and we would take her on occasion, although Gidget would get tired and not want to keep up after a while, so we tried to avoid taking her."¹

Gidget would remain with the family until she was found dead one day while Kevin was on his mission in Spain and his little brother made a steel box and buried her in the back yard. To Craig's knowledge she is still there. Like Dottie and Herman, there would be other dogs named *Gidget*, but none would be the same as that little boy's fuzzy collie puppy, nothing could take her place. Joseph Smith when asked whether or not animals would be resurrected stated that he hoped to be reunited with a horse he dearly loved. Assuming we are allowed the company of departed animals in the next life, surely there will be a joyful reunion between Kevin and his Gidget.

Grandparent Visits

Another thing Kevin loved dearly as a child was going on trips to visit his grandparents. As mentioned earlier, Kevin's Grandparents Brown served a church mission in New York when Kevin was very little. This mission they loved very dearly and would refer to often with gleaming eyes and fond memories as Kevin grew. It wasn't until after Kevin and his family moved to the apartment in California that they returned from this mission. After their mission they lived with Kevin's family for a few weeks while his Grandpa Brown considered working for a dairy in Chino, California. Deciding against the dairy job, they moved back to Boise, Idaho where Kevin's Grandpa and Grandma Dalton also were living. Within a few years Grandpa and Grandma Brown moved from Boise to Elberta, Utah. Because of this most of Kevin's memories of trips to Boise were visits to his Grandpa and Grandma Dalton, whereas his trips to Utah were visits to his Grandparents Brown. This is a significant part of his life because there were many such trips to both sets of grandparents.

For a little boy the trip to Boise by car always seemed to last forever. The family would typically drive straight through with few stops. Kevin's mother always seemed to be oblivious to the concept of boredom in a car. However, the children were made as comfortable as possible. Luggage was typically stacked between and even with the seats making one large flat area that Kevin's mother would put a blanket over for the kids to play games on, sleep, and color in coloring books. The use of seat belts was not common during the 1960's and there were certainly no laws

requiring their use, so Kevin and his brother and sisters were free to *bounce around* back there within the tolerance that his parent's patience would allow. The trip to Boise usually took them up Highways 395 and 95 going through Fallon and Winnemucca, Nevada. Here's Craig's description of this road trip:

"Anyone who has driven to Boise from Southern California along this route knows that this has to be one of the most desolate and bleak road trips possible, with very little scenery and even fewer towns. Because of this, common stopping places do not stand out as a memory, either we just didn't stop or where we stopped wasn't worth remembering. There was one place that Kevin loved on this trip and that was a little park in Lone Pine, California. This would almost always be our first rest stop. Not only was this park special because we could finally get out of our car-like prison, but here was mounted an old jet plane that we could climb and play on. Kevin used to love to sit in that plane and play as a jet fighter pilot. The instant the car stopped, it was a race to get to that plane first!"¹

Once in Boise Kevin was rewarded with grandparents who would do lots and lots of things with their grandchildren. The most prominent activity would be fishing. Kevin's Grandpa Dalton was a very avid fisherman. He was also an avid gardener. His home was always well maintained with beautiful flowers and other shrubs. During the summer he always had a very productive vegetable garden and Kevin enjoyed picking things out of it and helping his grandpa with the garden.

A major part of visits with Grandpa Dalton were fishing trips. Preparing to go fishing meant *collecting night crawlers or worms*. Grandpa Dalton had an electric prod that he would put into the ground that would actually shock the worms out of the ground. Craig describes this and another memorable electrical appliance of his grandparents:

"So Grandpa would put this prod in and Kevin and I would scramble around grabbing the worms as they came out of the ground and putting them into a white wooden box with a lid on it that Grandpa had his worm bedding in. So we would collect all these worms before we would go off fishing. While I'm talking about electrical things let me mention that Grandma Dalton had an old freezer in their garage. This freezer had a short in it. If you walked up to this freezer with bare feet, the closer you got the more of a shock you would get. It would begin as a slight tingling and then as you got closer and closer it would become a downright shock, and if you actually touched the handle you would get quite a jolt. I don't know why this wasn't fixed or eliminated (I'm sure that Grandma didn't get things out of the freezer while in bare feet), in any case we spent a lot of time playing

around with how close we could walk up to that freezer and daring each other to touch the handle.”²

Grandpa Dalton with his little grandsons in tow would often go off to the Stanley Basin in central Idaho to go camping and fishing. He had a little Kit travel trailer that was often used for this purpose. Typically they would go to either Stanley Lake or Alturas Lake. They also would fish in some of the streams around that area such as Fourth of July Creek (which Grandpa said was named because the fish there wouldn't bite until after the 3rd of July) and Beaver Creek.

Kevin's Grandpa Dalton was extremely patient when fishing with little kids. Much of his time on these trips was spent keeping grandchildren's hooks baited, lines untangled, and casting out when they couldn't get it out as far as they wanted. Most of the time Kevin would use a little button release Zebco rod and reel combination. This was a very light set up with the reel built into the pole. Kevin and his little brother would cast their lines out, put the rods in stands, and get impatient and start playing around. Often, while off goofing around, Grandpa would yell at them that they'd have a fish, they'd look over and see one of the little poles bent clear over, go running to grab it and start reeling in a fish. Quite often the young fisherman would think that reeling just wasn't going to land the fish fast enough and he'd start running backwards with the pole and as often as not would lose the fish!

Kevin dearly loved to fish with his grandfather and this was the major activity on visits to Grandpa Dalton's. Either fishing was just a lot better then or Grandpa was just an extremely good fisherman, probably a little of both, in any case fishing trips with him were almost always very successful and they all would usually catch a lot of trout.

In addition to worms, Kevin's Grandpa Dalton taught him about another special bait that he would use fishing whenever he could. This is Craig's description of this and Kevin's preferred location for fishing at a stream:

“I also remember fishing at Beaver Creek. Kevin and I would catch *periwinkles* (bug larvae encased in semi-hard cocoons attached to rocks in streams) from underneath the rocks. Grandpa had taught us what periwinkles were and how to crack them open and use them as bait. The fish loved them, they were great bait! The only trick was keeping them on your hook. We'd fish off a bridge (a bridge was always a preferred fishing

location for us as boys) near where we were camped and drop those periwinkles into the water and boom, a little fish would strike it immediately, and we'd haul it up. We did this a few times until Grandma came and told us that we couldn't fish there because of some salmon recovery thing. Anyway, we were very disappointed."³

It was also while visiting his Grandpa Dalton that Kevin got his first experiences hunting. Here Craig describes one of Kevin's first hunting trips:

"On another occasion we went hunting for rabbit and pheasant, at least that's what was being shot at. We rode in the back of this old brown *Rambler* station wagon. This was a car that Kevin certainly remembered well and definitely associated with visits to Grandpa Dalton's. It was an interesting car to say the least. It had a push button transmission, or at least that's how you would change gears by pushing buttons on the dash. Anyway, this was the hunting vehicle, Dad and Grandpa riding in the front and Kevin and I bouncing around in the cargo area in back. The great white hunters, Kevin and I, were a very determined and optimistic team, with every expectation of being successful in our pursuit of wild game, armed of course with a very trusty Daisy BB gun and an even more formidable pellet rifle. Kevin was probably seven or eight at the time. However, to our astonishment no wild game came close enough to us or sat still long enough for us to shoot it. We were successful, however, in the sense that we didn't shoot each other or get lost (at least not permanently lost). Grandpa was successful in shooting a rabbit and a pheasant. Kevin and I rode home in the back with both these dead animals. The rabbit in particular caught our attention because Grandpa had taken its head completely off, so Kevin and I sat back there with this headless rabbit going "oooh!, yuck!" and being very intrigued with this creature."⁴

To paint a proper picture of this event in your mind, it is necessary to envision two little boys riding along in the back of an old rambler station wagon with a headless rabbit discussing the details of the hunt. Of course, Kevin as the older brother would be explaining very authoritatively to his little brother why the rabbit had no head. They kept the tail as a souvenir and good luck charm.

Next to Kevin's grandparent's home on Menlo Drive in Boise, was a boy by the name of Kevin Howard. Being about the same age, the two Kevin's became good friends.

Another important person in Kevin's life, especially on these trips to Boise was Kevin's great-grandmother, Carolyn Butler Thurber. During Kevin's childhood *Great-Grandma* Thurber lived with Grandma Dalton (her daughter), therefore visits to his

grandparents were also visits to his great-grandmother. She was a sweet lady, kind, soft spoken, and pleasant to be around. She died at 88 years of age on May 11, 1969. She had endured much hardship during her life and had been a widow for over 49 years. An interesting parallel exists



Great-Grandma Carolyn Thurber with Craig and Kevin (3 years old)

between Kevin and her husband, Isaac Erin Thurber, Kevin's great-grandfather, who died at age 45 and had served as the first bishop of the church in Camas County, Idaho. The memory of her funeral and the situations that accompanied it, were very vivid in his mind. This was the first funeral that he had ever attended. However, the mood was not an overly sad one, as the consensus among surviving family members was that it was her time and that she was anxious to be with her long departed husband once again. This taught the ten year old Kevin a great deal about death and the fact that it isn't necessarily a bad thing.

When Kevin was eleven, his parents decided it would be a fun experience for he and his little brother to visit their grandparents *alone*. Their mode of transportation would be *jet airplane*. Kevin had never been on an airplane before, therefore it was quite the adventure for the two to get on an airplane and actually *fly* through Reno to Boise by themselves. They stayed about a month with their grandparents in Boise. This was a very exciting summer for them. They attended a little Stake rodeo. Kevin's friend, Kevin Howard participated in this, riding little calves and ponies. Kevin and his little brother thought this



Craig, Kevin Howard, and Kevin with fish they caught at Alturas lake – Summer 1970

was pretty cool.

They also took an extended trip to Stanley Basin. This was a fun and interesting trip with just Kevin and his little brother to share Grandpa and Grandma's attention. They took grandpa's little travel trailer and of course, the trip centered on fishing. They fished in numerous different lakes and streams all over this area. Kevin would remember very vividly an incident that occurred in Idaho City, which is a tiny town in central Idaho between Boise and the Stanley Basin. Idaho City was an old gold rush town and still maintains a very *old west* look and feel.

Kevin had a great time on this trip, camping in the trailer, fishing with Grandpa, picking things out of his garden, playing with his neighbor friend, flying on an airplane, walking from Grandma's house to a tiny store that seemed like it was just in somebody's garage to buy penny candies, trying to *touch* Grandma's freezer without getting electrocuted, etc. All of these things and many others formed a wonderful childhood memory that would remain with Kevin for years and that he would refer to often while growing up.

After spending time with their grandparents in Boise, the boys flew to Salt Lake and continued their summer adventure by staying with Kevin's Grandparents Brown in Elberta.

Throughout this long trip away from home neither of the boys suffered from *homesickness* at all. Perhaps this was because they were with their grandparents and as any child will attest, *grandparents* are better than *parents* any day.

By the late 1960's Kevin's Grandpa and Grandma Brown had moved from Boise to take a position working for a church owned farm in Elberta, Utah. Elberta was a little town. As Kevin's grandmother put it there were "*50 people living there and about 200 Mexicans*". She wasn't racist per se, just referring to the workers on the farm, but Kevin and his little brother got a chuckle out of that comment and would chide her about it. As is clearly presented in his grandparent's histories, they really did love those workers and counted many as their friends. Elberta was on the west side of the southern tip of Utah Lake and consisted mainly of this massive church owned farm.

Kevin's grandparents worked primarily in the office with managerial duties, although Grandpa Brown had the freedom to go

out and do whatever farm work he wanted. On trips to Utah Kevin and his little brother would often go out and ride on the tractors, combines, or trucks with Grandpa Brown, who would show them how to work on the farm. It wasn't necessarily his job to do these things but he enjoyed taking his grandchildren out on such excursions. Among the many products they raised on this farm were sugar beets, corn, wheat, hay, and some livestock. Craig describes some of the experiences he and Kevin had relating to the farm in Elberta:

"I remember one time when we were riding in a grain truck with one of the workers there and Kevin and I watching the grain come down the chute and into the auger that would drive it into the grain bins and seeing a mouse come down with the grain. We were shocked to see a live mouse in the grain and frantically told the driver who basically shrugged his shoulders and said 'yeah, *o.k.*' Anyway we were fairly disenchanted to know that there would be mice in with the wheat.

Grandma Brown taught us how to chew wheat into gum and we would chew wheat into gum quite a bit until we decided that it was kind of bland and would take an awful lot of gritty chewing to finally get gum. Seeing that mouse also kind of removed the desire to put wheat in our mouths.

One job Grandpa gave Kevin and I was to try to kill the sparrows and other birds that were eating the grain in the warehouses there. Kevin and I would take gunnysacks and throw them at the birds as they flew around and knock them down and collect them in a sack and then go out and kill them. Not that we enjoyed killing things. It was a challenge to be able to catch them, the actual killing part was not pleasant to either Kevin or I. The bird catching therefore ended after our first jaunt at having to kill them. It was a futile effort in any case and I think Grandpa gave us the job more to keep us occupied and supposedly out of trouble. We found one bird in there that had its leg caught in some wire and we climbed up and saved it and tried to nurse it back to health. Why we would try to save that one bird after killing all those others has always baffled me. I guess it's one of the mysteries of boyhood mentality. It does, however, show Kevin's innate compassion for those things in life which are defenseless and incapable of helping themselves."⁵

Kevin dearly loved *black licorice* ice cream. He and his Grandpa Brown ate black licorice ice cream every chance they got. To his brother Craig, there are only a few things that are less palatable looking than black licorice ice cream!

Kevin used to also walk or ride his little brother's mini-bike down to the little Elberta store on the corner of the highways, which intersection essentially formed the town of Elberta. Kevin loved to buy boxes of hard black stick licorice. They were about ¼

inch in diameter and 4 inches long and would come in a box of about 500.

Other activities included playing with the toads that always seemed to be present around grandma's house in Elberta, or playing in the old pits near the house and shooting fireworks, etc. They'd also drive out to the old mines in the area, shoot guns up in the hills, play with the neighbor kids in the area, and ride these kid's ponies. On Sundays they would have to attend church. Craig spoke of that experience:



Kevin (12 years old) shooting a 22 rifle in the hills near Elberta, Utah.

"Kevin and I never liked going to church at another ward, we always felt uncomfortable. We would go into the same class together even though we were different ages quite often just to have the security of knowing someone. I remember discussing with him how much we disliked visiting a new ward."⁶

While in Elberta visiting his grandparents Kevin would also have occasion to visit with and be around his cousins on the Brown side of the family, most of whom lived in the Salt Lake area at that time. He especially took notice of Kirk and Kelly his Uncle Fon's sons, who were the *older* boys and Teresa and Cindy his Uncle Roy's daughters who were the *older* girls. Then there was, Kim, Cecily, and Matt, Uncle Dick's children, who were closer to Kevin's age and had lived near him in California for a time. Kevin got to know his cousins and develop relationships with them much better when he was older and lived with his Grandparents Brown while attending BYU before his mission.

An inevitable tradition on trips to Utah was haircuts. Craig described this ritual:

"No matter how short Mom would have Kevin and my hair cut before we left it was always too long for Grandpa Brown. He would always take us off to a barber almost first thing after we got there. We didn't like getting our hair cut, in fact we detested it immensely. Often he would take us to his barber up in Eureka, which was a little town somewhat near Elberta. Knowing that we disliked getting our hair cut he often would use

subterfuge to get us to go, saying, '*Let's go get an alligator jaw.*' Alligator jaws being a type of pastry. Somehow along the way to the pastry shop we'd just happen by the barbershop and Grandpa would make mention of how shaggy his hair was getting. Grandpa's hair never got more than an inch long, I think it just stopped growing at that length! Anyway we'd have to stop. Naturally, if Grandpa's whole inch long strand of hair was *shaggy*, Kevin and mine was like a girl's, in fact he'd use that comparison '*You guys are start'in to look like girls!*' And somehow one of us would be the first in the chair. The first few times the suggestion to *go get an alligator jaw* was met with a very enthusiastic response, however, as time went on, Kevin being no dummy would whisper to me '*He really means we're going to get a haircut*' and we'd unsuccessfully try to disappear. The outing with Grandpa was still fun even though we knew that the true price of an alligator jaw was listening to the roar of a Marine Corp barber's shears and watching as precious locks of our golden hair fell lifeless to the floor."⁷

Kevin's trips to Elberta began when he was about eight or so and ended when he was about 14, at which time Grandpa Brown retired again and moved to a trailer house in American Fork, Utah.

Chapter Ten

The Outdoors

Most of Kevin's hobbies and pastime activities throughout his life dealt with the outdoors. We'll touch on some specific experiences from his adult life later on. For the sake of chronology, now we'll deal with some of the outdoor activities that shaped his life during his childhood.

The Mountains

Love for the outdoors began for him as a young child with the sport of backpacking, which was a regular activity with his family especially during Kevin's childhood years. Hiking and camping being an activity that cost very little to enjoy and therefore was ideally suited for a financially struggling young family. Shortly after Kevin's move to California he and his father would often go backpacking and camping in the wilderness area of Mt. San Gorgonio, which was east of San Bernardino. Sometimes they'd hike all the way to the summit, but quite often they would just camp near a lake or stream, a place they called *slushy meadows* being a common camping spot.

To get the proper vision of what this was like, imagine a young father about 26 years old, with two little four & five year old boys in tow. These little boys would be carrying little green canvas backpacks containing some of their clothes (mainly numerous changes of underwear) and the all important "*gorp*" (a trail mix of nuts, M&M candies, etc). Followed by their father, these boys would march proudly up the trail, holding up valiantly under the tremendous load of their massive backpacks, for the first few

hundred yards anyway. After this their smiles would begin to fail, the beauty of nature would become just so much trees and dirt, and a whining noise would increase from mere thought, to a mutter, and finally into a sound audible enough to be understood. “*This pack is too heavy, I’m tired, let’s rest!*” The father, not even mentioning the fact that he was carrying the tent, the stove, cooking utensils, the food, the water, the sleeping bags, all of his clothes, the remainder of the boy’s clothes, and camera equipment (which alone weighed several tons), would simply say in the most compassionate and understanding manner possible; “*You guys have only just started, now get moving or I’ll boot you up the hill!*” This threat of being *booted* up the hill was usually tested early in the hike.

Avoidance of the *boot* would require a more careful choice of words while whining. This brought into play question whining, the theory being, *you can’t boot me for asking a question*. The most common question whine is of course, “*How much further until we get there?*” However, this was definitely not the wisest question whine, a more subtle version was “*How far have we come?*” Of course this only had meaning if the inquirer actually knew how long the trip was and was capable of doing simple math. Of course to four and five year old boys there is no such thing as *simple* math, so this whine was rarely used, it caused too much thought, and brain energy was the first form of energy expended on a hike. The most wise question whine was the two part “*Dad where are we at?*” (no father could get mad at a child’s fear of being lost), which was followed by “*Can you show me on the map?*” This whine was particularly excellent if executed properly because it required *stopping* to look at the map. The only time when this whine is not appropriate is when the father *really is lost*, in which case this particular whine could result in the undesirable placement of dad’s boot.

In the end the only real way for Kevin to avoid the boot was to hike faster than his dad and therefore remain out of range. He learned this early on and throughout his life on backpacking trips, he hiked *fast*.

A little ways into the hike up San Gorgonio there was a hill, which was tremendously big and steep then, but has amazingly diminished in size since. This hill was named “*Poopout Hill*”, not

just because Kevin and his little brother would get totally *pooped out* trying to get up it, but it was actually named that on the map! Here the young father's encouragement would change from the threatened boot to "*When you get to the top, you can rest!*" This was a welcome thought, however, as every child hiker knows, the *top* of a hill is only an illusion. When you finally get to where the top is *supposed to be*, the evil mountain (which takes great pleasure in disappointing young children) moves the top a couple of hundred yards higher. This process is repeated until the child loses all hope of ever reaching the real top, when all of a sudden he's there, hearing his father say the words "*Now that wasn't so hard, was it!*" Being impossible to argue this statement with a man who has just carried most of his household belongings up the same hill, the two little boys begin to enjoy their long sought after *rest*. As is the case with most child hikers, this *rest* consists of dropping their packs in the middle of the trail and running all over throwing pinecones at each other and, of course, eating trail mix. The rest is soon pronounced over and once again the two little boys are back on the trail and for some reason feel just as tired as they did before the "*rest*". As the trip progresses the whining diminishes and suddenly they arrive at *Slushy Meadows*, hiking ends, and they're setting up camp. Anyway, the father is setting up camp, the two little boys are running around testing the water-proofing of their boots in a nearby stream. *Slushy Meadows* was the family's nickname for the spot officially known as *South Fork Meadows*, which was a popular first night camping spot for them. Craig describes an incident that occurred on one of their first camping trips here:

"On one of these trips to *Slushy Meadows*, Kevin and I were playing around by the stream and got lost. We had no idea where the camp was and were so frightened. It seems like we wandered around for hours (probably 5 minutes), visions of bears, mountain lions, and rabid chipmunks danced across our minds. A man came by and asked if we were O.K. Being that neither of us were old enough to have developed proper male pride, we blurted out "*We're lost!*" The thought of a common cartoon show that Kevin loved to watch at the time comes to mind. The main character would get into trouble and cry out "*Save me Mr. Wizard!*" and the wizard looking at him through his magical viewing glass would say "*Twizzle, Twazzle, Twozzle, Twown, time for this one to come home!*" and he'd be transported back home. Anyway this kind man, surely holding back a major giggle, led us the hundred yards or so back to our camp. We came running in to Dad

amidst cries of “we were lost and didn’t know where camp was!” After that Dad hung whistles around our necks.”¹

As mentioned before, Kevin’s backpacking gear consisted of a little green canvas backpack and little leather-hiking boots, which he would coat with a waterproofing substance. Of course, at each puddle and stream crossing this waterproofing would have to be tested until his feet would be soaking wet. A whistle hung around his neck became part of his standard gear after getting lost at *Slushy Meadows*. And of course, after he turned eight, he would always carry his trusty Cub Scout pocketknife. Often Kevin would sleep in his dad’s “*half bag*”, which was a small down sleeping bag designed to fit an adult’s lower body with the upper body being covered by a down jacket. As a child this “*half bag*” could cover Kevin from head to foot. As Kevin grew older he got a gold colored Alpinelite backpack. This was a top of the line backpack at the time. With this Kevin began carrying his full share of the load (tent, sleeping bag, clothes, cooking gear, food, etc.).

Throughout his childhood Kevin went on numerous backpacking trips, mostly in the mountains of Southern California, the Sierra Nevada range, and the Sawtooth Wilderness of Idaho. He hiked all over the San Bernardino mountains with excursions to San Geronio, San Jacinto, and San Antonio (commonly known as Mt. Baldy) all of which were 10,000+ foot mountains. Among his trips to the Sierra Nevada range, he climbed Mt. Whitney numerous times beginning at age seven. Hiking with his father taught him to keep going, not to complain, and enjoy the trip. His father hiked fast and far, with little stopping to rest. By the time Kevin was of scouting age he was already a fairly experienced mountaineer. For a boy who learned early that the key to enjoying the trip was to hike faster than your father’s boot, hiking with boy scouts really was like a *cakewalk*.



Kevin (6 years old) resting on a hike up San Geronio.



Kevin (6 years old) standing on top of Mt. San Gorgonio

Kevin's father was a member of the Riverside Mountain Rescue Team. He was very involved in this, very athletic, and was a very astute mountaineer. He went on several rescues where they saved peoples lives and some where they brought out people who they found dead. He was involved in saving flood victims, bringing them out across raging waters. A history that Kevin's grandmother put together of her son contains several newspaper articles relating to some of his efforts. Suffice it to say that Kevin's father held hero status in his eyes, and comments that people would make to him regarding his father over the years, only reinforced that image. The desire *to be like Dad* was very real with Kevin. "*I want to be able to shoot like Dad*", "*I want to be able to take pictures like Dad*", "*I wish I could stay underwater as long as Dad*", etc. As Kevin got older, about eight years old or so, the booting up the hill ended. Kevin's incentive was based on the perception of how he looked in his Dad's eyes. To whine or slow down while hiking, no matter how tired, was no longer an option, as it would make him look like a "*wimp*" in his Dad's eyes. So he kept pace, climbed rocks even when afraid, and took care of his gear, for the most part without a word. On the mountain he had become a man *early*.

It would be impossible to describe all of the backpacking trips Kevin participated in. Backpacking was the major family activity

of his early childhood. However, special mention has to be made of Mt. Whitney in California's Sierra Nevada Range, because Kevin went on this particular trip so many times. There are several pictures of Kevin standing by the plaque at the top of Mt. Whitney, the first time Kevin is just seven years old.

Typically Kevin's dad did not follow the normal trail up this mountain, he would go up what was called the *Mountaineer's Route* which was on the right hand side when facing the mountain from Whitney Portal. Basically this route just followed up the draws and rocks with no established trail to follow. Sometimes he would follow little markers made of a few stones people piled on each other to mark the best route. As long as these were standing he would follow them, otherwise he just kind of found his own way up. Here is Craig's description of a typical Mt. Whitney backpack:

"We'd start with an elevation of about 8,000 feet at the Whitney Portal. We'd first come to *Lower Boy Scout Lake*, which stood at about 10,000 feet. Here there were beautiful big trout that would never bite anything. You could spend many a fruitless hour trying to catch these trout. I think we did catch one or two of these fish, but only after major patience and being real sneaky. This was a common camping spot for us. We'd continue to *Upper Boy Scout Lake*, which had like stubborn trout. This lake was about a thousand feet higher. When we were younger we would camp here, but as we got older we would just go for the summit straight from Lower Boy Scout Lake. From here we'd scramble up a number of rock faces, to a lake that we called *Iceberg Lake*, although the real name may be *Northface Lake* if I remember right. This lake got its name because it always seemed to be just a block of ice. Dad would emphatically tell us not to walk out on that ice. I don't know if there were any stubborn trout here, because I don't remember seeing liquid water in it. This lake sat at the 13,000-foot level. After this lake we would go up the scree (loose rock slide) on the right side of the rock face of the mountain. This would consist of us scrambling up through the loose rock, slide back a foot or so for every couple of feet of upward progress made. It is very steep. Finally we would get to a saddle area. We would then proceed to climb up the rock side on



Kevin (7 years old) on his first hike up Mt. Whitney

the right of the peak. This was like climbing up a series of really big rock steps. A little boy would have to reach up and pull himself up the face of a rock, swing his legs over the top, stand on it, and do the same to the next one, for several hundred feet. As little kids we handled it very well, but the older I got, the more frightened I became of just climbing up this cliff. Quite often there would be areas that were icy and occasionally Dad would lower a rope that we would pull ourselves up on or he'd pull us up with it. Then we'd finally be at the top at 14,496 feet and we'd sit and look over the Owens Valley and for miles all around. Occasionally jet fighter planes would fly over, giving us a little show. We'd wander around the little stone storm shelter that was built on top and sign the log. Kevin sat on top of this mountain several times as a small child, a teenager, and an adult."²



Arlen Matheson, Craig Dalton, and
Kevin Dalton standing on top of Mt.
Whitney - 1972

On one of his trips up Mt. Whitney, Kevin, his little brother, and father camped at *Iceberg Lake*. Typically you didn't camp at this lake because of the cold and the high altitude. Usually they would camp at Upper Boy Scout Lake and hike to the summit and back from there. Being very young on this trip, both Kevin and his brother got altitude sickness while camping here. When backpacking Kevin's father would use a lot of dehydrated food. One of the things he was fond of cooking on these trips was *beef stroganoff*. In fact about the only time they ever ate beef stroganoff was on backpacking trips. That night they had beef stroganoff for dinner. Right after dinner Kevin, and his little brother, huddled quickly back in the tent because of the freezing cold. Iceberg Lake being above the timberline it was impossible to have a campfire. So there they lay, sick and freezing cold, but full of beef stroganoff. Almost simultaneously these little boys looked

at each other and lunged for the tent door and deposited their beef stroganoff in two less than neat piles in front of the tent. There they kneeled, alternately looking at each other and the piles before them, and making an unspoken vow never to eat beef stroganoff again. A vow, which Craig believes, was never broken by either of them. After this they climbed back into the tent and huddled and moaned. The next day they went to the summit as planned and felt fine. For years and years after this experience, when someone in their presence would *throw up*, one would make a vague reference to *beef stroganoff* and the other would understand implicitly, the terms *throw up* and *beef stroganoff* having become synonymous long ago.

The Desert

Not all of Kevin's camping experiences involved backpacking. When Kevin was about 13 the family got a couple of little motorcycles beginning with a *Honda Mini Trail 70*. Shortly after this Kevin, his dad, and his little brother went partners and bought a Yamaha 100 enduro type motorcycle, which was purple. Not an ugly purple, it looked nice. For a while they'd take these on family activities out to the desert. One such activity was to go out to *Joshua Tree State Park* and ride around on these motorcycles on the desert roads. There are a couple of pictures of Kevin giving rides to the smaller kids or grandma on these motorcycles. They also went on camping trips out to *Valley of Fire* between Las Vegas and Mesquite Nevada, and also to *Snow Canyon* near St. George, Utah where they would ride their motorcycles, climb on the rocks, explore, etc. Scouting excursions to Calico Mines or the Mojave Desert near his home in California were also regular occurrences.



Kevin giving a ride to Valerie and Scott on his Yamaha 100 motorcycle at Joshua Tree State Park.

The Ocean

At one point or another during Kevin's life he would participate in just about every activity imaginable on the ocean. Trips to the various beaches in Southern California were common. The sports of fishing, scuba diving, surfing, boating, sailing, etc. were all things that Kevin enjoyed. Kevin participated in numerous family trips to the ocean. We'll review a few of these as they relate to some of these hobbies that Kevin learned.

When Kevin was about eleven years old, his dad and mom and a photography friend of his dad's, named Joe Dickerson, took up scuba diving. Kevin would take many trips with his dad boating off the coast of California and scuba diving. King had bought a little 18-foot Glastron tri-hull boat. One of the first trips taken with this boat was for the purpose of scuba diving off Long Beach in Southern California. Kevin and his little brother sat on this little boat in the waves and the swells, waiting for his father and Joe to come up from their dive. Sitting there rocking and rolling in this little boat gave Kevin another first in life, this being the first time and perhaps the only time he ever got seasick. Once again Kevin and his little brother, synchronized and joined at the stomach, simultaneously lost it over the side of the boat. After that neither of these boys had any significant trouble with seasickness.

Kevin would take numerous trips out to Catalina Island, the first of these with the little Glastron boat. Shortly thereafter his dad decided that he wanted a bigger boat, so he bought a 24-foot Skipjack, which was a fly bridge type boat with a cabin. A common destination at Catalina Island was an area called the rock quarry, which was just south of the Isthmus on the east side of the island. Kevin would often scuba and skin dive here. His dad would go spearfishing a lot then. He typically did this while free diving (breath-hold diving or snorkeling). Kevin and his little brother would sit floating in their little inflatable dingy while watching their dad free dive. He would spend what seemed like forever under the water and pop up occasionally in gaps between the kelp beds. As he'd go under again the two boys would start looking around to see where he'd pop up next, which sometimes seemed to them like a great distance.



Kevin, Craig, and Darwin aboard the Outrider – October 1970

King and his friend Joe did photography work together. With one project they were working on a documentary of lobster fishing in California. This project gave them the opportunity to go on a commercial dive boat named the *Outrider*, which worked with lobster fisherman when it wasn't on scuba diving trips. This boat served as kind of a tender for several small lobster boats which would store their catch on the *Outrider*. King and Joe's intent was to do photography work during the day and scuba dive for free at night without the crowd of other divers on board.

In October of 1970, Kevin and his brothers, Darwin and Craig were invited to go along on one of these trips. This trip would take them across the channel to San Clemente Island. During the ride out it was still night. King was emphatic about his boys staying inside the cabin and not going out on deck during the ride out. He was remembered saying, "*If you guys fell overboard in the dark, we'd never be able to find you*". The thought of being lost at sea at night in the cold dark water along with the sharks which were seen regularly on these crossings was enough incentive to obey their father's command. The boys slept on the bunks inside, even though they really wanted to run around, explore the boat and be with the men.

During each day, while King and Joe would go out with the small lobster boats doing their photography work and gathering material for this documentary (which unfortunately never was completed), the boys played around on the *Outrider* being watched

over by the Captain. Here's Craig's description of this time on the boat:

"He had fishing rods and set these up so Kevin, Darwin, and I could fish during the day while the others were out at work. Anyone who has ever fished with a trolling reel knows that if you try to cast it, the reel will back spin and become a tangled up mess. However, for little boys who were used to fishing with little Zebco reels at the side of a lake with grandpa, fish'in ain't fish'in if you don't cast out the line. Never mind the fact that you're fishing over the side of a stationary boat in the ocean where it is as deep just below the boat as it is anywhere else around. The Captain would say, *"With this kind of reel you just drop the line down, if you cast, it'll get tangled up."* But temptation and habit would be just too much, the line would get cast out and in an instant the reel would be a tangled mess. The Captain would patiently undo the mess, mumbling in a foreign language common among seamen. Handing the poles back to us he'd say *"Now don't cast it out, just drop it down!"* But, even while the child was saying to himself *"just drop it down, just drop it down, don't cast, don't cast"*, the old Zebco reflex reaction would take hold and out would sail the line, until the tangle in the reel would stop it. This process was repeated several times, with the Captain saying each time *"now I'm not going to untangle this again for you!"* But like I said he was a very patient man and I think he kind of liked having these three little boys onboard.

We also played around in the inflatable dingy that they had. There were numerous sea lions, which were very curious and would swim all around and underneath this little boat and it's less than valiant crew. I remember Kevin and I being so afraid that one of these big beasts would come up underneath and topple us over.

The fishermen had caught some small sharks in the lobster traps, which they normally just killed and threw overboard, but Kevin and I picked one of these and tried to keep it alive on deck. The captain was once again very patient with these goofy kids and their nutty ideas, but eventually this shark ended up overboard. In this day and age sharks were definitely persona non grata. There were numerous sharks. As we'd cross the channels from the California coast to Catalina or San Clemente Islands we would see shark fins all over the place. We would count hundreds of them almost every time we crossed those channels. Once we even had one shark get caught up in the propeller of our Skipjack boat as we were going over to Catalina. I remember hearing the engine sound like it was about to die and seeing the body of this shark flopping over on the propeller. Things have definitely changed. Now it's a rarity to see a shark fin at all when crossing these channels."³

During trips like this, Kevin had encounters with numerous forms of sea life. On this particular trip with the lobster fishermen the boat ran along with a herd of whales. This was Kevin's first opportunity to see these mammoth beasts up close and in the wild.

During the course of this trip the quantity of lobster stored on the boat grew and grew. At one point it seemed to the boys that the entire back end of this fairly large boat was just full of lobster. Kevin and his brothers were enlisted in the chore of breaking the tails off what seemed like hundreds and hundreds of lobster and throwing the carapace overboard. They ate so much lobster that they got sick of it. It's sad to see such situations wasted on unappreciative little boys. They brought bags of lobster home and ate this for quite some time. As a child Kevin was definitely spoiled with seafood.

Catalina Island was the family's most common boating and diving destination. Once again it would be impossible to describe all such trips, but here I'll include this description of one such trip as related by Kevin's brother Craig that shows that boyhood pranks were a regular part of such excursions:

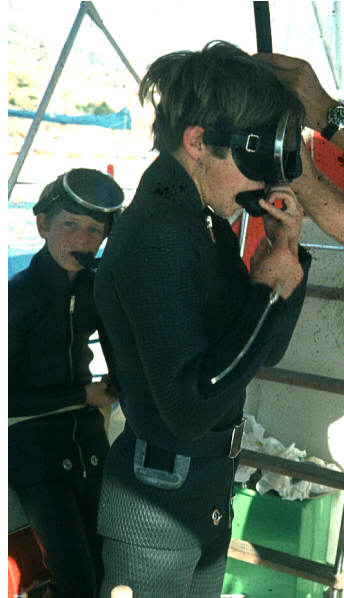
"On another really memorable trip we had, we went on the Skipjack around to the backside of Catalina to a place called *Little Harbor*. This must have been in late summer because we spent a lot of time swimming and playing in the waves (waves were unusual, for our trips to Catalina were usually on the lee side of the island), and the water was relatively warm. There were buffalo that would graze on Catalina and Little Harbor was a common area that they would come down to. Kevin and I paddled the little inflatable dinghy from the Skipjack to shore and began playing around on the little beach. Now buffalo are pretty frightening to a little 10-year-old boy and a herd of these animals began heading towards the beach. They were probably curious about these two kids playing on *their* beach. Kevin began to run towards the dinghy and I soon followed, but not in time as Kevin got there first and paddled out before I could catch him. There I stood on the shore with the buffalo fast approaching as Kevin sat laughing a safe distance from shore. At the time I could not understand the humor of watching one's little brother get stomped to death and eaten by vicious buffalo, an event which I was positive would shortly transpire. To get the proper picture of this situation, imagine one little boy just off shore, laughing and paddling back to the boat. Another little boy is screaming "*Get back here! They're gonna stomp me! There gonna eat me!*" as he wades further and further into the water. The buffalo, becoming even more curious from all the noise and thrashing about, begin to wade out into the water. Up to this time I thought I was at least safe in the water (forgetting the sharks for a moment), but upon seeing buffalo actually *wading* out towards me, panic set in, my fears of all the vicious sea creatures seemed minor compared to these marauding buffalo and I started to swim. Kevin, knowing of course that he would be in big trouble if he came back to the boat without his little brother, turned back and picked me up. Despite all of my pleading, Dad failed to see the true danger that the buffalo presented and

therefore refused to punish Kevin, aside from telling him, “*don’t paddle off and leave your brother on the beach again.*” However this did teach me a valuable lesson, *be first to the dinghy!*”⁴

Other common places they would visit on Catalina Island aside from Rock Quarry and Little Harbor, were Arrow Point, Emerald Cove, the Isthmus, and of course, the city of Avalon. Emerald Cove was a particularly neat place to skin dive and explore in the early 1970’s.

When he was twelve, Kevin took scuba classes and got his scuba certification. Here is Craig’s description of what scuba diving was like as Kevin began this sport:

“Scuba diving was much different in the early 70’s. Whereas with the gear available now, it is more of a finesse sport, when Kevin began, it was a very physically demanding sport and especially difficult for one as young as Kevin. Common things scuba divers take for granted now as essential equipment, such as pressure gauges and buoyancy compensators, weren’t available or in use then. Your tank would be just attached to a backpack and you’d just wear enough weight to compensate for the buoyancy of the wet suit, beyond that you’d kick. Sometimes you’d wear what was called a *Mae West*, which was just an inflatable vest, kind of like today’s snorkeling vest. But this was more of a safety device than a buoyancy device. In those early days you would find out you were out of air when you’d suck on the mouthpiece and there wouldn’t be any more air pressure. We called this the “*hard suck*”. Of course, there was a reserve valve on the tank that once pulled would give you a couple more minutes of air. The problem with this was that as often as not this valve was already pulled by a strand of kelp or something during the dive. In this case the diver had to make a free ascent, which meant he had to exhale as he swam all the way to the surface on the last breath he had taken. Kevin did several free ascents during his time diving and was never really panicked by this. As part of the course you’d have to be able to swim across the pool carrying your weights. At his young age Kevin couldn’t fit into any regular wet suit so his dad had one custom made for him, at considerable expense for that day and age. Wet suits were nowhere near as good then as they are now. The lining would stick to your skin and it was a real challenge to get them on and off.



Kevin aboard the Skipjack
getting ready to go diving
(1973)

You had to be twelve to take the classes and so this precluded me from doing it with him. But just like riding the bike or skateboard and just about everything else in life, I learned scuba diving under Kevin's tutelage. We'd play around with tanks in the pool and I'd just go along with them even though I didn't actually get my certification until many, many years later. We would scuba dive a lot together over many years."⁵

There was an abundance of sea life around the Channel Islands in the early 1970's. Fish were plentiful and Kevin was good at spearfishing. He'd use little pole spears for this or a little spear gun that his father had. He'd also line fish and catch something almost every time the bait was dropped down between the kelp beds. As he grew, Kevin was able to experience numerous encounters with sea life, whales, dolphins, sharks, sea lions, eels, etc., and even *swimming buffalo*.

One of Kevin's most memorable sea excursions occurred in May 1973, when he took a trip with his family and both sets of grandparents to Baja California and the Sea of Cortez in Mexico. King had a client and friend who was an avid fisherman and regularly took fishing trips to the Sea of Cortez. He suggested that King bring his boat and accompany him on his next trip. The trip began as they towed their Skipjack flybridge cabin cruiser along with two other boats to San Felipe, Mexico, which sits at the northwest end of the Sea of Cortez. At this time San Felipe was just a little tiny town. It has been built up a lot since and has become a tourist area, but at the time it was just a sleepy little Mexican fishing village. Here they left Kevin's two grandmothers, his mother, Shauna, Valerie, and Scott (who at the time was just a little toddler) in a campground on the beach, while the "men", which included Kevin and his Grandpa Dalton, Grandpa Brown, father, and little brother Craig, went on a week long fishing excursion. They traveled about 300 miles (round trip) on the water, their destination being a little town named Bahia de los Angeles, which at that time was really only accessible by boat.

San Felipe has a tremendous tidal range. Here the tide goes out about $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. At low tide in order to get the boat launched it had to be towed out by a truck with very big fat tires and stood very high, kind of like the monster trucks of today. This truck would basically just wade the boat out in the water until it was deep enough to float.

Once launched their cruise began. Kevin and his brother learned to drive boats very early and spent a lot of time on this trip taking turns driving. Their first stop was a little town about 40 miles south of San Felipe called Puertocitos. Although this town would grow considerably in a few short years, at this time there wasn't much at Puertocitos, just a couple of shacks, a little store, and a dirt airstrip. A lot of shrimp boats would come in to Puertocitos, so while here they bought a lot of shrimp, about a grocery sack full for \$3. On this trip they ate shrimp over and over again. Kind of like the lobster, the two boys got sick of eating shrimp. However, they have recovered well since. They also got gasoline here out of 55-gallon drums on the beach. This they pumped out by hand and filtered it through chamois into the boats. After buying some candies, drinking some soda at the little store there and playing on the beach, they were off again. They camped overnight in a little cove somewhere along the way.

On the journey they saw *Finback* whales that seemed so big and so close that Kevin and Craig were seriously afraid of them coming up underneath their boat and tipping them over. To these little boys, their Skipjack boat seemed so small compared to these whales, and in reality it was. It was quite exciting to be in the middle of a herd of these magnificent creatures, which except for the blue whales are the largest animals on earth.



Kevin with his Grandpa Dalton and brother Craig fishing on their Skipjack boat near Bahia de los Angeles, Mexico – May 1973

Once they arrived at Bay of Los Angeles, they caught lots of fish, especially bass, but also barracuda and corbina. They were supposed to be fishing for yellowtail, but none of Kevin's family caught one. Here's Craig's description of the fishing:

"We did catch lots of really nice big bass and triggerfish, so much so that we were throwing back many good-sized fish. We'd drop the line to the bottom and almost as soon as it got there we would have a fish on the line."⁶

Most of the time they spent at Bahia de los Angeles it rained, so much time was spent playing cards and eating shrimp in the cabin of their boat. As the weather would permit they would take shore excursions to Bay of Los Angeles and fish around the islands, which sat about a mile or two off shore. Bahia de Los Angeles was also a very tiny town, it seemed that there was even less of this town than Puertocitos. It was just a very small fishing village and offered little to do in town. The author has been there numerous times since the early 1970's and watched this town change dramatically over the years, with vacation homes and hotels springing up.

Here I'll include one story that Craig relates about their stay in Bahia de Los Angeles that shows an important character attribute that Kevin possessed.

"Kevin and I, while playing on a beach near Bay of Los Angeles were intrigued by the hundreds and hundreds of heads from little hammerhead sharks that were in piles on the beach. The local fisherman would catch sharks and clean them out on the beach and leave the heads in piles. Even though these heads were small, in our reasoning, where there are little sharks there are *big* sharks and from the quantity of little sharks on the beach there must be many big sharks in the water. Of course there are big hammerhead sharks that school in the Sea of Cortez, these however, were a small variety that lived more like a sand shark, in and around reefs and under rocks. We didn't know this at the time.

In any case, like typical boys we were examining the shark heads, throwing them around, etc. With this picture vividly in our minds we got back on the boat and left. There are sandbars and underwater obstructions around Bay of Los Angeles that extend far from shore. If you're not savvy with the area these sandbars can hang you up very readily. While cruising in the boat we ran up on one of these sandbars. For a young boy like Kevin, where we were stuck on that sand bar seemed like a mile or better from shore. Keep in mind the courage that it would take a twelve year old boy like Kevin upon being told to get out of the boat in what to him seemed like the middle of the ocean and push, after having seen all those shark heads on

the shore. Yet he swallowed his fear and did as he was told, as Dad told everyone to get out and push. I don't remember Kevin complaining or saying he wouldn't do it, but I do know the fear in his eyes and what was going through his mind. The boat did get off the sandbar, I can't remember whether we actually dislodged it by pushing or whether the tide came in and lifted it off (probably the tide). In any case that type of courage was typical of Kevin, it wasn't an unusual thing. The fear was there, and would be in future situations, but he would buck up and deal with it."⁷

Kevin had a fear of sharks that was very typical of kids his age. In that day and age the stories and concepts of sharks were very different than they became a decade later. All sharks were seen as menacing man-eaters, especially to little boys. The portrayal of sharks in TV shows and movies was that of vicious beasts that would attack any time they came near. So even getting in the water after seeing such things was an act of courage for a little boy, let alone stepping out into the same water that he had just seen had produced hundreds of shark heads.

As they motored back to San Felipe it seemed like the trip took forever. The currents in the Sea of Cortez can be tremendous, especially those around the mid-drift islands which is the location of Bay of Los Angeles. When trying to go against these currents, which they did a couple of times, it is like the boat just doesn't move. While powering along against the stiff wind and the strong current it feels like you're really going, but your position in relation to the shore doesn't seem to change. In spite of set backs like this or situations like having to *get out and push*, this trip was filled with excitement and adventure, with whales, dolphins, and big fish. It was very enchanting for a young boy.

After returning to San Felipe, Kevin played on the beach with the rest of his family and bought lots of firecrackers and skyrocket, etc. In California most fireworks were illegal, so Mexico was quite the place because you could get all these things. Kevin and Craig bought lots of these and shot them off all over the place, on the beach, in the streets, over the water, under each other.

One story is memorable, even though it is more of a Craig story than a Kevin story, although Kevin was there watching it happen and was Craig's advisor in the matter. Craig got the bright idea that he was going to buy all these fireworks and stash them in the boat and take them across the border. His father saw all this purchasing of fireworks and knew what was in the heart and mind

of his son and told him that for every firecracker that he found when they got home, he would charge him a dime. Well, being that there were thousands of fireworks, the calculator in Craig's mind just spun and spun, and while unable to calculate the exact amount of the potential fine, he knew it would be more than he could earn in years. Knowing that his dad was serious about this, he concluded that the only alternative was to shoot off all these fireworks before getting home. This would be quite the undertaking.

Grandpa Brown went with Craig up the tall hill behind the campground just outside the town of San Felipe. This was a sand dune hill that had lots of thorns growing on it and like an idiot Craig was in bare feet, so Grandpa carried him part of the way. They finally got to the top and were met with the decision of how to light these off. They had a paper grocery bag full of fireworks. Craig had one really big skyrocket, which they decided to shoot off first. He had a disease at the time, which caused a vacuum of intelligence to develop in his mind on occasion. This affliction presented itself that night, as he stood that big skyrocket up inside the paper grocery bag containing all the other fireworks to shoot it off. The thought being *it will shoot out of the bag before it lights anything on fire*. Unfortunately, once lit, this rocket proceeded to throw a steady stream of flame into the bag of fireworks for several seconds before it finally lifted out of the bag. Now within this bag was a variety of rockets, firecrackers, M-80's, cherry bombs, and various other incendiary devices. Demolition experts would be afraid of what was in this bag! By the time that biggest rocket left, the entire bag was in flames, and rockets and explosions began flying in every direction off the top of this hill. His mother said later that it was a spectacular sight, that you could hear people all over town and in the campground going "oooh!", "aah!", "wow". Unfortunately, for Craig and Grandpa, they couldn't enjoy it, because it is difficult to watch the show while you have your head buried in the sand. Craig's hurt feelings over losing all his fireworks in a brief, yet magnificent display that he didn't get to watch was only slightly exceeded by the pain from rockets hitting his legs. Miraculously, they were only slightly wounded and hobbled down the hill, to meet statements from admiring fans such

as, “*that was really neat*” and “*why’d you shoot them off all at once?*”

Kevin would go back to San Felipe twice after that, another time with the family and then again on a scout outing.

Holidays & Observances

As we can see family outings and activities were a major part of Kevin's growing up experience. Holiday and other observances were also very important. Most of the holidays growing up were spent doing family activities which brought the Trost and Dalton families in California together, and later on often included Grandpa and Grandma Dalton who moved to California in about 1972. I think it is worth mentioning how some of the typical holidays were observed and the family traditions that were formed.

As a child Kevin prepared for Valentine's Day by cutting preprinted Valentines out of a book or making his own and then writing on or signing one for each of his family members, friends, and each member of his school class. Valentine's Day was one of the special days that resulted in a class party in his grade school. In the evening Kevin's father would present each of the children with a special Valentine's candy or even their own box of candy, and would typically present his wife with flowers and a very large box of candy, which the kids would eye longingly. This was a tradition that Kevin would continue later with his own special girlfriend and wife.

Another special holiday in the Dalton household was Easter. Easter meant getting new clothes, getting dressed up and having your picture taken as you were ready to go to church. Old film footage that Kevin's brother Scott has transferred to video portrays this ritual very clearly as you see the kids all standing there one by one having their pictures taken in their new Easter clothes, very uncomfortable and not knowing what to do.

Easter was special of course because of the atonement of Christ and the religious aspects, but also as little kids because of the Easter bunny and Easter baskets. This was a major ritual in Kevin's household. The kids had the same Easter baskets year after year and usually the same plastic grass inside them. They'd dye hard-boiled eggs over newspaper on the back patio, making a tremendous mess in the process. When dry, the eggs were put in their baskets and these would be placed out on the counter. It was always Craig's desire to catch the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus. There were numerous traps laid for the Easter Bunny to try and catch him. Kevin as the older brother just giggled and endured these escapades of his little brother.

On Easter morning they'd run out to see what the Easter Bunny had brought. Among the chocolate bunnies, marshmallow chicks and rabbits, jelly beans, candy eggs, and other candy in the baskets, they would also typically find a little toy. This toy was usually a *squirt gun* or a *dart gun*, the kind with little suction cups on the ends of the darts. The Easter Bunny must have really wanted to torture Kevin's mother on Easter morning by continually giving her little boys squirt guns. Imagine little boys having just been given these squirt guns and being told "*Now don't squirt your brother in his Sunday clothes!*" Yea, right! That was likely *Not* to



Easter 1964: Kevin, Shauna, and Craig dressed in their Easter clothes with their baskets full of goodies.

happen! For the rest of the day, before and after church, they'd have battles and wars. The battle cry typically being heard was "*Kevin don't squirt that in the house!*" and "*Craig quit getting your sister all wet!*" They had a lot of fun at Easter time.

Fourth of July was another holiday with special significance. Again the Daltons would usually get together with their Trost cousins, go swimming during the day, eat hamburgers or something like it out on the patio, and then at night shoot off fireworks on the cement patio out back or in the street out front. In California firecrackers and rockets were illegal so these fireworks consisted of fountains and other "*safe and sane*" fireworks. At the end of the fireworks they'd do *sparklers*, which consisted of all of the kids running all around waving hot, burning metal sticks.

As members of the Mormon Church, Kevin and his family would commemorate their pioneer heritage with a July 24th Pioneer Day celebration. There was usually some church event, picnic, etc. in which the children would dress up as pioneers, often pulling their little Radio Flyer wagons that had been converted to *covered wagons* for the occasion with a white sheet and wire coat hangers.

A great holiday for little kids was Halloween. It was another holiday that would result in a special school party. Here's Craig's description of Halloween.

"We'd get dressed up and go around with our pillow cases to gather candy and things, going *trick-or-treating* all over. In that day and age, there wasn't so much the fear of people hurting kids while trick-or-treating, as there has been since. Mom would let us just run around with the other neighbor kids and try to collect as much candy as we possibly could. We would go all over the place and come back with a big load. We'd dump this out on the living room floor and count it out to see who did better and gloat. Mom made neat little costumes for us. One of the earliest of these was a little leopard costume that seemed like all of us kids wore when we were about four years old. The only problem wearing the leopard costume was that you continually were getting your tail pulled. It had a little cap with little pointy ears on it and a long tail that would be continually pulled by the wearer's siblings. I still have that costume, which has gone through my kids as well and has somehow still held together, including the tail."¹

Thanksgiving was most often celebrated with Trosts down at Grandma Dalton's house. Grandma liked to do Thanksgiving dinner at her house just off 9th Street in Upland. Dinner would consist of the traditional Thanksgiving fare of turkey and ham and just tons of food, and of course Grandma's famous rolls. Before

and after dinner, the kids would play games together, in particular *kick-the-can*, which was a kind of hiding and sneaking game where everyone would try to sneak up on the guy with the can and kick it before he could spot them. If he spotted them, they were “it”.

The greatest holiday of all, of course, was Christmas. Christmas Eve was spent together with the Trosts. On Christmas Eve the children were allowed to open one present. The choice of which present was already made for them. Typically this present was one given them by a grandmother, which usually contained pajamas or a bathrobe or something like that. They would also read the Christmas story from Luke. Often this would be read by Kevin’s Uncle David. During the reading of the Christmas story, the children would act out the parts and enter in their bathrobes as shepherds or wise men, or dressed as an angel (a girl part), and of course, Joseph and Mary with at times the newest born baby playing the role of the baby Jesus. Later on as the families grew and the desire to have Christmas Eve separately with each family was more in play, they would have this activity with the cousins, the Christmas story, the one gift, etc., on the 23rd of December.

A typical Christmas morning in the Dalton household consisted of the kids waking up early in the morning. Craig wrote of a



Grandma Helen Dalton talking with Craig, Kevin, and Shauna Dalton, and Tammy and Randy Trost on Christmas Eve 1966 in the Dalton home in Upland, California.

problem that Kevin had for a time with this early morning Christmas.

“The paper route that I mentioned earlier played a role with Kevin and I for a few years. This really meant that we had to get up a couple hours before the rest of the family in order to be done delivering papers and home before the younger kids would wake up. We’d often get up at 2 or 3am. We were not allowed in the front room of the house where the gifts, the tree, and all the Christmas things were and where Santa Claus’ presents would be found stacked in sections relating to each child in the family, until Dad had gotten up and set up all his camera stuff so he could take pictures as we came in. This procedure continued even after Kevin and Pam got married. Kevin and I would sit there awake in our bedroom wondering if it was late enough to go bother Mom and Dad. Eventually all the kids would find themselves waiting down the hall, being quiet, yet making enough noise so that their parents would know they were awake. This was a critical art because if you made too much noise or you began this procedure too early, you would get scolded and sent back to bed, and that would delay getting into the *room* rather than expedite it. Eventually our parents would come out and Mom would stand with us in the hall and line us up in order, youngest to oldest, and when Dad gave the go ahead we’d dash into the room and find our stocking and the gifts Santa had brought us.”²

After playing with these toys for a while they would sometimes have a little breakfast, although at times this was skipped in preference of just eating candy and junk food. In his childhood years Kevin’s mother regularly made multitudes of homemade candy at Christmas time. Peanut brittle, divinity, and boston creams were common. Kevin was allowed to eat these almost at will throughout the Christmas season. Life was good!

Sometime after breakfast or it’s Christmas equivalent, they’d open the presents under the tree. These were the gifts given from each other, mom and dad, grandparents, etc. Often Kevin’s grandparents would come over for this or would already be there. So these gifts were opened later in the morning, each person taking his turn, one by one. This could take a long time, especially in the eyes of a child anxious to see what he got.

Throughout the rest of the day they would play with the gifts they received, or play catch or football outside with dad, the grandpas, or just each other. Later in the day or towards evening they would go over to the Trost’s or the Trosts would come to the Dalton home and share what each other had received.

As mentioned earlier the Christmas stocking that Kevin's mother made him in 1961 was of particularly special significance as it would be used and filled with goodies for him throughout his life, even after he grew up, left home, and started a family of his own.

The Late 60's & Early 70's

The world in which Kevin lived underwent dramatic changes and advancements during the 38 years of his life. In particular, as Kevin's childhood ended the world around him began to change dramatically. Just as Kevin was becoming more aware of the world around him, that world entered some of the most turbulent years of the 20th century, the late 1960's and early 1970's. The Vietnam War raged strong, it was the peak of the civil rights movement, Nixon became one of the most powerful U.S. presidents in history only to resign from office in disgrace, the cold war between the United States and the Soviet Union was perhaps at its height, and space exploration was part of the national consciousness.

It would be impractical and unnecessary to try to describe all of the events that transpired during this period which Kevin would have noticed or even been a part of. Here we'll look at a few prominent changes in the world during Kevin's life and in particular some of his activities applicable to this time period.

Air travel went from prop planes and being extremely expensive, to quick jaunts on jet aircraft and being able to go anywhere in the world with relative ease. Telecommunications went from many people not having a telephone and quite often *party lines* when they did, rotary telephones, calling the operator in order to make a long distance call, to single households having multiple lines, FAX, E-mail, internet, and being able to pop messages anywhere in the world very quickly, easily, and relatively cheaply. Space travel, satellite communications,

computer technology, all began or became viable during Kevin's lifetime.

The computer industry was basically built during Kevin's lifetime. During his childhood computers went from something that were found only in science fiction novels and James Bond movies, to something that was very real and practical. We'll discuss computer technology later as this became a major part of Kevin's adult life.

Several wars occurred during Kevin's lifetime. During the time being discussed the Vietnam war and the turmoil which accompanied it was at the forefront of the nation's consciousness. As a little boy growing up the war in Vietnam was very fresh in Kevin's mind and the prospect of one day having to fight in a war seemed inevitable. The concepts of bravery and courage were very real in little boys' minds during that time, while the political aspects of this situation were not fully understood. The war protests and violence seemed rampant and were apparent even to a boy Kevin's age, as was the racial strife, which was prevalent during his growing up years. Even though he grew up in a relatively quiet Los Angeles suburb, Kevin's life was not untouched by such things. For example, after a major clash between youth gang members, Kevin, who was about ten years old, wandered with some friends out to the Magnolia School where they played so often and to the park that was next to the school, and found it seemingly covered with blood. Bloody chains, knives, ripped clothing, and so on, were scattered on the little hills in the park. It was amazing to little grade school kids to find such things, bring them back to school, and contemplate the horror of that kind of activity. Kevin's parents taught him well the senselessness of this type of violence and the dangers of owing allegiance to some group like a gang. It was a puzzlement to him, why people would be willing to get hurt like that or what possible motive they could have to hurt someone else. Kevin's parents were very patriotic and were not involved in the protests of the war, but at the same time were very aware of the horrors that were going on, and their desires were to not have those things hit home.

On October 11, 1972, Kevin participated in a church speech contest and gave a speech titled *Patriotism*. He enlisted the help of his Grandpa Dalton in writing this speech. As a former marine,

Grandpa was extremely patriotic, but he also loved poetry and prose. The speech is included here, as it not only shows Kevin's ideas at the time, but also his literary style. Of course, both were very heavily influenced by his grandfather.

PATRIOTISM

I love this country. I love our flag, with its stripes and stars that symbolize all that we have come to recognize as the best in government. I guess I must be a square, for no one but an old fashioned idealist can experience that tingling of the spine, that feeling bordering on worship that comes over me when I see our flag born proudly on parade or unfurled at the top of a lofty perch fitting for its display.

In the cause of our development certain of our great personalities have given utterance to their thoughts and feelings that have become intimately associated with our daily lives. I'll confess to a feeling of near reverence when I hear or read such eloquent expressions as:

"Breathest there a man with soul so dead
That never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land."

Or such sentimental drivel as these words from the Gettysburg Address.

"That this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom
and that this Government of the people, for the people, by the
people, shall not perish from the earth."

We had a lot of sentimentalists in our early days – men like Washington, Jefferson, the Adams's, and that old fighter Patrick Henry who thundered:

"I know not what coarse others may take, but as for me, give
me liberty or give me death."

Or Nathan Hale, who was sorry that he had only one life to give for his country.

Certainly such trivial "mumbo jumbo" as the foregoing could have meant nothing to the young fanatics we watched on TV not long ago who, protesting our opposition to Communism in Vietnam, climbed a flag pole, tore our Star Spangled Banner from its lofty setting and triumphantly set fire to it before the eyes of millions.

As a usual thing I am opposed to violence, yet I'll admit that as we watched this incident I had a fierce desire to do something about it. I felt myself shouting "this must not be permitted", and I knew with all my heart that had I been within reach, I would have punched that sneering nit-wit in the nose. Yes, I must be a square.

In their zeal to be popular with the gang many forget and completely lose sight of the fact that the things they do are in direct violation of the laws of our land as well as the rules of decency. They forget that there is an orderly way to change some of the things they oppose. If you don't like the laws – well change them. But many forget you can't change the government. You shouldn't want to change the government. It was made to help us.

Our forefathers and the forefathers before them fought hard to make us free. It would not be right to undo what they worked for so hard and so long for. We should support our government. We must be ready to defend it at any time it is faced with destruction by a force dedicated to that purpose, whether on our own soil or in a foreign land.

I have learned the meaning of Patriotism, so I can really mean it when I say:
I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America
and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God,
indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

A little boy could not grow up in the 1960's and not have dreams of space travel. It was another advancement of the time that was ingrained in the national consciousness. The news reports were full of space exploration advances and the schools discussed these events almost daily. Class time was set aside to discuss the Mercury, Gemini, and Apollo programs. Almost each Apollo launch and its mission was discussed in Kevin's school as we progressed to the Moon and back. It was the peak of the era and very exciting for a ten-year-old boy. Of course the dream of each boy then was to someday go to the Moon himself, to Mars, or some distant planet.

During his childhood most little boys including Kevin would play numerous *make believe* games involving space exploration or going to the moon, or would build spacecraft out of things like wheel barrows, etc. As mentioned earlier, one of Kevin's favorite parks was nicknamed the *Rocket* park. There were numerous space related TV shows, most of which were extremely goofy, like *Lost in Space*. To little boys the very crude TV shows or cartoons of the day seemed very real and plausible and were taken very seriously, even though these shows are now treated more as comedy than adventure shows. When you watch such shows now, and giggle and laugh, remember that at the time they seemed serious and real.

All of this brings us to two little boys and a little sister sitting on a summer morning in their pajamas in the living room of their house in front of an old black and white TV set and watching as Neil Armstrong came down the stairs of his spacecraft and first put a man's foot on the Moon. To help us envision what it was like for three little kids sitting in front of a TV in their pajamas as history was being made, here's Craig's description of that event.

“It’s kind of funny, because as Kevin was sitting there (watching the moon walk) the discussion came to rest upon the question; *‘O.K. if he’s the first person to land on the Moon, who is taking these pictures? Who’s filming this?’* This question was put to his parents, *‘He can’t be the first one on the Moon because somebody had to be there with a camera to film this!’* Their explanation was something to the effect that the camera was put out there earlier and was run by remote control. We didn’t really buy this explanation as we were convinced that somebody else must have been there first to take the pictures. We watched other launches and splashdowns on TV but never got quite so philosophical.”¹

Gasoline was another very integral part of life in Southern California, especially in the late 60’s and early 70’s. At first, Kevin and his brother’s only need for gasoline was to fuel lawn mower engines and mini-bikes. They would go down with a gallon jug, usually a plastic chlorine bottle from the swimming pool, to the gas station and buy gas for about 30-33 cents a gallon. At times the gas stations would have *gas wars* (price wars) and they could get it for as little as 18 cents a gallon. As Kevin grew up through his teenage years gas prices skyrocketed, beginning in the early 70’s with the Arab oil embargo which had a substantial impact on his life. The lines and lines of cars piled out into the streets waiting to get gas, the shortages, the restrictions on the number of gallons that you could buy, the scandals and rumors of oil company conspiracies, and measures put into effect to try to deal with the shortages such as odd numbered license plated cars being able to buy it one day and even numbered the next. Kevin was a part of all of this, as he had several opportunities to sit in a car waiting in line with his mom or dad, along with the rest of Southern California. Later, the measures put in place to deal with the supply problems would have a much deeper and long lasting affect on his life.

For Kevin the most significant result of these gas shortages was the imposition of a national speed limit, which was set at 55 miles an hour. Before this on most California freeways the speed limit was 75 mph and on most other highways it was 65 mph. This was not a pleasant development in the eyes of a new driver, who dreamed of the *muscle* cars of the 1960’s.

Spiraling gas prices, shortages, unleaded gas, and the lower national speed limit, were all things that occurred in and around the time that Kevin was able to get his driver’s license.

At age seven Kevin began taking piano lessons. He took lessons for about four or five years, but continued practicing and playing throughout his life. As a young boy he probably didn't realize it but this skill would become very valuable in later life, especially during his mission in Spain. One would not count Kevin as a really accomplished pianist, but he played well. As his mother put it: *"He played the piano beautifully. I loved to listen to Kevin play. He played with the strength of a man."*²

Kevin loved music and of course in the late 1960's and early 1970's rock 'n' roll was the music of choice for most boys, and Kevin was no different in this regard. The bands Chicago, Three Dog Night, and Credence Clearwater Revival were favorites of his at the time.

When Kevin was about twelve years old, he developed an interest in magic. Magic tricks were a regularly requested item on his birthday and Christmas gift lists and he often requested his mother's transportation to a special magic shop in Pomona. He became pretty good at this hobby and would regularly perform magic shows for his family and occasionally at local birthday parties. He had a good friend, Gary Teal, who promoted Kevin's interest in magic.

