

LIFE SKETCH  
OF  
Doyle Edwin Cahoon

Written by Doyle E. Cahoon

Doyle Edwin Cahoon was born in Burley, Idaho on March 2, 1941 to Wilvin and Velma Durfee Cahoon Mabey.

His first home was a small apartment above Chet's Pool Hall in Declo, Idaho. His next home was a small home in Declo with a large garden which he claimed grew a large amount of weeds. About two years later, the family moved into a larger home across from his father's sister, Bernice Cahoon Fries where they lived for a few years. He attended the first 4 years at Declo Elementary.

Because his Dad was an avid fly fisherman, Doyle learned to bait fish long before he knew how to play baseball or even shoot marbles. Many weekends were spent on a stream fishing with his Mom and Dad.

His parents separated and Doyle and his Mom moved to Newberg, Oregon where his mother worked at a Clothing Cleaners and he attended 5<sup>th</sup> grade. They moved back to Burley where he attended 6<sup>th</sup> grade at the Burley Normal Grade School.

Because his Mom worked as a waitress and wanted to go where she could make more money than was possible at area restaurants, Doyle went to Almo to live with his grandparents, Edwin & Nettie Durfee on their cattle ranch for the next six years.

Doyle attended the 7<sup>th</sup> & 8<sup>th</sup> grades in the two-room Almo Elementary. His Grandmother, Ida Cahoon, (his father's step-mother) taught the "Big Room". He remembered that his grade school graduating class consisted of four students; Jay Black, Karlene Nicklson, Larry Cahoon, and himself. The 7<sup>th</sup> grade had two students and the 6<sup>th</sup> grade had 6. There was no 5<sup>th</sup> grade that year. (He says it must have been a very mild winter somewhere along the line).

Doyle's grandfather, Edwin Durfee, drove the high school bus to Malta for the 4 years Doyle attended RRHS. The bus picked up all the high school students in the Almo area and grade and high school students in Elba and along Conner Creek. The trip took about 1 to 1 ½ hours one way. When Doyle graduated, his grandfather quit driving the school bus. He had had enough of spit balls being hurled at his windshield.

Doyle, being a natural teen-ager know-it-all, often wondered just how his grandparents got this far in life. They were so trusting and helpful to everyone in the small community of Almo. When he left Almo and joined the Navy, of the 44 families living in the Almo area, he was related to 42 of them, some distant, but still related.

His grandfather was skilled at making and connecting iron pieces together using an old forge. Doyle often asked his grandfather why he didn't buy an electric welder like many of the ranchers were doing. One day his grandfather welded two pieces of metal together using the forge and told Doyle to take it down to the shop and see how strong it was.

Doyle grinned at the challenge. He took it to the shop and clamped it in a huge vise. He then took the largest hammer in the shop and hit the forged welded joint with all the strength he had. It took about 15 minutes for his body to stop vibrating only to find that the forged weld showed no signs of failure. He came to change his attitude about his grandpa and his ability to make repairs with his forge.

Questions his grandfather had to endure from the mind of a know-it-all teenager:

1. Why do we hand milk 6-8 dairy cows twice a day? Just so grandma could get the cream off the nights milking and make homemade butter? Wouldn't it be cheaper to buy butter at the store?
2. Why not trade those two old work horses in for a Ford tractor and all of the horse-powered attachments? It would save a lot of time everyday trying to harness and unharness the horses just before we hand milked the cows.
3. Why didn't he bale the hay instead of stacking it loose onto a pile called a haystack, only to pitch it onto a wagon during the winter mornings and then pitch it off the wagon onto the ground for the range cattle to feed on?
4. Why didn't he keep track of all the work he helped others with on their ranches and ask for that same amount of time to help him with his ranching duties?

These and many other questions largely went unanswered during Doyle's stay with them. When he joined the Navy and was faced with a difficult situation, he found himself asking the question, "what would grandpa do in this situation." Doyle found his grandparents were a lot wiser and had more integrity than most of the recruits he met in boot camp.

While living with his grandparents, Doyle got to know his Uncle Harold and Aunt Bea who took him in as their own son. Harold worked with his father, Edwin and helped on the ranch. Doyle was invited everywhere they took their family of girls. Fishing, fair and rodeos, Burley, and sleigh riding. Uncle Harold took him other places on horseback, hunting, looking for strays, mending or building fences and all kinds of ranching chores.

