

Robert Leslie Wyly



Robert Leslie Wyly; B 5 July 1918, CA; D 5 Oct 2000, Globe AZ.

Uncle Bob was a dynamo of energy. He worked many more than 40 hours a week as an electrician and then spent his time at home doing a wide variety of hobbies. As an electrician he worked on large construction projects, new houses, old houses, and even home appliances. For a while he worked on Glen Canyon Dam and Palo Verde Nuclear Power Plant. On the weekends he sometimes came over to our house to repair an appliance.

He seemed to be fearless. When he and Roberta were teenagers they swam far out into the Pacific to the buoys marking the entrance to San Pedro harbor. As a fighter pilot in the second world war he flew many a dangerous mission. Once fishing along Oak Creek he was bitten by a rattlesnake; he ignored the bite and continued fishing. When working on coolers he and his electrician partner would carry a two-by-four because occasionally one would receive powerful electoshock and would have to be knocked loose from the cooler with the board. On a trip we all took to Alpine his car got vapor lock. The bumpers of his and our cars did not mesh. He sat on the hood of our car with his feet on the back of his while we drove up and out of the Salt River Canyon.

He loved to hunt and fish and he took Bill on one of his deer hunting trips to the Mogollon Rim. He sometimes brought us a large supply of frozen venison because his family was tired of eating it. He often drove down to Guaymas to go deep sea fishing. One year he and his family camped at George's Lake above Alpine while we stayed in one of the Judd's cabins. A Black Bear raided their camp and ran off with their roast beef. When we were all lined up fishing along the back of Crescent Lake, he seemed to pull in twice as many trout as anyone else.

He and Jean always seemed happy together. They bought a new house every few years and kept moving outward as Phoenix grew. He would come over to our yard and take cuttings from the oleanders and plant them around the yard of each new home. In the back yard of one of their places he built a huge rabbit hutch and raised and sold rabbits. He rebuilt car engines and later took up building boats and their engines.

He had one serious health problem that I am aware of. This involved recurrent severe headaches, and he sat up many night in great pain. My Dad felt it might help if Bob relaxed more and invited him into their Saturday golf foursome. At this point in his life Bob had no use for physicians and I think he did not seek medical help for the headaches. As a fume-phobe, I wonder if his headaches were triggered by driving trucks that he had rebuilt to run on butane.

The Wyly family came over to our house every Christmas eve. We exchanged presents and then they had their own Christmas the following morning at their home. Whenever they visited we cousins had a wild time. We adjourned to the back bedroom where we had the greatest pillow fights, jumped up and down on the beds, and produced one tremendous ruckus. As we cousins were all ages, we took a walk around the neighborhood while Santa Clause came and delivered the presents. On one of these walks Boo Radley, the ghost, made his first appearance and became a long standing part of Bezy family tradition.