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PERSONAL HISTORY OF KENNETH H. BROWNING

On February 27, 1939, I was born, the second son to Charles Henry Browning and Emma Margaret Browning. Eighteen months earlier LeRoy had been born and five years later, Irven was born.

Both my father and mother had been previously married. So, on my father’s side I have two brothers, Cleo and Rich, and two sisters, Geneva and Florance. On my mothers’s side, there was my sister, Margaret, and a brother, Bob. All of Dad’s children except for Rich, who was the youngest, were married before I was old enough to remember, and they seemed more like aunts and uncles to me than brothers and sisters. Rich lived with us a few years, but the main thing I can remember about Rich was when he came home from the service he brought two friends with him. It seemed so funny because Rich is only about five feet six inches tall, and both of his friends were so tall that they had to actually duck as they went through the doorways in our home. As far as Margaret and Bob, I always think of them just as full brothers and sisters because I grew up around them.

Although we made several moves during the first three years of my life, the place I remember as home was Victor, Idaho. Victor is a small farming community located in the Teton Basin, west of the Grand Teton Peaks. We lived there until I was twelve years old. Dad was a butcher and owned his own slaughter house just west of town. I can remember spending many days playing there, and helping Dad with his work.

All of us kids were raised in the church and taught the principles of the Gospel even though Dad wasn’t the most active high priest in the ward. I guess most of my encouragement and training in the Church was given me by my mother and grandmother. While in Victor, I graduated from Primary and was ordained into the Aaronic Priesthood as a deacon. The only grandparent I remember is my grandmother Hill. Grandpa Hill died before I could remember him. My father’s mother died when he was still a teenager, and his father was murdered when a bandit held up his grocery store. Grandma Hill came to live with us a couple of years after Grandpa died, and did so until her death in January 1959. I’ll always be thankful to her for the guidance she gave to all of us.

As I said, Dad wasn’t the most active person in the ward, and during the summertime I remember many choice weekends in the hills that were so near to us. I guess it was from Dad that I gained my great love for camping, but my love for fishing came from my brother, Bob. One thing Dad did teach us was the value of work and being honest to your fellow man. I don’t think Dad ever made an unfair deal or cheated anyone in his life; in fact, he expected the same from almost everyone he met and because of this it made him feel bad to remind people that they still hadn’t paid their bill. Because of this, he finally lost his business in 1951. After losing his business, he went to work for a meat packing company in Butte, Montana. He would drive home every weekend to be with the family, and then have to leave Sunday afternoon in order to be back Monday morning. On one of these trips home, the steering column on the pickup broke causing him to wreck the truck and almost lose his life. I remember listening to Dad tell Uncle Albert of his realization that he was dead. He said he could remember standing and looking at his body as it laid in the upside down pickup. He said he was not sure how long he was outside his body, but then he remembered of the great effort of trying to breath again. After getting out of the hospital and getting his strength back, it left him without any transportation, and therefore, no way to go back to his job. Finally in the summer of 1952, Dad came to Utah and got a job with Hill Air Force Base. Dad was at that time 58 years old; when he was filling out his application he thought, “If I put 58 years of age down, they won’t even look at this application.” So he changed his birthday from 1886 to 1896 and got the job. He worked there until he was 72 years of age, 62 by their records, at which time he retired. Later the Social Security questioned his age for he should have been collecting Social Security starting at age 65, so they paid him back payments.

My mother and Roy came down to Ogden after Dad got his job, while Grandma, Irven and I stayed at Uncle Irven and Aunt Bernice’s in Pocatello. In July, Rich and Lois brought us down to Utah. I have always remembered that as we came through Logan, several places seemed very familiar to me, even though I had never been in Utah before. I have often thought and wondered about that.

There were many choice memories that took place in Victor before moving to Ogden. One experience I shall always remember is when Dad gave me a small Weiner pig. It was probably one of few trained pigs, but I had him trained so that he would come when I called him. He’d eat out of your hand, and we used to ride him all over. The only problem was that he grew so big that he could not raise himself up after lying down, every time he needed to go down to the creek for water, Dad had to raise him up with a pole. Finally Dad felt that he had to get rid of him because of his size. One day when we were at school, Dad went ahead and butchered him. He had to sell all of the meat because no one in the family would eat it.