Kevin had a lot of friends growing up. He was friendly and easy to be around, and this made him fairly popular both at school and in his church activities. It would be impractical to mention all of Kevin's close friends and impossible to name all of his friends. However, two who were regular companions in many of his activities during this time period were Arlen Matheson who lived a few blocks from Kevin and was always a good friend of his from his childhood through youth years, and Bruce Sevy who was a distant cousin of Kevin's.

In 1971 Kevin began attending Pioneer Junior High School, which was located on 18th Street between San Antonio and Euclid Avenues in Upland. As he grew he had many teachers that he liked very much and that liked him. For the most part Kevin was respectful, kind, and pleasant to be around. This is exemplified by this comment by his little brother:

"I remember some of these teachers and adults mentioning to me how much they thought of Kevin, usually in context with a phrase such as *"Why can't you be more like your brother!"* Kevin cast a big shadow to follow after."³

However, Kevin was also a *character* (a term his mom would often use), who was very creative and with a mischievous side, who at times would goof around with the best of them, play practical jokes, etc. He had a wonderful smile and laugh and was fun to be around. Usually his mischievous nature was tempered with enough good sense to know the proper time and place for such things, and thereby stay out of trouble. But at times, even with Kevin, all caution and wisdom would be thrown aside. Teachers didn't universally like him as Craig points out.

"As I mentioned, most of Kevin's teachers liked him, however there were a couple who did not. In saying this it's worth noting that one of these did not like boys at all and the other seemingly didn't like anybody, neither really should have been in the teaching profession at all, at least not teaching children. One of these was a fifth grade teacher named Mr. Wilson. This teacher in particular had a reputation of being aggressive with kids and having a short temper. Kevin did not like this teacher, as the respect and admiration of students is not gained from fear, but from encouragement. Even at this young age, Kevin, for the most part, had the self-confidence to stand up for his own opinions and views, if he really believed he was right, and this in some ways surely smacked of insubordination to persons like Mr. Wilson. One day this teacher got mad and hit Kevin, shoving him over a couple of desks. Undoubtedly Kevin had done or said something to set this man off, but knowing Kevin at the time, it is very difficult to believe he did something of any grave nature, certainly nothing deserving of this. I remember my mom getting very, very upset about this. The ire of a young mother like mine was not something you wanted to incur. I don't know what she said to this man, but I don't believe he ever did anything like that again, and none of us children ever had him as a teacher when we got to fifth grade."⁴

The Mr. Wilson's of Kevin's life were few and far between. During his childhood Kevin developed another character trait that became a major asset later in his teenage years and throughout his life. This is exemplified by the following story:

"Mom tells a story of one day when Kevin and a friend were walking along the road. The friend was breaking some bottles and glass in the street. I don't know how many bottles, probably not very many, nevertheless, Kevin was picking up the glass and throwing it off to the side out of the road. A lady stopped them and chastised them for doing this. She asked them for their names and phone numbers so she could call and talk to their mothers. Kevin's friend promptly gave her a fictitious name and phone number. However, Kevin, true to his nature gave her his real name and phone number. When he came home he mentioned all of this to

mom, that his friend had been breaking glass and that he was throwing it out of the road, and that perhaps this lady might be calling. This was typical of Kevin, even if he was doing wrong he would fess up to it, I don't remember him ever trying to hide or keep things from Mom and Dad. He certainly wasn't perfect, but if he did something wrong he'd stand up and face the music. He was wise enough to know that things would be much worse if he tried to lie or hide things. Because of this he had their trust, which is a very valuable thing for a kid growing up. Because his parents trusted him, his life was much easier than many of his friends and counterparts, he had the freedom to go and do just about whatever he pleased, without constant parental watch dogging. Anyway this lady did call and told Mom that Kevin and his friend were breaking glass in the street. Mom, having previously heard Kevin's version of events, asked her if it could have been possible that Kevin was not breaking the glass but picking it up and throwing it out of the way after the other boy broke it. The lady said, 'Yes, that could have been the case'. Mom then told her that that was what Kevin had said he had been doing.

I remember this situation very, very well. My mom's ability to believe what Kevin told her in the face of an accusation made a major impact in my life. I saw very clearly the value of having your parents trust. Some parents naively defend their child's actions saying "*Oh, my Johnny couldn't have done that!*", not because they have any reason to trust their child, but because of pride and a desire to avoid the difficult responsibilities of parenthood. They therefore go through life choosing to believe their little angel could do no wrong, because if they admit it, it would be like admitting they were a bad parent, or so they subconsciously think. Until one day their child's unrestrained actions become so blatant that no one can deny them. Kevin's parents were not like this. If Kevin did wrong, he'd get walloped, and he knew he would, but he'd fess up anyway. It was because of this truthfulness, rain or shine, and not because of some naïve parental make believe that Kevin was trusted. He gained it the hard way, the only way it can be earned.

To put an end to this story. Mom promptly gave this lady the real name and phone number of Kevin's compadre and one can easily imagine the result."⁵

During his boyhood watching television was a regular event for Kevin and his siblings. He loved shows like *Dobie Gillis*, *The Addams Family*, *The Munsters*, *The Flintstones*, *Gilligan's Island*, *Get Smart*, etc. Most of these shows and others that Kevin watched were viewed in the evening as a family activity, often in company with loads of popcorn drenched in butter. After school and for the most part when daylight reigned, they were rarely glued to the TV. During such times they were involved in creative, yet often less than wise, boyhood activities, such as jumping off the

roof using a sheet as a parachute. In this and other such activities, Kevin filled well the older brother role of *designer and instructor*, and Craig occupied the typical little brother role of *test pilot*. Here's an example of one such creative endeavor.

"Before we could scuba dive we tried several attempts to invent an underwater breathing apparatus. The biggest problem is that in order to breathe underwater at any depth, the air has to be compressed, otherwise your lungs can't inflate due to the water pressure. Of course at ten years old our ability to find a way to compress air was very limited. We finally came up with an idea that actually worked so that we could breathe underwater in the pool. We would cut a hole in the bottom of a

plastic chlorine bottle. Once again we were showing our true intelligence as we were intending to breathe out of a bottle which formally contained a lethal chemical. We did rinse it out and obviously survived. So with the bottom cut out of the bottle, we hung weights on the handle to make it neutrally buoyant in water. We would then put our mouth over the top of the bottle and as we went underwater because of the pressure being equalized through the hole in the bottom of the bottle, it would allow us to breathe at the bottom of the pool. So we'd scuba dive with the chlorine bottles at the bottom of the pool and wander around down there with a gallon worth of air. Of course, being able to dive with a tank of compressed air and a regulator kind of eliminated the thrill of breathing underwater with a chlorine bottle."⁶



Scott in his normal position -
Kevin's shoulders
(about 1973)

A highlight for Kevin during this time was the birth of his second brother, Scott Wesley Dalton on September 13, 1971. Scott was a cute blond haired little boy with big chubby cheeks. Kevin adored him. He was nicknamed *Scotty Weasel* by his mother and called that by just about everyone. Weasel being a corruption of his middle name *Wesley*, which was given him in honor of his Grandpa Wesley Brown. The *Weasel* nickname fit his creative and mischievous nature quite well.

Being twelve years older, Kevin truly filled the big brother role with Scott, however this relationship would gradually change to a friendship of peers later in their association as adults.

Chapter Thirteen

Sports

Sports were a major part of Kevin's life as he participated in many of them. Many of these he took up as hobbies during his childhood and they continued as interests of his throughout his life. We've already discussed his love of fishing, backpacking, motorcycle riding, scuba diving, and boating. He also enjoyed hunting, shooting, archery, golf, surfing, horseback riding, karate, skiing, flying (airplanes), hang gliding, and rock climbing. These last three were remarkable accomplishments considering he had to push aside his fear of heights while doing them. Baseball, basketball, track, cross country, cycling, and of course, tennis were all sports he competed in and was good at. A discussion of many of these sports will come later as they relate more to time frames that will occur later in his history.

Baseball

The first competitive sport Kevin enjoyed as a kid was baseball. Playing baseball and related games in the street was a regular pastime with the neighborhood boys. As a child of about eight years he would participate in *Midget* baseball at the ball fields at Magnolia school. Midget baseball



Kevin (8 years old) playing *Midget* baseball – Summer of 1967

was similar to the *T-Ball* leagues that came later, except that instead of hitting the ball off of a *T*, one of the coaches would pitch the ball as slow and easy as possible for the kid to hit it. This was done with informal teams and was a lot of fun. A couple of years later Kevin went on to *Little League* baseball. Craig stated this about Little League.

“Kevin was always pretty good at this and I remember having so much admiration for my big brother who could hit and field so well. I remember at one of the try outs for Little League, Kevin got up and fired off several solid hits that would have been home runs had they been in games and was quickly chosen to be on one of the best Little League teams, which was sponsored by 7-Up. He played well for the team.”¹



Kevin (10 years old) in 7-up baseball team uniform.

As a little boy Kevin enjoyed baseball and was good at it, but as he grew his attention would turn to other sports. Although as a teenager he occasionally played softball on church teams. Also in later life, Kevin's business, Taxware sponsored a city league softball team for which he played several years.

Track & Cross-Country

As mentioned earlier King Dalton was very involved in running track and cross-country during his high school and college years. It was natural for him to involve his sons in running as they became of an age to participate in this sport. This began for Kevin when he was about eleven years old. At the time their local community college, Chaffey College, held “*all comers*” track meets periodically during the summer months. These were informal meets where anyone could come and compete in the events of their choosing. King, Kevin, and Craig participated in meets on a regular basis. Kevin competed quite well in his events.

He particularly did well in the distance races, although he liked running the 220 & 440 (1/8 & 1/4 mile) events also.

The boys and their father would regularly train together in the evening. Often they would go over to the Magnolia School near their house to run laps around the grass fields there and run *wind sprints*. At the time, Kevin and Craig would also run about three miles each morning, being occasionally accompanied by Kevin's dog, Gidget, but she wouldn't keep up.

In both seventh & eighth grades while attending Pioneer Junior High School, Kevin lettered in both track and cross-country, and was one of the stars of these sports in junior high. Kevin's performance as a runner at these Chaffey College meets, the couple of AAU meets he participated in, and in junior high school did not go unnoticed by the track and cross-country coach at Upland High School who was anxious to add Kevin's talent to his team. Coach Loney taught math and coached track and cross-country at Upland High School for over three decades. He was a great coach and a good influence in Kevin's life. Kevin made such an impression on coach Loney that over 20 years later when Kevin's brother, Rick received his first letter in track, he mistakenly made it out to Kevin Dalton. Rick wouldn't let them change it and has always kept it as a memento.

During Kevin's high school years, Upland High School was renowned for having one of the best cross-country and track teams in California and the nation. Several world-class runners and Olympians came from Upland High School during or just before Kevin's high school experience. To do well as a runner at Upland High during this time frame really meant something.

This comment from King Dalton portrays the type of team his son was competing with:

"Kevin went on and in his freshman year in high school ran cross-country. Steve Scott was on that team who later became [a world champion distance runner]. ... I went to a couple of meets, Kevin was just a freshman and Steve was a senior, and Steve was just running away from everybody. Kevin was fair at cross-country, he could have been a lot better had he really trained, he didn't really work at it much. He did get his varsity letter [in cross-country and also tennis] as a freshman so he did pretty well. There were a couple or three guys his age who were as good or better."²

When reading of Kevin's performance in running it is important to keep in mind that at this time Upland High School had

one of the best track and cross-country teams in California. So to even be mediocre at track at Upland High is saying a lot and Kevin was not just mediocre. His sophomore year he almost always placed, which means he was one of the top four Upland finishers at meets and therefore counted in the scoring of the meet, but like his father stated, running was not Kevin's love.

Upland's cross-country team regularly trounced the other schools in the area, to the point that running against some of them was treated like a joke, as shown by this story from his brother.

"I remember one race in which Kevin and most of the rest of his team came running to the finish line wearing nothing but their boxer shorts (underwear) with their gym shorts on their heads as hats. Lest anyone question Kevin's modesty upon hearing this story, let me state that they were running against an *all-boy* high school. Had there been girls around I'm sure that Kevin would have been way too embarrassed to come prancing across the finish line in his underwear with his shorts on his head!"³

Unlike track, a cross-country course was run in fields, golf courses, on streets, around schools, etc. and was irregular in length, but usually about 2 ½ miles. It took place in the fall, whereas track was a springtime sport. Kevin received a Varsity letter in cross-country both his freshman and sophomore years at Upland High, but gave up track after his freshman year because of conflicts with tennis. Of this his father stated:

"... he got involved with tennis ... so he wasn't interested in spring track at all, so that ended track. He may have done one more year in cross-country. Coach Loney, of course wanted him to. He [Kevin] liked to lead. He was honest, if he said something he would do it. He liked to excel."⁴

With his focus now fully set toward tennis, he knew he wasn't going to be able to put the time and effort into running required to "*excel*" at it, and he couldn't leave his coach believing that he would. Because Kevin's involvement in tennis is so interrelated with his overall high school experience, we'll discuss that sport later.

Shooting

Kevin liked to shoot. He was a good shot with just about any weapon; pistol, rifle, shotgun, or bow. As a child he practiced

archery in his backyard in the narrow space between the garage and block wall. With his father he learned to make his own arrows, cutting and gluing feathers, tips, and nocks on wood shafts. Also as a boy, with his father, he learned the skill of reloading ammunition, down to casting lead bullets in an iron mold. From his Idaho roots it is easy to see how working with guns became a part of Kevin's life.

As a little boy he had BB guns and an air pellet rifle. I feel almost obligated to include these stories by Kevin's little brother about some of their childhood experiences with BB guns.

"We had BB guns as kids. We would sit in the back yard and try to shoot birds off the telephone lines. Dad, when he would see us doing something like this, would simply tell us '*if you kill it, you'll eat it!*' Both of us knew that my Dad meant it. Fortunately for us we weren't very good shots with the BB guns and I don't remember us actually killing a bird with them. In any case, we never had sparrow for dinner, and had we killed one of these birds and my Dad knew about it, I'm sure we would have.

Like most kids, we had a tendency to taunt each other. Such phrases as '*I dare ya!*', '*I double dare ya!*', and '*I double dog dare ya!*' were in regular use. On one occasion Kevin had the BB gun and wanted me to move out of the way, and I believe said something like '*if you don't get out of the way you might get hit with a BB*'. So bending over with posterior pointed perpendicular to Kevin's piece, I said in effect '*I dare ya!*' Now three things passed through my mind while issuing this dare. First, I really didn't believe that he would shoot me even in the behind. Second, even if he did, a BB couldn't hurt much through jeans. And third, if he did (which as established wouldn't hurt much), he would be in major big trouble because in our house you didn't even think about pointing a gun (even a BB gun) at someone, let alone shoot him with it! However, as was typical with my childhood wisdom, I was wrong on all three assumptions. Kevin always ready to oblige a direct request, took careful aim and proceeded to pop the posterior pointed perpendicular to his piece with a very painful projectile. I immediately began to jump around yelling '*you shot me, you shot me!*', '*it's in me, it's in me!*', and '*I'm bleeding!*', not necessarily in that order. At first he was concerned, but after a quick *post jean* examination was relieved to find nothing more than a nice welt. So he *did* shoot me and it *did* hurt, but he'd definitely be in *Big Trouble!* However, even this assumption was shot down (not unlike other things), when after telling my mom that '*Kevin SHOT me!*', she said something like '*You shouldn't have dared him to.*' I was devastated. Not only did I have to endure this *vicious war wound*, but I didn't even get the joy of seeing *justice served*."⁵

Kevin's family would go on frequent excursions to Lytle Creek, often with the Trosts, and shoot at cans and targets. Lytle

Creek was a common *shooting* area about 15 miles from Kevin's home in Upland. It was in the San Bernardino Mountains to the west of Cajon Pass. Kevin really enjoyed these outings and this is where he first really practiced his shooting skills. He would also go to the West End Gun Club rifle range, which at that time (when he was twelve to sixteen) was at the east end of 21st street in Upland along the Cucamonga wash. Because of houses being built at the firing end of this range (meaning where they would shoot towards), it was forced to move to Meyer Canyon, which was on the way up Lytle Creek.

In accordance with family tradition, on Kevin's twelfth birthday he received his first real gun. Being the first son in his family he received the lever action 32 Special rifle that had been handed down from father to son in the Dalton family. Kevin dearly loved this rifle and was so proud of it, however he didn't sleep with it like his father had before him. He did take impeccable care of it, and prized it throughout his life. It was a great joy to him when he was able to hand it down to his own son, Bryce.

This gun originated with Kevin's Great-Grandfather Fredrick William Dalton (known as F.W.) who bought it shortly before his move from the Ogden, Utah area to Southern Idaho in 1897. F.W. Dalton was friends with one of the Browning brothers, of Browning Arms Company fame, who had a store in Ogden. F.W. asked him for his recommendation of a gun good for all around use. He picked up a Winchester 38-55 rifle and said it was the best, that it had power enough to kill anything, and was a good all around gun. The gun became a workhorse used often by F.W. and his sons as they went through the trials of settling in what was then a still very wild southern Idaho. During the last ten years (1948-1958) of his life, F.W. lived with Kevin's grandfather Aub Dalton. Aub and his father talked about the fact that the gun had been a part of their family for some time and asked if he could have it in order to hand it down to his son King. The age of twelve was designated as the official *gun-giving* birthday because it coincided with the age that a young man was eligible to have a hunting license in Idaho. Aub had Spence Madsen, a man who had a gun shop in Boise, convert the rifle from Winchester 38-55 to Winchester 32 Special caliber. At the time, they considered the 32

Special caliber to be better, and the gun was given to King and later to Kevin in that caliber. Later Kevin, who valued the heritage of the gun above anything else, had it converted back to a Winchester 38-55 when he passed it on to his son Bryce.⁶

Through his life Kevin would accumulate a variety of pistols, rifles, and shotguns, but none would ever compare in value to him like this lever-action Winchester. It was like a symbol of his birthright to him.

At this time in Kevin's life a very tragic incident occurred that affected him for quite some time. He had a friend by the name of Dennis Ramsey who was a neighbor slightly older than Kevin and with whom he played often. Dennis was playing with another friend who had gotten a hold of his father's pistol and was going to show Dennis his *quick draw*. Tragically this gun was left loaded by his father the night before. When the gun was drawn and the trigger pulled, Dennis was fatally shot. Craig's description of this incident gives us a pretty good idea of Kevin's feelings at the time.

"I remember so distinctly the night when we heard a shot fired and wondered what had made that noise, only to find out later that Dennis was shot and taken to the hospital. We found out the next day that Dennis had died. Dennis was in the eighth grade at the time and Kevin, who was two years younger would have been in sixth grade. This had a major impact on Kevin who had never experienced such a thing. This friend of his that he saw almost daily was just gone, in an instant, made worse by that fact that it happened because of something so foolish as playing with a gun. This upset him a lot. I remember the discussions of '*Did Dennis know this was coming? He woke up in the morning just like any other day, but it was his last, did he feel any different?*' And of course, '*Why?*'"⁷

The death of someone close to us is a difficult thing to come to grips with. Fortunately, we have the perspective of eternity before us and the knowledge of life after death and the prospect of being reunited with loved ones again. Going through life without this knowledge, without the security and comfort that that knowledge brings, to have just lost a loved one and have that be the end of it, is just unfathomable. When Dennis left, much of this knowledge was lacking in Kevin's life. Sure he had been taught these principles growing up and believed them, but without many of the witnesses of their truth that would come later in his life, they most likely had not become a part of his being, a knowledge he could

trust and count on. Therefore, Dennis' death was not an easy thing for a little boy to understand. He was just gone.

Kevin became very, very cautious with weapons. Weapons (guns, bow and arrows, knives, etc.) were always a part of Kevin's life, because they were sports he always enjoyed, however, he maintained a deep respect for the damage they could cause. He never treated any of these carelessly, after the BB gun incident that is. His father relentlessly reinforced that respect, establishing strict rules of gun handling. "*Always treat a gun like it could go off*", "*Never point a gun at anything you don't intend to kill*", "*Never leave a gun loaded*", etc. were the kinds of statements Kevin heard regularly. This statement by his brother gives an insight into Kevin's mind regarding gun handling:

"As a teenager I remember Kevin commenting on the death of a famous person. He was very upset that this person was killed while supposedly cleaning a gun. He just couldn't understand how someone could kill himself while *cleaning* a gun, it just didn't make sense. For one thing, gun cleaning to Kevin, always meant taking a gun apart. How could one shoot oneself while the gun was in pieces on the table! For some reason this seemed to really upset Kevin. He had a hard time understanding foolishness with guns."⁸

Kevin loved hunting. In his teenage years he would regularly enjoy this pastime with his brother and his good friend Wally Velie, often in the citrus orchards and fields around Upland. As Wally states, it was the mutual love of guns that sparked that important friendship.

"Kevin and I met in the seventh grade. The first time I met Kevin it was actually over an argument on what caliber of rifle he had. So Kevin invited me to his house so he could prove to me that he was right, and he was right. And that's where we first launched our friendship, that was unmistakable and unbreakable for life and all eternal."⁹

Undoubtedly the greatest hunting trip of Kevin's youth, if not his life, was a deer hunting trip he took during his senior year of high school with his father and little brother. Here's a portion of Craig's description of it.

"Before Kevin graduated from high school, Dad foresaw that the opportunities for he and his two oldest sons to go on outings together were going to be coming to an end. So he thought that it would be good to go on a big deer-hunting trip to Idaho. Kevin and I happily agreed. Dad arranged a guide with packhorses and everything. We drove up to Mackay, Idaho

and went hunting in the Copper Basin area. I was not quite 16 and Kevin was 17. We packed in to the mountains and had a good time riding the horses. This was quite different for two boys who were used to carrying all their gear on their backs up the trail on such expeditions, whereas this time we not only didn't have to carry our gear, but something else was actually carrying us! Neither Kevin nor I had had any significant experience riding or dealing with horses at that time. We handled the horses all right for two kids from California, of course the fact that the horses knew where they were going and were following a team might have been a factor in this. It was fun.

We spent a few days camped out in a big white canvas tent, hiking around and hunting. Dad got a nice buck, but Kevin and I came up skunked, except for the big bull elk that I shot that was supposed to be a deer. I won't get into that. Even though we didn't get our deer, this was a very memorable trip and we both enjoyed it very much. I came to realize that it wasn't so much the hunting as it was the outing that made it so enjoyable. There we were in the mountains, with our dad, just like when we went hiking as little boys, only this time we didn't have to carry anything and something carried us. This was our first real hunting *excursion*. We had been hunting considerably before, especially Kevin, who hunted often with his friend Wally Velie. We had hunted quail, doves, rabbits, and even rattlesnakes frequently in areas near our home in California. Kevin and Wally occasionally went duck and goose hunting."¹⁰

At times Kevin and his companion's bravery and prowess as *great white hunters* was more image than reality as this story by Wally portrays.

"Kevin was a lot of fun also to be around. We went backpacking together and he had loaded up his 357 magnum and he kept talking about *bear* loads and how he'd loaded them up for bear. And we were in the tent and it was dark, at night, and he said *bear* one too many times and suddenly we started hearing some snorts outside of our tent. Of course, the rest of the night we didn't sleep. We stayed up all night saying '*Do you have the gun? Do you have the gun? Yeah, I've got the gun, it's right here!*' Then we started to talk about stories of what we were going to do to that bear if he even *tried* to come into our tent! The next morning we woke up and there was a huge stump outside of our tent. We took five shots at that stump and went up to look at it and we didn't hit it with one shot! We looked at each other and then fell to the earth laughing. We were laughing so hard tears were coming to our eyes, because we knew that we had two or three more nights in that forest and we couldn't hit that stump!"¹¹

I guess all we can really say after relating that story is that his skill with a pistol came later in life! After his mission and marriage Kevin began shooting pistols on a regular basis with his

father and developing this skill. King described some of this involvement.

“When I was involved in the long-range handgun shooting ... When you’re shooting at the long distances you can’t see your shots when you miss or even where you hit on the target. We had a little target with push pins and the spotter would look through the scope and see where you hit, put a pin in the little target where the shot hit, and show it to you. Kevin would work as my spotter. Then when we got involved in the cowboy matches we’d go up and shoot that also, this would have been shortly after Kevin got married. Kevin could shoot, either handgun or rifle or shotgun, he was pretty fair.”¹²

Church Life as a Mormon Boy

For most “church going” Americans during Kevin’s youth, church activity consisted of attending a sermon for an hour or so on Sundays or on special occasions and that was it. For Kevin, however, membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly known as the *Mormon* Church, formed an integral part of his daily life. He prayed to his God, who he considered his spiritual father, personally on at least a daily basis in a communicative fashion, not with prewritten memorized script. He was taught to find out the truth of the things he was taught by personal spiritual communication with God and not solely based on the word of others. He prayed with his family multiple times a day, at least at each meal’s blessing. He read, learned, and memorized scripture, and even gave speeches in church meetings from his early childhood on. He adhered to his religion’s strict code of conduct in his every day life. Sunday church meetings in his youth required most of the day. Kevin’s religion was not a passive one, it was woven into every fiber of his being, and as he grew older it was placed there by his own free will and choice.

In this chapter various aspects of Kevin’s church activity before his missionary service in Spain will be examined. In doing so particular emphasis will be placed on those areas of church activity that were different in the 1960’s and 70’s. An understanding of those differences will require some knowledge on the part of the reader of activity in the church today.

When Kevin’s family first moved to California they were part of the Pomona Stake, which covered a very large area and included

all of the cities in the Pomona valley. They attended church meetings at the Ontario building, which was located on 4th Street in Ontario. This was an interesting building for Kevin and children his age because the chapel, classrooms, etc. encircled an open plaza area in the middle. After primary and other activities he would play and run around in this center area.

Primary was a church auxiliary organization designed for children under age twelve. For most of Kevin's childhood years in Primary, his mother served as Primary president. At that time, Primary was a weekday activity. One afternoon each week, usually a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, the children and teachers would go to the church building and have their primary activities. Primary consisted of activities, songs and games, and some lessons, but it was not a Sunday dress type of affair. Often Kevin would invite neighbor kids to come to Primary with him.

The prophet and president of the church during Kevin's childhood years was David O. McKay. There were several songs and activities in Primary and Sunday school that reminded the children of David O. McKay and helped them come to know him. Virtually everyone in the church, from children on up, felt an affinity for President McKay.

The bishops that Kevin had growing up included Marwood Stout, Donald Haslam, and Burt Guymon. Bishop Guymon served in this position during Kevin's late teenage years and Kevin's dad served with him as a Counselor in the Bishopric during this time.

A few years after the family's move to California the church completed a new building on the southwest corner of San Antonio Avenue and 11th Street in Upland. This is the building where Kevin attended church during most of his growing up years until in his late teens when, after some ward divisions they had his ward meet in the building located on Baseline just past Carnellion Avenue in Alta Loma.

Kevin was baptized on Saturday, June 3, 1967, and was given the gift of the Holy Ghost and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints the next day during the Upland Ward Sacrament meeting. His father who held the office of Elder in the Melchizedek Priesthood at the time performed both of these ordinances.

In 1980 the church instituted the *Block* meeting schedule. From that time, church meetings, including auxiliary meetings, such as Relief Society, Primary, and Young Men/Young Women classes were all held in a 3-hour block of time on Sunday. However, during Kevin's childhood and youth each of these auxiliary organization's meetings were held during the week and were considerably different in their structure. As a youth, Kevin attended church at three different times each Sunday. First there was Priesthood meeting in the morning, then Sunday school an hour or two later, and then Sacrament meeting in the late afternoon or evening. Each meeting would last about an hour and a half to two hours. Sunday school had two divisions, a Senior Sunday school for kids twelve or over and adults, and Junior Sunday school for children under twelve. Junior Sunday school was very much like Sunday Primary became after the block schedule was initiated. There was singing, talks, and classes. One difference is that the Sacrament was administered in both Junior and Senior Sunday school, and then administered again in Sacrament meeting later in the day. So you would actually get the Sacrament *twice* each Sunday. Junior Sunday school was where children would learn the primary songs, like *Golden Plates*, *Give Said The Little Stream*, and others that Kevin would sing over and over again. He learned stories and songs about Jesus, President McKay, Joseph Smith, and others. The later half of Junior Sunday school consisted of separating to different classes according to age and having a church lesson.

At the age of twelve Kevin received the Aaronic Priesthood and was ordained to the office of Deacon under the hands of his father. With this office he was given the responsibility of passing the Sacrament as assigned in either Junior or Senior Sunday school and Sacrament meeting. At this age Kevin no longer attended Junior Sunday school unless he had a Sacrament assignment there, but would attend Senior Sunday school.

Senior Sunday school consisted of a general meeting where they would have talks, a *Sacrament Gem*, receive the Sacrament, and have hymn practice. The *Sacrament Gem* was the reading of a short spiritual thought, usually a scripture, which was repeated by the congregation just before the administration of the Sacrament. The talks given at this meeting were called 2 ½ minute talks (not

that they'd always last exactly 2 ½ minutes), which were given by the younger youth in the ward. There were usually two of these talks. Kevin gave these talks on several occasions. When giving talks in church at this time, Kevin's mother was adamant about her children having their talks memorized and not just reading them. Kevin would practice his 2 ½ minute talk over and over again until he had it memorized and could say it verbatim. While other kids would merely read their talk from a piece of paper, Kevin would give his from memory usually without so much as a single written note in front of him. He would do a good job at this, although at times he would be terrified. After their general meeting the Senior Sunday school would also divide into classes according to age groups.

Now as a holder of the Aaronic Priesthood it was also Kevin's duty to attend Priesthood meeting each Sunday morning. This he would do with his father and later his little brother. This meeting also consisted of a general meeting, with hymn, prayer, role call (or a count of how many were in attendance from each quorum versus how many enrolled), and general announcements. After which each quorum (Deacons, Teachers, Priests, Elders, Seventy, and High Priests) would divide into separate classes, where a lesson was given. This comment by Craig exemplifies the feelings of the family regarding priesthood service.

"Kevin served well in his callings in the Aaronic Priesthood. I remember how excited and proud Mom and Dad were to have their son pass the Sacrament to them. Kevin would come home from Priesthood meeting and tell them his assigned area to pass and when attending Sacrament meeting later in the day, as a family we would try to sit in that section of the chapel."¹

Another assignment that Kevin would fulfill from time to time as a Deacon was that of *Bishop's Messenger*. With this assignment, one of the Deacons would sit on the stand with the Bishopric during Sacrament meeting and if the Bishop needed to relay a message to anyone he would send this Deacon.

Later as a Teacher, Kevin would share the responsibility of preparing the Sacrament both for the Sunday School and Sacrament meetings. He would also sit as an usher during these meetings. Usually an usher would be at each of the two main chapel doors handing out programs before the meeting began.

Once the meeting started these ushers would sit in a special chair next to each door.

After being ordained to the office of Priest at age 16, Kevin would sit at the Sacrament table and administer the Sacrament, say the Sacrament prayer, etc.

Kevin was a good example to those around him, at the same time he was fun to be around and had many friends at church. While normally choosing the right, he was not stuffy or possessed with a *holier than thou* attitude. Kevin goofed-off with the best of them, but usually he knew the proper time and place, and took his Priesthood calling seriously. There are numerous, numerous stories of how he and his group of the day goofed-off and the escapades that they performed. But Kevin was not one to commit grievous sin, nor did he have desires to do wrong. By and large he had a very strong conscience and the activities and things that he did wrong one can accurately describe as the foibles of youth. Joseph Smith's description of his own youthful and cheery disposition and the fact that he did not commit grievous sin nor was it part of his disposition, all of that can be accurately applied to and describe Kevin during his youth.

During his high school years, in addition to his Sunday church meetings, Kevin also attended Seminary. In Seminary Kevin's class studied scripture and gospel principles in depth. This class was held each weekday morning from 6:30-7:30am, before his high school classes began. This meant that he had to get up between 5:30 and 6:00am each morning, not an easy task for a teenager. Kevin was a member of his class' *scripture chase* team. With this team he competed in scripture knowledge contests and won the Stake and later the Regional scripture knowledge meets.

Sunday evening youth firesides were a regular part of Kevin's youth. These were held on a monthly basis, usually in a member's home. They were usually well attended and quite enjoyable consisting of a youth oriented speaker, such as a returning missionary, and refreshments.

As mentioned earlier Kevin's mother was close at hand during his childhood years serving as Primary president during almost his entire Primary experience. Shortly after Kevin began in Aaronic Priesthood and Boy Scouts, she was called to serve as Young Women's president, which was a position she would serve in

during the rest of his youth. Therefore, on many of his joint activities with the Young Women and weekday activities, she was again right there at hand. Here is Craig's portrayal of Kevin and his mother's relationship during his youth.

"Kevin was never embarrassed about having his mom around in these activities. In fact as she was highly popular among most of the youth, he was very proud that she was *his* mother and enjoyed having her around (most of the time). Her popularity with the youth was mainly because she acted like them, not like a stuffy adult. She'd play practical jokes and goofed-off with the best of them. As an example, I remember during one activity, many of us kids were being pulled in by Bishop Haslam and interrogated to find out who was responsible for a certain practical joke. Each of us denied, but he was very persistent. I came to find out later that the guilty party was *my mom!*

Another example of the rapport she had with the youth was during the time when she was pregnant with Christina. Kevin and the other boys would waltz by her with basketballs under their shirts singing "*Look I'm Sister Dalton!*" When Mom was pregnant she carried the baby almost on the outside, she looked like she had a basketball under her shirt. Youth could never carry on like that in front of an adult if they didn't feel comfortable around her and feel that she was a friend and not just an adult advisor. Mom loved the youth very much and it was apparent to all, especially to them. This was a great source of comfort, strength, and stability for Kevin growing up."

Before the block meeting schedule, the youth organizations were quite different. They held Aaronic Priesthood Quorum meetings on Sunday, but would also have activities one evening a week. For Kevin this was usually Wednesday night. For younger boys these were scout troop and patrol meetings and activities. For the older boys this was just an activity night. For girls this was Young Women class time, as they didn't have any Young Women class on Sundays, although they would do a variety of activities and it was not Sunday dress.

The name of all of this was the *Mutual Improvement Association*, which we commonly just called *MIA* or *Mutual*. Kevin's mother therefore, was simply called the *Mutual President* or *President of the MIA*. During Kevin's youth the name was changed to Aaronic Priesthood Young Men's Organization and Young Women's Organization or something like that, but the name *Mutual* and *MIA* stuck for years. The other names, whatever they were, just didn't have a ring to them.

MIA began with a short general meeting in the chapel with all the youth, boys and girls. This meeting was conducted by the Priest Quorum first assistant or the girls' Laurel class president, taking turns. They'd have a hymn and a prayer, announcements, and then sometimes have a joint activity, although usually they would divide into their various class activities. Sometimes this consisted of a lesson, especially for the young women because they didn't have the Priesthood meeting lessons that the young men did on Sundays. The young women had a special lesson manual for this. Sometimes the young men would have a lesson but usually they did not, because it was the option or decision of the quorum presidency whether to have a lesson or an activity. They rarely choose a lesson. In fact if the quorum presidency could not come up with an idea for an activity the advisor would often offer to give a lesson and this would really get the creative juices flowing and an activity idea would be quick in coming. Some of these activities ranged from getting films from the library and watching movies (these were reel to reel movie film, video was not a part of life then) at the church, to playing basketball and other sports. Of course, the Deacon age boys always had scouts.

Scouting

Kevin was active in scouting. He began as a Cub Scout, earning his Bobcat, Wolf, Bear, and Webelo ranks and other awards under the encouragement and tutelage of his mother. Kevin's Den Leader was Sister Verla Matheson, who was the mother of Kevin's friend Arlen. Kevin enjoyed her very much and had a lot of fun at Cub Scouts.

Kevin went from Cubs and Webelos to Boy Scouts and gained rank very fast and gained the rank of Eagle at a very early age. His mother commented on his feelings towards that Eagle rank.

"Kevin always set goals and when he set a goal it was done. He had set a goal to get his Eagle by the time he was fourteen and at the age of fourteen he did get his Eagle award. He was always very proud of that, he was proud of his uniform, and he had the opportunity and was very proud of being able to be an honor guard to three of his brothers and in their Eagle nests."²

Kevin received his Eagle rank at a combined Court of Honor consisting of six troops held on February 19, 1974. He was the youngest of five Eagle candidates, two of those were Gary Teal and Ed Belleston who were good friends of Kevin's. At this Court of Honor, Kevin was presented by his Uncle David Trost and was the only Eagle recipient from his troop that night.

Of course, Kevin's Eagle rank was in large part due to the encouragement and pushing of his parents, in particular his mother. However, Kevin was probably the easiest Eagle Scout that his mother earned. She having five sons would eventually earn five Eagles, but some of these took considerable work, more time, and much more *encouragement* than Kevin did.

In addition to his earning the rank of Eagle, some of Kevin's many accomplishments in scouting include serving as Senior Patrol Leader of troop 611, being elected a member of the *Order of the Arrow*, being a veteran of Buckskin training camp, earning his Peak Bagger award, and his church's Duty to God Award.

Kevin also served as a leader of day camp activities. This he did as an older Boy Scout working with cub scouts. He was called upon on several occasions to be a youth leader in these types of activities and worked with the younger cub scouts and boy scouts from time to time. This statement by Wally Velie shows the image of a scout that Kevin returned to the Boy Scout organization.

"So, Kevin, his character. He was honorable. He's honest. He's helpful. He's friendly. He's courageous. Sounds like he's a Boy Scout! He was. Like Kevin, always like Kevin, he always reached for the highest, since he ended up an Eagle Scout. He was very proud of that and he worked very hard to get that. But an Eagle Scout was just Kevin. Everything that the Eagle Scout is about, is Kevin."³

Kevin's advancement in scout rank was not necessarily the case with the rest of the troop. At that time a lot of the activities that were done did not revolve around scout advancement, in fact very few did. They did a lot of fun things, such as initiations and things like it that are not practiced today and probably shouldn't be. One of these was to take the new scout and dump him in the



Kevin (age 14) at his Eagle Court of Honor

recycling paper bin with most of the rest of the boys sitting on the lid, or locking him in. At different times Kevin was both inside this dumpster or sitting on the lid. Although the kid being initiated was led to believe that he'd never get out again, no one got hurt and it was done in good nature. At times Kevin would make sure that it didn't go on too long, as was the case when his little brother was inside the bin.

Another common activity was to go out to the scoutmaster's cement block plant and play around there, at times build a campfire or hang on to the bumper of his truck and slide on their shoes as he drug them around the dirt roads. There were some even less bright activities, such as some trips out on the desert, to places like Calico mines. Here they'd explore a maze of different vacant mine shafts. They also added the term "*pyromaniac*" to their vocabulary and made sure it applied to them, as Craig explains.

"We'd also make Molotov cocktails (bottles filled with gasoline with toilet paper in for a wick), light these and throw them against the side of the cliffs and watch the cascade of flames. Other times we'd throw them up and shoot them with shotguns. Once we put several in the back of a cave, led a trail of gas out, and lighting this watched a wall of flame erupt from the mouth of the mineshaft. One time Kevin, in making one of these Molotov cocktails, put the wick (which was a piece of cloth, toilet paper, or paper towel) in the bottle too loose. When he threw this Molotov cocktail the wick came out and caught Kevin's hair on fire. We all dove around and put the fire out quick enough. Anyone who knew how important Kevin's hair was to him would understand how truly tragic this was. Once everyone was sure he was fine, we were all laughing and giggling while Kevin inspected the damage to his golden locks. I don't think he did much with the gas filled bottles after that. We went to Calico a couple of times, the scoutmaster fulfilling the assignment to bring the gasoline each time. Looking back on it, Kevin's early scout troop had a real problem with perpetually burning things up."⁴

It would be impossible to describe all of the scout activities that Kevin participated in. Suffice it to say, there were many and of a great variety, from numerous backpacking trips, camping trips to the desert or Lake Mead, canoeing (river trips), boating, skin diving, etc. Often Kevin's father would accompany his troop. Although when his dad was there, nobody lit anything on fire except a campfire or a stove!

Jobs Growing Up

Like most young boys Kevin began to learn to work as a result of chores around his home. Payment for these was simply membership in the family. Kevin rarely if ever received an *allowance*. The concept of getting money merely because you were a son was foreign to Kevin's upbringing. Had Kevin ever asked for an allowance like many of his friends received, his father could have easily made a comment such as this:

Now let me get this straight, I feed you, clothe you, give you a roof over your head, and you want me to **pay you** for the opportunity to do this?!

In any case, if the subject did ever come up, the conversation surely didn't last very long. However, in addition to the regular, expected chores, Kevin was also given opportunity as a child to earn money by doing additional jobs around the house. As he grew older he took on a series of outside jobs. From his childhood on, Kevin was accustomed to the concept and practice of earning his own money to get what he wanted. Making his own way was an important character attribute Kevin possessed. Here we'll examine how this attribute was developed.

Some of Kevin's early childhood jobs included weeding the garden and yard, washing the cars, mowing the lawn, trimming the bushes, taking out the trash, cleaning the pool, and a variety of other jobs around the house. As mentioned before, most of these he did not get paid for, but were just part of being in the family.

At Kevin's Carnation Way home they had a swimming pool, which was a *liner* type pool. It was built into the ground about 9-10 feet deep, but had a vinyl liner instead of being cement. This

liner had a tendency to get holes poked in it and leak. It was also very difficult to keep clean. It was Kevin's job to put chlorine and other chemicals into the pool. He had a little testing kit that his dad had showed him how to use to determine if the water had the proper amount of chemicals. Kevin would regularly test the water, put the chemicals in the pool, skim the leaves and bugs off the top, clean the filters, and brush and vacuum the bottom. When he began scuba diving he would go down and scrub the bottom of the pool wearing his scuba gear. It was a lot more fun that way than standing up top using a pole.

Another early childhood job was that of mowing the lawns at the Carnation Way house. This was done with an old red push mower. The boys claimed uncertainty as to whether it was actually *painted* red or was just that color because of the rust. There has been much debate over whose job it was to mow the lawn with the old red mower. Kevin and his little brother have both adamantly claimed credit for being the abused child who was tormented by this task, probably hoping to gain angelic status for persevering through such an ominous ordeal, not fit for any mere mortal. Undoubtedly, they both were called upon at different times to perform this labor, and upon considering the horrible nature of it, subconsciously blocked out the possibility of *any other* person being able to endure it. Anyway this rust-red lawn mower was incredibly hard to push and would get worse because the grass would get taller and taller as the boys would procrastinate addressing the task. Therefore, mowing the grass consisted of the young mower running up and hitting the stationery mower with his hands and chest in order to get it to spin the cutting blades and move a few feet. This process was repeated over and over and over again, until by some miraculous means the lawn had been covered. The young mower, who was utterly wasted away by the effort, would then collapse on the grass until some strength could be regained and he would be able to go inside the house where he would be met with due praise, such as "*You left the lawn mower out, go put it away!*" Reward enough just to know you were appreciated!

Here Craig describes the end of that mower:

"It seemed like throughout our childhood, Kevin and I begged and pleaded for a power mower. Later on, when I believe Kevin and I were away on a scout outing or something, Dad had to mow the lawn. Now,

before I proceed let me remind you that this was Kevin and my version of how we saw events, Dad's memory may differ. In any case, Dad's having to endure the old monster mower prompted a change, because when we came back, there was a brand new mower. It wasn't a power mower like Kevin and I had dreamed of and pleaded for, but it did actually move without having to get a massive running start and to us this was wonderful. Dad claimed that it would cut grass as easy as a power mower, which Kevin and I took with a fair amount of skepticism."¹

Taking out the trash might seem like an easy task, but at the time, those trashcans were especially heavy for a little boy, and often would have to be dragged all the way from beside the garage out their long driveway to the curb. These cans were often filled with the fruits of their labors from the proceeding week, namely weeds, which in Kevin's eyes seemed to grow in prolific fashion around his house.

Here Craig gives a description of another *favorite* chore of theirs:

"It was also our job to clip the ivy along the front of the yard and a hedge around the lawn, which we lovingly called *the stickery bushes*. This was all done with hand clippers, although we had a power-edger later on, but I took this apart to try to make some power vehicle with the engine. The *stickery bushes* (I believe they were actually junipers) held special memories for us. When someone was mad at somebody he'd try to push him in the *stickery bushes*, or threatened to do so, like "*If you don't shut up Craig, I'm going to push you in the stickery bushes!*" One of the worst jobs we had to do, perhaps even worse than mowing the lawn with the old red mower, was pulling weeds in the stickery bushes. The request to weed these bushes was often met with a phrase like, "*Ah, mom, I weeded the stickery bushes last time, it's Craig's turn!*" Of course, by this time *Craig* would have miraculously disappeared."²

Washing the cars was a job that Kevin actually looked forward to, because this was actually a job that he would get *paid* for! The official payment of 25 cents for washing, vacuuming, and sometimes drying two cars was, of course menial, even in those days. But the real incentive was the fact that he got to keep the *spoils*, any of the money found under the seats. His father had particularly loose pockets because Kevin would always be finding change under his seat. It's unsure whether his father lost money on purpose under his seat to make up for the piddley quarter the car-washer was being paid or whether he just had holes in his pockets,

nevertheless the result was the same. Kevin and his little brother would scramble to be the first one to clean the seats out.

While speaking of cars it seems fitting to include here a description of the family's cars when Kevin was a boy.

"When we first moved to California we had an old T-bird and while we lived in the apartments Dad bought this Ford Fairlane which was white and black. It was so exciting to have a *new car*. In our teenage years we'd think back on this car and think "*oow yuk! A Ford Fairlane!*", but at the time we thought it was the neatest car. We'd take numerous trips in this car and Kevin, Shauna, and I would spend a lot of time in the back seat of this car playing on these trips. Later Dad got a Toyota Landcruiser and we'd go on trips and outings using this car, once again filling the space between the seats with luggage to make a flat area that Kevin, Shauna, little Valerie, and I would sleep and play on as we traveled. Dad also bought a Mercedes Benz 250. Dad and us kids were very impressed with that car, how it would handle and "turn on a dime", etc. We still had this car when Kevin was old enough to drive and he thought it was really cool to be able to drive a Mercedes around."³

One of the first outside jobs that Kevin had was that of delivering newspapers. He began delivering the *Upland News* which was a weekly newspaper that was free, well not really free, but it was delivered to every house whether they subscribed to it or not. This presented a particular challenge when going door to door trying to collect money for the paper. Often the door was slammed in Kevin's face while the person was mumbling something like "*I never subscribed to that paper, quit throwing it on my lawn!*" It was probably good missionary training for him. There were some people that were good natured and seeing a cute little boy like Kevin, with his bright brown eyes, blond hair, and polite nature would be willing to pay the 30 cents or so a month he asked for. After a while he would go mainly to the houses that he knew would pay him something and skip most of the others, although he was still required to deliver the paper to every house, whether they paid or not. His duties with this job consisted of folding the papers, putting a rubber band around each one, loading them in canvas pouches on his bicycle, and throwing them on the front lawn or porch of each house on his assigned route. He was about nine or ten at the time and would keep a percentage of whatever he collected each month. He was paid a minimum of \$6 each month, but would usually make about \$8.

After working for the Upland News for a year or so, he got a route with a regular subscription newspaper called *The Daily Report*. This was the common Ontario-Upland newspaper. At that time this paper was delivered every afternoon with the exception of the Sunday paper which was delivered in the morning. A bundle of papers would be dropped off at the end of his driveway. Kevin would come home after school and fold the papers, putting a rubber band around each one and stuff them into his canvas pouches. Of course, this was done with the help of his trusty assistant Gidget as mentioned before! He'd then go out and either walk his route with the canvas paper bags slung over his shoulders in front and behind him with his head through the middle of it or he would hang the paper bags on the handle bars of his bicycle and ride through his route. Most of the time the bicycle was used. He would throw the papers onto the lawn of each subscriber's house with the exception of some who had requested that the paper be placed on the porch. With this paper Kevin's duties also included monthly collections. This was a little bit easier than with the Upland News in that these people were subscribers to the paper and therefore had an obligation to pay. It was nevertheless a difficult, scary, and unpleasant task. It is amazing how discourteous people could be sometimes, to someone so young and trying so hard to do his job the best he could. Often, instead of just taking the time to get the \$2-3 payment, he would be asked to come back later. Remember this is an eleven year old kid who is out at night going from door to door, and to be forced to come back over and over again was a real trial. If he didn't collect the money it came out of his own pocket and if he cancelled their subscription he would probably get fired. Many people were good to him though, and because he really did try to do a good job and was courteous, there were those who would give him *tips* or something special for Christmas and this seemed to make up for those that were less considerate.

Kevin's younger brother also had paper routes at this same time and the two of them would sit and fold papers together almost every day. This time, which was otherwise quite boring, was spent talking, shooting rubber bands at each other, or having races to see who could finish folding first (whoever was lucky enough to have Gidget's help would always lose). When one brother was sick or

for one reason or another couldn't deliver his papers that day, the other would take his place. Being the lone brother folding papers was incredibly boring, as you had double the work and no one to talk to. If it wasn't for Gidget's help or Rango purring nearby it would have been unbearable.

Kevin would also go out with the other newspaper delivery boys, often in the evening, to get new subscribers, which were called *starts*. These groups of paperboys would solicit in different neighborhoods. At that time you could get different prizes according to the number of *starts* turned in, or other promotions like going to an *all-you-can-eat pizza party* with other paperboys who had gotten a certain number of *starts*. Going on these outings to get *starts* was usually a lot of fun. There were 20 or so kids in this group of paper boys with Kevin, including his brother, Arlen Matheson, and Bruce Sevy.

For a while the papers were delivered to this old barn in a citrus orchard on 15th street between San Antonio and Mountain. Of course, it's no longer there because houses have been built in place of all of these old orchards. All of the paperboys would come there, fold up their papers in this old barn together while a supervisor watched over them, and then take them on their various routes. This situation got quite wild at times, as you could imagine, with a bunch of 11-14 year old boys in a barn together. After this experiment the papers began to be delivered to each paperboy's house once again.

It was especially hard to deliver papers on Sunday mornings as Kevin would have to get up very early, usually in the dark, and do this job in tired solitude while normal people were sleeping. Christmas morning was even worse for the same reasons, but compounded with the fact that he could hear the happy kids enjoying Christmas morning, as he'd pass by their houses. At least in Kevin's family, Christmas wasn't celebrated until the paperboys got home. Naturally they'd do papers as early as possible so they could get home and do Christmas as soon as possible.

The summer months were particularly hard on paperboys in Southern California. It was hot and they'd be sweaty and sticky the whole way, but the worst part was the smog. In the early 1970's the smog in Southern California was horrendous. Health advisories were being issued all the time, often the kids would be

restricted indoors at school, and many days you could only see a mile or two because of the smog. Riding a newspaper laden bicycle up and down hills in such conditions was a real trial for even someone so healthy as Kevin was as a twelve year old boy. Many times he'd come home from this hour or so bike ride, wheezing and coughing, feeling like his lungs were on fire and with his eyes stinging and burning because of the smog. Smog was the main factor on those occasions that he would choose to walk his route instead of ride his bike. Kevin's career as a paperboy ended when he was fourteen years old.

Another job that Kevin had while in his early teen years was doing yard work for widow ladies in the area. This consisted of cutting their grass, weeding, watering, trimming, raking, and whatever else they needed done. These were regular jobs Kevin had contracted to do, going weekly or a couple times a week to their houses to perform regular set tasks and additional things his employers might assign from time to time. He didn't make a lot of money doing this, but he didn't mind, nor did most of these ladies take advantage of him either. He was a good worker and pleasant, and these ladies loved him. One lady who he worked for consistently, was a woman who lived on the northeast corner of Carnation Way. She was quite difficult to work for, very meticulous and demanding. She had hired several boys to do her yard at different times, most of which quit in short order. Kevin did an excellent job for her and lasted quite a long time. She was very pleased with Kevin, and he learned a lot from her about getting the job done right and sticking it out. She was very impressed with Kevin and consistently would call back to have Kevin come up and do work for her.

In his later teens Kevin had a job washing down the sidewalks and cleaning around a shopping center on Grove and 4th Street in Ontario. This he'd typically do twice a week, riding his motorcycle down there, early in the morning or late at night.

Also in his late teens, he had a job at *S&W Plastics*, which was located on Holt Blvd. in Ontario. This was a retail store that sold sheet plastics and other plastic-related items such as waterbeds. Kevin worked as a salesman here along with a couple of friends. He really enjoyed this job.

During the year preceding his mission, Kevin also worked at *Family Fun Center*, which was kind of like a small amusement park, having several large miniature golf courses, baseball batting cages, bumper boats, trampolines, and numerous pinball machines and arcade games. Video games didn't exist back then. This was located on 7th Street in Upland between Mountain and Benson Avenues. He had a good time working here with Matt Ritchman and other friends. His responsibilities here changed to meet whatever was needed so he didn't have to work in the same position exclusively. Often he would run certain amusements such as the bumper boats or trampolines, and working concessions.

One incident occurred while he was working at this job that demonstrates the courage to stand up for right that was an innate part of Kevin's personality. One evening a Hispanic girl was getting beat up in the parking lot by presumably her boyfriend. Upon becoming aware of this, Kevin ran outside and physically and less than gently put a stop to this abuse. On the face of it this might not seem like much, but the threat of the boy's friends stepping in and/or weapons being drawn was very real, and certainly had crossed his mind. But to just stand by and not come to the aid of the defenseless was not something Kevin's conscience would allow him to do. Even though, as it turned out, the girl got mad at Kevin for beating up her boyfriend!

Teenage Years

Many things relating to Kevin's teenage years have been covered in previous chapters. In this chapter we'll explore his life in high school, his friendships and social experiences as a teenager, tennis, and events of the years just preceding his mission to Spain.

As mentioned, Kevin attended Baldy View Elementary during his kindergarten year, then went to Magnolia Elementary for the remainder of his grade school years. For seventh and eighth grades he attended Pioneer Junior High School which is on 18th Street between Euclid and San Antonio in Upland. He graduated from Pioneer Junior High in the spring of 1973 and the following fall he began attending Upland High School.

During his high school years Kevin's typical day would begin with seminary. He attended early morning seminary. He'd get up at about 5:30am, take a shower, and then very meticulously fix his hair. Seminary was held in the Upland Stake Center church building, which being located at the southwest corner of 11th Street and San Antonio Avenue, sat on the opposing corner from the high school. It began at 6:30 each morning and he would get there by riding his bike until he was 15 ½ when he could ride the little purple motorcycle on the street. Later he'd drive the baja bug. Seminary would end at about 7:30am at which time he'd go across the street and begin his day at the high school.

Kevin did well in school and had fairly good grades. He worked reasonably hard at school. Upland High School was fairly large with a student body of about 2,500. Kevin's graduating class numbered about 600. In a school this size it was easy to get lost in

the crowd and so it was natural to associate with a certain group of friends and acquaintances, and feel at home with this group at school, while at the same time feel surrounded by strangers. Kevin's circle of friends was primarily a combination of those relationships developed through church association and those that came as a result of his participation in school sports, track and tennis. Here is Craig's description of how seriously Kevin took the sport of tennis in high school:

"Tennis was his main sport and objective in high school. Kevin spent hours and hours and hours practicing tennis. When he first got involved in tennis as a little boy, I remember hour after hour the sound of a tennis ball hitting against the back of the house, as Kevin would practice hitting the tennis ball against this wall for hours each evening. How very annoying the sound of a tennis ball against the house became to me, but how sweet the memory of a tennis ball hitting the house is now! Because of his persistence Kevin became an excellent tennis player and was on the varsity tennis team beginning with his freshman year at school."¹

Playing tennis and the association with the other members of his team, formed a major circle of his friends during his high school years and beyond. Some of these friends included Wally Velie, Rick Vargas, Brad Todd, and Craig Parker.

During his teenage years the Upland High School tennis team was the team to beat in the San Antonio League and Kevin was one of its top varsity players. To put this in perspective, in league play Kevin's high school team was competing against ten other schools that were about the same size as his own, some considerably larger. This means that from a student population that easily exceeded 25,000 students, Kevin was one of the best players on the best team, during all four years in high school. This gave his grandmother plenty of opportunities to clip newspaper articles containing his name.

Kevin also participated in several non-school tennis competitions. Some of these include winning 1st place in the boys 15-16 division at the church's



Kevin about 15 years old in his Upland HS tennis uniform

Pacific South Area tournament and 2nd place with his father in the parent and child doubles category of the same tournament. In July of 1976 he won the silver medal (2nd place) for singles tennis in the National Explorer Olympics. In August of 1977 he won 1st place 15-18 in singles tennis at the Intermountain South Area tournament held at B.Y.U. And in July of 1978 just before leaving on his mission he won 1st place singles in the church area tournament, which encompassed most of California and part of Arizona.² In his adult years he even joked that he had played in a pro tournament once for which he got a few dollars, and therefore could claim a brief career as a professional tennis player.

One of Kevin's most memorable tennis tournaments was the one held as part of the National Explorer Olympics held in July of 1976. There were about 75 participants in this tournament that came from all across the country. Here I'll include Craig's recollection of that tournament and then his father's.

"As I mentioned Kevin was an outstanding tennis player, in regards to this, one event stands out in my mind. When he was 17, the scout explorer post Kevin was a part of in the church went as a group to the national explorer Olympics, which of course included kids from all over the country. This was a major trip for them that summer. Very quickly the other kids from Kevin's post were eliminated from their events. But the trip became extended as Kevin went further and further in the tennis competition, until he reached the finals. Now this was quite a feat, out of all of the people involved. In the finals he had a very intense match and ended up getting the Silver Medal. Everyone in our whole ward was so proud of Kevin. It was quite the talk as word came back of how he was doing and where he was at in the tournament, as they stayed longer and longer as he went further and further. I remember how proud I was that it was my brother who had gone so far in this. I remember the guys making a big to-do about the girl who put the medals on at the awards ceremony. She'd put the medal on the recipient and then give them a kiss. There Kevin is in a picture with this pretty girl hanging on him giving him this *big* kiss. We chided him a lot about that."³

"They had a pretty good group of kids ... and about a half dozen that went back to the National Explorer Olympics. This would have been after Kevin's Junior year in high school (1976). They went back and I think they had a basketball team but Kevin's main goal was to play tennis. It attracted some pretty good players. There were ranked players from California and back east that were pretty fair players. Kevin ended up winning the Silver medal, which was second place. He lost to another LDS kid from California. I kind of talked to him about that a few months ago (just before Kevin's death), it came up, I've forgotten why. He (Kevin) said that the kid

(the guy he lost to) was a real good kid. He said there was the one kid from Tennessee or some southeastern state, that was like the number one junior in the state or at least really highly ranked, who kind of swaggered on the court with beaucoup racquets and you name it. Kevin wasn't ranked or rated, so no one really thought much about him. [He wasn't ranked or rated] mainly because he hadn't been playing any USTA stuff. He had done a little bit but not much. The finals were all on Sundays and he had a problem with some of that [meaning he wouldn't play on Sunday]. He'd start some of the tournaments and never really [could go on]. Anyway, this kid had a real attitude about him. It wasn't too far into the match before, I can't remember if he was making bad calls or accusing Kevin of making bad calls, but they ask for a line judge anyway, which is something you can do. Anyway by the time this match was over this kid was throwing racquets, etc. Kevin won. I think that was the quarter final (maybe semi-final) match. I guess it was a pretty tough match. Kevin beat somebody else that was pretty fair, but I don't remember it [because this one was memorable because of the temper tantrums]."⁴

From the above description by Kevin's father, it is plain to see that Kevin was a good sport, even in losing, having respect for an admirable opponent. At the same time he had a certain satisfaction in beating an opponent who acted less than admirably. From this we can also see clearly that he held true to his convictions, in that obeying the Sabbath to him was more important than even tennis!

Here King gives us a little more insight into his son's sport of tennis:

"There were a couple of cases where Kevin was kind of a sleeper (meaning coming from nowhere to upset the tournament). When he worked that summer and went to BYU after he graduated (from high school). ... He played a little bit in the field house at BYU, but not a great deal. They had some large state or area open meet. [This would be the Intermountain South Area Tennis Tournament.] Anyway, Kevin registered for it and when they asked where you were from he said "American Fork" and that didn't raise any eyebrows because nobody had heard of any tennis player from *American Fork*. [He was living with his Grandparents Brown in American Fork, Utah at the time.] I actually saw that match. I was up there for some reason, maybe to bring him home, because it was the end of the summer. He was rusty and he didn't do too well during the first couple of matches, although he won. I think he got to the finals or was pretty far along, anyway, he played the defending champion from the previous year, who was the Provo High School star, etc. Again no one had really noticed him (Kevin) too much, because nobody had heard of a tennis player from American Fork. I remember, I was standing next to the other kid's father and Kevin was foot faulting a little bit, he had kind of a habit, he'd take a little hop and land inside the court sometimes when he'd serve. His serve had really started to crank and the other kid wasn't able to handle it. But he

(Kevin) was kind of foot-faulting and the kid's dad mentioned that he was foot-faulting every time [as to explain why his kid wasn't able to handle the serve]. So on one of the breaks I just went up to Kevin and said you are foot-faulting a little bit and they're noticing it and complaining. He was whipping the kid, so when Kevin went back instead of standing next to the line [to serve] he stood several feet back so that there would be no question and no possibility of foot-faulting! Anyway he won the tournament! I still don't think they know where he came from! Kevin hated to lose and he was rusty so it took him those first several matches to get going again.

Those are probably the two tennis tournaments I remember most. He went to a USTA sectional tournament in Los Angeles and he won his first two matches and then ran up against one of the top juniors [here he paused for a while not knowing how to proceed with the story] – and he got wopped! This kid was just too good. Kevin blew his cool a bit (got flustered) and couldn't get it together, and this other kid was just a better player, and that happens."⁵

Stepping back to high school, Kevin's friend Wally Velie describes another aspect of Kevin's character through this story.

"Kevin also had incredible character. He had ran track, varsity track, and we had gone to a school actually to play tennis at a school that he had already been to. The school was incredibly rough! We lived in Upland and around Upland were some very, very tough areas. When we got to our tennis match, we actually had a gang there, ready for us and asked us to partake in an all out fight before our tennis match. We were able to talk our way through that, get onto the tennis courts and begin to play. These people, I don't know where they got these baseballs from, but they proceeded to throw baseballs at us on the tennis courts. After I had finished a couple of matches, I told Kevin that I was going to head to the restroom. Kevin begged and pleaded with me that this was not the school that you go to the restroom at. Of course, I not knowing and very naïve, I didn't listen to Kevin and I was going anyway. Kevin knew the danger that faced ahead of him, since he had already run track there and didn't want his friend to go alone and so went with me. Before you knew it, we were inside the locker room, 10 or 12 guys banging on the lockers yelling profanities and threatening our lives. Two of them closed off the entrance so that there was no where for us to go, and there was my friend in this predicament because he did not want his friend to be alone. We got out of that incident! I think the adrenaline was running high and I'd never seen us run faster in our lives! Nothing in our way, we just ran over it, through it or wherever, but we somehow got out of it and got back to the tennis courts and all I could think of was what a friend! To have known way before he got there that this was going to happen and went with me anyway."⁶

Throughout his life Kevin was a practical joker. As mentioned before, it was undoubtedly an inherited trait. It is hard to say

whether or not this attribute of Kevin's character peaked during his high school years, but in any case it was in full force. Wally relates a couple of examples that are certainly worth including here.

"Kevin, I can't say enough about Kevin, he was [one of] the most wonderful people I have ever met, and certainly you've had a great influence upon my life. I have so many memories of Kevin, he had a great character. He was also funny. He was also a practical joker. He was also a teacher. Kevin, I think, was one of the best teachers I've ever known. He accomplished in seconds what teachers couldn't accomplish in hours. We were there one day sitting in a class room and the physics teacher who was also our tennis coach was trying to teach us about kinetic energy, stored energy and that energy that puts it in motion. For about 45 minutes he was trying to teach us and the person behind Kevin was having a tough time understanding this, for he was spending a lot of time poking Kevin in the back and not paying attention. So Trautwine [the teacher] had to leave the class and go on the other side, so Kevin motioned to this person behind him that he was going to help him understand the law of kinetic energy and the law of motion! So Kevin handed him a large, large spring, and told him to stand there and Kevin took the other end of the spring, of course in high school you didn't always think things out. He took that end of the spring and walked it all the way to the end of the classroom and Kevin suddenly turned around and let go of the spring! The next thing I saw was the chalkboard completely fell off the wall from the spring hitting it. I saw the person who was holding it, Larry Rhinehold, still standing there holding the spring in total astonishment. Kevin and I quickly grabbed the chalkboard, got it back on the wall before the teacher came back in for surely he had heard the sound. Sure enough here comes Paul Trautwine into the room asking for what happened. Kevin told him that he had just given Larry Rhinehold a lesson in kinetic energy and the law of motion! And I could see by Larry's eyes that he had truly learned this lesson in a matter of seconds! Instead of hours. Kevin was that way, I was not surprised that he pulled the trigger on his brother! You don't ask Kevin for something you don't want!

Kevin also had the practical joke side of him. We got into the chemistry classes ... the Bunsen burners were all in one line and there's about eight of them, and we had to go into labs. Kevin figured out that our Bunsen burner was the first in the line, so he unconnected the rubber hose, blew into the rubber hose which caused the air to go down the line and slowly put out each Bunsen burner! Kevin quickly lit our Bunsen burner, however, and our water was boiling quickly. As we finished our lab the others were not paying attention and couldn't see that their flames had gone out. They had lit them again, but certainly Kevin had unhooked the hose again and blew another breath of fresh air. Before you knew it our labs were done with only five minutes left of class and nobody on that bank was even close to getting their Bunsen burners even started. So we had a good

laugh and Johnson was our teacher, he was also LDS. And I saw him over there looking very perplexed, he couldn't figure out why all the other Bunsen burners didn't work but ours. And then I saw him give us the look and I knew right then when I got the look that he knew what was happening! And to my surprise he didn't say a word to us, he left us alone in our own anguish! And so we learned another lesson."⁷

As mentioned Kevin had a lot of hobbies that he enjoyed doing. During his high school years some of these included bicycling, riding motorcycles, hiking, hunting, fishing, going to the beach, scuba diving (although he didn't do much of this in high school, because the family didn't have a boat at that time), and of course, playing tennis. Money was not very important to Kevin while growing up. Of course, he wanted to have enough of it to do some of the things he liked to do. But doing things was much more important than trying to have much of a bank account.

