

Leo Fredrick Kelland

January 15, 1932 ~ June 11, 2023

It was quite an experience knowing Leo. He was my boss and my friend. He and Chuck coached Little League foot ball together both Cody and our grandson Sean played on his team. We were fortunate enough to stay in touch till the end. You will be missed Leo. my thoughts and prayers are with you.

- AnnaRae and Chuck Garrett

So sad to read of Leo's passing - he was a true great Sergeant Major and leader. It was a great honor to serve with Leo at the UofU ROTC in the 1970's. We were both career Green Berets - and Leo set the standard for training the cadets. Leo and Rosemary were the life of the detachment, and they were meant for each other. The cadets loved and respected Leo and Rosemary. Leo left a mark in the Special Forces community and was a legend in Delta Project. Rest in Peace Leo - De Oppresso Liber. Rest easy, sleep well my Brother.

- Patrick and Carol and Tracey Watkins

Leo was more than just a boss and friend to me. He was one of my heroes. We both served our Uncle Sam under a Green Beret for head gear. Leo was pushing SGUs (Special Guerilla Units) from Thailand and Laos into other counties. I was doing the same from Vietnam. Our paths never crossed on active duty in Southeast Asia. I met Leo when I hired on what was then called Utah CEM (Comprehensive Emergency Management). What a ride… I recall the look on Leo’s face when I showed up for work wearing a dress to honor the brand new “Casual Dress Friday” policy. Leo just complimented my dress and sought out his morning coffee. One night in the “Command Center Pub” at EMI (Emergency Management Institute) Leo opened up tad and described his cultural shock when, after years in Vietnam and Southeast Asia. He was assigned to U of U ROTC. Leo actually made a trip to the Pentagon to unsuccessfully plead his case for a different outfit. Leo had 25 firefighters and emergency managers in tears, almost rolling on the floor when described sitting on the curb in front of the Temple Square Hotel with a six pack, overlooking the Temple grounds, fighting back tears. Leo didn’t share much about his personal life but he clearly happy and contented. He once told me he was just dog-on lucky he was and how he enjoyed being with Rose and the Girls. If he ever talked trash about anything, it would be something like those darn horses just eat too much. More often than not, Leo would give me chore, walk back to coffee nook, then walk directly past my cube to ask if I