I remember Dad giving me a dog named Pete. He was over one year old and his breeding was a cross between an English staghound and grayhound. When full grown, he weighed between 95 and 100 pounds. He stood about three to three and one half feet tall, and could put his paws on the top of a full grown man’s shoulders and lick the top of his head. He became a gret friend to Irven and I, but was always considered to be my dog. There in Victor we had hard winters which lasted at least six to seven months with the snow always covering the fences. I trained Pete as a sled dog, and had made a regular dog sleigh for him to pull. Because of his breeding he was a fast running dog. I can remember one fall as we went up into the hills to get our winger’s supply of firewood (yes, we used to have firewood that we chipped every night and had to carry in coal for the stove). We took Pete with us in the back of the truck, but when we had filled it with logs it made him nervous to ride on it so he jumped off. My mother was driving so Dad said to see how fast he could run. We clocked him for a little voer thirteen miles at 55 miles an hour, within the next mile he slowed down and stopped. In racing him against my friends and their dogs I could always win, except if we tried to race on main street. Some where he had been trained or had a natural instinct, not to run on main street. One year I decided to enter Pete in the Winter Carnival. We would be racing dogs from all over the valley. I knew that the races were always held on main street, but felt that with at least 20 to 30 other entries and all the rest of the activities and races that would be going on, Pete wouldn’t mind racing there. However, he did mind and when the gun fired, I was the only one who had a dog and sleigh that was still sitting on the starting line. I have many other memories of Pete, but in this history, there isn’t room for them. After our move to Utah, Dad felt Pete was just too large for the city. Twice he gave him away and within two or three weeks, he would return. The next time Dad sold him and again Pete came home, however this time the man came to get him. I was home and the man asked if I would put him in his truck. It was a hard thing for me to do. As I nudged Pete to get in, he just looked up at me for a moment then got in and never looked back. I felt as though he said, “If you want me to go then I will.” That was the last I ever saw of him.

I still remember the year I got my snow skis. I learned to ski on the old potato cellar just across the street from our home. The next year, we felt that we wanted something a little more exciting, so one Saturday, Nate Hill, Bob Jacobs and myself wanted to go up to the foot hills. We didn’t have the money to ride the lift at the ski hill, so we had a nice hill we enjoyed. On that Saturday, I was told I could go, but to be sure I was home before the sun went down. We had a great day and as the sun got lower in the sky, we decided we had time for one more trip down the hill. About one half way up the hill, Bob said he was too tired to climb to the top, so would meet us at the bottom. Nate and myself continued to climb and when we stopped for a rest, we looked down the hill and Bob was lying down in the snow. We debated for a moment, then skied down and found that he had fallen and badly sprained his ankle. Bob was much larger than either of us, but we had to almost carry him home. It took us what seemed hours to go that one and one half miles to his home, and by the time we made it, it was way past sundown. When I got home, they had to cut my ski boots off for my feet were just starting to frost bite.

Dad was a butcher while we lived in Victor, and I remember many days spent at the slaughter house helping Dad, hunting rabbits in the fields nearby, or just playing around.

With the move to Utah came many changes. I never really liked living in the city and looked forward to and enjoyed summers when I could go back to Pocatello and work with my half brother, Rich, farming. The first summer was probably more just a vacation for Irven and I than doing much work. One instance that I remember that year was while I was building some rabbit pens. Rich and Lois were living in a trailer house, parked next to the home they were building. At that time they had the garage and part of the basement walls up. I was working in the garage while Irven, Janet and Carla (Rich’s oldest two girls) were just playing around near by. Lois came into the garage and through the door into the basement to put some trash in a trash can there. As we walked back through the door a rattle snake buzzed. Lois and I killed the snake, but it always amazed me that we had been so close to it all morning and it hadn’t bothered us earlier. The next two summers I helped Rich in the hay. Also the third year, I worked part of the summer for Melvin Anderson driving a caterpillar tractor on his dry farm. While working for rich, I would get a dollar an hour, but while driving cat for Mr. Anderson, he paid me $2.25 per hour.

