

## Chapter 9

Roy Jr. & Shirley

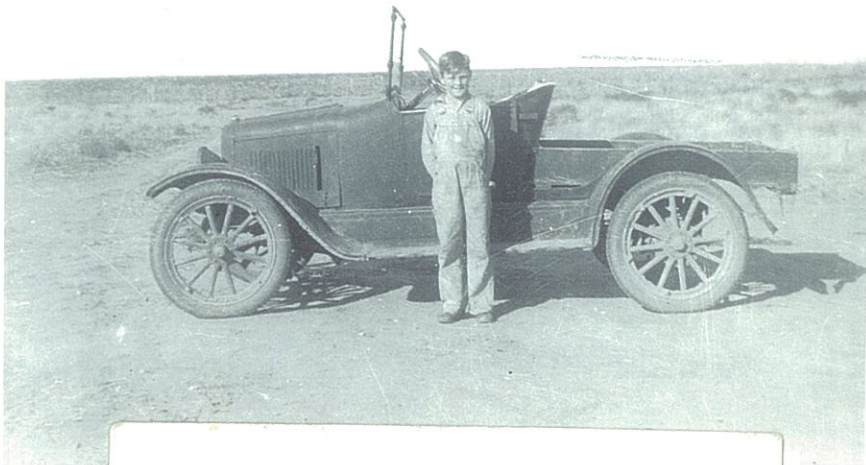
Wilson

Roy Jr. & Pearl

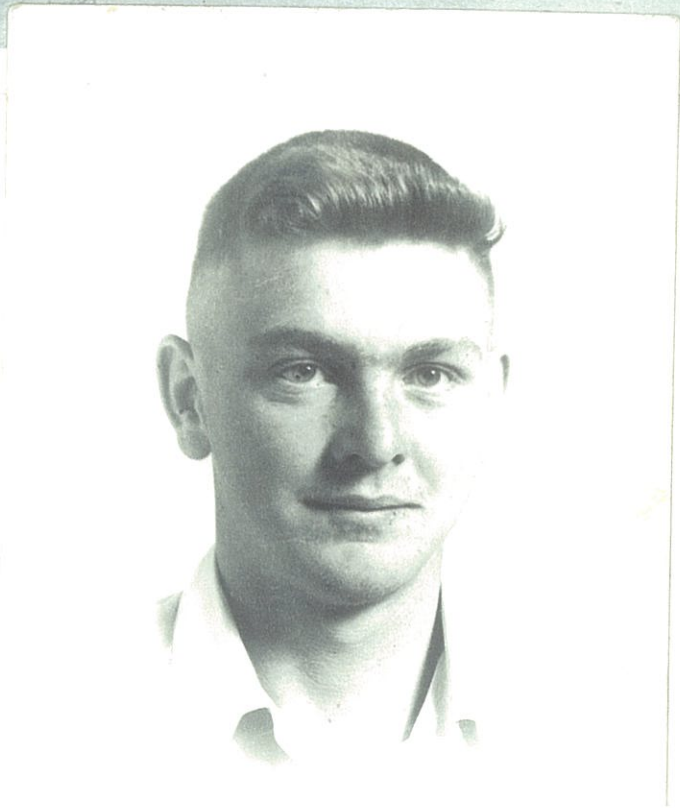
Wilson



Roy Jr.



Eleanor, Jr., Easter, Ralph  
in front of jitney



Roy Jr.



