

Desire – not only for the select few. A celebration of a great man's work. 040614



Dear Dale and Annetta:

Katrina had taped some Merle Haggard records for me to listen to on the way home from Texas. On one of them is a song entitled "In the Good Old Days When

Times Were Bad". He grew up in the labor camp of California and our life was a picnic compared to what he describes. But there are two lines in the song that depict my thoughts of the "good old days" so perfectly:

No amount of money could buy from me the memories I have of then

No amount of money could pay me to go back and to do it again.

Annetta and I are so extremely lucky to have you, Dale, and Nadine who are willing to exert so much effort to make a gathering special. Thanks for all the hard work and planning.

Last night as I drove in I wished that I could write a letter right then while my mind was on "the good old days". It seemed as though I'd been in a different world. It seemed as though it had taken those several days last week to "shift down" and get my mind zeroed in. Then it was perfect. I had all day to think about it in the atmosphere of Daddy's pickup.

I wondered if Annetta would say "No amount of money could buy from me the memories I have of them". Dale and I had such things as: spraying mesquites with Daddy, working calves, riding horses, spending hours swimming in the tank, dogs, hunting skunks with Si and Jap and families, hunting rattlesnakes with Si and Jap and families, Dale working for the highway, Brian working for Tom Moore, combining, the last years of the threshing machine (I ran a bundle wagon Dale had to be around doing something), driving the tractor, Brian drove horses raking hay, hauling hay and cultivating for several years (I doubt if Dale was old enough at the time), hunting rabbits, fishing, spending time at Si's and at Jap's and with Don and Bert, killing hogs (we would scald them in a barrel then pull and 4 wheel trailer in the garage and everybody stood around it and cut meat and made sausage), helping mother make lye soap, playing in the big barn at Jap's, going up every Saturday after the mail ran to get Edith or Marza to read the funny papers to us, burning mesquites, hauling and chopping wood, shocking feed and grain, stacking feed, getting drip cans and barrels ready for Daddy, Si and Jap to make their middle of the night "runs", pumping up tires with the old hand pumps,

turning the forge blower in the old shop, fetching the turkeys every night from the Moore's place, killing rats at the big barn, etc.

Seems like I spent hundreds of hours on horseback and with my dogs. At the time I thought it was wonderful. Even when the mules ate the oilcloth top off the top of the car and we sneaked into town to get some more to re-cover it because the folks were embarrassed, I thought it was great fun. Do you remember when we had the old old cars and used to get stuck coming and going to town all the time before they improved the roads?

But I wonder what Annetta did with her time and how she thinks about those old times.....

Dale introduced a whole new idea to me on this trip. It is a revelation to me. I had always followed the crowd in thinking of "poor old daddy", forced out of the pocket of his brothers' protection and fellowship by a wife who rebelled against the system. Blue, unimaginative, uncreative, not mechanical and just a "worker ant". How could I have known him so well and totally missed the whole point?

He didn't just sit in the porch swing and brood as I thought he did. He did some of that – but also he thought and planned how to overcome the disadvantages of having nothing to work with and accomplish what I now suddenly realize to be amazing and innovative feats. He was only one step away from an innovation that even now that bunch down there can't even comprehend. He killed the trees, cleared the trees (no one else thought the clearing necessary – especially me when I had to help do it), and had the shredder bought. His ground was one of the few places that could have been mowed with that shredder (it would have to be done before the Broom Weed stalks got big) and totally controlled the Broom Weeds, mesquites and everything else. He could have tripled his pasture productivity.

But the things he did accomplish are now astounding to me. He literally created an untried industry by taking an 85 horsepower 1937 Ford Sedan (that I had turned upside down while dodging a skunk and that he had jacked the roof back

up with house jacks) and a two wheel trailer and created the system, capital, and equipment necessary to jerk himself out of poverty.

To my knowledge he had almost zero encouragement or acknowledgement or praise. He figured out how to bid jobs at a profit (I couldn't begin to bid one of those jobs) and sell people on the fact that it would work – and that even though it was more expensive than air-spraying, it was a better way to go. I knew that he did these things but the significance did not occur to me.

I want to share with you something that made my mouth drop open when I thought of it on the way back yesterday. Daddy figured out how to roll a drum from the ground up onto a trailer, raise the drum up, haul it to the site, lay it down, fill the can and pour the kerosene, tip the drum up, lower another one, empty it, then go back to the barrel area and start all over again.

Think of this parallel. When I started in the soft water business I had a 1957 Ford ½ ton pickup. Delivering the tanks was no problem for the first few customers because I just laid a few tanks in the bed of the pickup, raised the tailgate and ran the route. As the business grew there was no way I could make enough trips to make the deliveries. Everybody else had larger trucks with tank racks, but I could hardly afford to just keep that pickup running. So I left the tailgate down and laid 6 tanks on it, stood 2 rows of 6 tanks upright against the cab and tied them so they wouldn't fall, stood 3 tanks upright in front of each fender well and made a rack to keep them standing. I would deliver the 6 off the tailgate, set them off in the street, lay the first row of 6 down, pull the other row over the top onto the tailgate, lift the ones on the street over and set them against the cab, stand up the other 6 and tie them, and just keep on trucking. I had a lot of 40 tank routes in time and we used that system for about 3 years until we bought a 1 ½ ton truck with racks and would carry 50 tanks.

Over the years I have talked business with a high percentage of the soft water operators in the West and none of those have done it like that or in my opinion would have even considered it. That's over 2 tons of tanks and handling the tanks enough ties each trip to run several routes. Knowing what I know now, if someone asked me what the chances are of running a route system in that manner for more than a week (we didn't have a backup pickup), I would say that chances of it succeeding would be zero minus a bunch. Now we have 1 ton trucks with racks that carry 30 tanks and make 2 trips (one heavy and one light) and a 50 tank route in just a small area of town is a day's work for a man. The routes in Phoenix at the start covered the whole town. I gave Daddy credit for teaching me to work hard

but it never occurred to me one time before this trip that he also taught me the basis of the system. It sort of startles me.

As you observe our peers that are still at Ibex it is easy to see that the big thing Mother and Daddy gave us was opportunity. To know that there was opportunity for something better for our “lot” in that circumstance, in my opinion, took more than foresight. I give Mother credit for almost of that. But it seems to me that Mother was afforded some degree of credit for most of that. But seems to me that Mother was afforded some credit – maybe not all she deserved, but some. I believe that I, along with most everyone else, sold Daddy “way short”.

I just mentioned opportunity. I laughed and laughed about this towards the end of yesterday. I had planned to shut it down and sleep at El Paso so I had a full cup of tobacco juice in one hand that I was looking forward to emptying when I stopped. When I found myself on the El Paso freeway I discovered two things: the no-doze pills that Nadine had suggested to me had me “bug eyed” as a bullfrog and I was keyed up like a race horse and no way was I going to get to sleep. Also I discovered if I could maintain a 50 plus speed, I could stay in the fast lane and get through town in a hurry. There were lots of cars and little margin for error.

I had spent a “two hands on the wheel” heads-up day because I had discovered by following Dale that 55 mph was 62 on the pickup speedometer. I decided to go 57 all day so I was holding it just over the 64 mark. At that speed it was sort of like riding a bronco. Everything would be great and then there would be an uneven place in the road and I would feel the steering neutralize. The pickup would take off like a shot in some instant undeterminable direction. There were two challenges: react in the right direction and don’t over-correct. I kept saying to myself, “Brian, don’t reenact the ‘dodge the skunk’ trick”.

So there I was, weaving my way through El Paso, desperately trying to stay off of everybody and trying to keep from spilling my cup all over everything. I could see that by the way a few people honked at me that thought I was either drunk or some tobacco chewing hayseed in an old pickup that couldn’t drive very well and they were afraid I was going to stack them up.

Where the opportunity angle comes in is that I enjoyed playing out that role at about 3 p.m. and later that night I joined Roberta and the kids at a party at a 20,000 plus square foot house that cost between 8 and 9 million dollars to build. It is elegant. I had been thinking during the day that the opportunity to play out the latter role sort of typifies the whole thing in one days time.

The trip was great. Other than feeling (between my shoulder blades) like I'd been driving the tractor all day, I feel better than I thought I would after being up almost around the clock. I had cloud cover until past Pecos. Both legs are blistered on top from the sun and rubbed raw on the back from the wires of the seat cushion.

We are thrilled to have the pickup out here, Dale. Thanks. I feel like we "made" a few memories and revived a lot of others. We'll surely laugh a lot about Annett's and Mike's walks in the sun and a few other things.

I wanted to write this letter to you before I have to force my mind back into this "century" tomorrow. I am so grateful for everything and everybody who has and has had a part.

No amount of money could buy from me the memories I have of then

No amount of money could pay me to go back and to do it again.

I love you both,

Brian

(1)



William Brian Boyett, Annetta Boyett, Dale Boyett The photo was taken on 19 June 1996 at the Botanical Gardens in Denver, Colorado.



Brian Hayden Boyett standing by the 1963 Ford truck that William Brian Boyett drove from Texas to Arizona (non-stop). This is the first Isuzu we added to our fleet. By adding this Isuzu to our fleet utilization program – this helped create sustainability. We utilized this Isuzu as a delivery truck; then when it began aging we turned it into a service and installation vehicle. This picture was taken in 1987. We used this Isuzu truck in our company until 2006. We still have and enjoy grandpa's 1963 Ford F100.



This is a picture of William Brian Boyett's sister Annetta and her son Jonathan. The Ford 1963 F100 is in the back ground. The flowers you see are Texas Blue Bonnets (this is the Texas State Flower).



I thought you might like to see this "historic" photograph. Mother took it in April, 1963. That is of course Daddy in the driver's seat planning his next move.

This 1963 F100 Ford truck is still in our fleet today. It will always be in our fleet 'especially now; because it is now a main character in this very important story'. I have had many great experiences and adventures in this truck. My most memorable journeys in this truck are my drive from South Tempe to Arizona State University every day. I carried my bike in the back; parked away from the ASU campus and rode my bike to class. This truck epitomizes to me simplicity, efficiency and dependability. Here is the thing regarding this truck: Whenever I called upon this vehicle for service; it always started on the first try and always accomplish any task for which it was assigned. I was very touched by my father's

act of love to bring this truck to me (a 1,059 mile 'non-stop journey' in a farm truck). This was one of many acts of kindness my father showed to me.



This is a picture of William Jesse Boyett's farm truck (the 1963 Ford). This picture was taken at the old home place (circa 1975) the best we can determine.

Remembering My Big Brother Brian

By Annetta Boyett

In Albany High School he was known as "Salty" (Brian = brine). When he moved on to Texas Tech, he became Brian again, but he found that people had trouble understanding his last name when he pronounced it "Boyt", as our clan had done from time immemorial. So to make it clearer, he began to introduce himself as Brian Boy-yett. (When he ran for representative of the Student

Council, his campaign posters read “Brian is the best Boy-yett to be Student Council representative”. He was elected, of course.)

When my other brother Dale and I left home we followed his example. Now in our old age we continue to pronounce our last name “Boy-yett”, and this is just one small example of the influence that our elder brother has had on our lives.

*

I have one million memories of my big brother, but if I had to give them all away and could keep only one, this is the one it would be. When Brian graduated from Texas Tech he took a job with the National Cotton Council out of Phoenix. Periodically he would have to drive to the Council’s base in Nashville on business, and then he would always come by to spend a few days with our parents and me on our modest West Texas farm. (Dale had left home by then.) One time, it was hot, hot summer, we got a letter from Brian (we didn’t have a telephone) to say that he was coming to visit. Great excitement. Whenever he arrived he was always brimming over with news from the great world outside our farm about what he had done, and what he was going to do. This time he brought along a

new record – a 78, life was different then – of “rag” music and announced that he was going to teach me the dance that went along with it. So after supper Mother and Daddy went out to sit on the front porch and watch the fireflies while on the other side of the screen door Brian and I put the record on, and in our bare feet on the linoleum floor he taught me the “rag”. It didn’t seem to be all that difficult; you just scooted around the floor trying to keep up with the very fast music. When we got to the end of the record we would start it right over again, dancing as hard as we could. Every so often when we got so hot that we thought we were about to expire, we would turn off the record player and go flop down on the front porch with Mother and Daddy. They would laugh at us and we would laugh at ourselves and then we would all watch the fireflies together. We were happy.

Eventually it got late, and we all went to bed. The next morning we were surprised to see that Brian’s feet were all scratched, because my toe nails needed cutting. We’d danced so madly that he’d not even noticed.

Here is a marketing story about Boyett’s Family Rayne Water Conditioning.

How we utilized William Brian Boyett's legend, guns and people to establish visibility, reputation, intrigue, allure, stickiness for our dynamic duel whole house carbon filter and water softener.

Through the development of a product called Filtersorb SP3 we found that applying a whole house carbon filter with our offerings added great value to our client's water treatment experiences. Beginning with the Filtersorb SP3 product we began utilizing our own tools to create the marketing literature. This saves time and money. Therefore, when it came time to create a product and marketing piece for our new product (our dynamic duel whole house carbon filter and water softener) we pursued the same means to accomplish the task of developing this new brochure. The following picture was taken at my house for the Filtersorb SP3.



To make our name for this new product (our dynamic duel whole house carbon filter and water softener) tie to a western duel we took a picture of a cowboy (that is me) drawing his gun. I used a tripod and my camera (it was a timed – selfie picture). To give our new product stickiness we have decided to use William Brian Boyett's accouterments. The accouterments we have chosen are Brian's Colt .45

peacemaker and his gun holster which hangs in Roberta Boyett's Tempe Arizona home (in the TV room). These items have great meaning to me and therefore give me passion as I develop this marketing program; and desire for great success. The gun holster was purchased in Sante Fe by William Brian Boyett. Here is a picture of Brian wearing this gun holster.



my image can be seen in the reflection as I took this picture with my phone. As I juxtaposed this picture in my business journal I made this note by the picture: these two sure loved one another after all those years. Roberta told me that she was my father's first (he was 32 years old). I asked how did you know? She said, "A girl knows". I thought to myself 'I couldn't have waited that long', but this thought gave me high respect for this great man William Brian Boyett. My father had patience in matters having to do with marriage. In my opinion, one of their success formulas was their great passion they had for each other (and great respect).

So I wanted to find out the story of William Brian Boyett's Colt .45 Peacemaker. I have seen this gun all my life. I have played with this gun as a young boy conjuring images of cowboy and indian duels. I think I have even shot this gun;

however, since it is so old 'this may have been dangerous'. I reached out to my Uncle Dale to see if he knew. This is the e mail in which I sent.



How is Nadine?

How is Uncle Dale?

How did my father get this Colt .45 gun?

We are building a BB gun story to go along with our new product marketing campaign: dynamic duel



These are the future stories to be added to Desire. You will be listed as my marketing designer.

Thank you so much for helping me connect the dots.

I didn't really expect for Uncle Dale to know; and I was right. However, I am glad I asked. This was a good decision. It was in the form of Aunt Annetta's beautiful story that the answer appeared.

