

Chapter 7

Gip & Betty

Wilson



Gip -- Age 13



School Days
1947-48

Betty Jo



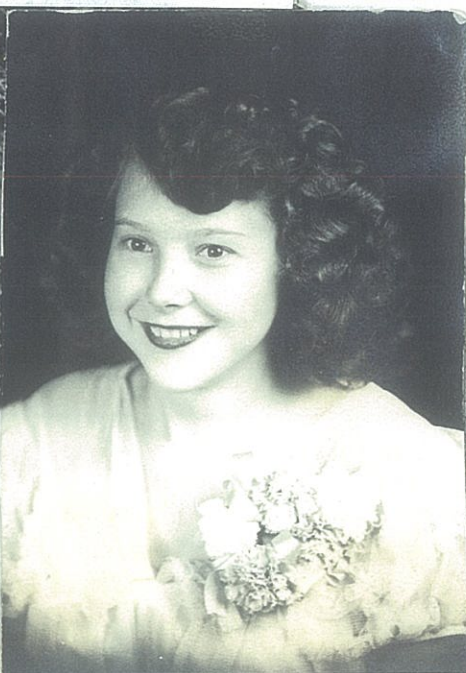
Gip - 8th Grade
Graduation



Gip -- Milk
1st case of home delivery



Gip -- 4 - H calf



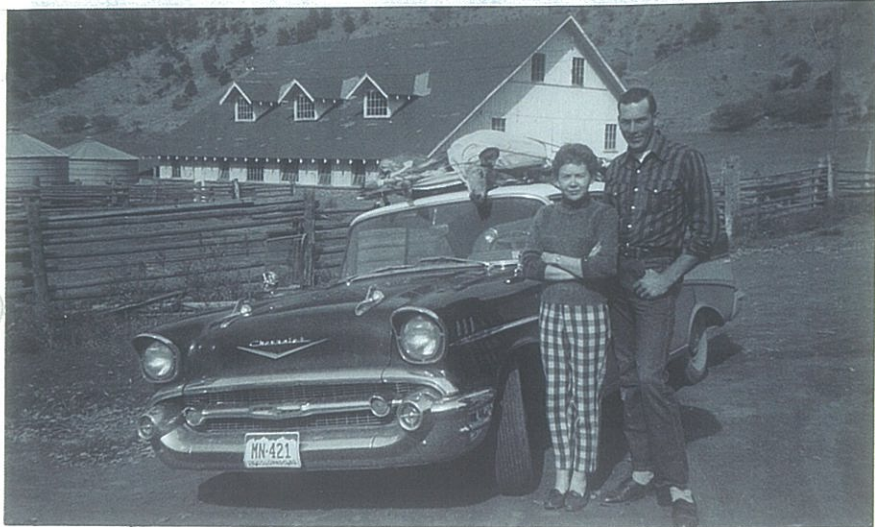
Betty Jo



Gip

Gip, Nellie, Roy & Brieanne
One of many hunting trips

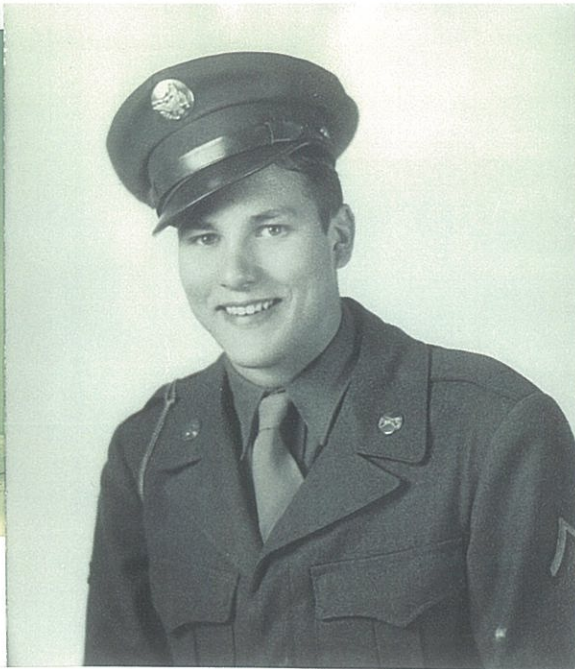
Betty Jo & Gip
Deer Hunting





Gip & Betty Jo
25th Wedding Ann.
Jan. 11, 1974

74



Gip -- Army



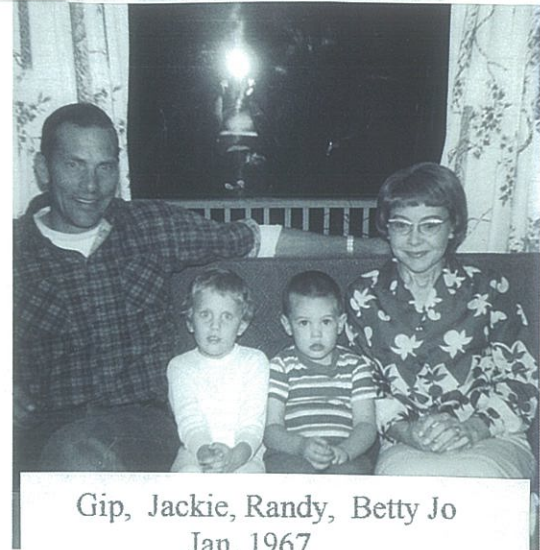
Gip & Betty Jo
50th Wedding Ann.
Jan. 11, 1999



Betty Jo
John Deer - A



Roy, Randy, Nellie, Jackie



Gip, Jackie, Randy, Betty Jo
Jan. 1967

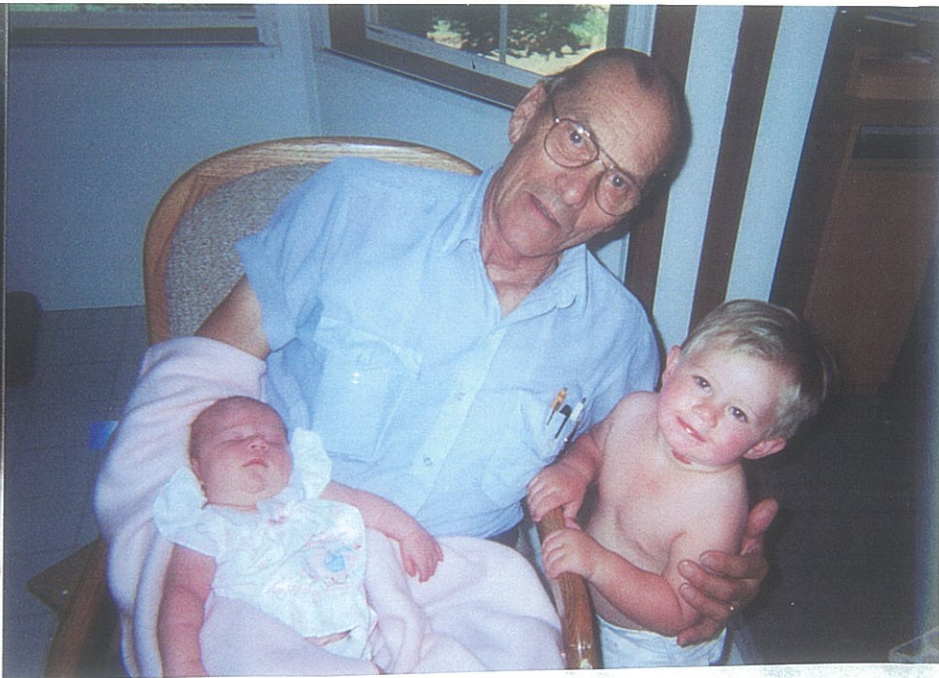
Betty Jo & Gip
Lions Club Convention

Don Peter, Gip, Betty Jo, Jackie
Retirement Party - City of Broomfield - 1/17/92





Jackie & Brienne
Born - July 17, '85



Gip with Kyla & Cole
Grandchildren



Gip -- House we build
on Stewart Farm



Betty Jo & Nicholas



Betty Jo, Gip, Jackie
Portland, Or. - picking strawberries



Car Wash
7860 N. Federal

Autobiography of Guilford Elmer Wilson
-- Alias Gilford - Son of Roy Elmer and Nellie Olive Wilson
Born January 17, 1927

Gilford = as spelled on the birth certificate.