Roy Jr. & Eleanor Graduation

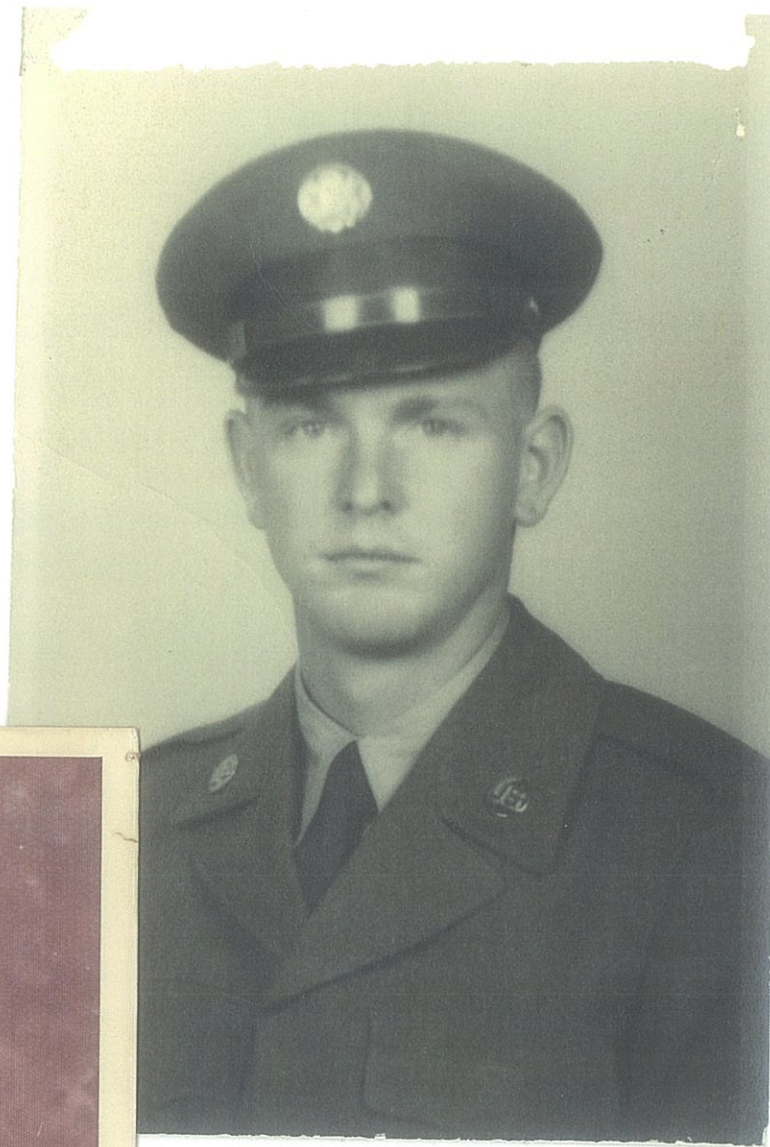


Roy Jr., Roy Sr., Gip  
Ralph





Roy Jr., Valarie, Shirley, Brain ✓



Roy Jr.



Kelly	Darla
Roy Jr.	Pearl



Roy Jr., Pearl, Kelly, Darla, Joe Bob



Roy Wilson, Jr.  
By Eleanor

Roy Wilson, Jr. was born January 9, 1922.

The most of my memories of Junior are things we did together. These stories are in my history.

Junior seemed to be the one that got in trouble the most. He got teased a lot by school kids and when he retaliated he was the one that got caught - not the instigators. He got caught throwing erasers in school; older kids started it.

Junior told the story about going to the field with Dad. Mom had sent fried chicken in their lunch and equal number of pieces for each. Junior ate one piece of Dad's chicken one time. Never again!

I remember one time Junior got mad about something and ran off on his bike. Mr. Rudder, our nearest neighbor, always teased Junior about the runaway bike.

Junior and I double dated when we were in school. Junior quit school his senior year and I talked him into going back and we graduated together in 1951.

Junior always liked the outdoors and was good with mechanical work.

The week before Junior died, I had opportunity to ride to Garden City with a friend. I called Junior and he had lunch with us. We left each other with a hug and a kiss. One week later, June 24, 1995, Junior died. I am so grateful for the last time I spent a little time with him.

Roy Eugene Wilson, Jr.  
By Shirley Smutz Wilson, years 1954 to 1974

Roy Eugene Wilson, Jr. was born January 9, 1932. I met Junior (Roy Eugene Wilson, Jr.) in the fall of 1954 soon after his discharge from the Army. My sister and Ralph were dating and so I had heard about Junior coming home from Ralph. I was working at the Goodland Savings & Loan at the time and he came in to open a new account. Shortly after that we began dating.

