

Fun Times of Youth
with Glen and Alta Wanlass
By Rhea Wanlass Lewis

Remembering good times of years gone by with the best parents ever born on earth, --Glen and Alta Butler Wanlass are my parents and best friends. I was blessed to be the daughter of these wonderful people. They were so kind, patient, forgiving and generous.

Some of the first things I remember doing with my dad was learning to count while he helped me up and down the basement steps to tend to the furnace. He read stories to us children while we sat on his lap and also on the back and arms of the chair... Kathryn often DID his hair in rollers while he read. One night the Block teachers came and visited with us and dad didn't even care if he had rollers in his hair. He was such a good sport and even tempered.. I only heard him swear once or twice while he told a joke...one was about Stan swearing when he could barely talk.

Dad worked so hard at the service station. Often he would be gone when we children woke up in the morning and wouldn't get home at night until seven or eight. He didn't complain much about working in the heat or snow...He just wanted to earn a living to take care of Mother and his family. He worked at the service station forty years, missing only a few days now and then to take a little trip out in the desert to hunt rocks or cook a squirrel on a rock with Kelly Wilson. When it was rodeo days, he parked our car by the station and we children got to sit on the hood and watch the parade as it passed on first East. We were careful not to scratch the paint with the buckles on our shoes. When I was in high school dad would let me help pump gas and wash windows and also decorate and clean the station windows. It was especially fun when the guard guys and high school friends came to buy gas. It was about 25 cents a gallon then.

At Christmas time Mother saw to it that we had homemade pajamas, Sunday clothes, one surprise and always nuts, an orange and a banana were in the bottom

of our long brown stockings that we wore to school, (washed of course). I guess Stan borrowed one of ours because his socks were short. Dad saw to it that we had a savings bond hanging on the tree. He was more of a saver and not so much in buying (stuff) we didn't need.

Mother saw to it that we were always dressed nice, most of the time she sewed our dresses. She made good food and dinners. Most of our food was cooked from scratch and gathered from the garden that dad took such good care of. We got our milk and eggs from grandpa Wanlass and also some of our meat. We raised some chickens and even a sheep and pig at one time.

Mother bottled lots of fruit and vegetables and baked our bread and cookies. Mother made our birthdays special with a cake and new dress or play clothes and shoes. My birthday is in July so she often served cantaloupe and ice cream to friends and relations from California, who often were visiting here in the summer. We children had fun making our own games and play houses, roller skating, sledding, riding bikes or playing night games. In the winter, Dad would put an old mattress on the living room floor and let us kids do Indian wrestling and boxing.

We had a little blue radio on the kitchen counter and we enjoyed listening to music or mystery stories while we ate breakfast and dinner. I was out of High School when we got our first television.

Mother and Dad kept their home and yard a beautiful place. It was always nice and clean and had beautiful flowers and lawn and trees. Dad built special rock walls and a fireplace which we all loved. He really enjoyed building and watching a fire, summer and winter.

I love my parents so much and have had a good life because of them. Our home was a happy place. My parents were beautiful people here on Earth and I'm sure they still are beautiful people in Heaven.

Written By Rhea Wanlass Lewis May 2012