My earliest recall of being on this earth is sleeping with two or three of the siblings in the dual fold bed made out in the living room every night. (Leather couch by day -- bed by night) Another early recall was playing in the corner north of the porch with wooden spool toys.

Life on the county line for the next 16 or so years bring many memory flash backs most with no recall of specific dates or times. The earlier days as I recall consisted of basic duties and routine chores - work horses in the barn - 15 or 20 cows and calves in the corral (mostly shorthorn) - a few pigs - always chickens and turkeys. Grain was harvested with binders which, of course, required shocking and community thrashing crew, or header and header barge to the stock and again the community threshing crew. I do recall Dad moving a threshing machine across a steep dry ravine. Since threshing machines have no brakes he chained the trail wheels to the frame and slid the machines down the slope. I'm sure this was routine procedure for Dad, but for some reason I was impressed enough to remember and recall a vision as if it happened yesterday.

A work horse incident I recall was when I was cultivating corn west of the house. I straddled the wrong rows with a three row weeder and wiped out one row of corn half through the field. Saturdays consisted of cleaning barn stalls and chicken house. The fun part of this chore was getting to use the team and hay rack to haul straw from the straw pile to the barn and chicken house. I recall one time when Dad came to school with team and wagon and took we kids home in a snow storm.

About the time I was big enough to harness a team, the horses were giving way to a Hart Par Tractor and 1921 Overland (tire size 30x3½) and somewhere in this mix was the page truck. I recall one trip to Goodland in the page. I think we took some grain to the elevator and brought home some groceries and several large burlap bags of something - maybe seed. This was an all day trip and my most vivid recollection was being unable to stay in the seat and sleep as we rumbled slowly down the gravel road, Highway 27, toward home. Later, many stationery and imaginary trips in the page truck were much more fun and took us too many destinations. Getting it started presented a few challenges. I would turn the crank and cousin Mary would goose it, goose it, goose it. Did you know that the lubricating system on a two Hart Par tractor was manually

operated? Turning a small crank on an oil pump would drip oil into a number of oil cups which were piped to various locations on the tractor. If the final drive was over oiled the oil would drop off the axle on to the ground. Enough of what I think I know about Dad's old toys.

At this point in my rerun I had planned to reflect on few of the many events of my teenage years. However, I just went to get a fresh cup of coffee and out the kitchen window. On the lawn set a 1926 Dodge dressed in sparkling Christmas lights, covered with 4" of snow and dripping with isle's in five degree weather. Can you imagine the courage, faith, love, companionship and I'm sure optimism, Roy and Nellie must have had 72 years ago in a three room house, a bunkhouse full of children and 17 miles from town, when this created scene was a reality?

How old were you when you got your first eye exam? I was nine and it happened in a field of snow south of the house. Dad decided it was time for me to learn how to handle a 22 rifle. We found a thistle with rabbit tracks going in and coming out. Dad said there's a rabbit under that thistle, shoot about four inches below the snow. When I brought the rifle to my right shoulder and leaned my head completely across the stock he said "What are you doing?" "I'm trying to site the rifle on the thistle." "Try the other shoulder." "Much better". Bang - dead rabbit - from then on left handed shooter, and discovery of very lazy right eye. Crawling into the big culvert and shooting rabbits was a big time fun. When we visited the old county line farm site on our trips in time this culvert had shrunk from six feet to three feet. Most of the time, I sold enough pelts to buy shells and occasionally a couple of nickels left over. An occasional skunk pelt was a nice bonus for me (not for mom).

In the '30's jack rabbits and grasshoppers were plentiful in western Kansas. Jack Rabbit Roundups were organized by and for charitable organizations. Notices of a roundup must have gone to a large area as hundreds of people would form a human fence around several sections of prairie and farmland, while armed with shovels and axe handles and pipes the participants would walk slowly toward the center of the large area driving the rabbits and an occasional coyote ahead of them. Prior to the roundup, a funnel type corral would be constructed with snow fence in the middle of the roundup area. As the walkers approached the corral and the circle became smaller they would be walking almost shoulder to shoulder. If a rabbit were to slip by them they would be booed by the circle of volunteers. The rabbits were loaded on wagons and sold for the benefit of the charity.

One evening while walking home from school, I came upon a rattlesnake and a

bull snake in the middle of the road. Unknown to me at the first sighting they were engaged in a battle of death and paid no attention to me. They would wrap around each other starting at the heads and going straight up in the air for a couple of feet then falling to the ground, they repeated this maneuver several times until finally the rattlesnake lay lifeless in the roadway and the bull snake slithered into the ditch.

I have two vague memories of the western Kansas dust storms. One was while we were in school. I believe it was shortly afternoon when the teacher directed the students to take a turn to the "bathroom" (outside toilets). The desks which were in columns of three or four on skids were lined along the east and west walls creating a large open space in the middle of this one room school house. Some kind of large padding was laid out on the floor; I think the padding was old stage curtains. Towels and rags were soaked with water and placed on the window sills. The kerosene lamps which were mounted on the west wall were filled and lit. Each person had a wash cloth which was dampened with water. The huge black and red cloud soon cut off the vision of the sun and in a short time this sunny afternoon was darker then the darkest night. Each student took their designated spot on the large mat with their wet wash cloth held to their face. As time wore on we would rotate to the cistern pump sink and rinse the wash cloths. After what seemed to be an eternity the wind subsided and the bright red glow of the sun could be seen on the western horizon. In a short while Dad came in the Overland to take us home.

Other sketchy memories of the Dirty Thirties include trips to Goodland Fairground to pick up ingredients to make grasshopper poison. The poison was broadcast around perimeters of fields from a horse drawn wagon.

Potato bugs and black or gray beetles were plentiful in the garden. Those were treated with a mixture of lime and paris green dusted on plants by bouncing from a gunny sack (burlap bag).

Other flashbacks to the 30's include blizzards with snow drifts high enough to let you walk the drift to the roof of the bunkhouse and slide down the other side on a sled or in a scoop shovel.

With a very patient Dad instructed hunter safety course I finally graduated from a .22 rifle to a two double barrel 1292 shotgun, one barrel is for distance the other for scatter. Never pull both at once! Pheasants, prairie chickens and young rabbits were gettable if you had a few shotgun shells and didn't mind walking a few miles. Hunting season was open anytime you could find something to shoot and anything eatable was always appreciated by Mom (the cook).

There were very happy times and very sad times. The loss of our brother Oren when I was age 10 (1957) was a very sad time which I shall never forget.

Today we see staged survivor contests on a pacific island on TV. I wonder how many of today's population could have survived the real life situation of Western Kansas in the 1930's.