I started the eighth grade at Lewis Junior High the year we moved to Ogden. I still remember an instance on that first day at school. As the home room teacher began to call the roll, he got to my name. “Kenneth Browning,” he called. After I answered, he asked me how many guns I had. He hadn’t asked anyone else questions like that and I wondered why me as I told him I had a shot gun and a twenty two. He then looked at me funny and went on until he came to Judy Browning. He then asked her the same question he had asked me. She, however, answered that they had several gun cabinets full, and she wasn’t sure how many. When I got home I asked Dad why the Browning’s were supposed to have a lot of guns. That was the first time I was told about my great grandfather, David Elias Browning, and his half brother, John Moses Browning, and their investing of the Browning automatic rifle. Since that time I have always wondered where the money split, one side got it all and the other, none. As you can guess, I am on the other line. I have also not found any other account except that which was told by my father connecting the two brothers together in that invention.

We moved into another school district half way through my ninth grade, and I didn’t want to change schools so I rode my bike every day back to Lewis. My sophomore year I went to Ogden High, which school I didn’t like, but enjoyed a couple of classes there – machine shop and ROTC. English, however, was quite a different matter. I remember that the teacher was two weeks late for school because of illness, but the first time she came to class, she bawled me out. I don’t remember why, but this became a very daily routine, and should she slip up and forget, I would be asked by my class mates, “How come?” Needless to say, I didn’t like her and, therefore, my grades suffered, which hurt me in the long run. On my first day in Seminary as the instructor read my name, he asked, “Are you related to LeRoy Browning?” and when I said he was my brother, he exclaimed “Oh, no!” From then on he and I didn’t get along either. I guess Roy ad set a bad stage for me to follow.

While at Rich’s, the next summer, I was happy when Mom wrote me telling that they had moved to Sunset and bought a home there. That fall I started my junior year at Davis High. I like that. Davis was a smaller school and we were living in a small town again. On the morning of the first Thursday of school, it was announced that Clover Cub Foods needed some part-time help. The last hour of school that day was to be an assembly, so I figured that if I skipped the assembly I could get over to check on that job offer before all the other kids and back in time to catch the school bus. However, I was unfamiliar with Kaysville and on foot and when I finally got there, there was a line of applicants clear out into the parking lot. I about gave up for I knew if I waited I would miss my bus, besides I was at the end of the line and was sure others ahead of me would get the job I decided to stay anyway and one and one half hours later I was interviewed. I had to hitch hike home and just as I got home the phone rang; it was Francis robinson from Clover Club Foods asking me to report to work after school the next evening. I was one of three who were hired. Each evening we would clean the plant, and on Saturdays we thoroughly cleaned everything. That first Saturday we were asked to be at work at six a.m. I had said that would be no problem for I was used to getting up early. However, Mom Forgot to set the alarm, and she woke me at 5:45 a.m. I was stopped in Clearfield by a police officer for going 70 mph in a 30 mph zone. When I explained my rush, he let me go, telling me to slow down in Clearfield. I got to Kaysville, ten miles from Sunset, changed clothes and clocked in at 6:10 am. I worked there during the school year and as spring came was told we could go on full time for the summer. Although I wanted to return to Pocatello and farm, I decided I had better keep my job with Clover Club. I enjoyed school At Davis; however, English became my worst subject because of not studying and learning anything my sophomore year at Ogden. The final term the instructor planned to fail me, which would mean I would again have to take English in my senior year. However, he said fifty percent of our grade would be counted on a research paper. I really worked on that paper and when completed, I received an “A” and “B” grade on it. That averaged my grade out to a “C” and I passed the class. The instructor told me he was very disappointed that he wasn’t able to fail me.

I graduated from Davis the spring of 1957. As I left school I was not sure what I wanted to do. I knew I wanted more of an occupation than just working for Clover Club Foods; that just didn’t interest me. I didn’t feel that I was prepared for college and I also didn’t know what I would study if I went and how I would pay for college. The Air Force offered a training program, you could take a test, and if passed, when enlist, and went through Basic Training, you would then be trained in the field that you chose. I had always enjoyed mechanics but I remembered Margaret’s first husband’s, he being an automotive Mechanic, hands always being black and greasy. That didn’t appeal to me. Dad, who worked as a painter at Hill Airforce Base, told me that if you worked on aircrafts, you wouldn’t have that problem, as the aircraft are kept spotless from any grease, oil or dirt. Therefore, Aviation Mechanics interested me. I passed the test for that schooling, but when I filled out the medical forms, there was one question asking if I had ever passed out from being in the heat. I had answered “Yes”. When the Recruiting Officer saw my answer, he asked me to explain. I told him that when I was 12 years old, living in Idaho, on a Saturday, I had been fishing and set in the sun for a long period of time, trying to catch a fish. After some time and catching the fish, I came back to where the car was parked, Feeling dizzy, I laid on a blanket in the shade and fell asleep. It wasn’t until the following Tuesday morning that I woke up. on Thursday morning my Mother took me into the Doctor, as the Doctor only came into the Teton Valley on Thursday and Friday. After the Doctor examined me, he could find no problem and he said that I might of have had a mild Sun Stoke but could find no evident of it now. The Recruiting Officer asked, if the Doctor had entered it into my Medical File. I told him that I did not know but was not aware of it. He crossed off my answer and my enlistment went through.