Aunt Sarah

She wasn't really any one's aunt, at least as far as I knew. She seemed ancient to me. She lived by staying with one distant relative for a while then moving on to another. Once she had been round everybody she started over. When it came our turn to have her to stay there was inevitably moaning and groaning from the rest of us, but Mother was kind to her. It appeared that nothing, either good or bad, had ever happened to Aunt Sarah.

Once while she was staying with us, Mother's father Sid Askew died. Mother had never been close to him – he was distant, taciturn. We kids were told to call him "Daddy Sid", but this appellation did not involve affection. When we sometimes visited him on his little farm outside Woodson, Texas, he seemed not to take notice of any of us, even Mother. I remember that he did once (silently) offer me a stick of chewing gum. I was so shocked that instead of taking it I ran away. I'm sorry about that now.

Anyway, he got older and older and after a spell in Throckmorton Nursing Home, he died and was buried in Woodson Cemetery. Even though he had not made much of a mark on the world, there was one riveting thing about him. Mother maintained

that he had at one time been a deputy sheriff, and in this capacity had owned a Colt .45. Was this true? If so, did he still have it? If so, where was it?

Anyone who knew Brian at all can imagine how interested he was in the possibility of a Colt .45 that had actually been owned by his grandfather. Mother had never felt able to ask her father anything about the gun. He was not fond of talking. But some days after the funeral it was necessary to go sort out his possessions, which had stayed in his little farmhouse while he was in the nursing home. The members of this expedition were Mother, Brian, Aunt Sarah and me.

It was a great day. I don't know how old I was, but I was young enough to be in a lather of excitement, because Momma had told me that I could have Daddy Sid's old pots and pans for my playhouse. And of course Brian's enthusiasm was infectious. Anyone who knew him remembers that too.

When we arrived we immediately rushed around looking for the gun. Daddy Sid had lived in only one room of the modest farmhouse. There were a few mostly empty cupboards, a trunk full of old clothes, a bed, a sort of closet laced with cobwebs, but no

Colt .45. I greedily latched on to a skillet, a few cracked plates, some strange forks with only two tines, and – great treasure – a large tin canister painted green with a lid painted red, that Daddy Sid had kept flour in. It would take pride of place in my playhouse.

But Brian became increasingly downcast. The Colt .45 was not to be found. Had it been a myth all along? Or if Daddy Sid had had it, would he not have sold it at some point when he needed the money? That scenario began to seem more and more likely.

We were thinking of calling it a day and going home, when we noticed that Aunt Sarah was sitting by the trunk, going through it more carefully than we had, perhaps thinking that she could use some of the old clothes. She was holding something in her lap that was wrapped in an ragged shirt. Then she said, very, very quietly, “I’ve found the gun”. Something had happened to Aunt Sarah at last.

How in the world could my Aunt Annetta remember these great details about such a obtuse object from so long ago? I guess it helps to be smart. This is what we know about Aunt Annetta. Actually, all the Boyett kids were smart; at least from what I have observed. They still impress me to this day. As I was reading Annetta’s story I had to look up the meaning of the word taciturn. I remembered that Annetta speaks several languages and continues to study and improve. I know my Uncle Dale continues to improve each day through his musical contributions

and this is how my father raised Katrina and I. Through example we saw my father improving at every moment. In my sisters tribute to my father – she used the phrase ‘He was a man who couldn’t be kept still’. He taught Katrina and I to improve process continuously. How? By living the example he learned from his father.

Aunt Annetta’s story has given William Brian Boyett’s Colt .45 great leverage in my mind. My passion for this project has increased X 100; because I am the cowboy wearing the gun.



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08.15.14 10:05 AM. This Dynamic Duel brochure represents to me the culmination of family collaboration and associating my father's great history and legacy to his very interesting accouterments – to develop meaningful and exciting marketing media (for his treasured company). We think this product will be famous in our company and with many of our customers. I have the gun; and I will carry this in my possession each day until we gain 1000 customers (utilizing the Dynamic Duel product). What happens next? There is another gun. The real interesting question is – will these guns be loaded?

07.25.14 12:46 AM I found these pictures in my father's scrap book at my Chandler house and I sent them to Uncle Dale with these questions:



VIOLET, DON, ESSIE MAE, WILLIE
 CHRISTIA, SILAS, EDITH, LOLA BALL
 JASPER, ELPHA, BRIAN, BERT,
 MARZA, MAMMA BOYER, EDITH

Uncle Dale, I hope you are well. Who is Violet; who is Essie Mae, Elpha (in this picture)? I don't recall hearing stories about these folks.

Here is another photo:



Who is Calvin?

In a short time I received this e mail from my Uncle Dale.

From: dale boyett [mailto:dboyett888@yahoo.com]

Sent: Tuesday, July 15, 2014 6:22 AM

To: hayden@azh2o.com

Subject: Nadine

My Amazing Wife, Nadine

Praise the Lord for bringing Nadine into my life. It is interesting that two people with very little common individual interest could build a near perfect relationship. Our first three years after marriage was kind of shaky and stormy until I finally got it. It was not possible to merge “my way” and “her way”. She made it very clear that it would “her way” or “the highway”. After I finely realized this fact and accepted this path, the next thirty years have been fantastic! Now I’ll admit that I occasionally drifted outside her very narrow boundaries but each time I did drift, she quickly made it clear that the consequences were not worth the infraction. Nadine boundaries were always based on her interpretation of the Bible and I could very seldom find any firm argument to her interpretation. One of her main objections was

the way that women (all ages) dress today. She interpreted the Scriptures to state very clearly that women shouldn't dress like men and that they should dress modestly. You may remember that you very seldom saw Nadine wearing paints or short hair and she always dressed sharply when she was out in public. An example of her interpretation is that when we were watching TV together, I could not watch Bill O'Riley on Fox News because of all the "necked women" on that show.

One of my biggest challenges during this thirty three years was to find programs or DVD's that met her standards that I could enjoy watching. I very much respected Nadine because she would never comprise her beliefs.

It was very interesting to find that with my experience of being raised on a farm and with her many skills, when we started a project (her helping me or me helping me) there were very few requirements on a specific project that we could not accomplish together, eventually.

Nadine was very supportive of my life long interest in being a part of a music group. In reality it was very boring for her to "set in the

bleachers” while I did my thing but she “hung in there”. Several years ago when I asked Wendell Holmes to take over the scheduling and administration responsibilities of our band because of the cancer treatments that was having, Wendell increased the frequency of our practices. Nadine would asked me why do practice so much when you do the same old songs time after time. The only answer that I could think of that it was because of Wendell’s need for his mandolin playing therapy.

Nadine was the most unselfish, compassionate, people loving person that I have ever known. She had a strong desire to have, to help, and to be accepted by her friends. She could spend several hours visiting with a close friend and then be dissatisfied when that friend left for that day. It has always be one of my biggest regrets that I could not, was not able to meet her needs better in this area. I did try, but chit chat ability is one of my many weaknesses. I will always regret not being able to take full advantage of the total companionship that she offered.

Before we married I did not fully recognized what a major improvement it would make in my

life that when a said "I DO", that I would be a father to four outstanding and unique siblings that along with my son Brick would turn out to be the biggest additional blessing to me. Brick quickly bonded with his new siblings and has developed a very strong relationship. This new team is now the ultimate support group for me. I am greatly blessed.

In summary, Nadine is the best example I have ever seen of a Proverbs 31:10 woman. She never compromised her basic principles even when she did not obtain much support for her believes from other people.

My greatest blessing has been that God sent her to me.

Nadine, I will always love you.

Your Husband Dale Eldon Boyett

What a great tribute to a wonderful woman; a wonderful wife. Aunt Nadine, I will miss you. I will miss your great positive influence in my Uncle Dale's life. I was fortunate to spend much time with Aunt Nadine and I always found her to be very accommodating and very pleasant. Nadine was the epitome of a fine Texas woman (including all the hospitality).

Dallas Morning News

Obituary Input

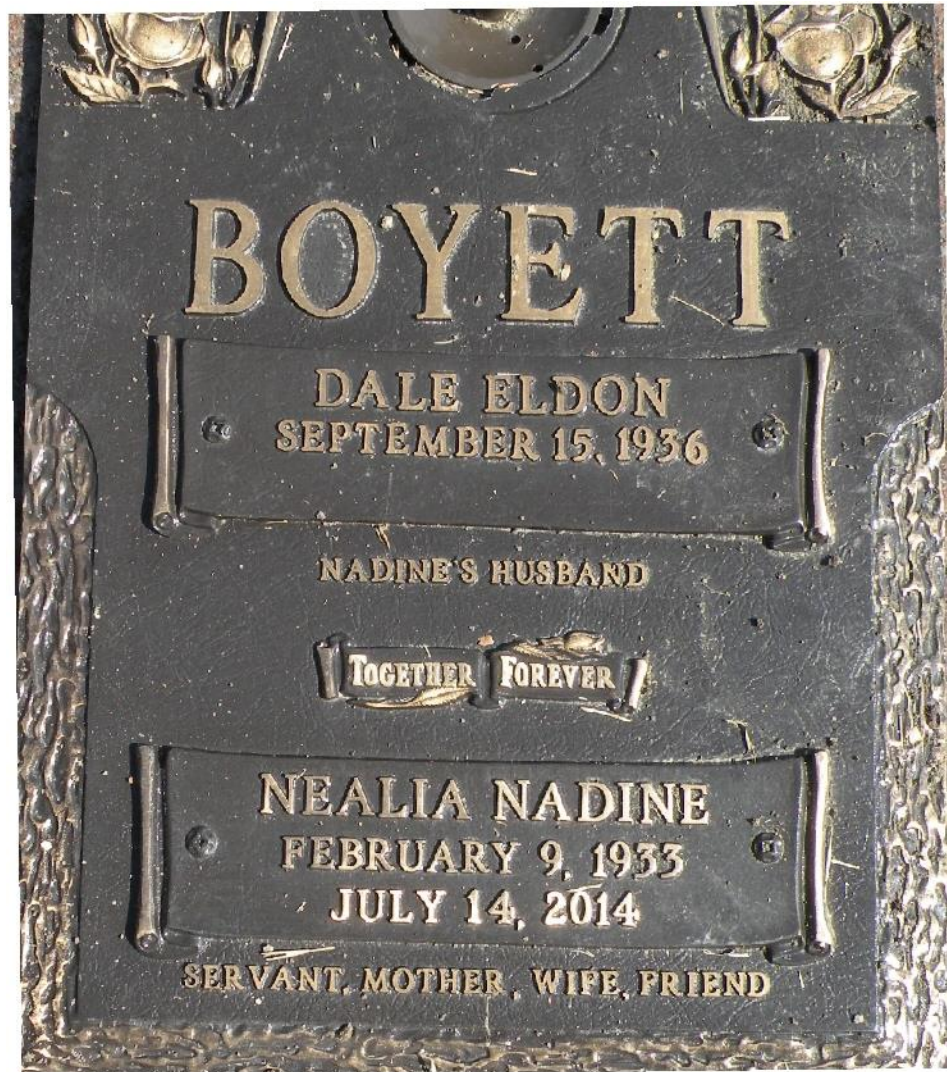
Boyett, Nadine

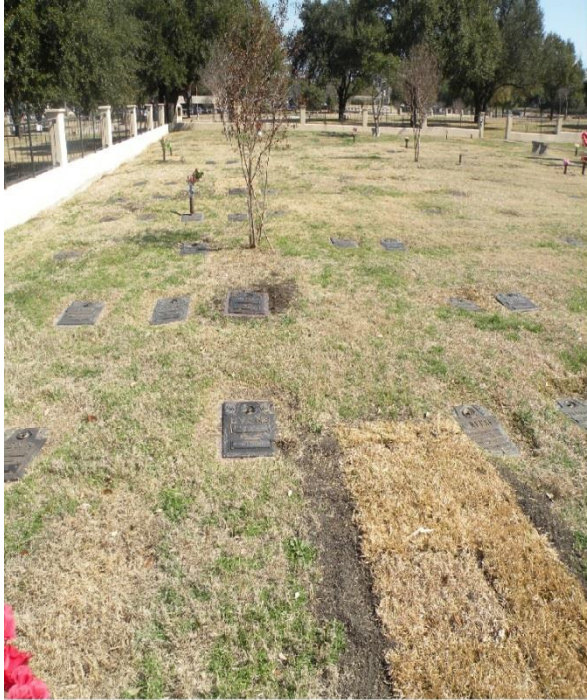
Nadine Boyett passed away July 14, 2014 after a lengthy battle with cancer. She was preceded in death by her son Keith Fields, her mother Stella McCullough and her father Lando Gaines. She is survived by her daughters Jeanne Jackson and Rita Morrow, her sons Steven Davis and Brick Boyett, five grandchildren, four great grandchildren, her husband, Dale Boyett, and two sisters, Frances Bisson and Fern Holaday.

Nadine spent her 81 years on this earth serving her Lord and her family. She was a remarkable servant, mother, grandmother, wife, daughter, sister, and friend, and will be greatly missed by all whose lives were touched by her kindness.

Visitation will be held from 6:00 – 8:00 pm on Tuesday, July 15, 2014 at Restland Funeral Home, 13005 Greenville Avenue, Dallas, Texas 75243. Memorial Service will be held at 2:00 pm on Wednesday, July 16, 2014 at Prestonwood Baptist Church Chapel located at 6801 Park Boulevard, Plano, Texas, 75093.

In lieu of flowers, please donate to The Voice of the Martyrs, P.O. Box 443, Bartlesville, Oklahoma, 74005, or online to (thevoice@vom-usa.org).





(27)

My Aunt Annetta has come to the rescue again to answer the question: Who is Calvin? I received this email (Thu 7/24/2014 4:39 PM):

Who was Calvin? Calvin was a boy who never became a man. Life shortchanged him, but your project provides an opportunity to salute his memory. I'll tell you what my mother told me.

As you know, Brian's (and my) father, W.J. Boyett, had two older brothers, Jasper and Silas. Jasper was married to Elpha, and they had three children, Edith, Marza and Calvin. Calvin, who was born 5 October 1927, had the misfortune to step on a rusty nail when he was wading in the tank near his home, and he contracted lockjaw (tetanus). Mother was vague about how much medical attention he received, and it may be that

effective treatment for tetanus was not available then. His parents hoped he would recover, but he did not. Mother told me that he grew weaker and weaker, and eventually could only crawl, but even then he continued to go to school until he died shortly after his seventh birthday on 17 October 1934. His small gravestone can be seen on www.findagrave.com (Plum Branch Cemetery, Eolian, Texas, Calvin Jasper Boyett).

In the photo you sent me of Mama Boyett surrounded by her grandchildren (except for Dale and me: we are in the future), Calvin's expression is difficult to read, but with hindsight one might detect a certain apprehension in the way he seems not to look directly at the camera, as the others in the photo do.