Junior was an outgoing person but also shy as well. As Norie said in her writing, he was sometimes not taken seriously or oftentimes accused of things that were not his fault or responsibility. He loved to have fun. He also loved his family and we spent a lot of time with members of our families. My family loved him as well. Junior and my dad really enjoyed each other. Junior's dream was to have a farm of his own someday.

After we had dated a little over a year, he took me to the Wilson family reunion in Nekoma, Kansas where I met the extended family. We had such a good time at Uncle Tom's and Aunt Lizzie's place and meeting everyone. Even now I can remember the heat, the laughter and the food of that first reunion. After that one, we went to every reunion that we could.

We were married April 15, 1956 in Goodland, Kansas. We began our first home working on a farm northeast of Goodland (cannot remember the farmer's name). He enjoyed working there except for the dairy part of the farm. He wasn't very fond of some of those cows and they returned the feeling. One day he was late getting back to the house so I went down to see if he was having a problem. He was!! One of the cows had "plopped" her foot right on top of his head while he was trying to put on the milkers and he was so mad that when I got there he was trying to decide whether he should just kill her or whether he should cry. He decided to cry since it would not be wise to kill the cow. After that incident, that particular cow never gave him any more trouble but I think it was because he watched her so closely she didn't get another chance.

In 1956, there was dirt storms that many people said were like the 1930s. Every afternoon about 4:00 p.m. the big black dirt cloud would move in. I would drive home in the dirt storm each day after work. It was worse than driving in a blizzard. The economy was bad and Jay had to let him go, I think it was in the fall, and we moved to town.

He worked different jobs for a while and then he applied at the post office. He had to memorize all the states and their capitals together with other information.



Then he took and passed the test. He didn't like working at the post office. It wasn't so bad when he worked inside, but he didn't like carrying the mail on foot. I think he worked there about two years. We bought our first and only home while he worked there.

He then quit the post office and went to work for Bob Helman on the farm where I was raised north of Goodland and just a few miles from where Junior and family lived on the county line. While we were there, we had Valerie and we were there until she was two years old. There are all sorts of memories associated with that time. One of the more memorable ones is the time he was working on the pickup and it fell off the jack and came down on his knee. He was laid up for a while with that. Another is, we almost lost Valerie while there with what they called chronic pneumonia. She had been sick most of the year but the doctor didn't seem to think it was anything serious. Then one day she woke up from her nap with a fever of 104. We called Gip and Betty Jo and headed for Broomfield, Colorado. They made an appointment with their doctor and he put Valerie in the hospital right away. I broke a bone in my hand when she was 8 months old and had to wear a cast on my whole arm for seven weeks. That was an interesting time.

Then Junior heard of this job in Nebraska. Don Swanson and his son-in-law were looking for someone to help on their farm. They also raised pigs and part of the offer was he could start his own pig business. So we moved to Moorefield, Nebraska. Also, part of the job was that I would run the switchboard. They still had the old lines and switchboard. We lived through the coldest winter we had ever seen while there. The temperature got down to 20 + degrees below 0 and stayed that way for three weeks. The house we lived in was very old and cold and we moved the mattress off our bed to the living room by the stove and slept there with Valerie between us to keep her warm. It was really hard keeping the baby pigs warm. The men had to spend night and day there. Very few vehicles of any kind would start. We were so glad when it got warmer! Eventually it became obvious that the "pig farm of his own" would be years in the future and we decided to move back to Goodland.

Junior went to work for Bob Helman again and we were there a year. Junior was not happy with the way things were going and he resigned. We moved into town and he worked for a while for a drilling company. During that job, we literally met at the door each morning; Junior coming home from working all night and me leaving for work. During this time, Valerie had to have her tonsils removed. She hemorrhaged a week after we had her home and we drove to Burlington about 90mph to the doctor and hospital there. They took her into surgery, stitched her up and gave her a blood transfusion. I also had to have

surgery during this time in Greeley, Colorado on the hand that I broke when Valerie was eight months old as there was a growth where the break had been. He then got a job with Gigot Irrigation in Goodland and really enjoyed that work.