The late '30's and early '40's brought many memorable events. Lawn Ridge Church services were an every Sunday event. Sunday afternoons were Sunday dinner and ball games in our yard with neighbors coming from miles around to play.

I remember Grandpa Bernard's Model T setting in the yard when they came from Oklahoma to visit.

A train trip Mom and I took to Oklahoma to visit her parents and Uncle Virgil's must have happened in the late '30's. I don't remember much of the train ride until we got close to grandma and grandpa's place and Mom started pointing out landmarks - "my school is over there, this is the pond I swam in". The railroad trellis where the train stopped was only a short distance from Grandma and Grandpa's house. I thought it was the biggest house in the world. I couldn't go over to Uncle Virgil's alone (about $\frac{3}{4}$ mi) but had pretty much free run of grandma's farmyard; the biggest trees and thickest shrubbery I had ever seen. The Model T set outside in front of the garage. The second limb of an apricot tree soon became my favorite hangout. (You should not try to eat all the ripe apricots on a tree even if no one cares). It seems that grandpa was never home in the daytime and I later learned that he and Uncle Virgil were overhauling two Model A's in preparing for a vacation trip to Colorado. They would drop Mom and I off at home on their way west. Had a great time, probably didn't appreciate it as much as I should have and as usual happy to be back in Western Kansas.

A 1921 Overland and A. 1929 Chevy was our transportation for years. Where did those vehicles come from anyway - they just seemed to be there and always running. Don't suppose Dad had anything to do with that. I recall when alcohol was common radiator winter coolant (before glycol) We used kerosene as winter coolant in the '29 Chevy - It worked good on very cold days but when the temperature warmed up it would boil over and make a mess of everything. The other problem with the '29 Chevy was breaking axles with the slightest torque or strain. Thanks to Shores Auto Parts they were always in stock, guess they knew I would be back sooner or later. By the way Cloyd - Thanks for the Top.

Though school was never one of my favorite things there were some memorable events such as literary, box suppers and ball games which were happy and fun times. 4-H Club was probably the most enjoyable second educational experience I had in my mid teen years. The freedom to pick your own projects from pigs to sheep to beef to chickens with required production and cost records and probably most important, the help and encouragement of the club leaders and support of Dad and Mom.

The County Fair in Goodland was a fun annual fall event. With Pickwick's Carnival rides, exhibits, grandstand shows, carnie rip-offs and gypsies - Mom said "stay away from the gypsies or they will steal you". That was warning enough for me.

One of the most dreaded and difficult jobs for me was shocking feed - the bundles were twice my height and very heavy. If Dad would start the shock by placing three bundles together forming a T.P. shape. Than I could add bundles to make a good shock that would stay standing. The feed (Cane) would cure in the shocks and was latter hauled to the farmyard and stacked for winter feeding of cattle and horses.

One of the most memorable and exciting times in my early years was when Dad drove into the yard with a sparkling orange U Allis Chalmers Tractor. I believe the year was 1941 and I was 14. Dad had driven the tractor from Goodland and was so cold he was shaking, but did not shut the tractor off until he had taken several of us kids a couple of circles around the farmyard. This tractor though not new, had been rebuilt end to end with the lug stock wheels converted to rubber tires all around. As many times happens, with joy there comes disaster. In the spring of 1942 I was out of school two weeks early while the eighth graders were cramming for final exams. Dad was preparing to drill something in the $\frac{1}{4}$ section $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of the house. The tractor and drill were in the field and we went to the field with seed and etc. While Dad was filling the drill box and servicing the machine I kept asking "can I crank it now?" "can I crank it now?", finally he said "you can crank it now". I grasp the crank in both hands, set it on the pin at the top of the throw and pushed down firmly, about half way down the tractor fired and kicked - flipping me in the air. The result was a broken arm and a shattered wrist. Mom was working in Aunt Edna's Laundry in St. Francis. Dad and I went directly to Dr. Walz office. He set and cast my arm and wrist with only my thumb and finger tips exposed. We then went to Aunt Eden's Laundry. Mom was really shook up. A week later when we went in for a checkup the Dr. said the wrist bone has slipped and was healing crooked. He decided it would be best to re-break it and reset the wrist. To do this procedure I was strapped in a large adjustable chair and given ether. Before

I was totally out he said "ok" and re-broke wrist over the arm of the chair. At that time I passed out and came to much later in the waiting room with a new cast. The procedure obviously didn't work as I had a lump on left side of my right wrist and little feeling in my little and ring finger and my right thumb. This was a miserable summer mostly inside squeezing balls and following a recovery program. For years I could not walk into an area where ether was being used or a shot needle in my arm without passing out. Any aspirations I may have to be a sports figure was squelched as I could not palm a baseball, football and basketball.

Life goes on and so did we. School in the winter and driving tractor in the summer. There was a war going on in Europe that didn't look good for our Allies. Summer following was being practiced by many western Kansas wheat farmers to preserve the limited moisture. Prices for most farm commodities were going up, crop yields were much better and I believe life in general for most western Kansas farmers had improved.

Can you outrun a young jackrabbit? I could. One Spring when we were plowing volunteer by Ecklunds the wheat had grown about a foot high and very thick. Junior was big enough to guide the tractor in the plow furrow but could not corner or stop the tractor. When he and I were plowing on the straightaway and a young rabbit would show up. I would jump from the plow hitch, catch the rabbit, which could not run very fast in the thick volunteer wheat carpet, jump back onto the plow hitch and onto the tractor. We caught three of four rabbits a day for several days.

We were plowing with a three bottom 14" plow around the 1/2 section north of Sheboskies. With a travel speed of approx. 2 1/2 MPH, approx. 1 1/2 hours for the first round, by night we had moved in approx. 30' from the edge of the field. On one of these rounds I spotted a large nest of pheasant eggs near the plow furrow. I gathered the eggs into my jacket took them home and put them under a setting hen. When the chicks hatched and became mobile they would drive the hen crazy with their flutings and scampering around the chicken yard. For a few weeks after the pheasants learned to fly they come back into the chicken yard at feeding time, then they disappeared into the fields.

At age 17, not doing well in high school except shop and math, I dropped out of school and worked for neighboring farmers or whatever jobs I could find. I registered for the draft. When I received my "congratulations you have been chosen" letter from Uncle Sam, I heard of a six months draft deferment opportunity if I could qualify and be hired by the Rock Island Railroad in the Roundhouse in Goodland. I applied for and got the job and the draft deferment.

I worked as a Hostler helped in the Roundhouse fueling and firing steam locomotives, getting them ready for the East or West run out of Goodland. Most of the engines had been converted from coal to crude oil fuel, but a few were coal fired. This was a filthy job with coveralls scattered with crude oil and coal dust and rarely enough pay to cover food and the rent for community bathroom, one bedroom apartment in a local boarding house.

Prior to the termination of my six-month railroad deferment and in preparation to enter the Army I sold the '29 Chevy to a railroad worker. Lucky for me, since many commodities were being rationed, you could not find tires new or used. When I parked the car in front of his house for him to look at the bald spots on three of the 4 tires were down on the pavement. He looked at the car, paid me cash and I walked away.

I had received notices from Uncle Sam to report to Angles Cafe in St. Francis, KS for a bus ride to Fort Logan in Denver for induction into the US Army. After 10 days physical exams and written tests they determined that my low blood pressure and wrist injury would not exempt me from serving in Infantry Division of Uncle Sam's Army. I was shipped to Camp Polk, Louisiana for induction and then to Camp Hood, Texas for 17 weeks of basic training.