Love you, Annetta





This is to Certify that
W. Brian Boyett
has been selected to appear in the
1952-53 Edition of
Who's Who Among
Students
In American Universities and Colleges
from
Texas Technological College

*This honor is given in recognition of the merit
and accomplishment of the student who
was officially recommended by the above-
named institution and met the requirements
of this publication.*



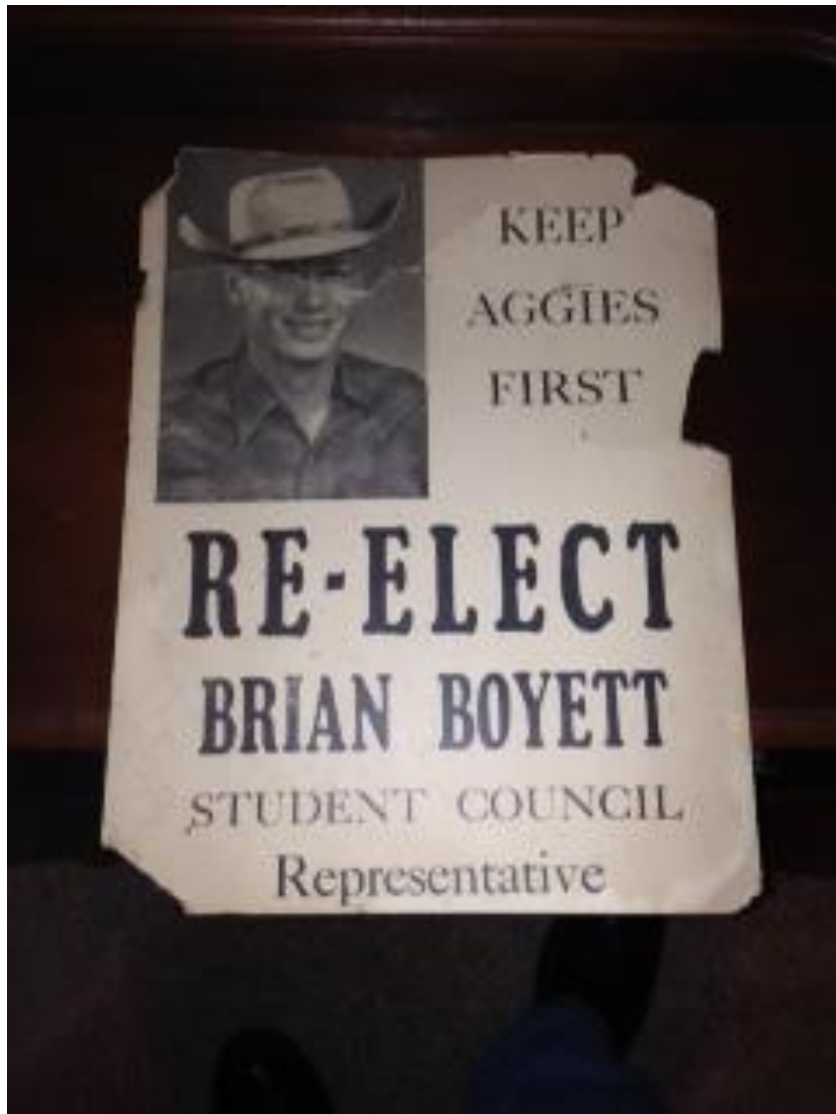
Attest:
Albert C. [Signature]

BRIAN
WILL BE THE
BEST



BOY-YETT

you
Aggie Representative
to
Student Council



09.04.14

This story was developed based upon a telephone conversation with my Uncle Dale Boyett on 08.28.14 5:30 PM. This was one of the longest telephone conversations we have had; it lasted over one hour. This was an important conversation. Uncle Dale had sent a CD with the audio of Nadine's memorial service (Nadine is Uncle Dale Boyett's wife; and our hearts are sad because Nadine recently past). We loved Nadine much. We miss Nadine greatly. I was so touched by this presentation that I listened to Nadine's memorial service twice. This CD is still in my car CD player

because I intend to listen to Nadine's memorial CD again (maybe many times in the future). I have to admit; it took courage to listen because the cast of characters on this CD 'and the topic' conjures up great emotion. I can relate this feeling to an Eagles concert in which I attended (shortly after William Brian Boyett's passing 'about February 2010'). As I listened to the Eagles play Peaceful Easy Feeling and Hotel California I cried like a baby because of all the emotions that are attached to these legendary songs. Some of the Eagles songs were playing in the background in many memorable moments; and some moments of great passion. This is how I felt listening to Nadine Boyett's memorial. There are so many emotions attached to Nadine and the people who were officiating this memorial service. So many strong emotions were attached to the songs that were played on Nadine's memorial CD.

Out-li-er

- 1: something that is situated away from or classed differently from a main or related body
- 2: a statistical observation that is markedly different in value from the other of the sample (24.25)

William Brian Boyett and his siblings Dale Eldon Boyett and Annetta Boyett were outliers (24.25). What made these high achievers different? What made them survivors? They braved the harsh elements of their existence – and survived and adapted and thrived. . I recently reached out to Uncle Dale because I had not heard from him after his wife, Nadine, recently passed away. I told Aunt Annetta that Uncle Dale was quiet. I understood this because Roberta Jean Boyett was quiet when William Brian Boyett passed. In my conversation with Uncle Dale - Uncle Dale revealed to me how his father William Jesse Boyett (my grandfather) saved nearly every drop of water that came onto their property and saved every drop of water that was used inside their home (example: the used bathtub water and the used dish water was diverted back into the 'pond'). The term that Uncle Dale used to describe this water saving concept was 'water shed' which included the cow lots and the chicken pen. Every drop of water was so important to survival. All this water was recycled into the same pond (I grew up referring to this pond as a "tank") in which the cattle drank, urinated and defecated. This recycled water supplied the Boyett Family for washing dishes, bathing and washing their clothes. However, this water was not used for drinking water.

Their drinking water came from another source. In my conversation with Uncle Dale Eldon Boyett – the principle of chlorinating their water never was mentioned. The recycled water they used for many purposes was not chlorinated.



This is a picture of the inside of a water cooler. Boyett's Family Rayne Water Conditioning rents water coolers to homes and businesses. Our technician Johnny Peralta took this picture. We sent a sample of the water contained in this cooler to Legends Laboratory, Phoenix Arizona (water testing lab) and it tested positive for E coli and coliform. If the coolers are not sanitized each year - this environment will become unhealthy.

We understand the importance of using chlorine to disinfect and sanitize all of our rental water treatment equipment. We also understand the importance of chlorine in our water supply. Chlorine prevents the growth of pathogens and bacteria.

William Brian Boyett, Uncle Dale Eldon Boyett and Aunt Annetta Boyett were not privileged to have chlorinated water. Therefore, because their bodies developed antibodies and immunities early on – they may have been better genetically equipped than others to survive and thrive (their bodies may fight illness and disease more effectively). The Boyett children - they had parents whom loved them dearly. All these factors gave them great hope and desire. All these social and biological benefits gave them a competitive advantage.

Also in my conversation with Uncle Dale Eldon Boyett, he mentioned that their drinking water came from Silas Boyett's home 'over yonder'. This drinking water came from a creek known as 'Hubbard Creek'. Uncle Dale characterized Hubbard Creek being the source of water for the town of Ibex, Texas – near Moran. Ibex was an oil boom town (the heyday of Ibex was 1921-22) (25). Silas Boyett's home was connected to this water source. William Brian Boyett, Dale Eldon

Boyett and Annetta Boyett's drinking water they used came from an open metal storage tank at Silas' house. As I understand - the storage tank in which their drinking water came had to be turned over to empty out the bones of dead animals which would fall in due to trying to drink from this tank. Did these animals die because of the industrial runoff from Ibex?

I humbly present to you, along the same principle that Malcolm Gladwell spoke (in his book Outliers) , the reason that the Boyett children were outliers is because they may have been better equipped to fight disease and withstand harsh conditions. Because they survived the harshness of their childhood they were tough and resilient. The Boyett children are different from the main body of people. I am statistically classifying these Boyett children as markedly different in value from everyone else in the world – based upon my life time observation of these characters. I witnessed before my very eyes the uniqueness and (better and higher value). These conclusions are from verifiable facts and quantitative data and evidence that I will present to you.

In my conversation with Uncle Dale Boyett he mentioned how unusual it was that he and both of his siblings survived so long. Uncle Dale pointed out how unusual it was for parents to give birth to three children and be fortunate to watch these same three kids survive to adult hood.

I find it interesting – after surviving his childhood of bathing and using the 'tank' water and drinking (the possible contaminated water from the cistern water 'over yonder')– my father William Brian Boyett chose a career in water treatment. When I was a child (about 9-10 years) I remember standing next to my father in the kitchen and drawing a drink of water from the kitchen faucet – my father kindly 'yet sternly said' "don't drink that water – drink the water from the reverse osmosis faucet." I have ever since been conscious to drink purified water. When my father showed me 'drink this water – not that water' I knew he appreciated good water and believed in his product (Boyett's Family Reverse Osmosis drinking water service). (25.15)





I recently visited William Brian Boyett's home place. I took a picture of this plaque. These smokestacks remain from the industrial past of Ibex. The school spoke of in this plaque is discussed in my grandmother's book (The Boom Town School Teacher http://www.azh2o.com/pdf/Boom%20Town%20School%20Teacher_A.pdf).



The plaque of IBEX is an insignia to me of my father's past. He really was here and this place still exists. This place is famous to me. As I learn more about my father's past; being at the places he was – this makes me feel my present is more important.



This is Hubbard Creek. This is where my father and his family received their drinking water.

04.10.15 3:31 PM



Boyett Family picture August 1954

Standing from left to the right: Annetta Boyett, William Brian Boyett, Dale Eldon Boyett. Sitting: Christia Boyett, William Jesse Boyett



10.09.14 9:16 AM

This is a picture of my fiddle case (I can carry a fiddle and mandolin together in the same case; and I always have this present in my car 100% of the time 'I am always prepared to perform an impromptu concert at a moment's notice') resting on my father's grave. Every once in a while we go play my father's favorite songs at his grave. One of my father's favorite songs is a waltz called Wednesday Night Waltz and another of his favorite songs is a fiddle hoedown called Billy and the Low Ground. I talk to my father as if he were there. As I was learning to play musical instruments my parents asked my sister and I to learn their favorite songs for a present (to give them this musical gift was more important than receiving a material object). As an example my mother (Roberta Jean Hayden Boyett) asked for me to learn a waltz called Gardenia Waltz. When I play Gardenia Waltz today I remember honoring my mother. Each time I play the Gardenia Waltz I feel like I honor my mother and myself for fulfilling her desire and mine to improve my skill and learning. I play this Gardenia Waltz often. This is a very complex song with many double notes; and many different finger positions on the fiddle neck. Learning The Gardenia Waltz has allowed me to collaborate with the great Johnny Gimble (the

eminent fiddler; and he is the man who composed the Gardenia Waltz). Johnny Gimble is a humble and affable character . I spoke with this great man on the phone. Johnny Gimble gave me a private lesson 'via a cassette tape'. This is a story that deserves to be told in another venue.



August 1985. Dale Eldon Boyett, Annetta Boyett and William Brian Boyett at the grave of their parents (Christia Boyett 1904-1978 and William Jesse Boyett 1900-1978)



A Speaking Photograph

This photograph tells you about the W.J. Boyett children, showing how even at an early age our characters were already formed. Dale and I, to left and right, are the spectators, and our brother Brian is the actor. We are, as always, thunderstruck by whatever it is that he is doing. He is in charge.

The photo was taken on the front porch of our house, on Christmas morning, 1942. Perhaps not a lot of Christmas presents for three children, but there was a war on. The Christmas tree may look rather scrawny, but it does represent effort on the part of our parents. Only mesquites and scrub oak grew around our place, so Daddy must have driven somewhere to procure

this cedar branch. The longhorn steer motifs belong to a pair of chaps that stayed around our house for years, although I have no recollection of either of my brothers ever wearing them. The chaps and everything else under the tree would have been ordered from a Sears Roebuck catalogue, except for the Teddy Bear. He was a gift to me from some neighbours of ours who

moved away shortly thereafter when the man joined the army. Over the years Teddy has lost his plush and has needed eye transplants, but he is still at my side as I write this, very far away from Ibex, Texas.

Even though it is December in the photo, Dale is barefoot, and Brian would have been barefoot as well, although I appear to be wearing slippers. This fact is

important to anyone who cares to understand something about what our lives were like then. “Menfolk” did not own such a thing as bedroom slippers. Life for farm people was mostly just work. Momma tried to protect me by keeping me in the house and by putting slippers on me, but she could not protect her sons. They were farm boys and had to work

hard from an early age; this experience remained with them through life.

The little dog barely visible at the left-hand side of the photo and apparently wearing a hat is lost to memory.



How did it come about that in 1963 W.J. Boyett acquired the first and only brand-new truck of his life? Here is the explanation. He went to Horace Sedwick, president of the First National Bank of Albany, Texas, and asked for a loan to buy a new pickup (as he would have called it). Sedwick dismissed my father by saying, "You don't need a new pickup. Manage with what you have."

No doubt Sedwick thought that from his position of power he had ended the matter, but he was wrong. "Out of the full heart the mouth speaks", as the adage goes. Daddy told Dale what had happened, and Dale responded, "I'm putting a check in the mail".

This photograph records the arrival of the new truck, not yet supplied with a license plate, at our house. Dale came home from Dallas for the occasion; the car is his. In the process of developing the photo something caused the image to be reversed, but never mind about that. The story is the right way around. (22)

A founder of the Arizona Water Quality Association



A note written on the back by William Brian Boyett: 12.11.06 This was the origination meeting of the Arizona Water Conditioning Association in the

1950's. We only know of two of these people that are still alive – me and Jerry Koglmeier.

This excerpt found in the book: Coolhunting (spot hot new ideas; identify the trendsetters; use coolhunting to your advantage) by Peter Gloor and Scott Cooper) exemplifies the purpose by which William Brian Boyett helped found the AWQA:

Birds of a Feather Flock Together: Predicting Success Based on Peer Networks

Most readers probably have a sense for the conventional wisdom that says it pays to team with competitors and form strategic alliances. It turns out that it also pays if you do no more than talk to your competitors. Our research has produced solid, scientific evidence that swarm creativity among competitors affords an advantage to collaborating firms.

Studying the communication network of 100 Israeli software companies beginning in 1998 led to the discovery that those that would fail within five years and those that would succeed within the same period were already grouping with their peers. It turns out that those who failed talked less than those that succeeded, and to the degree that they talked at all, it was to their future peers in failure.

As part of an MIT research project, we analyzed 100 software startups in Israel. The basic analysis had been done in 1999 by one of our colleagues, Ornit Raz, as part of her graduate work at Technion, one of Israel's leading universities. She was looking at where the companies were located, what strategies they were pursuing, and their policies on alliances. She also asked top executives about their communication networks.