On Monday, 22 July 1957 I was inducted into the U.S. Air Force for four years. When I got off the airplane in San Antonio Texas, the heat and humite were stifling. For the next four weeks the temperature never dropped below 100 degrees. There was a flag pole, visible from anywhere on Base, in which was posted a RED Flag, indicating that the temperature was over 100 degrees. If the flag was visible, troops could not be involved in any physical exercise. Light formation marching was about as far as it went. We were transported from the San Antonio Airport to the Lackland Airforce Base on buses. When we got off the bus, we were immediately put in platoons. One of the first questions (screamed at us, because that is the way Platoon Sargent’s talk. Add to that, profanity), was, “Have any of you ever taken RTC”? My first mistake, I answered “yes”, as well as one other recruit. “You two are “Road Guards.” A Road Guard responsibility is that whenever a platoon must cross a road, the “Road Guards” are ordered out “on full run” to stop any traffic, remaining in position, until the platoon has marched across the road and then on command, “on full run” back to their assigned position in the Platoon. We were next assigned our bunk and foot locker and clothes locker and shown exactly how each item were to be stored. Then back outside in Platoon formation. The platoon was then marched to the barber shop, where all hair was cut off the head to the shortest length possible without a raiser shave, from there we marched to the clothing warehouse, for total skin out uniforms. back to the barracks and back into the barracks to our assigned area to store change into uniform and store all belongings. Our clothing that we came to the base was then shipped back to our home address. After a very long morning we were marched to the mess hall, where we were shown who to march through the chow line, then we got our first military meal. I believe everyone was so hungry, we just ate what ever we were given. By evening we were given a few minutes to write home before lights out. If I remember, that day there was only one time out for a smoke break, many were really struggling with the nicotine drug addiction. That is where I really had the advantage over most of the platoon, not having the smoking habit. That kind of regiment was very similar for each day. Sunday morning after breakfast we were again taken to our baric area, then the TI ordered al Catholic’s to move to one area, all Jew’s to another and all Protestant’s to a third area. That is when I realized I was not alone, as when the TI asked “What Religion do you belong?” there was tree others beside me that answered “L.D.S. or Mormons”. He next asked “Do you believe in the Bible” in which their was 4 responses, “Yes Sir”, and he then had us go with the Protestants. The 2nd Sunday, and from then on we got to go with the LDS Chaplin and that was a special Sunday. “Mail Call” was another special time, except when you didn’t get a letter from home.

An interesting event happened during the third week of training. One day, our TI announced that he had an appointment to attend to and so he was leaving three Airman (meaning they had completed Basic Training, but had not received further assignment yet) in charge to drill us on Military Code and Chain of Command. We formed a single line in the 2nd floor of the barracks. They used the TI’s office and had each of us, one at a time, knock on the door and when given permission, enter the office, close the door behind you, replying with “Name, Rank and Serial Number” at which time they “the 3 Airman” would proceed to question the Airman Basic.” One of the 1st signs of abuse, was the knocking on the door, as almost always responded to by “I Can’t hear you.” And you had to repeat the knock harder. From the outside we quickly realized the 3 Airman were becoming quite abusive with their questioning. Some of the Airman Basic were coming out with red slap marks showing on their faces. A couple even had nose bleeding as they came for the office. As I approached the door, anxiety increased. I had to knock twice before given permission to enter. As I entered and closed the door behind me, I repeated to the top of my lungs, my name, rank and serial number. To which the Airman, seeming to be in charge, replied, “Are You Related to the Browning’s that invented the BAR. To which I answered, “Yes Sir”. He looked at me for a second and then said calmly, “You’re Excused”. I left the room and everyone outside asked how I had got away so quickly and easily? My only thoughts were that the Airman must have been acquainted somewhat with the history of the Browning Arms and I was smart enough not to tell him that the relationship was quite a way down the line.