Basic training started out more like a torture test of physical conditioning. Long days and short nights with plenty of eatable food and condition, conditioning, conditioning and your best was never quite good enough. After about three weeks of physical conditioning the training started to incorporate weapons handling, field stripping, care and maintenance, range firing and very realistic simulated combat maneuvers. After several weeks of training your hate of the master sergeant started to turn to respect when you realized that you better pay attention and learn because he was trying to prepare you for combat situations that you could not imagine and the life you save may well be your own or the buddy next to you. I went into basic training at 180 pounds and came out at 210. This week our unit finishes basic training we received orders for a two week furlough then to report at Fort Ord in Monterey, Calif. for overseas deportation. The H-Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima the same week we finished basic training. The war situation was changing fast, although the war was not yet declared over. I hitched hiked most of the way home with a couple of buddies from central Kansas then road a milk train into Goodland. I reported to Fort Ord where we were issued full overseas gear. We did minimal field training and in a few weeks our deportation orders were canceled. I think Uncle Sam had several thousand combat ready soldiers with no place to go. For the next four months I was assigned to so many Camps, Forts and units that I can't remember the names or time sequence. I think I went from Fort Ord to Camp

Pendleton OR, then home for two weeks, then to Ft. Leavenworth, KS then to Camp Polk, LA. (Thanks for the ride, Cloyd) where I was assigned and to a Quartermaster Core. I worked in a distribution warehouse for several months distributing food to all unit mess houses on the base. I was later transferred to a motor pool division which put together two large convoy of Army trucks hauling tanks, large guns and other weapons to display to the public all over Louisiana and Texas. At this time I was given the option of joining the regular Army for six months and being discharged or serving an additional 18 months in the drafted Army. I took the six month option. All I really wanted to do was go home. I now need to admit that those 18 months in Uncle Sam's Army taught me self-discipline, respect for people, survival, compassion and probably more common sense thinking than any other similar time period before or after. I also need to give the Army more credit for taking my reading ability from a basic nil to a respectable level - this was accomplished by teaching me to quick scan a line of print with my good eye then going back and reading the line as opposed trying to see and read a single line with both eyes as I had apparently done for most of my previous life. And now though many details and experiences have been omitted it is time to get out of this man's Army and on with life, because life goes on and so do we.

I was discharged from the regular Army on October 31, 1946 at Camp Polk, Louisiana, Tag RA37718082. With all of my personal belongings in a large duffel bag I hitch hiked across Louisiana and Missouri to my Uncle Virgil's in Anthony, KS. I stayed around there for a week or so visiting grandpa's farm - hunting quail, visiting Hughes Dairy and many other places. There had been a heavy snow in western Kansas and when cousin Guilford Bernard decided we could make it he flew me home in his Piper Cub. It was a beautiful sunny day and the flight was basically uneventful. We flew cross country to Hays where we refueled and followed Highway 24 to the Stanley place where after circling a couple of times we landed in a summer fallow field in about three inches of snow. Guilford Jr. stayed at our house for a few days. We decided to go coyote hunting in his airplane. We removed the passenger side canvas door and added extra length to the seat belt so I could lean well out of the plane and get the shotgun barrel below the landing gear. Coyotes were easy to spot in the snow and as we flew past them they would fall on their backs pawing toward the plane making a perfect target. I was telling Jr. "to keep your air speed up" and he was telling me "don't shoot the landing gear". While Jr. was there we flew up to Weicks in Cheyenne County - near where we used to live. The snow had blown off the summer fallow making a good landing strip while many of the roads were drifted closed and impossible. Guilford flew home ok and I proceeded to get a life.

The transition from military to civilian life was quick and eventful with heavy snow and miserable cold. Many cattle were lost in snow drifts up and down the creek that the Stanley farm was on. The big barn was built up against a sharp cliff which formed the north side of the corral. Our cattle huddled up against the cliff and the snow drifted over the top of them. We were able to tunnel from the west barn door to the cattle under the drift and got them inside the barn before they suffocated. The school kids were being bussed to Edson School and everyone went to the basketball games. This is where I was introduced to who I thought was the cutest cheerleader on earth in the person of Betty Jo Hammer. My transportation was a Plymouth Coupe with rumble seat and suicides doors.

In the spring of 1947 some chemical company introduced a product called 2,4-D. This liquid chemical when applied with a sprayer was supposed to kill broadleaf weeds without damaging cane, oats, wheat, barley and etc. I bought an old Chevy truck, a spray rig and some chemical and started spraying weeds all over Sherman County. Somewhere in this mix I also acquired a 1941, 4-door Ford. I think I bought it from Johnny Owens. Dad had rented some ground for me to farm when I got home. Dad farming with a John Deer and I was using a W-30 International. Things were going well until one early morning after a light rain I went to see a neighbor (Ackerman) about spraying his field crop. On my way home I was driving the dry track in the middle of the road as was a carpenter coming from the other direction. We met head on in the middle of the road. When I came to, the engine of my '41 Ford had replaced the passenger seat. After several times of being conscious and unconscious I managed to get the attention of Roloy Flanders who was walking to the barn with a milk bucket. They loaded us up and took us to the Goodland Hospital. The driver of the other car had some chest bruises and was released from the hospital in a week. I had 113 stitches - forehead, left elbow and arm, and left knee cap. (No broken bones). My farming and spraying plans were put on hold while I spent a month in the hospital. When I finally got out of the hospital I started where I left off only one month behind.

The summer was dedicated to summer fallowing, weed spraying, Saturday night movies or dancing with my girlfriend Betty Jo. Sundays were for baseball games, picnics in the park and Sunday evening roller skating.

In the summer of 1948 Betty Jo was working at the Village Inn Cafe and staying in an apartment in Goodland. On September 8, 1958 we had an old fashioned shivere for Doris and Jessie Craft.

On October 13, 1948 Betty quit her job at Village Inn and moved back home. She went to Seattle, WA. on the train on October 22, 1948 where she stayed with

her aunt and worked in Seattle. On November 29 Betty left Seattle and went to Portland, OR. where she visited Eddie and Vivian. On December 2 she returned to a farm near Boulder which her folks had purchased and moved to while she was in Washington. My transportation was now a 1946 Ford Coupe PC.

Betty Jo Hammar and I were married in Goodland, Kansas by Rev. Renberger on January 11, 1949. Attenders and witnesses at the wedding were Melvin Weick and Allice Weltz. We honeymooned in Colorado Springs for a week then returned to Goodland after visiting her parents, brothers and sisters in Boulder.

We lived with my parents at the Stanley farm until we gathered up a bed, a kerosene heater, kerosene cook stove, table and chairs, couch and easy chair and enough wooden orange and apple crates to use for cupboards and cabinets to furnish the house on the Forney farm that we rented. We had running water by taking a bucket and running to the windmill to get it. The rest room was a free standing two holer about 70 ft. from the house. The one neat thing we had was electricity furnished thru Rural Electric Association.

Most of this ½ section farm was buffalo grass pasture with approximately 60 acres of farm ground. I had drilled approximately 200 acres of winter wheat on the ground Dad had rented for me.

In the Spring of 1949 we acquired a loan thru Farmers Home Administration which was used to buy a nice bunch of white face calves, four milk cows, some pigs and baby chicks. We rented horse pasture to Cloyd's brother Hank and took a palomino colt in exchange and for rent, "Prince".