Specifically, Ornit asked the executives whether they were communicating with other executives in the 100 startups, who they were and whether theirs was a close relationship or just an informal connection. Some 71 of the 100 companies responded to the questionnaire; of the 29 that did not respond, 24 were never mentioned by any of those who did reply to the survey. The senior management of

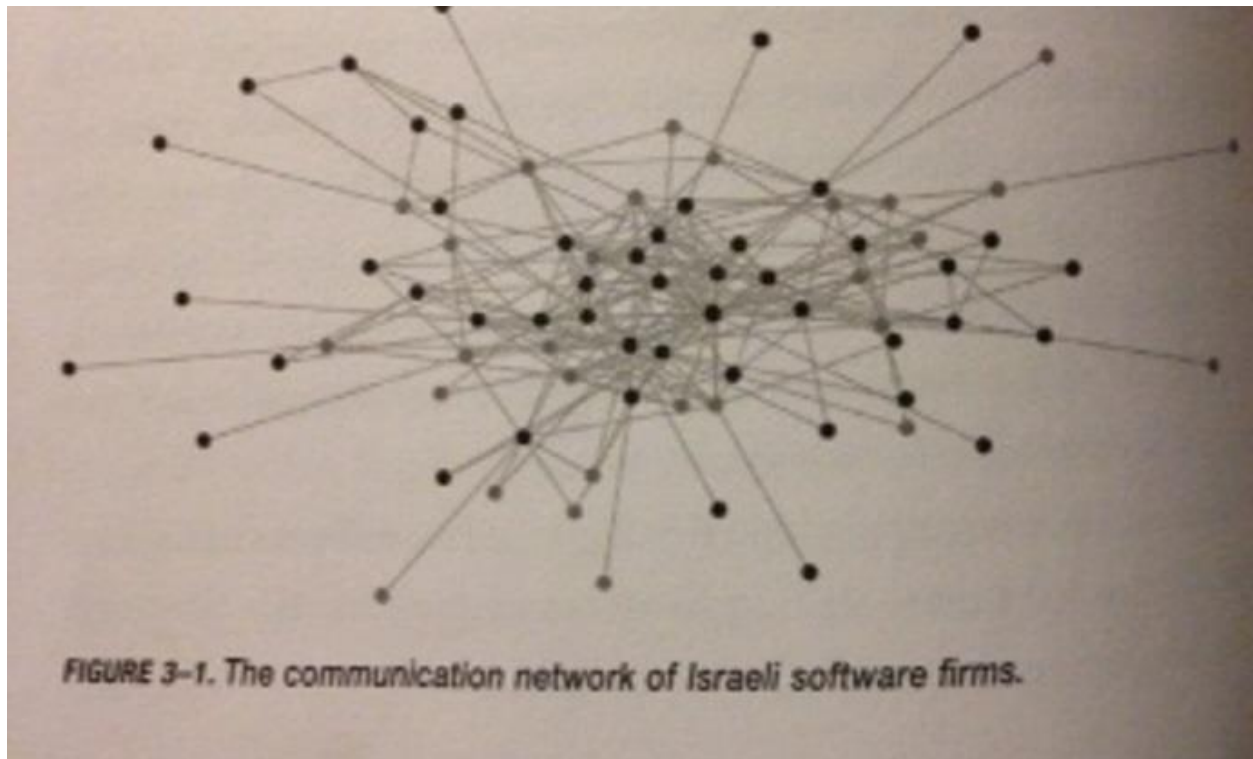
those firms was completely isolated from their peer network of software startup executives in Israel.

Five years later, we checked back on all 100 companies to see which of them were still around and found that 42 had gone out of business. Some of the most interesting – and most surprising – data had to do with the firms that had not responded to Ornit's survey. Of the 24 isolated firms, 15 had failed. That's a pretty high percentage, given that more than half of the original group of firms had survived. While the difference might not seem big, statistically it's huge (and it's the kind of advance knowledge that could enrich investors). So, we drew our first conclusion: a willingness to reach out, communicate, and share information with others – in this instance, with Ornit – has a payback. To put it most provocatively; the simple willingness of some executives to answer the questionnaire led to a higher survival rate for their companies.

We can, of course, put this finding in a less self-referential context. Those executives willing to do something for the “common good” by taking time out of their busy schedules to answer a research questionnaire were the ones leading the companies that were still around five years after the survey was administered. This says something about the personalities of these executives, but it also suggests that investing time into public welfare and basis research, in the end, does good for the company.

We didn't stop at this finding, though. The next step of our research was to analyze the interactions. We went back to the original 100 from 1999 and analyzed the 76 firms that were “non-isolated” – in other words, that were mentioned by at least one other company. We plotted the communication network, combining all types of interactions – from ad hoc exchanges of information to strategic alliances – into one picture. Figure 3-1 illustrates what the network looked like.

The first thing to notice is that the survivors (represented by the dark dots – the nonsurvivors are the gray dots) occupy the most central positions in the network. Remember, this is the picture from 1999, before anyone had gone out of business. The future high-performing companies – that is, the companies that we would later find to be still around in 2004 – are mostly located in the center of the 1999 communication network. More than that, though, the picture shows that high performers share their connections with their friends. Don't be a star, be a galaxy.



A central star network is precisely that – the star company in the center controls all the communication, and the outlying satellite companies communicate with each other only through the intermediation of the star. It turns out, however, that the companies in the center don't need the star as an intermediary. In the communication network we were able to draw, the companies in the center are all communicating with each other directly.

When we put the Israel research project in context, this simple finding takes on a lot more significance. In 1999, when the original research was done, the e-Business craze was unfolding at a dizzying rate. Startups were popping up everywhere. Numbers of Internet users and browser clicks drove company valuations. In retrospect, few would disagree that this was a time when solid economic principles had been largely flushed down the toilet and investors seemed to have collectively lost their minds. Not long after Ornit completed her data collection for the study, the e-Business bubble burst and startup companies were going bust in droves. The interesting question for our research was this: why, in such a volatile environment, would 58 of the 100 survive?

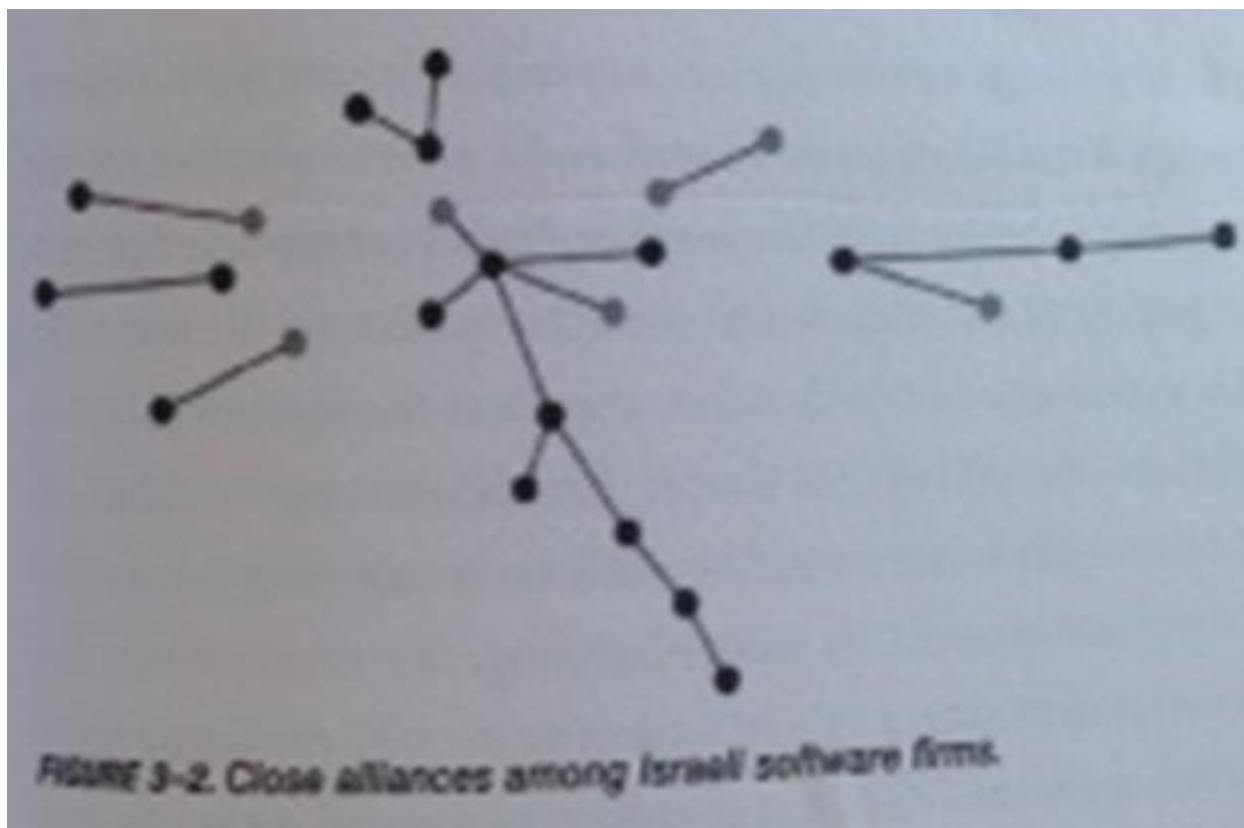
Here's what we figured out. Companies that could rely on strong network were much better able to survive the burst of the e-business bubble. As Internet startups perished across the globe, almost all of the central hubs in our 1999 peer network were still alive in 2004. They had already entered into more or less formal

relationships by 1999, and partnering with their competitors helped these companies weather the storm by bundling relative strengths and relying on collaboration with peers to compensate for their weaknesses.

AnnaLee Saxenian, dean and professor in the University of California at Berkeley School of Information Management and Systems (SIMS), found something similar. She compared the mode of operations of firms in the greater Boston area with Silicon Valley companies, which had grown much more rapidly. Why? She concluded that the Silicon Valley firms benefited from their more open communication structure and their willingness to partner with competitors. But her insights were based only on empirical evidence; unlike Ornit, she had no detailed records of the communication network of the executives of firms in Massachusetts and Northern California she surveyed. Our study of the 100 Israel software startups finally puts Saxenian's empirical results on a solid theoretical foundation. The picture says it loud and clear; companies – even star companies-embedded in a galaxy of communication networks with competitors have a huge competitive advantage.

Professor Saxenian looked at two distinct geographic regions, so we thought it would be a good idea to investigate whether a firm's location mattered for survival. Specifically, we wondered whether companies co-located in the Haifa region-the "Silicon Valley of Israel" – enjoyed an above average survival rate. Somewhat to our surprise, we found that location did not matter. While executives of companies that were geographically close communicated more with each other, we could find no significant link between a firm's location near Haifa and its likelihood of surviving. Our conclusion: Companies have a fair chance of success even if they are not located within Israel's economic center. What matters much more is that the company executives talk with each other, Be it face to face, over the phone, or via e-mail.

The picture becomes even more striking if we look at the self-reported close alliances among the firms (see Figure 3-2).



Or finding in a nutshell: Almost all companies that were central communicators and embedded in strong alliances in 1999 are flourishing in 2004 – despite the collapse of a huge segment of their industry. They demonstrated what we said in Chapter 2: that it’s cool to share knowledge – even with your competitors. And now we know how to coolhunt for companies most likely to succeed, using swarm creativity.

(1.5)

I find this MIT research exacting in the form of an Arizona Water Quality Association member Glen Buckman. Glen Buckman was in the soft water business when my father (William Brian Boyett) bought his Rayne Soft Water franchise December 1966. Glen was a Miracle Water dealer at the time. After all these many years Glen is still operating a very successful independent soft water dealership and is still a member of the Arizona Water Quality Association. This is what I remember my father saying of Glen: “You can tell a good salesman because they are not afraid to inform you what is helping them succeed -growing their business. When they are so talented and successful; they will tell you their secret to success because they do not feel they must worry about somebody

stealing this success formula or using it against them.” This in turn helps to keep his collaborating businesses successful as this MIT research study principle relates to Glen Buckman’s business.

I have been fortunate to communicate with Glen over the years and here is another thing I have noticed about Glen: he is unselfish and he wants the best for our industry and takes pride in his associations with other industry leaders. I qualify Glen as a water industry pioneer and he certainly is a legend in my eyes. Anyone whom my father has had respect; I will continually honor Glen with this same level of respect.

Glen is a perfect example of this MIT research project, he is not afraid to collaborate and he is still a successful water treatment entrepreneur because of his great talents and his collaboration efforts.

I remember William Brian Boyett told me that another reason he founded the AWQA was because he knew someday there would be a reason for people in our industry to collaborate about important trends.

This time has arrived.....

Michael J. Lacey (Director of the Arizona Department of Water Resources) came to an Arizona Water Quality Association (<http://www.azwqa.org/>) **luncheon in October 2014 and said eventually our industry will not be allowed to put salt into the sewer.**

This is recent legislation that passed the Arizona House of Representatives and headed to the Arizona State Senate where it did not pass into law.

Arizona State Legislature

Fifty – first Legislature

Second Regular Session

EENR

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

HB 2117

technical correction; dry wells; regulation

NOW: performance standards; water softeners

Sponsor: Representative Fann

X Committee on Energy, Environment and Natural Resources

Caucus and COW

House Engrossed

OVERVIEW

HB 2117 makes a technical correction for the regulation of dry wells.

Summary of the Proposed Strike-Everything Amendment to HB 2117

The proposed strike-everything amendment to HB 2117 provides minimum performance

standards for residential water softeners and prohibits time-clock regenerated ion exchange water

softeners from and after January 31, 2016.

HISTORY

Laws 2011, Chapter 201 established the Joint Legislative Study Committee on Water Salinity

Issues (Committee) to study issues and problems related to water salinity and water softener

usage in the United States, other countries and Arizona. The Committee was required to meet

and consider the following issues:

➤ The relationship between water salinity issues and possible effects on water conservation,

groundwater quality, and the quality impacts on water reclamation facilities, the nature of

water, reclaimed water and its use on golf courses and other uses and other potential effects

on tourism as they relate to high usage of water softeners in Arizona;

➤ The financial impact and necessity of water and wastewater treatment to address salinity

levels and the potential costs for treatment methods and facilities; and

➤ An examination of sources of excess salinity caused by high water softener usage and

possible responses.

A water softener is a device that softens hard water by removing certain minerals. An ion

exchange water softener uses a cation exchange resin and a brine/salt storage tank to exchange

calcium and magnesium ions for sodium ions. After continued use of a water softener, a brine or

salt solution is passed through the resin, replacing accumulated calcium and magnesium ions

with sodium ions. The waste solution or “regenerant” is composed of calcium, magnesium and

excess sodium ions and is released into the wastewater treatment system. A time-clock softener

operates with a timer that triggers regeneration when the resin is estimated to be saturated with

hardness and by water usage calculations. Based on many calculations, the system usually

regenerates at a specific time each day.

PROVISIONS

☐ States that the restrictions on, and the performance standards for, residential water softeners

apply from and after January 31, 2016.

HB 2117

Fifty-first Legislature

Second Regular Session 2 February 14, 2014

☐ Stipulates that all regenerated ion exchange water softeners installed in this state must be

installed to operate at maximum levels of efficiency for their design.

☐ Prohibits the sale or installation of time-clock regenerated ion exchange water softeners.

☐ Specifies that a person may not install an ion exchange water softener in this state that is

connected to a water supply that has total dissolved solids of 750 milligrams per liter or less

unless the water softener meets the following salinity performance standards:

➤ The water softener removes at least 4,000 grains of hardness per pound of salt used; and

➤ The water softener uses a maximum of five gallons of water per 1,000 grains of hardness

removed.

☐ Clarifies that this section does not prohibit a city, town or county from adopting and

enforcing salinity and water efficiency standards for residential ion exchange water softeners

that are more restrictive than those prescribed in the Act.

Karen Fann

(4) update on HB 2117, 03/31/2014

Source:

<http://www.azleg.gov/FormatDocument.asp?inDoc=/legtext/51leg/2r/proposed/h.2117kf.d>

Question: why do the water powerbrokers wish to eliminate salt discharge into the sewer?

Answer: There are many. Here is a list:

- Too much salt in the water will kill the grass on the golf courses. Golf courses bring a lot of revenue into the state of Arizona. Many people live in this state to play golf. Need I say more?

- Removing salt from the water takes extra energy and resources. This increases our water bill.
- Too much salt in our drinking water is not healthy.

Here is some excerpts from: Strategy for Water Softener Salinity Control and Management

Technical Advisory Committee to Report to Joint Legislative Study
Committee on Water Salinity Issues. Phoenix, Arizona January 22, 2014

Introduction

A Technical Advisory Committee (“TAC”) was formed under the guidance of the Joint Legislative Study Committee on Water Salinity Issues (“Committee”) to discuss solutions and develop recommendations for the Committee’s consideration. Consistent with our charge, assumptions and key findings were derived from the Central Arizona Salinity Study (“CASS”) and municipal studies associated with it.....

Hard water, high salinity, water conservation and reuse, are all issues in the Phoenix metro area. Source waters are high in both hardness and salinity. Salinity affects reuse and treatment costs. Point of use water softening systems provide a solution to hard water problems from the homeowner perspective, but add to salinity in wastewater, degrading the quality of this resource for reuse and recharge.

Managing salinity in Central Arizona is a problem that is becoming increasingly worse over time.

The CASS concluded that “salinity levels in reclaimed water and groundwater may increase to a point where these water resources will not be suitable for their intended uses. A “salt balance” will be necessary for the long term sustainability of Central Arizona.” Dr. Herman Bouwer

estimated in 1998 that 1.6 million tons of salt accompany the Salt and Colorado River water being imported into the Phoenix metropolitan area annually (Bouwer, 1998). Additional salinity accumulates in groundwater and surface waters as a consequence of local human activities. According to Dr. Bouwer, “An equal quantity of salts would have to leave the area to maintain a salt balance.” 3

Water conservation and reuse is critical to meeting projected water supply needs

Salinity is one of the major factors impacting water reuse in the State and particularly the Phoenix Active Management Area, which comprises the greater Phoenix metropolitan area.

Thorough study has shown that self-regenerating water softeners (“SRWS”) contribute varying levels of salinity to the water supply.

The CASS and other efforts show that the market penetration of SRWS greatly affects the overall increase of salinity in local water supplies.

The CASS estimates that about 26% of the total homes in Phoenix have a SRWS. A study conducted for the City of Phoenix Water Services Department by HDR found that residential, commercial, and industrial water softening activities contribute 8-10% of the total salinity entering the wastewater system at Phoenix’s three wastewater treatment plants (“WWTP”) – Cave Creek Water Reclamation Plant (“CCWRP”), 23rd Avenue WWTP, and 91st Avenue WWTP (Attachment B, page 4). Additionally, there is a significant increase in salinity from “other communities” that contribute wastewater to these same facilities. It is safe to assume that a portion of this increase is from SRWS (Attachment B, page 5).

Examination of data from more recently developed portions of Phoenix provides much different results. The CASS shows that 51% of the homes built after 2000 have SRWS (Attachment A, page 6). A majority of homes within the CCWRP service area fall into this post-2000 category, and the CASS quantified that 36% of the salinity increase at the CCWRP comes from residential uses, which includes additions from SRWS.

According to the City of Scottsdale, SRWS penetration is 46% across the entire city. Scottsdale estimates that 78% of the total increase in salinity in their wastewater in the north and central portions of the city are derived from their residential customer base, which includes additions from SRWS (Statistics provided directly from Scottsdale).

While the previous examples focus on specific municipalities, there is consensus among the TAC members and non-member participant on the general premise of newer home throughout the Phoenix metro area and Arizona having a higher penetration of SRWS.

According to a study performed by the Battelle Memorial Institute (Attachment C), water softening provides significant benefits by:

- Reducing the cost of heating water

- Increasing the lifespan of water heaters and other household appliances;

- Enhancing cleaning tasks including laundry, dish washing, and bathroom fixtures while requiring less soaps, detergents, and housekeeping chemicals for cleaning;

- Reducing the cost and salinity contribution from cleaning agents;

- Promoting longer useable life of fabrics

In this report it was mentioned under the heading of: Alternatives to traditional self-regenerating water softeners:

Portable Exchange (PE) water softening provides soft water to homes and businesses without discharging salt to the wastewater stream at the home or business. Exhausted tanks are regenerated at centralized treatment facilities under controlled environments with brine reclaim and reuse, greatly reducing the potential for salt discharge. Further improvements in centralized plant regeneration could result in no salt or water discharge to the sewer system (reference Chubb's zero D article). (1.85)

Social Capital

We have written earlier that knowledge had replaced land and financial capital as the new economic resource. Knowledge – added is the new value-added, we said, whether in goods or services. Well, guess what? Intellectual capital is no longer supreme. It's still true that those with educational degrees have higher incomes and more opportunity, and it's still true that an organization's fitness to compete is dependent upon the mental fitness of the workforce. Even so, there's a new champ in the ring. It's social capital – the collective value of people who know each other and what they'll do for each other. It's human networks that make things happen, not computer networks. And leaders who get extraordinary things done will be those who are right there in the middle of them. (5)

William Brian Boyett used this principle in his career and taught us. We saw William Brian Boyett perform great feats of resourcefulness by using the principle of Social Capital.

We are currently using this principle in our company by capitalizing on the relationship of a great plumbing company called JB Water. We regularly hand out their business cards to people who need general plumbing work performed. In exchange; whenever we have a plumbing issue 'which we cannot resolve' or need a water heater installed – we call JB Water and they perform this work in exchange for the referral work we provide to them. This Social Capital principle has proved to be very useful and meaningful in this relationship.

Another example of Social Capital is when Jim Rednor (a water engineer) and Dave Perry (Executive director of the Arizona Water Quality Association) visited our factory to dissect a competitors water equipment. This particular competitor makes disparaging comments about our industry and purports their product performs water treatment functions that are apocryphal. Therefore, we decided to see what is in their water treatment unit. We found that their media tank contained material which is very germane in our industry and some simple electrical components. We are convinced that this company's marketing tactics are a farce and their customers are overpaying and being hoodwinked into a product that will never live up to their promises.

Because of the Social Capital concept we were able to call on the expertise of Jim and Dave to provide great credibility and sustenance when we report to our customers that the product that is shaking up our industry is simply overpriced and is represented with great hyperbole.

Another example of Social Capital comes in the form of a man I call Super Star. Rob Star has been our go to computer man for many years. We recently decided that we want to know more about how to add images and content to our web page. We provide our water treatment equipment to Rob Star and he in exchange makes sure that our computer network and surveillance networks are working at the speed of light. Because Rob Star has unselfishly shared his talents with us we are now developing the confidence to build our own web pages. We feel this skill gives us great cost advantage and the opportunity to be in control of our own internet destiny; uniquely and affordably. With this principle of Social Capital we leveraged our water treatment value to Super Star in exchange he adds internet knowledge power and expertise to our company.

09.22.14 9:36 PM

I recently called upon the Executive Director of the Arizona Water Quality Association to ask for marketing leverage to aggrandize our membership roll and stature amongst our existing membership. I have been fortunate to watch the membership of the Arizona Water Quality Association grow approximately 33% in

the past 4.5 years. I am fortunate to be a recruiter for this great organization. Here is an excerpt from an e mail I received from Dave Perry:

There is a general benefit to such associations for their industry networking and communications activities. There is also a benefit from the industry advocacy activities, including consumer information resources and government representation. The state education grant specifically provides a public education program for residential and commercial softener users and an industry certification program. The certification program will provide best practices for softener installation, servicing, and usage. It will result in a registry of certified professionals that may also lead to local government requirements for the use of such people.

Anyone in the water treatment industry needs to be involved in this effort to keep up on changing standards...(24)

As I understand the Arizona Water Quality Association <http://azwqa.org> was recently awarded an education grant in the amount of \$40,000.00 to be used to develop a certification program that will provide best practices for softener installation, servicing, and usage. This is a great honor. I have never heard of such a grant being awarded to a Water Quality Association. This shows me we have gained favor with the water powers of Arizona. This positive recognition and trust makes me want to make our organization more environmentally friendly and make our products more efficient to exceed all the current standards and continue to raise the standard of our water industry.

Dear Betty:

One of my most vivid memories of the "old days" in Stephen County is the community thrashing machine operated in the Eolian area by my uncles, Silas and Jasper Boyett. Since these machines were replaced by combines years ago, most young people living in Stephens county now probably have never heard of them.

Before the days of combines, farmers would plant fields of grain and when it was ripe they would harvest it with "binders." Before the days of tractors, the binders would be pulled through the fields by horses. A large reel would turn and pull the

grain over a table which had a sickle on the front edge to cut the grain stalks a few inches above the ground. The grain would fall onto the table and be drawn into the binder by slats which moved continually across the table. The grain would be collected into the bundles about 2 feet in diameter and the binder would automatically tie the bundle with twine and drop them onto a bundle carrier on the opposite side of the machine from the table. A man rode on a seat at the rear of the machine to watch the operation and drive the team. At regular intervals he would trip a lever with his foot and drop the bundle carrier to deposit the bundles in rows.

The bundles of grain would be allowed to dry a few days then the farmer would stand the bundles in an upright position leaning against each other to form a shock. The shocks resembled teepees in that they were wide at the bottom and came to a point at the top. This shape protected the grain in case of rain. The plowing, planting and binding and shocking of the grain would usually be done by the farmer and his family. The shocking of the grain was a chore that kids could and were usually required to help with. Many times neighbors would help each other shock grain. I'll never forget the wonderful fellowship I experienced with my uncles, cousins and other neighbors while working in the fields together.

Separating the grain from the stalks was called threshing. Most farms were too small to afford their own threshing machine. The threshing machine would move through the community from one farm to another until everyone's grain had been threshed. As I remember it there would be 30 or 40 neighbors working on a man's farm as the threshing crew. When a farmer's grain was threshed he would be expected to move on with the threshing crew to help on the next farm. Neighbor women would come to help cook for the crew. Some men would pitch the bundles from the shocks onto a bundle wagon. The bundle wagon man would drive from the field to the threshing machine and throw the bundles into the front of the machine one at a time. The bundles would be drawn through the threshing machine and the grain would be separated from the straw. The straw would be blown out the rear of the machine to create a monstrous straw stack. Some men would collect the grain into sacks and lift it onto a wagon while others would drive the grain and empty it into barns and granaries. Others would

operate the mechanics of the threshing machine. I always thought my cousin, Bert, had the easiest job of all. He sat on the tractor that powered the machine with a pulley and a huge, wide, 40 foot long belt and was responsible for stopping the machine if a mishap occurred.

As a young farm boy this was one of the most exciting events of the year. With so many people, teams of horses and so much action going on there was an unparalleled chance to associate with the bog folks, have fun, work hard, watch the mishaps, listen to the many stories, flirt with the girls, eat the marvelous meals, and catch up on all the gossip. My first job was a "water jack." I would ride horseback and carry canteens of water to the men in the fields pitching bundles and driving bundle wagons. Then I became old enough to sack the grain. This was one of the most dusty, itchy jobs of all. I was old enough to drive a bundle wagon two years before the more modern and efficient combines made the threshing machines obsolete and ended one of the happiest jobs of my life.

My brother-in-laws are farmers here in Arizona and are members of an antique tractor club as a hobby. They restore antique farm machinery to original condition and display it at shows and fairs. This year at a show they operated a threshing machine exactly like the one I remember for the crowds. Fond memories of Stephen county were in my mind that day and for some time after. Sincerely yours, William Brian Boyett.

This letter that William Brian Boyett wrote to Ms. Betty Hanna, Stephen County Sesquicentennial Committee represents to me how the principle of Social Capital was developed in his life. I feel that it is because of his tremendous Social Capital influence - this translated to his great business success and personal social fulfillment.

(7)

William Jesse and Christia Boyett

William Jesse Boyett was born on March 13, 1900 on the family farm which his ancestor's settled in 1879, in southwest Stephens County. The Comanche's still controlled the frontier then.

His father died before he was born. He told about brush arbour revivals that the Boyett family attended at Eolian which was about 4 miles east. A tabernacle consisting of a frame structure with mesquite branches covering it to provide shade was filled with seats and a pulpit. Families came from miles around in wagons and buggies and camped out for days while worshipping and visiting.

Ibex was an oil boom town 3 miles west of the Boyett farm. Christia Askew, born in Woodson, Texas, graduated from Baylor University in 1926 and became a teacher in Ibex. She married W.J. Boyett and 1929 at the school Christmas program. They moved into a 2 room teacherage on the school ground.

The following year the couple built a house on the Boyett farm where they farmed and ranched. They were both active for the remainder of their lives in the Eolian church. In the early days there were several commercial buildings in Eolian but only the church building remains today. At this writing in 1986, it is still a very active, well kept, country church. Christia was an excellent piano player and served faithfully as the church piano player and adult Sunday School teacher for over 40 years. Although crippled by polio since childhood, she courageously contributed her talents, bad weather or not.

Neighbors Orbie and Ethyl Tomlin and Ben and Blanch McKelvain were frequent visitors to the Boyett home for a domino game called "42".

During the 1940's, Stamps Baxter gospel music was popular and communities would hold "singings" at churches and school buildings throughout the area. The Boyett children remember traveling regularly to communities such as Harpersville, Necessity, Breckenridge, Albany, Abilene, Moran, Cisco, and Redgap to participate in "singings." The Boyett family members were all musically inclined and provided special music for church and social events as the children grew.

Killing mesquite trees with kerosene became a major interest to W.J., sometimes called "Willie." With the help of his sons and others, he became one of the primary mesquite eradication contractors in Stephen and Shackelford counties. Along with farming and ranching, he continued this work until his retirement in

1973. Christia Boyett died of natural causes in January, 1978 and her husband died a few days later in a car accident. They are both buried at Plumb Branch Cemetery which is a rural cemetery at Eolian near the old Hatchet place.

W.J. and Christia have 3 children. Brian, since graduation from Texas Tech has lived in Phoenix, Arizona where he has his own business. Dale, since graduation from Texas Tech, has worked as an engineer for Texas Instruments in Dallas. Annetta, upon graduation from McMurry College, married a medical doctor who accepted a teaching position at Cambridge University in England. England has become her permanent home. (8)



This is a picture of Brian's folks (William Jesse Boyett and Christia Boyett)

I am only one. But I am one
I can not do every thing.
But I can do some thing.
What I can do - I ought to do.
and what I ought to do, God
helping me,
I will do.