At the beginning of the forth week, the week in which we were supposed to be in the training field or maneuvers, the tempter was still above 100 degrees. Changes probably had to be made. We were marched over to the Mess Hall, (*Mess Hall was appropriate names, as the food fit the name*) for breakfast, I had found that if I could hurry through, it gave me time to go outside and sit in the shade, while waiting for the rest of the Flight to eat. This time, however as we came out the door, our TI was waiting for us and we were ordered to fall into Flight Formation on the Parade Field, at Parade Rest. That left us standing out in the hot sun. When the last of our Flight came out of the Mess hall, our TI then brought the Flight to attention. We stood there for several minutes and then he put us back to Parade Rest and left us standing there for a long time, it seemed like an hour, while he went over and visited with other TI’s and officers. He finally returned, brought us back to attention and marched us to the barracks. Of course, when we came to the road, Road Guards were called out. I ran to my position, standing in the road until the Flight crossed and then was called back in. The flight was stopped at the side of our barracks, did a left face, then ordered to fall out and fall in flight formation in the upper barracks.

At that time, I fell down the back of the Airman in front of me. I recognized that I was pulled to the trunk of a tree and someone through water on me. Then I was put in a vehicle and taken away. I later found out that I was taken to the hospital, stripped of all clothing and put on a rubber sheeted bed. I was then covered with buckets of crushed ice, then fifteen gallons of wood alcohol was poured over that. The ice and alcohol brought the tempter down to 0 degrees. The first thing I began to hear was a nurse telling me not to shake as I was bringing my tempter back up. Next someone asked me if anything like this had happened to me before? I must have told them of my experience in Idaho, because as a few days later the Doctor, “Captain” told me that they were going to have me Court Marshaled for falsifying my Enlistment Papers. He said, “I had not reported the passing out experience in Idaho, on my enlistment papers”. I told him, “That the Recruiting Officer told me that since my Doctor, had told me that he did not know for sure why I had passed out, that I didn’t need to report it”. I never heard any more about the Court Marshall. The following morning when I had regained conscious, one of the Airman told me that I would be discharged and sent home. I told him “No Way” I had enlisted for four years and I didn’t think they would let me out that easy.” When the Caption came, making his morning rounds, I asked him about being sent home. He told me ,”I would, as soon as I was well enough”. The explanation was that if I was put back into training, with-in a few hours, I would be brought back into the Hospital and this time, they would not be able to save my life. The Aor Force was not willing to pay for my funeral.” With that answer, I asked if I could go to a phone and call home. He told me no, as the next few days very critical. The following morning, I woke very stiff and sore from head to toe. The next morning, when the Caption made his rounds, I told him of my discomfort. He told me that was normal after going through the ice and alcohol treatment, but it would go away in a few days. Each morning when he made his daily rounds, I asked the same question about the phone call and for three days received the same answer, and on the forth, day he said “Yes”. Although I was still stiff and sore, I ran to the closes pay telephone and when my mother answered the phone, I told her not to sell my car. She replied, “We sold it last night”.

Before leaving home for the Air Force, I had decided to sell my car. No one responded to the Ad that I had put in the new paper, before I left and so I told Mom to sell it for me and pay off my loan on it. Each letter I had received from home, Mom concluded with “We haven’t sold you car yet. That was a big disappointment to me, as I really like that car.

I therefore remained in the Hospital for several days, until my orders were completed, and I was well. On the 5th of September 1957, I was given an Honorable Discharge from the Air Force and sent home.

In my last letter I wrote home, before leaving from Lackland. I told mom that I was not sure just when I would be getting home or just how I would be traveling. I would be given travel pay, to fly home but how I spent it, was up to me. I looked at taking a Gray Hound bus, which would be much cheaper, but it would take me two days to get home. Then I thought about Hitch Hitching and save all my money. By the time my orders came through, I decided to just get home as fast as I could and so I flew.

When I arrived at the SLC Airport, I caught a UTA but to Sunset. I got off at Main and 1900 S. and walked on home. I found that no one was home, and the doors were locked. No problem, the back-bedroom window was always left open and so I removed the screen and crawled in. It didn’t look like anyone was planning on being home for a while and so I decided to walk up to Bob and Carol’s, on Main Street. I went out the front door and locked it as I left. When I got to Bob and Carol’s, no one was there either and so I walked back home. Still know one was there and so I went through the back window again. I then decided to walk over to Hendrick’s, and again lock the door behind me. When I got to Hendrick’s, no one was there ether. This time through the window I decided not to lock the door again. Just as I got into the house, the phone rang. When I answered it, Margaret, with a short pause. Ask Ken? I told her Yes this is me and that I had just gotten home. She told me that she had a news paper in her hand that said that Kenneth Browning was killed in an automobile accident in Southern Idaho. There were two other teens in the car that were taken to the hospital but only one was killed. Margaret said that as she walked out to see Mom and Dad off, she picked up the paper although she didn’t open it until they left, and she returned to the house.

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When I arrived home, I decided to attend Idaho State University in Pocatello where an aviation mechanics course was offered. When I got there I was too late to register for fall term and was told I could start winter term. I got a job at a service station there in Pocatello and lived with my Aunt Bernice and Uncle Irven. When I went to register for winter term I was told that the aviation course had to start in the fall so I would have to wait until the next fall. I gave up on that and moved back home with my parents. Jobs were hard to find at that time, but because of a neighbor, I got on at California Packing Company at the Clearfield Naval Base. Later it was changed to the Freeport Center. I started as a box car loader, but in four months I became a fork lift operator. During this time my best friend, Hendrick Brandenburg, asked if I would get a date and go to the Stake Sweetheart Ball with him and his date. I told him that I hadn’t planned on the dance and it was probably too late to get a date. He persisted so I called some of the girls I had been dating; but as I was afraid, they already had plans. When I couldn’t think of anyone else to call, he suggested I call Hal Porter’s sister. The Porters lived in my ward and Hal was my age. Mae was two years younger. Mae accepted a date with me then and many times after that. Neither of us really wanted to get too serious or go steady, but we dated steadily. I still had plans to go on a mission—a life time goal of mine. Mae wanted to go to business college and become a secretary after graduating from high school.

About this time, Roy, who for a couple of years had become inactive in the church, but had repented of his ways and enlisted in the army returned home. For the first time in his life, Roy wanted to go on a mission, so he talked to the bishop. The question of finances came up because Mom and Dad were having a hard time. I was working steady so I volunteered to pay half of Roy’s mission costs. \

Mae and I dated for nine months and I finally proposed to her, still keeping in mind that I wanted to go on a mission. I had now been ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood as an Elder, but no call for a mission yet. The next day was Sunday, and of course, our engagement was all over the ward. Brother Kendrick, the first counselor in the bishopric, commented that we couldn’t do that for I still had to go on a mission. That comment prompted me to make an appointment with the bishop to find out if he was going to call me on a mission or not. After that interview, although he didn’t say he would not call me to go, I told Mae we could make wedding plans for I was sure he would not.

Nine months later on the nineteenth of June 1959, Mae and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple by LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve Apostles. I have never regretted that day and feel that Mae and I have developed a very special love and companionship together. I have, however, regretted not having had the opportunity to accept a mission call. I have never understood why that call didn’t come, however, while serving in the bishopric in the Mound Fort Ward in Ogden, I was giving a lesson to the teacher’s quorum on preparing financially for your mission, when the feeling came to me that that was the reason. I guess Bishop Nicholas felt that with me helping to support Roy, there would be no money for my mission.

I have had many opportunities to serve the Lord in many positions. Three times in the bishopric, executive secretary twice, elder’s quorum president and counselor, Sunday School teacher and many others. I love the Lord and bear my testimony that he lives, that His church, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, has been restored by the Prophet Joseph Smith, Jr., and is true. I know that we are led by a prophet of God today, even Spencer W. Kimball. I have been blessed with the greatest wife and companion that any man could be blessed with. I have six beautiful children that I love and hope that I can be a worthy father of.

Our oldest daughter, Sandi, was married to David Nix in April of 1979. We have a little granddaughter, JaNae, who we love very much.