The Allis Chalmers which we had farmed with before I went into the service was setting behind a granary at my sister Frances and brother in law Harry Peter's farm. The tractor seemed to be in working condition except for a broken spring in the clutch pressure plate. The convenient way to repair this pressure plate would be to break the tractor apart at the flywheel housing and install a new pressure plate. Somehow I managed to replace the broken spring thru the inspection ports in the flywheel housing.

When I serviced the tractor I thought it to be drivable Betty and I took the old Chevy truck to Harry and Frances and started the trip home - me on the tractor and she in the truck. By cutting across pasture the shortest way home would be about seven miles as opposed to taking the roadway in additional 3 ½ miles out to Highway 27 and back, so we took the short cut. Everything was going well except for some dark and angry looking clouds moving in from the northwest. We continued on our journey until we spotted two tornadoes coming down from

the leading edge of these black rolling clouds. We were about a half mile south of Ackermans farm yard and headed north when the tornado we were concerned with was northwest of the Achkermans and headed straight in our direction. We pulled the truck and tractor into the grader ditch and got under the truck, flat on our bellies in the ditch. The tornado came thru the Acherman farm yard lifting and scattering all kinds of debris. We saw the box of a hayrack go into the air, make several turns and came back to the ground. As the tornado approached us the horrendous winds calmed, the light rain quit falling and the tornado disappeared into the clouds.

We continued our journey with no further incidents until we reached the Beaver Creek about a ¼ mile south of the Forney house. There must have been a heavy rain somewhere west in the Beaver Creek drainage basin as the creek was running bank full. It was getting dusk and I could see only two options - drive the old truck back to Ackermans - drive the road to highway 27 across the highway bridge and back home or swim the creek. I chose the latter. I thought I could run and jump about ½ way across and being the good swimmer that I am, would reach the north bank in a few strokes. What I hadn't considered was the fast current, for every feet I swam toward the north shore I was swept downstream many yards. I finally made it to shore and went back up stream where Betty was waiting. I went up to the barn and got a lasso rope. We found the narrowest part of the creek. I threw the loop across the creek. Betty put the loop under her arm pits and grasps the rope in front of her face. She took a deep breath and jumped in and I pulled her quickly across the creek. When we got to the house another surprise awaited us. The east facing door was open and the kitchen was crammed full of thistles. I went to the barn to get a pitch fork and noticed there were no cattle anywhere, only a yearling saddle horse in the corral. We cleaned the kitchen as best we could that evening then went to bed as the power was out and it was getting very late. Early next morning I took the young pony "Prince" and started on a cattle hunt. I first found about ½ mile of east pasture fence flat on the ground. I followed the tracks down the creek where a neighbor had corralled our cattle and some of Kenderkeneck - who lived just south of us on the creek. We sorted our cattle and drove them back to the corral. There we sorted our cattle off and drove them north up the road to home. The creek was almost dry so we drove the tractor and truck across the creek to home.

On May 13, 1949 Carrol and Lorine were visiting at our home and I went to Dads to get a drill to drill feed. When we had the tractor and drill ready to go to Forneys a heavy cloud bank was moving in from the west. Dad said you better let this storm pass before you head home. We stood in the barn door and watched the storm blow thru for a couple of hours. Heavy rain but not much

hail at Stanley farm. I got the tractor and headed for home. The further south and west I went the more obvious the hail damage became. Some wheat fields looked like they had been freshly tilled. It was obvious there would be no wheat harvest on the Ecklund ½ section this fall. When I got home Carrol had untethered the pony and put him in the barn out of the rain and hail.

I think this devastated hail storm may have been our wake up call. As we inspected the hail damage from field to field the next day we decided there were only a couple of options for survival. One option was for both of us to try to find jobs and do the farming in off time as best we could or sell out the farm machinery and stock hoping it would get us out of debt and out of (Dodge) Kansas. We had many discussions with many people about our options. We finally decided to get the wheat planted in the fall, have a farm sale in October and move to Colorado.

The next five months were very busy; Spraying weeds, summer fallowing, binding and shocking feed, getting ready for a sale, planting wheat and harvesting some wheat for Betty's Dad.

With considerable help from Cloyd, Fern, Junior, Jessie Craft and Dad and Mom we were ready for an October 1949 farm sale. Frances and Harry took the pony, which we did not sell, for Dean and Dan to ride. When the sale was over and the bills were paid our bank balance was \$76.00. Preparing to move to Colorado we loaded all our personal possessions, including a frozen beef from the locker, into the 1946 Ford Coupe and in one frosty morning headed to Colorado.

When we were approaching Ariba there was a knock coming from the engine of the car. I stopped and pulled plug wires until I found the left front rod bearing was doing the knocking. We drove into Ariba and stopped at a service station with a one bay garage. Two mechanics dropped the pan and found that the diaphragm in the fuel pump which was mounted on top rear of the engine had broken and leaked gas into the crankcase taking out the front rod insert bearing. The nice man from the grocery store put our beef in his locker and Betty and I stayed in a one room cabin for three days while the mechanic got a rod insert bearing from Denver to Limon to Ariba to repair the car. When the repair was finished the bill was \$78 and not a penny less" - we gave the mechanics a check for \$76.00 and \$2.00 cash out of our last \$10.00. The timing chain had slipped one notch and it ran very rough but we finally made it to Boulder where I pulled the cover plate and reset the timing gears.

Living with Betty's folks on the dairy farm east of Boulder, I worked for Betty's

brother Mark on her Dad Simian Hammer dairy until the spring of 1950.

In the spring of 1950 with considerable help from Betty's Mom and Dad we entered a partnership dairy with Clyde and Louis Steward who had purchased an irrigated farm on Vermont Road. There were no tenant accommodations on the Steward farm so Simon, Merl and a Carpenter named Prescorn and I built a one bedroom house on the Stewart farm. It seemed we had company for the first three months after we moved into the house. Dad, Lloyd Trout and Harry came for opening day of Trout fishing, with Merl as our guide we went to Boulder Creek where it was snowing lightly, by the time we gave up and went home approximately 2:00 p.m. there was a foot of wet snow on the ground. No fish!

I done the farming and dairying and Betty worked for Esquire magazine in Boulder. This was a whole new world for me. What are water rights, Ditch Companies, canals head gates, laterals and how do you spread two cubic feet of water over 90 acres of crops while milking 30 cows and maintaining a grade A dairy? I learned in a hurry it was a lot of hard work for 14 hours a day - seven days a week. With Betty's paycheck and a check from Uncle Sam for attending a Veterans benefit agricultural class we were able to buy a new Chevy pickup which was our pride and joy.

In the spring of 1953 we split the partnership dairy herd, took our half of the herd and all of the machinery and moved to the John and Betty Metzger farm east of Broomfield which we had rented. 1954 was one of the driest years of record for Colorado, the 40 acres of corn that we planted in the spring finally came up in August when we had some rain. What little irrigation water we had we used on the alfalfa hay. We bought and shipped in hay from as far away as Wisconsin. We maintained the dairy herd by feeding heavy on grain. For three months in 1955 we had the top producing dairy herd in the Boulder, Adams and Weld Counties D.H.I.A. testing area. While at Metzger we brought the pony "Prince" and a "D" John Deere tractor from Kansas. Mom and Dad came many times to visit at the Metzger farm. Though we didn't have much spare time, we managed to play some yard softball and catch some catfish and a bucket full of perch.