He especially remembers trips to Almo Park where Aunt Bea made dutch oven potato and onion soup with homemade bread and butter, while Uncle Harold would demonstrate how to shoot pinecones of the tree limbs.

After graduating from Raft River High School in 1959, and because of his familiarity with the people of Southern Idaho, Doyle got a job working at the McCaslin Lumber yard in Burley, delivering products until his enlistment in the Navy in October of the same year.

He attended boot camp in San Diego, California. After being in boot camp seven weeks he discovered his cousin and best friend, Larry Cahoon had also enlisted and was at the same base. Recruits were isolated in certain areas in the boot camp complex and restricted to what they could buy at the base PX. One weekend, Doyle bribed the bridge guard, and delivered a large number of Hershey chocolate bars he had purchased to Larry, who suddenly became very popular with the recruits in his company.

Doyle served in the Navy for four years and was assigned to two different ships; the USS Midway and the USS Winston. While he was stationed on the USS Winston he received word his father, Wilvin (Bud) Cahoon had passed away at his sister's home in Bridge,

Idaho. Doyle was unable to attend the funeral because of the time and distance it would take to get to an International airport and fly to the States.

After this four-year hitch, Doyle was honorably discharged from the Navy and secured a job with the City of Burley Electrical crew. Later he was employed by the Simplot Potato Processing electrical crew in the new construction department. Doyle really enjoyed this type of work.

While working for Simplot's, Doyle was introduced to a beautiful brown-eyed girl, Dee Ann Doman by his high school classmate, Jay Ward who just couldn't stand seeing the two of them not enjoying married life as much as he.

After a long 9-week engagement, they were married and sealed in the Idaho Falls temple. Most of their families were semi-active in the LDS church, and neither really knew why they were supposed to marry in the temple. They just knew it was the correct thing to do. This sealing helped them through many trials in their marriage for the next 45 years. They recently celebrated their anniversary on May 7 of this year.

Doyle re-enlisted in the Navy in 1965 and retired in March of 1981. They adopted a beautiful baby girl, Cadance, born in Baltimore, Maryland through the LDS adoption agency in 1978. They were thrilled to have a baby girl to brighten their lives. He served in various callings in the LDS church, including as a bishop.

Shortly after his retirement from the Navy, they moved from Norfolk, Virginia and bought a home in Pella, Idaho area. He found employment erecting the Heyburn garbage fired steam generation plant. While living in the Pella area, they adopted a beautiful baby boy, Derek Doyle. Now they had a complete family that would be their joy to raise the best they could to adulthood.

Currently, Cadance is married to Sean Rowland, a childhood sweetheart of Bellingham, Washington and they are living with two fine looking grandsons in the Long Beach area of New York. Derek is presently living in the Carson City, Nevada area.

In 1986 Doyle was hired by the company that built the Heyburn plant to move to Bellingham, Washington where he became the project engineer to replace 8 old incinerators for another steam fired plant that burned garbage to produce power. Max Durfee, his cousin, became the Heyburn plant manager when Doyle was called to Bellingham and did an excellent job managing it's operation until it was dismantled.

Because of his naval experience as an electrician and experience erecting two garbage fired steam plants, He was often hired out by a company in Virginia to travel around the country either erecting or repairing garbage fired incinerators. He traveled to Point Barrow, Alaska and other Alaskan destinations as well as Saudi Arabia and other places in the US and Canada.

And I bet Dee Ann thought after Navy retirement, he would be underfoot all the time!

Doyle stopped working at the Bellingham plant in 2000 and they sold their home and moved to Flagstaff, Arizona on the promise of a job. After working at odd jobs a couple of years waiting for the promised job, they decided to serve an LDS Senior Mission.

They were assigned to the “nut farm” the Berberian Nut Company in Stockton California for 18 months.

I thought this was such an appropriate assignment for Doyle!

After serving an honorable mission, they rented a home on the outskirts of Las Vegas, Nevada and waited for their second grandson, Mhasyn to be born. He arrived June 30, 2005.

Doyle and Dee Ann moved to Cottonwood and moved in with her brother, Randy and his wife, Laurie on their horse ranch. Doyle was able to help out with a multitude of repairs that needed attention. Eventually they rented a small home in Grangeville, while looking for a more permanent home or building a new one.