Annetta Boyett, Christia Boyett, William Brian Boyett, Dale Eldon Boyett

Mrs. W. J. Boyett

Mrs. W.J. (Christia) Boyett, 73, of Breckenridge died at 11 a.m. Saturday in Stephens Memorial Hospital.

Funeral services were at 2 p.m. Monday in the Melton Funeral Home Chapel of Memories with the Rev. Don Osada, pastor of First United Methodist Church, officiating. Burial was in the Plum Ranch Cemetery.

The former Martha Christia Askew, she was born June 16, 1904, in Milam County. She was graduated from Albany High School and Baylor University.

She married W.J. Boyett

Dec. 24, 1929, in Shackelford County. They lived all their married life in Ibex where she also taught school. She was a member of the Eolian Methodist Church.

She is survived by her husband; a daughter, Mrs. Bill (Annetta) Bynum of London, England; two sons, William Brian of Tempe, Ariz. and Dale Eldon of Dallas; and four grandchildren.

Pallbearers were Robert Boyett, Jearl Boyett, Bert Boyett, Don Boyett, Jesse White, Tony Wampler and William Wampler.

061614 Mother would have been 110 years old today, she was born in 1904. (15)

07.11.14 Katrina Boyett left this document for me at RB's house (this is how I refer to my mother these days 'RB'). We sure appreciate her presence and influence in our lives. One of the thoughts I have been thinking and sharing; as I tell people about this book project is this: because my parents were so educated and such well-organized people; this story is coming together like a puzzle. When I find 'or am given' information like this next story (I look at it as a cookie crumb 'that leads and guides me'; or a thread 'that helps to make the complete article of clothing'). I feel honored to be the editor of this great story. I am trying to put these cookie crumbs and threads in the appropriate places so you can see the big picture. The big picture I hope for my audience and readers to see is how William Brian Boyett came from a pure, ethical and hardworking family. Because of this great influence and example of hard work, dedication, faith in God and loyalty – this is what allowed him to have desire. Because of the hard work and success he experienced growing up – this gave him confidence to continue to search out his desires. As I have observed and been a part of William Brian Boyett's desires; I

found they were all based upon very pure motives. This is intriguing to me as I continue to put together the pieces of this interesting puzzle.

03.04.16 2:29 PM

This is an excerpt of a speech given by my cousin Jesse White at a spiritual retreat.



The most perfect imitator of Christ I ever knew was Christia Askew Boyett; my great aunt. She was the first educated career woman at a time (the 1920's) when few careers were available to females without the right to vote.

Christia was my surrogate grandmother and sanctuary. The intensity of my emotions, dealing with stressful issues, *low self-esteem* and my adolescent

rebellion were exacerbated by my father's alcoholism. Christia recognized a need and reached out to me. She healed me with her total unconditional love. She was keenly aware of ways she could serve others. (28)

William Jesse Boyett, Memories of Brian Boyett. October, 2009

My father, William Jesse Boyett, was born in 1900 on the family farm half way between Ibex and Eolian, Texas. He was the youngest of three children. His older brothers were Silas and Jasper. His father died from appendicitis before my father was born. His mother was a strong woman and she and her sons did well with the farm. None of the boys wanted to leave home, so they divided what was a good sized and profitable farm into undersized thirds.

My dad attended school in Ibex through the eight grades. My grandmother sent him to Abilene to attend high school but he was homesick and went home.

My father married one of the Ibex school teachers, Martha Christia Askew, and they moved into the Ibex teacheridge. They had three children: me, the oldest, Dale, and our younger sister, Annetta. My father studied books on carpentry and became an accomplished carpenter. In addition to farming, he did repair and remodeling projects. During World War II, he worked for several weeks building an Army base at Childress, Texas.

Sometime about my sophomore year, the government instituted a program to eradicate mesquite trees by applying kerosene to the trunks of the trees and letting some kerosene run down into the roots. They paid a fixed amount an acre, depending on the density. My father started contracting with local farmers and ranchers to carry out the government's program. This transformed our

lifestyle. He was able to send three kids through college and have a lifestyle for his family that was far superior to what we had before.

We would carry five gallon cans of kerosene, hanging by a strap from our shoulders and walk from one tree to another. If we came to a hill, we had to climb it and treat the tree. It was very hard work and we had almost no competition. Over the years, we probably did several thousand acres. My dad, brother and I would pour about 800 gallons of kerosene per day. In one period of time, Wayne Angel ran a service station in Albany and he would deliver truck loads of kerosene out to whatever pasture we were working.

The main crops my father raised were wheat, oats and hay for his cattle. In 1978, my mother died and I came back for the funeral. I had barely gotten back to Arizona when my cousin, Marza White, called and told me my father had died in a car wreck. He drove a new car, was a conservative driver, and only drove on rural roads. I would have figured him to be one of the least likely people in the country to die in a car wreck. He had diabetes and without my mother's direction may have not been taking his medicine properly. We really do not know what happened.

About 200 yards from the accident, the car drifted about a foot off the side of the road. His foot must have gone down on the gas pedal because the tires were spinning and picking up speed. There was a concrete culvert under the road that stuck up about a foot and a half on the side of the road. He hit that and it propelled the car end over end and nosed into the opposite bank. The car was demolished but my father was not disfigured.

I praise the Lord for granting me a loving, Christian, family oriented father who, by his example, taught me a strong moral and work ethic

This was typed by Katrina Boyett two months prior to William Brian Boyett's passing

07.11.14 I asked my uncle Dale why did the government pay my family to eradicate the mesquite trees. He said because it raised the productivity of the land and it coincided with the principle of Farm Aid subsidies.

FIRST 1978 FATALITY

W. J. Boyett Dies In Accident Tuesday

A 77-year-old Breckenridge man was killed in a one-car accident Tuesday morning, becoming the county's first traffic fatality for 1978.

William Jesse Boyett was killed when his 1968 Ford rolled twice after striking a bridge railing on the Eolian Road, FM 576, at 11 a.m.

Tuesday. According to Highway Patrolman J.D. Kvapil, Boyett was headed west when he ran off the side of the road, straddled the bridge railing and continued across a creek.

Kvapil said the car turned sideways while on the bridge railing and rolled twice after crossing the bridge finally

coming to rest on the wheels. The accident occurred 10.3 miles southwest of Breckenridge.

Boyett was taken by ambulance to Stephens Memorial Hospital where he was pronounced dead on arrival by a doctor.

[See SERVICES, page 8]

Services—

[Continued from Page 1]

Funeral services were to be at 2 p.m. Wednesday in the Melton Funeral Home Chapel of Memories with the Rev. Don Osada, pastor of First United Methodist Church, officiating. Burial was to follow in Plum Branch Cemetery under the direction of Melton Funeral Home.

Mr. Boyett was born March 13, 1900, in Stephens County. He married Christia Askew Dec. 24, 1929, in Shackelford County. She died Jan. 28.

A stock farmer, Mr. Boyett had lived in Ibex all of his life. He was a member of the Eolian Methodist Church.

Survivors include a daughter, Mrs. Bill (Annetta) Bynum of London, England; two sons, William Brian of Tempe, Ariz., and Dale Eldon of Dallas; and four grandchildren.

Pallbearers were Robert Boyett, Jearl Boyett, Bert Boyett, Don Boyett, Jesse White and Tony Wampler.

OBITUARIES

WILLIAM J. BOYETT

William J. Boyett, 77, was killed at 11:00 a.m. Tuesday, February 7, 1978 when his car overturned on the Eolian road 10.3 miles from Breckenridge. He was a resident of Ibex and was returning to his home after a trip to Breckenridge.

Funeral services will be held at 2:00 p.m. Wednesday, February 8 at the Melton Chapel of Memories with the Rev. Don Osada, pastor of First United Methodist Church in Breckenridge, officiating. Burial will be in Plum Branch Cemetery under direction of Melton Funeral Home.

He was born March 13, 1900 in Stephens County and married

Christia Askew December 24, 1929 in Shackelford County. She passed away January 28, 1978, ten days before his death. The couple lived all of their married life in the Ibex community. He was a stock farmer. He was a member of the Eolian Methodist Church.

Survivors include one daughter, Mrs. Bill (Annetta) Bynum of London, England; two sons, William Brian Boyett of Tempe, Arizona and Dale Eldon Boyett of Dallas; and four grandchildren.

Pallbearers will be Robert Boyett, Jearl Boyett, Bert Boyett, Donovan Boyett, Jesse White and Tony Wampler.

Stephens County Man Dies in Car Accident

BRECKENRIDGE — A Stephens County man was killed Tuesday morning in a one-car accident on Eolian Road, about 10 miles south of Breckenridge, when his automobile went out of control, struck a bridge and turned over twice.

Willie J. Boyett, 77, of the Ibex community was pronounced dead on arrival at Stephens Memorial Hospital at 11:35 a.m. Boyett was the lone occupant of the automobile.

Department of Public Safety officer J.D. Kvapil investigated.

Services will be at 2 p.m. Wednesday in Melton Funeral Home Chapel of Memories.

The Rev. Don Osada, pastor of First United Methodist

Church, will officiate. Burial will be in Plum Branch Cemetery.

Born March 13, 1900, in Stephens County, Mr. Boyett lived in the county all his life. He was a stock farmer. He married Christia Askew Dec. 24, 1929, in Shackelford County. He was a member of Eolian Methodist Church.

Mrs. Boyett died Jan. 28, 1978.

Survivors include a daughter, Annetta Bynum of London; two sons, William Brian of Tempe, Ariz., and Dale Eldon of Dallas; and four grandchildren.

Pallbearers will be Robert Boyett, Jearl Boyett, Bert Boyett, Don Boyett, Jesse White and Tony Wampler.

07.15.14 12:17 PM

I asked my Uncle Dale why the government paid my family to eradicate the mesquite trees. He said because it raised the productivity of the land and it coincided with the principle of Farm Aid subsidies.

Uncle Dale explained to me that kerosene worked with great efficacy (killing the mesquite trees). Because the kerosene was so affordable – kerosene proved to be a very important component in the profitability of the William Jesse Boyett's mesquite tree killing operations.

In my conversation with my Uncle Dale he explained to me that kerosene is produced when refining oil. In the process of refining oil – one of the rendering

products is kerosene. During World War II as the demand for gasoline rose – kerosene was produced in abundance.

I asked my Uncle Dale how did my grandpa (William Jesse Boyett) know that kerosene would effectively kill mesquite trees? Uncle Dale said he probably heard it from someone who had utilized this approach.

I said to my Uncle Dale – my grandpa had a very successful mesquite tree killing business. Uncle Dale said yes. I said my grandpa must have been very respected by his neighbors (whom were his customers). My Uncle Dale said yes. I found this fact very revealing because I know from managing my family's business (Boyett's Family Rayne Water Conditioning 'since 1966') that having a loyal customer requires great trust, respect and honor. Based upon my research regarding William Jesse Boyett – this man had all of these three attributes (trust, respect and honor 'in great abundance'). This is evident to me 'because of his successful mesquite tree killing business - people had great trust, respect and honor for him.' My father learned this from example and passed this characteristic to me.

Subject: My "Big Brother" and my "Best Friend"

My Uncle Dale sent me this writing on 5/16/14. I am very pleased to have this record of history. My Uncle Dale has had a great influence in my life; in many specific instances (involving making important educational decisions and becoming a man). Uncle Dale is not afraid to talk tough when I really needed to hear these words. He knocks me upside my head when I need this.

From: Dale

Brian was my "Big Brother" and my "Best Friend". He was the "Path Finder" for me to leave the farm environment way of life to the life offered by an engineering degree and working for Texas Instruments for thirty three years.

I had a very interesting and successful job as a Manufacturing Engineer in the defense systems division of T.I.

I advanced to being assigned as a Manufacturing Engineer Program Manager. I was offered an early retirement package when I turned fifty five. This package provided a very good bonus in addition to regular retirement plan and the IRA plan which included a company matching contribution.

After leaving T.I., I was blessed to be offered the job of Manufacturing Manager for IMO Defence Systems Company.

I was offered this job by this IMO's new manager which also accepted the T.I. Early retirement package the same time that I did. This manager was also my manager at T.I.

I worked for IMO for approximately four years until it was "bought" by Litton for the purpose of transferring the "backlog" to Florida. I worked for Litton for approximately three years until we loaded the last truck load to Florida.

One week before I completed this job, I received a call from an ex-TI HR person (that knew of my TI experience) that was currently the HR person for VCSI IC Packaging Co. The owner/CEO of this company was a prior TI executive. I was asked to come interview for the Program Manager job for the High Reliability Component Program (for the Government Space Systems). I accepted and worked there until this program was completed and then I retired.

I have lived a very good life and I am now retired and have many blessings through my seventy seven years including a savings account that "should" allow me and my wife to live comfortably through the rest of our lives.

How /why did this happen?

It has been mostly because of God's Blessing on me.

When I think of the people that also helped me "GET Here", I now realize that my "Big Brother Brian" was by far the most positive influence for me.

Brian was my "Big Brother" and my "Best Friend". He was the "Path Finder" for me to leave the farm environment way of a life after a college engineering degree.

The review history of the W.J. Boyett family is both interesting and unique. I am grateful to have been raised in the conditions at that time. There I developed many of the personal traits that have carried me through my seventy seven years to date.

When I graduated from Albany High school in 1955, I was a real KLUTZ. I felt very insecure and had (still have) very poor social skills. I was very comfortable and competent doing "blue collar" jobs such as operating farm and construction equipment, building fences, farming, ranching, working for the highway department and other manual labor. My natural "bent" would have been to "make a living" doing that kind of work.

I was also very competitive, so since Brian went to college, I wanted to prove to him and others that I could go and graduate also. That is what I decided to do. I attended Texas Tech and majored in industrial Engineering.

Brian gave me very strong support during my "college days". He had graduated from Texas Tech a year earlier and was a BMOC (Big Man On Campus). I stayed in the same dormitory the he stayed in. He came to visit me at Texas Tech soon after I started there and took me around and introduce me to several key people on the Tech staff (dean of men, dormitory manager, and cafeteria manager). I was accepted to be on the cafeteria staff soon after his visit and was assigned as the cafeteria student staff manager about a year later. This paid for my room and board. During my third year I was offered and accepted the job of dormitory wing monitor (I don't remember what the official title was but it was always referred to as "Wing Dick"). I have no doubt that Brian's visit was a big factor in my getting these jobs.

Brian went through ROTC in college and left as a second lieutenant in the Air Force. He soon started two year active service. He had a 1952 Ford Fairlane and loaned it to me while he was in the service so I had a car when I was in college. When he completed his Air Force tour he got a job with the National Cotton Council. He had the use of a company car so he gave me his 1952 Ford.

I can think of no one that had a more opposite personality than me and my brother Brian. Brian had a personality similar to his uncles Silas and Jasper which interacted well with other people.

I have a personality similar to my Dad, William Jesse (Kid, Willie, Bill) which is shy, withdrawn, and uncomfortable in any social gatherings (other than work or music related).

Dad, Brian, and I were a very productive and efficient team on all of the tasks on a small farm and ranch. I don't recall any planning or directions from within this team. Whatever the task of the day was, each of us seem to know our part. We very seldom needed any help from the "outside".