In the fall of 1955 we sold the dairy herd to Jack Vara and started looking for a house and two jobs in town. On November 29, 1955 we signed a contract to buy a house at 210 Beryl Way in Broomfield Heights filing #1. The house was a two bedroom brick with a full basement and costing \$12,900.00 on a 4 ¼ % G.I. loan with monthly payments of \$218.00; 41st house sold in Broomfield Heights.

I started the first home delivery milk route in Broomfield, delivering for Watts Hardy dairy out of Boulder, the same dairy I sold milk to while milking cows. Betty got a job at Colorado Milling in Denver and car pooled to work with five other people from Broomfield. I started the milk route with a Ford paneled truck and two cases of milk. When we moved into our new home I got a refrigerated truck which I parked on the driveway overnight and started deliveries at 4:00 a.m. Broomfield was a bedroom community and most people needed their milk before they left for work. After two years of delivering milk for Watts Hardy and building two cases of milk to two full time routes which were split into four routes when I quit. While Betty was commuting to Denver we brought a new '57 Chevy. In 1957 I went to C.U. Boulder and got a G.E.D. certificate. I went to work for the Post Office Dept. as the first walking house to house mail delivery person in Broomfield. It did not take me long to realize that with my cold right hand and difficulty sorting mail I did not want this job as a lifetime career. I worked for the post office dept. one year to the day.

My brother-in-law, Norm Munk and I went into partnership operating a Bay Service Station in Broomfield in February of 1961.

In the fall of 1961 Frances and Harry moved to Colorado and into the tenant house that Betty and I had lived in on the Metzger farm. Harry was doing the farming and feeding some heifers for me. Frances was bookkeeping for Norm and I in the service station. They later moved to Broomfield where Harry worked for Eastlake Elevator and Frances went to work at Broomfield Bank. They were living at Joe Huddards when Harry started for Boulder Valley School District. They moved to Boulder and later bought a home in Shannon Estates east of Boulder where they lived for several years.

Having been married for 13 years with no children Betty and I applied for adoption through Boulder County Department of Public Welfare. After many trips to Boulder, completing applications, financial statements, and interviews with friends and family, we were finally approved for adoption and put on the waiting list. We were told that when a child was available that fit our adoption profile, we would be called. The weeks and months of waiting seemed forever as we redecorated the second bedroom and set up a nursery.

Finally in June of 1962 we received a call from Boulder County telling us that if we could make a trip to a foster home in Alamosa, CO. there was a baby girl available for our adoption. We dropped everything and prepared for our trip to Alamosa early the next day. We arrived in Alamosa at about 11:00 a.m. and drove directly to the Foster home where we were greeted by a middle aged Mexican woman, many dogs, goats, and children. We were ask to leave and

return at 1:00 p.m. when a representative from Public Welfare would be there. When we returned we were presented a frail, crying toe headed little girl who was born on April 10, 1962. With no hesitation we both said we want her. After a few minutes of feeding, special care instructions a signing of papers we made the trip back to Broomfield, making one stop at a roadside bar to warm a bottle. When we arrived in Broomfield our first stop was at our friends, Betty and Ted Daniels to show off our new bundle of joy.

Our lifestyle transitions were horrendous. Betty had quit her job and became full time mother, baby sitter, and station bookkeeper and parts chaser. We both went from 13 married years of basic individual independence and doing in our spare time whatever we wanted whenever we wanted together or separately. I was now working six or seven, 12 to 14 hour days at the service station and soon terminated any membership in the clubs except the Lions including Boulder County Sheriff Posse, Chamber of Commerce and Volunteer member of West Adams County Fire and Prot. Dist.

Soon after we adopted Jackie we made application for adoption of another child. This time the procedure was quick and easy with immediate approval. In January of 1964 we received a call advising us of two week old baby boy available for our adoption in Burlington CO. We quickly made the trip to Burlington and were presented with a fat and happy baby boy by a grandmother type who gave us many instructions on his care and was very reluctant to part with the child. With the assistance of John Atkinson, a Broomfield Attorney, we received Randy's Decree of First Adoption on August 5, 1964.

Operating the Bay Tenneco Station provided a moderate income and many hours of hard work. Broomfield was a new bedroom community with many residents driving to work in Denver or Boulder and many over the road salesmen. Vehicles were dropped off at the station on Friday to be serviced and cleaned for pickup on Sunday evening or Monday morning. In the winter we started cars and plowed snow with a Dodge power wagon and a little red Jeep. We plowed parking lots and residential driveways which generated more service station customers.

In 1964 with the help of Don Dawson, my Dad and many others we built the first coin operated car wash in Broomfield and the second in the State of Colorado. While in the service station a customer named O.A.Miler, who came to the station to buy three, five gallon cans of gas for his tractor, ask if I would like to buy a 1926 Dodge car which he had put on blocks in the chicken house during the war when he couldn't get tires for it. He said his grandson, Vick Gammel, Jr., wanted to chop it and make a hot rod. Conditions of the sale were

to keep it in as near as practical original condition, pay \$300.00 cash and give him and his wife a ride if and when I got it running. After digging the wheels out of the mud in a storm culler, getting oil pump parts out of the silverware drawer in the house and getting the topless old car towable we drug it to the station and started the rebuilding process. After a couple of years of restoration I was able to fulfill my three purchase conditions. The old car, which has been sitting idle for several years now, seen many Broomfield parades and family gatherings. Huh, Don?

In the fall of 1965 Norm and Maxine Munk and Betty and I dissolved our service station partnership. Norm and Maxine went on to build a Goodyear in Broomfield, while Betty & I built a car wash on north Federal and I continued to build car washes for a salesman in Boulder and Beaver, Oklahoma.

In the spring of 1966 I worked for Norm running Cozy Corner Service Station and Grocery Store until one day in June of 1966 while walking across the Empire Savings parking lot I was approached by Larry Dumont, Superintendent of the Broomfield Heights Mutual Service Assn. Larry asks what I was doing if I would like to work for the association. After an application and an interview I went to work on July 11, 1966 for what, after the city incorporated, became the Public Works Dept. of the City of Broomfield. The association had five employees who operated the sewer plant, the water plant, read water meters, repaired water brooks, made water taps, maintained city parks, plowed snow and other related duties. On my first day at work I used a wheelbarrow and cob fork to clean drying beds at the wastewater plant. The population was between four and five thousand. The next 26 years seemed to pass rather quickly. While Betty took the primary responsibility of raising and schooling the kids for several years, I worked days for the city evenings and weekends maintaining car washes. We put a brush car wash in the Broomfield location which Betty and her dad operated while the kids were in school. We installed self-service mustang gas pumps at both our car wash locations which were never very profitable and constantly torn up by vandals. In 1972 we sold both car washes to a person from Iowa who had inherited some money and thought car wash maintenance meant carrying quarters to the bank. He made payments for two years then we had to take the car wash back. We sold the Federal car wash lease to a firm who demolished the old building and put up a new modern car wash facility. We rebuilt and repaired the Broomfield car wash and maintained it until 1975 when our lease terminated and we demolished the Broomfield car wash.