In May of 2008, they bought a home in Filer, Idaho so they could be closer to the newly built Twin Falls Temple. Most of their extended families live in the Twin Falls or Boise temple districts.

Doyle loved genealogy work and volunteered to help people in their homes become familiar with searching for their ancestors on their home computers. He was serving as a World Wide Support Missionary for the LDS church and Family History Department at the time he contracted a virus in his bone marrow that eventually resulted in his death. He died at home under the watchful eye of his faithful and loving companion of 45 years, Dee Ann.

I would like to add a couple personal notes.

I was delighted to learn of Doyle and Dee Ann’s return to southern Idaho. They had been away long enough and I looked forward to strengthening family ties. We held a Durfee family reunion last year during Memorial Day. It seemed that their return was unifying our families. Jean and Vic were so hospitable to Doyle and Dee Ann offering them their home to stay and the shop to store things while they were in the process of moving. Max and Shauna offered to help them move from Grangeville. Doyle helped Jean and Vic last summer around their yard. Max helped Doyle finish wiring his shop.

Doyle was full of energy. He couldn’t stand still for long. I wonder if it came from the hot dried peppers he kept on his person if he was away from home for a meal or appeared on the dining table at every meal? He enjoyed gardening and canning the produce with Dee Ann. One of his hobbies is growing dahlias.

While he was in the hospital in SLC during March, we discussed gardening and his plans for the garden this year. The next time I visited his home, he had enough garden tilled with the help of a good neighbor to feed all of Filer. He left things for Dee Ann to stay busy all summer long!!

He was concerned about getting the electrical in his shop finished so it could pass inspection. He had lots of projects. He planned to re-up as a Support Missionary when it came time in April.

## THE TOMATOES

Doyle was a “hunter/gatherer” always had a sharp eye out for good deals on produce. He must have been in heaven living in Filer in the midst of fields, gardens and farmers markets.

On a visit to his home early last summer, he asked if I wanted tomatoes when they came on. He had his eye on tomatoes and was real good at scavenging around and not letting food go to waste. I said to let me know when they were on and I would come and pick some.

August came and no word. The Utah tomatoes were on and I bought some and made juice. Then I get the call from Doyle. They are ready. I started to make a plan to get them and then I receive the next call. Doyle and Dee Ann had them picked and bottled! 40 quarts and several boxes of half ripe and green ones were delivered to Almo during the deer hunt. We enjoyed fresh tomatoes until December. Everytime we open a jar of delicious tomato juice, we toast Doyle!

I must not leave out his commitment to his faith. In our visits with him, he was always concerned about visiting his “home teaching families”. He was bothered by the fact that his health related problems were not allowing him to do as much for his families as he wanted to. In his last “update” e-mail about his health, after he learned there wasn’t much else to be done, he requested that we all get our home and visiting teaching done for the Month of May in his memory instead of sending flowers to his funeral. I still have one more day!

Doyle would like it if his life sketch concluded with a smile on your face.

Doyle had a sense of humor. He liked to yank your chain every chance he could. Like the time he told his neighbor in Filer that the people of Almo were unfriendly to people with Twin Falls or Minidoka license plates and they would likely get stopped on the way to his funeral! Hmmmm....I wonder where Clark is?

The following was one of his e-mails.

Three men were sitting together bragging about how they had given their new wives duties.

The first man had married a Woman from Colorado and had told her that she was going to do dishes and house cleaning. It took a couple days, but on the third day he came home to a clean house and dishes washed and put away.

The second man had married a woman from Nebraska. He had given his wife orders that she was to do all the cleaning, dishes, and the cooking. The first day he didn't see any results, but the next day he saw it was better. By the third day, he saw his house was clean, the dishes were done, and there was a huge dinner on the table.

The third man had married a girl from Idaho . He told her that her duties were to keep the house cleaned, dishes washed, lawn mowed, laundry washed and hot meals on the table for every meal. He said the first day he didn't see anything, the second day he didn't see anything, but by the third day some of the swelling had gone down and he could see a little out of his left eye, enough to fix himself a bite to eat and load the dishwasher.

Doyle and Dee Ann had it worked out pretty well after the first 44 years!

Doyle will be missed by his wife and family, friends, neighbors, church and community. He commented that he hoped he would have things to do on the other side. I am sure his desire to be busy will be put to good use. Thanks Doyle and Dee Ann for asking me to read your life sketch. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen