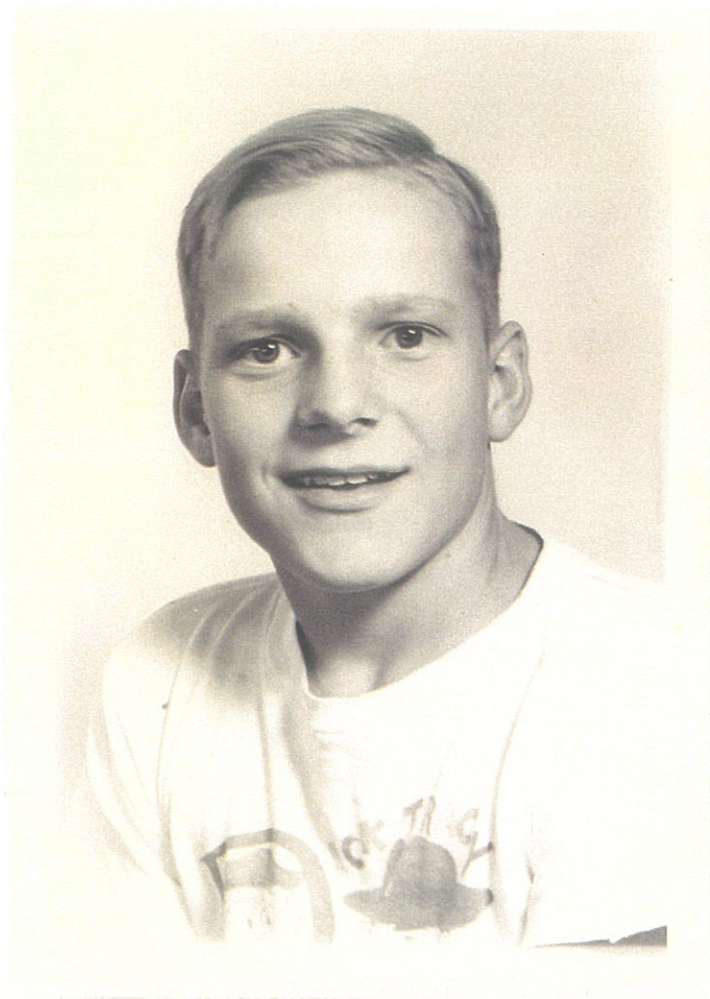
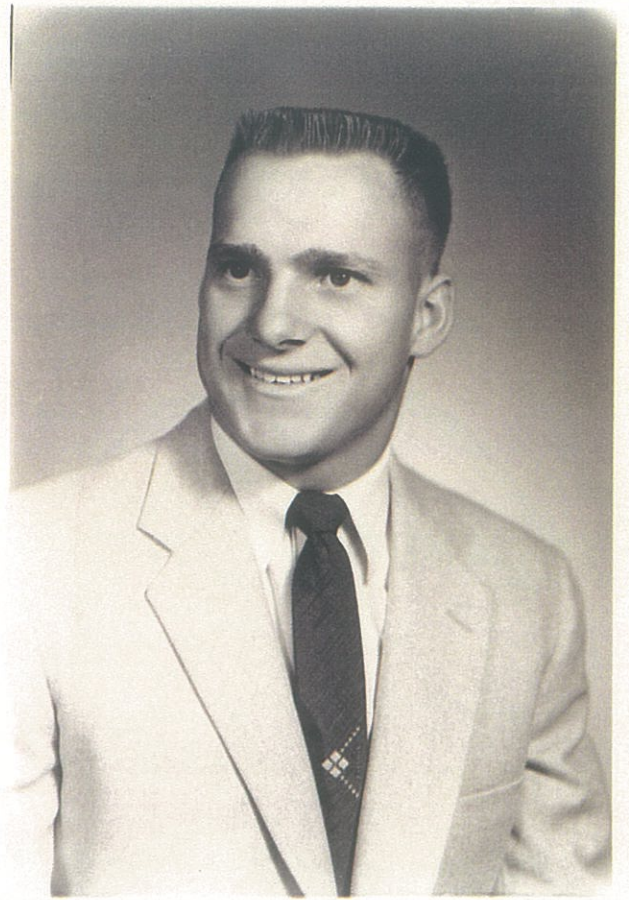