While Betty was busy raising kids, who were growing up much too fast, and becoming the top area sales person for B-Line Clothes and accessories, I was

going to school three nights a week and testing with the State Health Dept. to receive my certification for Water and Wastewater Plant Operator. In 1968 we sold the little house at 210 Beryl Way and purchased 1165 Ash. With Jackie age 6 and Randy age 4, the swimming pool soon became a neighborhood play place for kids and for the next 11 years hosted many city, Lions Club and family parties, picnics and birthdays. For 17 consecutive years we went to western Kansas to visit family and hunt pheasants. I have many Kansas hunting licenses and upland game bird stamps as reminders of these great times. One of the saddest times in our lives was when my father "Dad" died on January 28, 1972 at age 79. He and Mom made many visits to our house after we moved to Colorado and were always there with love and support. Dad and Randy had a great relationship through Randy's young years. For many years when I had a decision to make or a problem to solve, I would ask myself "what would Dad do?" This made decision making and problem solving much easier for me.

October of 1973 Mom, Jackie, Randy, Betty and I took a plain train trip to California and Nevada. We flew to L.A. where we stayed in a motel for a few days and visited many tourist attractions including the beach, Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm and Sea World. We rode a train to San Diego where we toured the Navy base by boat and went on board a submarine. We rode the train back to L.A. and flew to Las Vegas for two days before flying home. The kids were bored stiff and Mom put a few nickels in the slots in Vegas.

In 1974 we took the brown Cadillac on a tour of Colorado, with no pre-planned agenda. We drove to Colorado Springs where we visited the Garden of the Gods and Cave of the Winds. We drove over Wolf Creek Pass to Durango and rode the Narrow Gage to Silverthorn and back. We drove to Silverthorn then worked our way back home with Mom and the kids gathering rocks and exploring mountain tops and mine shafts along the way.

In 1977 Maxine and Norm and Betty and I purchased from Pester Refining Co. The old Bay-Tenneco Station which we had operated in the '60's. We leased the station property to several different businesses thru the years.

In 1978 Betty went to Don Kagy Real Estate College and after months of studying and testing received her Realtor License in the fall of 1978. In 1979 after listing and or selling several residential, commercial and farm properties she became the top sales person for Van Buskirk Reality in Broomfield.

In January of 1979 Betty and I took a three island cruise in the Caribbean to celebrate our 30th wedding anniversary. We had great weather, great crew, great food and great time.

On August 29 of 1980 we lost one of my favorite people in the person of brother-in-law, Harry Peters, at the young age of 66. I will not try to rewrite the lives of Harry and Francis Peter in this writing except to say that anyone who had the privilege of knowing Harry thru the difficult '40's and '50's and the better times of the '60's and '70's failed to know and appreciate a wonderful man.

In 1980 we purchased "The Big House" at 400 W. 3rd where we moved to and leased the 1165 Ash house. Jackie is now 16 and in Broomfield High and Randy is 14 and in Junior High. Betty is selling Real Estate days, nights and weekends.

My job with the City of Broomfield has taken many twists and turns by now, from Water Plant Superintendent, to utility inspector, to building inspector to Deputy Director of Public Works. Each of the changes has a story within a story which I will outline briefly here. The incorporation of the City, the failure and rebuilding of Great Western Reservoir Dam, the drought of the '70's with water rationing, water cops, to building permit restrictions, Department of Energy Platinum and Toridiem Pollution of Great Western Reservoir, Expansion of water, 2nd wastewater plants, Denver Water Board Potable Water Contract, Purchasing Water Rights and many trips to Greeley Water Court, polite ditch right of way law suit. The diversion ditch from Rocky Flats drainage area around Great Western Reservoir and a new water supply for the City of Broomfield from northern water conservancy District thru a large pipeline from Carter Lake to the City's new water plant on 144th Ave. I retired from the City of Broomfield at age 65 on January 17, 1992.

Meanwhile back on the home front, Betty retired from her hectic schedule of selling real estate and put some normality back in our home life. Jackie and Brian were married on June 25th of 1985 and Randy and Lecia were married on March 12th of 1983. Brienne, our first grandchild was born on June 17th, 1985. Both Randy and Jackie got divorces and Jackie married Dave Korinchick February 14th, 1988. Our second grandchild, Mick, was born July 28th of 1989. Randy and Debra were married on July 13, 1996 and our third grandchild, Cole, was born July 16, 1998 and our fourth grandchild, Kyla, was born June 10, 1999. In 1985 we purchased a residential lot in Perump Nevada which we later traded for a time share condo in Steamboat Springs with the same Preferred Equities Company.

In 1979-80 we purchased a commercial lot at 7435 W. 120th where we built a 4-Bay Self Service Car Wash. This car wash done very well for the six years that we owned it. We sold this car wash in 1986 and purchased a residential

property at 220 Agate where Jackie and Dave live today.

We lost our brother Roy, Jr. on June 24th 1991 at age of 59. His untimely death was a shock to me as I'm sure it was to the rest of the family. With our age difference and our move to Colorado after military service, we didn't seem to have much time together except for a few pheasants hunting trips where we did have some quality fun visits.

In 1991 while Betty was doctoring with Dr. Bodell in Boulder she told him of Randy's short surges of energy, long hours of tiredness and sleeping, constant heartburn and other symptoms. Dr. Bedell told her to make him an appointment and that they wouldn't let him go until they found his problem. After many tests they determined that the problem was with his heart and he would need a heart operation. The heart operation was scheduled, performed in St. Joseph's Hospital in November of '91. They found a hole the size of a quarter between two chambers of his heart. They patched the hole and after a short time in I.C.U. he was moved to a private room. The next morning when we arrived at the hospital, Betty knew there was something terribly wrong, his oxygen and saturation level was down to 32 and no nurses in sight. We hollered for help and soon got him back to I.C.U. and on a ventilator. This time they kept him in I.C.U. for the recovery. I think we almost lost him in another irresponsible hospital.

In 1990 we sold the house at 1165 Ash and moved to a newer smaller home on 134th Drive in Westminster.

After my retirement Betty and I made several trips to Las Vegas, Kansas and Nebraska. We built a 4-car garage at 220 Agate and finished the basement at 134th. Betty continued to be an avid bingo player and went to bingo two or three times a week with her friend, Betty Daniel. Our mother died on June 5th, 1996 at age 101. While I miss her sadly in my heart, in my mind I can remember the events of by gone years and know that thru the good and bad times she lived a long and fulfilling life. She's the only person I knew who could talk about covered wagons west from actual experience.

Thru the mid '90's Betty and I done pretty much as we pleased either together or separately. I had no problem occupying my spare time with constructive inspections for Dry Creek Valley Ditch Co., maintenance work in Metzgers farm, building construction on the Munk Ranch, maintenance and repair work on the Munk farm, and remodels of upgrades on Betty Daniels rental properties.

This was pretty much our routine until Betty's health started to fall in 1997. We

flew to Las Vegas several times in 1997 and 1998 including the celebration of New Year's and our anniversary at the 4-Queens both of these years. In 1998 Betty was put on part time oxygen and many prescription drugs as breathing became more difficult for her. On January 23rd of 1998 Betty was taken by ambulance to St. Joseph Hospital for breathing treatment and tests. Within 30 minutes after her admittance to the emergency room she was infected with hospital staff disease M.R.S.I. The next 18 days were pure hell in the hospital. She was transferred to seven different rooms, put in isolation, lost 12 lbs., and was overdosed on antibiotics before she was finally released on February 10th of 1998. She never recovered from these professional caregivers screw up. Betty was on full time oxygen and the good day bad day syndrome turned to more bad than good and I gradually took over all the household duties and with the help of visiting nurses and therapists cared for her as best I could. Our last trip to Las Vegas was a driving trip with Jackie and Dave in June of 1999. On July 24th, 2000 while Art and Eddie was here visiting, Betty was ambulance to North Suburban Hospital in Thornton with several chest pains. She was placed on a respirator and never strong enough to breathe on her own again. She passed away on August 9 and was buried in the Lafayette Colorado Cemetery on August 12th, 2000.

Art and Eddie went home on August 1st and Norie, Johnny and Frances came 2nd and stayed with me from August 6th thru August 15th. Words cannot express my appreciation for the love and support of family, relatives and friends before, during and after the loss of our mother, grandmother and my loving wife and companion of 51 years.

As I write this last paragraph of my autobiography on this 10th day of December 2000, I realize this, there were many happenings which I did not recall of record and many entries which are of interest to no one. I would like to dedicate this autobiography to the memory of family members and relatives who have passed before me - to family, relatives and friends who are with me; to family, friends and relatives of future generations may they have a life of health, love and prosperity.

And especially to Floyd and Vivian Wilson for their gentle persuasion that this chapter needed to be written.

Gip Wilson ices 25 years of city water work

'I walked into this job not knowing beans about water, except that it's what you irrigate corn with.'

Gip Wilson
Public Works Deputy Director

By JAY DEDRICK
Enterprise staff writer

Given the nature of Gip Wilson's long and varied careers, you could say he's always gone with the flow.

A former farmer and Broomfield's first milkman, Wilson has spent the last quarter century overseeing the city's water supplies. He retired last week on his 65th birthday.

"To me, he was just one hell of an excellent person to sit down and work with and have a cup of coffee with," said Bill Warwick, a colleague of Wilson. "Broomfield is gonna miss him, I'll tell you that."

Born and raised in Kansas, Wilson moved to Colorado in 1949 with his wife, Betty. They would later raise a son and daughter.

Wilson's previous jobs included stints in the military, as a farmer and as a partner in a Boulder dairy. In 1956, he said, he bought the 41st home built in Broomfield Heights. That same year he began Broomfield's first door-to-door delivery of dairy products.

A year later he tried mail delivery ("That wasn't my bag," Wilson said) and then ran a service station for several years.

In 1966, a friend working at the city offices asked if Wilson wanted to try his hand at water work.

"I walked into this job not knowing beans about water, except that it's what you irrigate corn with," Wilson said. But he obviously learned fast.

In 1969 he was named chief wastewater plant operator, and then became an operations supervisor.

Wilson was at his desk job — since 1980. "It involved a lot of things: worrying about water rights, ownership, purchase; water priorities and deliveries, lake level and ditch maintenance, water and wastewater plant operations."

But Wilson shies away from claiming credit for specific achievements.

"This city now and always has worked in a cooperative mode, including everybody in this department," Wilson said. "Teamwork is what gets it done — not the individual. There's not any one thing out there that I can say, 'This is my plum.'"

But there have been plums, as well as prunes. "Why sure, there were setbacks," Wilson said with a laugh. "The toughest thing was getting through the drought years of the mid-'70s and keeping a supply of water for the citizens."

As Wilson leaves the city, Broomfield is closing in on a new water supply — one that will be impervious to any possible impact of Rocky Flats Plant. It's ironic that the city is abandoning the water supply Wilson struggled to secure.

"In spite of the fact that I worked for 25 years trying to accumulate enough water rights in the Church system," Wilson said, "I think the move to replace it now with a Northern Colorado Water District supply is a good idea."

What kept Wilson motivated in 25 years at his post?

"It's no different from anyone else — the challenges and the opportunities," he said. "And of course with that comes the ability to maybe make some monetary advancements and raise a family."

"I've really enjoyed working for the city and with the employees. The city's been good to me and I hope I returned the favor."

Wilson has lived in Westminster for the past year, but said his heart still is in Broomfield.

"I think it's probably as close as you'll get to an ideal place for raising a family," Wilson said. "I like the sense of community and camaraderie. There are a lot of good people in Broomfield, and I've met a lot of 'em."

Retirement holds a number of opportunities for Wilson, many of which he outlined in speeches for his co-workers.

There's a cabin to upgrade, old cars to restore, ponies to ride, a basement to finish, fish to catch, hay to bale, ballgames to watch, poker to play, grandkids to spoil, he said.

"And time to do all or none of the above for as long or as little as we like."



GIP WILSON

Gip & Betty Wilson



Name: Guilfod Elmer Wilson
Birth: January 17, 1927
Place: St. Francis, Kansas
Death: June 18, 2006
Cemetery: Lafayette, Colorado
Married: January 11, 1949; ???
Children: Jackie & Randel

Betty Jo Hammer
July 21, 1930
Edson, Kansas
August 9, 2000

WILSON

Betty J. Wilson of Broomfield died Aug. 9 in Thornton. She was 70.

Wilson was born June 21, 1930, in Edson, Kan., to Simon Hammer and Elsie (Hayden) Hammer. She married Gip Wilson on Jan. 11, 1949, in Goodland, Kan. She and her husband were longtime residents of Broomfield and in 1956 purchased a new home in Broomfield Heights known as the "First Filing." They had the 47th home in Broomfield.

Wilson was active in Beeline, square dancing and was a past president of the Broomfield Lioness Club. She worked for Esquire Magazine as a stockbroker and was a Realtor for Vanbuskirk Realty. She loved antiques, traveling to Las Vegas, spending time with her family and playing bingo. She was a dedicated mother.

Wilson is survived by her husband, Guilford "Gip" Wilson of Broomfield; a daughter, Jackie Kovichick and husband David of Broomfield; a son, Randy Wilson and wife Debrae of Brighton; three sisters, Loraine Rohr of

Colorado Springs, Maxine Munk of Broomfield and Darlene Gray of Broomfield; a brother, Merle Hammer of Longmont; and five grandchildren.

Wilson was preceded in death by her parents, Simon and Elsie Hammer.

Services were Aug. 12 at Rundus Funeral Home. The Rev. Randy Jessen officiated. Interment was at the Lafayette Cemetery.

Contributions may be made to the National Jewish Hospital Memorial Dept., Research for Lung Disease, 3800 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, 80206.

Arrangements were handled by Rundus Funeral Home in Broomfield.

Broomfield Enterprise / A19

/ August 23, 2000

Arrangements were handled by Rundus Funeral Home of Broomfield.

Wilson

Guilford "Gip" Wilson, 79, a longtime resident of Broomfield, died June 18 at St.

Anthony's North Hospital.

He was born Jan. 17, 1927, in Goodland, Kan., the son of Roy and Nellie Wilson.

He was drafted during World War II and became a stock clerk in the 85th Qm Depot Company.

On Jan. 11, 1949, he married Betty Hammer.

Wilson's work life spanned from dairy cows to becoming the water chief.

He was a former farmer and Broomfield's first milkman. He



Guilford Wilson

was Broomfield's first walking mail carrier when he worked for the post office in 1958. He started working the City of Broomfield in 1966. He was the deputy director of Public Works for the city and retired in 1992 at age 65.

He enjoyed gardening and making jelly.

He is survived by daughter, Jackie (Dave) Kovichick of Broomfield; son, Randy Wilson, of Fort Lupton; grandsons, Nicholas Kovichick of Broomfield, Cole Wilson of Brighton; granddaughters, Brienne (Keith) Oliver of Broomfield, and Kyla Wilson of Brighton.

A funeral service was Friday at Rundus Funeral Home in Broomfield. Interment was at Lafayette Cemetery.

Memorial donations can be made to Broomfield Lions Club.

Arrangements were handled by Rundus Funeral Home of Broomfield.