During his teenage years Kevin went on a number of outings, some with family and others alone with friends. A sufficient sampling of these we've already described in the previous chapters, I'll include one more that was particularly memorable for Kevin.

When Kevin was 16 the family had three kayaks. The first was a Klepper foldable two-man kayak, which consisted of a canvas and rubber shell and wooden ribs and interior framing. Another was a single person polyurethane white water kayak, which was yellow, and the third was a red single man fiberglass kayak.

As a family and with Craig Parker, Kevin's friend in tow, they went up to Yellowstone and spent an enjoyable time visiting all the boiling things up there. Then King, Craig, Kevin, and Kevin's friend kayaked down the upper sections of the Snake River. This was a good trip that created great memories while floating down the upper Snake and along the Tetons and enjoying the wilderness there and the abundance of wildlife, including eagles and hawks.

Shortly after that trip Kevin's family was expanded once again with the birth of his final little sister Christina on October 6, 1975. Kevin just adored Christina as did the rest of the family and his feelings for her would never change through the years. She was his little baby sister and being much older, his feelings towards her could be better described as fatherly than as a sibling. She was precious to him.

If you ask virtually any sixteen year old teenage boy what he wanted most, the answer he'd give would most likely be *a car*! Perhaps that wouldn't have been Kevin's answer but it was certainly high up on his list. Here is Craig's description of Kevin's first car and the circumstances surrounding it:

"We had a car growing up. When Kevin was sixteen, Dad decided to help us get a car. Perhaps it was his intention to help Kevin, who was the only one of eligible driver age, to get a car, but as typical I managed to weasel my way into the deal, even though I was fifteen and not really able to drive. The idea was to get a car that we could fix up and learn mechanical skills with it, and most importantly perhaps not be driving Dad's cars so much. Kevin and Dad found an old Volkswagen that was half way converted into a *baja bug*. A *baja bug* being a Volkswagen beetle with fiberglass fenders, exposed engine, and wide tires, set up for off-road use. This car was beige in color (mostly), was missing all the seats except the driver's, and as we found out later had some major engine troubles. In a word it was *pretty darn ugly* and it definitely gave Kevin and I the opportunity to learn mechanical skills. At least we would get a lot of opportunity for practice. My mother-in-law's comment to my future wife Sandy, when I came to pick her up for our first date in this car was probably a typical reaction, as she said '*you're going out in that!*'

In any case, we did fix it up. Eventually it did end up with a full complement of seats. It also ran, most of the time, albeit not dependably. It was extremely loud outside and also inside because we got the bright idea to route the air filter inside the car and used solid motor mounts, both of which increased the noise level considerably. Most of the time going to dances and things the *baja bug* was our chariot of fire (sometimes literally). I still have this, Kevin's first car, and also that purple Yamaha 100 motorcycle."⁸

After a while Kevin kind of lost interest in the *baja bug* and his little brother kind of took over the car. Kevin would rather use one of his father's cars if he possibly could, because as we saw from the comment above, the *baja bug* and the idea of a classy date were not at all compatible.

After reading comments about the family having a Mercedes Benz, photography equipment, all of the hobbies and activities, etc.



Kevin with his sister Christina at the time of his high school graduation

lest the reader get a wrong impression about the financial status of Kevin's family during his childhood, let me state that his family would probably be best categorized as typical middle class. This status really ranged from being down right poor when Kevin was first born, not totally dirt poor shortly after they moved to California, having sufficient but no excess means during his grade school years, and having a certain degree of financial freedom but far from rich during his high school years. The family's financial situation improved steadily from really nothing or less, to being fairly comfortable, but not extravagant. Credit for this is equally shared by Kevin's father for his skill in his profession and an ever improving reputation in the business world, and Kevin's mother for her skill in frugally managing the family's resources whether small or great.

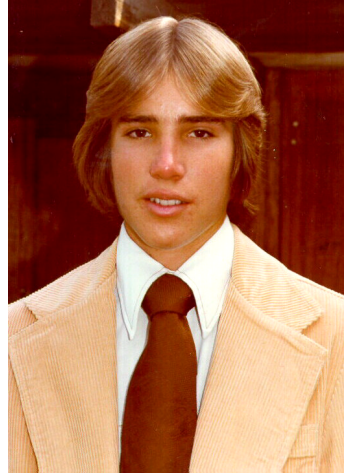
One example of how the family had sufficient but not excess is shown by the fact that it was typical for the family to live off of their *year's supply* of food during the financially lean fall months. This was due to the fact that a lot of the family's money came during *tax season*, the first 4 months of each year, and little during the last 4 months. (*Year's supply* was a counsel given from the church for each family to store one year's supply of food in case of emergency need.)

In summary, as he grew, Kevin had sufficient of the necessities of life, but if he wanted something extra, for the most part, he knew he had to earn it himself. The need to earn and save for what one wants was a lesson that was taught to him early and frequently in life. In Kevin's house you weren't just *given* things you *worked* for them. On the other hand, Kevin's father was very active and enjoyed exploring new hobbies on a regular basis and having his son participate with him. Because of this, Kevin had numerous opportunities to try new sports, activities, and hobbies, and took good advantage of these. By the time Kevin graduated from high school he had done more in his short 18 years than most adults would dream of. This expansion of activities, hobbies, and skills would only accelerate as his life progressed.

During his youth Kevin would go to Stake (church) dances on a regular basis. These dances would almost always have live bands, the same bands that would play at the various high school dances. The bands performing were usually quite good. Two of

the bands that frequented these dances and that Kevin liked were named *Zedekiah* and *Pegasus*.

Kevin prepared extensively before going to a dance or out on a date, or for that matter any social event. Kevin always looked very, very sharp, dressed very well, and was meticulously groomed. He wasn't flashy in an arrogant way, but was very presentable and liked to look his best. Referring to Kevin's appearance his mother related the following:



Kevin 17 years old

"He was a perfectionist in everything he did. Even and especially down to his hair. ... he'd spend probably an hour, much longer than the girls, getting his hair done just so. And I've seen him go back and wet it several times and blow it, ... it had to be perfect! Kevin was a perfectionist and he was very meticulous in his dress, as I'm sure you know. Whether he was wearing a suit or his Levi's and boots, he looked clean and neat. ... Even as a little boy! He and Craig would go out to play, Craig would come in dirty, he looked like a kid, and Kevin would come in and his hair would still be done and the clothes were clean! He was a perfectionist, he liked things neat and clean."⁹

Sometimes, Kevin would wear a vest and occasionally even a suit coat to the Stake dances, even though shirt and tie was all that was required. The dress of the day was definitely odd in retrospect, the dress of the 1970's even being the subject of jokes by future generations. There were tight *Angel Flight* pocketless slacks, polished high-heeled shoes men would wear, and hairstyles that were kind of extravagant. But then again, I guess youth of every era dress kind of odd. Anyway, Kevin looked *cool* for his time. As mentioned, hair was very important to Kevin and he spent a lot of time working on his hair before a dance or a date. He didn't have real long hair, not shoulder length anyway, but well past the collar and completely covering his ears. He wore it in a style that was called *feathered back*. Basically it was parted in the middle of his head and trimmed in such a manner that it could be swept back on both sides in kind of a *feathered* appearance. To get it to stay up like that he'd *blow dry* his hair considerably and use a

fair amount of hair spray. As pointed out by his mother, he'd work and work to get it just right, and if it wasn't just right he'd wet it down and start all over again. Needless to say the sisters of the family were not the ones guilty of *hogging* the bathroom! Of course his little brother would make up for this, as his approach to hairstyle was to quickly wash it and get on the motorcycle and ride around until it was dry, usually on the way to school.

Kevin was popular, handsome, and *thought of highly* by many of the girls from church and school. There were a lot of girls who liked him and liked to be around him. He could have chosen just about any girl he wanted, and in fact, did. Along this line, Craig gives us this observation:

"In those days, girls *rarely* asked a boy to dance. They may stand behind him patiently waiting and hoping that he'd notice her, but virtually never would ask the boy. There was a big difference between Kevin and me. I did quite well at dances, but Kevin was the kind of guy who girls would crowd around behind and some would even break down and ask him. For the most part, I think he was largely unaware of this."¹⁰

In his area in Southern California there was a Stake dance every Saturday night alternating at different Stake center buildings. The Stakes involved at this time were Upland, Ontario, LaVerne, Covina, and Glendora. These dances were very large for church dances, sometimes having as many as 400+ people. Because of this, even though the dance was in his area, there were always many people that Kevin didn't know or hadn't seen before, perhaps even a majority were people he didn't know. This in a very real way added to the excitement of these dances, as it was as much the object to meet someone new as it was to dance. With this in mind it is not surprising that when Kevin saw his future wife, Pamela Sue Ivie, for the first time at one of these dances, he didn't know who she was, even though they belonged to the same stake. Kevin's friend Wally Velie experienced this first meeting from the boy's perspective.

“Kevin and I, we played tennis, golf, basketball, we hunted, we fished, we hiked, and we went to church dances. Yes, I was even there when he met his wife. Being on that dance floor and Kevin excitedly came over to me and pulled on my jacket and said ‘*Look!*’ and he pointed her out to me, Pam. He couldn’t believe how beautiful she was and he was telling me all about her, yet he hadn’t even met her yet. He said ‘*I can’t believe that she’s dancing with Kerry Munson!*’ And as I looked at Kevin, he had that look, the same look as he had when he was psyching up for a tennis match, he was trying to get brave enough to ask her for a dance. He didn’t want her to say ‘*No*’ and he kept sitting there and standing there and walking in circles and trying to get that feeling up to ask her, and eventually he started across the floor, waiting for the right time, for the music to end, to cut Kerry Munson off and get her ‘*Yes*’. Well he got a *yes* and he ended up dancing beautifully with her for the rest of the evening. At the end of the evening we got into his Volkswagen, if you ever knew his Volkswagen, it was incredibly loud! And you could never talk once you got inside that Volkswagen! But Kevin was psyched up this night and I could easily hear him over the engine as he talked about how wonderful it was to dance with Pam, and about how another gentlemen had come and asked her to dance and she said ‘*No!*’ And that was it, for the rest of the night and for the rest of his life, I always, always saw Kevin, so, so happy! In fact I never heard him stop talking about Pam.”¹¹



Kevin Dalton & Pam Ivie
at his senior prom

Kevin and Pam would now meet regularly at church dances and see each other through other church activities. Pam related a cute story of one such meeting.

Apparently during one of Pam’s Young Women activities they were serving cake as refreshments. Kevin and his friends had come and were waiting for the Young Women to leave so they could use the cultural hall to play basketball. While waiting they decided they wanted a piece of cake so got in line. Pam was cutting and serving the cake and when Kevin came up she asked him which piece he wanted. He being funny said he wanted the *center* piece, so Pam promptly dug in with her hand and gave him the *center* piece of cake!¹²

This response undoubtedly endeared her even more to him as he realized that he had met his match as far as spunk! Although her description of their first date showed that on this occasion he had *her* fairly intimidated.

It was on January 14, 1977 and Pam had been bragging to Kevin that she had received a new tennis racket for Christmas and was “*really a pretty good player*”, not realizing that Kevin played varsity for the Upland HS Tennis team and was one of the best players in the area. So Kevin asked her out to go play tennis. When Kevin showed up, Pam was shocked to see that he was wearing “*real tennis clothes*”, and then learned that he played on his high school team. Needless to say Pam was mortified. But Kevin following wisdom rather than his normally competitive spirit played very easy on her and they had a really good time, and afterwards took her to Betsy Ross for ice cream.¹³

By the time Kevin graduated from high school in June of 1977, he and Pam were very close.

Off to College

After Kevin's graduation he decided to attend Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. In order to get into BYU with as short notice as he was doing, he figured out that if he went to summer school he could get in, whereas if he waited until the fall he wouldn't make it. So he left home that summer and went to live with his Grandparent's Brown in American Fork, Utah. He was a good student, although his hair was a little longer than the BYU professors wanted it to be. Of course he had cut its length considerably but it was still a fair bit longer than missionary standards, which is over the ears and not touching the shirt collar. Quite often he would paste it back behind his ears. You have to ease into these changes!

He commuted the 20 or so miles from American Fork to Provo using a gray 125cc motorcycle that his father let him take with him. His grandparents commented on several occasions about how much of a pleasure it was to have him live with them. Sharon Dalton gave us this insight into Kevin's character and his grandparent's feelings towards him during this stay.

"My mom and dad lived in a mobile home park with a lot of older people and in order to get back and forth from school, Kevin had to ride a motorcycle. And so every morning he would push that motorcycle clear out of the park before he ever started it and then push it clear back in [when he came home from school], so it wouldn't disturb anyone. My dad was always impressed with a teenage kid that would think of that, be that kind and considerate of other people, and Kevin was."¹⁴



Kevin 18 years old just before attending B.Y.U.

Referring to the same story Craig related this:

"Because of the elderly people that lived in the trailer park that my grandparents were in, Kevin would push that motorcycle for a of couple blocks out of the trailer park before he would start it and then coming home he would turn it off before he entered the park and push it the rest of the way home. Grandpa said that nobody told him to do this, he just decided that it was the courteous thing to do. Most people Kevin's age, including probably me, wouldn't have given a second thought to just hopping on the motorcycle and riding out, perhaps trying to be quiet, but that wasn't Kevin's nature. Grandpa and Grandma Brown were very pleased and proud to have people know that Kevin was their grandson. To my knowledge they never expressed anything that he had done that had caused them to feel ashamed or displeased with his behavior, which once again is unusual for an 18 year old. Anyone who remembers Kevin's Grandma Brown, knows that she was not adverse to telling people what she thought. If Kevin would have done something that she disapproved of, she would have said so."¹⁵

Living in Utah at this time also gave Kevin a good opportunity to get to know his other cousins, uncles, and aunts much better, which was quite nice for both them and him. He got to be involved with and be around Uncle Dick and Aunt Donna and their

family regularly, and came to have a close relationship with them. He also was able to enjoy the company of his older cousins Kirk and Kelly, his Uncle Fon and Uncle Roy, and their families.

Kevin's desire was to play tennis at BYU. Shortly before he graduated from high school he visited BYU and played with the tennis coach. The coach, being fairly impressed suggested that he try coming in as a *walk on*. This was part of the reason Kevin hurried to get into the summer semester. However by the end of the summer, he had decided to return home to be with his family and closer to Pam, and to prepare and work to earn money for the church mission that he decided he was going to serve when he turned 19.

After returning home he registered at Chaffey College, the local junior college near Upland, which he attended during the 1977-78 school year.

Preparing for a Mission

At this time Kevin became desirous to receive a Patriarchal Blessing, which all faithful members of his church are entitled to receive. He received this blessing on November 13, 1977, under the hands of Leonard N. Jensen, who held the priesthood office of Patriarch in the Upland California Stake of the church. Kevin considered this blessing revelation from the Lord directed to him, his own personal scripture. It was filled with counsel, promises, and comfort from God to him and he took these things very seriously and cherished this blessing throughout his life. Because of this blessing's sacred nature to Kevin, I don't feel that it would be appropriate to share the contents of it here. However, it is plain to see how the counsel given in it affected Kevin's attitude and decisions, and how certain of the promises given came to fulfillment. I will point out some of these as his life continues to unfold.

On December 4, 1977, he was given the authority of the higher Melchizedek Priesthood in the church and ordained to the office of Elder within that priesthood. His father, King Dalton who was serving as 1st counselor in the Upland II Ward Bishopric at the time, performed this ordination.

As the time drew nearer to his 19th birthday Kevin intensified his efforts to prepare himself for the mission he was planning to serve. As part of this he studied his scriptures regularly and bought a copy of the missionary discussions. With the location of his mission still unknown, he studied the English version of these discussions.

With the help of his parents and local church leaders Kevin completed the paperwork necessary to request to be called on a mission well before his 19th birthday, the hope being that he could begin serving close to that date. Then like all prospective missionaries he waited anxiously for the expected letter from Salt Lake City that would contain his call. He waited and waited. About a month had passed beyond the normal time frame for receiving a missionary call. He began to be a little discouraged and even wondered whether he would even be extended a call, although there was no real basis for this concern aside from the delay in receiving his call. Finally his parents checked with the church to find out the cause of the delay and found that Kevin's paperwork was misplaced on his stake president's desk and hadn't been mailed. In the future when his brother's were ready to serve missions his mother would mail this paperwork herself.

With the paperwork sent to church headquarters, Kevin met the mailman for two or three weeks to see if his answer had come. Finally on May 20, 1978, a letter came from Salt Lake City addressed to Kevin. However, on this day the postman arrived without Kevin there to meet him, he was still at school. So for an hour or so the letter sat on the counter with the family's curiosity and desire to open it almost as great as Kevin's. As soon as he came home it was promptly opened and he was informed of his call to serve in the Spain Seville Mission in a letter signed by Spencer W. Kimball, president of the church.

Kevin was very surprised. The thought of going to Spain had never crossed his mind. He knew very little about Spain and many of his friends had gone to Latin America, Asia, or within the United States. Only one of his friends had gone to Europe and that was Kerry Munson who was serving in Germany. However, he had had a special experience that very day that gave him a testimony that his call was inspired and he was very excited. Spain had just become the most important nation on earth (next to his

own country) in Kevin's eyes. In his letter he was told to report to the Language Training Mission (LTM) in Provo, Utah on Thursday, August 3, 1978. The die was cast, the date was set, he was going!

On June 18, 1978, Kevin received his Duty to God award. This is a church sponsored scouting award. To qualify for the award a young man must have participated in scouting and have been faithful in the performance of his Aaronic Priesthood duties, attendance at church, scripture study, and obedience to the Lord's commandments, over a four year period. This was not a hard award for Kevin to earn, however that is only because he had decided early in life to be faithful. It was a privilege to be recognized for this. One item of interest that made this occasion a little more special or unusual than it might have been, is that Kevin and his brother Craig both received this award together on the same night in the same Sacrament meeting.

On July 5, 1978, with less than a month to go before leaving on his mission, Kevin's beloved Grandpa Dalton passed away. His death was not unexpected, as he had been suffering from emphysema for some time. In fact with his body having wasted away to being totally bedridden, Kevin knew that his grandfather who had enjoyed a strong powerful body during his life was certainly no longer happy in his current state. It was time for him to go. Nevertheless, seeing the man who had taken him fishing so many times as a little boy, bounced him on his knee, recited poetry and stories to him, and taught him through example what it really meant to be a patriot, leave this earth was not an easy thing.

Kevin and his family took a trip to Boise, Idaho, where his grandfather's funeral and burial were held on the 10th of July. However, this was a very quick trip as Kevin was scheduled to receive his endowment ordinances in the church's Los Angeles Temple on the 13th of that same month.

These temple ordinances, his Patriarchal Blessing, ordination to the Melchizedek Priesthood, the study of missionary discussions, and his call to serve in Spain were all steps in his preparation to leave on a mission. Even his grandfather's death served to focus his mind on things of eternal importance. But these important events were just the finalization of his preparation, which really began as a little boy being taught in Primary and

being baptized a member of the church, and continued with each ordination to offices in the Aaronic Priesthood, seminary studies, and service in the church as a youth. In other words, for Kevin, what we are talking about here is the *end* of his preparations to leave on a mission, not the *beginning*!

On July 16, 1978, a special Sacrament meeting was held, which constituted his formal *farewell* from the Upland II ward, Kevin being the main and concluding speaker. On the meeting's program that day was the announcement of an open house held that evening at the Dalton home. The conclusion of that announcement simply stated: "Come see another *boy* soon to be a *man*."

Certainly the dividing line between boyhood and manhood in Kevin's life was here at hand.

On Sunday, July 30, 1978, Kevin was set apart as a missionary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by the president of the Upland Stake, Seth Baker. He now was an officially recognized representative of the church. Kevin's family was part of the small group in attendance at this special event, as was his Bishop Burt L. Guymon. During the time of Kevin's mission, Bishop Guymon and his counselors, King T. Dalton and Karl W. Caldwell, had the privilege of having at least 18 of their youth serving missions. Upland II was a ward of normal size with about 250-300 regular attendees, and to have that many young men serving missions at the same time was no small accomplishment, that number being representative of many stakes and virtually unheard of from a single ward. A lot of credit has to be given to the current and former bishoprics, as well as the Primary and youth leaders, for training this group in such a way that almost all were worthy and desirous to serve missions.

That evening Kevin received another very special patriarchal blessing. As patriarch of Kevin's family and a faithful holder of the Melchizedek priesthood it was his father's right to give patriarchal blessings to his children as he saw the need or was requested to do so. Such blessings are referred to as *Father's Blessings* to differentiate them from those given by an ordained Patriarch and held in the archives of the church. With Kevin ready to begin his mission it was an appropriate occasion for such a blessing. This was a wonderful blessing, inspired, and filled with counsel from both his earthly father and also his Heavenly Father

to a son about to serve an important mission. Kevin studied this blessing over and over throughout his mission, took the counsel therein really to heart, and made mention of it on numerous occasions in his journal and in letters home. Mention will be made of some of the specific blessings and counsels given in this blessing latter as they relate to various missionary experiences. However, the first blessing mentioned was that of the support of his family. Although at times that support seemed to be in question when an unreliable Spanish postal service failed to bring letters, packages, and money from home, Kevin was always in his family's hearts and prayers.

The next day Kevin, his friend Wally Velie, and some of his family drove to Utah to take him to the LTM where he would begin his mission on Thursday. For the next couple of days, they stayed with Kevin's Grandpa and Grandma Brown in American Fork. This time was spent mainly running errands to get various materials he thought he would need as a missionary.

One of the most important errands for him at the time was to get a full missionary haircut. Once again it is important to remember that the 1970's was a period when long hair was in style, so virtually every young man's hair was considered too long for a missionary. Kevin had heard from several of his friends that had gotten what they thought was a haircut according to missionary standards just before going to the LTM only to be informed as they entered that their hair was still too long and they would need to get it cut immediately. To avoid this, Kevin went to the BYU barbershop, which was where most of the missionaries living at the LTM got their haircut, and told the barber that he needed a missionary haircut that would get him into the LTM without being told to get it cut again. The barber had no problem meeting this request and Kevin left shortly with a much lighter head. Then with his errands taken care of, he and his friend Wally decided to go golfing for several hours on that hot, sunny, August day. Of course parts of Kevin's head hadn't seen light in perhaps several years, in particular the back of his neck, which came back from this golfing outing with a rather substantial sunburn. And of course instead of receiving sympathy for his pain, when he returned to his grandparent's home he was greeted with laughter and jokes that continued for some time.

The Spain Sevilla Mission

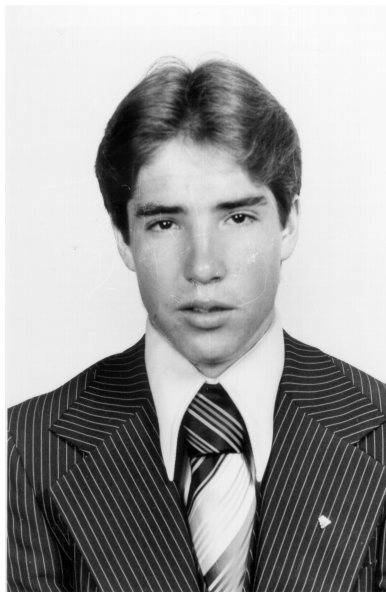
Thursday morning, August 3, 1978, Kevin's parents took him to the LTM (Language Training Mission) and saw him off to begin serving his mission. Of the experiences of that day Kevin's entire journal entry simply states:

"I entered the L.T.M. today. Mom and Dad came in with me and stayed for the first meeting, it was a real neat experience. From there I got my room number and temporary companion. All in all today was a very mind boggling day. They're supposed to get better each and every successive day but it's obvious I'm going to have to work very hard."¹

Although this statement is extremely brief considering all that happen to him that day, it does tell us a great deal about the typical experience and feelings of a missionary entering the LTM. As most any missionary who has passed through this experience can attest, the feelings of being dazed and confused or everything being "*mind-boggling*" that first day or first several days were virtually universal. Your emotions are on an extreme. You are leaving loved ones for what you know will be a long, long time. You are surrounded by a multitude of people, none of whom you know, and placed with a group of strangers with whom you will spend *all* of your time for the next two months, at least. You are given a tremendous amount of information and instruction, virtually none of which you have a prayer of remembering. And you are given a list of daily study and other work requirements that when added together exceed the time available during the day! At the same time you are very uncertain as to what is coming next. However, as we can see from the journal entry above, Kevin met all of these challenges with the attitude of "*I'm going to have to*

work very hard!" And as we'll see later, he would develop a close relationship with deity that would help him succeed in some of the otherwise apparently impossible challenges that would shortly come.

The Language Training Mission or LTM as it was called, was the forerunner of today's Missionary Training Center or MTC. It was located in the same group of buildings that currently house the MTC. It sits next to Brigham Young University just a couple of blocks west of the Provo Temple. At the time only missionaries called to serve in non-



Kevin when he left for his mission

English language missions had any training in the LTM. English language missionaries would go briefly to the *mission home* in Salt Lake City and then go immediately to their field of labor. Training in the LTM was centered on learning a new language. Missionaries would study their new language for two months at the LTM while at the same time studying scriptures, culture, and memorizing the missionary discussions. About a year after Kevin began serving his mission the name was changed to Missionary Training Center and all North American missionaries began their missions there. English speaking missionaries would spend a month learning the discussions and other training. For foreign language missionaries the change was really in name only.

Aside from the feelings of being dazed and confused, Kevin had another problem as he began his stay in the LTM. For the first few days he was sick. Accommodations in the LTM consisted of dorm-like rooms, with four occupants per room. Each missionary was assigned a companion that he would have to stay with 24 hours a day. Kevin's companion in the LTM was Elder Ron Gibbons, each male missionary being referred to with the title of Elder. Missionaries were then grouped into districts. The missionaries in Kevin's district got along well and developed a

good friendship. Since this was a new experience for all these missionaries, they naturally began with a certain amount of tension and uneasiness. In a letter home Kevin described one small event that helped break this tension:

“... one day while in class I was leading Simon Says and all of a sudden I just couldn't help laughing and I mean really laughing and when I started so did the rest of the guys and I think we laughed the tension right out of us because we all felt much better afterwards and also we were much better friends. We have to be we're all we've got up here. ... doesn't the Lord work in mysterious ways such as in the class.”²

For Kevin and the other members of his district, each day consisted of getting up early and studying scriptures, getting dressed and preparing themselves for the day, eating breakfast in the LTM cafeteria, and more study time as they waited for their first class to begin. As a group they would attend their Spanish language class together, which was taught by a returned missionary. They'd study their discussions, eat lunch, have Spanish class again, study their discussions again, eat dinner,



Kevin Dalton's district in the LTM

Front row LtoR - Elders Park, Tanner, Stapley, and Solomon

Back row LtoR - Elders Nielson, Mitchell, Johnson, Welling, Gibbons, and Dalton

(note: it was tradition at the time to have your district's picture taken in costume at the University Mall in Provo on P-day.)

attend more Spanish class and have more study time. As they began and ended their day they would sing hymns together in Spanish and study scriptures together. After preparing for bed Kevin would study some more until he would finally go to sleep at about 10:00. After three days in the LTM Kevin and his district began the program of *Speak Your Language* or SYL. From that time forward they were required to speak nothing but Spanish. At first this resulted in extremely brief conversations, a lot of blank stares, and occasional cheating. But Kevin took each and every requirement given him seriously and did his best to adhere to this program. Once a week they would have a special culture class, which was taught by someone who had lived in Spain. This was usually a welcome break from their normal routine.

Sundays became very special to Kevin. He wrote; *"Tomorrow is one of the days I look forward to most of all. Sunday, the day of rest ... Except here!"*³ However, this day did give him a break from the normally intense classroom time. It also gave him a chance to attend church meetings and partake of the Sacrament. It was usually an uplifting spiritual day for him, although he still spent most of this day studying. Kevin's immediate ecclesiastical leader while in the LTM was President Sherwood, the president of the branch or congregation of the church to which Kevin's district belonged. Kevin would have occasional interviews with President Sherwood, and enjoyed his advice, confidence, and comfort. After his first such interview he wrote, *"President Sherwood told me the eight weeks would go by fast but I don't believe him."*⁴ Two months later he would realize that his branch president was right.

Another very important day for Kevin was Preparation Day, or P-Day as it was called, which came once a week. This day wasn't a day off, but was a break from his normal routine. This was the day that he used to run errands, relax a little, and do chores such as his laundry. Referring to this last chore he wrote, *"tomorrow I'm going to learn how to wash my clothes, obviously the stay here is going to be a total learning experience."*⁵

The evening on P-day was much like that of any other day spent in classes and study. Although not a requirement, most P-days Kevin took the opportunity to attend the Provo Temple. Once again this experience gave him a spiritual boost and a much-needed respite from the intense studying. On the first of these

occasions, Kevin and the group of missionaries with him were able to talk with President Gunther, president of the Provo Temple at the time, who gave them considerable insight into the temple ordinances and answered any questions that they had.

In addition to the guidance and instruction, both educational and spiritual, given to him by his teachers and leaders in the LTM, Kevin, like the other missionaries there, had numerous opportunities to hear from and be instructed by General Authorities of the Church. One of the first that Kevin was able to hear from was Elder Robert L. Simpson of the First Quorum of Seventy. Kevin thought very highly of Elder Simpson who later would play an important role in his life.

Other general authorities that he was able to hear from while in the LTM included Elder Rex Pinegar who was serving as president of the LTM at the time, Marion D. Hanks, Ivan S. Barret, Sterling W. Sill, and Bruce R. McConkie. The highlight of these addresses was that of President Spencer W. Kimball. Of this occasion Kevin wrote:

“Boy was he great. We sat right in front. Not more than 30 ft. away from the prophet. The greatest man on the earth today. After the meeting was over. He and his wife walked out and walked by right in front of me. You could just feel the warmth and love radiate from the man, the Prophet!”⁶

Key character attributes that Kevin exhibited during his stay in the LTM and which would continue throughout his mission included being obedient, considerate, grateful, goal oriented, faithful, having a close relationship with Deity, and possessing a powerful sense of conscience. One attribute that would describe Kevin’s character as a missionary above any other single word would be *diligence*!

In his Father’s Blessing, Kevin was given this advice: *“Try to live well within the rules, don’t try to come as close as you can without breaking them. Try to live both the spirit and the letter of whatever commandments are set down by the church and by your mission president.”*

Given an assignment, counsel, goal, rule, or whatever, he would do his best to do it. And not part way or just enough to get by, he would do it the way he thought the Lord wanted him to. He was a believer in living the *letter of the law*, so to speak. Not that

he didn't believe in living the *spirit of the law*, he wasn't fanatical or *holier than thou* in his strict obedience. He just couldn't see how he could consider himself living by the spirit if he wasn't doing what the Lord or his church leaders had told him to do! He really did *live* what he believed and preached! He was given a divinely appointed assignment to be a missionary and he was determined to fulfill that calling to the utmost.

Kevin's diligence did not translate into an attitude of haughtiness or a dull personality. Although he knew sacrifice on his part was required, he didn't believe that the Lord called him on a mission to suffer for two years. Being happy was important and levity was a part of his nature. As we've already seen, laughter and jovial behavior could be an important tool. At the same time Kevin seemed to know when such behavior could be inappropriate.

One of the many examples of Kevin's diligence clearly displayed during his mission was his learning the missionary discussions. The discussions at that time were a series of eight lessons as follows:

- C - La Restauracion (The Restoration)
- D - Progreso Eterno (Eternal Progress or The Plan of Salvation)
- E - Revelacion Continua y Responsabilidad Individual (Continuing Revelation (modern prophets) and Individual Responsibility (to gain a testimony))
- F - La Verdad Contra El Error (Truth versus Error (about the first four principles and ordinances of the gospel))
- G - La Invitacion Bautismal (Baptismal Challenge) (very short, only 2 ½ pages long)
- H - Las Bendiciones Del Señor Vienen Por Obedecer Sus Mandamientos (The Blessings of the Lord Come By Obeying His Commandments)
- I - Nuestra Relacion Con Cristo (Our Relationship With Christ)
- J - Nuestro Porvenir Como Miembros Del Reino (Our Responsibilities as Members of the Kingdom or what it will be like as a member of the church)

These discussions were printed on different colored paper and so they had the informal name of *the rainbow discussions* or *the*

rainbows. They were printed in standard single spaced type on both sides of 5 ½" by 8½" paper, the entire group forming a stack of paper about an inch thick. It was a very, very difficult task to memorize these, especially in a foreign language, but that was the requirement. Missionaries then were not allowed to just read them out of a book or use notes as they would be allowed to do a few years later, they were to have these memorized, in order to be able to recite and teach them from memory when presenting a discussion to investigators. They had a series of flip charts, or pictures, or in Spanish they were called *Laminas*. These were used for illustrations, pictures, and examples during discussions. Keep in mind that each discussion was intended to be about an hour long. Most missionaries were doing well to have one or two discussions memorized by the time their two months were up and they had to leave the LTM. They would have to spend the first portion of their mission learning the rest. Some never would learn them. The requirement in the LTM was to memorize all eight within the two-month stay, but in reality very, very few did. Kevin took this requirement very seriously, and worked very hard until he did have all eight of them memorized before he left the LTM. This he did while at the same time learning Spanish, studying the scriptures and doing the other things he was supposed to do. When his little brother entered the MTC Kevin expressed the importance of memorizing all eight discussions. He stated that by doing this, instead of having to spend the first part of his mission working on them, he was able to go right to work teaching (that is once his ear adjusted to hearing people speak *real* Spanish).

Another reason for Kevin's diligence in learning the missionary discussions was due to his taking to heart this counsel given in his Father's Blessing:

"We urge you to learn the lessons so well that you can give them so that they don't sound memorized or canned. Nothing sounds worse than a flat monotone voice, which sounds like a parrot and has no personal feeling. While the lessons are to be memorized, they convey a very great and deep meaning. In effect you are bearing your testimony of the truthfulness of them every time you give a lesson."⁷

Kevin was very *goal oriented*. Throughout his mission he would set goals for virtually everything he wanted to accomplish. In addition to mid and long range goals, he would also set daily

goals. In the LTM these daily goals would include scripture study, Spanish language improvement, and in particular discussion memorization. To most people some of these goals would have appeared totally unrealistic. For example, how many of us would believe that we could memorize an entire book in a foreign language while at the same time learning to speak that language, in two months?!

“I know I’m going to have to have the Lord with me to finish all that I need to in the next few weeks. But I’ve been told that He helps those that work diligently for things so I’m going to work even harder than I am because I know I’m not working as hard as I can.”⁸

Kevin wrote the above having only been in the LTM for 11 days. He firmly believed that with the Lord’s help he could do it. So he fervently enlisted the Lord’s help through heartfelt prayer. He believed in principle that if he did his part the Lord would bless him, that the more he sacrificed, the more he would be blessed. The mission rule was to get out of bed at 6:00. Right off he began to sacrifice his physical comfort by getting up at 5:00. That soon changed to 4:30 and by the end of his stay in the LTM he was getting up at 4:00. This gave him a couple of quiet hours of study time before most of the other missionaries were up. And he was blessed for it.

Considering this study routine it is not surprising that Kevin often felt as he did when he wrote this journal entry:

“My brain feels like it’s cooked. I figured out how many hours they have us studying here. Just studying nothing else takes at least 11 hrs out of the day. If I get up early it takes up 12 hrs of the day.”⁹

A quote from President Heber J. Grant told to him one day by one of his teachers made a particular impact.

“That which we persist in doing becomes easier for us to do, not because the nature of the problem has changed, but because our ability increases.”¹⁰

Kevin noticed the validity of this statement as his ability grew exponentially from only a few lines each day to several pages a day. Finally he was able to record this entry.

“Well today was the greatest day I’ve had here. I finished all 8 discussions today. I met my goal and 7 days early. I know I had a lot of help from my Father in Heaven. When I asked myself at the start of the 8

weeks if I could finish 8 charlas, I said a prayer and a voice practically said 'of course'. So I was really happy when I finished them."¹¹

Aside from seeing the excitement he felt at having achieved a very difficult goal, this statement shows another very important attribute that Kevin possessed, *gratitude*! He truly was grateful for every blessing he was given and took very little for granted. He was grateful for the support of his parents and family, grateful to be able to serve a mission, grateful for his teachers, companions, mission presidents, and members of the church in Spain. Most of all he was grateful to the Lord. With every good thing that happened to him, great or small, Kevin acknowledged the hand of the Lord in blessing him and was grateful to him for it. The author could not find a single instance in his missionary journal or letters where he boasted in his own ability or intelligence, or where he failed to acknowledge the Lord as the provider of his success.

In keeping with this *attitude of gratitude*, Kevin looked at the money he was spending on his mission as sacred. He had saved some of his own money, but he knew that his parents were the primary financiers of his mission. He was always very grateful to them for this and therefore was very cautious about how he spent this money. At times, especially early in his mission, this frugality reached the extreme. For instance after writing a check for \$50 he wrote home giving a detailed accounting of how this money was spent down to toothpaste, etc. and ended this accounting with the statement; "*Don't worry I'm not going to spend anything on nonsense stuff.*"¹² And in another letter wrote: "*Also I got my hair cut today. I waited a month because I didn't need it and it costs \$3 a time.*"¹³ (Although his delay in getting a haircut probably had as much to do with his as yet latent aversion to getting his hair cut as it did the cost.) He would continue to safeguard his expenses and assure his parents of the proper use of that money throughout his mission.

Kevin had a good testimony of the gospel before his mission, but now as a full time representative of the Lord, under the intensity of the LTM study routine, he began to ponder about eternal things like he had never done before. He felt God's spirit on a regular basis and had come to rely on it. With the close and personal relationship with Deity that he was developing came a much stronger testimony of the truthfulness of what he was

preparing to teach and the importance of his mission. In this journal entry we find a rare written testimony from Kevin's heart.

"...The other thing that happened was very spiritual. In Ambassadorship class we talked about being called on missions and why we receive the call we receive. The teacher asked us to bear our testimony about our calls. I didn't get the chance but I started to wonder if I really had an inspired call? And here is my testimony and story that I do:

I was at school thinking about my school activities. I had been praying about my call. That the Lord would inspire the Prophet to send me to the right place. Well he did. While I was at school I just got the sense that I wanted to go home, so I left early. That was the day my call came. In fact, it arrived an hour or so before I did. My testimony that [it] is inspired is because of several things, they are. (1) my companion and district. I'm getting along so well with them. (2) The most foremost is the Lord is really blessing me in learning my discussions and language and in all of the other things. I'm finally gaining the testimony I've always wanted but never had, and it's been through the power and love of my Father in Heaven.

I hope and wish all my days could build off of a day like today."¹⁴

Halfway through his stay in the LTM, Kevin was called as District Leader of a new group of missionaries entering the LTM. He was excited and honored to have this additional responsibility. In that capacity, it was his responsibility to help this group make a smooth transition into their new life in the LTM (which we already know is *mind-boggling*), and conduct weekly interviews.

Aside from the memorization of the discussions, Kevin's knowledge of the scriptures was increasing dramatically, he was gaining in ability and confidence with the Spanish language, and had had opportunities to give priesthood blessings. He even learned the art of calligraphy from one of his companions, an art that he would practice, use, and enjoy the rest of his life. The days were becoming normal, although as Kevin put it, "*if you can call any day here normal.*"¹⁵

Few things brighten the day of a missionary like receiving letters, or better yet, packages from family and friends. News from home was particularly important during Kevin's stay in the LTM because his mother was expecting another baby. He wrote several times asking if the baby had been born and finally suggested that when the baby came they should call the office at the LTM in order to pass the message on to him as soon as possible. It is a difficult thing for a missionary to be apart from his family when

momentous events are occurring, to feel that you've missed out. (Kevin's little brother, came home from his mission to find a new sister-in-law, a new brother-in-law, a new brother, and a new nephew, all new additions to his family during the two years he was away.) Kevin still wanted to be a part of this baby's birth!

On September 12, 1978, the news finally came. On that day Kevin wrote home:

"Boy that's great mom had the baby. I kept hoping I would hear some news about it. There's something neat about having a new little brother. Give him a kiss for me. I like the name Jefferey Paul, it sounds real neat. I hope to hear from you guys soon because the girl that wrote the note at the front desk said that the baby only weighed 4½ ounces. I knew that couldn't be true. I was glad to hear it anyway that we got a new boy that is."¹⁶

Probably the most exciting day in the LTM is the day a missionary gets his flight plans to leave and go to his assigned mission. For Kevin and his group this happened on the 20th of September. They now knew they were going to leave on October 3rd. The next couple of weeks were hectic as he struggled to complete his goals and be ready to leave without regrets. Kevin, an otherwise very faithful journal writer during his mission, wrote but little during these weeks.

Finally on October 3, 1978, Kevin stood in the Salt Lake City airport ready to leave for Spain. His mother made a special trip from California to see him off at the airport and let him see his new brother Jeff. Of that experience she stated:

"Well first of all his hair had changed. He went in [to the LTM] blond, he was real blond when he left. While he was in there, because he wasn't out in the sun like he'd been playing tennis a lot before, his hair turned dark. I walked right by him, I didn't recognize him in the airport and went right by him. He chuckled about that a few times because he said 'Mom!?' He took Jeff who was just little and held him and said 'Oh he smells so good! He smells like a baby!' He held him practically the whole time before he had to leave, he sat and held that baby. He knew he wouldn't get to enjoy him being little. We were in the airport a couple of hours. He was tickled to see the Jeffy, it was cute, he was good with him!"¹⁷

Off to Spain

Kevin began serving as a missionary amongst the Spanish people before he even got to the country, as he relates this experience during his plane trip:

“... We had a real good flight, however it was very long. On my flight from N.Y. to Madrid I had a real neat thing happen. I was looking for Elder Tanner, so I went to the front of the airplane. I found him and as I was walking back the man sitting behind him stopped me and asked me why in the airport I had talked Spanish to my other friends. You can imagine the thoughts of *golden* investigator that went through my mind. Well, I sat down and talked to him for about 4-4½ hrs about the church. In all I ended up covering all the discussions except for I and J more or less. I gave him a Book of Mormon and explained about it. He was very interested and said he would promise to read it. Later I found out that he lives in Malaga, which is in my mission. He said he would like to, in fact he asked if he could attend some of our meetings. I said fine and explained about it. All in all he gave me his business card and told me to call and drop in. We’ll just have to wait and see what happens.”¹⁸

Kevin and his group arrived at the mission office in Sevilla on October 4th and spent three days there to receive instruction, take care of paperwork, and have interviews with their mission president, Hugo Á Catrón. President Catrón was from Buenos Aires, Argentina. Judging from his journal entries, Kevin had a lot of admiration and respect for President Catrón. He took his advice to heart, followed his direction, and really enjoyed his interviews, and his company. At present (1999), Hugo Á Catrón is serving in the church as an Area Authority Seventy in Argentina.

Kevin’s mission was relatively new, having been formed just two years prior in July of 1976, when the Spain mission was divided into three parts to form the Madrid, Barcelona, and Sevilla missions. President Catrón was called to be it’s first mission president. At the time of Kevin’s arrival this mission was leading the missions in Europe in the number of converts to the church or *baptisms* as missionaries would refer to converts by the ordinance by which they would begin membership in the church. In 1978, the number of convert baptisms for the mission was about 500. Therefore averaged throughout the mission, each missionary companionship was baptizing about five people each year, although such things never worked on an *average* basis. Compared to the other European missions, Sevilla was very successful.

The Sevilla mission consisted mainly of the Andalucía region of southern Spain, but at the time also included the region of Murcia and the southern Valencian province of Alicante. Later these two areas would be included as part of the Barcelona

mission. During Kevin's mission the Canary Islands would be opened for missionary work and would be included in his mission. Later the Canary Islands would be formed into a separate mission. In 1993 the mission headquarters were transferred from Sevilla to the coastal city of Málaga and from that time forward the mission would be known under that name.

By the end of his mission, Kevin would very much consider himself *Andalucian*. He loved the people, he loved the language, and he loved the land, which is beautiful. He enjoyed passing through the countryside seeing the green plains, rolling hills, snow-capped mountains, vineyards, olive orchards, etc. On Saturday, October 7th he had plenty of time to enjoy the scenery as he traveled from 7am to 10pm by bus to his first city of labor, Alicante. The bus trip was uneventful except that his nose started to bleed and so he was quite embarrassed to have to ride with a handkerchief over his nose and blood all over. He would have trouble with severe nosebleeds throughout his mission (partially as a result of the fight he had outside of the miniature golf course when he came to the aid of the girl who was getting beat up).

Alicante is a port city of about 260,000 on Spain's southeastern Mediterranean coast. Its origins go back some 3,000 years. It is known for its beautiful beaches and mild climate. Located in the southern portion of the Valencia region, it was about as far as Kevin could be sent from Sevilla and still be in the mission. For Kevin it was a great place to start his mission.

His first companion was Elder James Gebhard from the northern California town of Millbrae. Elder Gebhard, or *Geb* as Kevin called him, had been out on his mission for 16 months, had been a senior companion for a month, and at the time Kevin arrived, was called to be district leader over their group of missionaries. He was excited to be trusted with the training of a new missionary straight from the LTM. He mentioned to Kevin that getting him for a companion was like a Christmas present. They got along well and were good friends although at times tension did arise mainly due to the fact that Kevin was fresh from the LTM, loaded with enthusiasm, and therefore at times a bit overzealous and impatient. In fact during the early part of his mission, in several journal entries such as this, Kevin acknowledged that impatience was a problem he had to work on

hard: *"I've got to work on my patience with my companion and with everybody else around me or if I don't it's going to ruin my mission. Today was a good day for learning my weaknesses."*¹⁹

He knew what was right, the work they should do, how the members should act, how the church should operate, that investigators should yield to the spirit, and that these things should happen *now*. In essence, he was a typical *greenie* missionary! Elder Gebhard was a seasoned missionary and knew what could reasonably be expected. For the most part it appears he was patient with his new *Son of Thunder*. Kevin appreciated having Geb as his first companion and trainer, and from Elder Gebhard's part he stated that Kevin was like a brother and one of the best companions he had had on his mission.

Kevin and his companion lived with two other missionaries in an apartment in Alicante. Their daily schedule consisted of getting up at 6:30am, eating breakfast about 9am, working until "*medio dia*" or mid-day break when they would eat lunch usually in the very late afternoon, then working until about 11pm (or later) when they would come home and eat dinner unless they had a dinner appointment with a member or investigator family earlier in the evening. This was the typical schedule Kevin would follow throughout his mission. Because Spaniards typically don't go to bed until very late, often Kevin would teach discussions until about midnight or later. Once he wrote: *"I'm going to bed a little early tonight (11:00) because I've got a touch of the flu."*²⁰

Because it was a rule, he would still get up at 6:30am regardless of what time he went to bed the night before. Although he got used to less sleep, there were extended periods of time during his mission that Kevin worked on the brink of exhaustion.

Much of the work he did as a missionary consisted of street contacts, knocking doors, teaching discussions, and visiting members and investigators. He did not consider travel time or virtually anything else "*working*", in fact too much time spent away from working he considered "*wasted time*" and would feel frustrated and guilty about it.

Many of the homes were contained in large apartment or condominium buildings, therefore knocking doors required spending much time going up and down stairs. It also entailed regular confrontations with Porteros or doormen, who would often

try to kick them out of the building. Most of the people in Spain were Catholic or considered themselves so, even if they never went to church, and as Kevin put it, “*they don’t like us too much!*” At times the work was difficult due to that animosity. However, Kevin taught discussions to investigators usually on a daily basis, with often two, three, or more a day. Most of these were taught in the evening. Those that he taught on a regular basis he referred to as “*Electos*” taking this from the scriptures that state that God’s *elect* would hear his voice and not harden their hearts. Throughout his mission he used this term interchangeably with investigator.

After the initial shock of wondering if what they had taught him in the LTM really was Spanish considering the fact that he could hardly understand anything the Spaniards were speaking, his ear began to adjust and his Spanish improved rapidly. After only two weeks in the country he was praised by a woman who stated that she thought he spoke Spanish well and was surprised that he had only been in the country such a short time. By the end of his first month he was teaching his share of the discussions and really communicating with people. By the end of his stay in Alicante he spoke Spanish well and the language was no longer any sort of barrier.

Teaching the gospel was a very wonderful and enjoyable experience for Kevin. He loved to feel the *Spirit* that would often be present as he taught and testified to the people. He knew that it was the Holy Ghost that converted and not his words alone, and strove to have it with him as he taught. Through these experiences he developed a great love for almost everyone he taught for any length of time. However, these experiences were often coupled with sadness, as over and over, he would have families progressing towards membership in the church and being excited about it, only to see them fall away before baptism.

However, the joy of one family brought into the church made up for a multitude of sorrows. On November 4, 1978, a month after arriving in Spain, Kevin was privileged to participate in the baptism of Hilaudio and Encarnacion Garcia. Of this experience Kevin wrote:

“The best thing today was at 8:00 we went to Hilaudio’s house for his interview. It turned out to be a great interview. They were so excited and filled with the spirit. Elder Baird asked Hilaudio who he wanted to baptize him, he looked at me and said Elder Dalton. Boy what a thrill, I was so

excited, I don't know if they'll let me do it or if they want a member to do it but it was still great. They are really ready for their baptism this Saturday. At the end Encarna said she considered us part of the family. What a way to end the day."²¹

"... there's a interesting story about this family. My first day here we went tracting and found a family, taught them a little and asked if they knew anyone that might be interested in the gospel. Well the father gave us this reference because he didn't like the guy and so he thought he'd bug him by sending us to him. Well this guy turned out to be the father of this family. We went to his house knocked the door, he answered and invited us right in. They both said they felt the spirit strong in that first discussion, they invited us back and 3½ weeks later they're getting baptized."²²

Kevin did perform the baptism for Hilaurio and a member of the branch performed it for Encarna. It was the first time Kevin had ever performed this ordinance. It was a tremendous joy for Kevin to watch the Garcia family grow and progress in the gospel. He loved them and was very proud of them. Their conversion and the stories they told relating to it were a great testimony builder for Kevin. He loved it! He watched as their excitement in the gospel grew and as they shared this excitement with others. In fact, shortly after their baptism, Hilaurio brought the man who had given their reference as a joke to church, and Kevin and his companion began teaching his family also. Kevin watched excitedly as their baby daughter Tamara was blessed in the church. He watched again as Encarna received a calling in the church to teach Primary.

Although at times he got frustrated with the local members of the church, he often referred to them as being like the *pioneers* of the early restored church. He recognized the struggles they had as the few members of a new church in very Catholic Spain. In reality these early members *were* the *pioneers* of the church in Spain!

For Kevin, sometimes eating was a challenge. His



Kevin Dalton with the Garcia family he baptized in November of 1978.

LtoR; Encarnacion, Tamara, and Hilaurio Garcia, Kevin Dalton.

Grandpa Brown was so sensitive to cleanliness around food and certain types of food, that it didn't take much to make it impossible for him to eat. For instance, the mere mention of the words "*wet dog*" at the dinner table would send Grandpa Brown gagging out of the room. (His children would try this on occasion, just for the fun of it. Come to think of it, this sensitive stomach of his was a rather severe handicap for someone who worked as a dairyman.) In any case, Kevin certainly inherited a certain portion of this sensitivity. There were certain foods that he just couldn't eat and it didn't take much of what to him was a gross situation to send his stomach into rebellion.

As his mission progressed, he came to like Spanish food. Paella seemed to be a common dish when invited to homes to eat and most of the time he liked it. Of course, paella can be made with just about anything. There were occasions like this that paella became a real challenge:

"We had paella. It looked really bad, but I still got it all down, then they pulled the worst on me, they had hard-boiled eggs. I thought I was going to die. The paella had broken up chicken and all the bones, squid that had been boiled, some kind of little clam, some kind of shrimp with the head still intact. Also this morning I found a worm in my Seniola, Cream of Wheat, after I had eaten ½ of it. This was my day for being made sick. I think I learned something from all of this: if not anything at least make sure you bless the food good!"²³

Someone who didn't know Kevin very well might think, "What is so bad about a hard-boiled egg?" However, to Kevin an egg must have been the worst of God's creations or at least something that should have never been deemed edible. He referred to them lovingly as "*chicken farts*". It took a tremendous amount of effort for Kevin to eat an egg. Yet he did it on numerous occasions during his mission. Of course, he recorded in his journal virtually every time he ate an egg with a sense of pride, accomplishment, and sacrifice.

Kevin loved the people he was eating with. He knew that often it was a financial sacrifice to fix a meal for him. Yet they did it because they cared about him. He didn't want to do anything that might hurt their feelings. So he ate what they served him with sincere gratitude, not necessarily for the food itself, but for the compassion that it was served with. Over and over he would accept invitations to eat at the same homes even though he knew

from previous experience it would be an extreme challenge. Here I'll include a couple of other food examples, partially because of their humorous nature, but also to show how Kevin handled such things:

"... some of the food was liver, so they told me to take one, I did and it brought water to my eyes, but I still kept a smile and said it was good."²⁴

"Wow what an experience. I'll never forget or relive. We ate pig feet stew. We were all blessed with one pig's foot. It had a black-brown skin ¼ inch thick and the rest was all fat. Well I finally got myself to start eating it. It's hard when you've got to be polite to the people. Well anyway I started. It was like eating gross fat with a tough skin. I got almost all the way done. I had one more piece about 1½" x 1½" so I said [to himself] 'well I'll eat it all and get it over with.' I stuck that begger in my mouth and chewed a bit and grossed out. It was covered with fur. Water came to my eyes. Man did I want to throw up. I stuck a big piece of bread in my mouth and gagged it all down. The lady... never knew. My comp., Geb, also had to eat a chicken foot. I even saw a tear or two come to his eyes. ...They eat snails here too, the regular out of the ivy kind, I think I may draw the line there."²⁵

"... Russon ate some blood sausage to show them that we weren't Jehovah's Witnesses. I think *I would have just told them!*"²⁶

In regards to this last incident, Kevin had eaten blood sausage already on his mission and stated that he liked it, until he found out what it was.

To avoid any mistaken impression that this discussion of food challenges may have caused, it is worth noting here that he really did enjoy the food served by many, if not most, of the families he was invited to dine with.

After the first month or so in Spain it is apparent that Kevin was really becoming *lost in the work*. It was where his thoughts and concerns were. One of his mottoes being: "*First, please the Lord, then yourself – these two year's get shorter every day!*"²⁷ There is no indication that he was home sick to any significant degree and he stated as much on a couple of occasions.

On November 29, 1978, Kevin had a very special interview with President Catrón that really affected him. He wrote:

"I had a great interview with Pres. Catrón. In it he told me that 1979 would be the only year that I would have for just me and the Lord without other preoccupations. He was right, so I'm going to make it the best year I can."²⁸

That message would stick with him throughout the following year as he really did consider it *the Lord's year!*

On December 8, 1978, Elder Gebhard was transferred and Kevin received a new companion the next day, Elder Craig Russon. Kevin was very proud of Elder Gebhard because with this transfer he was called to be a zone leader and was sent to Jaén. Later in his mission, Kevin would experience both of these assignments.

Elder Russon was from Salt Lake City, Utah and was just given the assignment of senior companion with his transfer to Alicante to serve with Kevin. It appears that they got along well and had a good friendship. In a couple of weeks, Elder Russon was suffering from wisdom teeth that were making him sick. Of course, a sick companion meant that Kevin ended up sitting around more than he would have liked, and at the time he was still working on his patience weakness. One thing that helped was the fact that Elder Russon liked to play tennis, so this gave Kevin the opportunity to play on P-day occasionally.

Another P-day activity that Kevin really enjoyed was visiting the Castle of Santa Barbara, which sits on a high hill overlooking the city and the Mediterranean Sea. He loved the view from there and enjoyed walking in the old structures. He also loved to walk or play Frisbee on the beautiful beaches.

Kevin began to be called upon to serve with his piano playing ability. During his mission Kevin never considered himself to be a good piano player and took assignments to play with a certain amount of fear. In mid-December he was called on to play a particularly hard piece as accompanist. He practiced and practiced, and of course, that time he spent practicing he considered "*wasted time*", because it was not spent *working*, therefore he felt guilty about it. He commented, "*I've practiced it so much that I've been seeing little spats in my eyes all day!*"²⁹ The day of the baptism came, he played it fine, and received good compliments. However, missionaries and music often do not mix in a positive manner, as Kevin relates:

"We had a good Sacrament meeting. It was a little funny also. Elder Wanner was leading the Sacrament song and Elder Wellock was fighting with the piano. Elder Wanner was one verse ahead so he finished and went to sit down while everyone else kept on singing. It's hard to sing while you're biting your lip to keep from laughing!"³⁰

An important time of year for Kevin was now approaching. This would be his first Christmas away from home. The thought of his little Christina's and Scott's bright eyes as they saw what Santa had brought them and as they excitedly opened presents on Christmas morning was surely in his mind that day. Family on Christmas was always important to him. However, his attitude was expressed clearly with a statement he made a few days before:

*"When you think about it, there really is no other better way to spend Christmas then celebrating it teaching about Jesus. I'm glad I'm here."*³¹

His Christmas package from home would not arrive for some time, but a few days before at a special joint zone conference he received a very special gift that Sister Catrón had arranged. She began preparing this gift a couple of months earlier by sending the following explanation and request to each missionary's parents:

"There are two months left before Christmas, each year when the holidays come we meet which each Zone and have a dinner. On this occasion, I would like to give them a gift, this year it will be a "Gift of Love". I ask for your collaboration and help.

The gift of love consists in each member of the family, friends, bishop, you his parents, etc. to send a letter with a photo to your missionary. I plead with you that these letters contain words of spirit, support, love, and strength.

Upon receiving your letters and photographs I will wrap them as a Christmas gift and I will give them to the missionaries after the dinner at the end of the year. We did this two years ago and it was a marvelous experience."³²

Kevin thoroughly enjoyed this "*Gift of Love*". It was a great Christmas surprise.

On occasion Kevin would have to travel to other cities to participate in *work sessions* with other missionaries. In essence, they would swap companions for a day or so. He had already had the opportunity to go to Alcoy, a city to the north of Alicante. Now just before Christmas, he was sent to Albacete or Albathete as the Spanish in Kevin's mission pronounced it. Here's his description of that trip and the special Christmas gift his grandparents got him indirectly:

"This week I also had a work session. That means we change companions, for a day or two. So I went with one of the Zone Leaders to a pueblo called Albathete. It's a city famous world wide for the knives they

make there. It was a four-hour ride. I studied a lot. When we got there it was almost 0 degrees. It's the coldest city in Spain. There was snow all around the city. The house we stayed in didn't have a heater or hot water. But it did have mosquitoes the size of wasps. Trips like that make you glad to go back to your own city. I did spend the money the Grandparents sent me. I got a couple of knives that are really nice and have blades that are famous worldwide.”³³

Christmas day was pleasant. He ate a “*wow was it good*” meal at a member’s house and went aboard a U.S. Naval Destroyer that was in port with an American serviceman that they had met just before, who was a member. To top it off, as they were washing their clothes the soap in the washer overflowed. But Kevin was very upbeat about the day, especially the mission he was performing.

On December 27th he got two messages. The first was a letter from his Grandpa and Grandma Brown dated October 25th. He got a kick out of reading a lot of very old news. He informed them to be sure their letters were marked *air mail* in the future. The second message was from the mission office. He was being transferred to the office. He wasn’t very happy about being transferred, but he hurried and got everything packed. The next morning he got another call from the office and was told that he wasn’t going to be transferred until the 13th of January. For the next couple of weeks Kevin was left in a very uncertain state as to where he would end up, in the end he was sent to the city of Granada. As he left Alicante, as if to summarize his feelings for the city, he wrote: “*I am real glad to have been in Alicante for my 1st city. I think it was in the Lord’s plan.*”³⁴

Granada

On January 13, 1979, he got up early to take an eight hour bus trip to Granada. He really enjoyed this trip, it was a beautiful clear winter day and the scenery was spectacular.

Granada is located to the southwest of Alicante just at the point where the Sierra Nevada Mountains meet the fertile plain of the Vega. Therefore, behind it are steep mountains and in front there is flat agricultural land. It is because of these snow-covered mountains that Kevin refers to the city as a “*ski town*”. It sits at an

altitude of a little over 2,000 feet and at the time Kevin was there, had a population of about 300,000.

Historically, Granada was a very important city of Moorish Spain. It was the last Arabic stronghold before it finally fell in 1492 to Ferdinand and Isabela (the Catholic monarchs) and the remaining Moslems were driven from Spain.

Perhaps Granada is most famous for the Alhambra, which is a massive castle built on a plateau overlooking the city. It is one of the greatest examples of Moslem architecture, a massive group of beautiful gardens and courtyards, fortifications, and magnificent palaces, built over several centuries by the Arabic Sultans who ruled the whole province. To Kevin the most significant event to occur here was that it was in this place that Columbus came to petition financial backing for his voyage to the Americas from Isabela and Ferdinand, who had taken over the Alhambra after their recent conquest. Now this is Spain's most visited monument. Kevin also loved to spend time there.

He loved Granada, but his time here was going to be the greatest trial of his mission. He was sick for much of the time. It rained a lot and occasionally snowed during his stay, and unlike the rain that he was used to in Alicante, the rain here was bitter cold. Many times he would come home after a long day and night of missionary work soaked and very cold. He wouldn't quit working even though sick and so he got very little of the rest he needed to get better. To make matters worse, there were times when he got virtually no sleep (the reasons for this will be described later).

His mission president knew that he spoke Spanish well, was a dedicated and strong missionary and therefore had paired him up as the first junior companion of a missionary that had a history of trouble. Kevin knew of this history before his arrival, but met this challenge with the attitude that he was going to make this work.

His companion here was a 26 year old native Spaniard from Madrid. He was made senior companion for the first time with Kevin's arrival, however, it was immediately apparent that Kevin would be the driving force in the work. During discussions, Kevin would do most of the teaching because his companion still hadn't learned his missionary discussions and seemed unwilling to work on learning them. A session of doing street contacts would

typically result in Kevin doing 60 or so and his companion doing 3 or 4. Earlier, Kevin had worked on overcoming his problem with impatience while serving with two companions that worked hard, now this situation was really going to test his patience. He knew that the Lord wanted him to learn much of patience, compassion, and a number of other lessons from this companion. He wrote as much many times in his journal. Towards the end, he wrote in almost exasperation, “*I’m learning a lot, really!!*”

Some of Kevin’s problems with his companion were because of cultural differences. For instance, before his mission Kevin probably had never in his life *hugged* another man, at least not since he was a small child. Most American men simply require a certain amount of space between them and other men or they feel uncomfortable. Such was not the case with the Spanish, as the following illustrates:

“I’m going to learn to put up with a lot working with [my companion]. The Spanish are used to hugging each other and things like that. I just can’t put up with it. The problem is I can’t think of a way to tell him without hurting his feelings. I’m going to have to figure it out quick before I casi [almost] deck [hit] him. This is going to be my real challenge here in the mission. I’ve heard that each missionary has a challenge of some kind. The problem is there’s a lack of communication between us. Sure I can understand him and me but it’s more than words. With him I really don’t feel like a junior companion. I’m going to learn a good lesson here.”

A week later he wrote: “I felt bad and guilty because I know why I don’t like working with him and it’s because he’s just got different habits and customs than me and I’ve been being a “stink”. We had a good Dialogo de Acuerdo [reconciliation chat]. We worked out a lot of our problems. [He] is a good dude. This was my test, to be able to work out my problems with him. ... I finally got my point [of] view across to him about hugging me and from now on he’s going to settle with a handshake.”³⁵

Another characteristic of Kevin as a missionary that seemed to be a common memory of his companions was that “he walked *fast*”. With his long stride and his desire not to waste time, he covered a lot of ground quickly when he walked, and with his desire to save money, he walked instead of taking a bus or taxi whenever possible. It is not surprising then that his companion here would do things to try to avoid walking. One of these was to argue with people, which Kevin considered a waste of time and therefore a sin, as he points out with the following:

“... And now to why the night finished off bad. We went to teach a man. While we were walking there, the spirit told me not to go because he wasn’t really looking for the real church and that he was a Jehovah’s Witness and that all we would do would [be] fight with him. I didn’t listen and so we had a big fight. I fear that I committed a great sin in wasting the Lord’s time and not listening to the spirit. What bothers me is the feeling that I have that during the time we wasted there we could have probably found an electo of God and that I’ll be responsible for this. I hope he forgives me.”³⁶

Kevin wasn’t out to convince people of what he taught but to provide an opportunity for the Spirit to convert them. He held close to his heart a quote that he learned in the LTM:

*“A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.”*

His biggest trial and challenge presented itself one night at about 1am when he awoke to the sound of his companion banging on the wall. After turning the light on he saw his companion having what he thought was an epileptic fit. He couldn’t breath and appeared to have something caught in his throat. After working with him, he got his throat cleared and he calmed down. Kevin was very sick but couldn’t sleep the rest of the night for fear of it happening again. His companion claimed he didn’t remember any of it. However, it would happen again.

