

"Chuck"

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I want to talk about my great grandfather. His name was Chester Arthur Tibbetts. He went by Chuck to his friends and family.

First, he was born on October 22, 1905 in Missouri. He grew up in Palmer, Nebraska. He traveled with the circus to the west coast of the United States. When he got to California, a stranger told him that the railroad paid good money. So, he rode a train to Caliente, Nevada where he met Lois Margaret Syphus. They had 3 boys Jerry, Lyle, and Alvin. A little while after that he got very ill with Rheumatism. He had a friend named John Dorrell who helped him through the illness. He and his family bought a lot and lived in a tent while they built their house.

Next, John Wayne Tibbetts (my grandpa) was born. Chuck worked at the Timpahute Mine, Nevada State Park, and the Police Force. His favorite park that he worked at was Ryan park. Today it is known as Kershaw Ryan. Then Chuck and Lois divorced. Chuck's hobbies were working with rocks and stones. My grandma and grandpa still have some butterflies that he carved. He liked fishing, hunting, drawing, painting, and creating beauty. He also had a stunning singing voice.

Then, he and his youngest son, John, went fishing up at Duck Creek to go catch a big brown trout, because nobody could catch one. He hooked one and it got loose twice. Finally, he hooked it and told John to go grab the net as he reeled it in. John put it in the net, it jumped out at his face, so John swung the net making the fish fly back into the lake. Chuck did not talk to John for the whole rest of the day, because he was so mad. The next day, John and his friend went up to Mammoth Creek and saw a big brown trout. It swam beneath a pile of logs they flipped their fishing line underneath the logs, and caught the big brown trout. Chuck was so proud of his son, but still wishing that he would have caught the fish.

Last, his children moved away. Again he got ill in 1956 from two attacks of pneumonia and a heart attack! His son John let Chuck live with him in his old trailer so that he could be there to assist his dad's needs. He died on March 5, 1967. He did not finish his house in time before he passed away. Which is why he stayed with my Grandpa. My Grandma and Grandpa put some effort in and finished the house. They still live in that house, which is built from stones my great grandpa Chuck cut by hand and transported from the canyons outside Caliente.

In conclusion, I think that my great grandpa Chuck was an amazing, talented, and hard-working man. After reading all of the work he put in and the illnesses and sicknesses he got through I am positive that you do as well.