

Roberta Elizabeth Wyly and Earl William Bezy



Roberta Elizabeth Wyly; B 9 Oct 1919, Seattle, WA; D 19 Nov 1967, Phoenix AZ.

Mother was very similar in personality to Uncle Bob in many ways. Her father died when she was 16 and Roberta and Bob felt that they needed to work together to fill the void. Mom often described to me how she would put on gloves and box with Bob when they were teenagers. Her first job was as a waitress for a drive-in restaurant at Speedway and Stone in Tucson.

She was happiest when she was busy working. She worked continuously around our home, painting the house inside and out, mowing the lawn, trimming the oleanders, washing, ironing, cooking, and cleaning. When the family watched TV she would stand and iron. She especially enjoyed sewing her own dresses.

She read to us kids when we were young. I particularly recall "The Little Engine that Could." To this day when I am struggling up a difficult trail, "I think I can" pops into my brain. One summer she read the "The Road to OZ" every day and I was completely drawn into the story. Another summer we planted the front circle with marigolds. She lined us up in the back yard once a month and cut our hair with clippers that pulled a lot.

When I was in grade school, Mom and I were quite close and she helped me with my homework and encouraged my developing interest in animals. We talked for hours about the insects I had seen that day and she punched holes in the lids of the bottles that held my catch.

In the fifties, all sorts of new kitchen gadgets and recipes came along, and Mom tried some of them. One was meat balls covered in tomato paste with rice sticking out everywhere. "What's for dinner, Mom," we asked as we sat down. "Porcupine balls," she replied. We kids could not restrain our laughter. I tried to slip as many down to Smokey as I could. One time Dad complained that she had not made any dessert and she baked him a pie every night for a week.

She loved animals and we grew up with a continuous parade of pets: dogs, cats, rats, mice, rabbits, hamsters, ducks, chickens, pigeons, turtles and our pet goat, Mike. When Mike bleated in the middle of the night she would get up and give him a bottle. I am convinced that her enthusiasm for animals played a large role in my decision to enter the field of herpetology. Before I could drive she would drop me off and pick me up in the desert where I looked for reptiles. When I went away for college, she thawed out frozen lizards and fed them to my captive Coachwhip (*Coluber flagellum*).

One of her other interests was bowling. Dad usually went with her on bowling nights and when they came home she would wake us kids up and treat us to donuts and hot chocolate. It was a great time together.

Although we did not have a pool she loved swimming and sometimes went with us to Saint Francis pool. She often recounted how she and Uncle Bob had swam far out to the buoys in San Pedro harbor.

She wished she had been a nurse and she took loving care of us kids whenever we were sick. She also gave a lot of care to Grandma Wyly and to Poppo when they were not well.

Later, she worked for the Motor Vehicle Division of the Arizona Highway Department accounting for revenues that came in from around the state. She took the job seriously and worked hard, which caused a certain amount of friction with some of the other employees.

Mom was only 48 when she died from her second bout of ulcerative colitis. I often hear her saying, "Bobby, if you can't say something good, don't say anything at all." She was a great Mom.

Earl William Bezy; B 16 Nov 1914, New Albany, IN; D 11 May 1978, Phoenix, AZ.

Bezy

Great Grandparents

Mother: Margaret H. [Rouck]; B Jan 1856, IN; D 6 Oct 1909, Floyd Co. IN;
(mother B Ireland; father B France).

Father: Martin Rouck; B Oct 1853, France (Immigrated 1868).

Married: 1883;

Offspring 1: Joseph Rouck; B 1882.

Offspring 2: Clarence Rouck; B 1883

Offspring 3: Claud Rouck; B 1885 .

Offspring 4: Herman Rouck; B 1887.

Offspring 5: Mary Rose Rouck; B 14 June 1889, Floyd Co. IN; D 30 June 1980, Phoenix AZ.

Offspring 6: Agatha Rouck; B 1892.

Offspring 7: Otto Rouck; B 1893.

Offspring 8: Blanche Rouck: B 1895.

Great Grandparents

Mother: Alice Josephine Jeunot; B 20 Dec 1862, Louisville, Jefferson Co. KY; D 20 Dec 1862,
Louisville, Jefferson Co. KY.

Father: Gustav Joseph Bezy; B 15 Mar 1863, Floyd Co. IN; D Nov 1943, Floyd Co. IN.

Married: 31 Mar 1863; St Mary of the Knobs Church, Floyd Co. IN

Offspring 1: Gustave Francis Bezy; B 27 Jul 1884, Jeffersonville, Clark Co. IN.

Offspring 2: Amelia Delphine Bezy; B 13 Jan 1886, Floyd Co. IN.

Offspring 3: Gertrude Josephine Bezy; B 22 Sept 1887, New Albany, Floyd Co. IN.

Offspring 4: William Joseph Bezy; B 1 Nov 1890, Floyd Co. IN; D 29 Oct. 1967, Phoenix AZ.

Offspring 5: Leo Louis Bezy; B 30 Oct 1891, Floyd Co. IN.

Offspring 6: Clarence Francis Bezy; B 20 Jul 1894, Floyd Knobs, Floyd Co. IN.

Offspring 7: Helen Ellen Barbara Bezy; B 10 Aug 1896, Floyd Co. IN.

Offspring 8: Bernard Anthony Bezy; B 17 Jan 1899, Floyd Co. IN.