“... about three weeks after the 1st one happened I woke up at about 2am, again hearing him trying to breath. I turned the light on and looked over at him and saw something I will never forget in my whole life. First he was laying there mouth open tongue hanging out and eyes rolled back so all there was were the whites, skin blue, and he wasn’t breathing. Before I could get out of bed he started flipping all over his bed really wildly. I grabbed him up and got him breathing again when I got him breathing again he spit up blood all over. It kind of reminded me of Jaws [a shark movie] when the head popped in the hole of that boat. I didn’t get to sleep after that at all, as a matter of fact I didn’t get more than ten hours of sleep in the next eight days, sometimes not getting to sleep till 5:30 A.M. and then having to get up at 6:30. I can remember that night asking myself how much I thought I could take.”³⁷

He found out that night that it wasn’t epilepsy but something his companion called *convulsions*. He had medication for it but for some reason wasn’t taking it. Kevin made sure that he took it from then on. However, his lack of sleep became a real problem. As he put it:

“I hope I can get some sleep tonight. I’m starting to hate going to bed. I can still see [my companion’s] face and his convulsions, and because he makes all kinds of noises all night you never know how he is doing.”³⁸

Finally he remembered the ear plugs that he used in the LTM while studying and began sleeping with those. His concern was that he couldn’t hear if his companion was having a real problem. To this his district leader gave him the following counsel:

“He told me to keep on using the ear plugs. He said to not worry about it because there’s always the possibility that [his companion] could die but that I shouldn’t turn myself into a nervous wreck by not being able to sleep at night. That’s why I use the ear plugs because I hear every move [my companion] makes while he’s in bed and so I think he’s having another convulsion.”³⁹

Of course, not wanting to worry his parents, he didn’t write home about any of this until after he left Granada. As part of this whole episode, Kevin gave his companion a priesthood blessing with a special promise and the convulsion problem ended as far as Kevin knew.

He also had many good experiences in Granada. He was called on to play the piano in church, which helped him greatly to improve his ability to play accompaniment with people singing. He enjoyed the branch of the church and the members there. He had a nice place to live in the house of a lady that reminded him of “Grandma” that cleaned, did their laundry, and often cooked for him. He was setting goals each day with the Lord and seeing blessings and success. When he got to Granada the missionaries of in his program were teaching 2-3 discussions a week, Kevin bumped that up to 15-18. His enthusiasm also carried over to the other missionaries in his district, as before his arrival they were averaging 6-7 discussions a week, and by the time he left the average was 14-18. His district leader gave Kevin much praise and credit for these improvements. He was able to visit Jaén for a zone conference where he visited with Elder Gebhard who was serving as his zone leader there and hear from President Catrón whom he regularly referred to as a “*truly inspired man*”.

He had a good district leader in the form of Elder Alex Richardson whom Kevin was able to receive comfort and support from during his struggles here. Elder Richardson was Scottish, although most recently from Jerome, Idaho, and spoke with a

strong accent, as Kevin put it “*we have to speak Spanish so we can understand him!*” Elder Richardson was also the branch president of the church in Granada. He was impressed with Kevin as a missionary and wrote in one of his district reports to the zone leaders and mission president that “*Elder Dalton is the best junior companion in the mission and is ready to be made senior companion.*” Kevin was quite thrilled with that vote of confidence.

On the 3rd of February Kevin reached a milestone in his mission, **Bump Day**. For missionaries at the time there were four days that were celebrated kind of like mission birthdays. **Bump Day** was the six month anniversary and signified that he was passed the training period (or should be) and ready to go full bore as a missionary. **Hump Day** was the completion of the first year and the halfway point in the mission. **Slump Day** was the year and a half mark and symbolically stated that there wasn’t much time left. **Dump Day** and it was over.

On February 12th, his mother’s birthday, Kevin shared and recorded his feelings about testimony and family that should be included here:

“I’ve really been blessed with a great family and great parents. My mom wrote that they’ve also been receiving blessings since I’ve been on this mission. I know the Lord is blessing them. My testimony grows every day here. I was telling [my companion] tonight as we were walking home how I had gained my testimony and how I thought that a testimony is really a group of small testimonies, or things that have occurred in ones life that strengthen your testimony in whole. I am thankful to have had the opportunity to have been born into the church in a good family. It’s a blessing that I’ve taken for granted for 19 years and it took a mission to help me to recognize it.”⁴⁰

Shortly thereafter Kevin received his Christmas package from his family, which although 2 months late was quite a surprise considering he had heard of Christmas packages that had gone by boat arriving in July. The most special surprise in this package was his Christmas stocking that his mother had sent. She wrote:

“*I have filled this stocking for 19 years in a row. I just couldn’t miss filling it the 20th, please send the sock back. Love Mom*”

This began the tradition of filling and sending his Christmas stocking to him wherever he was for the rest of his life.

As February came to a close and March began his companion was really struggling, and Kevin's impatience turned to concern for his companion, both physically as mentioned earlier, and also emotionally. His companion now wanted to leave the mission so Kevin really strove to build him up.

By the end of the first week in March his companion had asked for a transfer. This really hurt Kevin, not that inside he wasn't also anxious for a new companion, but that he felt that he had really tried to make the companionship work. Also, Kevin would never have even dreamed of *asking* for a change, in that he considered whatever assignment he was given as a calling from the Lord and he would stick with it no matter what until the Lord told him otherwise.

On March 7th the transfer came, but to both of their surprise it was Kevin, and not his companion, who would be leaving. This upset his companion considerably, whose main reason for wanting the companionship change apparently, was due to a desire to leave Granada more than just leave Kevin. Kevin felt sorry for him and his worry for him grew even greater. Later on, the two of them would write to each other, so apparently regardless of the problems they had there was a bond and friendship developed during their time together.

Sevilla

He and his new companion, Elder John Eigenhauer, had much more in common. Both were from the Los Angeles California area and both were athletes, John having played semi-pro baseball before his mission. It appears that Kevin never had any significant problems with companions after leaving Granada. In fact, the author contacted many of Kevin's former missionary companions and all of these spoke very highly of him. Surely his patience had improved.

This transfer took Kevin to Sevilla, which at that time was the home of the mission. The principal city of Andalucia, it had a population of about 600,000. It was also an inland port situated on the Guadalquivir Estuary, and an important commercial and cultural center. The city's origins go back to about the 8th century B.C. It was an important trade center and capital of Roman Spain

under the name Hispalis. Later it was a capital of Muslim Spain. Still later it became the center of Spanish exploration of the New World as it was granted a monopoly of overseas trade with the American colonies. The Seville Cathedral, which Kevin would visit on several occasions, is one of the largest in the world.

He was very excited to be in Sevilla, although at the outset Kevin's patience would be tested once again, this time by the fact that his companion had torn ligaments in his ankle the very morning of Kevin's arrival while playing basketball. This meant that Kevin would spend over a week sitting around at home, studying, etc. while his companion's ankle healed. From what we've observed already about Kevin's missionary nature, the need to be out and working and not *wasting* time, it is obvious that this was not an easy situation. To make matters worse about the time Elder Eigenhauer's ankle was healed enough to be out working again, he caught the flu and so they were stuck inside once more. Needless to say, Kevin didn't think he accomplished much during his first couple of weeks in Sevilla.

One neat experience for Kevin happened a few days after his arrival. They had a zone conference and therefore each missionary had an interview with President Catrón. Kevin had heard of other missionaries that got "*burned*" or reprimanded for something during these interviews. Just before, his companion had gotten "*burned*", so he was a little nervous. However, here's what happened:

"I don't know why I worried. I guess you just think that there might be something you haven't noticed that you might have been doing that wasn't right. Well anyway I went in and had the best interview I had ever had with the President. He said he was [pleased] to see me talking so well and that my shoes looked great. More than anything he said he had always thought that I was a good missionary and that the Lord had great plans for me. I walked out of that interview on cloud 9 or in other words five feet above the ground. Elder Eigenhauer told me that the Pres. had told him that I was a good missionary and that he was supposed to teach me how to be a good leader."⁴¹

Kevin was now working in the Sevilla Central Branch of the church. Here he was called on again to play the piano, a task that he was getting more comfortable with. He also was a regular speaker in Sacrament meeting and was often a teacher in Sunday

school and Priesthood meeting. Many of these assignments came impromptu.

The illness mentioned earlier soon spread through the missionaries. Kevin mentioned that at one point he was the only healthy missionary on his side of Sevilla, which situation gave him many opportunities to give priesthood blessings.

By this time in his mission Kevin had worked very hard and had taught a lot of people in Spain. He had many that were close to baptism, but except for the Garcia family in Alicante, all had fallen away before joining the church. However, the example he set before his mission and the influence he had left with friends at home bore some very important fruit. He excitedly wrote about this in several journal entries. Here are two of these from April 3 and April 25, 1979:

“First of all I’ll start with the good news of the day. I got a letter from my Mom. In it she said that Wally (my friend, or my best friend since junior high school) had come up from school and when he comes up he always goes by the house and visits my family. Well anyway he went by to visit them this time with some fantastic news. He told them that he, along with his girlfriend, her sister, and her sisters boyfriend were going to be getting baptized April 9th. He or rather she told me that it was Wally’s idea to take the lessons. I thought that was great. After all that work he made it. That’s really an answer to a prayer I’ve had for a long time.”⁴²

“... The best thing was when the mail came. I got a letter from Wally, my best friend. In it he said ‘*and April 7th I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints*’. Man I was so happy. He also said ‘I know the church is true and that I’m preparing for this life and my eternal one to come.’ I told him when I left that if he didn’t get baptized before I came home that I was going to put him in. That was the greatest news that I’ve gotten in a long time. My Dad said in his letter, ‘*Maybe you’re not baptizing a whole lot of people over there but here at home you’ve got some real good baptisms.*’ That made me feel good.”⁴³

Speaking of the influence for good that Kevin had in his life and his joining the church, Wally Velie later stated:

“Kevin first gave me his friendship, then invited me to some of his family home evenings in which his family invited me in and I felt so thankful and so much want and love in their home. Kevin was more than a friend for he has given me something more than I could ever repay him. Kevin was leading me to the true and everlasting gospel, which eventually resulted in the baptism of myself, my lovely wife Terry, her sister, her brother, and a member of our tennis team named, Rick Roper, and now my children.”⁴⁴

In mid April, Elder Charles Didier of the First Quorum of Seventy came to visit. Elder Didier was the presiding authority over the missions in that part of Europe at the time. His counsel and influence had a great impact on the missionaries in Kevin's area. In fact they had a special discussion, not one of the eight taught in the LTM, called the *Didier Time Line* or *Didie* for short. Kevin apparently gave many of these discussions throughout his mission. At this time, in company with President Catrón, Elder Didier held a special conference with about 50 missionaries in and around Sevilla. Kevin really enjoyed listening to his inspired leaders' counsel, and also enjoyed the chance to see old missionary friends including five of his companions from the LTM.

Another character trait Kevin possessed was compassion. This at times may have been difficult for some of the other missionaries around him to see, in that he was very strict in his sense of duty and very intolerant of missionaries that would *goof off* when they should be working. But when someone near him was struggling or hurting, Kevin's heart really bled for him. A prime example of this happened in the beginning of April, when his companion went through a major trial. Elder Eigenhauer was a convert, being a member of the church for about three years. His mother did not want him serving a mission and would write to persuade him to come home. He was the district leader and aside from his companionship with Kevin, the rest of the district was doing very poorly and his zone leaders began to exercise some unrighteous dominion (author's opinion). The same night they found out that they were being "*kicked out*" of their apartment. In the midst of these and other problems, he received a "*crummy*" letter from his mother.

With this he got tremendously depressed and wanted to end his mission. In a situation like this, typically the missionary in Kevin's position would call the mission president and have him come and take care of it. But Kevin knew that this would probably end his companion's mission early or if it didn't, it would leave a major black mark on it. He prayed a lot about what he should do and felt strongly that he should just try to talk to him and work it out. He didn't want Kevin around him, but he stuck to him like glue. For several days they just walked around as his companion sorted things out in his mind. For Kevin to spend several days of

not doing any missionary work at all and to have felt good about it, shows the importance he placed on his companion's well being. Finally he was willing to talk to Kevin and together they worked through the problems and things returned to normal. In the end he simply stated, "*Thanks comp. for sticking with me and helping me.*" For Kevin that was a tremendous compliment.

A few weeks later on May 5, 1979, Elder Eigenhauer received a transfer. Kevin was very excited about this, not that his companion was leaving, he considered him a good friend. It was because he was being made a zone leader and Kevin was very proud of him for that. He'd even be serving with his former companion Elder Gebhard in Jaén and Kevin thought it was neat that two of his former companions would be serving together as zone leaders.

Along with this transfer, Kevin was made a *senior* companion. Although Kevin had been a proficient missionary for some months, he would now have to shoulder the responsibility of being ultimately in charge. It also was a little unusual for a missionary in Kevin's mission to be made senior companion with only seven months in the country. He was equally excited for his former LTM companion, Elder Gibbons, who was made a senior companion at the same time.

His new companion, Elder Michael Hancock, was from near Seattle, Washington. The two of them had already worked together on several occasions while they both had served in Granada. The two of them got along great. In fact, Kevin wrote several times that he thought that their success in teaching discussions, contacts, etc. was in part due to the fact that they had such a good, close, companionship. Another thing that Kevin enjoyed about Elder Hancock was that he liked to play tennis, which they would do often on P-days.

In his Father's Blessing Kevin was given the counsel to exercise regularly, that by keeping his body in good condition he would be better enabled to keep a high level of spirituality. Since the beginning of his mission Kevin had adhered to a routine of daily morning exercises, often including 100 push-ups, skipping rope, sit-ups, and running if his companion was willing. Elder Hancock was willing to participate with Kevin in this, which made the routine much more enjoyable.

On May 16th he turned 20 years old. He was excited and expressed amazement, not so much that he had lived two decades, which to a 20 year old seems quite remarkable, but that he had been on his mission so long. It was a special day and quite rare in that birthday packages from his family, parents, grandparents, and Pam had all arrived in time. Actually this time his parents had sent two packages, just in case. One arrived in time, the other arrived a week late.

Since his arrival in Sevilla Central he and his companions worked often in “building” a new chapel for the branch. Actually they remodeled the inside of an existing structure, a “garage”, to serve as a chapel. At first his zone leaders had them working on this chapel even during time that normally was spent doing missionary work, in an effort to have it ready so the branch could begin meeting there by early April. President Catrón soon called Kevin’s leaders to task for this and from then on they mainly worked on this project on their own P-day time. Kevin was happy that President Catrón stepped in because he felt guilty when just about anything interfered with his missionary work, even doing service. Finally on May 20, 1979, the branch met there for the first time. Kevin was very happy to be in the new chapel and even happier knowing that this project was just about over.

In a letter home he gave a synopsis of his typical day during this time in Sevilla:

“Mom you asked what our daily life is like well I’ll try to explain what an average day is like. I get up everyday at 6:30 shower etc. & at 7:30 we have our companion studies 8:30 we go out and buy something to eat and study until 10:00 usually repossess a discussion, write in our diary, and study the language. We leave at 10:00 to go work. During this work time we usually do one of two things (1) street contacts or (2) look up references. We usually do that till about 2:00 when we go eat. At 2:30 we go to the House Area to knock doors and go back to doors that we’ve already knocked. At about 4:00 we quit to go home. We walk everywhere and its ½ hour walk home so we get home at around 4:30. We study for an hour and a half. I usually study the Bible, which I’m reading right now. If I get a letter; I get two a week, one from you guys and one from Pam. I read that. After our study time we either look up some good references, teach discussions or appointments and knock doors. We finish up around 10:00 walk home till 10:30 repossess the day and get into bed at about 11:30. We had a good week last week. We taught 17 discussions, worked 64 hours and did 379 contacts.”⁴⁵

Working in the center of Sevilla gave Kevin the added blessing of developing a closer relationship with his mission president by doing things together beyond the normal zone conference interviews. For instance on one occasion he and his family took Kevin and his district out to lunch at a local pizza parlor just for fun. Another time, Kevin arranged to have the Catrón's do a *family night* with a special investigator family he was teaching. Often President Catrón would spend time talking one on one with Kevin's investigators. With the Catrón's finishing their mission in another month, Kevin's relationship with his mission president became more comfortable and he began to look at him as a friend as well as his leader.

On June 20, 1979, Kevin had his last zone conference with President Catrón. His comments regarding this are included here because it shows Kevin's feelings towards eggs once again and also the progress of the mission:

"We had our last conference with Pres. Catrón. It was a really good conference. It started at 11:00am and ended at 4:30pm. It might sound like a lot of sitting but the time seems to go too fast. There were a lot of good presentations. Two by the two ZL's, or rather two sets of ZL's. Our Zone leaders did something a little interesting. They talked about wisdom, organization, and diligence, and to represent each one of the three they broke one egg in a glass and at the end one of them drank the three raw eggs. I think they failed at showing *wisdom*. The assistants also gave a good presentation but best of all was Pres. Catrón's last presentation. Our district gave a special musical number. It was "I need thee every hour". It was a good conference and a lot of high spirits. Pres. Catrón mentioned that 3 yrs. ago when he came there were five members. Today there are 1080. It looks like Spain Seville has really *blossomed*."⁴⁶

On July 1, 1979, President Catrón and his family finished their mission and Kevin's mission received a new president, Dallas N. Archibald.

President Archibald was a young man only 40 years old at the time he arrived in Spain and was accompanied by his wife Linda and their little daughter Teresa. They had lived most recently in Mexico City. Due to his career in international business they had lived much of their lives in many countries outside the United States, in particular Brazil where as President Gordon B. Hinckley describes it, he was a "moving force" in the progress of the church. He would later serve as a Counselor and then President of the

Brazil Area of the church as a member of the Second Quorum of the Seventy. In 1996 he was sustained as a member of the First Quorum of the Seventy and called as President of the Chile Area. He loved the outdoors, in particular, fishing. In December of 1998 he drowned in a tragic accident while fishing on the Biobio River in Chile. His death shook the church, it being the first accidental death of a General Authority in 60 years. He was praised by many of the leaders of the church including the First Presidency, all of whom spoke at his funeral.⁴⁷

For the next year Kevin would have the opportunity to serve closely with this great man, to be taught by him and develop a friendship with him. Kevin loved him dearly. This comment by Alan Crockett gives us an insight into President Archibald's feelings towards Kevin:

"President Archibald had a lot of respect for Kevin Dalton. He really did! He really respected Kevin Dalton! I know that because having spent six months with President Archibald as his secretary, unless he was at a zone conference or something like that, I met with him every day . . . my office was right next to his office. I spent a lot of time with him. When I was going to be transferred, I replaced Kevin in Cádiz when he came home and I left as Secretary . . . he [President Archibald] spoke very highly of Kevin Dalton and said '*You've got big shoes to fill when you get to Cádiz!*' He made no bones about it that Kevin was a good missionary and he knew it!"⁴⁸

Right after President Archibald's arrival in the mission, Kevin also received a change. This time he was transferred to work in the Nervion Branch on the other side of Sevilla. With this transfer he was called as district leader. In Kevin's mission, district leaders presided over a group of usually six to eight missionaries. They would preside over weekly district meetings, *split* with and have work sessions with each missionary on at least a monthly basis, and collect, organize, and make a report showing the statistical progress of the district's missionaries. Most importantly to Kevin, it was his job to "*animar*" or excite each member of his district to strive for their potential as missionaries.

He was also called to serve as mission director over part of Sevilla. This would be equivalent to the calling of ward mission leader. He was excited about these new responsibilities, but at times felt overwhelmed.

His new companion was Elder Alan Crockett, a cattle rancher from the small town of Pima, Arizona. Initially Elder Crockett feared that being paired with a big city Los Angeles area boy was doomed for failure. He soon found that Kevin took to heart the counsel given in his Fathers Blessing to avoid appearing like “*a California hotshot*”. To both of them it didn’t matter what they had done before, now they were both on the same mission, serving the same Master, and they both wanted to work hard and baptize, and were willing to do whatever it took to do so. Because of this, they had a great companionship. Elder Crockett had been in the country about two months but had struggled with a first companion that had not put forth the effort that he should have. As he relates here, with Kevin he had someone who would teach through example what it meant to serve the Lord diligently:

“I’m long-legged and I walk fast, my wife is always grabbing me telling me to slowdown. I really walk fast, but I had to hustle to keep up with Kevin on a walk. He really walked fast! And we worked extremely hard! . . . Kevin was always up on time every day, P-day, it didn’t make any difference, we were up on time every day. We did our companion studies together like we were supposed to, which I had not done. I was a greeny and my trainer didn’t do that with me and Kevin did. We did it every day like we were supposed to. One of the things that I really remember about Kevin is that we would work. We were supposed to work until 10:00 at night . . . In Spain it’s not uncommon for people not to go to bed until 12:00, 1:00, or 2:00 in the morning. It was just their lifestyle. . . . There were lots of nights that we didn’t get home until 11:30 or 12:00, and occasionally until 1:00 in the morning. It was not because we were goofing around, we were just working. . . . but every morning both of us got up on time and there was never a problem there, even if we didn’t get in until 1:00 in the morning. And on those nights my journal was very, very short and Kevin would sit there and write in his journal. I’d have my personal prayer and go to bed and he’d still be writing in his journal. And you can tell that by what he writes. He was very good about that. President Benson said there are three things that will make an effective missionary, ‘work, work, work!’ The fact that we were obedient, and we had the spirit with us, but we worked! . . . The mission rule was that we were to speak Spanish all the time. A lot of missionaries didn’t do that. . . even if you were just walking down the street carrying on a conversation with your companion, it was to be in Spanish. Kevin and I spoke Spanish all that time!”⁴⁹

Their hard work was soon blessed in a wonderful way. They had been teaching the family of Enrique and Virginia Cortez and

on July 28, 1979, were able to see them get baptized and confirmed members of the church. Of this experience Kevin wrote:

“Today was another one of those greatest days of my mission. . . . The great thing about the program was that other than my companion and I the program was completely performed by Spanish members. That means only one thing and that is that the church is growing here in Spain. There were a lot of investigators (we had 6) and members at the baptism. Best of all the spirit was there and it was high. In my blessing on Enrique I blessed him that if he lived right he would be a leader in the church. Things just came to my mind. It was the first confirmation that I’ve ever done and my first baptism as Senior Companion and also District Leader. The feeling that was at the service is hard to explain, but it will be a feeling that I never will forget.”⁵⁰

Surely President Archibald, who was in attendance at the baptism, felt the spirit there and was inspired like Kevin was, that Enrique Cortez would be a leader in the church. Kevin watched with excitement and pride as this family, *his family*, progressed in the church. Their lives began to change in numerous ways, small and large. Kevin noticed that Enrique and Virginia were embracing the gospel not just half-heartedly but were making it an integral part of their lives. Eventually the Cortez family, Enrique and Virginia, and their two children at the time, Enrique Jr. and Virginia Jr. would be sealed together eternally in the Switzerland Temple. His greatest joy as a missionary was realized. Less than seven months after he was baptized Enrique was called to serve as branch president, the leader of the congregation of the church where only a few months before he was but an investigator. Then a couple of years later he was called to serve as Counselor to President Archibald in the Mission Presidency.

A week after the Cortez baptism Kevin passed his *Hump Day* or one year anniversary as a missionary. It was an exciting time for him as he was able to baptize another of his



The baptism of Enrique and Virginia Cortez, July 28, 1979.

LtoR, Elder Kevin Dalton, Enrique and Virginia Cortez, Elder Alan Crockett. In front are Enrique Jr. and Virginia Jr.

investigators, Manuel Lorentes. The next day he sat in church with his newly baptized members, feeling on top of the world. That day he recorded Enrique's first experience speaking from the pulpit:

"... we had our Testimony Meeting. The best that I have ever been in. About mid-way through the meeting Enrique got up to bear his testimony. When he got to the pulpit and saw all the people he got scared, tried to talk and couldn't even remember his name. He sat down and was really broken up, (I thought he was going to apostatize). He pulled himself together and got up again. He gave a testimony so strong that he had the whole branch crying. In his testimony he said various things. He said that he didn't accept the missionaries the first 5 or 6 times and when he finally let them in he caught interest. He said now he goes to sleep and wakes up with the Book of Mormon. Beer was hard to give up but now it's no problem and best of all he said 'I know the church is true'. A Great Day!!"⁵¹

Kevin's missionary journal is laced with entries describing Enrique's progress in the gospel and how proud he was of him. He had a love for Enrique that could never die and counted his friendship with him and his family as perhaps the greatest blessing of his mission.

On August 11, 1979, Kevin got a new companion, Elder Kelly Bessire from Rupert, Idaho. Elder Bessire was fresh from the MTC and Kevin was excited and honored to be given the trust of training a brand new missionary. He remembered what it was like to be new in the mission, *dazed and confused* in a new culture and speaking a foreign language. He was patient with his new *green* companion and tried hard to help make his adjustment to mission life and Spain as easy as possible.

Their first night of work together they began teaching the family of Concepción Prieto Cabrera. After that discussion Kevin remarked to his companion that "they would get baptized". On September 12, 1979, Conchi as they called her got baptized. Kevin was real pleased with her and her strength in the church. Even though by the time of her baptism Kevin had been transferred, she asked if he could perform the ordinance, which he did.

With only two weeks in Spain, Elder Bessire had the privilege of performing his first baptism. Since Enrique and Virginia's baptism, Kevin and his companions had been teaching the discussions to their son, Enrique Jr. On August 25, 1979, he was baptized by Elder Bessire and confirmed a member of the church by Kevin.

On September 8, 1979, Kevin was transferred to Sevilla Rochelambert, to serve with Elder Alex Richardson who had been his influential district leader while he was in Granada. With this transfer Kevin was called to be a zone leader.

The chain of leadership over the missionaries in Kevin's mission began with the mission president, followed by usually two assistants to the President. The mission was divided into about six zones, with two zone leader's (serving as companions) presiding over each of these. Each zone was further divided into districts, one of which was led by the zone leaders and the others being led by a district leader. Zone leaders were chosen from amongst the most faithful Elders in the mission. Therefore, Kevin with little over a year on his mission was chosen as one of the dozen or so top leaders in his mission.

As zone leader Kevin would report directly to his mission president and enjoy a close relationship with him. He would also work with numerous missionaries, gaining faith and inspiration from some and frustration with others. He also would have a much larger administrative load to deal with, which at least initially he found very stressful.

Doing work sessions or *splits* with other missionaries became a regular part of his missionary life. It was part of his responsibility to verify that the missionaries in his zone were doing their duty and to help them gain success. Mainly this was done through example and the best way to show how to be a good missionary was to work together. One work session that Kevin particularly enjoyed at this time took him to the city of Cordoba, which was part of his zone. For a couple of days at the end of September he worked with the Elders of that city. By this time in his mission Kevin had become a tremendous teacher and the discussions that he had with investigators in Cordoba reflected that power and spirit.

Along with this additional responsibility, he was still a missionary and his desire was to teach and baptize. Since he arrived in Sevilla Rochelambert, he and his companion had been teaching Milagras Velasquez Arrjaza and her 11-year-old son Miguel. They were a *golden* family, anxious to follow the gospel plan, and on September 23, 1979, they were baptized. Kevin was particularly impressed with Miguel's strength and desire to do right, as he related:

“He sure is a testimony to me. A boy with 11 years of age with such a strong testimony and desire to know more about the gospel and at the same time preach it to others. One day he left us a note at the apartment. It asked us to pick him up to go to church and then in one corner of the paper it said ‘Baptize us please!’ The Lord knows his children and those that will accept him when given the chance.”⁵²

On October 6, 1979, Elder Richardson was transferred to Jaén. As we’ll soon see, this was not the end of their companionship. Kevin’s new companion was Elder Kelly Feller from Bountiful, Utah. They likewise would have a good companionship. Describing their first few days together Kevin wrote:

“... the night that the new sisters arrived in our district we went and found them a hostel to live in and while we were moving them in somebody stole both of our umbrellas ... So we’ve been walking around wet these last few days. In the baptism last night everything went well until we arrived to the confirmation. While the guy was doing the confirmation the baptism [person who was being confirmed] had a epileptic seizure and passed out. Well anyway we got him revived and finished off the service without any more problems. One day the Lord really blessed us. We formed about six goals of things that we had to do in that day and by the end of that day we had accomplished them all, even finding an apartment for the sisters lizards and all, and that’s a story in it’s self. I’m working hard and enjoying it more than words can explain. Today we caught everything up in the Zone and even had time to find two charlas. I’ve also been a little bit sore because this past P-day I played 7 sets of tennis. I got some good practice in and I can see the Lord is blessing me. So as you can see after one week, lizards in apartments scaring sisters, rats running under chairs, and umbrellas stolen during the rainiest part of the year, I’m well and happy, and feel a great desire to do more than I’m doing.”⁵³

One of a Zone Leader’s responsibilities was that of organizing a monthly or bi-monthly Zone Conference. The first of these that Kevin would be in charge of took place on October 22nd & 23rd. This was a lot of work. It entailed making housing arrangements for the missionaries traveling in, organizing the schedule, creating posters, preparing and presenting several workshops, and a special presentation to the entire zone. In addition to Kevin and his companion’s presentations, several others gave talks or presentations, including President Archibald and the Assistants. This conference turned out very well. President Archibald was particularly impressed with this conference and the theme, which

they had made “*The spiritual feast not just for 24 hours but for 24 months*”.

Kevin knew that his brother Craig was expecting his mission call. Ever since he began his mission he had written letters encouraging his brother to serve. Now he was extremely anxious to see where he would be sent. In the back of his mind, there was undoubtedly a faint hope that somehow he might be sent to Sevilla. Here’s his record of the time he received the news:

”I received some exciting news today. My brother received his mission call!! It was like opening up my own envelope, when I was opening that letter from him. He is called to the Colombia Bogotá mission. I’m so excited to hear it. My companion also because he was first called to go to the [Cali] Colombia mission but because of visa problems he was sent to Spain. I’m sure Craig will make a great missionary. It’s going to be great to see his progress. His letter had me psyched all day.”⁵⁴

As indicated by this journal entry, many of the missionaries called to serve in Colombia ended up being reassigned to other missions due to problems getting visas. Craig’s actual arrival in Colombia was in doubt virtually from the time he got the call until he landed in Bogotá. The thought crossed his mind many times that if he didn’t make it to Colombia he hoped he would be sent to Sevilla. The brothers’ missions would overlap by eight months.

Every six months Kevin had to renew his passport or get his passport stamped in order to legally stay in Spain. This process was always fraught with difficulty and frustration. Now it became impossible for him to do in Spain. So on November 6th he and a group of other missionaries took a long bus trip and boat ride to Portugal, got their passports stamped out, and immediately took the ferry back to Spain where their passports were stamped in. Aside from the novelty of being in Portugal, he felt that it was a “*wasted day*”. In a few more months he would have to repeat the process again.

Jaén

After almost eight months in Sevilla, Kevin was transferred to a new city Jaén, on November 10th. He really enjoyed the relaxed trip and watching the Andalucian countryside pass by as he took the 5 ½ hour train ride from Sevilla to Jaén. The population of the

city was about 600,000. Jaén was the world's leading producer of olives and olive oil, so the landscape surrounding it was dotted with olive trees and very beautiful. A Moorish castle sitting on adjacent Mt. Santa Catalina punctuates its history. Kevin's zone included the cities of Jaén and Granada, so he would have opportunities to see that beloved city again. Like Granada, Jaén would prove to be cold during the upcoming winter months.

Elder Richardson, seemingly unable to go anywhere in the mission without Kevin soon following, would be his companion once again.

Probably the thing that Kevin enjoyed most about being a zone leader was the opportunity to attend a special Zone Leader's Conference about once every month or two. Here he would be able to reunite with old friends in the mission, exchange stories, and most of all be instructed by his mission president and often his mission mother, Sister Archibald. The end of November Kevin and his companion were able to return to Sevilla to attend such a conference. Once again, Kevin's favorite part of this conference was his president's presentation:

"President Archibald did a review of his Mission President Conference with Elder Bruce R. McConkie (Apostle) in Holland. Among many interesting things he said that before the second coming there would be Stake Centers in Russia, China, Iran, and Spain!! Which was a real piece of news. Later on in another talk, President Archibald told us how he and the Assistants to [the] President from the mission in Holland were having a discussion about which mission will baptize more. He told them that our mission would baptize so many that it would cause a wave and that they'd have to do more than put their fingers in their dykes to keep them from breaking. That's a quick wit!"⁵⁵

As transfers came around at the beginning of December, Kevin knew that he was receiving a new companion. Elder Richardson's mission was at an end and he was going home. It was always a hard thing for Kevin to comprehend a mission ending, as he put it: *"The mission just seems like it's so much a part of your life that he can't ever end and then all of a sudden it's over."*⁵⁶

His new companion was Elder Robert McIntyre from Las Vegas, Nevada. This was Elder McIntyre's first assignment as a Zone Leader, which put a little more pressure on Kevin. But they had already worked together during Kevin's early days in Alicante,

so Kevin knew him and was excited to be able to work with him again.

Mid-December was filled with normal missionary work along with the preparation for and attendance at a zone conference in Granada. This was a special event for Kevin, filled with the spirit, but this description could be applied equally to almost all of the zone conferences he attended. As a zone leader, Kevin was directly responsible for the organization and success of his zone conferences, and apparently put much effort into making sure that they proceeded smoothly and were successful.

He also spent much time dealing with missionary troubles, such things as Elders who didn't want to work, sisters that wanted new living quarters, and missionaries who flagrantly broke mission rules. All of these problems and others like them were not new to his experience as a zone leader and he would certainly continue to address such things through the rest of his mission. Although often times frustrating, dealing with these issues was part of his calling.

As his second Christmas away from home approached there is little indication of his being *homesick* at all, although surely some of his thoughts turned there. The members in Jaén did a wonderful job of making he and his companion feel at home and they were treated like "*kings*".

Christmas Eve found Elders Dalton and McIntyre knocking doors in high-rise apartment buildings. They didn't expect to teach much but knocked on doors with the intent to give probably no more than an introduction and wish the people a Merry Christmas. They had an appointment for dinner after work that night with the Cruz family, the mother of which took pride in seeing how much of her typically good food she could stuff into the missionaries. With this to look forward to they began descending the building knocking on a few more doors before heading off to dinner.

At one door they were invited in or actually insisted that they come in being told that they had been *expected*. Soon they found themselves teaching a man in a small room. During this discussion the man went "*kind of crazy*". After getting him settled down the talk turned bizarre as the man began speaking of "*spiritual scripture writing*" and made attempts to hypnotize the two missionaries. During the course of events he pulled out a pistol and proceeding to show the Elders that it was loaded. With this he

claimed that he in fact received *revelation* via aliens from outer space and showed them stacks of scribbled on paper along with drawings of spacecraft that he had claimed to receive via *alien inspiration*. He mentioned that his only problem was that he couldn't *translate* it! It appeared to be nothing more than scribbles.

During this alien dissertation the man's wife informs him that she and all the kids are going out for the evening, leaving him alone in the house with the two missionaries. At this Kevin stood up and stated that it was time that they should go also. The man then pointed the gun at Kevin and said, "*Sit down! The first person to get up is rude!*" Kevin feeling it inappropriate to be considered *rude* in such a situation sat back down.

They stayed about 2 ½ hours with this man, feeling it better to "*play along*" with him rather than attempt to disarm him. During this time he tried to read their minds. It was fortunate that he was unsuccessful considering that what they were thinking at the time certainly wouldn't have helped their situation. He also played symphonic music on his stereo and proceeded to direct or conduct it using a drinking straw. When he gave Elder McIntyre his turn conducting with a straw, Kevin virtually could not contain his laughter, that is until the roles were reversed.

Finally they persuaded the man that it was time to go, but he insisted on accompanying them. Not wanting to be out on the dark streets late at night with this gun-wielding lunatic, the two missionaries consulted with each other in English as the three of them rode down on the elevator. Upon reaching the lobby, the Elders ran as fast as they could out the door and split in two separate directions, amid screams to stop or be shot from their former host.

After reuniting around the block they proceeded to their dinner appointment extremely late. The Cruz family was very worried about their delay and had kindly saved food for them. After hearing their story, the Cruz family was even more concerned, but the two Elders sat and laughed about it as being a big humorous adventure. However, Elder Dalton certainly never wrote home about it. It simply became one of the many experiences that missionaries wisely never tell their mothers about.⁵⁷

Even though it was Christmas, Kevin got up on time the next morning after only getting about four hours sleep. As typical, the Christmas package from his family hadn't arrived. The package was sent very early but was lost in the Spanish postal system. At the end of March he would receive notification that it had arrived, but it would remain floating around in the postal system until the end of his mission. He did receive one very special package from his girlfriend back home, Pam Ivie. It contained a Christmas stocking she had made with his name and the year sewn on it, filled with candy. She also included a gift that he would treasure, a gold Shaeffer pen called a *Targa*.

As this very important year, "*the Lord's year*", came to a close, he became reflective. Here his words summarize, much better than any the author could possibly write, the year that had just passed and his feelings at the time:

"I can't believe it, here we are finishing off the year 1979 and starting in on a new decade, 1980. It's hard to believe that one year ago Pres. Catrón said to me, '*Elder Dalton you have one year before you for just you and the Lord, make it the best year of your life.*' And so now as I look back on that year between just me and the Lord I ask myself, '*Have you made the best use of that precious time.*' '*Have you done all that God wanted you to do.*' This past year has really been a productive year for me. I gained or rather nourished a seed that grew into a testimony, the greatest of all gifts. I had the privilege to see a few of my great friends be baptized and start their progress towards Life Eternal. I have grown to love my family and friends more than I ever thought I could and also I have learned that my Father in Heaven loves me and is ready to bless me if I only do my part. In summary this past year has been the special kind of year that I wanted. I know that the next ones to come can be just as special or more, and I'm going to work to make it that way. I'm not really one for making resolutions so I'll say that I like what Ecclesiastes says in 9:11, '*The battle isn't to the strong ... but to those who endure to the end.*'" ⁵⁸

As 1980 began, Kevin started a program called "*The Gift of Love*" with the members of the church in Jaén. He took pictures of each of the member families to be placed in Books of Mormon along with their testimonies, which would later be given to investigators. This was one of many programs that he did with the members throughout his mission to involve them in the missionary effort.

About the time of Kevin's *SlumpDay*, meaning a year and a half completed on his mission, he received a new companion, Elder David Toone from Tucson, Arizona.

Kevin was very compassionate, especially towards the weak, lonely, or downtrodden. He would go out of his way to try to comfort and support those truly in need. This was rarely demonstrated better than it was with a man in Jaén by the name of Brother Sanz.

Brother Sanz was a somewhat eccentric, short, older man who had never married and lived alone. He worked as a bill collector, and suffered from poor hearing and eyesight, and spoke with a lisp and therefore was difficult to understand. But he strove to live the gospel and do right, and Kevin loved him dearly. Kevin's heart really went out to him. Regarding one visit to Brother Sanz's house during November Kevin wrote:

"It really bothers me to see people so lonely, they really don't deserve it. I almost broke down when he said with a tear in his eye, 'I'm not really as bad as the people say I am.' These people are just yearning to have friends and someone to talk to. I'm going to remember it and make it a point to make all those that I come into contact with feel needed."⁵⁹

Kevin proceeded to put into practice the resolution he had made as he spent much time visiting with Brother Sanz and went over to eat with him over a dozen times during his four month stay in Jaén. Eating with Brother Sanz was a challenge for anyone, but especially for someone with Kevin's heritage. Brother Sanz's culinary skills were beyond lacking. Often he would get so excited about having the missionaries over for dinner that he would cook the meal several hours early. By the time the Elders arrived the food would be cold and old. The blessing on the food was certainly done with *real intent*. Some of the food Kevin ate on these occasions included: soup with sausage that was bad enough that he put it in his pocket, cauliflower soup that



Kevin in Jaén in early 1980 wearing a suit he had tailor made in Sevilla.

“*brought tears to my eyes*”, chicken with feathers still on it, uncooked potatoes, tuna, oil, and tomatoes, and of course Kevin’s favorite, cold boiled eggs smothered in a cold tomato sauce. All this was eaten with utensils and cloth napkins that often had been put away after the previous meal without being washed.

As he wrote after one such meal, “*my stomach’s really taken a beating today!*” Even though he knew eating with Brother Sanz “*is always an experience*”, he kept coming back, over and over again. What was important to him was that he was helping his friend, even at the sacrifice of his own stomach. This was not easy for Kevin, although he did begin to adapt as we see from what he wrote regarding his new companion, Elder Toone’s first experience eating with Brother Sanz. “*I guess I’m getting used to his food because my companion almost died and I was all right.*”⁶⁰ Nothing is quite so bad as long as it’s worse for your companion!

On March 14, 1980, it was time for a change and Kevin was transferred to Cádiz, which would be his final field of labor.

Cádiz

Cádiz is a port city west of Gibraltar and therefore situated on Spain’s Atlantic coast. A city of about one million habitants, it is located on a peninsula almost totally surrounded by water. It has a rich historic significance to Spain, being the oldest city in Andalucia. The Phoenicians founded a trading post there in 1100 B.C. It was later controlled by the Carthaginians until it became a thriving Roman port. Like Sevilla, it played a significant role in the exploration of the New World. Cádiz is a picturesque city with beautiful beaches and architecture. Also important to Kevin was its proximity to Rota, a city just across the bay, which was built around an American military base. What this meant was *American food*, which as any foreign missionary knows is an important commodity. Being a zone leader and having to do regular *work sessions* with the missionaries in Rota, Kevin would soon have regular doses of *American food*.

His companion was Elder David Johnson from Las Vegas, Nevada. One thing that made this companionship special was the fact that Elders Johnson and Dalton had been in the same district and roommates together in the LTM. Even though they hadn’t

seen each other since their arrival in Spain, their reputations in the mission had preceded them and both were excited about having the opportunity to work together. Elder Johnson relates a small, simple act of kindness that was passed on upon Kevin's arrival. It is included here, because it demonstrates the gratitude and joy that Kevin felt when simple kindness was directed his way.

"Kevin was a gracious person. The apartment we stayed in had a large, firm, queen-sized bed and a smaller than twin-size pull out cot. It was a strange set up to say the least. When I arrived in Cádiz a month before Kevin came, my new companion (Elder Mitchell) insisted that I take the large bed. I was surprised and overwhelmed, thinking that because of his seniority in the apartment, he would surely choose it himself. It was an act of kindness that set the tone for our month together and something I will never forget. Well, when Kevin was called to join me, I figured I would return the good deed for him just as my previous companion had done. When I did so, he was almost brought to tears. I remember how he repeated the story to many who we came in contact with and even mentioned it in a testimony meeting during a mission leadership conference. He was so grateful and thankful for the kind acts of others. I can say with little doubt that he returned that same act of unselfishness to the missionary who took my place two months later."⁶¹

Another thing Kevin enjoyed about being in Cádiz was that his good friend and former companion, Elder Hancock was working in nearby Rota. What added to his excitement was the fact that Elder Hancock, who according to Kevin had been on his mission for about a year and a half without any baptisms, was having tremendous success in Rota. Kevin was able to travel to Rota regularly to perform baptismal interviews. It was a sweet blessing to be able to perform such interviews *and* get an "*American food fix*".

The Cádiz area was one of the hot spots of the mission at the time. Elder Johnson relates Kevin's contribution to this success.

"The members and investigators loved Kevin. He had such an engaging personality and spiritual depth. Our zone was having great success and was the top producing zone in the mission. Much of that success can be [attributed] to Kevin's leadership, hard work, and love for those he was serving. It was truly a meaningful and positive experience for me to be associated with him."⁶²

Occasionally Kevin traveled to work with missionaries in the city of Algeciras. What is special about this city is its proximity to the Rock of Gibraltar. As he traveled there he would see the

Spanish countryside just like he imagined it before his mission, “*with green hills, cows all over and little white houses all over*”. He also could look across the straits and “*see all the mountains and houses on the African coast*”.⁶³

During this time in Cádiz, the final few months of Kevin’s mission, his ability as a missionary was at its peak and his pace of work was almost frantic. Each day was something new and different, and he had many projects or responsibilities that divided his time. One of these projects was a presentation he and his companion prepared and gave at a conference held in mid-April. He called it *Meet the Sons of Thunder*, which they patterned after a common church filmstrip at the time called *Meet the Mormons*. *Sons of Thunder* was the name of their zone of missionaries. It came out well. During the presentation, Kevin’s part in it was that of narrator and Elder Johnson “*was the beeps*”.⁶⁴

The last day in April Kevin found himself once again on a trip to Portugal. This time the novelty of going to another country was not present and Kevin looked upon the trip as drudgery and with annoyance that he had to *waste* \$30 to spend a full day sitting in smoke filled buses and trains just to get his passport renewed.

On May 9th Kevin received a new companion, Elder Brossa, a native Spaniard from Barcelona. Kevin had worked with Elder Brossa numerous times throughout his time in Sevilla, and found him to be a hard worker. Living with a companion who spoke no English was not much of an adjustment because Kevin and his American companions, adhering to a mission rule, spoke Spanish almost all the time anyway. In fact Kevin’s Spanish had become excellent. He relates an experience that occurred about this time that demonstrates this.

“We also had an interesting contact where a woman said I had a better accent than Elder Brossa. It made *me* feel great but I’m not so sure about Elder Brossa.”⁶⁵

At the end of May Kevin was able to attend a special meeting in Sevilla where Elder Robert D. Hales, who at the time was serving in the First Quorum of the Seventy, spoke to the missionaries in a very direct and pointed way. Kevin really enjoyed the meeting, but came away from the meeting with the thought, “*Is it I?*” It wasn’t him.

In the Father's Blessing Kevin received as he began his mission he was given this counsel:

"Keep in mind you should teach the gospel right through the last day of your mission. Many missionaries have been known to pack their trunks, as it's called, a couple of months before they are to return home. A good missionary will always work right up until the final hour, and then throw things together and leave and be a little bit sorry they are leaving. We want you to return home to us healthy and sound and want you to come back but we also want you to do your best right up until the end."⁶⁶

As he began to receive letters from the mission office telling him of his termination date, informing him of his return flight plans, etc. his thoughts must have naturally turned to home and what his life after the mission would bring. He began to worry about how he was adhering to the counsel "*to do your best right up until the end.*" Judging from his journal entries it appears that the intensity he felt for the work increased as his mission was coming to a close. He realized that he only had a few short weeks left to accomplish what the Lord had sent him to Spain to do and that worried him.

The Lord really did bless him in many ways for his efforts at this time. The most gratifying blessing from Kevin's point of view was that of baptisms. On June 22, 1980, Aurea Veiga Masahas was baptized. Aurea was a young woman Kevin had been teaching for a couple of months. She attended church regularly with a member friend named Guadalupe Cruz. She had gained a testimony but had trouble taking the step of baptism, having fallen through on two previous baptismal dates. Had it been an option, she would have chosen membership in the church without baptism. Kevin mentioned feeling the spirit very strong in several discussions with her, but baptism was out. That is, until one Sunday morning when Kevin taught a particularly powerful lesson to the investigator's class in church. The spirit touched Aurea and *sparked* her to come and talk to Kevin after the class. A series of spirit filled discussions with President Rodriguez (President of the church branch in Cádiz) and Kevin and Elder Brossa resulted in her accepting the importance of baptism and that night the ordinance was performed by Elder Brossa and Kevin performed the confirmation. Giving us insight into the struggle she had in

taking this important step and how she felt afterwards, Kevin wrote:

“After the baptism Aurea told me, ‘It was easy’. How many times I had told her, ‘Sister I only wish you could look into the future and see yourself after your baptism. If you would you would get baptized right now’. It was a real special blessing for me from my Father in Heaven to see that baptism because Satan was working so hard to prevent it, but it just goes to show which power will always have dominion. The baptism really helped the branch. It gave the members a new excitement. At the end of the service Aurea stood up, by herself, and gave a real special testimony.”⁶⁷

Aurea became a strong member and asset to the church in Cádiz. Within a few months she would be called to serve as one of the first *District* Missionaries in Spain, a calling equivalent to that of Stake Missionary where Stakes are organized.

At this same time Kevin was also teaching Paqui Palomares Gordillo, the sister of Sister Jimenez. The Jimenez’s were strong members of the church in Cádiz. They owned a shoe store and Brother Jimenez made and repaired shoes. Kevin felt a close friendship with this family and sincerely enjoyed their company. He particularly enjoyed being able to teach Paqui the gospel and help her receive the ordinance of baptism, which she did on June 28, 1980. Although unmarried, she had a small child.

During his last three months in Cádiz, Kevin taught a man by the name of Mariano who was the boyfriend of Belen, a new member of the church in the town of San Fernando, near Cádiz. Mariano accepted the gospel and wanted to be baptized but was in the hospital at the time, and baptism would have to wait until he was released. Kevin visited him and taught him discussions in the hospital every few days until he left Cádiz. The missionaries after him continued with Mariano for quite some time. However, because his stay in the hospital was extremely lengthy the author was unable to determine whether Mariano ever was able to be baptized. In any case, he was an important friend to Kevin, and one can only hope that in one way or another he received this ordinance.

Finally, with only one day left to work as a missionary in Spain, Kevin was able to help one more person he had taught the gospel receive the ordinance of baptism. He had been teaching Eugenia Palacias Lopez since just after his arrival in Cádiz. She, like Aurea, had attended church with a member friend, Paqui

Bollula and an aunt, named Amalia. Also, like Aurea, she had been touched by the spirit many times during her lessons with Kevin, but had trouble taking the step of baptism. Her baptismal service had been organized once, but the night thereof she decided against it. On July 29, 1980, she had another service organized for her baptism. Kevin wrote of the experience that night:

“... we made preparations for the baptism and then waited for Eugenia to come. She didn’t even make it to the chapel until 8:30 and that was only the start of what would turn out to be one of the most spiritual baptism services that I’ve attended. Once we finally got her in the chapel is when it began, because her mother had come to wait for her along with her aunt Amalia that is a member already. Satan was really working hard from the first minute. She started talking with her mother and within no time she had decided not to get baptized but because of the fighting of Paqui and the strong touching testimony of her aunt they got through to her mother and she told her to get baptized. So in a flood of tears we began the service. During the service I saw a mother who was completely against the baptism of her daughter break down in tears. The Lord really blessed us with his spirit. You could just feel it. There were good testimonies, a good talk and even our special song with me playing the piano and the others singing was touching. ... The service ended at 10:30 but it was worth it to have one more baptism service the day before I go home.”⁶⁸

Going Home

Kevin had worked hard to the very end. Summarizing his last day of work he wrote, “*It was really a pretty busy day.*” He also wrote, “*The blessing my Dad gave me before I left came true in everything.*” But now he was through and it was time to return and begin a new life. His last night in Cádiz he was up most of the night because up until then he hadn’t had time to pack his suitcases and get ready to leave. Sleeping would not be something he had a chance to do much of over the next few days.

Through most of his mission, his parents had planned on traveling to Spain to pick Kevin up and tour his mission with him. Throughout his mission he had looked forward to showing his beloved Spain to his parents and introducing them to his new *eternal friends*. However, Kevin’s mother was due to have a new baby in about a month, therefore a trip to Spain for her would not be prudent.

The morning of July 30th he traveled to Sevilla just in time to have his last interview with President Archibald. The thought of

leaving the mission still seemed somewhat unreal. After his interview, Kevin and Elder Crockett spent the afternoon at Enrique and Virginia Cortez's home where they were served an 8-course meal and Kevin was "*treated like a King*". After the meal they sat and talked, and they presented Kevin with some gifts to take home. They also had a wonderfully spiritual and tear-filled testimony meeting together. It was certainly gratifying to Kevin to hear their strong testimonies, and expressions of love and gratitude at the close of his honorable mission from this family that he had come to love so dearly. Truly an eternal friendship had been established that would never end.⁶⁹

That evening Kevin went to the mission home to have his "*last dinner*" with his mission president's family, however he couldn't eat much because he was still full from the meal that Virginia had served. The next day he commenced what became a real struggle to get home. Here's his description of the trip.

"The 1st of August was a pretty long day. We were supposed to have gotten home today but because of a 6 hour delay in Sevilla we missed our plane in New York and that's when the battle began. First of all they told us that we wouldn't be going until the 5th, which really didn't excite any of us too much and then after some work and pushing we got it set up to leave the 2nd at 2:00pm. We spent a night in Madrid and we ended up leaving on that 2 o'clock flight. Then when we got to New York the problems began again. They had lost all our suitcases and our flight was 2 hours late, which meant that we would have to spend the night in Chicago, but we had a last minute miracle and they put Elder Mitchell and I on a 747 luxury plane that had been full but just happened to have a couple of vacancies. Then we got to Los Angeles at about 11:00pm and that was a big experience."⁷⁰

Excitedly waiting to greet him at the airport in Los Angeles were his family (except for a brother still serving a mission in Colombia), Grandma Dalton, the Trosts, and a pretty blond girl, Pam Ivie, who had waited and written faithfully during his two years of missionary service. Kevin was exhausted, but happy to be home. The next morning, Sunday, August 3, 1980, he had an interview with his Stake president, President Jeuske, who officially released him from his mission, and thus he became "*a civilian again*".



Elder Kevin King Dalton upon his return from Spain at the Los Angeles International Airport

LtoR: Valerie Dalton, Shauna Dalton, Tami Trost, Pam Ivie, Kevin, Jeff Dalton, Sharon Dalton, (Rick Dalton inside his mom), Steven Trost, Randy Trost, Helen Dalton, Christina Dalton, Ryan Trost, Carolyn Trost, Amber Trost, Shannon Trost.

Missing: King T. Dalton who was taking the picture and Craig Dalton who is on a mission in Colombia.

Chapter Eighteen

Marriage: A New Family Begins

For Kevin there was little reason to postpone what was the next logical step in his life. Their time apart and letters between he and Pam Ivie during his mission had only served to strengthen their relationship and his love for her. He was confident that she was the person he wanted to spend forever with and wasted no time in asking her to marry him. In the last entry in his missionary journal on Tuesday, August 5, 1980, he described the beautiful circumstances of that proposal.

“Today was a really special day, and I guess you would have to say ‘*a big day*’ in the lives of a couple people. Today was the day I asked Pam to marry me. It seems like I’ve waited so long for this day. After she got off work I went and picked her up. She looked as cute as ever. She wore one of her Jessica skirts that always look good on her. We went down to dinner at El Toritos in Newport. It sort of became ‘*our*’ restaurant. We had a good time at dinner talking Spanish with the waiters and all and then afterwards I took her down to Laguna Beach, Cress St., which is my favorite spot and after a short walk I stopped and gave her the mother of pearl necklace I had gotten in Spain for her birthday and this night. Every necklace I’ve given her has it’s own special date and meaning and I told her that this one had a special meaning, then I asked her to be my wife and she said ‘*Yes*’. I guess everyone’s a little nervous on this occasion and I was, but that ‘*Yes*’ eased me up and I got such a great warm feeling inside. I knew it was right and that the Lord had prepared us for now. And so now we’ve taken one of the first steps towards our special moment when we’ll be sealed together for all time and eternity. And the beach adds the special touch because just like the sand at the beach just smoothed out by a wave is smooth and level and easy to cross. Then when an occasional rock sticks out you have to work to get around it, and that rock never stops you because you always know that on the other side there’s more smooth sand and more ground to cover. And I’m sure that’s the way it will be for Pam and I. We’ll have our rocks to work around and we’ll have our smooth beaches but always together we’ll

make it, that's the way it was meant to be. Sometimes it's hard for me to comprehend being with this person so special to me for all eternity, but just the thought of it makes [me] feel a special happiness and joy."¹

His proposal was done, like most everything he did, with a *touch of class*. The fact that he didn't have a ring for her yet didn't matter, that would come later. What was important to him now was that he had her "Yes", and from that moment forward he looked at her as his eternal companion, the most important woman in his life, and that feeling would never change.

Pamela Sue Ivie²

Pamela Sue Ivie, the young woman Kevin was now engaged to marry, was born on July 16, 1960, at Pomona Valley Hospital in Pomona, California. She was the third of four daughters born to Richard and Carole Ivie. Kirsten and Julie, two of her sisters were a few years older and Pam's childhood was filled with the normal pranks and games that older sisters are wont to play on the next in line, especially when that next in line is quite a bit younger. Her sister Jill, being a couple of years younger than Pam became a close playmate.

During her childhood, Pam lived at 949 Sheridan Avenue in Pomona and attended Kingsley Elementary School. The summer Pam turned twelve her family moved about ten miles to the northeast to 8488 Pumalo Street in Alta Loma. This would be her family home until her marriage. Here she attended Alta Loma Junior High and later, Alta Loma High School where she graduated.

Some of Pam's hobbies during her youth included cooking, sewing, and doing crafts. She also enjoyed serving impetuous young men the *centers* out of cakes as described earlier. She played the piano and at the age of twelve began playing the piano for Primary, a calling she would serve in until she graduated from high school.

It was in October after Pam had turned sixteen that she met Kevin Dalton as mentioned earlier. After their first date a couple

of months later, he would be her steady boyfriend through the remainder of her youth.

When she was 15½ she started working at Peppermint Cleaners, where she would work through the remainder of her high school years.

After graduating in June of 1978 and seeing Kevin off on his mission that summer, Pam attended one year at Brigham Young University from 1978-1979. After that year she decided that if things worked out between her and Kevin, that she needed to go home, go to work, and try to earn some money so that they would have something to start out with, as she knew that Kevin would come home from his mission with nothing.

She found a job with Western Thrift and Loan in Anaheim, California. That first year she was transferred to the Covina branch and this office was shortly moved to Upland, which made it much more convenient. Pam was able to save quite a bit of money and buy a new Honda Civic car, both of which would help our couple start their new life together.

Wedding Plans

All of this brings us to the point, where on a beautiful summer evening, on a special beach, *their beach*, we find two young people making a decision that would eventually bind them together forever.

News of their engagement came as little surprise to those who knew them well. At the time of Kevin's return from Spain, it was easy for those standing in the Los Angeles airport to see that the relationship he had with Pam had only grown stronger during his absence. So after his date, when Kevin checked in with his parents to tell them he was home, they were not at all surprised to hear the words "*Pam and I are getting married!*" They were, however, excited for him.

A tradition in Pam's family required that the groom officially ask the bride's father for permission to marry his daughter. Kevin was fairly apprehensive about this, but Pete Ivie who liked Kevin, joked around with him and made this as painless as possible.

With the decision made, now came the exciting and sometimes hectic and occasionally frustrating work of preparing for the wedding. They set their wedding date for November 14th, only three months off. Short engagements being normal for Mormon couples.

Much of their planning for the wedding was enjoyable and fun. It was time spent together. And more than anything else they wanted to spend time together. As an example of how Kevin felt about just spending time with Pam, one day he and his sister Shauna were talking about a quick trip he had just taken to Utah. Shauna thinking of the over 10 hour drive up and equally long drive home with only a short one night or so stay in between, commented, *"Oh that's such a boring trip!"* To justify his trip Kevin simply said, *"no it's not, because Pam's there!"*³

Shortly after their engagement, Kevin and Pam took such a trip to Utah together. This trip was somewhat planned even before Kevin had returned from Spain, but now it had added meaning as it gave them an opportunity to announce their engagement to Pam's extended family and an opportunity for many of them to meet Kevin for the first time.

The purpose of this trip was to attend Grandma Ivie's 80th birthday party and an informal Beardall family reunion. The Beardall's being Pam's maternal extended family. This reunion was held at Kelly's Grove up Springville Canyon. There they enjoyed the outdoors together, played games, and had a family dinner. Kevin made a good impression with his jovial nature, bright eyes, and endearing smile, not to mention the fact that he was a handsome newly returned missionary. He was quickly accepted as a part of their family and his life was expanded as he came to look upon them as part of his family. As the years progressed they would enjoy a variety of activities together and would build some wonderful memories.

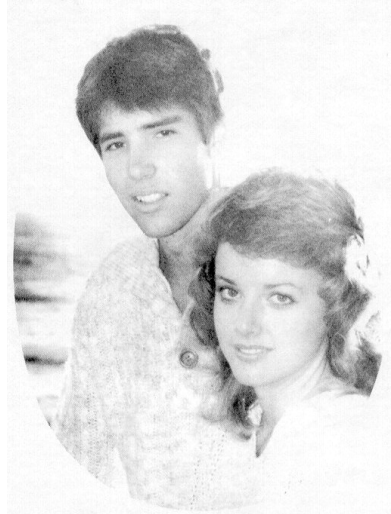
Nestled in with the excitement of his return from his mission and pending marriage was another tremendous event, the birth of Kevin's last brother. Richard John Dalton was born on September 23, 1980. Rick was a cute little boy with blond hair and blue eyes and would be a close friend of Kevin's first son Bryce. With Rick, Kevin's childhood family would be complete with a total of five boys and three girls stretched over a period of 21 ½ years.

With the summer at an end they had to be busy preparing for their wedding and their new life together. Kevin had proposed by giving Pam the special mother of pearl necklace he had brought home from Spain. Now they had an enjoyable time shopping for an engagement and wedding ring and eventually picked out a beautiful gold ring with a nice diamond in the center and smaller diamonds on each side.

A very pleasant surprise that Kevin found upon his return from his mission was the fact that the money he had saved for his mission was still there. His parents had decided to support him fully on his mission and leave Kevin's savings alone, something that they would do with each of their sons. This wasn't a lot of money but it was a lot better than starting out with nothing. However, with expenses such as a new diamond ring, the realization of what it would take to support a family of his own began to sink in.

So shortly after his return from Spain, Kevin began working for his father in his CPA practice with an eye towards going into accounting himself and eventually into a partnership in the firm. He also applied to attend college at nearby Cal Poly Pomona (California Polytechnic University at Pomona). Initially he was told that he had applied to late to get into the fall semester, however, due to the efforts of the college tennis coach who was anxious to have Kevin play on his team, he was able to get in under a different major, which he later changed to accounting once he was accepted.

In the meantime, Pam had a good job working for Western Thrift & Loan, a savings and loan in Upland. She also had a nice little white Honda Civic car, which they would continue to use during their early-married life. She was in much better financial condition than Kevin was. The pool of both their resources would



Wedding announcement picture
Photo taken Oct. 1980, at Laguna beach, where Kevin proposed.

help make it so that the financial struggles inherent to most young newlyweds, while still present, would be a little easier.

Of course, a primary effort in the preparation to get married was their search for a home. They had been raised with a mentality that paying rent was a waste of money, so they wanted to buy something. However, with their small income and mortgage interest rates approaching 20% at the time, they didn't have a lot of choices. Homes in Upland and Alta Loma (where their families lived) had become fairly expensive, so in trying to find a home they could afford they began to look east towards Fontana. Here they found a nice doublewide mobile home at 7908 Tokay Avenue, space #110, just off Foothill blvd. With help from Kevin's parents for a down payment, they were able to buy it.

Now Kevin was working, going to school, getting married, and had a house. Post mission life was taking off at a rockets pace!

In addition to their wedding day, which was fast approaching, on October 31, 1980 they had another special day to celebrate, this being an anniversary. They had met for the first time some four years earlier at a stake dance on Halloween, so Halloween began to have added significance in their lives.

November 14, 1980

The day for their wedding quickly came. It was a beautiful sunny day, warm and pleasant for a Friday in November. That morning Kevin and his family and Pam and hers met at the Los Angeles temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Santa Monica California where they had planned to be married.

Mormon marriages are considerably different than those common in the world. The image of a bride walking down the aisle of a crowded church to the tune of the wedding march, the bride and groom standing in front reciting vows at the direction of a minister, and many of the things that most people would consider part of a normal wedding, are not found in a Mormon Temple marriage. A temple marriage is a relatively simple, solemn, but beautiful and spiritual ceremony. The wedding party is relatively

small, consisting mainly of family and very close friends. The marriage itself consists of the bride and groom kneeling at opposite sides of the temple altar making solemn covenants with God and through priesthood authority being *sealed* together for time and all eternity. Kevin and Pam grew up with the faith that if they married in the temple under the proper priesthood authority that God would *seal* their marriage union and recognize it not just during their mortal life but also throughout all eternity, that if they continued faithful they would be together *forever* as husband and wife. With the love that they felt for each other and the knowledge that they had of God's plan, it is easy to see why they never even considered getting married anywhere but in their sacred temple.

The man performing their marriage and holding this priesthood sealing power, was Robert L. Simpson. Elder Simpson was a general authority and member of the First Quorum of Seventy of Kevin's church. At the time Elder Simpson was also serving as president of the Los Angeles temple. At the beginning of Kevin's mission he had the opportunity to hear Elder Simpson speak at a BYU devotional and was thrilled to now have him performing his marriage.

Although not part of the sealing ceremony, Elder Simpson began by speaking to the soon to be married couple about the wonderful thing that was about to happen, that a new family an eternal family was about to be formed, of children and posterity that would be sealed to them under the covenant they were about to make. He counseled Kevin to treat his bride like the queen that she is, with love, kindness, dignity and respect, not just during their time as newlyweds but forever. This was a counsel that Kevin remembered and took to heart. He counseled them never to go to sleep angry with each other to stay up and work things out. He counseled them to communicate well with one another, to have "*pillow talk*" at night. Kevin would refer to this counsel by the name "*pillow talk*". Much of Elder Simpson's counsel was eagerly received and implemented by this young couple, who more than anything wanted the promise of being together forever.

Another beautiful thing about their marriage in the temple was the recognition that there wasn't anything amiss in their lives. There were no secrets, no improper behavior, nothing that would inhibit their confidence and trust in one another. They were

prepared to be in this temple at this time and worthy to receive their Father in Heaven's blessings. Therefore during their marriage ceremony, the exchange of rings that followed, and that first kiss as a man and wife, a wonderful spirit was felt by all those present and especially by this new couple for whom this beautiful moment in time was indelibly imprinted in their memories.

The peace they felt inside the temple was soon changed to joviality as they exited the temple doors and received congratulations from family and friends. Next numerous wedding pictures were taken of the newlyweds amongst the beautiful gardens and landscaping surrounding the temple. Pam was wearing her lovely white wedding dress and Kevin was dressed in a white tuxedo while wearing his K-swiss tennis shoes (although he didn't wear the tennis shoes inside the temple).

Kevin and his parents had driven two cars to the temple that morning so that Kevin and Pam could drive home separately as a new couple. Actually home in this case, was Kevin's parent's house in Upland, where the wedding party came to immediately after leaving the temple. Here they had a buffet luncheon in their backyard and around the pool. In planning this activity they were a little concerned that being November it might rain, but the weather turned out wonderful.

They then got ready for the reception, which was held that evening at their church building at 9075 Baseline Rd, Alta Loma California. The reception ran from 7:30 to 9:30pm. During the first half-hour they had a small chapel ceremony and afterwards the traditional receiving line, cutting of the cake, refreshments, throwing of bouquet and garter, numerous photos, etc. Kevin's best man was his good friend Wally Velie, Pam's maid of honor was her younger sister, Jill Ivie.



Pam and Kevin Dalton at their wedding reception

Honeymoon

As Kevin and Pam left the wedding reception in their little white appropriately decorated Honda Civic car, they realized that they had no place in particular to go to that night. For their honeymoon they were going to a resort near Wickenburg Arizona, however their reservation wasn't until the next night. Kevin was normally organized, thoughtful, and very romantic. He was always thinking of and doing romantic things, flowers, cards, walks on the beach, special restaurant, etc. So to have nothing planned for their wedding night was so totally out of character for him and was kind of a shock to his new wife. But now at about 10pm on his wedding night as he's leaving the reception with his bride all he can do is head east towards Arizona and find someplace to stay along the way. That place being just a motel with a vacancy sign along the freeway in San Bernardino. Here's Pam's description:

"... So we just picked a hotel in San Bernardino as we were kind of driving out, not knowing where we're going to go, so that's where we ended up. So *real romantic!*"⁴

The next day they made the 5 or so hour drive to Wickenburg. The resort there is a kind of tennis dude ranch and was popular at the time with friends from the Upland Tennis Club that Kevin and his family were members of. It was in a rustic country setting, with horses, out door activities, and of course tennis courts. The accommodations were first rate, especially the private cabin where our young couple stayed. Pam had this to say about their stay.

"It was really nice. We had a room that was supposed to be in the main [building] but we transferred out to one of the cabins and that was nice. It kind of helped us decide when we walked in and saw all the guys from the Upland Tennis Club there. So we wanted to be as far away as we could from them, I wanted to definitely!

It was fun! This one night I remember in particular you went out on like a hayride. They took you out and they barbecued these wonderful steaks and the food was so good. You felt like you were out in a country hoe-down. That was a lot of fun!"⁵

They stayed at the Wickenburg resort for 3 or 4 days and then went to the Grand Canyon, Hoover dam, and Las Vegas, spending about a week in total and traveling in kind of a loop before returning home.

Home now was their mobile home at 7908 Tokay Avenue, space #110 in Fontana, California. Before their wedding Pam and *the girls* worked to clean and make nice the inside of their little house, while Kevin and *the guys* worked to clean up the outside and yard, which was very overgrown with weeds and bushes. By the time of their wedding it was ready to be a nice first home. During their honeymoon, Pam's sister Jill had decorated the house with streamers and tissue paper to welcome them home. That night Pam cooked their first meal in their new house, lasagna. Life in their very own home had begun.

Newlywed Years

Now that their wedding and honeymoon were over, life began to return to a state of normalcy. Not the normal that they had known before, because now their lives had jointly taken a new direction, but a normal routine began to be established in their now joint life.

Pam returned to work at Western Thrift & Loan and Kevin resumed his studies at Cal Poly and his work at his fathers accounting firm. Tax season (January through April 15th of each year) was approaching and accordingly Kevin's workload would soon be increasing. In addition to that, the age of desktop computers was just beginning and Kevin would soon find himself in the thick of this new technological revolution. We'll save discussion of this for a later chapter.

Shortly after Kevin's return from his mission he was called to teach a youth Sunday school class in his Upland 2nd ward. With his move to Fontana he and his wife now belonged to a new ward. The name of this ward was Fontana 3rd and shortly after their arrival Kevin was called to serve in the Elder's quorum presidency. At the time the city of Fontana was divided into three church wards. Fontana 3rd ward consisted of the northern portion of the city and extended all the way north to the mountains and the Lytle Creek recreation area village. Fontana 3rd ward met in an older white church building near Foothill Blvd in Fontana. The Fontana wards were part of the Rialto California Stake of the church.

New married life is filled with firsts; a first home, first dinner, first church ward, first car (still the little white Honda), etc. Shortly after their marriage they were able to enjoy their first Christmas

together. They had fun decorating their little home and enjoying this holiday season with a mix of their family traditions and the creation of some new ones all their own. Along these lines one of the things they thought of was to buy a *live* Christmas tree. Actually they didn't have money budgeted for a tree that first



Kevin and Pam's first home
7908 Tokay Ave, Space #110, Fontana, CA

year, but King couldn't bear to see them pass their first Christmas together without a tree, so he gave them money to buy one. They also wanted to plant some nice trees and shrubs around their house, so it made sense to use their Christmas tree as one of these. They went to a Christmas tree farm and bought a tree, but instead of cutting it down Kevin dug it up and put it in a large pot. It was a nice looking tree, just the right size to fit under the ceiling of their house. Their placement of it in the corner of their living room between the couch and a little freestanding circular metal fireplace gave their home a nice Christmassy feel, especially after giving it a few simple decorations and placing their Christmas presents at it's base.

Nothing brings the excitement of Christmas time like little children. With this in mind Kevin and Pam decided to stay over Christmas Eve with Kevin's family in Upland so they could share in the excitement that Kevin's little brothers and sisters would surely bring to the occasion. So early that Christmas morning, for the first time in three years, Kevin found himself in his role as oldest child standing at the end of the line of Dalton children waiting for his father to give word that they could run into the front room to see what Santa had brought. But this time he must have thought that he had the greatest gift possible, his new wife under his arm waiting with him!

Later on our young couple spent that Christmas night with Pam's folks. Shortly after Christmas Kevin planted their Christmas tree in their yard, but it died, possibly because of having too many roots broken when it was dug up.¹

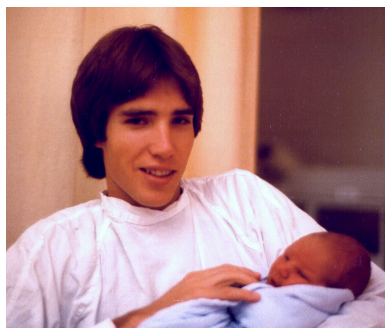
Their first year of marriage was quite pleasant. They had the freedom to go out at night whenever they wanted and followed the counsel of their church leaders to strengthen their marriage by continuing their courtship through dating regularly. They took trips together in the summer including a trip to Marineland and another up the California coast to Morro bay. However they knew that some of this freedom would be ending shortly. About Easter that year they received some very exciting news, they were going to have a baby. Having children was something they hoped would not be delayed, so this news was received with joy and happiness.

Kevin began working on a special project for his new baby. This was a cradle that he designed himself and made by hand. They knew that when the baby came Pam would quit working and with Kevin going to school and his business career far from being off the ground, their finances were stretched. So this project was not only an outlet for the excitement and love he felt, but also was a way of providing a necessity, a place for the baby to sleep. On the ends he carved hearts and the words "*Dalton Baby*" with a wood burning tool and had it complete except for the staining and finishing by the baby's birth. He would later finish it after the baby out grew it.

In the meantime, that summer Kevin received another exciting bit of news, his sister Shauna was getting married. This took the entire family by surprise. Shauna was very pretty but was also very shy and reserved as a teenager, and hadn't really even dated. On September 11, 1981 Kevin attended her marriage in the Los Angeles temple.

Kevin's first-born son, Bryce Kevin Dalton was born at 12:47pm on Thursday, December 3, 1981 at San Antonio Community hospital in Upland, California. The name Bryce was one that Pam had heard at work and really liked because it was not that common. Of course, his middle name came from his father. He weighed 8 lbs. 1 oz. and 21 inches long. His eyes would eventually turn hazel in color and his hair once he grew some, would be blond. His attending physician was John W. Sullivan. Doctor Sullivan had been Kevin's doctor ever since his family's move to Upland in the early 1960's and would continue to be his own family's doctor until they left California over a decade later.

Bryce's delivery was extremely difficult. After 36 hours of labor they X-rayed Pam and determined that it was impossible for her to deliver naturally even a 4 pound baby. This whole situation was very frightening for a new mother not to mention painful. Kevin's anxiety was also high as he passed through this ordeal with her. After this determination was made they immediately put Pam to sleep and performed an emergency Cesarean section to deliver her son. Even through all of this, Bryce was born healthy and well. His head was somewhat pointed from having been stuck in the birth canal for so long, but that soon returned to normal. They would refer to him as their little *conehead*.²



Kevin with his newborn son, Bryce

Finally with all the anxiety and worry past, with the knowledge that his wife was going to be alright and his son was born healthy and well, Kevin was able to bask in the joy of the fact that *he was a father!*

Shortly after Bryce's birth another event occurred, Kevin's brother Craig returned from his mission in Colombia on December 10, 1981. As the family greeted him that night at the airport in Los Angeles, Craig looked around for his older brother Kevin, whom he hadn't seen in almost 3 ½ years. In explanation as to why Kevin wasn't there Craig learned for the first time that he had a nephew. He noticed a young man he had never seen before who was helping with his luggage and met his brother-in-law for the first time. He held a little 1 year old brother in his arms for the first time, in addition to his other siblings that had grown up so much. The culture shock upon arriving in a foreign land at the beginning of his mission was nothing compared to that he faced on his return home. Two marriages and two births, four new additions to his family, Craig had missed a lot while he was gone! But he had gained a lot also.

He immediately went over to Kevin and Pam's house and saw the image of a perfect little home, a young couple that loved each other and their new little baby. With this beautiful image engraved

in his mind it isn't surprising that he also was married in a few short months.

That Christmas of 1981 was extra special for Kevin and Pam because of their special Christmas gift, Bryce, and another potted Christmas tree that they planted in the yard. This one survived.

On January 3, 1982, Bryce was blessed by his father and his name made official on the records of the church, during their Fontana 3rd ward Sacrament meeting. Bryce was a good baby, an easy keeper, ideal for first time parents. In fact, his parents nicknamed him *"our sunshine baby because he was always happy and always smiling."*³

For much of this second year of marriage Kevin's time and attention was mainly occupied with the combined stresses of work and school. He even gave up playing tennis on his college team. However he did enjoy watching his new son grow from baby to toddler. He took enough time to have fun with his little family during this exciting time.

By mid-November of that year, Kevin and Pam were ready to have some time to themselves again. So they left Bryce with his grandparents and took their first trip without him. This was kind of an anniversary trip that Kevin had planned around tax and accounting trade shows where he was scheduled to exhibit his software. During this 3-day trip they drove up to San Francisco and Oakland where they worked at the trade shows. Pam was a big help in attending these trade shows. She would hand out literature and talk to passersby while Kevin worked with more interested parties. Not to mention the fact that having a pretty young woman standing there also helped considerably in drawing potential customers to Kevin's booth.

On their way home, they stopped overnight in Solvang a place that Pam had enjoyed visiting on occasion with her family growing up. Solvang is a town located along the central California coast in the Santa Ynez Valley. It is built and decorated with an authentic Danish theme, with Danish restaurants, activities, and shopkeepers in costume. Kevin and Pam enjoyed staying there, which isn't surprising considering both of their Danish roots.

They arrived home just in time to celebrate their 2nd anniversary in their own home with their little boy. Even though

they needed the time away together, the first time leaving the baby home is hard, especially when it's your first baby.

In a couple weeks they invited their extended family and friends over to celebrated Bryce's first birthday. This was a fairly large gathering considering the size of their families, so they held the party in the clubhouse, which was part of their mobile home park. Although exciting for Bryce, for his parents this marked the first time they could host such a gathering at *their house*.

Christmas that year was extra special mainly due to the excitement that a little child brings to the holiday. It was just fun to buy and wrap little gifts and to watch the thrill in their little boy's eyes as he tore into them.

The Christmas spirit was always tempered somewhat by the fact that it landed at Kevin's busiest time of year for work. Much of the software that the business produced and in particular the payroll programs that Kevin wrote had to be ready for release about that time. This was stressful and aggravating, and this deadline was only followed by 3 ½ months of *tax season*.

16399 Iris, Fontana

With tax season past in the spring of 1983, Kevin and Pam treated themselves to a special new gift, a new house! This new house was a track home built in the southern portion of Fontana at 16399 Iris. They were able to sell their mobile home relatively easily and were happy to have this new house in what seemed like a nice neighborhood.

With this move they were fairly close to where Kevin's brother Craig and his family were living and were part of the same church ward, Fontana 2nd. In fact Kevin and Craig were assigned as home teaching companions for a few months, until Craig moved to a small acreage in Summit Valley, near Lake Silverwood.

As members of Fontana 2nd ward, Pam was called to serve as President of the Young Women's organization and Kevin served with the youth of the ward. Kevin enjoyed working with the youth significantly more than his previous calling with the Elder's quorum. Bearing a very active personality, it was natural for Kevin to enjoy taking his young men on various activities and outings.

Almost immediately Kevin and Pam began working on this new house to make it their home. The following comment from Pam gives us insight into this project and also their relationship when working on such home improvement endeavors.

"... mainly it [Kevin's work on this house] was just on the outside, he didn't really do a whole lot on the inside. We tried to paint and wallpaper our bathroom together that's where we learned that we don't do [such] things together. I do the inside of the house, he does the outside, so I painted and wallpapered and stuff on the inside. He wanted a little patio out on the front so he built that wall and that arch and then poured cement for a

patio on the other side of it. But he had to put the sprinkler system in. We redid the whole yard.”¹

With projects like this Kevin began to learn a variety of construction skills. As we saw from his childhood, it never really crossed his mind that he *couldn't* do something. He just had to learn how and then do it.

In this case, cement work and brick laying as he designed and built a very nice block wall in front of his house with a brick arch going over the walkway leading to the front door. He had never laid brick before or worked with block and mortar. The same was true of the concrete patio he poured between his house and this wall. Both looked professionally done.

He tore up his yard and installed a new sprinkler system. Plumbing was also something new to him. Although his father-in-law, Pete Ivie, was kind of his mentor in regards to plumbing and electrical issues. Kevin then prepared his yard to have a new lawn planted using a system they termed *hydro seeding*. Simply put, a mixture of grass seed and fertilizer was *blown* on by a contractor. When he was done with all of this, Kevin had a beautiful yard reflecting his own style.

In addition to the other home improvement projects, Kevin set out to build the biggest and most grand swing set possible, irregardless of whether or not it took up most of the back yard. In his eyes every little kid needed a swing set and he was going to build Bryce the Cadillac of swing sets. Besides he wanted one that he could play on too! This wasn't going to be some flimsy swing set that would fall apart after a year or two either, he built it with stout 6"x6" treated wood posts and beams, bolted together in such a manner that it would easily stand up to the stress of a 6 foot 2 inch kid playing on it. Here is Pam's description of this project.



Kevin's home at 16399 Iris, Fontana, Calif. Taken in March 1984 after many of his projects were complete.

“You know Kevin, you just can’t have a *normal* swing set! So he had gotten some plans and he and Randy [Kevin’s cousin Randy Trost] built this swing set. And they wanted to create the very biggest slide. You know, so they could go down the slide! It was all treated wood, cemented it all in, it was a big production! It was fun. Kevin enjoyed building it.”²

With their new house on Iris they now had a real yard and room to keep pets, so shortly after their move Kevin felt that his little boy should have a dog. Undoubtedly he remembered his own childhood and the special role that his dog had played in his life and wanted Bryce to have that same happiness and relationship. So he began to look for a suitable dog. Of course, a suitable dog would have to be a female Collie pup that he could name Gidget. In June of that year (1983) Kevin found a purebred Collie puppy out in San Bernardino and paid \$200 for her, which was a sizeable amount at the time.

This Gidget had a personality distinctive from the Gidget of Kevin’s boyhood, but in the most important ways they were the same. She was pretty, intelligent, gentle, good around children and loved to play with them, and most of all, she was loved and became a part of the family. Pam gives us this story that shows a cute side of this Gidget’s personality.

“[Gidget] liked the pretty bows [she had tied in her hair after grooming] and she would keep them in until she got groomed again. We had to have her groomed once a month. I couldn’t sit and brush her out, she was just too long and if you didn’t have her done she just looked awful. But Goldie [Kevin’s brother Scott’s Golden Retriever, they pretty much lived together when they moved to Upland] didn’t like her to have the bows. Goldie would literally try to pull them out! It was cute because I mean you could see Gidget when we’d bring her home, she’d go prancing up to show Goldie. I mean you could just see [her almost saying] ‘I’m pretty, you know!’”³

Gidget lived about 12 years. As she grew older she developed arthritis fairly bad and shortly after the families move to Idaho she wandered off to die. They searched and searched for her until one day a fellow rancher nearby named Barry Dalton found her on his property and returned her collar for the family to have as a keepsake.

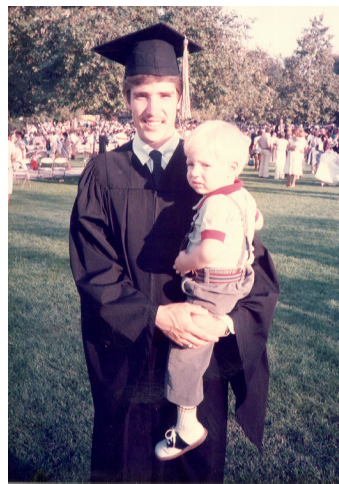
In December 6, 1983, Kevin’s family and friends had a special celebration in his honor, congratulatory cake and all. The occasion, he had finished college! He, and Pam also, had worked hard through their first three years of married life to get Kevin

through school and it was exciting and a big relief to now have this behind them. Kevin received a Bachelor of Science degree in Accounting with a minor in Computer Science from Cal Poly University in Pomona. He would attend his graduation ceremony later that summer on June 9, 1984.

Kevin was positive about his educational experience at Cal Poly, the only real exception to this being in regards to his classes relating to his minor in Computer Science. To explain this we need to understand that by the time Kevin was taking computer related courses in college he had already written a significant amount of program code and numerous programs. He was in fact already a computer programmer as well as a principal in a quickly expanding software business. Along with this, at the time many educators were slow to catch the significance of the relatively new age of desktop computers or microcomputers as they were called then, and adjust their curriculum or at least their emphasis accordingly. So it's not surprising that Kevin often felt frustrated with equipment and curriculum that he viewed as antiquated, and instructors that he felt didn't relate to the current computer industry. For instance, Kevin correctly viewed the programming language, Cobol, as "*dying*". And therefore viewed the fact that he had to learn this language and the emphasis placed on it as somewhat of a waste of his increasingly precious time. However,



Family picture, Pam, Bryce, and Kevin Dalton - December 1983



Kevin with Bryce at his graduation ceremony at Cal Poly Pomona - June 9, 1984

Kevin did appreciate some valuable lessons he learned from his course work, especially the importance of program structure.

As we recognize the massive amount of computer knowledge and programming skill that Kevin came to possess during his life, we need to remember that this was mainly due to his own self study. He did not learn it in school.

In August of 1984, Kevin went on what was probably his first family vacation, in that it was his own family and just his wife and child. Certainly memories of his childhood family vacations must have been running through his mind as he choose camping as the activity and Idaho as their destination.

A year or two before he had bought a blue Chevy S-10 pickup. This was a small size pickup, but it had an extended cab with fold out seats behind the front bench seat that allowed for Bryce's child seat. He packed their gear in the pickup and in a pop up tent trailer that he towed behind.

Retracing Kevin's past must have been at least a partial motivation for the itinerary of this trip. The first day they stopped in a campground near Kevin's childhood town of Parma. From here they drove the few miles across the Snake River to Nyssa, Oregon to visit Malhuer Memorial Hospital. Here they walked the halls of this tiny, almost empty little hospital and reflected on what this place meant to them. It was apparently fun for Kevin to stand holding his own 2 ½ year old son Bryce and gaze through the nursery window where his life began some 25 years before.⁴

The main objective of this trip was camping in the Stanley Basin area of central Idaho. Once again, Kevin must have waxed nostalgic as he fished from the shore of Stanley Lake like he had done so many times as a child with his Grandpa Dalton and camped in the campground there, this time with his own family, trying to pass on the art of fishing to his own little fisherman. Stanley Lake



Kevin and Bryce standing in front of the hospital where Kevin was born 25 years earlier. Malhuer Memorial Hospital, Nyssa, Oregon - August 22, 1984

lies in a beautiful pristine setting with the jutting Sawtooth Mountains in the background and mostly surrounded by evergreen trees down to the shoreline. A place he wanted to share with his family.

Before returning home, they circled up to the northeast in order to pass through Yellowstone park and show Bryce spouting geysers and smelly sulfuric boiling stuff.

In mid-November, with tax season fast approaching and a new baby due to arrive in a couple of months, Kevin realized that it would be some time before he had another opportunity to get away alone with his wife. So the two of them took a trip to a place that neither had been before, Hawaii. This was an enjoyable trip, perhaps more so for Kevin than for Pam who was seven months pregnant. Nevertheless they were together. The only really hard part was being without Bryce (whom they left with Kevin's mother) for a whole week.

They stayed for about 3 days on Oahu and among other things toured the Arizona Memorial and Pearl harbor attractions and visited the Mormon temple at Laie, although it had closed just before they arrived, so they were unable to enter it. They stayed at the Sheraton Hotel in Waikiki. The remaining 3 or 4 days of this trip they spent on the island of Maui and stayed just outside the town of Lahaina. Here their hotel sat in front of a nice picturesque and relatively uncrowded beach. Kevin particularly liked the beaches and area around Lahaina.

A couple of months later on Thursday, January 17, 1985 at 9:20am Kevin's first and only daughter was born. This statement by his mother gives us an excellent insight into Kevin's feelings for his little girl and the special name he gave her.

"Kevin always called her sissy or precious, those were her names, and that's truly how he felt about her. He always had something for little girls! Just, he loved little girls! He loved all children, but little girls, they were just kind of special to him. A soft spot for them. Her daddy gave her that beautiful name, which he had heard and brought back from Spain. That was something he wanted to do, was name her *Shélisa*."⁵

Once again their attending physician was John W. Sullivan and like all of Kevin's children she was born at San Antonio Community Hospital in Upland California. She was a chubby 8lbs 9oz and 21 inches long at birth. Because of the difficulties

surrounding Bryce's birth, Kevin and Pam now knew that all of their children would have to be delivered via Cesarean section, therefore they scheduled the date of Shélisa's birth ahead of time. Here is Pam's description of her daughter and her birth.

"With Shélisa we went in on the date [they had previously scheduled] and things went smooth with her. ... She had real black eyes, you know how most babies you can kind of tell that they're probably going to go blue or hazel or something, Shélisa's were black and hers stayed real dark. She got her dad's chocolate brown eyes. ... Shélisa was probably the prettiest baby for the fact that she was 8lbs 9oz, she didn't have any trauma, she was just roly polly, and everybody commented on how cute she was just because she was so fat and perfect skin, she wasn't all kinked, you know how babies come out. She was the only one who came home and slept through the night, the first night. The boys seemed to want to wake up every two hours, but she was real content. I think it is probably because she started out so big."⁶

As is customary for children born to members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Kevin, who held the office of Elder within the Melchezidek priesthood at the time, gave his new daughter her official name and a blessing. The full name he gave her was Shélisa Lauren Dalton. This happened on February 3, 1985 in the Sacrament meeting of the Fontana II ward, Rialto California stake. Shélisa's first bishop was Gerald Lisonbee.

As a newborn baby Shélisa had virtually no hair. What little fuzz she had was dark like her eyes, however as her hair slowly (very slowly) grew it was obvious that she would be a blond. As a baby her mother would often paste (using corn syrup) a little bow to the fuzz on her head. Such was the case on the day of her blessing as her mom dressed her in an extra long white gown with



Kevin with two week old daughter Shélisa and son Bryce – February 1, 1985

pink embroidery and pasted a little pink bow to the fuzz on the top of her head. She was a little cutie and adored by the numerous family members that came to share in this event.

Bryce tells a cute story about his first memory of his father that seems appropriate to include here because it most likely occurred about this time.

“Probably the first thing I remember about him [Kevin] was when we were at that Fontana house, I locked myself in my mom and dad’s room. Randy Trost was over and he [Kevin] and Randy had to take the doorknob off to get me out because I didn’t know how to unlock the door. So I remember sitting on his bed crying and stuff, and him trying to break the door down.”⁷

Kevin’s cousin Randy Trost had recently returned from serving a mission in Hong Kong. During this time and over the next few years, the two of them were particularly close friends. Randy was a regular fixture at the Kevin Dalton home as he visited a lot and just “hung out” with Kevin and his family, playing with the kids, building swing sets and other projects, and of course *playing*. Kevin was great to *play* with because he was always doing something. He had a vast array of different hobbies, sports, and activities and it seemed as if he was always adding new ones to his list.

As mentioned before Kevin was called to serve with the youth, in particular, the young men in his church ward. His lifetime of experience with numerous activities really helped in serving in this calling as he was able to draw on this expertise to do a lot of interesting and exciting activities with these youth. Such as a special trip during the spring of 1985 when he took his *boys* camping on Catalina Island or another when he took them fishing and snorkeling on his dad’s new 45 foot yacht, which we’ll describe later.

In June of 1985 Kevin and his young family would take another vacation to Idaho. Although they didn’t know it at the time, this would turn out to be a very important trip because during this vacation were sown the seeds that would eventually result in their move to Camas county Idaho some 9 years later.

A little before Kevin had bought a new Jeep CJ-7. This was a small 4-wheel drive vehicle that was bright red with several off-road lights, chrome guards, and a black soft vinyl top. It was

probably more the fulfillment of a teenage dream than a practical family car, but that was never much of an issue to Kevin where toys were concerned. In fact Kevin openly admitted this was a *toy*. The license plate he requested for it read: “8 OY4KEV”. While fairly cryptic, translated this meant “A Toy For Kev”. At the time Kevin liked quoting in jest a popular worldly saying at the time “*He who dies with the most toys wins!*” So this was one of Kevin's



Kevin's Jeep CJ7 on his June 1985 trip to Idaho.

toys. While Kevin never put them above his family, he did like toys. We've seen this during his childhood and teenage years and we'll continue to see this throughout his adult life also.

They took this trip with Kevin's parents and his siblings that were still living at home, Scott, Christina, Jeff, and Rick. Also along for this trip was his grandpa and grandma Wesley and Ruby Brown and grandma Helen Dalton.

Behind Kevin's and his father's Jeeps they towed the tent trailer and the small Boston Whaler boat that normally served as dinghy for King's 45-foot trawler, *Rendezvous*.

Their destination was once again the Stanley basin of central Idaho, however as they were driving over Galena summit, which is the entry to Stanley basin from the south, they encountered a snowstorm. They were quite surprised to find it snowing in June, even in Idaho and being that they weren't really prepared to camp in snow, they decided to turn back and camp at Magic reservoir. Here they had an enjoyable time boating and fishing. As has been mentioned, Kevin's grandma Dalton spent part of her childhood in nearby Camas county, so the group came over there and camped on Soldier Creek by the ski resort heading up Soldier mountain.

The family liked the pretty, peaceful country around Camas county. King had thought of buying property in the Stanley basin to build a cabin and have an Idaho retreat for the family to use. However as they looked over the beauty of the Camas prairie and remembering the ancestral significance that it had for them, Kevin

and his father became interested in property there. They came across Duane Butler, a cousin of King's and a realtor in nearby Gooding, who showed them some property just outside of a tiny road stop called Corral. This property sat up against the mountains on the northwest side of the Camas prairie near Chimney creek. It consisted of about a 2,500 square foot house and unfinished basement, which sat on a small hill surrounded by 80 acres of land. Kevin and his dad fell in love with the property and the setting there and the price was very cheap. At the time property in that area was selling for \$300 an acre and sometimes less. Shortly after their return home, King bought that house and 80 acres for \$115,000. This was the beginning of Kevin's connection to Camas County as he and his family would spend vacation time in this house on a regular basis.

Although Kevin liked his home in Fontana and his church relationships there, he became increasingly concerned about the neighborhood. His children would shortly be going to school and he was increasingly concerned about the environment in which they would grow up. This year their home was burglarized and a number of things precious to them were stolen and never recovered. On top of this he strongly suspected that a neighbor was responsible. This violation of home added to an already growing insecurity.

The success of Kevin's business enabled them to afford a more expensive house. They bought a newly built house at 1457 W. 18th Street in Kevin's hometown of Upland and moved there in December of 1985.

Before we continue with our story of Kevin and his family in their new home in Upland, let's back up and take a look at some important aspects of Kevin's life that we passed over, beginning with his occupation and business.

Taxware Systems, Inc.¹

“

Taxware Systems is located in Ontario, California which is near Los Angeles. We specialize in providing quality software to meet the diversified needs of accounting professionals. All of our software is designed by King T. Dalton, a CPA with approximately fifteen years experience in using computers for both accounting and tax purposes. Our programs are continually being tested and used for practical applications in that firm. We know what accounting and tax professionals need in a computer system and our programs reflect that knowledge. They are continually being enhanced to incorporate new ideas of both our users and ourselves. **We have the best complete tax and accounting package available for any price.”**

This statement is taken from the company overview printed within a 94 page promotional booklet sent to prospective customers during the spring and summer of 1984. Aside from a summary of the type of business Kevin’s company, Taxware, was engaged in, this statement rings out with the confidence felt by the principals of a company that was just hitting its stride.

To understand how Taxware came into being and Kevin’s involvement with it, we first have to understand some key points regarding Kevin’s upbringing.

As mentioned earlier, Kevin grew up around his father’s CPA firm. The family’s year seemed to revolve around *tax season*. Taxes, accounting, and payroll were terms familiar to Kevin from his childhood on up. Typewriters, adding machines, as well as an array of other office equipment, were tools he knew how to use

early in life. Along with the other devices common in his father's office were computers. King always had an affinity towards new technology. He demonstrated this clearly with regular purchases of new photography, backpacking, or sporting equipment. Kevin was often a direct beneficiary of his father's interest in virtually anything new and exciting. Such was the case with computers.

In the late 1960's and early 1970's computers were still very rare, more often described in science fiction movies or novels than seen or used in real life. But it was at this time that Kevin's father bought his first computers for use in his accounting firm. The first was a model L2000 built by Burroughs. Burroughs was a major computer company at the time. It was also one of the many companies that could not make the adjustment from the era of massive computers that took complete rooms to house, to the age of micro or desktop computers, and therefore would cease to exist fifteen years later. This L2000 was about the size of a large desk and operated using *paper tape* as its media. Program information and data was stored or recorded in accordance with holes punched through this paper tape as it wound its way through the computer's mechanism via pulleys, reels, etc. Kevin often watched his mother, who had the primary job of operating this computer, do payroll and accounting work on it and mainly complain and moan about problems with the paper tape. Aside from being exposed to the reality of computers, about the only thing Kevin, as a young boy gained from this particular computer was a substantial supply of paper dots with which to confetti unsuspecting friend's yards in the dead of night.

During Kevin's late high school years his father bought two Burroughs B-80 computers. These were called *mini* computers even though they were each the size of a large desk with a credenza. They were still small compared to the *mainframe* computers of the time. Both these computers were housed in a special *computer room* in the back of King's office, where the staff strove to minimize dust, static, and the temperature, to which they were extremely sensitive.

Each computer was in shape and size like a large desk. The operator would sit in front and work using a built in keyboard. A printer was housed as part of the computer directly in front of the keyboard. This placement was important because some of the

programs were designed to prompt the end user by printing instructions on paper in the printer, which the operator would have to follow during data entry and processing. There was nothing *user friendly* about any of this. The operator had to know what to do and when to do it, based on often sketchy information published in the programs or computers documentation, with virtually no help given in the form of prompts from the computer. A small screen hung on a post to the left of the operator that some programs utilized for data entry and was a considerable improvement over watching for prompts from a very slow printer. This screen was capable of displaying about 25 characters of text on each of four or five rows. Each character or letter was formed by the illumination of small *light bulbs*, and were very slow in their display. Because of the limitations of this screen, data entry prompts displayed were very abbreviated and menus were non-existent. Nevertheless, at the time this was all *state of the art*!

Data storage was initially accomplished using the medium of magnetic tape housed in a cartridge virtually identical to that used by the common audiocassette tapes of the time. This of course was very slow and cumbersome, albeit a tremendous improvement over the L2000's *paper* tape. However, King's computers were soon upgraded with *dual floppy* disk drives. The disk drive unit attached to the main computer in the form of a large credenza sitting to the left of the operator, the entire computer with disk drives forming an "L" shape around the operator. The term "*floppy*" disk was common because this data storage media consisted of a thin plastic disk coated with magnetic material, which was housed inside a flexible plastic case. The plastic case having a hole in it allowing the drive's head to contact the magnetic *disk* while it was spun within the plastic case. The term *floppy disk* referred to both the inner magnetic disk and the outer plastic case, the whole being 8 inches by 8 inches and about an eighth of an inch thick. These disks were in fact *floppy* in that they could be flexed or bent easily without damage, although they could not withstand being folded over entirely. Their data storage capacity was about 100 kilobytes.

These disks were loaded into one or both of the computer's disk drives as needed for the loading of programs into the computer's memory or data retrieval and storage. The operator

was regularly inserting and removing floppy disks to load the various software as virtually each of a programs different operations required a separate disk. Data storage also required numerous disks, often several for each accounting client. Simple tasks, like sorting, required a disk for source data and a separate one for the completed sorted data, thus the regular need for *two* disk drives. All of this resulted in literally stacks of floppy disks, which were somewhat unreliable and prone to errors. However, even with all of these problems, *floppy disk* storage media was still leaps and bounds faster and better than any of the other forms of media at the time, such as punch cards, paper tape, and magnetic tape.

The need for two of these computers resulted from at least two main problems. First, computers at the time were continually breaking down. A set fee maintenance contract for repairs was an absolute necessity. A computer repairman was a regular, at times almost permanent, fixture in King's office. Therefore, the theory being, that work could continue on one computer while the repairman was working on the other! Secondly, numerous data processing operations such as sorting, calculations, and printing were so extremely slow that in those rare times when both computers were operational, the user could set one computer to processing data while entering data on the other. Thus one operator could effectively operate two of these computers simultaneously.

The cost of each of these computers was about \$25,000. On top of that, the accounting and tax software cost about \$6,000 and \$9,000 respectively. In addition to these costs were fairly expensive maintenance agreement fees and annual update fees for the software, which were mandatory and also very expensive. King had easily invested well over \$70,000 into these computers, considerably more than the value of a new 3-bedroom track home in Upland at the time (1977). Within five years these computers were totally obsolete and later simply hauled off as scrap, and yet King's payments on them would continue for several years after they were gone.

This is probably enough information regarding these Burroughs B-80 mini computers. This little bit of detail concerning these computers is important to Kevin's story, because

very shortly after his mission his hands on experience with computers began as an operator of these machines. His sister Shauna and brother Craig also worked as B-80 operators during their high school and post high school years. As such it was a *family experience* in which they all *shared the pain!*

The family's experience with these early computers and a couple other endeavors by Kevin's father that will be shown shortly, were steps leading to the need for and development of *Taxware*.

Also it is hoped that some knowledge of these B-80's will aid the reader in visualizing the contrast between the computer technology Kevin began working with and that available in just a few short years. To see the rapid changes that Kevin faced in the industry.

During Kevin's mission in Spain, a new innovation was introduced into the marketplace in the form of the Hewlett Packard 41C. The 41C was basically a programmable calculator, which had a small screen for limited prompts, printing capabilities on adding machine style paper tape, and small magnetic strips for program loading and storage. King saw that this machine could be a significant tool in his practice and quickly purchased one.

He began writing small programs to perform certain tax calculations and limited reports. The development of such programs was not a simple task. It required a substantial amount of time just to learn how to program the 41C, in addition to the tax knowledge necessary, before being able to even begin to develop the programs. As these programs began to take form the idea came to mind that there might be a market for them among other tax professionals. King enlisted the help of Tom Pringle of Rancho Bernardo California to market his new product under the business name *Porta-Tax*. The name being derived from the fact that the HP 41C and the tax software King was producing for it, was very *portable*, especially when compared to computers like the B-80. Tom was a computer salesman who, at the time, specialized in selling B-80's to accountants, one of which was King. His contacts in the accounting industry made him a logical marketing partner.

Porta-Tax consisted of a series of tax utility programs to perform functions such as tax planning, income averaging, lump-

sum distributions, alternative minimum tax, installment interest based on the Rule of 78, estate tax planning, corporation tax calculations, straight line and declining balance (pre-acrs & macrs) depreciation, and amortization.

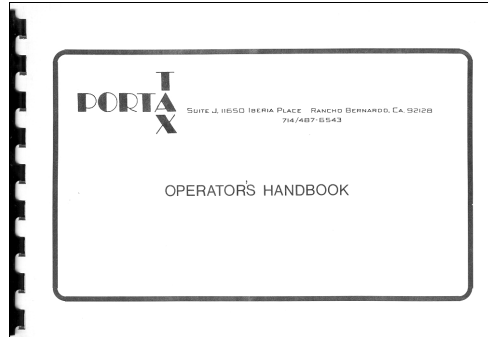
Porta-Tax wasn't really successful, although a few systems were sold. Of course, being that there

weren't many expenses involved and King needed the programs for his own use anyway, we can't really call this venture *unsuccessful* either. In reality, the programs written for *Porta-Tax*, or at least their functions, would continue to evolve into the *Module-A* (accountant utilities) group of programs marketed by *Taxware*. In essence, *Porta-Tax* was the precursor of *Taxware*.

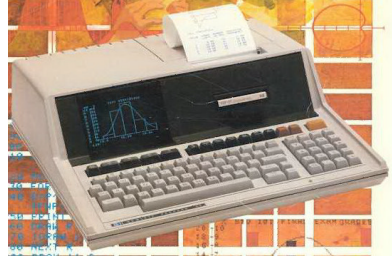
About this time small desktop computers called *microcomputers* began to appear. In 1980 King purchased one of the first of these, the Hewlett-Packard HP-85, learned to program it using Hewlett-Packard's hybrid version of the *BASIC* programming language, and in the process wrote a significantly expanded version of the programs included with *Porta-Tax*. He then began marketing this software under a new name, *Taxware*.

A Southern California area computer store chain was anxious to market these *Taxware* programs mostly as a means to sell their HP-85's to accountants. However, lacking any real knowledge or experience in tax or accounting, the computer sales people accomplished little, and most, if not all, of the few sales that were made were a result of King's own efforts and *word of mouth*. The following introduction contained on a simple 1980 promotional flyer gives a description of the HP-85 computer and the target market for *Taxware*:

"We are pleased to announce the release of our TAXWARE programs for the revolutionary Hewlett-Packard HP-85 micro computer. This is a small, compact, computer approximately the size of a portable typewriter which, with the TAXWARE programs and Hewlett-Packard programs provides an invaluable tool for the practicing accountant, attorney, financial



advisor, trust officer, or insurance agent. The computer can easily be transported and uses very little power. Cost is low, and reliability is excellent. It is quite capable of performing all of the functions of a standard calculator while on your desk and then some. Therefore, there is no need to have a computer and calculator on your desk at the same time. All present TAXWARE programs are designed to run on the standard machine which has an in-built cassette drive and five-inch thermal printer. Complete prompting for data input is through the five-inch CRT screen.”²



Hewlett Packard HP-85 - 1980

It's important to realize that everything written in this statement was relative to the experience of the times. The \$3,500+ cost of the HP-85 was *low*, compared with a B-80. Size and portability were major selling points especially if the customer didn't have available the entire separate room necessary for a mini computer. The reliability of the HP-85 could only be considered *excellent* when compared with a mini computer that was seemingly in repair more than it was operational. And although a screen sitting directly in front of the end user seemed a luxury, still a *five-inch* display only allowed a very abbreviated form of *complete* prompts.

The HP-85's keyboard, display, CPU (central processing unit), magnetic cassette tape drive (similar to that described earlier for the B-80), and thermal paper tape printer were all contained in one compact desktop unit. This was a substantial innovation. It also provided for attachment of auxiliary full sized printers and floppy disk drives. The floppy disks being used with this computer were the new (at the time) 5 ¼ inch size.

As the end of 1980 began to approach and with it the upcoming tax season, King began to write some programs to actually prepare tax returns using the HP-85, in addition to the tax planning and utility programs he was already marketing. These early programs he packaged together under the name *Module-A*, while the tax preparation programs were called *Module-B*.

It was at this time that Kevin returned from his mission in Spain. His initial interest and intent was to work with his father in his CPA practice and to get an education in accounting, however

he quickly became involved with these new computer endeavors. Initially he began doing accounting and tax work using the Burroughs B-80 machines. Aside from the almost continual break downs these computers experienced, the biggest problem was the *software*.

Before we go any further, this seems like an appropriate time to explain two important terms. *Hardware* was the term used when referring to the computer itself and related electronic components. The term *software* was used when referring to programs loaded into the computer's memory to enable it to perform certain tasks. *Software* was therefore intangible like words written in a book, only these *words* were written in the form of program code, in a *programming language*, which instructed the computer in the performance of every single task, including it's interaction with the operator. Without *software* the computer would be nothing more than a hunk of metal and circuitry, which could do nothing. *Taxware* was a *software* company, or a business that produced, marketed, and distributed *software*.

Although very crude, the software King purchased to do accounting work on the B-80's functioned acceptably, as did the tax preparation software for the first couple of years. However disaster soon struck. Tax preparation software really only has a useful life of 3 ½ months, during *tax season*, from January 1st to April 15th of each year. Except for late filing extensions, the tax professional has to complete his work during that time period, and a tremendously busy time it is! King bought his tax software from a company called *RJ* but they sold to a company called *PSCI* who within a year sold to *Computax*. During *PSCI*'s first year everything fell apart. They had made numerous *enhancements* but the *improvements* caused numerous *bugs* (errors) and the company couldn't even get it to run on the B-80. Even though King paid a tremendous fee to *PSCI*, the tax program wouldn't even arrive until tax season was essentially over. King and his office staff had to scramble around and reorganize themselves to do all the returns by hand. *Computax* was essentially unwilling to stand behind their product and there really weren't any other choices at the time for tax software. King tried hiring a *COBOL* (the common business programming language at the time) programmer, to write some tax software for the B-80, but without tax knowledge on the part of the

programmer it quickly became apparent that this approach would not be any more reliable and certainly not cost effective.

This utter lack of reliable tax preparation software was the main reason for King's, and now Kevin's pursuit of programming. During 1981, in addition to working with the B-80's, Kevin began studying, learning, and writing programs. Except for the limited programming knowledge that his father could pass to him and which Kevin quickly surpassed, this was all self taught. He learned through the study of often-sketchy programming language and computer manuals, but mostly through trial and error, experimentation, and just doing. The books at the time were woefully lacking in information and inaccurate. Commands listed would often function differently than the ways described in these books, and incompatible codes were seldom identified, they simply had to be *discovered the hard way* on your own.

Although Kevin would learn the *COBOL* programming language in college, he found this language to be cumbersome, and knew that it was destined to die, as the language common with the new *microcomputers* beginning to come on the scene was *BASIC*. For the most part Kevin would program in various versions of the *BASIC* language throughout his professional career.

In the spring of 1981, Adam Osborne opened the floodgates of the microcomputer age. The Osborne Computer Company produced one of the most innovative and revolutionary computers and marketing approaches to ever appear on the market place. The aptly named *Osborne 1* had a whopping 64K of memory, a 52-column display (scrunched onto a five-inch screen), and had two 5 ¼ inch floppy disk drives with 100K storage capacity.

All of this contained in a unit the size of a small suitcase and weighing only 24 pounds. With a keyboard that clipped onto the front of the unit and a handle on the back, it could be carried like a suitcase. Although touted at the time as *portable*, when compared with the notebook computers that would come a few years later, it would be better described as *luggable*.



Osborne 1 computer - 1981

It was the first computer to come with a prepackaged array of software including the *BASIC* programming language, *WordStar* word processing, and *SuperCalc* spreadsheet programs, all for only \$1,795! The market value of the software alone amounted to about \$2000.

The *Osborne 1* was an immediate success and the Osborne Computer Company went from nothing to selling 10,000 units a month and was on track to become the largest and fastest growing computer company in history. However, in just two years Osborne Computer was declaring bankruptcy.

By the end of 1981 a number of new microcomputers were hitting the marketplace. The old *main frame* computer companies like IBM, Xerox, Televideo, etc. were stumbling over themselves to get microcomputers into the hands of salesman and computer stores that were popping up all over. New companies, like Kaypro were springing up and weighing in with their own microcomputers. Even Radio Shack (an electronics store chain) came out with their new *TRS-80*, which Kevin and most other programmers referred to lovingly as the *Trash-80*. *Apple* computer, an innovator from a couple years before was making significant inroads into the marketplace. All of this occurring even though most people had no clue as to what a computer could really be used for and in reality, at the time, these computers could be used for very little because of a severe lack of application software.

King quickly purchased an Osborne and Kevin essentially learned to program using that machine. There were no classes available to learn to program this new breed of computers, virtually no printed instruction, and what manuals existed were extremely skimpy and provided fewer answers than questions. King and Kevin would learn by experimentation and trial and error. Often they would work until 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning, losing track of time until one of their wives would call and ask if they were going to come home at all that night.

By the end of 1981 Kevin was busy converting and rewriting the *Module-A* planning and utilities and the *Module-B* tax preparation programs that King had written for the HP-85 so that they would run on the Osborne and the other new microcomputers hitting the market.

This *conversion* was necessary because the HP-85 was programmed in Hewlett-Packard's hybrid version of *BASIC*, which was incompatible with any other computer. Also the storage media (floppy disks, etc.) from one brand of computer was totally incompatible with any other computer makes. Therefore to get the programs from the HP-85 to the Osborne they had to be transferred via a telephone modem. Modems at this time were very cumbersome and slow. They were connected to the telephone line by actually placing the telephone's handset onto the modem. Then while running a program called *microlink* on each computer, the data (in this case program code) was transferred at a rate of 300 baud. To give the reader an idea of how slow this was, only 15 years later modems would operate at speeds of 56,000 baud. During the transfer you could actually read the text of the program code as it displayed on the screen of the recipient computer, as it appeared like the work of an invisible typist!

Kevin's work really began once a program was transferred to the Osborne, as he would then start to change each of the incompatible program codes and rewrite the software as necessary to enable it to function cleanly on the new computer. This was the process Kevin was laboring under when his brother Craig returned from his mission in December of 1981. Craig also joined his brother and father in the computer and programming endeavor.

With the 1981 tax season (January – April, 1982) under way, King completed and released his programs for the HP-85 customers, Kevin finished his version of the tax software for customers using the Osborne and other new microcomputers, and Craig processed King's tax returns using Kevin's version of the *Taxware* software on a new Xerox 820. This computer, which was Xerox's answer to the microcomputer revolution, was interesting because it was about the only microcomputer to use 8 inch floppy disks instead of the new 5 ¼ inch size.

By the end of the 1981 tax season *Taxware* had accumulated a total of about 25 customers, which in the software business were referred to as *users*. Those customers that purchased the tax preparation software paid \$1,050, while the Module-A package sold for about \$800. From this it's easy to see that it was the accounting practice and not *Taxware* that was paying the bills. But it was a start!

During the spring and summer of 1982 marketing became a major focus. Kevin and the others, attended trade shows, accounting seminars, and demonstrations where they could exhibit their products. They supplied computer stores with promotional literature, set up dealers as outside sales persons, and racked their brains to figure out ways to get their software in front of tax preparers. Kevin wasn't just becoming a computer programmer, he was also becoming a *businessman*, and over the next few years he would out of necessity develop marketing, sales, writing, teaching, management, and a variety of other business skills.

One thing he wasn't learning was how to keep a clean desk. On his mother's desk was a sign that read "*A clean desk is a sign of a sick mind!*" If this were true, Kevin was certainly in the peak of mental health! His desk was usually piled high with program listings, documentation, and papers of all sorts forming kind of a blanket several inches deep over virtually the entire desk. One time Craig came looking for something and stated "*How can you work on top of all that? I bet you don't even know what's buried under all that pile!*" To this, Kevin responded with, "*What are you looking for?*" After receiving his answer, he immediately reached into the middle of his paper pile and pulled out a document and handed it to his brother. Apparently his desk was organized, just to the untrained eye it didn't look that way!

Another aspect to Kevin's office was a wastebasket, which was always stuffed full and overflowing. Another of his mother's mantras being that "*you can tell how hard a person works by his trash can!*" Occasionally the aura of his *trash can* was aided by an almost ritualistic cleaning of his desk at the end of tax season each spring.

By 1982 there was a veritable flood of new microcomputers on the market and all of a sudden Taxware was trying to supply software compatible with about 20 or more different computers. With few exceptions these were 8-bit computers, which functioned under the *CP/M (Control Program Monitor)* operating system produced by Digital Research. Each of these computers were almost totally different one from another. They were all different shapes and sizes, used different codes to control the screen display, used different cables to connect to peripheral devices (printers, etc.), and even though most used the 5 ¼" floppy disks, each used

it's own method of reading from and writing to the disk so that a disk written by one computer brand could not be read by another! All of this was extremely time consuming and frustrating for Kevin, in that it fell mostly on his shoulders to figure out how to get the software to run on each new machine.

The CP/M operating system was about the only thing each of these computers had in common, but at least that was enough to enable the software to function on each computer without a major rewrite (such as was required between the HP-85 and Osborne).

The trick was to first get all the programs on each computer without having to use the old Microlink software and handset phone modems. Fortunately they found a new communications program called *Move-It*. Using this program they were able to cable connect two computers together and transfer the software from one to the other at an amazing (for the time) rate of 1200 baud. The hardest part of this operation was getting a cable to connect the computers. Most of the computers had an RS-232 communications port, but each used a different combination of pins for the various communications functions. What Kevin had to do was find out which pins a given computer was using for what (sometimes by trial and error) and then make a special cable to match one computer with another by soldering the cable wires to the appropriate pins on the cable ends. Once a cable was made the software was then transferred (which was still a time consuming process) using *Move-It* every time a change was made.

One of the most innovative and popular computers to come out at this time was called the *Kaypro II*. The Kaypro was produced to compete directly with the Osborne. It cost the same and was similar in design, functions, and bundling of free software, but boasted a much larger screen and 200K disk drives. Most important to Kevin was the fact that after about a year of transferring software after each update using cables and *Move-It*, Kaypro provided a function that enabled one of it's disk drives to emulate the disk format of other computers. Now they'd simply put the software first on the Kaypro,



Kaypro II computer - 1982

set it's second disk drive to emulate another computer's format, and then copy it onto disks compatible with the other machine. They could do this for most of the other computers they were dealing with.

Kevin would “*pip it*” or “*pip*” the programs from one disk drive to the other, *PIP* (the *Peripheral Interchange Program*) was CP/M's file copy utility.

Once the programs were on a new computer's disk format they still wouldn't function because each computer used different codes (called *escape sequences*) to control screen display functions such as clearing the screen, cursor placement, etc. To accommodate this, each program was modified so that every display function (of which there were thousands) was referenced to a subroutine that would pull these codes from a file that was computer specific. Once again it was Kevin's job to figure out (often by trial and error) which codes were required for a given computer in order to create the computer specific file called *SCREEN*. Later this file would be called *VIDEO.DTA* as the capabilities of the programs became more extensive and complicated.

Although better than mini computers like the B-80, these 8-bit microcomputers were still very temperamental and prone to errors and problems. Also the CP/M operating system was very unforgiving and hard to use. If you forgot something or did something out of a proscribed sequence the results were often disastrous. Even when trying your best to be careful, the loss of hours worth of programming work was not uncommon. And ways a programmer in those days could lose work in an instant were numerous, varied, and often unpredictable.

For instance, one quirk of the CP/M operating was that any time the disk drive was opened or a disk was placed in the drive, the programmer had to issue a *RESET* command *before* trying to write data to the disk. If he failed to do so, the computer would respond with the infamous “*bdos error*” and crash, *all data being lost*! Unfortunately the most common time for this to occur would be after the programmer had written a significant amount of code and felt the need to save it to disk to minimize the risk of it being lost. He would put a disk in the drive, issue a command to save his program, and because he had forgot to issue a *reset* command first,

all of his work would be lost while he stared with inexpressible horror at a screen that simply read “*bdos error*”!

A scream and yell would occur in Kevin’s office followed by some incoherent muttering and a pounding fist, then some loud stomping down the hall and the slam of the outside door. Kevin would be gone out to cool off and no one need ask what had happened! It was a feeling common to all programmers at the time and a much too common occurrence. Sometimes only certain *words* can adequately describe ones feelings for his computer at a time like this and Kevin, being a good *Mormon*, was certainly at a disadvantage in not having those *words* as a part of his vocabulary!

Taxware Incorporated

Probably the most important events pertaining to Taxware’s future development as a business occurred during the fall of 1982. The first of these was a change in individual responsibilities that would continue for the next several years. In regards to this, Kevin took over the development and programming of the accounting and payroll programs, which Craig had been converting (from the HP-85 to CP/M) and writing previously. In turn Craig took charge of the tax programs.

It was also at this time that Taxware was incorporated. Stock ownership was distributed on the basis of King receiving a controlling 51%, with Kevin and Craig holding 24.5% each. Agreement to divide future profits was made according to roughly these same percentages or $\frac{1}{2}$ for King and $\frac{1}{4}$ for each of the sons. For corporate officers, Taxware had King as president, Kevin as vice president, Craig as treasurer, and Sharon as secretary. Kevin would serve in the position of vice president for the rest of his life.

With all this Taxware came into existence as separate entity. King had registered and reserved the name *Taxware* a couple of years previously. As things progressed his foresight in coming up with this name would prove to be a stroke of genius. This was due to the fact that many tax professionals really didn’t understand computer terms and thought that *tax software* was called *taxware*, and therefore would be looking to buy some “*taxware*” in order to prepare returns on their new computer.

The most significant event to happen that fall was a marketing arrangement that virtually overnight expanded Taxware's marketing from just the Southern California area to nationwide. King struck a deal with Victor Business Products (a division of Kidde corporation) that provided for the selling of Taxware software through their national sales force.

Victor was a fairly large company that for years had catered to accounting professionals with a popular line of adding machines, calculators, and other business equipment. Now they had a new addition to their line, the *Victor 9000* computer. But in order to effectively sell this computer to accounting professionals they also needed to be able to offer a package of accounting and tax software. So the deal with Taxware was anxiously received by a number of Victor dealers across the country.

Through a joint venture, Victor Business Products received the marketing rights within the United States of a computer produced by California based Sirius Systems Technology. Technically the computer was the *Sirius I*, and was marketed outside the United States under that name. It was particularly popular in Europe and was even winning the computer marketing war against IBM there for several years before succumbing to the inevitable.

The *Victor 9000* was the first of a new generation of 16-bit microcomputers and was revolutionary in most respects when compared with the microcomputers released previously. Instead of the 64k of memory available on the 8-bit computers, the *Victor* had a standard 128k of memory and was expandable to 256k. In place of 100k to 200k disk drives (the IBM PC had 160k drives), it could store 600k per disk using special multi-speed drives. It had a standard 4mhz (later 8mhz) processor, which may seem extremely slow now, but at the time was 3 to 4 times faster than the other microcomputers. The IBM PC, which came out a few months later, only had a 1.5mhz processor. Most importantly for the operator, the *Victor 9000* had a high (for the time) resolution, low



Victor 9000 computer - 1982

glare screen, and a keyboard that seemed to be designed especially for accountants. This keyboard had a layout and *feel* to it, that was better than any other, before or since. Although it's \$4,995 price tag was higher than the 8-bit micros, it was a machine like no other.

However, in the computer world, "*like no other*", only lasts for a moment! Soon massive IBM hit the market with its new *PC*, and although the Victor 9000 was clearly superior in almost all respects to the IBM PC, IBM's marketing won the day. Soon television, magazine, and newspaper ads were everywhere showing a little *Charlie Chaplain* character with his IBM PC and the other computers, including the Victor 9000, were quickly overshadowed.

In contrast, Victor Business Products marketing was woefully incompetent. In the end, the better product lost against the better-marketed product, which is often the normal result in the business world. This is a frustrating lesson that Kevin and his partners at Taxware would learn soon enough!

Almost immediately King, Kevin, and Craig had Victor 9000's on their desks and most of the software produced over the next few years was written on this computer.

Although Victor's marketing system would pretty much fall apart within the next year or so, the alliance did give Taxware the boost that it needed at just the right time and established the company nationwide. For the 1982 tax filing season Taxware's user base jumped from 25 to 125 customers. The next couple of years it would more than double each year. By 1987 Taxware would have about 1,400 customers across the country and even a few in Saudi Arabia, Japan, and other countries. This might not seem like much when compared to software companies in general, but it was enough to make Taxware one of the largest among the tax software companies of the time.

The increase in customers and expansion into other states caused considerable additional programming work for Kevin. The accounting software he was enhancing could be used in any state, but the payroll programs had to incorporate the tax rates and other functions applicable to a number of different states. Within a year he would have to accommodate all the states. This was an entirely new concept for him and not an easy task.

Also at this time he wrote a new addition to Taxware's software offering, *Payroll Check Writing* or *Live Payroll*. Before this time, the only payroll software Kevin and the others had written was an *After the Fact Payroll* program. Accountants would have some clients that would write their own payroll checks and others that would have the accountant write the checks. The *After the Fact Payroll* program was used to record payroll information from checks that a client had previously written. The program would keep a record of that information, calculate tax payment or deposit information, and produce reports and government forms such as quarterly tax filings, W-2's, etc.

A *Live Payroll* or *Payroll Check Writing* program (as Kevin referred to it), was used by an accountant to actually *write* the payroll checks for a client and then do the same additional functions that the *After the Fact Payroll* program did.

Of the three programs that Kevin was working on during this time frame, *Payroll Check Writing* was the most intensive and frustrating. In addition to the fact that it was a brand new, *written from scratch* program, the federal and state tax rate information needed to finish the program was typically only released a month or so before he had to have the program in the hands of his customers.

But for the most part, Kevin enjoyed programming and was good at it. He liked to experiment with new ideas and techniques. He liked to add fancy new functions and dress up his displays (as much as was possible in 1982-83). Kevin was definitely the *R&D* (research and development) man in the business. He was also meticulous.

This seems like a fitting place to include a brief description of some of the early Taxware software.³

The software began with a series of utility programs for tax professionals, which eventually formed a package including: Tax planning, Estate planning, Financial calculations (an interest/loan calculator), 1040X (amended return preparation), Installment sales schedule, Real estate exchanges, loan amortization, Rule of 78 deduction schedule, and Label & letterhead writer.

A tax preparation package took shape that came to include software to prepare federal individual, corporation, and partnership returns. S corporation and fiduciary return programs were added

in 1985. An Asset Manager Depreciation program was also a part of this package because of its interrelationship with the tax preparation programs. As each federal tax preparation program was written a California complement was also produced. For the 1982 tax year, 14 state programs were also written to accompany the individual (or 1040) tax system. The following year programs were written to accommodate all state individual tax returns. From that point, *entity* (corporation, partnership, S corporation, and fiduciary) programs began to be added to the library of tax preparation software.

A package of accounting software came to include the client accounting or *write up* system, after the fact payroll, and payroll check writing or *live* payroll programs. This package was primarily under Kevin's stewardship. It also included a bank reconciliation program and the loan amortization program.

In about 1986 Kevin also wrote a package of software that included accounts receivable, accounts payable, and professional time and charges programs. Unlike the other Taxware software, which were all designed for a tax professional to do work on his client's behalf, the time and charges program was written to enable the tax professional to track and bill for his own services.

Lest the reader get the impression that writing this software by Kevin and his partners was some small thing, let me try to give an idea of the extent of this work. In 1986 Taxware software amounted to about 10 million characters of pure program code. This did not include libraries or graphic images, just 10 million characters of code which at some time during the preceding few years had been typed in by Kevin and Craig. Not counting the fact that they had rewritten many of these programs more than once. In writing alone this would be the equivalent of about 20 300-page novels in the space of 5 years. But unlike straight text, program code has to be written with each element interacting in a correct and logical way, with a basis in complex tax laws and rules of accounting.

From the beginning Taxware's programs were under a continual process of evolution. Additions have been almost constant, both in the capabilities and features of existing programs as well as the creation of entirely new program offerings. This was particularly true during the early days of the company's existence

Package #1 ACCOUNTS UTILITIES			Package #3 CLIENT ACCOUNTING		
	Initial Fees	Annual Fees			
Tax Planning	350.00	150.00	Client Accounting (Write-up)	1,000.00	150.00
Estate Planning and Forecasting	300.00	100.00	After the Fact Payroll	500.00	200.00
*Financial Calculations	100.00	n/a	Payroll Check Writing	600.00	225.00
*1040X (Amended Return Prep)	100.00	50.00	*Bank Reconciliation	200.00	n/a
*Installment Sales Schedule	75.00	25.00	*Loan Amortization	75.00	n/a
*Real Estate Exchanges	75.00	n/a	TOTAL	2,375.00	575.00
*Loan Amortization	75.00	n/a			
*Rule of 78 Deduction Schedule	50.00	n/a	PACKAGE PRICE FOR ALL ABOVE	1,675.00	500.00
IRS Interest Calculation Program	100.00	50.00			
TOTAL	1,225.00	375.00			
PACKAGE PRICE FOR ALL ABOVE	725.00	200.00			
* These programs may only be purchased individually by users of other Taxware software, or included in Package 1.			Package #4 RECEIVABLES / PAYABLES		
Package #2 TAX PREPARATION SOFTWARE			Accounts Receivable	500.00	100.00
Individual Tax Preparation (1040)	1,050.00	500.00	Accounts Payable	500.00	100.00
State Tax Preparation	300.00	100.00	Professional Time and Billing	750.00	125.00
Corporation Tax Preparation	500.00	200.00	TOTAL	1,750.00	325.00
Partnership Tax Preparation	500.00	200.00			
Laser Print Options for 1040	200.00	100.00	PACKAGE PRICE FOR ALL ABOVE	1,275.00	225.00
Laser Print Options for State programs	100.00	50.00			
Laser Print Options for Corporate	100.00	50.00			
Laser Print Options for Partnership	100.00	50.00			
Depreciation (Asset Manager)	350.00	100.00			
TOTAL	3,200.00	1,350.00			
*** PACKAGE PRICE WITHOUT LASER PRINT	2,000.00	775.00			
*** PACKAGE PRICE WITH LASER PRINT	2,400.00	950.00			
Subchapter S Corporation Tax Preparation	500.00	200.00			
Fiduciary Tax Preparation	500.00	200.00			
Laser Print Options for Subchapter S	100.00	50.00			
Laser Print Options for Fiduciary	100.00	50.00			
TOTAL	4,400.00	1,650.00			
** PACKAGE PRICE WITHOUT LASER	2,350.00	1,075.00			
** PACKAGE PRICE WITH LASER	2,800.00	1,250.00			
Electronic Filing Software	500.00	500.00			
* Federal Individual tax preparation includes Taxbase (Database manager) and 1040X.					
* State tax software must be used with Taxwares' federal system.					
* Electronic Filing software must be used with Taxwares' federal system.					
* If NO state software is required, state tax and laser print amounts may be deducted from package prices.					
* Call for available state corporation and partnership programs.					
			NOTE: If no state is to be included, state tax and laser amounts may be deducted from pricing.		
			-COMBINATION PRICING-		
			*Package #1 and Package #2	2,500.00	900.00
			*Package #2 and Package #3	3,250.00	1,150.00
			Package #3 and Package #4	2,750.00	600.00
			*Package #1 - #2 - #3	4,000.00	1,350.00
			*Package #1 - #2 - #3 - #4	5,000.00	1,550.00
			Laser print options for above packages	400.00	225.00
			Subchapter S Corporation and Fiduciary w/o Laser ADD	300.00	250.00
			Subchapter s Corporation and Fiduciary with Laser ADD	400.00	300.00
			*NOTE: If no state is to be included, state tax and laser amounts may be deducted from pricing.		
			-Although end user software documentation is provided and the software is generally straight forward and easy to use, two days of classroom training at our facility is provided. Purchasers of more than \$3,000 of Taxware software are provided lodging and \$150.00 towards transportation costs for one person while attending seminars.		
			-All licensed users may access our toll-free support lines for software assistance. NO limit, NO extra charge is added.		
			-The initial purchase price of each program or package includes: Software documentation, phone support, classroom training, and any program enhancements or revisions made to the software during the first year of use or season of use as with tax.		
			-Annual fees on programs such as Client Accounting, Depr. etc., are to cover improvements as they are needed. Annual fees on Tax and Payroll programs are necessary to cover the extensive revisions caused by law changes.		
			-Purchasers of the Individual and Partnership tax systems that purchase between May and October will receive the priors years tax system at no extra charge.		
			IT IS OFTEN CUSTOMARY FOR DEALERS TO CHARGE THEIR OWN RENEWAL FEE.		

This price list dated August 1987 shows Taxware's library of software and pricing structure as it had evolved up to that time. This was the most complete library of tax and accounting software available from one source.

when Kevin and his partners programming abilities, ideas, and experience were taking shape, at the same time that the world was seeing computer technology and the need for application software expand at an unprecedented rate.

Because of this the early Taxware programs were viewed as being “*very crude*” only a few short years later (sometimes only a year or two later) by the same programmers who had written them. During the years of 1981-85 the changes were so significant that many of the programs underwent a virtual rewrite each of those years.

Taxware’s main market at the time could really be divided into three groups. The smallest of these groups were tax preparers using another company’s software to prepare returns on their own *in-house* computer. Because affordable computers and tax software were so new, the percentage of tax preparers who already had a computer and were using a competitors software was minute in the early 1980’s. So switching people from competing software was not a major focus at the time.

Most tax returns that were prepared via computer at the time were processed through a *service bureau*. A tax preparer would gather client information and record it on data entry forms. These were then sent to an outside service that would process the returns on their computer and return the completed tax returns to the tax professional. A per return fee was charged for this service. Taxware’s approach to bringing these people on board was to show them that for the money they were spending in per return fees each year they could now purchase their own computer and software, and gain the speed and control of processing their returns on site. Also if they wanted they could eliminate the need to fill out data entry forms entirely by inputting and processing returns with a computer right on their desk. By the late 1980’s most (if not all) outside computer processors (*service bureaus*) ceased to exist.