Our main form of entertainment was music. Mother was very good at playing the piano, both from reading music or playing "by ear". Brain (standard guitar), Mother (piano), Dale (steel guitar), and Annetta (vocal) spent many hours on country western and folk songs.

Our main focus was on Southern Gospel Quartet songs.

Mother (piano), Brian (lead), Annetta (alto), Dad (tenor),
Dale (bass).

This quartet was "the choir" at the Eolian Country Church where mother played the piano and taught Sunday School.

Music has always been a very important factor in my life. Music has provided me a way to communicate in the social arena. I have been part of many musical groups for

the past fifty years. This has provided me a way to go to several places and to have interaction with people that I would not have had contact with otherwise.

I am currently a member of a very good Gospel Quartet and have recently started a new ministry for me and my wife to go to rest homes and do Sing- Along programs. We are getting a very good response with these Programs.

So as I think back over my life, I now realize that my history has been a lot better because of my “Big Brother Brian”, my “Path Finder”.

Dale Boyett

This is a letter that Dale Eldon Boyett wrote to William Brian Boyett on the celebration of William Brian Boyett’s 70th Birthday:

Feb 5, 2001

Dear Brian,

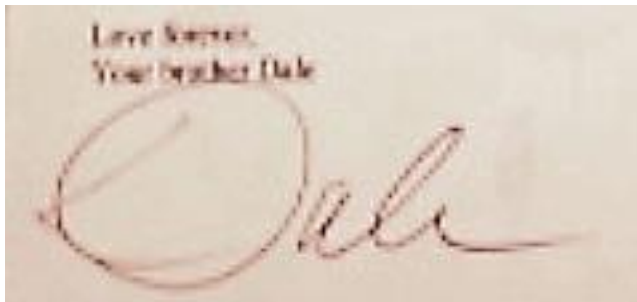
I never had the gift of adequately expressing how I feel about someone who is very special to me, but I cannot pass up this opportunity to try to share some of my thoughts with you on this your 70th birthday occasion.

1. Other than for my faith in Christ, you are the only person in my life who has **ALWAYS** been there for me – through grade school, high school, college, new job, marriage, divorce, parenting, loss of job etc. I cannot imagine how my life would have “turned out” had you not been “there”. Yes, there have been many times we have talked during the trials of my life, and that has certainly been a help, but the major impact has been the impact of my day to day level of desire, drive, determination, strength, and persistence. I cannot explain it. I think it might be similar to the impact that Mother has on your life – All I know is that it has always been me and you against the world and with your support that somehow I have always felt in my mine, I have somehow found the courage to go forth and face today’s challenge head on (or sneak up behind it and hit it in the head) but I don’t think I’ve run and hid many times. God has been good to me.
2. The music that we shared as a family from an early age continues to have a major influence on my life. I think you understand that so I will not go there at this time.
3. I think of the generosity you have shown me through the years. I have enjoyed playing the role of the “little brother” being cared for by “Big Brother” when we have been together.

4. I'm set in my ways and have no interest in making any changes in my set routine, so you need to stay around as long as I do, so behave yourself and take good care of that 70 year old high mileage body.

5. I ran across the following which helps explain how I feel:

“A brother is someone who's been where you've been, who knows what you're about. Someone you know you can call if you need to when something's just not working out. A brother is someone who's more than just family – His friendship is one of a kind, and the closeness you've shared through laughter and tears is the deepest that you'll ever find.”



(12)

Letter to William Brian Boyett from Ken and Sue Burgess

Tell your Dad that I lost my hat. When I couldn't find my nice blue Stetson, I knew Brian beat me to it. I noticed in the college annual several pictures of Brian where he was wearing my hat. I wonder if he kept it after we graduated.

Brian was the only roommate that I ever had. Two "pore" country kids ran into each other and couldn't get separated. We did everything together. We attended many of the same classes but he made better grades than I. We dated together, ran our student council campaign together, held the same Aggie Club offices at Various times, made 'Who's Who' together, etc.

We were trim because neither of us could cook and we couldn't afford to buy food.

His band was good – Bingo and Horace were good backup for Brian. They performed at many, many college functions and we always had a crowd in

our room where they often practiced. People would line the hall outside our door to listen. I guess that they were pretty good, as I did not tire listening to them. I did resent the fact that he did not teach me to sing or to play the guitar.

Some of the titles I remember are; “I can’t go hunting with you Jake, but I’ll go chasing women” or “I get tears in my ears from lying on my back, in the sac, crying over you.”

Brian was well liked—very friendly. He helped me out of being an introvert. He talked me into signing a ROTC contract and thus I was able to finish school before going into the Air Force. I should say – he saved me from an early army draft during the Korean conflict.

One of the most life changing things that he did to me was to introduce me to the gal who became my wife. Believe me things have never been the same.

I bet he was tough on his kids because he always kept me in line.

He was always there when I needed him.



(12)

Wow, this letter really caused my heart to ache and become anxious. I can sense the great impact my father had on these people's lives. Ken became a banker. Whenever I heard my father talk to Sue on the phone 'and in person' I would hear him boyishly say to her – "Let's dance". William Brian Boyett really loved Ken and Sue Burgess. He was very proud of their accomplishments. He taught Ken how to have desire and he fulfilled their desire for companionship by introducing them and they have become life time companion and mates.

Boyett's Brothers Ranch 1874

Seventeen miles southwest of Breckenridge

Founder: James Solomon Zant of South Carolina

James Solomon Zant, born September 26, 1839, in South Carolina, was a Confederate soldier in U.C.V. Company A of the 37th Georgia Regiment. After losing everything in the Civil War, Zant moved to Texas to find drier land. He left Effingham County, Georgia, which is close to Macon, and started his Texas homestead in January 1879. Prior to starting his homestead, Zant had received title to his 441 acres in 1874. He purchased his land from the Blind Asylum (10). Later, he added 160 acres to his ranch. Zant raised cotton, wheat, sorghum, and Hereford and mixed breed cattle. He married Margaret Eliza Smoak on December 22, 1859. The Zants had nine children: John Solomon, Julia Elfe, Mary Emma, James Henry, Rebecca Lincen, Margaret Annie, Alice, George A., and Joe T.

In 1915, Rebecca Lincen received 600 acres of the Zant's ranch. Her husband was William Jasper Boyett. The Boyett family raised the same crops and livestock as the Zant family. They also continued clearing the land of mesquite and rocks for cultivation. Jasper Zant, Silas Poe, and William Jesse were the Boyett's three sons. In May 1938, the sons received title to the 600-acre ranch.

In 1958, the present co-owners received title to 170 acres of the original ranch. They are involved in conservation of the land and continue to raise livestock. Mrs. Edith Boyett Wampler lives on the ranch and her sister Marza Boyett White operates the ranch. Two other co-owners, William Brian Boyett and Annetta Boyett Bynum, live out of the state. Their portion of the land is managed by their brother Dale Elton Boyett.



James Solomon Zant (left), founder of the Boyett Brothers Ranch, served with a Georgia Regiment in the Civil War. After losing everything in the war, he moved to Texas to find drier land and settled on his Stephens County homestead.



In the spring of 1896, James Solomon Zant, his children, and grandchildren gathered for this family portrait. Zant began his homestead in 1879 on 441 acres he had purchased five years earlier. He later expanded the farming operation with an additional 60 acres. Today, part of the land is the Boyett Brothers Ranch, Stephens County.

(11)

This is the Lane Heritage Award.

FAMILY LAND HERITAGE



Certificate of Honor
to
Boyettt Brothers Ranch
founded
1879

For a century or more of continuous ownership and operation as a family agricultural enterprise. To the dedication and perseverance of the founders and heirs of these lands, we owe the basic wealth of Texas.



Raymond V. Brown

Raymond V. Brown, Commissioner
Texas Department of Agriculture

This award represents 100 years of the Boyett Farm under continuous ownership. Marza White and Jesse White received this in Austin at the Capital in October of 1979. (13)

Mastermind of S&L scandal dies

Arizona financier ran Lincoln Savings, whose collapse cost taxpayers \$3.4 bil.

Craig Harris, Dennis Wagner, Paul Giblin and Dan Nowicki
The Republic • azcentral.com

His real-estate developments are crown jewels of the Valley. His well-publicized charitable works included befriending and offering financial help to Mother Teresa.

Yet Charles H Keating Jr. likely will be remembered as the man whose financial empire cost many investors their life savings when it crumbled and whose name became the moniker for a group of senators who intervened on his behalf with regulators during the 1980s savings-and-loan scandal.

Keating died late Monday night at age 90, friends and family members confirmed Tuesday afternoon.

"It is with great sadness I learned of Charlie Keating's death. I had the honor to represent him over many years, and I got to see a side of him many others did not. Though his controversies were many, he faced adversity with great dignity, wit and courage," Stephen C. Neal, Keating's longtime attorney, said Tuesday.

See KEATING, Page A17



Charles H Keating Jr. sits in a Los Angeles courtroom in 1991. The notorious financier died Monday in Phoenix. ASSOCIATED PRESS

(6)

I was walking by the newspaper stand and I was stopped dead in my tracks with this news headline. Seeing this caption caused my heart to drop. Recently I pulled up Charles Keating on Wikipedia to see what was he up to these days? This man tried to present himself as a decent and moral man. However, the facts show that he was a dirty rotten scoundrel.

I manage my family's business with pride because they built our company by taking the high road; the road less traveled. My onus is to continue this tradition. Whenever there is a moral decision to be made I simply follow tradition and the best solution is carried out for all parties involved.

It is because of our great leadership legacy that we grow our business with three tenants: 1. To raise the standard of the industry 2. To aggrandize our customer relationships and 3. Make our products and services more sustainable and more affordable to our customers.

07.30.14 8:44 AM

These pictures represent to me the diverse life this man lead; of family friends and activities. This man amazes me. I got to see it all. I am continually tantalized by the many facets of his life, allure and intellect. Another description of this man that comes to my mind; high class and great design.



(18)

January 1959 – Daddy and grandpa by new truck. This story began with the story of a truck (1963 Ford – Brian drove from Dallas to Phoenix ‘non stop’ for me). Trucks have been an important part of my family’s legacy. They still are today.

My Aunt Annetta sent me this short story:

The Implement Shed

In the photo dated January 1959 showing Brian and his father by the new truck (it was as I recall second-hand), the building with the peaked roof farthest away in the background is the subject of a very dear memory of mine.

One day Daddy announced that he, Brian and Dale were going to construct an "implement shed". (This was a brand-new term for me, in fact, I've never heard it outside of our family. Maybe Daddy originated it.) As I remember, this implement shed was necessary because we had recently acquired a new tractor and needed a place to keep it. The date must have been some years before 1959, because Brian and Dale were still living at home, at least for the summer.

So the three of them set about building the implement shed and were extremely pleased with it when it was finished.

Then one night a storm came up. Daddy was always the authority, and would carefully inspect any storm cloud to see whether or not it required a trip to our storm cellar. On this particular night, yes, it looked bad, and he told us that we all had to leave our warm beds and take refuge in the dark dank cellar. (I once encountered a snake down there.) We had just installed ourselves -- Mother, Daddy, Brian, Dale and me --, when there was a great CRASH, and Daddy cried out, "That was the Implement Shed!" He, Brian and Dale instantly raced up the steps and out into the storm in order to inspect the damage, leaving Mother and me looking at each other in some perplexity. After a moment Mother said, "Well, if they're going to get blown away, we're not going to just sit here". So she and I went back into the house to bed.

As it turned out, although part of the implement shed's roof had departed, the damage was not so bad as it might have been, and the menfolk were soon able to put it right again. (20)



(18)

Uncle Dale Eldon Boyett, William Brian Boyett, Aunt Annetta Boyett and _____. I sent an e mail to Aunt Annetta – ‘who is this young man on your left; it looks like you really like him’?

Here is a story from Aunt Annetta:

His name was Elton Davis. He began by being my schoolbus driver, then he became my fiance, then he became history.

Actually, I was just thinking about him today, because once we took some photos when we were having target practice with THE GUN! I'll try to find them.



Uncle Dale Eldon Boyett, Aunt Annette and William Brian Boyett

This photo would have been made after coming home from Eolian Church on a Sunday. That was THE TIME when Mother always wanted to take pictures of us in our Sunday best. We usually grumbled, because we were hungry by then.
(19)



(18)

My father spent much of his life on horseback. He told me that he had some great horses.



(18)

Spring 1952 – Daddy rigged up. My father was a popular agriculture student at Texas Tech University. He is wearing my great grandfathers Colt .45 that we used in our Dynamic Duel marketing program.



(18)

1959 February Daddy working with the cows at the home place. My father's study at Texas Tech was animal husbandry.



(18)

April 13, 1961 - It was after a moment of discernment that I added this picture. I was present during the time of castration of cows. I believe this picture represents this.



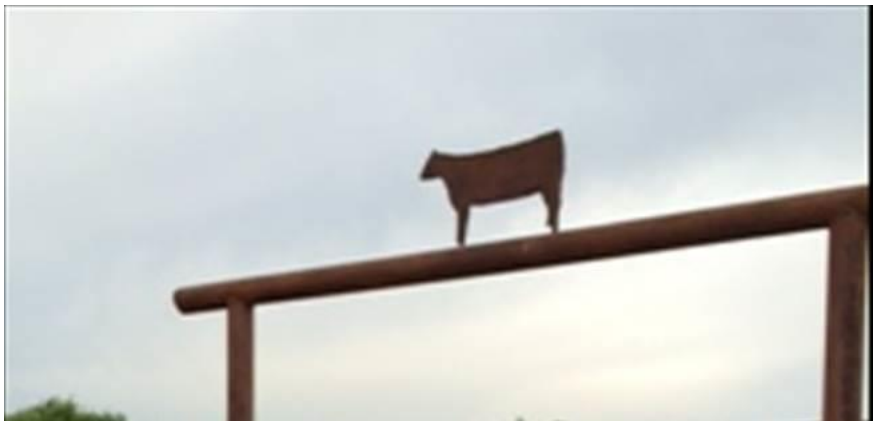
052815 8:40 AM. I recently returned to the home place in Breckenridge, Texas. The two pictures of William Brian Boyett 'which are above this picture' are taken near this area. I was taken aback at the sustainability of the structures. These structures are exactly: representative of the memories I have as a small child.

I would have to say: the most important part of my journey was this: I received a feeling of hope and sustainability.

I received hope: this is a place I wish to frequent 'at least every 12 months'. I received hope: this is a place I may want to spend more time in the future. During

the time I visited; Texas was receiving torrential down pouring of rain and tornado warnings. The home place looked beautiful and the tanks were full. Jackie 'who is currently living in the location which my grandparents lived' used the term (the tanks are running around). I had not heard this expression in many years. This occurrence does not take place often. This term describes when one tank is full (there are two tanks) it fills into the other tank. When I visited the home place, both tanks were full and the excess water was running onto the ground. These tanks are stocked with fish. If I live here 'for periods of time' I will enjoy fishing.

I received a feeling of sustainability: These structures became more beautiful to me. I notice the detail that was invested in this structure.