Then Duane Nietzel asked him if he would like to open a Champlin station in Burlington and run it for him. We had absolutely no money for that but Duane said he would supply the inventory. So, we moved to Burlington, Colorado. I worked at the First National Bank and also helped Junior at the station. While we were in Burlington, we adopted Brian. Things went very well until Highway 70 was completed and all the traffic that had been going through Burlington was going past Burlington. The era of "pump your own gas" came and they cut their prices much lower that we could and we had to close the station. This was a really hard time. Junior fixed up a truck and wench and we "pulled" wells for the farmers. Irrigation was lowering the water tables and several farmers hired us to lower the pipes to the new water level. The bank sold to new management and I quit and helped him. He continued to look for another job.

Junior contacted Gigot Irrigation and they had an opening in Garden City, Kansas. We were waiting to get the call to pick up our son so we moved everything to Garden City and Junior went ahead. Valerie was still in school and we didn't want to move her until after Christmas. So Valerie and I lived in a tiny little trailer home in Burlington and I drove beet truck during beet harvest. In October we got the call to pick up our baby and so junior drove up and we went to Salida, Colorado to pick up our son. We were sooooo excited and soooo nervous. We had not told any family on either side that we were in the process of adopting, so we had a big surprise for everyone. Junior went back to Garden City and Valerie, Brian and I stayed in Burlington until school was out for Christmas vacation. Then we joined in Garden City.

We lived there four years. Valerie finished Junior High there and Brian turned three. We met some wonderful people there. We were active in church, sponsors of the youth group and chairman of the committee to welcome new members, etc. Then Junior left me and the children in 1974 to marry Pearl Persinger.



## Roy Jr. & Pearl Wilson



Name: Roy Eugene Wilson Jr.

Birth: January 9, 1932

Place: Cheyenne Co., Kansas

Death: June 24, 1991

Cemetery: Valley View, Garden City, Kansas

Married: July 27, 1974; ????

Children: 1<sup>st</sup> Marriage; Valerie, Brian. 2<sup>nd</sup> Marriage; stepchildren; Joe, Kelly, & Darla.

Pearl Persinger

May 1, 1938

Johnson, Kansas



### **Roy E. Wilson Jr.**

**GARDEN CITY** — Roy E. Wilson Jr., 59, died June 24, 1991, at St. Catherine Hospital, Garden City.

He was born Jan. 9, 1932, in Cheyenne County, the son of Roy Elmer and Nellie Oliver Barnard Wilson. He graduated from Edson Consolidated School, Cheyenne County, in 1951. A Garden City resident since 1970, he was a service manager for Gigot Irrigation.

He was baptized at Pleasant Home Church, Cheyenne County, and was a U.S. Army veteran of the Korean conflict.

On July 27, 1974, he married Pearl L. Morris at Johnson. She survives.

Other survivors include: three sons, Joe Bob Persinger, Garden City, Kelly Persinger, Liberal, and Brian Wilson, Denver; two daughters, Darla Persinger, of the home, and Valerie Wilber, Penn Valley, Calif.; mother, Goodland; two brothers, Guilford Elmer, Westminster, Colo., and Ralph Glen, Manhattan; six sisters, Esther Elaine Elliott and Eleanor Jean Elliott, both of Edson, Frances Elizabeth Anderson, Goodland, Vivian Faye McDunn, Park Rapids, Minn., Edna Mae Altman, Oregon City, Ore.; and Clara Fern Hawks, Almena; and five grandchildren.

Funeral service will be at 1:30 p.m. Friday at the First United Methodist Church, Garden City, with the Revs. Jim Cress and Mike McGuire presiding. Friends may call from 1 to 9 p.m. today and from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Thursday at Garand Funeral Home, Garden City. Burial will be in the Valley View Cemetery, Garden City.

Memorials may be sent to the Jeanne B. Corley Hospice Inc. in care of the funeral home.