By far Taxware’s largest competitor was a wooden instrument with lead rolled into the center, the *pencil*. In the early 1980’s most preparers processed returns by hand using simply a pencil and an adding machine or calculator. This was the main target market at the time, to simply get preparers to try using a computer in their office. From today’s perspective it is hard to imagine why anyone would rather go through the complex calculations and

tedious writing of a return by hand, instead of using a computer to do it all automatically, however in 1983 this was not always an easy sell. Many, if not most, people still did not understand or trust computers and these accountants had been preparing returns by hand for many years and saw no reason why they could not continue doing so. To convince them, Taxware had to show that first, using a computer with their software was easy to do, and second it was trust worthy. Both of these concepts were entirely foreign to virtually anyone with computer experience from only a few years past, including Kevin. Prior to this time computers had not been *user friendly* or trustworthy, and everyone knew it!

To address the trustworthy issue, all Taxware could do was try to program and test the software the best they could. Compared to the B-80's *Computax* error ridden software, Taxware would be considered immaculate. Although far from perfect, Taxware would at least address errors when they became aware of them and work with customers to provide solutions.

To Taxware the key to producing a *user friendly* product was found in the data entry portion of the programs. Simply to instruct the user through the process using menus and screen prompts, while at the same time trying to keep the users hand on the computers *ten-key* pad as much as possible, because that is where an accountant performs most of his data entry work.

Many of Taxware's competitors used a data entry method called *coded input*. This was basically an extension of the type of system that the outside service bureaus used. With it the preparer would write the clients tax information on an *input form*. Using this form a computer operator would enter a code number corresponding to the data to be entered followed by the data itself. Virtually the only prompts displayed by the program would be for a code number followed by data and therefore it was impossible for a return to be entered into the computer without first filling out (*by hand*) an input form. The only Taxware programs written using this style were the early corporation and partnership preparation programs, which were rewritten to match the other Taxware software in 1983.

Taxware's approach used menus and screen prompts to lead the user through data entry directly into the computer without the use of any input forms, although input forms were provided as an

option. At the time it was quite a novelty for a tax professional to be able to prepare a return without using a pencil at all!

At first these menus and screen prompts were very crude and abbreviated, mainly due to the screen limitations of the HP-85, Osborne, and other computers. For instance, prior to the 1982 tax system, the user would select a data item to be entered by number from a menu, a prompt would appear requesting that particular data. After the data was entered the menu would reappear, however the data entered was never displayed anywhere on the screen, the only way to see if the data was entered was to print the return. Of course, the software improved rapidly along with improvements in technology and techniques. However, screen graphics were virtually non-existent through the early 1980's as limited computer memory and display capabilities simply did not allow for the use of graphics to any real degree. Menus and screen displays were created totally from character sets common to the ASCII table, which primarily corresponded to those found on a keyboard. Kevin was really a master of creating interesting, even flamboyant screen displays using these limited resources. He took great pleasure in letting his artistic side loose in trying to create as much as possible with the little the computers of the day had available.

Before hard or fixed internal disk drives became common all of the Taxware software was designed to run on *dual floppy* disk drive computers. All these computers had a disk drive labeled A: and one labeled B:. The program was designed to be run from a disk in the A: drive and data was stored on a disk in the B: drive. Most of Taxware's major software systems required more than one disk to contain the programs, so at times when the software needed to access a program it could not find on the disk in drive A: it would simply prompt the user to remove the disk and insert a different one, and then normal operation would continue.

An important aspect of all of the software was printing. Without a printed return, report, or check the whole process would be pointless. However, technology in the early 1980's also left the output options very limited. Inkjet and laser printers being yet to come, the market was really limited to two types of printers, *daisy wheel* and *dot matrix*. *Daisy wheel* printers consisted of a print head that was simply a wheel containing embossed characters (or

letters) on the end of each spoke. The printer would spin the wheel to the appropriate character and impact it through an ink ribbon to print each character individually on paper. These printers were slow, however the quality of their print was good because it was accomplished using actual typed characters. *Dot matrix* printers used a print head consisting of pins that were struck through an ink ribbon to form each character. These printers were usually faster and some even allowed limited graphics capabilities, however the quality was limited to the resolution or number of pins (dots) used to make up each letter. Both of these types of printers usually used *pin-fed* perforated computer paper.

Before 1983 printing of tax returns was performed within the data entry section for each form or schedule. There was no main print section, except for a section at the end of data entry where the 1040, state, and related forms that could not be printed before the 1040 was calculated. The only print options consisted of *carbon sets* and *overlays*.

Carbon sets were individual pre-printed forms with carbon paper sandwiched between 3 blank tax forms. These were loaded into the printer and aligned one at a time so that one page was printed (hopefully correct), then the next page was loaded and printed, and so on. When all the pages of the return were printed correctly the carbon paper was removed from each "set" and the pages of the return were collated into 3 stacks. A minimum wage worker used to spend all day bursting, removing carbon paper, and collating returns during tax season.

The only other method of printing available with the 1982 and earlier programs was that of printing on blank paper for use with an *overlay*. With this method the computer would print only tax data on blank paper. This was sandwiched inside an image of a blank tax form printed on transparent plastic and photocopied to get 3 copies of a completed tax form with data on it. Each of these were then collated into 3 copies of a completed tax return. Once again a minimum wage employee was usually at work full-time in this endeavor. Believe it or not, before laser printing this was by far the most common method of producing printed tax returns and was the easiest labor wise.

In 1983 *batch printing* was added to the 1040 system allowing the printing of the entire return in one localized section after the

return was completed instead of having to print each form during data entry. This also allowed the printing of groups or *batches* of returns at one time. This feature enabled the addition of two new print options, *continuous pre-printed forms* and *computer-generated substitute forms*, although the *overlay* method continued to be the most popular.

Like carbon sets, *continuous preprinted forms* used inlaid carbon paper within 3 copies of the same tax form, the difference is that the continuous forms were all connected via perforation. To use this method the operator had to prepare several tax returns and then print them in a batch. All of the 1040 forms for all the returns, then all of the Schedule A's, etc. A minimum wageer would then burst the forms, remove carbon paper, etc. and collate the various pages of all the returns. This was a very tedious and error prone job. As you can probably guess, a lot of minimum wage office staff lost their jobs when laser printing became feasible.

The *computer-generated substitute form* print method entailed the programs printing of the entire tax return on blank paper in a format acceptable to the IRS, yet far removed from the appearance of the official forms. Although the program tried to make these forms appear as much like the official forms as possible, it could only go so far using simple typewriter characters.

Finally we come to *laser printing*. In 1984 Hewlett-Packard released its Laserjet 1 printer. This was the first low cost (\$4,995) laser printer and its advent shook the printer market in about the same way that Osborne had changed the computer market. The importance of this printer to the tax software industry is that it enabled the printing of entire completed tax forms on blank paper that really looked like the official IRS issue. It would eliminate the purchase of costly preprinted carbon laced forms or an employee to photocopy forms using plastic overlays. It was also the only remaining feature that outside service bureaus were able to provide that in house software (like Taxware) were not.

HP saw the potential market among tax preparers and Taxware was contacted to explore the development of laser printing tax forms. A few years later Craig wrote this description of that experience and its outcome.

"Hewlett-Packard was just finishing development of a small laser printer and wanted someone to explore the development of laser printing tax forms, so they got us an early version of their Laserjet printer and some

photocopied developers notes on their new PCL language that the printer would run under. Through much trial and error we figured out what the printer would do and were able to make it print a tax form. . . . It was a tedious experience but it put us in a league all our own. The only laser tax software available, period! . . . Within a couple of years everyone was doing laser software, mostly using techniques we developed during 1984.”⁴

As alluded to in this statement, Taxware was the only company to provide an in house system capable of laser printing tax forms during the 1984 tax season. At the time, with extremely limited tools available, it was a tremendous amount of work to program each page of every tax form Taxware offered in PCL, but having the only such system available for a full year before their competition gave Taxware a tremendous boost.

Because the programming and development of Taxware’s tax preparation software during this time was Craig’s responsibility, the majority of the laser tax form workload had landed on him. Because of this, Kevin found himself crossing back over to the tax preparation side of the business to deal with a new innovation, *Electronic Filing*.

Prior to this time all tax returns were completed on paper forms that were simply mailed to the IRS. Now the IRS was toying with the idea of providing for the *electronic filing* or transmission of tax returns via modem. The hope was to be able to eventually eliminate the time and expense involved in processing and storing the literally mountains of paper being mailed to the IRS each year.

In 1985 the IRS initiated a very select and limited pilot project from its Cincinnati service center. The intent of this project was to allow professional tax preparers to file some of their tax returns via modem. The IRS had been working on software for their end of the process, but the real problem was that someone outside the IRS had to write a program for the preparer to use and the specifications the IRS required for this program were very extensive and complicated. One of Taxware’s Ohio customers was very interested in participating in this project and contacted Taxware to see if they would write the necessary software. Having received a very firm “there’s no way we’d have time to” response from Craig, this user proceeded to beg and plead with Kevin, who looking at it as an interesting challenge took on the project.

From this Kevin would become one of the most, if not the most significant force outside of the IRS in the development of its Electronic Filing program. He definitely pioneered Electronic Filing as during the initial year (1985) of the pilot program, Kevin wrote the only program to successfully transmit returns from a tax preparer's office to the IRS via modem! Once again, Kevin and his customer were way ahead of the game.

Despite the fact that everyone except Kevin essentially failed in the initial pilot, the IRS claimed great success and followed up in 1986 with another expanded pilot. Although this pilot included many more participants, once again it was only Kevin's program that could honestly claim any real success.

Even so, the IRS was ready (more ready politically than technologically) to proceed with a wide-open program in 1987. Kevin was soon asked to serve on the Electronic Filing Committee of the National Association of Computerized Tax Processors and would hold this seat and make regular trips to the nation's capital for the rest of his life.

As a programmer Kevin was very intelligent, creative, and meticulous. He loved to read and study. Through this study he maintained cutting edge knowledge in an industry that was ever changing at an unprecedented rate. He loved to explore and discover new techniques and implement new ideas. His artistic desires and abilities were often shown in his programs' displays and interaction, but also were expressed in the underlying code that virtually no one but him would ever see. He enjoyed writing new things and would often jump at the opportunity, but would often be bored and sometimes *drag his feet* when faced with the all too frequent task of simply writing updates to *the same old programs* required due to government changes.

As mentioned earlier, Kevin's role with Taxware extended far beyond that of a programmer. He was a principal and owner in the business. As such everything that happened or needed to be done was at least partially his responsibility. He was certainly involved in the financial aspects, policy making, employee hiring, firing, and direction, etc. A detailed description of all of his various roles wouldn't be feasible, but as we close this chapter we'll examine a few areas that afford a glimpse into Kevin's character and talents.

An important aspect of Taxware's business was customer support. Without proper knowledge of how to effectively operate the software, a customer will quickly become frustrated and be instilled with the desire to find a different program. Likewise the inability to get quick answers to questions and resolution of problems will produce the same result. It seems obvious that maintaining satisfied customers will result in a stable growing business. Yet for years most tax software companies failed significantly in this regard. Part of the reason for this was the software's ever changing nature (new tax laws, rates, and forms every year) and the short time period between the release of governmental information and the required software release, which allowed very little time for testing. No tax system was ever perfect upon initial release. All tax software companies dealt with some and sometimes many errors or *bugs* as they were affectionately called. If the software company was not careful, this situation combined with the intense pressure that most tax preparers worked under during tax season, would lead to intense frustration and loss of customers.

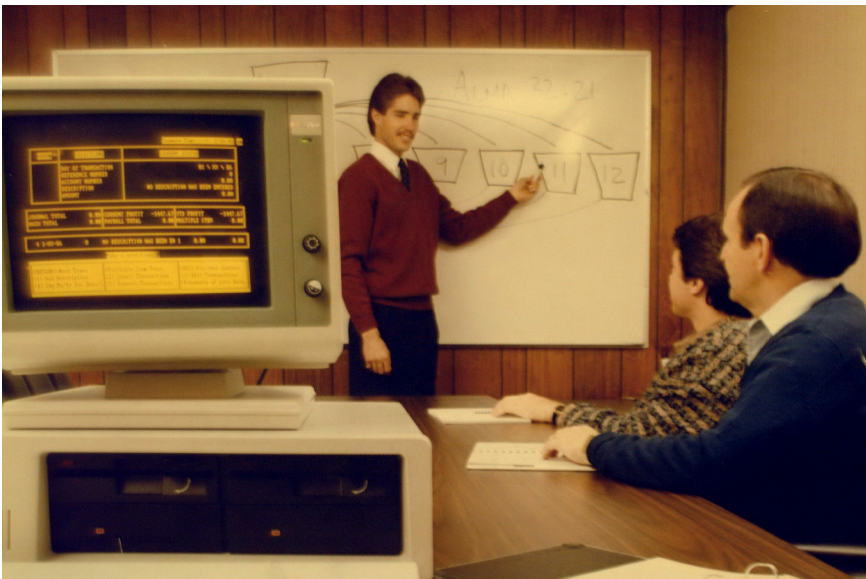
While Taxware certainly at times had their customer support problems, compared to their competition Taxware generally did very well. And Taxware's marketing effort would often feed off of their competitor's failings in regards to customer support. Taxware addressed customer support in three primary ways.

The first was training. The idea being that the more the end user would learn at the outset, the fewer phone calls that would have to be fielded during the *heat of tax season*. Taxware provided instruction manuals, but realized that few were really reading them or comprehending what they were reading, so they soon began offering classes.

These two-day classes were provided free of charge and at times Taxware even provided payment to help cover travel and lodging expenses for significant purchasers of software. These seminars were sometimes held at Taxware's office or at one of the nearby hotels when the number of planned participants could not be accommodated at the office. Typically King, Kevin, and Craig shared the teaching of these classes, therefore Kevin would spend several hours most months teaching seminars. Due to his mission experiences, scouting, and church upbringing, he was well

prepared at this time as a confident and able teacher. Public speaking was not a significant fear, or if it was, it was well hidden.

Another aspect of customer support was that manner in which to company dealt with the inevitable *bugs* in the software. To get the software out *on time* meant getting it into the users hands by the 2nd of January, the unofficial start of *tax season*. This was a tall order considering that the IRS really didn't start to release forms and information until mid-September and final forms would continue to be received all through December. Many state taxing authorities were even worse than the IRS, and Taxware was writing programs for all of them. The scenario made it theoretically impossible to complete and ship the software by the end of the year! But Taxware would ship a fairly complete federal complement of programs along with the majority of the state counterparts between Christmas and New Years Eve each year. Once again they were virtually alone amongst their competition in this regard. Then a series of updates would be sent throughout the early part of tax season as remaining state programs were completed and errors were found and corrected. Initially these updates had to be mailed to each user on diskette. In later years,



Kevin in 1987 teaching a seminar on the use of his client accounting or general ledger program (shown on the computer screen). However, this picture was staged for use in a promotional piece. The “students” are Taxware employees, Randy Trost and Les Hatch.

the establishment of an in-house electronic bulletin board and even later, the Internet allowed customers to retrieve these updates via modem.

This situation especially impacted Kevin as he took on *Electronic Filing*. With this system he not only had to complete the program, for which the IRS was often releasing and changing specifications even through January and some throughout tax season, but he also had to pass it through a very intensive IRS testing procedure in addition to his own in-house testing. If that weren't enough, once the program was released, each customer had to perform like tests with the IRS, and it fell on Kevin (and his support staff) to help them through this.

With the intensity of tax season and the potential for error, it was natural for customers to want, even demand, a quick response to their questions or problems, and this meant a phone call. Through most of its early years, Taxware had established toll-free phone lines. Telephone support became a major factor in Taxware's business, and everyone dealt with it to one degree or another. Many of Taxware's employees primary duties revolved around telephone support, especially during tax season and it was often very intensive. Although distanced to a degree from the majority of these support calls, Kevin would ultimately have to deal with those that had problems that no one but he could solve. Because of this, the support calls that Kevin took were typically very difficult.

Doing technical support over the phone is an art in itself. A talent is developed by the support person to be able to somehow *vision* what the customer's screen actually looks like without seeing it and also the ability to tell when the caller is simply *lying* to you. This would stem from the fact that virtually every caller was certain they had found a *bug*, whereas in reality *bugs* were very far and few between. After being told what they had done wrong, some would *lie* about what they had actually done to save face rather than admit a mistake on their part. Kevin would often *lead* the customer through the problem by telling him specifically how to respond to each prompt and upon reaching the point of mistake, the user would have no choice but to acknowledge that the program was fine. Other times Kevin would ask what the user was seeing on his screen at that exact moment, through the phone

he would then hear some typing followed by a response, then in frustration Kevin would say “what *exactly* was on the screen *before* you changed it!”

At times Kevin’s sense of humor would show through even in phone support, such as when asked by an employee how to solve a customer’s problem, he would occasionally say “tell him to do this” and put his palm on the computer screen and mumble what would sound like a Benedictine chant!

Although at times some of the callers were difficult and even rude, others were very grateful for the assistance given. Many developed an affinity towards Kevin and the other support staff and sought opportunity to meet him personally. Many customers became long time friends of the business.

Customer loyalty became a key to Taxware’s marketing. Nothing sells a product so well as the good word of an existing customer and accountants have plenty of opportunity to talk with one another at trade shows and seminars held throughout the year but in particular during the fall. Kevin was also very involved in marketing and these *shows* represented a significant opportunity for exposure especially during Taxware’s early years.

Kevin would make numerous trips to set up a booth and exhibit the software at various trade shows and seminars. At first he attended mainly those located in California, but as the company expanded across the country so did his attendance at *shows*. In the early 1980’s accountants had a keen interest in what was new in the computer industry. Many were considering using a computer in their practice for the first time, while others were just interested in the novelty, and the few that already had computers and software were certainly open to something better. It should be no surprise that Taxware’s booth was often swarming with interested onlookers. Add a pretty



Kevin Dalton (far right looking back) exhibiting at a seminar in San Francisco 1986. The person behind him is a local Taxware dealer.

young wife that occasionally accompanied Kevin to hand out literature while he showed off the system, and the resulting interest only increased.

As time went on Kevin began to dread the travel and looked on exhibiting at these *shows* as a headache. Towards the mid and late 1980's his personal involvement with the *shows* diminished significantly. However, after his move to Idaho and the accompanying life style change, he began to enjoy the opportunity of attending *shows* once again.

Although the business had become very profitable, significant tension and conflict had also arisen between the principals. Small things that could easily have been solved in retrospect, at the time took on undue significance. In the Spring of 1987 Craig left the business and moved to northern Idaho, although he would continue to write Taxware's entity and state tax programs for four more years. Craig's departure necessitated the hiring of additional programming staff, but also left a void in the area of promotional and advertising materials. Prior to this time he had been writing and producing the companies brochures, product literature, and other promotional materials, as well as the design and insertion of the companies first magazine ads.

Now Kevin took over the aspect of marketing materials and advertising, and raised the company's image to a new level of professionalism. In doing this he enlisted the help of an old friend from his Upland High School tennis team by the name of Rick Vargas. Since high school, Rick had pursued a career in advertising. Rick had a very creative mind and talent in the very area that Kevin needed help. Together over the next few years they would create a series of innovative and in some cases award winning magazine ads.

Some of these were very difficult to create, such as the one containing the photo of an accountant's office being *blown away*. Each aspect of the office such as papers, chair, books, adding machine, even the glasses appearing to hang in mid-air, had to be taped or secured into position so that a photo of an office appearing to be blown away in a fictitious wind could be taken. The master's touch really is evident in the image of the accountant's legs, complete with Rick's argyle socks and *blown* untied shoelace, in mid-air exiting the picture!

In another ad they unlisted Kevin's sister Valerie to serve as the model who received "*The best kept secret*". They stretched the limits of technology when they had an *electronic* arm outstretched from a computer monitor shake hands with an arm of flesh and blood. This may not seem difficult now, but to create the image of semi-transparent graphic fingers wrapping around a real hand with only the technology available in 1987 was very difficult. By the way, the real arm and hand are Kevin's. Along this same theme another ad features a computer's graphic electronic arms typing on it's keyboard and completing a quarterly payroll report, pencil in hand.

Because Kevin was such an integral part of this aspect of the business, some of Taxware's advertisements are included here. All of these were full page magazine ads, but some also served a dual role as handouts at trade shows.

These ads were published in a number of tax and accounting related magazines, the most prominent or those with the largest circulation being *Journal of Accountancy* and *Computers in Accounting*. By 1990 Taxware was reducing its magazine ad placement with an increasing weight on direct mail, having determined that direct mail was significantly less expensive on a cost per lead basis.



Your Free Demo May Just Blow You Away.

We're so sure Taxware Systems is No. 1 we'll let you test it free. It is the finest software for accounting professionals on today's market. We think that if people could see all the capabilities and benefits of our programs they would sell themselves. To prove it, we're offering our demonstration programs to serious buyers at no charge. We want to make it as easy as possible for you to find out about the Taxware advantage.

We have been writing successful, trouble-free tax & accounting software long before most of our competition was even dreaming of it. We pioneered laser printed returns, and programs all of our own laser forms. Taxware runs faster, is easier to use and gives you much much more for your money. Space limits our listing of all the superior features found in all of our programs, so we invite you to find out what hundreds of tax & accounting professionals already know.

Contact us for details on your free demo and experience all of Taxware Systems benefits.

Taxware Systems features many programs for your consideration:

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- Tax Planning
- Depreciation Assets Management
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- After Tax Payroll
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- Accounts Receivable
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Tell me more about obtaining a free demo.

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 Title _____
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To prepare your returns for 1986 you want a program that is easy to learn. That features change like fully integrated depreciation, K-1 input, pro forma, corporate, full or abbreviated diagnostic, automatic overflow schedules, calculation time in seconds, multiple schedules, recall of prior years data, automatic averaging and alternative minimum tax, batch or individual printing, laser continuous, overlay or substitute forms, client instruction letter, automatic billing, etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. etc. plus Taxware to help manage your practice.

You also want a company that's been around for seven years, with users in every state. A company that provides support through WATS lines as well as training seminars, without a lot of hidden charges. A company that knows your needs and has experienced your problems. A company that wants to help.

Let yourself in on the "secret".
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- Corporate Tax
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- Tax Planning
- Depreciation Assets Mgt.
- Time & Billing
- Client Accounting
- After Tax Payroll
- Payroll Check Writing
- Accounts Receivable
- Accounts Payable

is a special service if you plan to utilize the on-line time billing service.

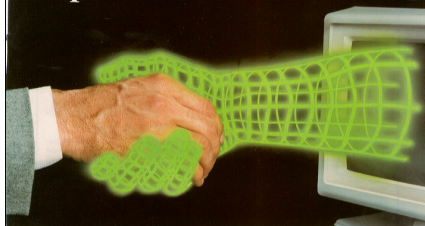
Tell me more about TAXWARE

Name _____
 Title _____
 Address _____
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Mail To: TAXWARE SYSTEMS INC.
 P.O. Box 125, Orem, UT 84057

CMC# 004-8

Meet a leading tax expert that's affordable.



Taxware Systems' tax preparation program is like having another professional on staff. Fast and comprehensive, it can eliminate the need for a service bureau, and it costs much less than other popular programs that offer substantially less.

Look at what Taxware does for you:

- Supports all state and federal tax forms.
- Supports multi-print options, including laser print.
- Means calculation of your federal and state taxes.
- Includes Tax flow, to compare your client's data.

* Plus, Taxware is easier to use and easier to learn than most other programs.

Easier to use. Set up is quick and easy, and training can be done in a matter of minutes.

Easier to learn. Taxware offers easy-to-understand documentation, free classroom training and access to Taxware dealers for personal help. Or call our toll-free number for instant answers.

If you want a faster, easier and more profitable tax year, you need Taxware. It's the perfect professional for every tax expert.

- ☐ Send me:
- ☐ FREE Taxware demo disk, with program highlights.
 - ☐ Video demo and demo disk, only \$19.95.
 - ☐ Complete demo package, including 100-page disk and video, only \$19.95, applicable to purchase of system.
- ☐ I've purchased a check or money order for:
- ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa
 - ☐ American Express number is:
- Exp. date:

Name:

Address:

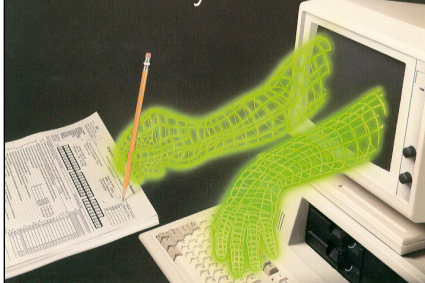
City: State: Zip:

Phone:

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Just look at what Write-Up includes:

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Why hire an entire system? Because it's easier.

Easier to use. Once you know one program, you're familiar with the format of all of them. And Taxware's format is easier to use than any other system, with features like full-screen display with the speed of a single page.

Easier to learn.

Taxware offers easy-to-understand documentation, free classroom training and access to Taxware dealers for personal help. Plus, one toll-free number gets you instant help with our program.

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If you need a hand with client accounting, you need Taxware's Write-Up. It's the perfect professional for the job.

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Address:

City: State: Zip:

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In addition to revamping the company's advertising, they also raised the quality of promotional materials to a new level. They produced a professional demonstration video complete with hired actors and even hired the services of professional animators to create segments of animation and special effects. Glossy color brochures were produced featuring the animated graphic symbols and theme used in the video. The extensive *demonstration booklet* was redone in a impressive classy style. Promotional folders, price lists, and self-running demonstration disks, etc. were created new or substantially revised.

Another aspect of the business that bears mentioning is the number of family members that at different times were employed by Taxware and therefore worked for Kevin. His cousins Tammy and Randy held significant positions with the business during the mid 1980's. Kevin's father, mother, and brother Craig were principals in the business. His other brothers and sisters worked there off and on briefly, mainly during their teenage years. In particular Kevin's brother Scott took a progressively greater role with Taxware through the 1990's and stepped up significantly to help fill the programming and management void left after Kevin's death.

Since its beginning Taxware's physical location was within King's accounting office at 604 North Euclid Avenue in Ontario California. Space was often cramped and the desire to find a new home for Taxware was frequently expressed. However, it wasn't until the mid 1990's that Taxware was finally moved to its current location (as of 2001) at 924 West 9th Street in Upland California.

In May of 1991 Kevin's brother, Craig started his own competing tax software company and in the process took a number of Taxware customers with him. Kevin was hurt and the situation created a rift between him and his brother that would last for several years.

With Kevin's move to Idaho in 1994, he began to work primarily from his home, his programming work being transmitted via modem to Taxware in California. However, he would make frequent trips to Upland to meet with, plan, and coordinate the company's efforts.

We'll discuss more of his life in Idaho later, for now let's look at some other aspects of his life outside of business.

Adult Sports & Hobbies

We have already touched on many of the sports, hobbies, and outdoor activities that Kevin enjoyed as we earlier viewed his childhood and youth. With a *normal* person this should have sufficed, however, with Kevin these things formed such substantive part of his life that the subject is worth revisiting. Also, although his involvement with many, even most, of the activities begun in his earlier years continued throughout his adult life, after his marriage he began to pursue some entirely new interests. He was always doing something!

Scuba Diving

For several years during Kevin's early married life, Scuba diving once again became a major outdoor activity. Although Kevin never really needed much of an excuse to *go play*, he was substantially motivated by enthusiasm emanating from his brother Craig and cousin Randy Trost, who were his regular *dive buddies*. For a period of time the three of them would go diving almost monthly and at times even more frequently.

During Kevin's mission in Spain, his father bought a 25-foot McGregor Venture sailboat, which had a *swing* keel that made it trailerable. Shortly after Craig's return from his mission, they began taking this boat on dive trips to the Channel Islands. The island they most frequently visited was tiny Anacapa, which sits about 10 miles off shore from Oxnard California. Although Anacapa has many excellent dive sites, it was the island's close proximity to shore that was the main factor in its initial selection,

as traveling by sailboat was slow, and time diving was more important than just going for a long boat ride. Here is Craig's version of the first time that he, Kevin, and Randy went diving at Anacapa.

"One of the first times we went there, probably the very first time, we anchored on the north side just off the east end of Anacapa island. We had no idea that this area was a marine preserve, so we proceeded to go spear fishing, goofing around, and doing our normal thing. While we were there the park rangers pulled along side and checked our fishing licenses and our catch. They told us that we were in a marine preserve and proceeded to give the one holding the fish a \$40 ticket. Kevin and Randy immediately pointed to me as the fisherman and I got nailed with the ticket. Also as we tried to haul the anchor in order to leave, we just couldn't do it. It was fouled on something in about 60ft of water. We were all out of air, we didn't have an spare tanks with air. I got elected to free dive down and try to free this anchor up. So I swam down the anchor line and upon arriving at the bottom found that the anchor was fouled in the rigging of a wrecked boat, and was all entangled in cables and things. I envisioned myself getting tangled up in this rigging while trying to undo this anchor and that being all she wrote. So I opted to leave it and came back up, telling the others that I wasn't going to mess with it without a tank on. So we ditched the anchor there and went home. About a month or so later we came back and searched for that anchor with tanks on, and finally found it. By that time, the silt and sand had buried it considerably. The mast that it was on was considerably buried and the rigging didn't look like much at that time, so I felt kind of embarrassed."¹

In addition to Anacapa they would also go to Santa Barbara Island, San Nicholas Island, and Santa Cruz Island, and on occasion to Catalina as well. As children they had gone to San Clemente, so Kevin had gone to and Scuba dived at virtually all of California's Channel Islands (the exceptions being Santa Rosa and San Miguel).

The problem with trying to go to the more outlying islands in the sailboat was the time it took to get there. In 1983 this problem was solved when King decided to sell the sailboat and buy a power boat, the decision being amply supported by our



Kevin in about 1983 piloting the 25-foot Wellcraft cabin cruiser

three dive buddies. This new boat was a 25-foot Wellcraft sunbridge cabin cruiser. It had a moderate cabin and small galley down below that allowed for their occasional overnight camping at the islands, but its most important feature was its speed. Instead of the two-hour trip it took to get to Anacapa by sailboat, they could now make it in about a half-hour. This speed also allowed for our impatient divers to take trips to some of the more outlying islands, in particular to Santa Cruz and Catalina.

They only had this boat for about a year and a half when King decided that he wanted a bigger boat, and he meant *bigger*! This time he bought a 45-foot Sea Ranger trawler. He named it *Rendezvous*, considering it a place for the family to get together, which it was. Even for a man that really enjoyed his *toys* as much as King, this was really a step up, more *ship* than *boat*, and quite expensive. It's not easy to cost justify something that really is nothing more than a big toy yet costs as much as your house. However, Taxware had become quite profitable by this time and looked increasingly promising, and of course, King's sons gave ample encouragement for *him* to buy a yacht that they knew they'd have free access to.

It was a wonderfully comfortable boat and when they went diving in it they went in style! It was an aft cabin boat with a fly bridge and a lot of deck space. It had three sleeping cabins inside, in addition to the galley and main salon. It also had two heads (nautical term for *bathroom*) complete with hot and cold showers, and of course the most important feature for a scuba diver, a hot shower out on the swim platform! It had a refrigerator, microwave, and range in a fine full galley. It had a TV that they'd watch while cruising out to the islands and at night. It had radar, autopilot, loran, and all the electronic and helm goodies of the day. The interior was almost entirely sided with teak-wood. It was powered by twin diesel engines and had a built in diesel generator.



Rendezvous

The *Rendezvous*, being a displacement boat would cruise at only about 10 knots or so, and therefore wasn't near as fast as the Wellcraft, but its comfort well made up for this deficiency.

Probably their favorite island destination at this time was Santa Barbara Island. Although it was a tiny island only about a mile in length and being situated about 40 miles off shore took them 4 or 5 hours to get there, it possessed several great dive sites. Because of its distance from shore it had remained relatively unspoiled and was teeming with sea life. It also had an excellent anchorage, which made it a favorite for multi-day trips. Craig described how many of these trips would begin.

"We'd talk dad into getting up early, early, and leaving about 3 in the morning, that way we could get to the island and start diving about 8am. We'd tell him "*Oh, yeah we'll stay up with you. We're all willing to get up that early.*" We'd get out of the harbor and dad would be sitting at the helm with all of us with him in the main salon. But one by one, we'd slough off and go down below and back to bed. Before you knew it poor dad would be sitting there all by himself! This happened about every time we went on a trip like this. He never complained too much."²

On trips like these Kevin experienced a wide variety of sea life in person. He swam with schools of fish, explored reefs, swam through kelp jungles, and played with colonies of hundreds of curious sea lions. Scenes found in numerous ocean related films and documentaries could have been taken from his own personal experience. It would be impossible to describe all he saw and did in and on the ocean!

The most remote and distant of Southern California's Channel Islands is San Nicholas. It was "*The Island of the Blue Dolphins*", which Kevin read as a child. He had longed to go there having heard of it's unspoiled nature and big fish, big abalone, and big lobster. However, there were three problems inherent to diving at San Nicholas. It was about 70 miles off shore, subject to high seas, and although a fairly large island, it had no good anchorage. But now with the *Rendezvous'* size and range they were able to plan a trip. Unfortunately this, Kevin's one and only trip to San Nicholas was cut short. Although Kevin and his normal dive companions weren't much subject to seasickness, they had brought along his brother-in-law, Harlan Lloyd, and Harlan was "*blowing chunks big time*"³. When Harlan finally managed to get in the water with the other divers, he soon had a negative encounter with a curious sea

lion, which caused him to *literally walk on water*, full dive gear and all, back to the boat, or so it was claimed ever since by those who witnessed this feat! After almost dying of laughter, Kevin, Randy, and Craig managed to recuperate and proceed with their dive. Kevin was very impressed with the abundance of sea life there and really wanted to do some more dives but after returning to the boat it was apparent that it would be unkind to Harlan to keep him bobbing on a boat in almost open ocean any longer, so they headed to the anchorage at Santa Barbara Island and spent the remainder of the trip there. For those that care, the site Kevin dove at San Nicholas is near a reef known as *the boiler maker*.

We'll use the following stories that Craig shared relating some of Kevin's scuba diving adventures and experiences to close out the subject.⁴

"When we dove we would try to get lobster, to us that was virtually the sole purpose of scuba diving, to get lobster. Between Scuba dives we would skin dive and spear fish. Usually spear fishing was done while free diving, the air in tanks needed to be saved for lobster! When the three of us would go down, it was basically every man for himself, because when we'd come up we weren't very good at sharing our lobster with each other, or anyone else for that matter. In summary, if you weren't as proficient at procuring lobster as the next guy, you didn't eat as much. Greed reigned supreme when it came to lobster. We'd cook the lobster on the boat, rarely did any make it home. Nothing tasted so good as fresh caught spiny lobster, cooked right on the boat and smothered in butter sauce. Kevin loved lobster."

"So we'd get down below and scatter about the rocks looking in holes with our dive lights searching for our spiny prey. Lobster live in holes (little caves under rocks) during the day. There we'd be with our arms as far as we could reach into these holes trying to grab the lobster. Occasionally we would cheat and use the frog dabber [pole spear] to dab them out. Being low on air just meant that you had to work quicker. It definitely was every man for himself."

"Moray eels were very prevalent off the Channel Islands. They often would live in the same holes as the lobster. So in sticking your arm up some hole, the potential for a moray eel to be in there was quite real. Obviously we would look and see first, but you couldn't always tell. One time I was reaching in one of these holes. I had my whole arm and shoulder and upper body almost inside this hole. I didn't realize it but a moray eel was in the hole and had swam out the back and had come around behind me. I had given up trying to get the lobster out of the hole and as I pushed out of it, I looked behind me just in time to see this moray eel right on my hind end. It looked like it was about ready to take a chunk out of me in about the same spot that Kevin had shot me with the BB gun. I jumped

back and the moray eel went back in its hole, then I looked over and there's Kevin watching the whole time. He was just rolling around with bubbles going everywhere, you could tell he was just laughing like crazy, which is rather hard to do under water. But he was doing the under water laugh better than I've ever seen it done, just busting up, rolling around and pointing, with bubbles bursting out of his regulator about every second. When we got back to the boat it took some time for him to stop laughing and telling the story of this *moray eel that was about to take a chunk out of Craig's toosh!* We all got a good laugh out of that for years to come. It was easier for me to laugh about it too, considering my seating equipment was still complete."

"We had these old gray steel tanks with J valves, which were a reserve valve. At this time we had pressure gauges, but in the days before such gauges, you would dive until your air ran out and then pull this J or reserve valve and you'd supposedly have another couple minutes worth of air, enough to come up. The problem was that often during your dive kelp or something would have pulled the reserve valve without you knowing it so that when you ran out of air, you *really were out of air!* Making a free ascent was not something that would scare Kevin. He didn't like getting into that situation, but he would calmly and patiently swim to the surface blowing out air as he went, he had done it before. I remember him doing this once from about 70 feet (I wasn't right with him, he told me about it after he was up). Another problem which led to running out of air on occasion was *last lobster* phenomenon. *Last Lobster phenomenon* was a condition that could occur towards the end of a dive. Although short on air, the diver, upon seeing one last lobster in a hole would just *have* to try to get it. It's an uncontrollable reflex mechanism. The diver *knows* he should go up, but is powerless to do so, unless he gets that one last lobster, or feels the *hard suck* when trying to inhale through the regulator. For some reason the *hard suck* would immediately break the spell. A free ascent being the result, because naturally the divers *buddy* is nowhere to be found because he's off trying to get one *last lobster*."

"Kevin, Randy, and I had gone in together and bought a compressor so we could fill tanks on board. It didn't work very well. We didn't replace filters often enough so it would take forever to fill a tank. We also decided to buy these red electric propelled diver vehicles. You'd hang onto these things and they'd pull you around underwater, just like Jacques Cousteau movies. He still has his and I still have mine. Actually he's lucky to have his because on one occasion we were out off Santa Barbara Island. Our little brother Scott was in charge of staying over top of us in the dinghy, so that when we finished our dive he'd come and get us wherever we came up and we'd head back to the boat, and all would be fine. One dive when we had been using these diver vehicles, we came up and Scott was just goofing around driving the dinghy all over and he didn't see us. The current must have been about 5 knots or better. So we're floating there waving and yelling and he's not seeing us. Meanwhile we're literally drifting out to sea at about 5 knots. We had these diver vehicles so we're working real hard

swimming and running those full bore trying to beat the current, which is totally hopeless. That was my first experience at literally being almost lost at sea, which is not a very comfortable feeling (worse experiences would come later in life). Fortunately, dad was paying attention and saw us as we were drifting out and pulled anchor on the *Rendezvous*, which is not an easy task by yourself and fired it up and came and got us with the trawler. Scott got a major chewing out by his older brothers.”

“On another occasion, we came up from a dive and while getting in the dinghy clipped these diver vehicles to the rope on the dinghy, until we got in at which time we’d pull them in. Unfortunately this time, Kevin forgot to pull his in. It wasn’t until midway back to the boat that Kevin remembered but by that time his diver vehicle had broken loose and sunk somewhere along the way. The chances of finding something lost like this is virtually nil. Its not like on land that you can just look around and see something. Underwater you have to be virtually over top of something to find it. We had covered so much ground that it was like looking for a needle in a hay stack. Anyway, you’ve got to try so we had Scott drive the dinghy slowly along while we held onto the ropes in the water on each side with mask and snorkel searching. We drove around like this for a while, then luckily for my dear brother Kevin, all of a sudden I saw something on the bottom reflect in the light, and diving down found that his diver vehicle had landed upright with the light pointing up. So that’s why he still has his.”

“We always wanted to go night diving and go get those lobster at night when they’re out of their holes. But quite often by the time night would come around it would be cold and dark and gloomy out there, and we’d be all comfortable inside, sitting there watching a video, eating chips and junk food. Looking out there at the dark water, we’d be saying “*let’s go do our dive*” and saying “*ok you go first and I’ll be right there*”. But nobody would move. Nobody wanted to go out in that cold dark water at night. So most of the time we didn’t do much night diving in those days. Since then I and Randy both have done a lot of night diving and quite enjoy it. But it’s tough when you’re all comfortable on the boat.”

Surfing

As already shown, as a youth Kevin was amply exposed to the world of water and what the ocean in particular had to offer. As a teenager he enjoyed the beach and spent much time there. He liked playing in the waves (except for a brief period after seeing the movie “*Jaws*” for the first time) and would spend hours body surfing and *boogie boarding*, and was quite good at it. With this background it’s somewhat surprising that he never took up the sport of actual surfing until later in life. Perhaps his teenage

opinion of *surfers* in general (which was not a high one) played a role in keeping him out of the sport for so long.

However, Kevin always seemed surrounded by people who would pander to his always present desire to try new things and pick up a new hobby. The purveyor of surfing into Kevin's life style would be his little brother Scott. During his teenage years Scott had developed an intense interest in surfing and practiced this trade with perhaps more diligence than a doctor practicing medicine. For his bachelors party, at the time of his wedding in 1992, most of the guys at Taxware, including Kevin, took him to the beach to surf, etc. Although Kevin spent most of his time *boogie boarding* that day, many of the guys from Taxware, including Scott were *surfers* or *would be* surfers. In any case, the activity must have sparked an interest with Kevin because shortly thereafter he began to take up the sport.

As with any hobby Kevin liked the best of gear, in this case he was soon found with a new multi-colored wet suit and a custom made long board that was made by a board shaper he had found who was apparently named *Burt*. In any case, Kevin and his surfing companions would refer to this board as "*the Burt board*".

Scott's description of Kevin's first surfing outing gives us not only an insight into the sport of surfing but also Kevin's endurance and persistence that was common whenever he tried something new.

"The first time we went out he tried that *Burt board*, he was kind of struggling with it. Surfing is not easy at all, it takes a long time to just even be able to catch a wave at the right point where you can even stand up and ride. I'd come in just beat tired from surfing and Mike [Nielson] (a Taxware co-worker) would come in [to rest on the beach] and we'd go out, and Kevin would still be there and we'd come back [to rest on the beach] and go out, and Kevin would still be there. He was kind of having a good old time. It never bugged him too much that he was kind of struggling, but by the end of that day, he was up and riding!"⁵

Although Kevin, Scott, and their friends would surf Newport, Huntington, and various other Southern California beaches, their favorite and regular surfing spot was a place just north of Bolsa Chica (which is just north of Huntington beach) by a Jack-n-the box fast food restaurant. The surfing wasn't necessarily as good here as that found at beaches just to the south, but it was much less crowded. There were also fresh water showers and a grass area to

clean and put away boards, both of which were important pleasantries to surfers.

Kevin never really became *great* at surfing, it just wasn't that important to him. But he was proficient enough to have a good time doing it and look at least as good as most of the other guys out at the beach. His surfing adventures were really confined from 1992, when he took up the sport, to 1994 when he moved his family to Idaho. Although later, on his frequent business and other trips to Southern California, it was common for him to take some time to go to the beach and surf with the *guys*.

Flying

Like many of Kevin's hobbies, his interest in flying developed as a result of his father's propensity to play with expensive toys. This *Dalton trait* can easily be seen as having been passed down to his sons and almost with a contagious effect to those around them. In this case it was in 1977, a year before Kevin's mission, that King went in partnership with a couple of others and bought a new Cessna 152 airplane. This was actually a very small plane with only two real seats, although it did have a small bench seat in back that one or two small children could use.

They stationed the plane at Cable airport in Upland and rented it out under the local flight school's lease back program. King took lessons at the school and soon had his private pilot's license. Kevin went flying with his father on several occasions and enjoyed this new thrill but with college and preparing for his mission he had little time or money to learn to fly himself. However, his brother Craig being less constrained rode his father's coattails into this new hobby and took advantage of the opportunity to learn to fly and get his pilot's license.

His new life after his mission with marriage and fatherhood coming so quickly gave Kevin even less opportunity and money to take up flying. His father's interest in the subject also began to wane and his interest in the little 152 was soon sold.

However, when one Dalton's interest in an expensive toy was diminished there always seemed to be another that would step up and keep the fire burning. In this case it was Kevin's brother Craig

who shortly after his own mission return and marriage went through ownership of a number of different airplanes (and helicopter) and was completing work on his commercial pilots license, flight instructor certificate, along with multi-engine and instrument ratings.

Such enthusiasm with exciting toys being contagious, Kevin now found himself with the desire and means to get into flying. He and his father determined to go into partnership in buying an airplane. Fortunately for them airplanes were selling for very cheap in the mid-1980's. In the midst of all of his hanging around airports, Craig had come across a Piper Commanche 250 that he thought would be ideal for them and they were able to buy it for about \$17,000 in July of 1985.

The "*Commanche*", officially designated as model PA24-250 and registered as N7185P, was a four-seat low wing single engine airplane. Because of its 250 horse power engine, constant speed propeller (the pitch of the blades was changeable), and retractable landing gear, it was considered a *high performance* airplane. It was a fast and sleek airplane. Its goldish brown on white paint scheme and light brown interior weren't the greatest but didn't look bad. It ran well, was dependable, and gave them little trouble. Its long range fuel tanks would give them the ability to fly from Southern California to their property in Idaho non-stop. This was Kevin's airplane!

Now Kevin just needed to learn to fly it! Craig had been working with the manager of Hesperia airport (near Craig's home in Summit Valley) and so he linked Kevin up with him to take lessons. His flight instructor, Zoltan Zilard was a Hungarian immigrant and spoke with a thick accent. He was also an interesting character and the more Kevin and Craig dealt with him the more they came to the conclusion that he wasn't a very good instructor or even a safe pilot. In fact Kevin's opinion of him would later be summed up with the words "*nut case*"!

However, Kevin was a quick study and took to flying naturally. He soloed after only 9 ½ hours of instruction, passed his written test with ease, and passed his flight test to receive his private pilot's license with only slightly more than the required minimum number of dual instruction and total flight time hours. Most students take considerably more than the minimum required

instruction and flight time before they're ready to take their flight test.

Having his private pilot's license in hand still didn't enable him to hop in his Commanche and fly away. One doesn't learn to fly in a *high performance* or complex aircraft. Kevin had done his flight training in a rented Piper Cherokee Warrior, which while also having four seats, was smaller, slower, and equipped with simple fixed landing gear and fixed pitch propeller. To start flying his Commanche he still needed training in its more complex operation. So he took a couple more lessons with "Zollie" but in exasperation gave up on that and proceeded to just get comfortable flying the Commanche with his dad and brother Craig. Craig, who shortly thereafter received his flight instructor certificate, was able to sign Kevin's logbook with a *high performance aircraft* endorsement thus making him *legal* to fly the plane.

With this plane Kevin gave rides to the kids and his family, took trips to Idaho and Utah, and could go quickly where he needed or wanted to go.

After doing it once, one place he would not go again was to a major commercial airport. In August of 1986 he flew in and out of San Francisco airport in Northern California to attend a tax and accounting seminar for Taxware. He took his wife Pam along on this trip to combine business with a special getaway for the two of them. Here is her impression of their experience flying in and out of San Francisco airport.

"It was just amazing that they would even let us [take off and land there], it was just a little tiny plane. Kevin was quite nervous because they had us sitting there [ready to take off] for quite a long time and apparently if you kept it idling for a long time it could do something to the plane. He was nervous about that and they kept us sitting out there for quite a while and then we were taking off with these big jets! I don't know how he did it, I was scared to death! ... They'd be right on our tail going up and stuff, because we just couldn't keep up with the speed. But he did it! And we got home in one piece!"⁶

Another story related by Pam's aunt, Marge Beardall seems appropriate to include here as it demonstrates how Kevin's compassion combined with flying skill became an answer to prayer.

"I vividly remember the time when Kevin was truly an answer to my earnest prayer. It was in June of 1986, Rob and Bob had gone to Utah for a

final fishing trip before Rob's mission. Early one afternoon I received a panicked call from Rob. He was at our vacation home in Parowan, Utah, with his Dad, and Bob had become very disoriented, and was having physical problems as well. He wouldn't allow Rob to take him to a doctor. Rob cried as he called, as he didn't know what to do. I told Rob I'd call him back, as I had no idea how to handle this. Lisa was home with me, so we knelt in humble prayer, asking Heavenly Father for inspiration. Before I had said "amen" I knew what I was to do. I called Carole, explained the situation, and asked if she would call Kevin, and ask him if he could fly me up to Parowan. She called back in a short time, and said Kevin would meet me right away and would fly me up in his Dad's plane. By Kevin's willingness to help, we were able to get to Bob in just a few hours, whereas it would have taken many hours by any other means. He truly was an answer to my prayer."⁷

Kevin also enjoyed acrobatic flying, although he didn't do a lot of it. His dad had become interested in acrobatic flight and had bought a Citabria, which was a light fabric skinned tandem *tail dragger*, capable of some moderate acrobatics. Kevin had gone up with him a few times and enjoyed *playing around*. In October of 1986, he flew his Commanche to Santa Paula California where he took lessons in a *Pitts*. A *Pitts* is a small tandem two-seat bi-wing high performance acrobatic plane. In this Kevin learned how to do loops, rolls, etc. The kinds of things that would make most people feel like their entire insides are ready to be wrenched out! Kevin got a kick out of it.

Soon the Commanche and then the Citabria were sold, and that ended Kevin's interest in flying, at least airplanes with engines anyway!

Hang Gliding

There were two things that Kevin hated about Christmas, one was the fact that it landed right at the time of year that his work was the busiest and most stressful, the other was putting Christmas lights up on the roof of his house! He hated heights and at least at times it took about every ounce of muster within him to climb up on that roof.

Why then would a man with such a fear be willing, even anxious, to hang thousands of feet up in the air from the bottom of a kite? We may never know the answer to that question but the

fact remains that he enjoyed hang gliding! While flying an airplane, the thought is present that at least there is a cockpit surrounding oneself. Of course this rationale is totally invalid because this *protective* layer surrounding the pilot consists of nothing more than thin aluminum sheeting or worse, cloth! But nevertheless, it is a delusion that a pilot with an underlying fear of heights can hang on to. That is unless he looks out at the wing tips on a long cross country flight and makes the mistake of allowing the thought to cross his mind, “*there’s really **nothing** holding us up!*” You just don’t do that!

With *hang gliding*, however it is really hard to cling to any *delusional comfort*, you are in reality *hanging from the bottom of a kite!* And there’s no way of getting around that!

Once again Kevin’s interest in hang gliding came as the result of a hobby being pursued by a brother, this time it was Scott’s turn. As I ponder about how often Kevin picked up a new activity as a result of a family member’s interest, the thought crosses my mind that we’re lucky that none of these guys took up hobbies like counterfeiting, bank robbery, etc. or our story might have had a totally different ending!

His hang gliding saga began in the early 1990’s. Scott does a great job of explaining Kevin’s involvement and interest in hang gliding with the enthusiasm and excitement he felt about the sport, so we’ll use his own description of it.

“... I’d taken my first hang gliding flight and it was a great flight. I went on a dual flight and got up to like 9,000 feet and flew for just ever, up over Crestline ridge and ever since then I was hooked and ended up getting into it and getting all my own equipment and what have you. A little bit after that I think Randy and Kevin and I were in the same office, in Kevin’s office, and I basically told them that ‘*yeah, you guys should go do a dual flight and see if you like it just for the sake of saying you’ve flown in a hang glider*’. Anyway, Kevin went and I hooked him up with an instructor. Rob McKenzie was the instructor. We went out to Marshall peak and Kevin went on his first dual flight with Rob and I went and soloed around and had a good time. As soon as we landed you could tell just by the look on his face that he had had just a blast. Almost right away he just went nuts, I don’t think he went to work or he must have gone to work a couple times in the next month or so. He did his bunny hill stuff and the rest of his dual flights and then right in between there when he was doing his bunny hill flights, he wanted to get his own equipment and stuff.

Kevin liked to have good looking stuff, he liked to look good with whatever he was doing. But I think money must have been a little bit

tighter, probably that time of year, because he made a big issue out of basically convincing Pam that he was buying used hang glider equipment. In theory every hang glider has been test flown at least five times by a certified instructor. So it was technically ‘used’. But he bought some *good* equipment. I flew it once and it was like driving a Ferrari versus a Volkswagen, and I was driving the Volkswagen [i.e. Scott’s hang glider = Volkswagen, Kevin’s = Ferrari]. Well as it turned out Pam knew that it was new the whole time she just never told Kevin that. We were talking when we moving Pam from Idaho to Utah, and he didn’t fool her at all.

There were a couple flights that kind of stand out in my mind. ... We talked Mike Nielson, who was a co-worker of ours, into basically driving my truck, dropping Kevin and I off up at the top of Marshall peak and then we’d hang glide down and he’d come and pick us up down at the bottom in the landing area. Mike lived in the area so he didn’t have a problem with that, and Kevin basically gave him the afternoon off to do that from work, so you know it was cool. So we got all our hang gliders and stuff and loaded up everything, and Neil ended up going with us. We got up to the top and got everything rigged and what not. I don’t have a ton of hang gliding hours but I was a more experienced pilot than Kevin was so I usually ended up kind of feeling things out and going first. I was taking off, you kind of pull in to get a lot of speed but there wasn’t a real strong up draft and they had this metal things down the hill with streamers tied to them so you could tell the wind direction down the hill. To kind of help you decide when to fly and when not to fly. Anyway I pulled in pretty hard on that and was cooking along and all of a sudden I heard this clank. I had skimmed the side of the mountain and clanked that bar over. I knew I had clanked it but nothing big, I guess Mike went down and put the flyer back up. Then Kevin was up on deck, and I guess that when I had knocked things over and was making such a ruckus on the hill I must have made a rattle snake or scared it or done something, anyway it (the rattlesnake) moved kind of up to were Kevin was to launch, but he couldn’t see that. He took off and Mike said that he heard this rattle going off and basically a snake cruised right out, Kevin had been in the air maybe a foot or two and took off just right above this rattlesnake.

We took off and [Mike and Neil] motored down. We flew around and I don’t know what I was doing. There was actually a pretty good house thermal there that day and I just totally blew it and went out too far and ended up going down and having like a ten minute flight. It was embarrassing. And Kevin got right into this sucker. ... Kevin went up and thermaled around quite a bit and he had a really good flight. And I’m packing stuff up, I think I was almost packed up by the time Kevin landed. Pretty soon Mike and Neil showed up and Neil being the character that he is, just the first things out of his mouth; ‘*Hey, my dad got higher than you!*’” It was like, *O.K. make me feel real good pal!*”⁸

Rock Climbing

As shown in our discussion of flying airplanes and hang gliding, Kevin never allowed his dislike of heights to prevent him from pursuing a good sport. Perhaps the challenge to overcome a personal demon served an added incentive. In any case, somehow he most definitely was able to disassociate within his mind *where he was* in order to honestly enjoy *what he was doing*. Such was the case with rock climbing.

Although his childhood years were filled with backpacking and mountain climbing experiences and some of these included some very steep climbs, only a few entailed the use of rope or other climbing gear. As a child he did go on a couple of excursions up Tahquitz rock (a famous Southern California climbing location) with his dad, brother, and family friend Owen Skousen who was an experienced climber. On these and a few scout activities involving short climbs and rappelling, his boyhood pride in front of his dad, brother, and friends easily quashed any possible demonstration of fear. Once again it wasn't until later in his life when his brother Scott's burgeoning interest in rock climbing spread over to drag Kevin really into the sport.

Probably the first time they went climbing together was when Kevin was priest quorum advisor in Upland 1st ward and Scott was part of his quorum. Kevin took this group of youth to his ranch in Idaho and as part of that trip they visited a "*city of rocks*" near Gooding. Here they did some short climbs, rappelling, and "*bouldering*". A like trip would be repeated a few years later with Kevin's brother Jeff and the youth of his priest quorum.

Where Kevin really got *hooked* on rock climbing was at *Mormon rocks*, which sit only a half-hour drive from Upland along the freeway in Cajon pass. Scott describes how this happened.

"The rangers used Mormon rocks as a testing center and they drilled bolts on a pretty long, about 150 foot over hang rappel. Kevin and I went up there and did some climbing and then we walked around to the rappel. You rappel down that once and your hooked! ... Of course rappelling to anybody that has climbed for awhile is just kind of work, just a way to get down. When you're first starting out that's just the coolest thing on the planet, especially when you get away from that rock and you're just free air for 150 feet! Once you get by the fear of the thing it's just a blast.

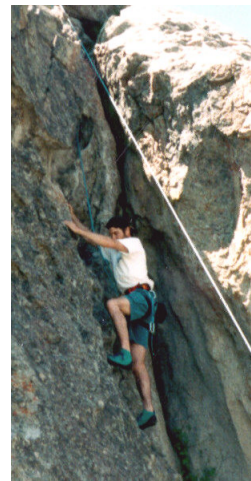
The rappelling was o.k. but I know [Kevin] got a kick out of the climbing, especially being as tall as he was he could reach some holds and really stretch out with his legs and do some pretty cool climbing.”⁹

Scott and Kevin would also go climbing at Indian cove, part of Joshua Tree National Monument out in the desert east of Palm Springs. Occasionally their camping/climbing trips here would also include Kevin’s son Bryce, their little brothers Rick and Jeff, and the *guys at Taxware*. Here is Scott’s description of Kevin’s climbing ability at this time.

“He had real strong legs from his cycling, so I remember his technique, his leg work was real well and by then he had also done some martial arts training so he had some decent arm strength. He just didn’t have the experience to get going too crazy but I know at Indian cove he climbed some at least 5.9 to a section or two of 5.10 [degree of difficulty] pitches, which was some pretty substantial climbing. Keep in mind that anything above 5.13, which is just insane would jump to a 6, and anything in the sixes you have to have assisters, it’s unclimbable ... its beyond inverted, your hanging upside down the whole time. The hardest thing I climbed out at Indian cove was a 5.11B. He was still coming along, he didn’t have a lot of experience but he had the body for it ... with a light frame and decent muscle mass, so he could pull some pretty decent moves.”¹⁰

After Kevin’s move to Idaho, they discovered a little “*bouldering*” area up the canyon from his home that they would climb on occasion.

One of his last and best trips rock climbing was in about 1995. This was a family activity in which Kevin and Bryce first traveled from their home in Idaho to *point of the mountain*, near American Fork Utah. Here they *hooked up* with King, Scott, Jeff, Rick, and Kevin’s brother-in-law Ed Cobb. They did a little hang gliding here and the next day traveled up to *City of Rocks* near Burley, Idaho. Not to be confused with the smaller “*City of Rocks*” near Gooding mentioned earlier, this *City of Rocks* is the world renown rock climbing mecca of southern Idaho. In addition to the great climbing here and family comraderie, King’s presence with his camera immortalized some of Kevin’s climbing on film.



Kevin climbing at City of Rocks, Idaho

Backpacking

Kevin always held fond memories of the many hiking and camping trips he had shared with his dad as a child, now as an adult he was in a position to build those same kinds of memories with his own children. In addition his mountaineering experience would continue to be put to use as he served as a youth leader in his church.

For a new father like Kevin it must have been a very special experience to take *his* little boy on his *first hike*. Bryce was just a little tike when they went on their first hike together. Their destination was an old familiar spot from Kevin's boy scout days called *Kelly's camp*, which is located in the San Bernardino mountains not too far from home. Here Bryce's childhood memories include exploring an old *pioneer* building and making *teeter-totters* out of planks of wood, but mostly just being with his dad.

Of course trips up Mt. Whitney formed a significant part of Kevin's bank of childhood camping memories, so in the summer of 1988 he organized another such trip. Kevin was serving as priest quorum advisor in Upland 1st ward at the time and although the trip was actually an activity planned for his youth group, it came to include his father, brothers Scott (who was a member of his priest quorum at the time, Jeff, and Rick, and his little boy, Bryce. So in reality it was very much a *family* outing. It would also be the last time that Kevin would climb this now very familiar mountain.

Jeff, Rick, and Bryce were all really just little boys being respectively just 9, 7, and 6 years old. For them to keep up with guys that were 16 or 17 was no easy task, especially on a trek up Whitney's mountaineers route,



Bryce, Kevin, and Rick Dalton
with Mt. Whitney in the
background – July 1988

which if you'll remember consisted of no real trail, just rock and rock slides.

It must have been almost like looking into a mirror of his past as Kevin watched *his* little blond haired boy scurrying up those same rock slides that he had done at about the same age or see him sitting on top next to that now very familiar plaque. For Kevin's father it must have been equally delightful to see his little boy with a little boy of his own marching up that same old mountain friend.

In about 1996 it was Kevin's intent to take the boys on another trek up Mt. Whitney, but because of a new requirement to have reserved hiking permits they had to hike instead in the nearby Kearsarge pass area. As it turned out this change of plans provided Kevin with one of his most exciting backpacking experiences, and most importantly gave his family a *great story*. This is how Bryce tells it:

"The ranger guy told us to put our food in the bear boxes once we got there. We got there and all the bear boxes were full, so my dad just put it in a big black bag and put it in the foot of our tent. He stayed up reading until about midnight and he went to sleep. I was still awake and I heard sniffing at the bottom of the tent. ... Well there was like five bears! One was about to get Rick's tent, our tents were pretty close together. I like sat up and screamed and scared the bear (the one about to get Rick's tent) and it fell back on my dad and sat on him!

... I've never heard my dad scream like he did! One bear sat on him and the other bear tore out the bottom of our tent and took the food and ran off! [Kevin] and Scott stayed up all night throwing rocks at the bears because they kept trying to come back."¹¹

The next day, after their hearts returned to beating at something even close to a normal rate, they had a good laugh about all of this. As hilarious as this seems now, I'm sure that at the time while Kevin was squirming beneath the bulging bottom of a bear, he must have been very close to *soiling his armor*, taking a quote he often used from Monty Python's *Search for the Holy Grail*, a movie that he practically knew by heart.

The bear indignity doesn't end here as Bryce continues to explain:

"It was pretty good! He [the bear] took the cheese spread stuff, you know in a can, he just twisted them open and sucked them out and left them there. It was a mess! ... We had some food in a little red bag and the bear took that and we found it the next morning. The bear had got sick and threw up in [the bag]! There was Jello and everything all over."¹²

So the bear not only stole their food, but regurgitated it back to them! And in the same bag he stole it in! At least they had the satisfaction of knowing he went away with a tummy ache!

Kevin led his youth group on a number of hiking, camping, and rock climbing trips, even camping at Catalina Island where he taught them snorkeling and they swam and dove off cliffs. On a like trip he took his little brothers and son Bryce camping on Anacapa Island. While hiking around the island (which isn't that big), Rick fell into a cactus and got cactus stuck in his had. Kevin went to pull it out and Rick hit him and put the cactus in his hand. It's tough being a Good Samaritan sometimes!

Kevin was also often invited to participate in activities with the Beardall side of his wife's extended family. One such memorable trip took him hiking with them through the Zion Narrows part of southern Utah's Zion National Park.

As for scenery this is perhaps one of the most spectacular hikes in the world. The hike basically follows the North Fork of the Virgin River as it winds its way through towering cliffs on both sides. The canyon widens and narrows from bend to bend, and at times closes in upon the river, which means this is a *wet* hike, at times requiring wading or perhaps even swimming. During a hot summer day this isn't necessarily a bad thing!

In addition to the beauty surrounding him during this day hike, Kevin truly enjoyed the company he kept. Also true to Kevin's nature he was mindful of *the new kid on the block* and did what he could to help him feel comfortable, as Derek Hatch who would soon be joining the Beardall clan explained.

"The first time I met Kevin was on the Zion narrows hike in September of 1988. I had just started dating Stacy in August and somehow got invited to hike the narrows and spend the weekend with Stacy's family in Parowan. Although I was excited to hike the narrows, the idea of spending 10 hours in a narrow canyon with people I didn't know was a little scary. As we hiked the canyon, I got lots of questions from everybody (I think Jim [Beardall, his future father-in-law] was testing me) and I started to feel comfortable with the Beardall crew. About half way through the hike, Kevin started hiking with me and we talked for a couple of hours about skiing, golfing, and other exciting stuff like accounting. Kevin was easy to talk with and I appreciated the extra effort that he made to make me feel like a part of the group during that potentially awkward experience. And since the Beardalls turned out to be fun people in a narrow canyon, I decided to marry Stacy."¹³

Hunting & Fishing

Kevin wasn't really what one would consider an *avid* fisherman, in the sense that he wasn't out every possible weekend with rod in hand or planning trips for the sole purpose of fishing. Nor was he a *purest*. His fly fishing experiences were but few and he was more likely to put a worm or some other bait on a hook then to use artificial lures. But he did enjoy fishing. Many of his childhood experiences involved fishing, out on the ocean or on hiking or camping trips, virtually anywhere he was around water he'd try his luck with a pole. And of course, his time spent with his Grandpa Dalton in particular, meant fishing.

None of this really changed for him as an adult, except for the fact that now he was the one taking the youngsters fishing. As an adult he rarely fished by himself or solely with other adults, the fun of fishing at this point in his life was wrapped up in the joy of helping and watching kids fish. Of course this feeling was amplified with his own little children.

For a young father there are few things so special and exhilarating as watching the excitement and gleam in a little kids eyes as he reels in a fish and then holds it up for a photo! Kevin had been the child fishing at his grandfather's side and treasured those moments in memory. Now it was only natural for him to want to be on the other side of that equation and build those same kinds of memories with his own children. Certainly this played a role in trips he took in the mid-1980's with his wife and little ones to Idaho and in particular the Stanley basin, the site of many of his most fond childhood fishing memories.

Shortly before and after their move to Idaho he and his kids often used their little Boston Whaler when fishing at the various reservoirs near their home. This was a little white fiberglass boat about 12 feet in length with a center steering console and an 18-hp Mercury outboard motor. From this little boat they fished, pulled the small people on water-skis, knee boards, etc. The boat used to be the dinghy aboard the *Rendezvous* but was kept when the larger boat was sold.

As a leader in his church he often took the youth he served on trips on the ocean, hiking and camping, and to his ranch in Idaho, and many of these trips included fishing. He'd also go on like trips

with his extended family. Such trips on the ocean aboard the *Rendezvous* or one of the earlier boats were numerous. Likewise were outings with his or his wife's extended family to Magic reservoir or the many other lakes and streams of south central Idaho or to Utah at places like Strawberry reservoir or Fish Lake.

The one outing to Fish Lake was particularly memorable. In July of 1986 Pam's side of the family was having a family reunion at Fish Lake in southern Utah. Kevin, Pam, and their kids first traveled to Parowan, Utah where they stayed a little while with Pam's Uncle Bob and Aunt Marge Beardall at their vacation condominium. Shélisa now just a year and a half old was at a particularly cute age and quickly endeared herself with her great uncle and aunt. On this trip she was full of cute antics, such as when after being sent to bed and coming to the door, slammed it and in disgust yelled back "*good night!*"¹⁴

The group then proceeded to their camping destination at Fish Lake where they camped in tents, fished, and generally enjoyed the company of the reunion. Kevin possessed more patience than the other men in his father's family, although that's not saying much. Perhaps this *patience* at times could be better described as a persistent and dogged unwilling-ness to accept defeat! He was competitive regardless of whether his foe was a tennis opponent or a *stupid* fish! This *patience* was put to the test at Fish Lake where despite their poor luck he remained "*bound and determined to catch a fish!*" In the end he stood for a picture smiling that same grin he would have used had he been holding a trophy or medal instead of a fish!

Like fishing, as an adult Kevin couldn't really be described as an *avid* hunter, although he did enough of it. He didn't live and breathe to hunt! His interest and joy in hunting was centered more on the hunting *trip* or *outing* than it was on the simple act of shooting



Kevin with his *fish* – Fish Lake,
Utah – July 1986

something. Being outdoors, camping, joking around with friends and family, and of course, the challenge of the hunt were the things he enjoyed about hunting.

There were times during Kevin's youth that he could have been considered an *avid* hunter. Much of his interest in hunting at that time was fueled by his friendship with Wally Velie. Before his mission Kevin and Wally would try to get out hunting together every chance they could. They'd go after ducks and geese out at California's Salton Sea, dove, quail, rabbits, even a rattle snake or two in the fields and orchards near their homes in Upland, and whatever else they could find to shoot.

As often happens as young men become adults their lives eventually became separated by geography as Wally eventually settled his family in Colorado and the opportunity to go together on such outings, although often talked about became few and far between. However, in the fall of 1990 these two old friends managed to roll back the hands of time and busy schedules and go hunting together once again, just the two of them. This time their destination was Kevin's ranch near Fairfield where they stayed while they hunted Idaho's backcountry for mule deer. They had a great time and managed to each shoot virtually identical mule deer, although Wally's garnered an extra point on its rack.

Skiing

Snow skiing wasn't a sport Kevin pursued until after his mission. Even then it wasn't something he could do real often because of two significant problems. The first was the fact that he lived in Southern California where snow was for the most part a novelty found only in the mountains and even there the ski operations had to invest in massive *snow making* equipment to insure a steady season of snow. This problem could and would be remedied by traveling to other areas, in particular Utah to ski, and of course his eventual move to Idaho. The second and more significant problem was the fact that winter was Kevin's busiest programming time of year. This effectively limited his time available to go skiing to the spring months of March and April or

occasionally the end of February when his workload would begin to tail off.

While still living in California much of his skiing was done in the ski areas located in the San Gabriel and San Bernardino mountains. The most frequented of these by Kevin was Mountain High near the town of Wrightwood where he, his cousin Randy, and brother Craig and on occasion Scott would go after work to ski at night. At this time none of them, including Kevin, really *knew* how to ski, but *lack of knowledge* was something that had never stopped them before. And on these first trips it didn't stop them from riding to the top of the lift and racing each other down on the bed of ice crystals created by the resorts snow making system, hoping for something softer at the bottom.

Without so much as a lesson or much of anything Kevin caught on to skiing just like most everything else he tried. As occasion would permit he took trips to Utah to ski at the resorts near Parowan or Salt Lake. This was always done in connection with family and friends, as skiing was mainly a means of associating with friends and enjoying each others company. In addition to skiing with his brothers and cousins, Kevin also enjoyed skiing with his wife's uncle and cousins, some of whom were tremendous skiers. His brother Scott gave us this description of how Kevin liked to ski.

"His skiing was very fast and technical. He had hurt his knee by then. He didn't like to get in the moguls or catch too much air or any of that. He liked to go *fast*! ... He liked fast technical skiing. We'd ski and I'd go "Oh, let's scope this jump" and go up to it, and he'd be happy to wait for me while I did the jump and ate crap! [He] made sure I was still alive and moved on to the next spot!"¹⁵

His move to Idaho came at a time when his children were of an age to learn and enjoy skiing and snowboarding. This activity then became a means that Kevin used to build his relationship with them and spend time together. They lived in an area that was frequently inundated with snow and noted for some of the best skiing in the world. Soldier Mountain ski area being close to their home was visited often by the family. In particular Kevin enjoyed teaching his kids new things and laughing at the antics that are always a part of a sport that entails a lot of crashing and sliding down a hill caked in snow.

Cycling

Ever since his first little red Huffy bike Kevin loved bicycles and riding. As a child he diligently saved his paper route money until he had enough to buy a top of the line lightweight Peugeot 10-speed for over \$100, which was a lot of money for a bicycle at the time.

In his later teenage years he scrounged every cent he could to be able to come up with enough money to buy a special touring bike that he just couldn't live without. When Kevin wanted something bad enough he always seemed to find a way to get it. He wanted this bike *bad* and so to come up with the money he sold his little brother a number of prize possessions including his wetsuit and his half share in their motorcycle at substantial discounts to fair market value. Craig couldn't understand why Kevin would rather have a bike that you had to pedal instead of one with a motor but considering he was getting some *good stuff* at fire sale prices he wasn't about to say anything that might cause him to change his mind.

He bought this bike with the intent of going on road trips. He rigged it with saddlebags to carry camping and other gear and did go on a few trips before his mission, mostly to the beach and coastal areas of southern California.

It was a few years after his mission and marriage that his interest in cycling really began to expand. He began to train for and participate in a number of road races. Once again, Kevin rarely did anything alone. He was always willing to go off and do something he wanted to irregardless of whether or not he could talk someone else into it, but it was just a lot more fun to share a hobby, sport, or activity with a friend. In this case, his companion in cycling was often Shawn Packer from his hometown of Upland. Here Shawn describes some of their training together.

"We got real serious into biking and got USCF (United States Cycling Federation) licenses. We didn't go too far with it, but we had a lot of fun and did a little bit of racing and a lot of training and some fun trips. We did a little bit of mountain biking for awhile. ... [Kevin] embraced cycling. He got all the cool gear. We road a lot, 3 or 4 days a week. We shot for a couple hundred miles a week. We probably wouldn't get to that too often, but sometimes if we had a big ride on Saturday we'd get a little over 200."¹⁶

Kevin throughout his adult life was physically fit. He was tall and although not really *skinny*, he was *lean*. What weight he carried was toned through training, exercise, and a very active lifestyle. In addition, throughout his life of running distance races, tennis, missionary life, etc. his body had been taught to endure. So at this time in his early thirties, when he told his body to just keep going, it no longer really argued! Shawn shared how this conditioning made Kevin well suited to the sport of cycling.

“Probably the biggest race we ever did was Mammoth. ... I think it was a 3-day stage. It was a Saturday, Sunday, Monday and you would normally try and do all three stages, but we didn’t want to ride on Sunday so we just did the road race from Bishop to Mammoth. It was like 50 something miles and 3,500 to 4,000 [foot] elevation change, it’s a real steep climb up the Sherwin grade ... that big steep grade coming right out of Bishop where it really pitches up. He’s so light and wiry, he could really climb, just kind of effortlessly. I was stronger for shorter bursts but on a sustained climb he would just go and go and go.

He was really suited to it [endurance races]. We’d train on Glendora Mountain road that goes from Glendora across the spine to Baldy Village and back down [to Upland]. I could maybe pull him for a little ways but boy he’d eventually just [pull away]. And he wasn’t really working it, it just wasn’t hard for him. He was really suited to long, long rides up hill.”¹⁷

He did a number of races in California, Arizona, and even in Mexico’s Baja California. He did quite well in some of these and Pam remembers him placing fairly high in one of his Arizona races. His family didn’t go with him to these races, as it was fairly difficult with the kids. But he did bring them back souvenirs like on his Mexico race when he gave presents to Bryce and Shélisa of a \$10,000 peso bill each. They thought they were “rich” and became quite proud, until they learned that 10,000 pesos at the time was only worth about four dollars!



Rob and Jim Beardall, and Kevin Dalton cycling in Orange, California - July 1988

In particular Kevin enjoyed riding from his home in Upland down to the beach, a trip of about 50 miles. Of course, the ride back home would be *up hill* and although Kevin was fit, could endure, and all that, he was still no dummy, so often he'd arrange to have his wife and kids drive down. They'd pick him and his companion up, and usually go out to dinner or something fun before driving home again with bikes riding effortlessly on the car rack.

As with all cyclists Kevin had to deal with or endure discourteous motorists. Often on city streets in heavy traffic or residential areas where their speed on bicycle matched or even exceeded the speed of traffic they would merge in with traffic. However some drivers took exception to this believing that bicycles were by nature *always* slower. Some would yell for them to get on the sidewalk, obviously not knowing that riding a bicycle on the sidewalk is technically illegal. Others would shout obscenities or threats. Although patient in many regards, Kevin did not take well to being yelled at by ignorant drivers and his creativity at times yielded humorous results as the following story told by Shawn illustrates.

"When you're riding a lot of people don't feel like you belong on the road. I mean, they see bicycles and feel like you should be off in the gutter doing 5 miles an hour or whatever. We would ride along at a pretty good clip so as we ride fast we kind of move out in the road a little bit. Kevin and I were riding along over by the La Puente mall ... I don't recall the specifics but we kind of got in an exchange with this guy with a convertible, some kind of hot sports car convertible. Kevin had a water bottle in his hand drinking a drink and this guy kept giving gas so he just chucked the water bottle through the top of the car! It was all gridlock so we just rode off. The guy couldn't get us. It bounced off his head and we didn't hang around for the aftermath! We didn't know if he had a gun or whatever. It was really heavy traffic so cars were backed up for several cycles of the traffic light, so we never saw him again. He would really get mad at drivers that would yell at us, he really would react. People would yell at us "*get out of the road stupid cyclists!*" or honk at us or give us the *finger* or whatever. He would really get provoked and let him know what he thought. He didn't suffer in silence!"¹⁸

As with any hobby, Kevin was known for doing it right with the *best* of gear, and as Shawn put it, with cycling Kevin "*got all the cool gear*". However, Kevin was far from being totally serious in this regard as his son Bryce explained:

“Robert [Fuller] always got my dad to buy the craziest biking stuff. He got him a biking helmet with two big spotlights on top to ride at night. He showed up on our door at night and looked like an alien or something!”¹⁹

In addition to cycling accessories, Kevin also enjoyed working on his bikes and his meticulous nature demanded that he have things *just right*. His wife, Pam remembers him sitting on the floor putting together tires and rims, tuning wheels, and basically custom building his bikes.

He did the same with the bikes he gave to his kids. Bryce remembers a special mountain bike that his father built and painted for him, and the fun rides that they took together up Euclid Avenue to the foothills above 24th street in Upland.

Golf

Kevin’s interest in golf didn’t come until shortly before his mission. Remember it was while playing golf with his friend Wally Velie that Kevin tried out his new *missionary haircut*, which caused him to enter the LTM as literally a *redneck* from southern California. With many of Kevin’s other sports it seems apparent that he enjoyed *whacking* at balls, so in that sense his taking up golf was only natural.

He never took the sport overly seriously or put much time and practice into it, but would use it as an outing to get together with groups of family or friends. Although it’s interesting that unlike most of Kevin’s other hobbies, none of his brothers or sisters, or his parents ever played golf to speak of.

Probably the most regular golfing event Kevin participated in was the Anderson Lumber/Boy Scout Golf Tournament in Sun Valley, Idaho. Members of Pam’s extended family had ties to Anderson Lumber and Kevin was invited to play in the tournament as part of the family foursome, which consisted of Mike Beardall, Derek Hatch, and Dave Empey (the CFO of Anderson Lumber Company). Kevin played in this annual summer tournament the last several years of his life. This became especially convenient after his move to Idaho because of Sun Valley’s close proximity to his home. Derek Hatch gave us this insight regarding Kevin’s involvement in the tournament.

“One of the highlights of summer for the past several years, and where I got to know Kevin the best, has been the annual Sun Valley golf tournament. Mike and I could always count on a fun time with Kevin in our group and we often had a difficult time hitting the ball good because we were laughing so hard. Kevin was a good golfer (he seemed good at every sport) and when he seemed to get a little tired, Mike and I enjoyed shouting ‘*Turbo Tax!*’ (a business competitor) to get him fired up. For the next several shots he seemed to hit the ball an extra 50 yards. Each year our team got better and we had our best year in 1997 when we almost won a trophy. The Sun Valley golf tournament is a fun time but it will not be the same without Kevin on our team.”²⁰

Mike Beardall also wrote of the fun time this group had playing together.

“Most of my experiences in recent years have been with Kevin on the golf course. Kevin came to Ogden several years ago and we decided to play 9 holes of golf. After the first nine we decided to play another nine because we were having such a good time, and then we played another nine. We started walking but by the end of the second nine we were so tired we had to get carts for the last nine holes. Kevin was a great golfer and was always carrying our team in our annual trip to Sun Valley. My Dad, Derek, and I looked forward to this trip all year long. Anytime we were behind and the rest of us had a bad drive all we had to do was tell Kevin that we used Turbo Tax to prepare and file our taxes, and sure enough Kevin would drive the ball at least 300 yards.”²¹

This tournament also served as an reason for Pam’s extended family to get together as many, even those not actually playing in the tournament would come up to spend some vacation time in Idaho. Therefore Kevin and his home were often host during this time of year to family members who would come and enjoy the various activities found on the ranch.

Karate

Kevin had always been fascinated with the martial arts. On occasion as a Boy Scout his father had taught him a little of the Judo that he had learned as a youth. As a child and youth Kevin was never significantly concerned about his ability to stand up for himself. He was a boy, youth, and later a man of reasonable size and build, and of considerable athletic ability, and as such was not the type of person the ill at heart would single out to “*pick on*”.

When his son Bryce grew to be about 8 years old he decided to enroll him in classes to learn the art of Karate. In addition to the confidence that comes with an increased ability to defend oneself, undoubtedly Kevin saw the discipline, training, physical conditioning, and self control that are also a part of Karate as major benefits that he wanted for his son. Of course, as Kevin got his son started in this, it naturally peaked his own interest and he became involved also. It therefore became a discipline that they studied together as father and son, a common interest, and the time spent together would become the most significant outcome.

They enrolled in Lou Casamassa's Red Dragon Karate Studios Kung Fu. Louis Casamassa had a chain of Karate schools bearing his name in southern California. The school in Upland was owned and managed by a young man by the name of Thomas Cosgrove who would become Kevin and Bryce's Sensei. Thomas Cosgrove already had a distinguished career as a martial artist and had risen through the ranks of the Red Dragon system faster than anyone before him.

Both Kevin and Bryce also advanced quickly. Bryce went from fifth class blue belt, which he earned on December 15, 1989, through green and brown to earn his 1st degree black belt on June 10, 1992. I was unable to find Kevin's schedule of progress, other than the fact that he had earned his black belt by the time his son had.

Later he also had his little son Neil doing Karate at only about 6 or 7 years of age. Kevin also got his brother Scott involved in the sport and we'll leave the subject with a quote from him that describes the degree that Kevin had progressed to within the system and his physical condition as an adult in his early thirties.

"He kicked the crap out of me ... I had to get into it because I can't have any of my



Kevin and Bryce Dalton - 1991

older brothers thinking they can kick the crap out of me! We'd spar from time to time. He was to the point where he was actually teaching private lessons and things of this nature. So other than group lessons we never hooked up that much at the studio, we knew the same people and all that. ... Kevin had to have been one of the fittest people that I knew. During the time that he was doing martial arts he was doing cycling, so the guy had the cardiovascular, just unbelievable lung capacity. He just didn't get tired! When we'd play hockey, we'd rotate subs in and out but he really didn't need it, he could have skated the whole block! Whereas the rest of us were like, *"Ok I need a sub! Where's the oxygen bottle!"*²²

Woodworking

As a child and youth building things or working with his hands was not a major interest of Kevin's. That isn't to say that he wasn't "handy" in his early years. As we've seen he loved to build his train sets, erector sets, wood burning, etc. as well as working on his bikes, building forts in the backyard, carts to race down the street, and the construction projects typical of a child or youth in his day and time. However, after his marriage Kevin began to make building things a significant hobby. In particular he began to take a serious interest in woodworking, which would become a major outlet of expression for his artistic abilities.

As mentioned earlier, one of his first woodworking projects as an adult was the baby cradle he made at the time of Bryce's birth. This was a labor of the love of an excited prospective father. He put his heart and soul into this project, and a lot of time, perhaps too much time during a most busy period of his life, making it just so.

Like this effort most of his woodworking projects were made as gifts for his children, family, or friends. In a way with each of these gifts he also gave a part of himself, his time, talent, creativity, and love. This giving or making something for a loved one that he knew they'd appreciate was really the focal point and main purpose of his woodworking.

It would be impossible to describe all the different projects he made, but I'll mention a few that have come to my attention as having special significance or a special memory to some of his family.

Bryce remembers him “always making something”. On one occasion he remembers his dad mass producing little wooden toy cars to be given away at a church function or as a service project. Kevin enlisted his son Bryce and little brother Rick to help. Even though their main job was sanding, they had a good time working with Bryce's dad.



Kevin and the horse he carved

On another occasion he built sturdy wood rocking chairs for Bryce, Rick, and Shélisa, complete with their initials carved in. These were of a type that will undoubtedly become heirlooms, a precious keepsake to be handed down.

Some other precious heirlooms are the grandfather clock that he made for his wife, Pam, and the mantel clock that he made for his mother.

Probably the most intricate and artistic project he did was a small carousel horse he made for his wife Pam. He spent many hours meticulously carving and finishing this horse, which stood about 2 ½ feet tall.

After the families move to Upland, Kevin built a woodworking shop on the property in back of his house that he shared with his parents. Here he housed a wide variety of tools, saws, and power equipment. True to Kevin's form, the tools he bought and used were of the best quality. Much of his woodworking was done in this shop. Later with his move to Idaho, Kevin also moved many of his tools and set up a like, albeit smaller shop next to his small house along Chimney Creek road.

Other Sports & Hobbies

Towards the end of his stay in California Kevin bought a Suzuki Katana 1100. This was a sleek black street bike with fiberglass fairings and a profile that made it look like it was going 100mph while standing still in the driveway. This motorcycle was powered with a 102 hp, 1100cc engine and weighed about 600lbs. It had a lot of torque and was fast, being capable of 140+ miles per hour top speed. It's doubtful that Kevin ever took it that fast, although knowing Kevin, on some occasion he surely must have come close! The bike was known for its handling and Kevin liked to ride winding, curvy roads.

As a little boy, Bryce remembers the thrill of riding down Euclid to his dad's work on the back of this motorcycle, something the two of them did on a regular basis. It was something to be one of Kevin's kids, because their dad always had the "coolest" toys.

On occasion he like to go on road trips with this bike. He liked to travel and explore, and this was another fun way to do it.

Every Thursday night Kevin would get together with a regular group of family and friends to play roller hockey on the lighted tennis court in his backyard in Upland. This group also included Kevin's son Bryce who remembers that his dad "always had the best of the best, [that] he'd always get the best roller blades or the best pads, etc." Kevin's physical ability, fitness, and endurance as already described made him well suited to this sport. This combined with his natural competitiveness made him a tough opponent. As he grew older and he became more and more aware of life's responsibilities he began to demonstrate some limits as to what he was willing to sacrifice to win, as his brother Scott explains.

"He used to play roller hockey with us once a week. ... He must have gotten a little bit cautious in his older age because when we played roller hockey, he actually skated pretty good, he had all the fancy equipment of course, but he'd avoid getting checked at all cost, even if it meant, you know ... this is only a game, guys!"²³

Later we'll touch on some of Kevin's other activities and interests, such as riding snow machines, horseback riding, animals, etc. as they relate to his experience in Idaho.

Trying to describe Kevin's interests and activities is almost like writing a never-ending story. Every time I think I've included them all, several new ones pop to mind or are brought to my attention. The reason for this is simply that Kevin tried just about everything that he came in contact with. If he thought of it (and he thought a lot), he tried it. If one of his friends tried something new, he was game also. I chose the activities described in this chapter mainly because of the interrelationship they bore between Kevin and many of his friends and family.

However it's time to close out this chapter and move on to some other aspects of Kevin's life.

Family Traditions

Every family establishes traditions that as a whole are unique to themselves. Many of these evolve as a composite of traditions that each spouse brought to the marriage from their homes growing up. Many become tradition simply because mother or father, son or daughter did things a certain way frequently enough. These form the basis of many memories, ideals, and just habits that are passed down through the generations. “*My dad always did it like that*”, “*mom always did things this way*”, “*grandpa used to say such and such*”, etc. Some may exist for no apparent reason, others perhaps don’t even make any sense, but it’s just the way we do things as a family. The way we’ve always done them!

This is an important part of heritage, the traditions we receive from our ancestors. Equally important are the things we pass through to our posterity. Now let’s examine some of the things Kevin and his family did and the way they did them. Undoubtedly some of these will be passed on to future generations or perhaps simply held as cherished memories.

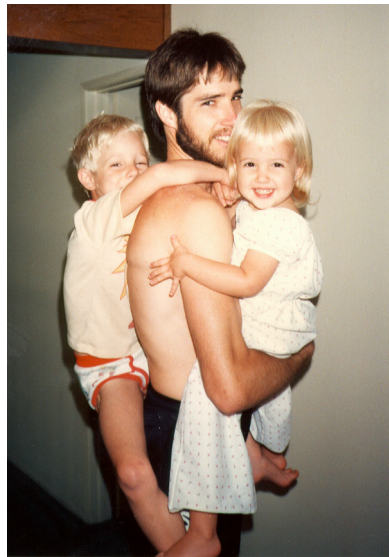
One of the first traditions established with Kevin’s new family was that of having a formal family picture taken each year. The picture was typically taken in late fall before Christmas time with the family dressed in “Sunday clothes”. Some years they would have another such picture taken at Easter. In doing this they enlisted the services of Kevin’s father as photographer. Many of these pictures, especially in the early years, were taken on the grounds of the Upland Public Library. Kevin and Pam liked the setting and so this became their traditional spot. Because of this

tradition we have a wide variety of family portraits that pictorially document the family's and each family member's growth and changes through the years. Getting dressed up and sitting for a photograph, actually a series of photographs was fairly easy for a young couple, however as the family grew to include a full complement of young children the task naturally became more difficult. This was especially true of Neil who was usually either trying to run away or making some sort of face.

Kevin had his own special technique in dealing with the children's bedtime. He'd start wrestling on the floor with all of them and with them climbing all over him would simply stand up and carry them off to bed.

He was a kind and loving father. He truly enjoyed playing with his kids, goofing around with them, cuddling up with them, just spending time together, in addition to all the trips, sports, and activities he'd do with them. He was not aloof and took time to teach and talk with his kids. Often he acted every bit as much a kid as they did, he had a good sense of humor, and his kids enjoyed being around him.

However, it was very important to him that his children be well behaved, so he shared the burden of discipline. There were many times and places for play, but also times and places where such was not appropriate. He wasn't the normal disciplinarian for the little things around the home, as that role fell more on Pam, but when they rebelled against their mother's word or when something serious occurred, Kevin would instill order quickly and firmly. He also would tolerate no disrespect for their mother *at all!* This was his wife and he would not tolerate anyone speaking or acting disrespectfully towards her including the children. Kevin understood that *consistent* discipline was a key to his children growing up well, happy, and to



Kevin taking Bryce & Shélisa off to bed after wrestling with them.

their having a peaceful home. Forms of discipline mainly included things like sitting in a corner and removal of privileges. Corporal punishment was a rarity, although used when deemed applicable, especially as the last resort. For instance, what do you do when the child just gets up and leaves the corner he's suppose to be sitting in?

Also included in Kevin's armament of disciplinary tools were a few that were quick, nonverbal, even silent, and incredibly effective. For instance, a child squirming or talking during a church meeting might meet with a couple of technique's Kevin learned as a child from his father (notice the tradition being handed down). One of these was the *knee grab*, a pinch just above the knee between the thumb and one or two fingers. Another was the *neck squeeze*, a similar maneuver aimed at the back of the neck. It's impossible to really describe these in words, but they are very much like the *Vulcan death grip* of *Star Trek* fame and certainly no less effective! The beauty of these techniques is that they would produce in the child such a paralysis of pain that he would immediately stop whatever it was he was doing, cease doing it silently, and the *residual memory* of it would last for quite some time afterwards. Meanwhile the father would have said absolutely nothing, while having communicated volumes with a simple tweak of his hand.

Kevin was also very willing to tend the kids, especially when Pam had things to do. He'd take his turn in the night comforting a sick or troubled one. He also helped feed them, although what he fed them was in the eyes of some, not necessarily appropriate. As Pam put it, "*he was always feeding them junk!*" Kevin loved his chips, ice cream, slurpee at work, and just about any other form of quality junk food. And he saw no reason why he shouldn't share with his child, even if that child was really no more than a baby. Besides, they loved him for it, he was a *good* dad!

Kevin developed a friendship with his children. Communication was open, and perhaps this more than anything aided him in raising some good, well behaved kids.

Kevin was also a thoughtful husband and the romance he shared with his wife remained bright. He was good about remembering anniversaries and special occasions, and at times would buy her flowers or gifts for no apparent reason. His buying

her candy, flowers, a night out to dinner, and perhaps a special gift became a regular Valentines Day tradition. He was sentimental and their friendship continued to grow throughout the years.

Birthday traditions included the birthday child having his or her choice of cake, ice cream, and dinner or if they wanted to go out somewhere. Pam made very elaborate and special cakes for them, shaped and decorated according to their wishes. Some of these took the form of boats, dinosaurs, even a *Popple*. Popples were little stuffed animals that you stuffed back into themselves to form a ball, and on Shelisa's 3rd birthday she wanted a cake to match her favorite *Popple*.

Where and what to eat for dinner was another important birthday decision. *Chuck-e-Cheese* or *Bullwinkle's* (both children or family oriented pizza and arcade restaurants) were popular destinations during the years the family lived in California.

Birthdays were also an occasion to gather extended family together. It was always exciting having a number of cousins the children's age sharing the moment, along with Kevin's younger brother's and sister's some of whom were not much older than his own children.

Kevin enjoyed getting his children gifts and seeing their excitement. He loved to see little kids with bright smiles and giggles tearing away at wrapping paper. Also because he never really grew up himself, often his children's gifts were purchased because of their appeal to him personally. As Bryce put it "*I think he liked our presents just as much as we did. He'd always play with them!*" Bryce continues with this memory that also illustrates his father's sometime obsession with video games:

"He bought us a Nintendo for Christmas one year and I swear he played that more than we did. He always tried to beat every game we had. I remember him staying up pretty late to do it too. He'd stay up way past our bedtime. ... I remember when I'd go to work with him, on his lunch break we'd always go down to Bullwinkle's (a pizza place/arcade) and play pinball."¹

Kevin was a competitor at heart and it didn't matter much whether he was beating someone on the tennis court or some electronic game, winning was winning! During his teenage years, Nintendo or video games didn't exist, instead he played with pinball machines and he definitely was a *pinball wizard*!

Just after his mission with the coming of the computer era, video games began to appear in the arcades. Also very crude games began to become available for desktop computers. Such as *Space Aliens*, where little aliens would drop from the top of the screen faster and faster that would have to be shot before they got to the bottom. He'd play this and others at work regularly.

Christmas time of year abounds with traditions. Many of these evolve as the children grow older. When first married, they would spend Christmas eve and morning with Kevin's family, due to the fact that his family still had small children at home and they wanted to share in the excitement that children bring to the holiday. Then they'd spend the rest of the day and Christmas night with Pam's folks. Many of the Dalton's and Ivie's Christmas traditions were similar, so they simply continued the same; things like stockings hung, candy, the nativity played out on Christmas eve, opening one present (usually pajamas) on Christmas eve, etc. As their own family grew some traditions were brought from Pam's family, where Santa had always wrapped the gifts he set out during the night. Others were from Kevin's family, such as lining up from youngest to oldest while waiting for dad to ready his photography equipment before entering to see what Santa had brought. Illustrating the child's perspective of this tradition, Bryce stated simply:

"He'd always make us wait a *long time* to open our presents on Christmas morning because he had to get his video camera set up and the fire going and ..." ²

As they began their married life they tried to combine their purchase of a Christmas tree with landscaping needs by buying a live potted tree. Quickly determining that this wasn't really feasible they turned to the tradition Pam grew up with in her family, which was the use of a "*fake*" tree. But Kevin liked having a "*real*" tree so they began a tradition of going to a tree farm where he and the kids or as a family could cut their own tree. For Kevin, the bigger the tree the better, regardless of whether or not it would actually fit in the house. Pam remembers once sending Kevin and Bryce off to get their tree and them coming home with a tree that they could hardly get through their double front doors and once inside, even though they had vaulted ceilings, Kevin had to cut a major chunk off the top of it! ³

Of course the most odious part of Christmas for Kevin was having to get up on the roof, hang out on the edge, and hang Christmas lights. He could handle flying, hang gliding, even rock climbing, but hanging Christmas lights took all the guts he could muster!

According to his children, another of Kevin's Christmas traditions was watching the 1983 movie "A Christmas Story" together every year. This is the one where the little boy wants a BB gun for Christmas but his mom, teacher, everyone tells him "*you'll shoot your eye out!*" Even after asking Santa "*I want an official Red Rider carbine action 200 shot range model air rifle*", he gets the response "*You'll shoot your eye out, kid. Merry Christmas. Ho ho ho.*" He loved that movie! It's "*a classic!*" Full of little phrases and situations Kevin could identify with as a kid growing up. Bryce describes another *movie* tradition:

"It's not really a holiday, but it seemed like every year we watched Monte Python "*Search for the Holy Grail*". He had that movie memorized just down pat!"⁴

This was definitely not a movie that wives and mothers appreciated, mainly because it's so "*stupid*". But was a fun way for Kevin to play with his kids and carry on with *the boys*.

Kevin taught his family the importance of the atonement of Jesus Christ and had strong feelings about it. Still the things that stand out in the children's minds at Easter time, were new clothes, pictures, and Easter baskets. Along these lines Bryce gives us this memory.

"We'd always have the egg hunts outside, although we never had the real eggs, we always got plastic eggs and filled them with candy. He [Kevin] hated eggs. He never ate eggs, he called them chicken farts!"⁵

For the 4th of July they usually went down to Pam's Uncle Bob and Aunt Marge Beardall's home in Orange County California. Here Pam's extended family would congregate to celebrate Independence day and often Carole Ivie's birthday, which landed on July 5th. They'd enjoy barbecue, swimming, and could legally do fireworks, something not allowed in Upland. Also from their home they could watch the annual fireworks display at nearby Disneyland.

If they didn't go to the Beardall's on the 4th, the family barbecued at home, played roller hockey and other activities. At night they'd go down to the church building across from Upland High School and watch the city fireworks display held on the school's football field.

After moving to Idaho they had access to firecrackers, bottle rockets, and other really "cool" fireworks. The family also went to the park in Fairfield to watch the fireworks display held there.

One of Kevin's favorite holidays was Halloween. All of Kevin's favorite holidays, Christmas, birthdays, Halloween, etc. had the common theme of hearing children laugh and seeing their smiles. He loved to take the kids *trick or treating*, to see the excitement in the kids as they gathered up *loot*! Usually he'd dress in costume along with the kids, such as one memorable year when he went as *Indiana Jones* (an adventure character from some popular movies in the 1980's).

While still living in California the family's group of trick or treaters usually included the children's cousins living in the area and Kevin's two youngest brothers, Jeff and Rick. So often they went door to door with a fairly large group. At the end of the night as the kids sat around counting their loot, Kevin would also review the safety of what they had picked up, and receive the candy tax. The kids "*would always give him the stuff we didn't like!*"⁶

Another tradition the family established was to have home made chili and home made bread each Halloween. Of course, for Kevin and Pam this was also a special anniversary, as it was at a Stake dance on Halloween that they first met as teenagers. Pam tells us of another tradition Kevin enjoyed during this time of year and another of his hobbies.

"Kevin's thing was carving pumpkins. He loved to carve pumpkins. He started doing all the really fancy pictures with witches in them and stuff. ...



Kevin and Bryce carving pumpkins for Halloween - October 31, 1988

During this time [of year] he has no time, but he would make time to do the pumpkins [with the kids].”⁷

Some traditions are born of necessity. Kevin was the medical technician of the family and his children, in particular his son Bryce, were somewhat accident prone. Therefore he had numerous occasions to doctor his kids or take them in to be doctored.

After the family’s move to Upland Bryce and his uncle Rick, being close to the same age and with an adjoining backyard, became close friends and would play a lot together. Also as typical boys, they’d manage to get each other injured on a regular basis! Bryce explains his dad’s involvement in dealing with the inevitable with this story:

“I went to the emergency room so many times. When I got stitches in my chin and stuff, he always gave me a quarter to squeeze and squeeze his finger and stuff as the doctor would sew me back together.”

When asked *what the stitches in his chin were for?* He began to respond “*Rick and I ...*”, but was met with the sarcastic question, *why did all of your accidents have Rick involved with them!?*

“Maybe that’s why we moved! We were trying to slide down that bridge between our house and grandma’s house and I tripped and slide back and hit my chin on the ice. Just split it open. He [Kevin] was always the one to run me to the emergency room.”⁸

Physical Description

Of course, this is not a *family tradition*, it seems fitting to include a physical description of Kevin at his prime before moving on with the rest of his story.

Throughout his adult years he was always fit and trim, standing 6 feet 3 inches and weighing about 180-190 pounds. His hair had turned full brown during his mission and now matched his brown eyes, which often contained a certain indescribable glint. His skin complexion was good and usually somewhat tan, and he was not “*hairy*”, although there was nothing “*feminine*” about him either. He had an endearing smile with teeth that were white and naturally fairly straight. Actually it was his eyes and smile that people seemed to notice and remember most. As these comments illustrate:⁹

“It was always fun to try to please Kevin because he would get this great big shy smile on his face that just seemed to lighten up the room.” – LaRue Beardall

“When I met him [for the first time] he gave me that Kevin smile – something I have started to see in Bryce.” – Laurie Robinson

“When I think of Kevin, the image that comes to my mind is of his twinkling eyes, a great smile, and a somewhat mischievous laugh. He always made me feel comfortable and at ease.” – Marge Beardall

“The first thing I remember about Kevin is the way he smiled. His eyes always crinkled up when he would smile, and he reminded me of a little boy that loved to laugh.” – Kirsten Hoopes

Kevin’s twinkling eye and endearing grin were really just outward expressions of his character he held deep inside.

“Kevin was always sensitive to other people’s feelings. I remember at many family gatherings he would make an effort to talk to everyone and would always have something to talk about with everyone.” – Stacy Hatch

“Kevin had a strong appreciation of the gospel and was dedicated in his church callings. Kevin was one who lived the gospel through example and how he lived – he was not one to criticize others or preach to them. Kevin had a neat humility about his abilities, even though he was excellent at so many things.” – Alan Robinson

“[During a visit to the Dalton home in Idaho] Catherine was shooting the 20-gauge [shotgun] and attempting to hit the clay pigeons. After numerous attempts Kevin ran over and put a clay pigeon in the tree and Catherine was finally successful. Kevin always seemed to be aware of other people’s feelings and needs.” – Mike Beardall

Throughout his adult life Kevin at times would grow out of the blue grow a beard, mustache, or both and then after a time suddenly appear clean shaven. This cycle was repeated several times. This is why in so many pictures Kevin is seen with a beard while in others of almost the same time period he appears without. Pam explained the reason why.

“He would just get tired of shaving and the irritation and stuff, and he’d just let it grow.”¹⁰

On Pam's part, she didn't really care, whether Kevin had a beard or not, she liked him either way. His beards would grow quickly and be full, uniform, and dark brown, and in keeping with the general neat appearance he maintained in all his dress, his beards were almost always neatly trimmed.

Now let's return to December of 1985 where we left off and his new home in Upland.

1457 W. 18th Street, Upland

The Dalton's new home in Upland was located midway between Mountain and Benson avenues at 1457 W. 18th Street. This was actually only a few blocks from the citrus orchard and rock quarry where Kevin had often hunted as a teenager. In a way this was somewhat of a coming home for him, a return to the city where he grew up.

The home they purchased was newly built, it wasn't a tract home but was one of a few homes built by the same construction company in the area at that time. It was a fairly large and beautiful two-story house with a front yard that gently sloped down to 18th street to the south. This front yard included a large, mostly buried granite boulder that remained a decorative fixture partially because it was too large to move without blasting. Because this was a new house, they didn't have to perform *fixing up* projects like they had with their previous homes. However, they still did a number of things that instilled in this house their character and taste. It was decorated nicely and had a significant amount of wood décor, which reflected Kevin's taste. For the children (including Kevin) they also created a *game room* above the garage and would extend the outdoor game playing facilities significantly as will be described later.

The location of this house placed the family within the Upland 1st Ward church boundaries. This was actually the same ward that Kevin was a member of during his childhood before it was divided. Shortly after arriving in their new ward Kevin was called to serve as President of the Young Men's organization and Pam was called as Young Women's President. Kevin served in this capacity for a

number of years and as mentioned earlier, one of the young men he would teach and have stewardship over was his little brother Scott. Here's his description of Kevin as a YM leader and his Young Men's group.

"[Kevin] did some really cool Priest age type activities. He was my Priest leader for two solid years. The group of guys that we had in there were [good], nobody was inactive or kind of a jerk, or any of the above. It was just me and Mark Johnson, Jason Downey, Dale Andreoli, and one or two others. ... We were all Eagle Scouts, we were done with scouting, so we set up our own main activities. One year we went camping at Catalina Island for 3 or 4 days and snorkeled the heck out of everywhere, went cliff jumping, and just kind of hung out and ate *Big Ed* waffle cones. Then like the next year we went to the ranch in Idaho and rode motorcycles and horses and did some rock climbing and went over to Magic Reservoir and did some fishing and stuff behind the Whaler boat. It was a fun trip."¹

In Upland Kevin also taught the Valiant A Primary (children's) class, which he really enjoyed. Regarding this calling, Pam relates:

"It was just a rowdy class and so they put Kevin in there to kind of *tame* the guys down and he did! So they just left him in there for quite a while. He loved it! He had the lessons memorized, he would never have to prepare because he had done it for so many years."²

Kevin also served for six months or so as the Primary pianist. This was fun as it gave him the opportunity to play favorite songs from his childhood and learn new songs that he must have realized would be etched in the memories of the children he served. But what made this calling particularly enjoyable was the fact that he got to serve together with his wife who held the position of Primary chorister at the time.

In February of 1987 Kevin took his wife and two children on a trip to Idaho. They wouldn't normally drive to Idaho in the dead of winter, but Kevin was substantially through with programming for the tax season and wanted to get away. Also the proceeding December he bought some new property and wanted to see it. It was a horrendous trip, arriving in the dark with roads unplowed at the peak of winter, in an area of Idaho known for harsh winters, but they made it all right.

A year and a half before when King bought the house and 80-acres near Fairfield Idaho discussed earlier, Kevin had ultimately decided not to share in the purchase. However, in December of

1986 an adjoining 350 acres with a small green house became available and Kevin went in partnership with his parents to buy this property. Now, although it was covered with a thick blanket of snow, they were standing on and looking over their own little piece of Idaho! Actually 350 acres was a lot of land to a couple raised in cities of Southern California.

In fact their California mentality really showed when they decided to take the kids for a little walk from the big house on the hill to the little green house. They didn't want to make their little kids trudge through the snow so they found a little metal sheet to pull the kids on, but as they sat on that metal being dragged over the frozen snow their little bottoms got miserably cold. Their California parents just couldn't understand why they kept complaining about how cold their little rears were!

Kevin made another trip to Idaho in March of that year. His brother Craig was moving his family to a ranch just outside of the little town of Deary in North Idaho and Kevin volunteered to help him move. This was this most miserable trip one could imagine and Kevin was very patient and a great help. Their caravan consisted of Craig driving a very large U-haul truck pulling a large stock trailer containing four horses and two dogs, Kevin driving another loaded pickup and pulling Craig's Willys Jeep, Sharon in company with Jeff driving her loaded pickup and pulling a trailer with a helicopter on it, and Craig's wife Sandy driving the family's sedan with their three small children. This caravan was quite the sight going down the highway. The problem was that the U-haul truck was so loaded with gear and pulling the horses that anytime they came to a hill they could only go about 15 miles an hour. This normally 20-hour trip took them 48 hours. To make matters worse, they had to get the horses to their destination as soon as possible because they had no ability to stop and feed them. This meant that they had to drive 48 hours straight without sleep. They finally arrived late in the night and got a few hours sleep before Kevin, his mom, and brother Jeff began their 20 hour return trip back to California, with Kevin driving most of the way. This he did graciously without complaint or without verbal complaint anyway. Craig waited an extra day before he returned to California for more vehicles and stuff. Undoubtedly Kevin remembered this trip and learned something from it, because when

it came time for his move to Idaho he would hire a moving company.

During the first half of 1987 Kevin and Pam were expecting another addition to their family. On Tuesday, June 30, 1987 Neil Peterson Dalton was born. Like all his other brothers and sister, he was born at San Antonio Community Hospital in Upland and John W. Sullivan was the attending physician. Because they



Kevin in the hospital with his newborn son, Neil Peterson Dalton - June 30, 1987

knew that each of their children would have to be delivered Cesarean, they had Neil's birth date already scheduled but Neil was anxious to come. This combined with some problems at the hospital made his delivery rough on Pam as she explains.

"[With] Neil I had been in labor for 24 hours. I just decided to stay home because I knew we were going to go in the next day anyway. Once we got there all the surgery rooms were booked so I had to wait even longer. Then the operating table was broken, so they had to get that fixed! And then they tried to give me an epidural and that didn't take! So they finally had to knock me out! Neil's delivery was not a fun one at all! And he was my smallest baby!"³

At birth Neil weighed 6lbs 12oz, was 20 inches long, and blessed with beautiful green eyes. His middle name *Peterson* was derived from his maternal grandfather and his parents wanting to give their son a nice, strong name felt that *Neil Peterson* had a nice ring to it.

Neil's first big adventure with his parents came when he was just six weeks old. Kevin began making annual trips to Washington, D.C. in connection with his business responsibilities dealing with Electronic Filing (of tax returns). He and Pam took the first of these trips together in August of 1987 and because Neil was so new he got to come along.

Aside from Kevin's business meetings, the three of them had time to tour many of the government and historical sites including: the Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, Vietnam War Memorial, White House, Capital, etc. They also visited the Washington DC temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Even though a "business trip", they had a very good time together and made it very much a vacation.

Neil was a very active little boy and young man, blessed with a creative mind like his father's. Often Neil could be found working on some invention or building a contraption of some sort. He could take small or simple things or situations and make something exciting out of them. For instance as a toddler, 6 months or so old, his mother used to hang a little *airplane* jumper swing in the doorway between the kitchen and dining room. Pam would put Neil in this to contain and occupy him while she was making dinner or whatever. Most little toddlers his age would just sit there or perhaps bounce up and down a little, but Neil would just get that thing really swinging and going back and forth. He thought that was pretty cool and a lot of fun. Another thing Neil enjoyed doing that his parents thought was amusing, was rather than play with his toys he would just as soon dump them out and play and hide inside his toy box.

For many years most of Upland consisted of large tracts of citrus orchards. Scattered amongst some of these orchards were the large homes belonging to the owners. As the groves of trees were removed and tract homes built in their stead, some of these large *orchard houses* remained and typically were surrounded by an acreage of varying size. In the fall of 1987 Kevin's parents bought and moved into one such house located at 1835 N. Wilson Avenue, just around the corner from his home.

In fact Kevin's backyard bordered with the south edge of the 1.88 acres included with the purchase of his parent's new house. Kevin went in partnership with his parents in purchasing the portion of this property that would form their *communal backyard*. Also in partnership they built numerous improvements such as a club quality lighted and fenced tennis court, swimming pool, hot tub, ground level trampolines, sand volleyball court, raised bandstand style gazebo, and elaborate landscaping. It was beautiful and looked very much like a resort, their own private

resort. In fact they had a neighbor who complained senselessly to the city about “*these people building a resort*” behind his house, and basically tried to make things difficult for them in anyway he could, often making things miserable for himself in the process.

In addition to the improvements they made in partnership, Kevin also built himself a large wood working shop and stocked it with an array of quality equipment and tools. As his father’s interest in metal work increased, Kevin provided him space in his shop for his equipment. Together they had a very extensive shop for both wood and metal, and would produce some very high quality projects. More important they, and other members of the extended family with like interests, had a good time building things together.

Kevin’s parents did a lot of work fixing up the orchard house, remodeling it with an extensive use of wood décor. The also made additions, including a separate apartment behind the main house that was built for Grandma Helen Dalton to live in, which she loved dearly and prized as her “*own space*”.

So during much of the time Kevin lived in Upland, he did so in close association with much of his extended family. He had his own home at which his privacy was guarded when needed or desired, but at the same time his nuclear family was in close and regular association with, in particular, his parents, grandmother, and younger brothers and sister still living at home.

As a result of their proximity, Kevin’s oldest son Bryce and youngest brother Rick, being only a year apart in age, became close friends and regular playmates together, or *partners in crime* depending on how you looked at it. Jeff, although a little older, also contributed to their childhood antics and injuries. Kevin’s sister Christina became a regular babysitter and had opportunity to associate with her older married brother that she might not have had if they lived farther apart. And Scott and Kevin became close friends as they did shop projects, sports, and later worked together, as well as going on frequent double dates both before and after Scott’s own marriage.

At times in life decisions are made that the parties look back on and think, “*that was a mistake!*” Such as sinking a lot of money into property that later was difficult to sell. Yet looking from a

different perspective, using a different rule to measure wisdom, it can be seen that the same decision yielded priceless blessings.

Halloween and Christmas were particularly fun that year. The family was settled well in their new home, Kevin's business was doing extremely well, and the kids were at an age that gives a special air of excitement to such occasions. Neil had a great time playing with the bright colored balls and other ornaments as they decorated for the season, and of course ripping open carefully wrapped packages was something he was just born to do. It was a good year.

The beginning of 1988 saw the family dealing with the traditional childhood rite of passage, *chicken pox*. This usually hits young families when their first child begins attending school and such was the case with the Daltons. Bryce was in Kindergarten at Cabrillo Elementary School and one day brought more than just good grades home from school. This was hardly unexpected and certainly not a disaster from the family's point of view as indicated by the fact that they took some cute pictures of Bryce happily and proudly showing off his chicken pox. Within two weeks the disease had spread to Shélisa and Neil, which was not undesirable in their parents eyes who met this event with the typical attitude of "*let's get this over with!*"

In April that year Kevin and Pam went on a cruise to the Virgin Islands in the Caribbean. Along with them on this trip were Larry and Suzi Hampton, good friends from their church ward in Upland. Sharing the experience with another couple added significantly to the fun, enjoyment, and excitement of the experience. They had a great time together. The thing Pam liked most about this cruise was that no one could get a hold of Kevin. He was completely hers free from business, church, and other responsibilities. On top of that the nice clear, blue,



Pam and Kevin Dalton aboard the
Sun Princess - April 1988



Right: Kevin and Pam Dalton with Suzi and Larry Hampton beginning their Virgin Island cruise – April 1988

Left: Kevin and Larry *in the stocks* at Disney World

calm, and warm water and weather of the Caribbean helped make the trip comfortable and pleasant.

They flew to Puerto Rico where they boarded the *Sun Princess* to begin their cruise to the Virgin Islands. Among the islands they visited during the trip were St. Maarten, Mayeau, Martinique, and St. Thomas.

Aside from the swimming, snorkeling, enjoying the pristine beaches, touring the islands, and other things typical of a Caribbean cruise, Pam and Suzi participated in the ships *fashion show*. Pam later expressed that she was not very thrilled with this event.

“They approached us if we wanted to do it and I did not want to do it! That’s just not my thing to get up in front of people. Of course Kevin and everybody were ‘*Oh do it, do it, do it, you’ll have so much fun!*’ So I did.”

“And they were wrong?!”

“Yes, they were! I was totally humiliated! [Not really]”⁴

Actually looking at pictures of this event, Pam and Suzi both look good and certainly would have nothing to feel “humiliated” about. Although Pam does look like she would rather be sitting where Kevin is, taking pictures of him walking around the stage. Kevin took his turn at fame and fortune by participating in the *ping pong* tournament.

During the trip they came in contact with a Mr. Lladro whose enterprise makes fine porcelain in Spain. This was exciting for Kevin because he knew of the quality of their work and their renown. So he purchased a beautiful albeit expensive porcelain

statue for Pam, which Mr. Lladro signed personally along with a book of theirs.

The food on board was excellent and frequent, down to a midnight buffet presented every night. However, they only went to the *midnight buffet* once. As Pam put it “*you put on weight just because of normal eating, there’s no way I was going to go to the midnight buffet every night too!*”⁵ The one time they did go was the last night, which was done extra lavishly including ice sculptures and sculptures out of food, etc. and very impressive.

After five nights of cruise the Daltons and the Hamptons proceeded to Orlando Florida where they spent the next 3 days or so at Disney World. Here they visited the Magic Kingdom, Epcot, and the various attractions. Pam related this, regarding their time at Disney World, but it also summarizes her feelings of the entire trip.

“It was uneventful, we just had a good time. We just had fun, we acted like a bunch of kids. When you go with somebody else [another couple] you can really relax and really have fun!”⁶

About this time Kevin got the urge for a new toy. In fact the toy he wanted was one that would make use of his custom license plate “8TOY4KEV”. He wanted a Porsche really, really bad. In that Kevin suffered with a lifelong toy addiction, once he fell off the wagon and got the urge for a new toy, there was little that would stop him. Pam relates:

“He wanted a hot car so he went out and did it. I said, ‘if you can pay for it you can have it’. And he did. I learned my lesson after that, I found out whatever he wants to pay for he can come up with a way to pay for it!”⁷

So Kevin came home with a shiny new Porsche 944 sports car. Of course, it was painted *candy apple red*, which was oft quoted as being his favorite sports car color throughout his youth. In reality this was undoubtedly a fulfillment of one of his childhood dreams, “*to own a candy apple red Porsche!*” Actually he made it a point during his *adult life* to fulfill many of his *childhood dreams*.

Bryce has fond memories of this car as his dad would often take him to school in it and then take the time to walk him to class. On occasion the family would go to a drive-in movie in the 944. There wasn’t room for the kids to sit in the car, so they’d lay on the



Kevin with his Porsche 930 Turbo Carrera just before he sold it in April 1994

flat area under the hatch back and watch the movie laying down, and of course, would often fall asleep.

Later Kevin wanted an even faster car, so he replaced his 944 with a Porsche 930 Turbo Carrera, the ultimate fulfillment of childhood dreams! Bryce and Mike Beardall came away with the same impression of Kevin and his new Porsche:

“Whenever I’d have a friend over he’d [Kevin] always take us home in the Porsche. He’d kick in the turbo charge and get going over a hundred down the highway! He’d get you stuck to the seat with the turbo charger and stuff!” – Bryce Dalton⁸

“I remember driving to the Dodger game in the Porsche doing about 0-120 in about 10 seconds. I was crammed in the back so I just saw all the cars as we passed them by.” – Mike Beardall⁹

Kevin loved that car and keep it for about 5 years until while preparing to move to Idaho he got practical and traded it in on a new pick up. Of course, the pick-up was a brand new Dodge **Turbo** Cummings diesel.

In May of 1989 Kevin’s beloved Grandma Brown died. She had suffered most of the decade with Alzheimer’s disease, which true to its nature had become progressively worse until it was totally debilitating. It was certainly her time and Kevin was pleased to see her released from her suffering and confinement within a body that no longer worked, but at the same time he would sorely miss this dear, vivacious women, whom he knew loved him without condition and was a true friend.

While his grandfather, Wesley Brown enjoyed visiting his children and grandchildren, their association, and spending time

with them, he had spent over 60 years with Ruby at his side. Now he often stated that although he loved his posterity, he was anxious to return to his wife. Almost exactly two years after Ruby's death, Wesley passed away while staying with his daughter in Upland. Both were buried in their ancestral home, beautiful Cache Valley Utah, specifically in the Hyrum city cemetery, where Kevin himself would one day rest.

Kevin was close to his grandparents throughout his life, from a toddler being babysat daily at their home while his parents attended school, "working" with his grandfather on the farm among the cattle, etc. or sitting on his grandmothers lap while she read him stories, and crying as they left on their mission. Later as a child and youth his memories were built with trips to his grandparents in Idaho and Utah where he always seemed to be at the center of their attention, or trips his grandparents made to his home in California, or trips they made together with him to Mexico, etc. Even more solidifying was his time spent living with them as a young man while attending college. He readily received advice from them as he began to raise his own family and shared with them the enjoyment of his young children. Finally, towards the end of their lives, his grandparents stayed for extended periods with his mother, and Kevin's association and friendship with them grew even greater during this period. Now it was a sad and hard thing for Kevin to be without this couple who were a fixture in his life, even though he was happy for them who were now at rest.

Baptism is an extremely important ordinance to members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. It marks entry into membership in the church and the door along the path leading to entry into God's kingdom in the life to come. Kevin spent two years of his life helping people in Spain receive the blessings of the gospel and in particular, this ordinance. It is no surprise that he would be very excited when his first son, Bryce arrived at the age of eight years, the designated age of *accountability*, and therefore able and desirous to be baptized. Kevin baptized his son on Saturday, January 6, 1990. Kevin would always perform such ordinances for his children as he looked at it as a special privilege. Bryce was then confirmed a member of the church and given the Gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of his father's hands the next day during a sacrament meeting of the Upland 1st ward,

Upland California Stake. Assisting Kevin during the confirmation was his father King Dalton, grandfather Wesley Brown, father-in-law Pete Ivie, brother-in-law Ed Cobb, and his bishop John Boland, such events being a family affair.

A tradition from Kevin's childhood was for the family to go out to dinner at a special restaurant in honor of the person baptized. So that Saturday evening they went out to Don Jose's for Mexican food. Bryce carries another vivid memory of his baptism as he related:

"Right before I got baptized Jeff [his uncle, only slightly older] ran me over with the go cart. Jeff and I were riding together and Rick jumped out and scared Jeff and he swerved and I was sitting on the back and my ankle got caught underneath the sprocket and dug it all the way down to the bone. When I got baptized it hadn't healed all the way and my sock stuck to the scab. So when I got dressed I had to rip it off. My dad was there to help me pull the sock off. [referring to the confirmation] He (Kevin) always did it, then he asked a ton of people to stand in, so it made it pretty cool!"¹⁰

June 17th-26th Kevin and Pam took another cruise with their good friends, Larry and Suzi Hampton. This time their destination was Alaska. The trip began with a stay at the Langley Inn on Whidbey Island in Washington state's Puget Sound. Then they spent some time visiting the picturesque city of Victoria Canada. They boarded their ship, the New Amsterdam on the 20th to begin their cruise. Among the places they visited on this cruise were Juneau, Alaska and Mendenhall Glacier, then on to the icy waters of Glacier Bay. They also dropped anchor and toured the historic town of Sitka. They returned to port in Vancouver, Canada on the 26th. They certainly had a good time on this trip and the scenery was certainly spectacular, but in contrast with the warm weather and calm waters of their Caribbean cruise, Alaska's cold weather and rough seas made the trip not as pleasant and curtailed the outdoor activities to which they were accustomed. Mostly they enjoyed the company on board, especially their waiters, Ignatius and Dedi. Referring to them, Pam related:

"They were lots of fun. I can't remember what island they're from [some South Pacific island]. Just the cutest! You can tell, I mean they're just happy go lucky and just really fun!"¹¹

On Thursday, October 25, 1990 at 8:49pm Kevin's family became complete with the birth of his third son, Colby Nathaniel

Dalton. Like the others, Colby was born at San Antonio Community Hospital in Upland, however unlike his brothers and sister, he was not delivered by *Dr. John* as his mother explains as she related the story of Colby's birth.

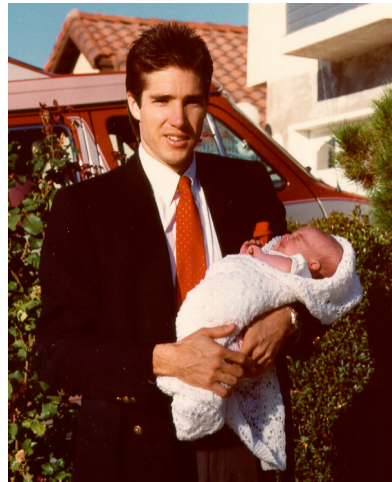
"Dr. John [Sullivan] had gone away on vacation and we had scheduled him for November 5th, he decided to come October 25th, ten days early! [So I had] about 12 hours [of labor] with him. Dr. Jim [James Sullivan, John's brother and partner] wanted to see if I could deliver it. And I told him 'No, you go call Dr. John!' I mean we could try but it's not going to work! So he called Dr. John and came back and said 'Oh yeah, we've got to do it [a Cesarean].'"

Colby was the only one I was actually awake with as everything went really smooth. With Bryce they had to knock me out because it was an emergency C-section. Shélisa, they gave me a saddle block but it started to wear off and I could feel things and so they had to knock me out with her. And then with Neil nothing worked so they had to knock me out with him. But Colby I was awake for the whole thing so that was kind of cool!"¹²

Colby weighed 7lbs 7oz and was 19 ½ inches in length at birth. His father picked his first name just because he liked it. His middle name came from Kevin's fourth great grandfather, Nathaniel Thurber, which Kevin and Pam saw on one of their pedigree charts and felt that it fit their new son well.

Pam tells an interesting story of how they announced Colby's pending birth to the other children.

"We had them sit on the couch and we told them that we were going to have Colby, that Colby was on his way, that they were going to have a new brother or sister. Shélisa was hoping for a sister! When we found out that Colby was a boy, we didn't tell her. [Through an ultra sound] we knew Colby was a boy. We knew she would not like this baby [if she knew it was a boy], until she got to hold it! Kevin had to break the news to her and said 'Now don't judge him yet until you go and hold him, OK!'"¹³



As a small child, Colby suffered from a blocked tear duct on his right eye and had to go in twice for procedures to correct it.

Colby Nathaniel Dalton and his dad on his blessing day - December 2, 1990, in front of their house in Upland.

The last time a tube was inserted to take care of the problem. This is an interesting parallel with his father, as Kevin had the same problem at about the same age.

Colby was always an easy going, good natured, fun little boy. As a toddler one of Colby's favorite things was to play inside the family's dishwasher. He would yank the door down and crawl up inside and have just the best time!

Kevin loved Colby and just loved to hold him. He was pretty sure that this was his last child and in a way it appears he just wanted to hold him and be close to him as much as possible. Referring to this Kevin's mother, Sharon, stated:

"Colby, I always remember, Kevin loved to rock him and even as he got bigger it didn't matter, he rocked him to sleep or whatever he was doing, he rocked Colby. That was their special time."¹⁴

Kevin's children began attending school at Cabrillo Elementary. While in first grade (1988) Bryce followed his father's footsteps and took an immediate interest in sports, playing softball for the *Fencecraft Cougars* and soccer for *Acacia Construction*.

In 1991 a new school only a few blocks from their home was opened called *Peppertree Elementary*. The first principal of this school was a former grade school teacher of Kevin's named Sandy Hughes. Kevin thought she was a good teacher and was pleased to know that she would be his child's principal. Kevin's children would attend *Pep-pertree* for the remainder of their stay in California.

His children were also taught to appreciate music and to develop their own musical abilities. Bryce and Neil both played the trumpet, Shélisa played the



Kevin and Colby Dalton asleep in a chair in the living room of their house along Chimney creek. Corral, Idaho (near Fairfield) - May 1996

Pam commented: "That's what Kevin and Colby liked to do the best. Sit and rocky! I think they were eating 'giggle pops' and fell asleep with them hanging out of their mouths! Colby did anyway."

flute, and they all took piano lessons.

In August of that year Kevin took his family to spend time at their ranch in Idaho. Trips to the “*ranch*” had become a frequent occurrence. Along with this trip they also visited Pam’s parents in their new home at North Ogden, Utah. Pete and Carol Ivie had recently moved from California. They also visited Coppermine Utah and Mt. Timpanogas before returning home.

Special events in 1992 included the wedding of Kevin’s brother Scott to Catherine Patzold. Kevin and Pam had a good friendship with Scott and Catherine, often double dating while the younger couple was still courting. Kevin served as *best man* and as mentioned earlier, arranged a *surfing* bachelor party at the beach for his brother.

July of 1992 found the family back at the *ranch* in Idaho and later that month in Utah at Pam’s family’s annual reunion, which this year included the typical picnic, sports activities like volleyball, and “*big water fight!*”

The year 1993 began with a special event as Shélisa turned eight years old and was able to be baptized. This ordinance took place on February 13, 1993 at the Upland Stake Center, the same building Kevin watched being built and attended as a child. Kevin was so happy to be able to perform this ordinance on behalf of his sweet little girl, his *precious!* Kevin had an especially soft spot in his heart for little girls and certainly his heart melted as he looked at *his* little girl all dressed in white.

Later that year in May, Kevin went with a group of friends down to Baja California Mexico and helped build a vacation house for Ray and Alice Harper on a beautiful sandy beach near San Felipe. It was an interesting experience for him and they had a lot of fun working on this project and playing on the beach and in the warm water of the Sea of Cortez.

December 3, 1993 was Bryce’s twelfth birthday. Within Dalton family tradition a



Shelisa and Kevin Dalton
at the Upland Stake Center
before her baptism on
February 13, 1993

son's twelfth birthday is a milestone of extraordinary significance. This can be seen clearly as we earlier viewed the circumstances surrounding King's and Kevin's twelfth birthdays. Simply stated, this was the dividing line between childhood and being a young man. Bryce certainly felt this as he graduated from Primary and joined the Young Men's organization of the church, assumed new responsibilities and corresponding additional privileges, and as his parents began to treat him less like a child and more like a man. The twelve year old birthday boy also knew that by tradition one of his gifts would be his first real gun!

Kevin was probably as excited to have a twelve year old son as Bryce was to be turning twelve. One of Kevin's most prized possessions was the 32 Special lever action rifle given him on his twelfth birthday, which had been handed down through the generations. Kevin wanted to make this gift extra special, so prior to Bryce's birthday he had it converted back to it's original Winchester 38-55 caliber, the same as it had been when F.W. Dalton bought the gun from Browning in Ogden, Utah a century earlier.

December 5, 1993 was another special day for Kevin and his son Bryce, as well as for the entire family. Being twelve years of age and being worthy (meaning that he obeyed the commandments), Bryce was now eligible to receive the Aaronic Priesthood and be ordained to the office of a Deacon within that priesthood and the church. Kevin, who held the Melchizedek Priesthood office of Elder at the time, considered it a very special privilege to confer the priesthood on his son and ordain him to this office.



December 3, 1993 - Kevin, Bryce, and King Dalton with the rifle they all received on their 12th birthdays.



Shélisa, Pam, Colby, Bryce, Kevin, and Neil - December 1993

As has already been clearly shown, Kevin considered the priesthood and the quality of service he rendered with it, to be very important and he was excited to see his oldest son following in his footsteps and begin a life of service in the church he so dearly loved.

By early 1994 Kevin and Pam had decided to move their family permanently to their ranch in Idaho. Among other things they wanted a more peaceful setting to raise their children. So they began making plans and organizing themselves to make the move, including putting their house on 18th Street up for sale, although it would take a couple of years to sell.



The Dalton home at 1457 W. 18th Street, Upland

In August the family began saying their farewells. This included a farewell to the ocean as they visited the beach as a family and had a great time spending the day playing on the beach and surfing. This (the ocean) was one part of California that Kevin would surely miss, but he would still come back to visit often.

At Home in Idaho

Although a long 825 mile drive from Upland, their new home in Idaho was not unfamiliar territory. In partnership with his father, Kevin had owned the property in Camas County for several years already. The family was familiar with the area as a result of numerous vacations, had attended church at the local branch building in Fairfield and had some acquaintance with the members, and had generally approached the move with reasonable planning.

As part of this planning Kevin (remembering the horrendous time he had moving his brother's family to Idaho using a U-haul truck, trailer, and several pick-ups) had hired a moving company with a semi-truck to transport his household goods. The company was named the *Original Two College Men Movers*. This most likely would have worked out well, had the truck driver not hurt his back while loading the truck causing him to be two days late in arriving with their goods and leaving him unable to help at all in the unloading process. Apparently they needed an extra *college man mover* or two. Fortunately members of their new church branch helped them move in, thus demonstrating early on the hospitality and service-oriented nature of the community they would be living in, something the family would see demonstrated on several critical occasions.

Their *ranch* was located at the foot of the mountains on the northwest end of southern Idaho's Camas Prairie. Chimney Creek ran through the property just as it exited the mountains. It was near the town of Corral about eight miles east of the county seat, Fairfield. Actually, Corral wasn't really even a town under most

people's definition of the word, it was more just a point on the map (some maps) along U.S. Highway 20 consisting of a few scattered houses and surrounding farms and farmhouses for several miles in various directions. When the Dalton's first bought their property, Corral did have an old combination store, post office, and gas station, but it had gone out of business before the family made the *ranch* their permanent residence.

Living in a rural area like Corral you don't really have a street address. For mailing purposes the Dalton's address was *Route 1 Box 187, Corral, Idaho 83322*, but someone looking to find the Dalton home would be simply given directions. These might include instructions such as; *follow highway 20 west and turn right at the sign that reads "Wallaby Stew" and turn left again at the first cross road, ... or follow the signs towards the dump ...* For locals the family could simply state; *look for a white house on a hill at the base of Chimney Creek*, or later, *we live up Chimney Creek Road in a yellow house on the right*. In any case giving a street address to someone in a rural area was pointless simply because no one had a number painted on their curb. There was never a curb to paint on!

At the time of his move, Kevin divided the property with his father. His father kept the large white house on the hill with the 80 acres surrounding it that he bought first. Kevin then took the other 350 acres with Chimney Creek running through it, along with the little green house and small outbuildings that sat to the north of the other house along Chimney Creek Road.

Initially Kevin's family moved into the "*big house*" on the hill while he worked remodeling the little house. Therefore at the time of their move, much of their *stuff* was simply stacked away and stored in the garage and basement of the big house. Pam later commented that she didn't see or have access to much of this stuff for about three years!

By this time Kevin had gained skill as a carpenter and construction projects were not daunting to him, so he went right at remodeling their little house. Much of this work centered on the two bathrooms and adjoining areas, which he basically tore down to the studs and then rebuilt. Within short order Kevin had the house ready for his family to live in and painted yellow instead of the kind of ugly green it had been previously. Still the size of this

house would only allow for a portion of the family's *stuff* to be moved over from storage in the big house. Kevin's attention now turned to the somewhat never ending task of building, rebuilding, or modifying the property's fences, sheds, shop, barn, pens, coops, corrals, etc.



The Dalton's home along Chimney creek on their property at Corral, Idaho

Shortly after their move, Bryce, Shélisa, and Neil all began attending school. Both the grade school and the high school, the only schools for all of Camas County, were located in Fairfield some 12 miles away. The distance wasn't too much of a problem because the school bus would pick up the kids in front of their house. Coming from a large city school to a small rural school was a considerable transition, but it was mostly a positive one and the kids quickly adjusted, made new friends, and for the most part enjoyed their new schools. Instead of classes with 25-30 students they were now in classes of about 10 or so, with teachers who knew who they were, how they were doing, and easily accessible to concerned parents. They were now attending a school where they would participate in just about everything and where everybody knew everybody else, living in a community (county wide) where everyone pretty much knew everyone. It was a totally new lifestyle and as a family, the Dalton's liked it!

At the time Kevin and his family moved there, Camas County consisted of about 1,075 square miles located about an hour and a half by car east of Boise and a little over an hour north of Twin Falls. Except for Highways 20 and 46, the road up to Soldier Mountain ski area, the road to Mormon Reservoir, and the few streets in Fairfield, pretty much all the roads in the county were dirt, although for the most part well graded and smooth. Kevin's Grandpa Dalton used to say that Camas County "*had the best dirt roads in Idaho*". I think that was a compliment! The population of the entire county was about 750 people, making it the smallest county in Idaho and amounting to well less than one person per

square mile. Although a little over half the county's residents lived in Fairfield, this still left it as a very small town, but nevertheless the county seat, complete with it's own courthouse. Fairfield also had a small grocery-combination-everything store including gas pumps, a couple of small restaurants, and a little but new hotel. Even though small it still was the largest town for 40 or more miles in any direction. It also catered to significant numbers of snowmobilers, skiers, fisherman, hunters, and other outdoor recreational enthusiasts, as well as traffic heading to and from nearby Sun Valley.

The Dalton's would do some of their shopping in Fairfield and would occasionally eat out at *The Wrangler*, a little fast food type restaurant next to the grocery store. For more extensive grocery shopping, larger purchases, or out on a *date*, they would make regular trips 40 miles south to Gooding or sometimes west to Mountain Home, and occasionally even to Twin Falls or Boise. Shopping would become a planned event not simply a spur of the moment thing.

The southern portion of Camas County consists of the beautiful and flat Camas Prairie sitting at an elevation of about 5,100 feet (at Fairfield). This area is checkered with farms, grassland, streams, ponds, marshes, and even hot springs. The main agricultural endeavors consist of hay, grain crops, and cattle. The prairie is bounded by substantial hills on the south and the mountains of the Sawtooth National Forest on the north, including the over 10,000-foot Soldier Mountain, which can be seen from almost anywhere in the valley. Kevin's property sat at about 5,500 feet and from the living room of the *big house* he could sit and look out over much of this valley, which was pretty and green during the spring and summer, and coated with a thick white blanket of snow in the winter. With it's high elevation and proximity to the mountains, the Camas Prairie was known for it's cold, harsh, and long winters, and Kevin's family would soon experience these. But even with the winters they soon grew to love this area.

Living on the ranch gave the family the opportunity to raise a variety of different animals and livestock, something that they really grew to enjoy. This started in October of that first year with some kittens as Pam explained.

"You live up in a ranch like that, we had mice! So it's like we need some cats. Well Kevin likes cats so he couldn't decide [which of three

kittens], so we had to bring home one for pretty much each kid. So our cats started out with three and I don't know how many we ended up with! The last couple of litters [because of] inbreeding, etc. they just weren't healthy and it just was not a good thing."¹

Soon they had quite the menagerie of cats and kittens running about. Of course on a ranch nature has a way of controlling the population of such animals as predators, in particular coyotes would periodically take their toll.

A country home just wouldn't be right without a dog or in most cases, *dogs*. Their *Gidget* had died shortly after the move to Idaho leaving a void that needed filled, so they went to the pound and picked out a dog they named *Lady*. Shortly after Pam's cousin Lisa got a dog, kind of a yellow lab named *Sandy*, which she couldn't care for where she lived, so *Sandy* was given a new home at the Dalton's ranch.

Then for Pam's birthday, Kevin got her a "hound dog" named *Maddie*. Pam "*just about died! Like we needed three dogs!*" True to the *Dalton* instinct within him, getting his wife a *hunting dog* for her birthday must have seemed like a logical thing to do. *She didn't have one, so surely she needed one!* So what if she didn't hunt? She might some day and if she did, she'd need a dog! But even if she didn't, he could always use it. Besides, how could she refuse a gift? Especially one with big sad eyes and long droopy ears? Kevin certainly was a *master* husband! A role model worthy of emulation by lesser apt hunters and outdoorsman!

All three dogs were friendly, good with the kids, and good companions.

Pam began raising chickens and turkeys, and really enjoyed doing it. Even shortly after Kevin's death, feeding and tending these, *her* animals, was somewhat "*therapeutic*". She would order chicks, which were mailed to her the day after they were born. She had fun getting these fuzzy little chickens and turkeys started, putting them under the heat lamp, teaching them to drink, feeding them, and watching them grow. And grow they did! Pam commenting on a picture of her preparing a massive turkey for dinner, said:

"This is one of the [first] turkeys I raised ... one of the last ones wouldn't hardly fit in my oven, he was over 40 pounds. I had a knack with turkeys! I could talk to them and they'd talk to me and they followed me all around. It was fun, the turkeys were fun!"²

The turkeys, chickens, and other livestock raised for the family's use were butchered for them, as Pam described:

"I figured, I don't think I could have eaten them after I butchered them. So I would take them alive down to Twin Falls and when I came to pick them up, they were all packaged. It worked really slick, it was well worth it!"³

The Dodge diesel pick-up Kevin got when he sold his Porsche, pulling a nice new gooseneck stock trailer he just purchased came in handy when moving the animals around, including these trips to the butcher in Twin Falls.

The family also enjoyed the fresh eggs (except Kevin, of course) and was really excited when the chickens they were raising began to produce eggs.

Pam had taken to and really enjoyed the animals and many other aspects of country life. Referring to the family's decision to move to Idaho and how well Pam adjusted to country life, Kevin's mother, Sharon made this statement.

In 1994 we in California were a little surprised when Kevin and Pam mentioned that they wanted to move their young family and come to Camas County. They felt they wanted to raise their children in a different atmosphere. Something that was a little more ..., I don't know what the word is ..., different than what they had grown up in, a little easier kind of life maybe. I don't know if it's easier, but that type of life is what they wanted. And we were surprised! We thought Kevin would probably do o.k., but once again we weren't quite sure how Pam would do! Well, she was amazing; she instantly became a farmer's wife, as if she was born to it. She seemed to love it. I don't think I would have taken it so easily. And now, three years later, this is their home!"⁴

Kevin had always seemed a little trapped in the city but was now feeling less pressure, he was at home here. And of course, this was a kid's paradise with room to run and explore, creeks to play in, animals to ride and work with, etc.

The kids raised sheep as part of their involvement in the 4-H program and Bryce raised a 4-H steer every year. Colby started a little goat herd. They also raised pigs. During their first full summer in Idaho (1995) the kids had raised *Mr. Pig*, *Bacon*, and *Porky* for 4-H. But because they got sick right before fair time with what they called a "*scale*" disease, which was just a skin

problem, they couldn't take them to the fair. So they just finished them out at home and butchered them.

Kevin leased much of his pasture during the summer to Garth Waddoups and Brian Spaulding of Mountain Home, Idaho. Kevin enjoyed working with them and would use their assistance as he began to develop a small cattle herd of his own. Before turning the Waddoups and Spaulding cattle out on his property in the Spring, Kevin and his family would get together with them in Mountain Home, to brand the calves, vaccinate, and in general prepare the stock for turn out on pasture. Although a lot of work, this was a generally fun activity including riding horses, roping, and good humor, which is important considering that in this type of work nothing ever goes quite right.

To start his herd Kevin bought an older bred cow that gave him a calf they named *Tom*. This they raised as a steer that they would butcher a couple of years later for the family's use. Kevin then bought 10 registered Simmental heifers. These were bred but would calve for the first time the spring after Kevin's death. He was in the process of building his own herd.

Kevin loved horses and one of the most exciting things about coming to live on the ranch was the opportunity he'd have to ride, raise, and work with horses. For several years prior to their move, Kevin's father had owned and kept about four horses on the ranch. In fact the little house that Kevin was now living in had been rented out earlier with the intent that the renter would also serve as a kind of caretaker for the overall property and care for the horses as well. The horses were then available for use when Kevin's family and others vacationed there. So when he came to live on the ranch, Kevin started out simply taking care of and using his father's four horses. Later that first fall (of 1994) he bought a couple of horses from Burt Landon, the branch president of his church in Fairfield. Here is Pam's description of these two horses.

"So we bought *Zipper*. Zipper was going to be my horse first. Zipper liked to go fast and I didn't like to, so then we got *Buster*. And Buster was my kind of horse! He wasn't real tall. Zipper was kind of tall and leaner. Buster was a little shorter and kind of stockier, and he liked to walk fast but he didn't like to run, and that's just how I like it. We were good companions!"⁵

Zipper then became Kevin's horse. Kevin naturally would like a horse that liked to go *fast*! It would be the ranch version of his Porsche. He was a dark horse with a thin white blaze on his face.

Kevin liked just about everything to do with horses. He liked riding. He had virtually unlimited country on and around his property and in the hills and mountains behind it, that he, his wife, kids, and friends could explore on horseback. He liked the clothes and in typical Kevin fashion, he had to *look good*! And he did. He loved jeans, western shirts, cowboy hats, and especially his boots! As Bryce mentioned, "*he always wore the cowboy boots!*"⁶



Kevin and *Zipper* at the Wendell Stake *Pioneer Day* rodeo at Gooding, Idaho - July 27, 1996



Kevin roping Colby who (not pictured here) is running away. Pam's poultry house and pens are in the background. - April 1995



Kevin Dalton decked out in his cowboy regalia on his horse *Zipper* at the Wendell Stake *Pioneer Day* rodeo - July 22, 1995

He liked working with the animals, including learning to rope. He practiced roping on a regular basis having a model steer's head that he'd use as a target. However, for moving targets he liked to practice on the *kids*! If Kevin had a rope in hand and one of the kids came by he was fair game. Sometimes as a game he'd have them run around and try to avoid getting *roped*. It was all good fun!

The kids all got horses also. Neil got to keep *Pound Cake*, one of his Grandpa Dalton's horses that had been on the ranch for several years. *Pound Cake* was a gentle mare but incredibly stubborn, for everyone else she was just about impossible to get to move and would only leave the property when in company with *all* the other horses. But Neil had a way with *Pound Cake* and she would go wherever he wanted her to. In fact Neil won first place in a 4-H Western Horse trail riding competition. In time King's other horses were sold off and replaced with horses that Kevin bought, with the exception of a good natured mare named *Missy*. One of the new horses was a really nice white mare named *Misty* that they bought for Shélisa.

With horses, just like in everything else he did, Kevin appreciated quality. He wanted a really good cutting horse. So he found a special mare in California named *Rainy*. *Rainy* was a sister of Robert Redford's horse used in the movie "*Horse Wisperer*", but more importantly, she was bred to a world champion cutting horse called *Colonel Citation*. *Colonel Citation* had died and therefore *Rainy's* foal would be the last of that line and have the potential of being fairly valuable. They bought *Rainy* but left her to foal in California and on February 27, 1997 she gave birth to a filly they named *Classy Baby*. *Classy* was registered as Quarterhorse paint and in the spring they brought her and her mother home to Idaho. She was brown with a white blaze face and a couple of white feet just like her mother. She grew well and Kevin was pleased with her.

Among the many friends the Dalton's found shortly after moving to Idaho was the Dalin family. Kevin and Jack Dalin would build a strong lasting friendship as they served together in church and community responsibilities, and enjoy a variety of activities, hobbies, and outings together. The same held true for Pam and Tracy Dalin. The two couples were of similar age and

had children of about the same ages. Bridget Dalin became one of Bryce's best friends, likewise with Ashley and Shélisa. Jack and Tracy's youngest son Dakota and Neil at times were almost inseparable. Only Colby was left out of the equation, but he got to *hang out* with Neil and Dakota when they weren't being too *stinky* about it as sometimes an older brother and his friend can be when his little brother is hanging around.

Jack mentioned that when Kevin first moved to Idaho he hadn't had a lot of experience riding horses and the like, but caught on to things real quick. In regards to this he related the following story.

"He was just a natural. I mean he never really rode horses a lot until he got here. But he worked at it and got pretty good at it. Just everything he did, that was just the way he was. ... I think we were down in the willows and we were getting out some cows on his property up there. If I remember right, Kevin came through the willows kind of banged up and tore up just a little bit. I remember him coming through there, you'd have to be there to see all this! But his hat was smashed back and everything was smashed back, but you know what he never did fall off. He still came through those willows and out the other side! He did stick to the horse!"⁷

One of the family's favorite events each year was the Stake (Wendell Stake) Pioneer Day Rodeo. This was held around the 24th of July each year in celebration of the church's heritage and the Mormon's entrance into the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. The event was held at the Gooding County Fairgrounds in Gooding until a couple years after Kevin's death when it had to be discontinued for insurance reasons. Pam just gleamed as she described the fun they had at this rodeo.

"It was so much fun, the kids loved to do it. You could bring your horses. I mean people took part in it, you took part in it! You rode your horses around at the beginning. You could do the *Mutton Busting* [riding sheep], which he [Colby] did. And then Neil did the carpet ride with his dad pulling him [on a carpet behind his horse]. I about died because Neil is so light he was just flying all over!

"Then there's one race where they throw out a whole bunch of animals, like chickens and pigs and stuff, and let the little kids run and whatever they could catch they get to keep. That was the best rodeo! In fact the kids still ask me '*can't we go up for that rodeo?!*' They did a good job with it."⁸

Jack Dalin gives us this insight into the Pioneer Day rodeo, Kevin's feelings about it, and some more detail about one of the rides Neil took on a pad behind his dad's horse.

“The church rodeo was a big thing for him. If you never rodeo-ed before it was a time for you to get the opportunity. You could ride a wild cow or pull a dam race. I’ll never forget when old Kevin was pulling Neil. What it is, is a dam that you put in the water [stream or canal] so you could flood irrigate, a big pad that they’d stick these kids on (they had a helmet on), and you run against somebody else for times. [The kids being dragged on these pads behind a horse on a course around barrels.] I’ll never forget, Kevin came around [a barrel] and the rope got around [the barrel] and about pulled Kevin off, and old Neil came around and hit the barrel, fell off, scattered him out, dirt all over! And Kevin rode over there picked him up by his belt loops and stuck him up on his horse! Dirt was falling off of him! That was really funny!

“Kevin looked forward to that. It was something that he really enjoyed! And I think the kids did too. It was just a time for everybody.

“They had the grocery race. You had three people and they had to get on this horse bareback. And you had a watermelon, an egg, and a cup of water. You had to ride over there, all three of you, get off, pick all that up, get back on, and then go back over to the finish line. ... Bryce was really handy at that because he had springs in his legs and he’d be the last one on and he just jump on the butt and right on top, he was right on! Just run from the back and jump up, and hope the horse didn’t kick or something, you know!”⁹

Another event that apparently was a big hit with those watching was a wild pig contest. This is somewhat difficult to describe, but try to envision two large stock water tanks or troughs full of water, with a large barrel cut open on both ends to form just a large tube with water flowing through it, sitting as a bridge between and on top of, the two water tanks. The object is for three guys to get themselves and a fairly decent sized pig that was standing (not patiently) with them in one water trough through the tube and into the trough on the other side in the shortest time possible. Usually one guy would go through the tube first to help from the other side, then the other two would pick the pig up, squirming, squealing, kicking, and doing other normal pig stuff, and stuff him in the tube. Two guys would be pushing on the back end of the pig while the other guy would be pulling on it’s ears, head, snout, whatever he could get a hold off, until the pig plopped out of the tube into the trough on the other side. Then the two guys who had been pushing would hurry themselves through the tube, then the three would go back through the tube to the side they started on, in order to finish their time. The net result was that the pig was on one side and the three guys on the other. It was quite

entertaining and the participants were always very, very soaked! As Jack put it, “*it was a sight to behold!*”

Let’s leave the subject of Pioneer Day with Jack’s description of the overall atmosphere that prevailed there.

“They had calf roping. He [Kevin] loved to go and help me buck the kids up [get up on the animals they were going to ride]. The kids could ride calves and sheep, and Colby would ride them. Called ‘*Mutton Bustin*’. He just loved it, it was just a good time, good family fun. The food was cheap, they just did it real cheap. I think it was 25 cent hamburgers and things like that.”¹⁰

Shortly after his move to Camas County, Kevin began to become involved in community functions and service, not in an obtrusive way, but just there to lend a helping hand and be involved in whatever way seemed appropriate and needed. His intent and desire was not to take over leadership roles or bend people’s will to his way of thinking, but just to be a good neighbor, a help, and part of the community around him, hopefully a positive part. Therefore most of what he did were the little things that for the most part go largely unnoticed, but when added all together form the sum of something positive, good, and appreciated. The term we so often use to describe this indefinite sum of contributions is *influence*. And although Kevin’s residence in this community lasted only three short years, his *influence* was apparently substantive. As Jack Dalin was explaining Kevin’s role in the little branch of their church in Fairfield, his comments really go to show Kevin’s overall influence in the community as a whole.

“Kevin had a big influence on the community, let alone the church itself. He was the type of person that kind of said what he needed to say and they listened to him quite well. And there were a lot of people coming [to church] and really interested. Even my dad, he’s not a member [of the church] at all but really thought a lot of Kevin. It was those kind of influences and it [the church] was coming along really good. Then for some reason his life came to an end early. ... That was the kind of influence he was, just a great influence!”¹¹

Reflecting his community involvement and service, the 1998 Camas High School Annual, which was dedicated to Kevin contains this inscription:

“The 1998 Annual staff dedicates this year’s Annual to Kevin King Dalton. Kevin was an avid *Musher* [the Camas High School mascot] fan and supporter. He encouraged and inspired each of us in all of our

endeavors. Kevin was active in 4-H, scouting, sports, academic and community functions. His high ideals and positive example gave us something to aspire to. Always smiling and joking, if Kevin was involved it was bound to be fun. He and his wonderful family truly made a positive impact in our school and community. We greatly appreciate the time and interest he showed in us. Kevin was a man who is missed by all!"¹²

The community also dedicated the 4-H barn building at the Camas County fairgrounds in Fairfield in Kevin's name. Kevin and his family had become actively involved and supportive of the 4-H organization. As mentioned earlier his children all participated in raising various livestock and showing them at the fair each year.

It is actually somewhat amazing that Kevin and his family were able to have such an influence within the community in such a short time. Often small rural communities, while usually very hospitable, are at the same time somewhat closed to the views or influence of newcomers or outsiders, especially those from *California*. In fact, just the name *California* carried with it a substantially negative connotation within many Idaho communities at that time. To illustrate this, the story comes to mind of a friend of mine that had lived a few years in a small rural Idaho town. He had tried to become involved in some local matters and meeting with resistance, expressed his frustration to a friend whose family had lived in the area for generations. The friend told him in jest, but also with an air of truth:

"You haven't lived here long enough. After you've lived here about 10 years you have the right to have an *opinion* and after you've lived here 10 more you have the right to *express it*!"

In an interview with Kevin's good friend Jack Dalin, who is a long time Camas County resident, I expressed my surprise that Kevin, a newcomer, was so readily received in this small community. After relating the above story and quote to make my point, Jack chuckled and stated:

"You know what? That is true for here [Camas County]! Except that Kevin was one who got to do it *way* before anybody else! He was just a natural!"¹³

One possible explanation for this could be found with Kevin's usually clear and logical advice. After all he was a programmer

trained to think logically and concisely! Jack shared one such instance when he asked for and received some advice that was particularly straightforward.

"I had a buck head that I had shot, a deer. It was a big buck and Kevin really liked it. A guy offered me \$5,000 (they're worth a lot more than that now). I thought enough of him that I called him up and said 'Kevin this guy is offering me \$5,000 cash. What should I do?' He said, 'well that's a no brainer! Sell it, you can always kill another one!' And I never have forgot that! That was a *no brainer*! But that's just the way he was!"¹⁴

In this community, as before, Kevin was also generous to those around him especially those he saw in need. This was done in as anonymous a way as possible. For the most part Kevin did not like attention drawn to him and would be embarrassed when singled out or given praise for something nice he had done. He truly enjoyed giving gifts as a gesture of his appreciation to someone who had helped him, especially when he knew payment would not be accepted. He also was deeply, deeply touch by acts of kindness done on his behalf. Kevin really understood that *Charity* is not just giving, but is a feeling, a powerful emotion!

Throughout most of his Idaho residence Kevin worked hard to establish a viable Boy Scout program in the community. Knowing of the important role scouting played in his youth it's easy to understand why he would now have the desire to provide like opportunities for the youth in his new home, especially now that his own sons were of scouting age. Within his church he was called to serve as a counselor in the Young Men's presidency and as Scoutmaster. However, his scout troop became a facet of the entire community, not just members of his church.

Pam and her friend Tracy Dalin, who served together in the church's Primary presidency, likewise started a community Cub Scout pack, which was well received and very successful.

Once established in his new home, Kevin really began to enjoy this new lifestyle. He was surrounded by the great outdoors and with additional freedom from some of his previous business concerns, he had time to enjoy his surroundings and more time to spend with his children. Often he linked family time and *playing* together. He, his wife, and kids went regularly on rides with the horses, fishing, or to enjoy the variety of winter sports for which their area was famous. Family had always been very important to

him, but since his move to Idaho he was becoming even more family oriented, and was spending a lot more time with his kids. Of course having more free time was a major reason for this change, but Kevin also began to really focus on those things that were most important to him. In any case, Kevin and his family had a lot of fun times together in Idaho.

Winter sports reigned supreme during almost half the year in Camas County. Kevin really enjoyed snow machining (riding snowmobiles), a new sport for him, which he often did with his kids, Jack, and other friends. Naturally Kevin bought a nice fast snowmobile. They also went skiing regularly and Kevin took up snowboarding, at which he managed to get fairly proficient. Soldier Mountain ski area sat just north of Fairfield, which made it easy for the family to go on frequent skiing and snowboarding outings together.

The prime wildlife habitat surrounding him made it easy to go hunting more frequently. Of course Kevin was always physically fit and could out hike or out last most everyone he came in contact with, but apparently he met his match when he began hunting with Jack.

“He was always one who liked to go hunting and I think he walked pretty good, but I think he lit up with the wrong guy when he went hunting with me one time, because I think we went about 10 miles one day! Clear up the hills and back. About the first thing I heard about a little later was how far we walked and he didn’t really know whether that was a good way to go hunting or not! But he stayed right with me. He’s the only guy I ever knew that could stay right with me the whole way!”¹⁵

Kevin’s questioning the wisdom of walking ten miles while hunting probably stemmed from the fact that Kevin was taught as a youth to sit in a likely location overlooking a field or meadow, and wait for the deer to come to him.

Kevin also became an avid bow hunter. He enjoyed the additional challenges inherent to bow hunting, such as trying to get



Colby's 1st time skiing with the help of his dad – Feb '96

into a position to even be close enough to take a shot as well as the archery skill needed to be able to hit something if you were skillful enough or better said, lucky enough to get close. Bow hunting definitely changed the odds in favor of the deer and elk! Kevin got his friend Jack into the sport and the two of them spent some fun times together trying to outsmart the elk and deer.

At the end of each school year the elementary school had an activity called *Camas Days*. With Camas Days the kindergarten through sixth grade kids all compete in events such as sack races, cow pie throwing, three-legged races, long jumps, etc. It was a lot of fun, especially because the teachers get involved and compete along with the kids. Pam worked as a substitute teacher at the grade school and later during the 1997-98 school year taught the kindergarten class, so she participated in Camas Days with Neil and Colby.

Another event the Dalton's really enjoyed together as a family was attending the Camas County Fair each August. This fair was held in Fairfield each year and could be considered a typical small town fair with 4-H projects and exhibits, livestock showing, and a small parade. As mentioned, Kevin and his family were active with the 4-H program, so during fair time his children worked tending and showing their livestock projects and competing.

The parade was particularly fun. Anyone who wanted to could participate in it and so it was filled with local community members riding horses, driving cars, wagons, and small floats. One of the things the kids liked the most was the fact that virtually everyone in the parade would throw candy to them as they passed by. So for kids, watching the fair parade was almost like trick or treating on Halloween from a candy collection perspective!

For Pam one of the things she liked the best about the parade was the fact that so many people were willing to go out and have a good time, look goofy, even stupid, they didn't care it was all just good fun and being embarrassed was almost an impossibility. Here she describes one group that seemed to personify this attitude.

“[This is] the *'Moms Group'* from Gooding. They came up in housecoats and brooms, they were hilarious, they were just really cute! And I thought, how neat to just get out there and do that, just the goofy stuff!”¹⁶

Kevin had the opportunity of baptizing his third child, Neil, and confirming him a member of the church on July 1, 1995 in the Fairfield branch. Burt Landon was the branch president at the time. Kevin and Pam were living in an area far away from either of their extended families for the first time in their married life. Since their move this was the first of those special occasions, which are traditionally shared with the family getting together, so they were very pleased when so many from both of Neil's Dalton and Ivie sides of the family traveled long distances to be with him on his special day. It was a family reunion of sorts and many stayed several days playing at the ranch and in the surrounding area.

During wintertime in Camas County the weather could sometimes be a controlling influence, meaning that on occasion you might have things planned, but snow or severe cold would come and trump those plans and you'd just have to adjust. For instance occasionally church meetings or school would be canceled simply because it wasn't safe or even possible for people to travel into town. Of course with modern snowplows to clear the roads and snow mobiles used at times as a primary means of transport, the times that people were totally unable to move around and go about their business were relatively few. However, there were times when the snow was so deep or blowing and drifting so bad that even these pieces of equipment became ineffective and the residents would have no choice but to sit by the fire and enjoy a day (or days) at home. Pam succinctly expressed her family's feelings about being snowed in when she stated:

"It was no big deal to be snowed in. It was kind of nice. It was over a weekend so who cared. We just lit the fire and played games and it was just kind of cozy."¹⁷

The particular instance she was referring to above happened in January of 1996. One weekend Neil had gone to spend the night at his friend Dakota Dalin's house, which was about 17 miles to the east, on the other side of Fairfield. Right after arriving at the Dalin's a storm came in that continued from bad to worse. Along with this storm came high winds that blew snow off the ground making visibility almost zero and quickly filling the plowed roadways with drifting snow. It was what they referred to as a *ground blizzard*. In stormy weather, the snowplows often run full

time just keeping the highways and main roads passable. Secondary roads and streets are left until the storm lets up enough that they have time to get to them. Kevin's house not only didn't sit on a main road, but also was at the outer limit of a normal plow route. The county snow removal crews were good about keeping the roads people lived on, like Kevin's, passable but when a big storm came they'd just have to wait. This isn't really a big problem because country folk are conditioned to make sure that their homes are stocked up with their needs. They can just sit back, relax, and wait.

And that's exactly what Kevin and his family (except for Neil) did in this case. It was kind of fun and definitely forced *family togetherness*. Sure occasionally Kevin would go outside to dig deep trenches through the ever increasing snow, trying to keep a path open to the shop and garage, or to feed the animals. But aside from this, it was sitting by a warm fire, playing games, etc. The biggest problem was the fact that one of his children was on the other side of the valley and they began to worry about him. One could think that "*hey I've still got three out of four children and 75% isn't too bad!*" But we all know that's not how a parent's mind works. They could talk to him over the telephone so they knew he was fine, and the Dalins loved having him so that wasn't a problem either. But after three days, mom and dad just wanted him home!

Kevin had tried to get out on his snow mobile but it just sank in the deep snow that was now over the fence tops, so Jack borrowed his brother's snow mobile that was better able to run on deep snow. He put Neil on the back and rode towards Kevin's house, but even this snow machine began getting stuck. About three-quarters of a mile from the house they simply could go no further. Neil wanted to just walk the rest of the way but with the deep snow and stormy weather there was no way that Jack would let him try it. So they turned back. Here's how Jack describes what he did next.

"So I kind of went to town and told them that we couldn't get out there, and you know what, it was about 2 hours later and the snow plow went out to the Dalton's house! I told them, I had their kid for four days, you know it's probably time for him to go home and they finally decided that they'd open the road up. Not that we didn't mind Neil, we loved him to death and

happy to have him, but mom and dad were ready and everybody was ready for him to be home.”¹⁸

The county actually had to bring three plows out to open up their road. One was a large grader with a V-plow blade on the front that was used to break open the road. This was followed by two plow trucks on either side, which fought to push the snow to each side of the road. It was not an easy task, but at last they were together again as a family.

Later that year the Daltons received a substantial blessing. Their house in Upland finally sold. This had been a source of worry for some time and it was a great relief to be out from under the financial burden associated with this house.

During the fall of 1996 a small but very important event occurred. In describing this it must be remembered that earlier as we ended our discussion of Kevin’s business, Taxware, it was mentioned that his brother Craig had started his own competing software business in the spring of 1991. This parting caused a deep feeling of bitterness to exist for the next several years. Here is Craig’s description of how Kevin put an end to these ill feelings.

“After Kevin’s move to Idaho and his family’s new situation there, Kevin, dad, and I discussed things, and really for the sake of family peace agreed to be involved family-wise together. Things were still tense, as the close friendships that once were so prevalent weren’t really restored with this. We just tolerated each other.

“Nevertheless, about a year before Kevin’s death, I received a phone call from him, just out of the blue! Making this call even all the more unusual, was the fact that it was made to my office, my business being a competing software company. This must have been extremely difficult for Kevin and showed that he wasn’t going to let the businesses stand between us anymore. He could have just as easily called me at home and simply dodged the issue. I was very, very surprised by this call! He mentioned that he had had some things going on and some spiritual experiences and said that he had felt prompted to set things right with me and make the relationship better. Oh, how very, very grateful I am to him for doing this. What a relief and wonderful thing that he did for me with this call. The relationship was much better, Kevin had forgiven me for the things that had happened, and I don’t believe that he felt bitterness after that. We talked about cattle and other things several times since then and each time it was a pleasure to hear his voice and to feel his companionship again, even though we still lived several hundred miles apart. We saw each other a couple times since then and things seemed good, it was very, very nice.”¹⁹

Scott Dalton, who had a very close friendship with Kevin during this time, gives us another perspective of this remarkable change.

“Another thing that Kevin did quite often and I’d lend an ear, he’d voice his feelings about Craig. He wasn’t too happy with Craig at the time and had a lot of strong feelings about that. ... He would vent quite a bit about Craig and then like a year and a half before his death it was like a light switch just switched and he just stopped. And we got on the phone and he just told me that he basically just decided that was enough. Just forgave him. It was just weird to see, like I said, somebody had just switched a light switch. ... I don’t know maybe he was being prepared to move on, because all of a sudden he was a different Kevin. Well not that much different, not that we were out of control (before) but the hatred, the everything ... It was just very, very cool to see him release all that garbage and just get rid of it and I personally couldn’t have just turned it on and off like he did, because it was just one day it was one way and the next day it was just another way. The garbage was just part of that past and that’s the way he left it.”²⁰

Kevin was now in the last year of his mortal life and perhaps this was one small thing in his preparation to pass on. It seems that there were several things that he prepared before leaving or that had prepared him for leaving. In any case the bitterness because of the Taxware situation was at last put to an end, and brothers were brothers again.

Along with his move to Idaho, Kevin’s church experience was now substantially different also. After living all of their married lives as part of large wards of the church, Kevin and Pam now found themselves as part of a small branch. In many ways membership in a branch is very pleasant and special. There is often a feeling of *family*, or in other words, you feel like you are a part of a close *branch* or *church family*. Ideally this feeling should be part of membership in any unit of the church, but unfortunately it is often lost in many of the larger wards. But within a branch, it’s natural for the members to bind together as they work hard side by side, often short of resources and short of other helping hands. They know that if they don’t do the work themselves, it just isn’t going to get done, that no one is going to step in and do it for them if they slack off. Each of the strong members of a branch often take it upon themselves to help those in need without necessarily being asked to do so. They know that if they don’t do it, most likely no one will. There isn’t the expectation that “*Oh someone*

else will do this or that!" It is up to them to act and they know it! With everyone helping one another, a spirit of unity, friendship, and mutual cause is developed. Experience in a small branch thus often becomes a very beautiful, special, and spiritual thing, albeit one filled with a lot of hard work! Such was the case with the little Fairfield branch of the church that the Daltons soon became very much a part of.

Actually Kevin's ancestral family had been very much a part of the church on the Camas Prairie back during the area's pioneer period. His great-grandfather, Isaac Erin Thurber was called as the first Bishop of the newly formed Manard ward in 1907. This ward was filled at the time with many of Kevin's Thurber, Butler, and Dalton relations. Manard Hall which served as the church's meeting house for some 80 years, was built by this early group of saints, as well as Mormon Reservoir, which was built to serve their irrigation needs and still stands today.

Shortly after their move, Kevin began serving as a counselor in the Young Men's presidency and as Scoutmaster. Pam served as the branch's Primary president during most of her stay in Idaho. When they first moved in, Burt Landon was Branch President with Jack Dalin and Lee Peters serving as his counselors.

In the Spring of 1997 Kevin was called to serve as president of the Fairfield branch of the church thus stepping into the same ecclesiastical role that his great-grandfather held some 90 years earlier. Kevin was certainly already worthy to serve in this capacity, in that he obeyed the commandments, however this calling did cause some changes in his life. It became very important to him that he set an impeccable example in every aspect of his life, especially for the benefit of the youth in his branch. So he started changing even some of the little things, no more Dr. Pepper soda, no more marshal arts movies (which as a student of karate he had liked to watch), even final removal of the beard. What he seemed to be saying (through these small actions) to himself and those he was leading, is that the little things even though they may not be *that bad* or even really wrong (like the beard), just aren't worth it if they kept you in any degree from having the full companionship of the spirit or from your ultimate goal, *eternal life*! It was an attitude that said "*I'm going to do*

whatever I think the Lord wants me to, no matter how small or how trivial!”

Some of his extended family noticed the missing beard and his excitement in serving in this new calling, and gave us these observations.

“... We were sitting around the table talking and we asked him [Kevin] why he had shaved his beard. He told us that the stake president [Roger Cheney] had called him into his office to ask how attached he was to that beard and if he wouldn’t mind shaving it off because they wanted him to be the new branch president. I remember him saying how much he already loved that position and how much work it had been. Kevin had a testimony of the gospel and although I wasn’t fortunate to hear it, it was apparent in the way he lived his life.” – Stacy Beardall Hatch²¹

“One of my last memories of Kevin was at Sun Valley, Idaho in August of 1997. He came up to our rented house after the golf game, which had become an annual outing. He looked so handsome and much younger than he had for some time. He had shaved off his beard and cut his hair. I told him that I had forgotten how handsome he was and he smiled with that big grin. He was a pleasure to be with. We enjoyed him like one of our sons.” – LaRue Beardall²²

At the time he was called as Branch President, Kevin was also ordained to the office of High Priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood. His father who held that office himself performed this ordination.

Serving with him in the branch presidency, Kevin had Todd Rasmussen as 1st Counselor and Todd McGinnis as 2nd Counselor. Within the branch, these two were often simply referred to respectively as *Little Todd* and *Big Todd*!

Kevin worked hard as Branch President and tried hard to reach out and help people receive the blessings of the gospel he loved so much. As Jack Dalin described earlier, Kevin’s influence was felt and the little Fairfield Branch, which had been struggling, began to grow substantively in numbers attending and in enthusiasm.

Much of the service rendered by a branch president goes unseen even by most of the church members. Most of his efforts consist of helping people individually and privately, as well as quietly and subtly influencing others within the branch to magnify their respective callings. One of the more visible things that Kevin did as branch president was his insistence that the sacramental prayers be recited correctly or be redone, the importance of which

was apparently not understood by many members of the branch. Being a stickler on this point actually gave many church members a better appreciation for this sacred ordinance.

Another area he emphasized was the music. He wanted everyone to sing, really sing. Along with this he made all of the young men and young women learn how to lead the singing. And they “*absolutely hated it!*” But it was good for them and surely Kevin’s intent was to help prepare them for a future life of church service, including potential missionary service. In any case, he had to go through this as a youth, so why not pass it on! Of course the branch president’s children catch the brunt of such bright new ideas, as is shown by a discussion he had with his brother Scott.

“... He really felt strongly about setting a really good example, especially for the youth in his branch. He talked to me about some of the programs that he had set up for the kids and how he made Bryce [go first]. Well the program is; each of the youth had to get up and lead music in Sacrament Meeting and poor Bryce had to guinea pig his new program.”²³

In addition to leading the music in Sacrament meeting, the young men also led the singing in priesthood meeting, where Kevin would play the piano as accompaniment.

As Branch President Kevin placed a lot of emphasis on the youth. For the size of the branch they actually had a fairly good number of youth. Included in this group were: Burt, Tony, and Becky Krahn, Tim Packham, Doug Myers, Bridget and Ashley Dalin, Chrissy and Jenny Turner, Stephanie Gill, Christy Jones, and of course, Bryce and Shélisa Dalton.

Probably the most memorable activity Kevin did with the youth of his branch occurred shortly after his call as branch president in the spring of 1997. They were having a stake youth conference down at Brigham Young University, but Kevin decided that he wanted to take his branch youth down as a group and chaperone them himself along with his friend, Jack Dalin, who was serving as Young Men’s President. He wanted to use this opportunity to further develop a rapport with his youth and get to know them better. He worked hard to build a close relationship with them and to be one with them. As Bryce put it; “*He always had to fit in!*”²⁴ This included dressing like them and wearing things like corduroy pants something he hadn’t done in years.

A memorable part of this trip was when they toured the Missionary Training Center, which sits across from BYU. Actually touring the MTC wasn't part of the plan, they weren't even supposed to be there, but Kevin thought that a youth conference fireside was being held there. Finding himself at the MTC with his branch youth, Kevin took the opportunity to show them around the facilities, explain what life was like for a new missionary there, and share some of his own experiences and memories from when he was there 19 years earlier. It was a good experience and they all had fun doing it, and the MTC staff was patient and pleasant with them, even though they really weren't supposed to be there. They found out that their fireside was being held at the Provo Temple just a couple blocks up from the MTC, so they walked up there, but by the time they arrived the fireside was over and everyone else had left. However, once again Kevin took the opportunity to teach in an informal way and talked to his youth about the temple and toured the temple grounds with them. So in lieu of a fireside, he was able to show and teach his youth the two most important things for them to understand at their age: the importance and joy of serving a mission and receiving the covenants and blessings of the temple.

This trip also included the infamous *cabbage incident*, something they'd talk and chuckle about for some time. They ate at the BYU cafeteria, which was done as an all you can eat buffet. Well Jack Dalin found that they had one of his favorites, fried cabbage, and proceeded to load up on it. Kevin warned him that he was going to "*bloat like a horse*" if he ate too much of the stuff, but Jack didn't listen. Sure enough as soon as they got back to their rooms, he was "*sicker than a dog*". As Jack put it, "*my stomach was so bad, I wanted to die! I just wanted somebody to poke me and let it all air out!*" Of course, while Jack was writhing in his over indulgent agony, the others, including Kevin, in typical male fashion, were laughing mercilessly and staying as far away from Jack as possible!

In May of 1997 Kevin celebrated his 38th birthday. He was actually gone to California on business on his birthday, but upon his return he enjoyed a simple birthday celebration complete with cake and candles with just his wife and children in their little house along Chimney Creek.

Actually it was Kevin's plan to have his family moved out of this little house by his next birthday. They always considered living in the little house as just temporary as they had all along planned to build a larger house on their property. However now Kevin had made arrangements to buy the remaining 80 acres of the property from his father, including the big house on the hill. It then made little sense to build yet a third house on the property, instead they would extensively remodel the big house on the hill and make it their permanent home. Even though Kevin considered major remodeling to be just as expensive as building new and fraught with more headaches.

Kevin began the remodeling project that spring and worked on it all summer and into the fall. As it turns out, it was fraught with many problems and headaches, but he was bound and determined to do the job first rate, after all he was planning this to be his family's permanent home. Among other things, he rebuilt the roof, added covered porches, built a completely new addition on the north end including a very elaborate master bedroom suite, and redid the heating system complete with steam pipes laid in the concrete slab to heat the floors. He also had the chimney rebuilt, which was a necessity because when he tore the roof away to rebuild it the old chimney collapsed. This was not an easy project, but the family worked on it together. Although as Pam put it "*I can think of a lot more fun family projects!*"

Towards the fall of 1997 much of the construction work was complete leaving mainly finishing work, like trim and painting. The family did have fun painting the exterior of the house together, with Kevin playing around with his wife as he lifted her up in the bucket of the tractor to paint up high.

With fall Kevin's attention turned more towards business matters. He had some national electronic filing meetings to attend in Washington, D.C. This time he made plans to take his son Bryce along with him, so that he could show him the nation's capital and so they could spend some time together. Their intent was to fly to Washington on Saturday, October 11th and spend most of that week together, but this trip would never happen.

Winter was approaching and Kevin had a number of chores and projects he felt needed accomplished before it set in. With his impending trip the following week, he especially wanted to get

some projects finished so that his family wouldn't have problems with the horses and livestock while he was away. With this in mind he got up Friday morning the 10th of October and started work outside. In particular he wanted to set some posts and fix a section of fence a hundred yards or so up from his little house that he was fearful the horses would go through if he didn't make it right. He got the tractor out and set it in place with the power posthole auger attached to the back, ready to drill the holes he needed to set his posts. It was a gray morning with a cold rain coming down, a miserable day to be working outside, but he had to get things ready for his trip. He couldn't wait for a nice day. The kids went off to school and his wife went to teach school. Shortly thereafter, the guys that were running cattle on Kevin's leased ground came to start moving the cattle back down to Mountain Home and Kevin stopped to help them. After they left, Kevin got back to work drilling his postholes.

Pam came back to the house at about noon after teaching her Kindergarten class and felt impressed to go up to check on Kevin, and there she found him. His coat had gotten caught and wrapped around the PTO drive line running to the auger of the posthole digger. Although still young he had finished his mission on earth.

Epilogue

The coroner stated that despite the gruesome nature of the accident, Kevin probably suffered little and died almost instantly as the coat sucking him against the drive line had crushed his chest. This was perhaps but little comfort to a young wife and her four children that now stood in shock with grief that is impossible to describe. Their shock and grief was shared by an entire community, church branch, and extended family and friends that almost immediately began to stream in from far and wide.

In reality there was very little that anyone could do to help them deal with their loss, just lend support and be there with a strong shoulder to cry on. There was a tremendous outpouring of kindness and service from the community of Camas County that deeply touched the family members. By that evening the Dalton property was covered with a host of travel trailers, campers, and RV's, so that extended family and friends coming from afar would have a place to stay. The house was flooded with cards, gifts, flowers, and meals too numerous to possibly be eaten. And this was just the beginning of the community's compassion, charity, and service. Many also helped in a variety of different ways to finish the house on the hill, which was greatly appreciated. Pam described a special service activity dealing with her house.

"The house was to the point of having it drywalled, that was it. And it was kind of overwhelming to me to think of trying to have to finish this house, but I had to, whether I lived in it or whether I sold it, you have to finish it! So the community got together and they had a big painting party to help me out. Sunny Smith brought food for everybody and I supplied the paint, rollers, brushes, and that type of thing. It was fun! Everybody came out and were really supportive."¹

There was a lovely funeral service held in Kevin's honor on the morning of Tuesday, October 14, 1997 at the church building in Gooding, Idaho, a transcript of which is part of Kevin's historical records. There were several hundred people in attendance, including much of the community of Camas County, numerous friends from California and all over, and of course Kevin's family and extended family. It was a great outpouring of support and an tremendous expression of the love felt for Kevin, that so many would travel so far to honor him. The chapel and overflow area was packed and the crowd extended back through most of the cultural hall. The chapel was completely filled with flowers.

The Relief Society provided a wonderful meal after the service and then many drove three hours to the Hyrum cemetery, in Utah's Cache Valley where Kevin was interred. Kevin's Uncle Dick had secured a special burial plot only a few feet from where Kevin's Grandpa and Grandma Brown are buried, commenting that "*it is a beautiful place to come forth on the morning of the first resurrection!*" The plot sits on a hill overlooking the beautiful Cache Valley, which is Kevin's ancestral home.

With the funeral past, Pam and the kids now faced continuing with life, adjusting to a new life, a life without their husband and father, provider and protector, physically by their side. Their knowledge of the gospel, their assurance that they would one day be reunited with him, certainly gave them great comfort, but as anyone who has lost a loved one can attest, it's just not the same as having him right there physically with you.

The family would be o.k. financially. Kevin had taken out a life insurance policy shortly after his marriage. Kevin's share of the Taxware business would fall to Pam and she would receive income from it. But, this wouldn't eliminate the uncertainty and worries, especially because Kevin had always been the one who took care of the family's weightier financial matters.

A couple of things that really did help Pam deal with her new life were tending her animals, which she referred to as being "*therapeutic*" and teaching her Kindergarten class. Previously she had worked as a substitute teacher, but that fall she had begun teaching a class of her own. She loved working with these little children and they will probably never know how much their little

smiles lifted the heart of a teacher passing through a very hard time.

Another trial the family faced was just passing through an Idaho winter. Here Pam shares some of her memories of that winter.

“Heavenly Father and I had many talks while I was out there shoveling and crying and the whole shebang! It wasn’t a bad winter but it was bad enough for me. Any winter out there [in Camas County] is bad!

“Winter didn’t really hit until February and that’s when Bryce got hurt. It was a very mild fall and a mild winter and everyone said, ‘*I think you have something to do with this!*’ And I said, ‘*well I’d better! He better know that I just can’t handle a six-month winter this year!*’ So I can’t complain because really it was pretty mild compared to what we’d had before, but their [winters] are just tough!”²

Of course many in the community were willing to help and in fact did help considerably, Pam and her children’s welfare was very important to them. Pam knew that there were many in the community to whom she could turn, but asking for help or even accepting it when offered was difficult for her to do. She was very grateful for the concern and love shown by others. In particular she remembered one small kindness from a family that *just showed up* that greatly lifted her heart.

“That was just the best thing that they could have done, bring me that box of kindling because I couldn’t start a fire without it. I couldn’t cut kindling. The Rey family, not LDS, came out with shovels and everything, but I had already dug us out, but I just thought it was such a sweet gesture, the whole family, mom, dad, and their three kids came out to help me! What the problem is, a lot of people offer to do things but don’t come through, they didn’t offer, they just showed up! If people showed up then that was great, but if they offered, you’re ok, you do it on your own!”³

That December as Bryce passed his 16th birthday he found himself stepping more and more into the role of *man of the house*. He was a good and dependable son, an asset to his mother, and more and more she began to rely on him for his strength and support. His father certainly would be proud of him!

With this in mind it is easy to see why an accident which occurred in February of 1998 was additionally tragic for Pam. Bryce was playing in a high school basketball game when he was knocked into a wall and his leg was shattered in numerous places just above the ankle. The doctors pinned it back together and

eventually it would heal strong and well, but for the next several months it left Bryce an invalid, and about wrenched all that was left in his mother's fragile heart.

With the winter months past, things began to look up. Pam decided that living in rural Idaho through another winter was not something she wanted to do, so she made plans to sell her recently finished house along with the remainder of the property and to move to some place that she could further her education and that wouldn't be so hard to raise children without a father. She considered Cache Valley, but then decided to move to a new housing development near her parents in North Ogden, Utah. Her property in Idaho sold quickly and for the price she wanted, and by the next fall she was in her brand new home in North Ogden.

On November 5, 1998 Colby who had just turned eight years old was baptized by his brother Bryce in the Ben Lomond 10th Ward of the church. Bryce holding the office of Priest in the Aaronic priesthood had the authority to do so. A few months later on July 4, 1999, Neil having just turned twelve years old, was given the Aaronic Priesthood and ordained to the office of Deacon by Bryce. About a year later, Neil earned the rank of Eagle in scouting. Earlier Bryce had earned his Eagle while still living in Idaho.

In early January 2001 Bryce began serving a mission for the church in Brazil. He was called to serve in the Rio de Janeiro mission, but spent his first couple of months at the Missionary Training Center in Sao Paulo, where he was literally immersed in the Portuguese language.

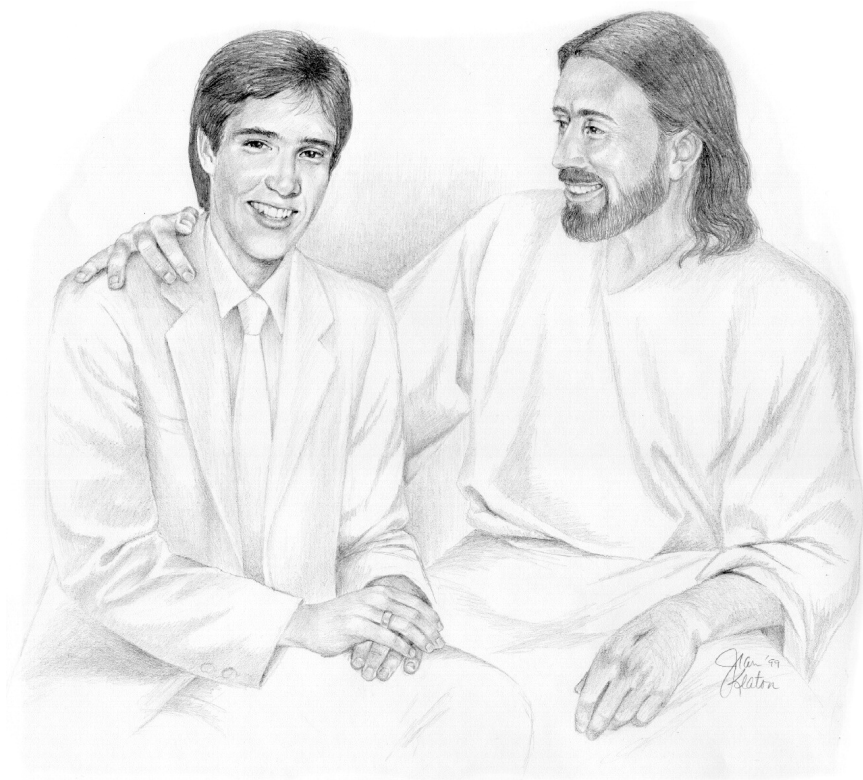
Surely Kevin is proud of his children and feels joy with their successes, and will feel joy as they grow up strong and true. Undoubtedly it was hard for him to leave them to grow up without his guiding hand physically present. But his influence can always be felt through the example and strong testimony he left. Perhaps in times of trial and darkness, they will be able to feel his influence even greater than if he were still in mortality, knowing that he is yet ever mindful of them, concerned about them, and perhaps now even better able to watch over them.

As alluded to at the beginning of this biography, Kevin's story is impossible to end. His life and work continues on and will continue forevermore, only in a higher form. Even his story on

earth doesn't end here, it continues in the lives of his children and posterity, even in the lives of all of those who were influenced by him.

But as the Apostle Paul put it, "*He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith.*"⁴

And has undoubtedly heard these wonderful words from the Lord he served throughout his life, "*Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord!*"⁵



Drawing by Jean Keaton, commissioned by Valerie Dalton Cobb

Reference Notes

Chapter Two Heritage

¹ Excerpts in this history taken from the Abigail Mead McBride history in the records of Sharon Christina Brown Dalton. The author is uncertain as to the writer of this history, however believes it was probably Mary Belnap Lowe.

² Excerpts in this history taken from a history written by Helen Thurber Dalton.

³ LDS Biographical Encyclopedia, by Andrew Jenson, volume 1, page 532.

⁴ Autobiography of Helen Thurber Dalton, page 17

⁵ Autobiography of Helen Thurber Dalton, page 48-A

⁶ Oral history of Wesley Leroy Brown recorded by Sharon Christina Brown Dalton.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Oral history of Ruby Hendry Glenn Brown recorded by Sharon Christina Brown Dalton.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² Oral history of Wesley Leroy Brown recorded by Sharon Christina Brown Dalton.

¹³ Recollection from Sharon Christina Brown

Chapter Three His Parents

¹ Life Story of King Thurber Dalton by Helen Thurber Dalton, page 3

² Ibid., page 9

³ Ibid., page 6

⁴ Ibid., page 6

⁵ Ibid., page 7

⁶ Ibid., page 8

⁷ Oral history of Wesley Leroy Brown recorded by Sharon Christina Brown Dalton.

⁸ My Life Story by Sharon Christina Brown, written at age 15 with the help of her mother Ruby Brown

⁹ Life Story of King Thurber Dalton by Helen Thurber Dalton, page 16

¹⁰ Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998

¹¹ Life Story of King Thurber Dalton by Helen Thurber Dalton, page 19

¹² Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998

Chapter Four A Newborn

¹ Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998, with rewording by Craig Dalton

⁵ Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998

⁶ Ibid.

Chapter Five Seattle-Boise-Pocatello

¹ Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Chapter Six On to California

¹ Interview with King & Sharon Dalton, February 1998

² Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 21

³ Ibid., page 3

⁴ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton – Life Sketch by his mother, Sharon Dalton, page 3

⁵ Ibid., page 3

⁶ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 2

⁷ Ibid., page 1

⁸ Ibid., page 1

⁹ Interview with Sharon Dalton, February 1998

Chapter Seven 1536 Carnation Way

¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 8

² Ibid., page 9

³ Ibid., page 8

⁴ Ibid., page 3

⁵ Ibid., page 12

⁶ Ibid., page 31

Chapter Eight
Pets

¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 10

Chapter Nine
Grandparent Visits

¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 4

² Ibid., page 5

³ Ibid., page 5

⁴ Ibid., page 5

⁵ Ibid., page 6

⁶ Ibid., page 7

⁷ Ibid., page 7

Chapter Ten
The Outdoors

¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 23

² Ibid., page 24

³ Ibid., page 26

⁴ Ibid., page 27

⁵ Ibid., page 27

⁶ Ibid., page 28

⁷ Ibid., page 29

Chapter Eleven
Holidays & Observances

¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 34

² Ibid., page 32

Chapter Twelve The Late 60's & Early 70's

- ¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 14
- ² Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997
- ³ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 20
- ⁴ Ibid., page 20
- ⁵ Ibid., page 21
- ⁶ Ibid., page 31

Chapter Thirteen Sports

- ¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 15
- ² Interview with King Dalton, February 1998
- ³ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 11
- ⁴ Interview with King Dalton, February 1998
- ⁵ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 12
- ⁶ Taken from *Brief History of the Old Winchester 38-55 Rifle*, by Helen Dalton
- ⁷ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 14
- ⁸ Ibid., page 15
- ⁹ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 10
- ¹⁰ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 40
- ¹¹ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 11
- ¹² Interview with King Dalton, February 1998

Chapter Fourteen Church Life as a Mormon Boy

- ¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 35
- ² Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 3
- ³ Ibid., page 11
- ⁴ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 36

Chapter Fifteen Jobs Growing Up

- ¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 16
- ² Ibid., page 17
- ³ Ibid.

Chapter Sixteen Teenage Years

- ¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 38
- ² This information was taken from the journal of Kevin's grandmother Helen Dalton and from descriptions printed on trophies.
- ³ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 39
- ⁴ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his father King T. Dalton, page 53
- ⁵ Ibid., page 54
- ⁶ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 12
- ⁷ Ibid., page 11
- ⁸ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 41
- ⁹ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 6
- ¹⁰ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 39
- ¹¹ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 10
- ¹² Taken from an autobiographical sketch written by Pam Dalton
- ¹³ Ibid.
- ¹⁴ Ibid., page 3
- ¹⁵ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 42

Chapter Seventeen The Spain Sevilla Mission

- ¹ Missionary Journal of Kevin King Dalton, date 8-3-1978
- ² Missionary letter to home dated August 1978
- ³ Mission journal dated September 2, 1978
- ⁴ Mission journal dated August 6, 1978
- ⁵ Ibid., August 4, 1978
- ⁶ Ibid., September 12, 1978
- ⁷ Father's Blessing given by King T. Dalton, July 30, 1978
- ⁸ Mission journal dated August 14, 1978
- ⁹ Mission journal dated August 19, 1978
- ¹⁰ Mission journal dated August 26, 1978 (note this was quoted in Spanish and then translated. I have used the translation.
- ¹¹ Mission journal dated September 26, 1978
- ¹² Letter home dated September 1978
- ¹³ Letter home dated August 30, 1978
- ¹⁴ Mission journal dated September 4, 1978
- ¹⁵ Mission journal dated August 21, 1978
- ¹⁶ Letter home dated September 12, 1978
- ¹⁷ Interview with Sharon Dalton, March 10, 2000
- ¹⁸ Mission journal dated October 4, 1978

- ¹⁹ Mission journal dated October 27, 1978
- ²⁰ Mission journal dated November 18, 1978
- ²¹ Mission journal dated October 31, 1978
- ²² Letter home dated October 30, 1978
- ²³ Mission journal dated October 29, 1978
- ²⁴ Mission journal dated November 7, 1978
- ²⁵ Mission journal dated Nov. 9, 1978 and Letter home dated Nov. 13, 1978
- ²⁶ Mission journal dated January 4, 1979
- ²⁷ Mission journal dated November 21, 1978
- ²⁸ Mission journal dated November 29, 1978
- ²⁹ Mission journal dated December 16, 1978
- ³⁰ Mission journal dated December 17, 1978
- ³¹ Mission journal dated December 21, 1978
- ³² Letter directed to Kevin's parents, October 1978
- ³³ Letter home dated December 24, 1978
- ³⁴ Mission journal dated January 12, 1979
- ³⁵ Mission journal entries dated January 14 & 19, 1979
- ³⁶ Mission journal entry dated February 13, 1979
- ³⁷ Letter to home dated March 9, 1979
- ³⁸ Mission journal entry dated February 20, 1979
- ³⁹ Mission journal entry dated February 23, 1979
- ⁴⁰ Mission journal entry dated February 12, 1979
- ⁴¹ Mission journal entry dated March 13, 1979
- ⁴² Mission journal entry dated April 3, 1979
- ⁴³ Mission journal entry dated April 25, 1979
- ⁴⁴ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 11
- ⁴⁵ Letter to home dated May 20, 1979
- ⁴⁶ Mission journal entry dated June 20, 1979
- ⁴⁷ Deseret News Archives articles dated December 26, 1998 & January 2, 1999
- ⁴⁸ Interview with Alan Crockett – March 27, 2000
- ⁴⁹ Ibid.
- ⁵⁰ Mission journal entry dated July 28, 1979
- ⁵¹ Mission journal entry dated August 5, 1979
- ⁵² Mission journal entry dated October 14, 1979
- ⁵³ Mission journal entry dated October 10, 1979
- ⁵⁴ Mission journal entry dated October 20, 1979
- ⁵⁵ Mission journal entry dated November 27, 1979
- ⁵⁶ Mission journal entry dated December 6, 1979
- ⁵⁷ Story condensed from Mission journal entry dated December 24, 1979 and interview with Robert McIntyre on March 31, 2000
- ⁵⁸ Mission journal entry dated December 31, 1979
- ⁵⁹ Mission journal entry dated November 21, 1979
- ⁶⁰ Information taken from Mission journal entries Nov. 1979 through February 1980, and interview with Robert McIntyre on March 31, 2000
- ⁶¹ Letter from David Johnson dated June 21, 1999

⁶² Ibid.

⁶³ Mission journal entry dated March 23, 1980

⁶⁴ Mission journal entry dated April 20-23, 1980

⁶⁵ Mission journal entry dated May 11-12, 1980

⁶⁶ Father's Blessing given by King T. Dalton, July 30, 1978

⁶⁷ Mission journal entry dated June 22, 1980

⁶⁸ Mission journal entry dated July 29, 1980

⁶⁹ Mission journal entry dated July 31, 1980 and Mission journal of Alan Crockett dated July 31, 1980 as presented in an interview on March 27, 2000

⁷⁰ Mission journal entry dated August 3, 1980

Chapter Eighteen Marriage: A New Family Begins

¹ Mission journal entry dated August 5, 1980

² Much of the following is taken from an autobiographical sketch written by Pam Dalton

³ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 4

⁴ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000

⁵ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000

Chapter Nineteen Newlywed Years

¹ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000

² Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000 (counter 412-478)

³ Taken from the *baby book* of Bryce Kevin Dalton

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¹ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000 (counter 356-363)

² Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000 (counter 400-411)

³ Kevin and Pam Dalton family photo album on CD-ROM

⁴ Kevin and Pam Dalton family photo album on CD-ROM (page 1984-2)

⁵ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 5

⁶ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000 (counter 412-478)

⁷ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his son Bryce Dalton, June 1998

Chapter Twenty-One Taxware Systems, Inc.

¹ Much of the information included in this chapter was taken from promotional materials and manuals produced by Taxware, which are too numerous to list or inaccessible (there being but few copies in existence). For a more detailed evolution or description of Taxware software please refer to the special “readme” text files contained on the 1981-1989 Taxware program archive on CD-ROM produced by the author.

² From 1980 *Taxware* product literature in possession of the author.

³ For a more detailed description, please refer to the special “readme” text files contained on the 1981-1989 Taxware program archive on CD-ROM produced by the author. A version of the software updated to operate on IBM compatible microcomputers is contained on the same CD-ROM.

⁴ From *Special information regarding 1984 Taxware software* (84Readme.Txt)

Chapter Twenty-Two Adult Sports & Hobbies

¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 44

² Ibid., page 45

³ Ibid.

⁴ These stories are taken from “Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton”, on pages 45-47

⁵ Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 26-38)

⁶ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000 (counter 601-611)

⁷ A Memory Book of Kevin King Dalton – a collection of memories from members of the extended Beardall family

⁸ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Scott Dalton (February 1999)

⁹ Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 213-240)

¹⁰ Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 375-398)

¹¹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his son Bryce Dalton, June 1998

¹² Ibid.

¹³ A Memory Book of Kevin King Dalton – a collection of memories from members of the extended Beardall family

¹⁴ Taped interview with Pam Dalton, February 2000 (counter 583-600)

¹⁵ Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 407-424)

¹⁶ Shawn Packer memories of cycling with Kevin

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his son Bryce Dalton, June 1998

²⁰ A Memory Book of Kevin King Dalton – a collection of memories from members of the extended Beardall family

²¹ Ibid.

²² Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 515-571)

²³ Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 463-474)

Chapter Twenty-Three Family Traditions

¹ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998

² Ibid.

³ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 185-220,379-391,620-627)

⁴ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 807-813)

⁸ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998

⁹ These comments are taken from "A Memory Book of Kevin King Dalton" – a collection of memories from members of the extended Beardall family

¹⁰ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 807-813)

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¹ Taped interview with Scott Dalton, June 18, 2001 (counter 303-332)

² Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 507-513)

³ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 423-431)

⁴ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 738-745)

⁵ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 760-766)

⁶ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 766-772)

⁷ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 800-806)

⁸ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998

⁹ A Memory Book of Kevin King Dalton – a collection of memories from members of the extended Beardall family

¹⁰ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998

¹¹ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 888-913)

¹² Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 432-449)

¹³ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 876-884)

¹⁴ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 5

Chapter Twenty-Five At Home in Idaho

- ¹ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 997-1004)
- ² Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (side B, counter 100-109)
- ³ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (side B, counter 110-114)
- ⁴ Funeral service of Kevin King Dalton, October 14, 1997, page 5
- ⁵ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 1006-1017)
- ⁶ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998
- ⁷ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 214-237)
- ⁸ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 1068-1083)
- ⁹ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 307-398)
- ¹⁰ Ibid.
- ¹¹ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 166-181, 200-201)
- ¹² 1998 Camas High School Annual
- ¹³ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 205-214)
- ¹⁴ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 536-546)
- ¹⁵ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 282-288)
- ¹⁶ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (counter 1084-1093)
- ¹⁷ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (side B, counter 22-45)
- ¹⁸ Interview with Jack Dalin, November 9, 2001 (counter 413-464)
- ¹⁹ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Craig Dalton, page 49
- ²⁰ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Scott Dalton, Feb 1999
- ²¹ A Memory Book of Kevin King Dalton – a collection of memories from members of the extended Beardall family
- ²² Ibid.
- ²³ Memories of Kevin King Dalton by his brother Scott Dalton, Feb 1999
- ²⁴ Interview with Bryce Kevin Dalton, June 1998

Chapter Twenty-Six Epilogue

- ¹ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (side B, counter 165-181)
- ² Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (side B, counter 40-45, 182-196)
- ³ Pam Dalton interview, February 2000 (side B, counter 53-70)
- ⁴ 2 Timothy 4:7 – wording changed from 1st person to 3rd person
- ⁵ Matthew 25:21