Offspring 9: Augustine Henry Bezy; B 13 Mar 1901, Floyd Co. IN.

Grandparents

Mother: Mary Rose Rouck; B 14 June 1889, Floyd Co. IN; D 30 June 1980, Phoenix AZ.

Father: William Joseph Bezy; B 1 Nov 1890, Floyd Co. IN; D 29 Oct 1967, Phoenix AZ.

Offspring 1: Stanley Joseph Bezy; B 29 Jan 1912, IN; D 8 Aug 1933, Phoenix AZ.

Offspring 2: Marguerite Gertrude Bezy; B 3 April 1913, Louisville KY; D 8 Oct 1955, Payson AZ.

Offspring 3: Earl William Bezy; B 16 Nov 1914, New Albany IN; D 11 May 1978, Phoenix AZ.

Bolles & Bezy

Mother: Kathryn Bolles; B 10 May 1943, Passaic NJ.

Father: Robert Lee Bezy; B 26 Sept 1941, Phoenix AZ.

Married: 13 July 1970, Tucson AZ.

Offspring 1: Kit Bolles Bezy; B 4 Mar 1984, Van Nuys Ca.

My father was born in Indiana, and about 1928 moved with his family to Phoenix, Arizona. There he attended the newly opened Brophy College Preparatory taught by the Jesuits. Many years later Bill and I attended the same school which re-opened sometime after the end of the Great Depression.

One of the highlights of Dad's life was a trip he and his friends took after high school graduation. They hopped trains and traveled north, I think as far as Montana. They subsisted on what he called "Mulligan stew" made from vegetables they found in fields. Eventually they wound up in Flagstaff where they supported themselves by caddying (packing golf clubs).

I am sure glad he had this great adventure as afterwards his life was certainly less exciting. He went for a while to a business college and learned basic office skills. He got a job at Arizona Sash, Door, and Glass Company where he worked for the rest of his life. He spent every lunch hour at Tom's Tavern where he had a bowl of chili and watched the pool players.

I do not know how he met Roberta Wyly, my mother. After marriage they moved into the house Poppo built for them on Coolidge Avenue and where they lived from then on.

One of my first recollections is of Dad and his friend building wooden pull toys to sell as Christmas presents. One was a green grasshopper with legs that went up and down as it was pulled. He had inherited wood-working skills from Poppo.

Initially Dad worked in the office as a salesman. But at some point he was transferred to position where he went around to lumber yards to take orders for items they were low on. He was a friendly, easy-going person and got along well with the people at the lumber yards. This position also came with a "company car" and thus for many years Dad and Mom had no mortgage or transportation expenses. These savings helped to send us kids to private schools.

When I was young he worked five and a half days a week, getting off at noon on Saturday. Since Mom was such a dynamo around the home, Dad left much of the work in the house and yard to her and us kids. Nevertheless, he put in a lot of hard hours on things such as trimming the trees and oleanders and hauling many a trailer-load of branches to the dump.

After he started to get Saturdays off, he golfed on Saturday and went to the horse races on Sunday. These were real passions and he read brochures on golf and went out some evenings to practice his swing at a driving range. He also practiced in the front yard with Bill and I standing in the Lensenmeyer's yard across the street where we caught the balls with a baseball gloves.

He studied racing forms for many hours at night, usually sitting on the toilet. He had a large brown bag full of the forms that he stored in the closet. He kept a separate stash of cash that was for betting at the races. Occasionally he would win big time and used the extra money to take us all out to dinner. Overall, I think his studying of the racing forms led to a positive balance in his betting fund.

Whenever he worked at home he liked Bill and I to participate with him. He called us both "Bud." Dad and the Buds built a coop in the back yard and began raising pigeons. We tried to eat the "squabs." He also used the pigeons as a means to teach us about "the birds and the bees" (sex). The males would spend a lot of time cooing and bobbing up and down, and then hop on the female's back. He would say, "Look, Bud, they are mating." It was difficult to reconcile the birds' behavior with what I thought I knew at the time about sex from the "dirty pictures" passed among the kids that hung out under the cottonwoods on the canal bank.

Dad was supportive of my developing interest in amphibians and reptiles. He brought wood home from Arizona Sash and we worked together to make elaborate snake cages, complete with a hinged screen top and with glass that could be removed for washing. We also constructed a Formica topped lab bench and a large set of white shelves to house my pickled specimens, foreshadowing my career as a museum curator. All of this completely filled the bedroom Bill shared with me.

He came out to the desert more than once to help extricate my old Plymouth from the sand and never criticized my judgment for driving in such places. He was always patient and kind as a father and I do not recall him ever getting angry with me. Once when we were on a picnic along the Verde he challenged Bill, who was about 16, to a short race and Dad won.

The highlight of Dad's year was our two week vacation in the White Mountains. We stayed in Judd's cabins in Alpine, where Mom originally cooked on a wood burning stove. The family sat up late into the night playing poker. In the morning we would head out to go trout fishing, usually at a different place each day: Judd's, George's, Nelson's, Lyman's, Luna, Crescent, or Big Lake. If anyone along the bank caught a fish, he inquired what bait they were using, and then we all switched to it. When the rains started up in the afternoon, he often refused to retreat into the car, declaring that trout start to feed when it rains.

I will always remember him sitting on one of Linda's folding "play chairs" on the bank of Judd's lake, his rod in hand, and the conifer and aspen clad mountains beautifully reflected in the water.