I never noticed this image of a cow. It has been there all along. Who performed this welding?



My family name is welded on this post; this I never noticed. Seeing this name here made me feel (my family history and legacy is sustainable). It was obvious to me whomever performed this welding took great pride in their craft; they took pride in my family name. The name Boyett was centered and affixed in this place with love and great care.



I also noticed that whoever performed this welding took time to preserve the legacy of other characters and entities by attaching their brands to this structure. Whose brands are these? A brand to me is a representation of an organization or entity. If a brand is on a cow – this shows ownership. Whoever owns that cow took time to burn their brand in that cow.



As I perambulated around the home place 'looking for memories and items that are familiar' I happened on this artifact. This is a device used to hold cows in place to perform branding and castrations and vaccinations and placing tags in their ears.



(18)

Brian with guitar in Bermuda. Brian loved to perform sing alongs. People loved to sing with his songs. Look at the beautiful girls swooning. The women seemed to really love my father. I was so moved to learn of my fathers purity (in terms of his relationships with women) and devotion to my mother.



(18)



(18)

My father was a first lieutenant in the Air Force stationed in Bermuda during the Korean War. My father did not talk much about his service in War. He did not brag about being a War veteran. I know that he was very grateful for his military experience. I know it was because of his involvement in the military that he was able to attend college. I know my father had a lot of fun serving our country in Bermuda. My father made sure he had fun with everything he did. My father could turn a dull activity into an activity where he will gain great personal satisfaction; as well as add value to the other parties involved. I can't help but think he did a great job in his communication responsibilities as he served our country. As I recollect, and can recall, my father served in a communication capacity in the Korean War. Anything my father did – he did with his greatest and extreme effort. His efforts were so extreme I will call them over the top. When my father made a commitment – there was no force that will stand in his way. I only wish for a small element of this commitment to show in my own life. It is my onus to emulate this 'over the top full and extreme commitment in all my offerings'.

09.15.14 10:52 PM

This latent story sat in my business journal for at least a month before I took action to publish. This story is not complete; however, I realized it creates intrigue, hope and desire. The reason it creates desire is this: I hope to find the picture of the girl in the tree playing the guitar.

This is the e mail that I sent to my Aunt Annetta

I hope this e mail finds you well.

These are the pictures hanging in my father's office (in Robert Boyett's Tempe Arizona home).





As I understand these were painted by a girl named Katrina.

Katrina was a girlfriend of my father's in Bermuda.

Did you ever hear?

Your contributions are very palpable.

Whenever I receive an e mail from my Aunt Annetta I stop everything I am currently engaged and read her e-mails. This is her reply:



"Futabella" - Brian
52 Ford Anglia (with modifi-
cations)

This is where I have to
park my car. The other
park theirs about 40' toward
the road. It is about
40 yards to the back door
of the house (where some
of these pictures were
taken) from my car.
The road is about ~~25~~
25 yards from the house &
hidden by a small hill.

My dear Hayden,

I was wondering when I would have news of the two portraits of Brian which were painted in Bermuda. Thank you for letting me see them again. Alas, I cannot recall Katrina's last name. She was Dutch, I believe. There was a sensational photograph of her in which she appeared to be wearing only a guitar....

What I can offer is the attached photo, which Brian sent to us. On the back he has written, I think, "'Fretabelle' & Brian 52 Ford Anglia (with modifications). This is where I have to park my car. The others park theirs about 40' toward the road. It is about 40 yards to the back door of the house (where some of these pictures were taken) from my car. The road is about 75 yards from the house and hidden by a small hill."

I cannot describe to you the anguish Mother and I felt while we waited to hear where -- during the time of the Korean War -- Brian would be posted. Would it be Korea??? When it turned out to be BERMUDA -- not only a safe place but a delightful place -- we were overjoyed. Your father was a lucky guy.

I love you and I love your Project -- Annetta

Hayden, I have just remembered that the person who painted the portraits of Brian was not the beautiful Katrina. The artist's last name was Duthie -- Mary, I think. Did she sign them?

I would love to see again the photo of Katrina in the tree if you find it. She of course was wearing more than the guitar, but it became a family joke of ours that she wasn't. You can imagine that when Brian came home from Bermuda and told us about his adventures it was as if we were listening to Christopher Columbus or suchlike.(23)

080314 10:58 PM One of the most endearing stories I have ever heard my father tell (some people will call this one of the most pitiful stories you will ever hear): My father told of the day his family will finally receive

electricity in their home. The technician whom was to install the electrical wiring and infrastructure turned around and left their house saying their humble abode was not worthy of electricity. This breaks my heart a little. However, from this small house lived some of the greatest people in the world – certainly some of the greatest people in America, and in my life. From this desperate blight to survive – thrive the ancestry of God fearing great characters; and I am one of them. The three most prevalent characters with whom we are talking about the most; up to this point are my father William Brian Boyett, Dale Eldon Boyett and Annetta Boyett. The two former are alive and well; and I am so honored they are collaborating with great vigor on this writing project to honor my father. Survive they did, and I am living testimony that the desire they had to be great has lead them to live spectacular lives. I am so grateful I am one of them. The purpose of this story is to honor my father, whom we miss so much and love dearly, but we also wish to honor the many incredible people who crossed his path and allowed my father to follow his desire and become the man he was. It is because of these many great people that my father did search his desire and taught us how to do the same.

We hope this story will inspire you to find your desire and search this desire with great passion and conviction. Never give up your desire.

A Tribute to William Brian Boyett

Written by his loving daughter Katrina Boyett

Our treasured husband, father, and friend, Brian Boyett, walked gracefully into the arms of his Savior, Jesus Christ, and his parents who preceded him in death, on the afternoon of December 24, 2009. Services were held on Saturday, January 2 at

Arizona Community Church. He left us unexpectedly but with his favorite music playing and his family by his side, holding his hands. Daddy grew up in a desolate part of West Texas with no water except a rain barrel, no electricity, and no phone. His family was so poor that his parents traded bales of hay to the Doctor in exchange for the birth of my Dad. Thankfully, he had a strong and dedicated Christian family who, in their poverty, were still able to send all three kids to college. His brother, Dale and his sister, Annetta remain to help us remember and celebrate him as the years go by. He graduated from Texas Tech with a degree in Agriculture. During college, he was in Who's Who two times, was an active member of ROTC, and started a band called the Texas String Busters, partly in order to help with the college expenses of his younger siblings. He went to a lot of dances and made some lifelong friends and memories. After college, he joined the Air Force as a First Lieutenant and was stationed in Bermuda during the Korean War, jumped railroad trains with his friends to travel and to find summer jobs up north, went to work for the National Cotton Council. He eventually moved to Arizona, was a founding member of the Water Quality Association, and started a water treatment business in Mesa which is run today by his son, Hayden. After moving to Arizona, our father met our mother, Roberta Jean Hayden whose family was original Scottsdale settlers and cotton farmers. Brian and Roberta had both decided that they would never meet the right person to marry. Thankfully, a mutual friend realized that they were a match for each other and so the great love of 47 years began. Much of their dating was spent dancing at places like the Riverside Ballroom, Handlebar J, having desert sing-alongs with their friends, and going to church together. Music was a huge influence throughout my father's life. He played guitar and had a strong singing voice. Our family played music together as a band and met so many treasured music friends in our travels around Arizona and New Mexico. We would play Gospel music and fiddle music and old country songs. Daddy loved sitting out on his swing, looking at his yard with 'his' type of music playing in the background, enjoying the simple pleasures of his life like gazing at his old lanterns, rocks, things that were rusted, and wildflowers. That was a perfect afternoon. He was a man who couldn't be kept still. Church and their youth groups were an important and meaningful part of his life, from the time he started going to Sunday School as a child and singing with his family quartet at the old country church each Sunday. His desire was that young people would feel the love of Jesus and carry that with them into their adult lives to lean on. If you are inclined, Daddy would most appreciate a donation to Arizona Community Church (in Tempe) with a designation of "High School group." Brian leaves behind the love of his life, Roberta; his children, Katrina and Hayden; his grandson, Blake; members of the Hayden family from Tucson and Buckeye; members of the Boyett family from West Texas.(9)



The nice people at Rayne Water Conditioning included this wonderful tribute and picture of my father (written by my sister Katrina Boyett) in their Winter 2010 newsletter called **Raynespout**. My family was very touched by this nice and kind gesture. William Brian Boyett considered his association with Rayne Water Conditioning one of the very most important in his life. He felt like family and was always willing to contribute, collaborate and add value to this fine organization. I feel the same. Rayne Water Conditioning has been very good to the Boyett Family. Up until the very end of his life he had close associations with some of the top people of Rayne Corporation. Marty Jessen was one of his favorite friends and associates. We also consider Nick Memmo a personal friend and close associate. We feel honored to have close ties to such fine people; and adroit business managers and water treatment leaders.



August 1997. William Brian Boyett and Roberta Jean Hayden Boyett

Sources:

1. Excerpt from letter typed by Katrina Boyett August 14, 1985 dictated by William Brian Boyett after driving grandpa's (William Jesse Boyett) 1963 Ford F100 'farm truck (this truck had a low gear ratio)' from Dale Boyett's house in Dallas, Texas to Arizona (non-stop). He brought this truck back to fix up for Hayden Boyett to utilize for transportation to business school at Arizona State University.
- 1.5 Coolhunting; Chasing Down the Next Big Thing (spot hot new ideas; identify the trendsetters; use coolhunting to your advantage) this book is written by Peter Gloor and Scott Cooper. Foreword by danah boyd, popular blogger/social networks expert
- 1.85 Note from Hayden. The attachment references are not included in this text. However, I will be happy to provide them based upon your request. I have included this verbiage for accuracy and points of reference 'and to be verbatim in my copy '.

4. update on HB 2117, 03/31/2014. this is an e mail I receive from Dave Perry (executive director of the AWQA): HB 2117, the water softener efficiency bill that barley passed out of the House, has died in the Senate. Expect to see it back next year, perhaps with a few twists and turns.

5. Excerpt taken from The Leadership Challenge, Kouzes and Posner

6. Arizona Republic April 2, 2014

7. Letter to Ms. Betty Hanna, Stephen County Sesquicentennial Committee

8. An article published by Breckenridge – Stephens County Sesquicentennial Committee

9. Published in the Rayne Water Conditioning *Raynespout Winter 2010*

10. In 1854, the legislature established the Permanent School Fund (PSF) with \$2 million left from the Compromise of 1850. Legislators intended for public school land to be sold, and the revenue to be deposited into the PSF, which would create an inexhaustible source of revenue. Only interest income from the fund would be appropriated for the state's public schools.

Included in the 52,000,000 acres of land appropriated for education was 407,000 acres for eleemosynary schools. An 1856 act granted 100,000 acres of land each for a "lunatic asylum," a "deaf and dumb asylum," a "blind asylum" and an "orphan asylum." School land sale acts later passed by the state also applied to these lands. By 1912, all land set aside to support the institutions had been sold.

Source: http://www.glo.texas.gov/what-we-do/history-and-archives/_documents/history-of-texas-public-lands.pdf

11. 1980 Texas Family Land Heritage Registry. Volume 6 Published by the Texas Department of Agriculture Reagan V. Brown, Commissioner.

12. Letter found in the Precious Memories scrap book at Roberta Jean Hayden Boyett's house in South Tempe, Arizona.

13. Text from Jesse White (my third Cousin)

14. E mail received from Aunt Annetta Boyett

15. E mail received from my Aunt Annetta Boyett today 06.16.14
16. E mail received from my Aunt Annetta Boyett 06.21.14 1:51 AM
17. E mail received from my Aunt Annetta Boyett 07.20.14 1:52 AM
18. E mail received from Katrina Boyett 05.22.14 9:08 AM
19. E mail received from my Aunt Annetta Boyett 07.30.14 10:32 AM
20. E mail received from Aunt Annetta Boyett 07.30.14 5:09 PM
21. E mail received from Aunt Annetta Boyett 08.22.14 11:31 AM
22. E mail received from Aunt Annetta Boyett 08.29.14 1:00 PM
23. E mail received from Aunt Annetta Boyett 08.19.14 11:03 AM
24. E mail received from Dave Perry (Executive director of the Arizona Water Quality Association) 09.16.14 9:40 Am

(23a) In this stunning new book, Malcolm Gladwell takes us on an intellectual journey through the world of "**outliers**"--the best and the brightest, the most famous and the most successful. He asks the question: what makes high-achievers different?

His answer is that we pay too much attention to what successful people are like, and too little attention to where they are from: that is, their culture, their family, their generation, and the idiosyncratic experiences of their upbringing. Along the way he explains the secrets of software billionaires, what it takes to be a great soccer player, why Asians are good at math, and what made the Beatles the greatest rock band.

Source: <http://www.amazon.com/Outliers-Story-Success-Malcolm-Gladwell/dp/0316017930>

(24.25)

Outliers. The Story of Success. Author: Malcom Gladwell

Why do some people succeed far more than others?

There is a story that is usually told about extremely successful people, a story that focuses on intelligence and ambition. In *Outliers* Malcolm Gladwell argues that the true story of success is very different, and that if we want to understand how some people thrive, we should spend more time looking around them.....The story of success is more complex – and a lot more interesting – than it initially appears.

In *The Tipping Point* Malcolm Gladwell changed the way we understand the world. In *Blink* he changed the way we think about thinking. *Outliers* will transform the way we understand success.

Malcolm Gladwell is the author of the #1 international bestseller *The Tipping Point* and *Blink*. He is a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and was formerly a business and science reporter at the *Washington Post*. For more information about Malcolm Gladwell, go to www.gladwell.com.

(24a) conversation with Uncle Dale Boyett

My estimate is 1915 to 1925 based on:

Brian was born appx. 1931

Mother came to Ibex to teach school at Ibex appx. two years before she married Dad.

25. e mail from Aunt Annetta Fri 9/19/2014 6:04 AM: According to the "Handbook of Texas Online", the heyday of Ibex was 1921-22.

25.15. e mail from Uncle Dale Eldon Boyett

26. at RB's house (these days '112514 8:45 PM' we call Roberta Jean Hayden Boyett RB) there are many treasures. We consider a treasure an item that William Brian Boyett has owned or influenced during his tenure. Recently Katrina Boyett and Roberta Jean Boyett presented me a treasure trove of pictures. Enough pictures to write for 53 more years. I am explicating these pictures and developing stories to properly reveal their essence to you. This picture is a good find (the first Arizona Water Quality Association meeting).

27. e mail from Dale Boyett. I followed up with a telephone call. 02.18.15 7 PM In my conversation with Dale he mentioned:

you can never go wrong by doing right. This will be a phrase I refer to often. I believe this. I believe the source.

28. 030416 Jesse White e mail.

Editor: Brian Hayden Boyett BS, CWS-VI, CI

Authors: Aunt Annetta Boyett (06.21.14), Uncle Dale Boyett (05.16.14), Jesse White (06.13.14)

Special recognition: Dale Boyett (06.16.14) Marketing Designer for the BB gun story; knowing to bring Annetta Boyett into the discussion 'from where did the gun originate'.

Contributors:

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