was done yet. The only time Leo ever talked with me about the war (Vietnam for you still wet behind the ears kids) was at one of our favorite lunch dives, the “Great Wall Cafe” all you can eat Asian lunch buffet, $4.99. Leo shared a side of him that I had never seen before, being wounded, working with Indigenes People, the fear of showing fear when the lead started flying. He was a brave man who had more courage and leadership in his little finger than most men can muster in a lifetime. Leo was quick to correct, then forget about, any honest mistake in the line of duty; but he was not one to hide his displeasure for laziness or negligence. One time, when we just sitting down shooting the ol’ Bravo Sierra, right out the blue, Leo asked me what I would do if I won the lottery. I said I would take my Volkswagen Rabbit into Jim Hoard’s import repair shop and ask him to fix everything that was wrong. Leo replied 1) I would have to take off the radiator cap, trash the car, put a new car under the cap. 2) I completely missed the point of being rich. Leo was given to colorful language, not profanity, just colorful. His entire team monitored his talk to suggest using other words to make his point. Example: Always referring Dr. Floyd Shoemaker, as Floyd-baby, women he didn’t know by name as broads or babes. When Uncle Sam directed all military to adopt a “Don’t ask Don’t Tell” policy concerning sexual orientation Leo and I needed neutral ground to deliberate this huge cultural shift. We met at the “Great Wall Café” all you can eat Asian lunch buffet (Still $4.99). Our consensus was, it is what it is, and when all is said and done the Army will be just fine. Leo then got on his high horse having fun with suggestion new uniforms to fit the bill. Fatigues wildflower print, dress uniform all rose print, parachutes would be giant rose in bloom as the chute opened. Leo would not stand for pranks in the workplace, unless the pranks were really good. One Friday in the middle the brutal winter of ’83 found us close to pulling up stakes for the weekend. Leo cooked up a prank for our uber high strung facilities manager for the Capital Campus. Under Leo’s direction, I called the facilities guru to share with him an 18-wheeler truck load of cows and another truck of hay was stranded in Salt Lake. The heard was emergency aid to a Native American reservation but could not make to the reservation because of impassable roads. Because it was an emergency shipment for disaster the problem was handed to us. We told Mr. “J” we needed to have the big-shot underground parking entrances/exits blocked so we could keep all the bovines for the weekend or until the roads reopened. He would have to move fast because the trucks were almost here. Mr. “J” failed to see the humor, and indulged in a rant that would have made a US Marine Drill Instructor proud. I don’t remember which winter it was, but employees, clients, and visitors were forbidden to walk on sidewalk parallel to our building. The reason was giant chunks of ice were falling from the Eve’s. Leo suggested I go out and lay sidewalk. He would put three or four hefty chunks of ice on me, then summon medics, rescue, and of course Facilities Management. We never mustered enough moxie to pull it off, but Leo spent the afternoon trying to figure how much my 100% disability would be and how much would his 25% cut would be. I remember a mid-morning fire drill. Leo questioned my critical thinking in time of crises. He pointed out I saved my $12.00 Day Planner but left my $2000.00 portable satellite phone in my cube. One of our team was a retired military officer who had turned sucking-up to the boss to an art form. Leo waited until our Director left to catch a flight for somewhere. When he crossed paths with the suck-up guy he asked if the boss finally caught up with him. Our prankee responded he had not seen the boss and asked, what did she want? Leo said he didn’t know what the boss wanted, but she seemed very, very upset about something. When Mr Suck-up learned the boss had left for a four-day conference, he jumped into his POV and drove like a maniac to the Airport. Too late. A week of wondering what was wrong is a bitter pill. One night in DC, after dinner, heading for different hotels Leo and I parted ways. I had to pass a group of ferocious looking banditos. When I was close to the hombres, from less than half a block away, Leo turned around, yelled, “Yo – Mike! Did you ever get change for Hundred Dollar bill you always carry?” When Leo approved my vacation request, he asked what I planned to do my leave. I told him the whole Fam Damily (six of us) was going to motor by van to Nauvoo, Illinois to participate in a Church Pageant. Leo remarked, Stever, that’s not a vacation, that’s a sentence. Till my own dying day, I will cherish the lessons of compassion, sympathy, and support Leo offered me the last days before the loss of my wife Eloise to Breast Cancer. In the darkest of times, Leo called me into his office, closed the door, and told me go home to spend time and care for Eloise. Vacation did not exist for me. Sick leave did not exist for me. Everything at work will be covered and taken care of. Leo promised me and came through with total support of me and my family in the final battle. I offer a smart salute from the position of attention. Nothing else needs to be said. Leo will understand. Rest in peace Leo. Rest in peace.

- Mike the Stever

My condolences to your family, Sargant Major. May all find peace and comfort. Thank you for your years of service and dedication to the U. S. Army. Also, your community and friends after service. I never forgot getting a jeep battery for you from the Utah National Guard to the jeep that pulled the touchdown cannon at the Ute games. If I remember, the officer who gave me the battery told me to have you return the old battery to them. They are still waiting to receive the battery. My best to you as a fellow soldier. Gary M. Perryman, Maj, FA, USA, Ret

- Gary M. Perryman

Rest easy Leo. The years I spent coaching at JD with you were some of the most important years of my life. Your influence and knowledge helped steer me in the right direction. Ricky and I loved listening to the stories and “sipping suds” after games with you. Thank you for being a great influence and inspiration to so many young men over the years. Cody, I’m very sorry for your loss. Leo was so proud of you always remember that.

- Joe Barbiero

I coached football with Leo at Juan Diego. He truly loved the boys and being part of the whole program. Cody Hansen was definitely the light of his life. True love for Cody. I’ll miss Leo’s stories of life. A true Gentleman God bless you Leo!

- Joe Colosimo

Sgt Maj, I was so sad to learn of your passing. You and Pat Watkins were the Army ROTC Program at the U...turning helpless college students into soldiers...no easy task. No team I respected and admired more that you and MSgt Watkins. To your credit, you never gave up on us and made us more than what we thought we could be or should be. You were the REAL leadership role model in our lives. It's had to understand why people are taken from us, but I find comfort in knowing you lived such a well-lived life. I'm grateful for having the honor of knowing you, learning from you and look forward to seeing you again. Go Utes, Go Army!

- Cadet Rob Robison

I got to meet Leo, coaching with him in Little League Football when I moved to UT. My son Mattie & his Grandson, Mattie became fast friends in the team. Being in the Army myself, we talked about service & Vietnam & politics & our country. I was overwhelmed by his love for his country & devotion to his family & football. What a man!! I was honored to know him & they don’t build them like Leo Kelland anymore. The Westbrook’s will miss him! I’m so fortunate to have known him!! Deepest Sympathy to his family!! Love Scott, Kim, Mattie, Kendra & the entire Westbrook Family

- Scott Westbrook