Chapter 7

Calvin & Jean
Wilson



1953



Sr. 1957



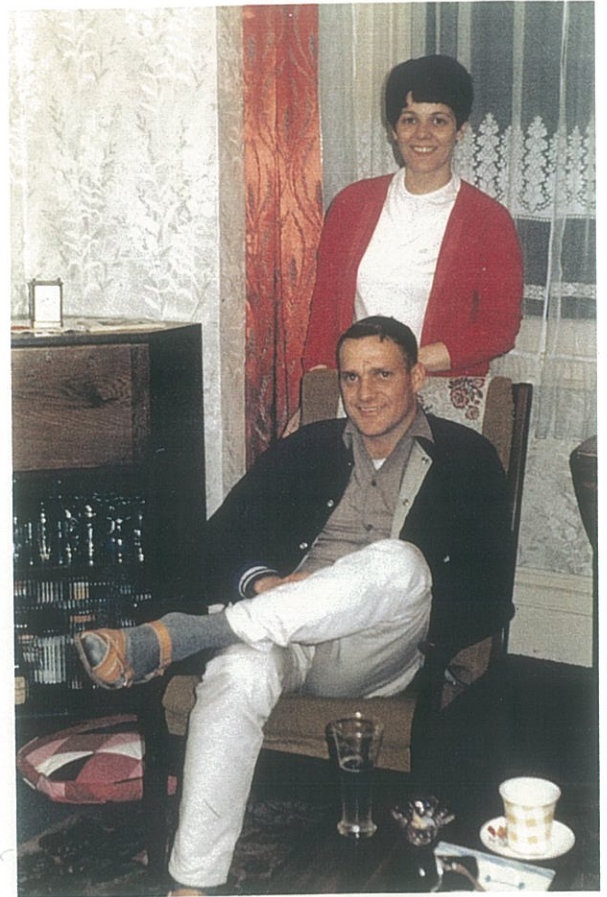
1965



February 26, 1966
London, England



Nov. 1974



1980



1966

Ina
Calvin
Kenroy
3 Gener
1971



1985



1983

Calvin
Cynthia Playel
Jean's Mom

Jean
1995



Melissa
Kenroy
Reece
1997



Toby
Susan
Tristan
1997



CALVIN WILSON, AS I REMEMBER

My first recollections as a child seem to be of living on Cheyenne Creek, I suppose, about a mile north from the old Paul Dowell residence. That is where, I think, that Loyd laid on the 22 rifle and got shot, Junior got his head ran over by a hay wagon wheel, and I remember getting very confused one day when Uncle Pug (Elmer) and family came to visit. Dad and Elmer were sitting beside each other on the sofa and I came into the room to see Dad about something, and I wasn't real sure which was Dad, so I went to the kitchen to Mom. If memory serves, we moved from the Gunnery range to a place which is the current Cat House Feeders about one mile south of the Willard Davis place. There was a windmill south of the red tile house where Mom grew her garden. I remember bull snakes would crawl out of the cracks in the walls. My older brothers would snitch a few vegetables from Davis' garden. Once when the creek was up, my brothers would go swimming. They kept telling me the water was too deep for me. They just didn't want to have to worry about me. One day I caught them walking on their knees, just to make it appear as if the water was deep. Next time we got a rain and they went swimming, I wouldn't believe them and jumped in. I thought I never would hit bottom. That is when I learned to swim. I also remember playing under a shale bluff with Deloris as our brothers above would push rocks and stuff over the edge. After a deluge of rocks and sand we would run from underneath. After the next, we would run back. Well you guessed it, on a trip from below, away from the cliff a stone near the size of a baseball struck Deloris on the back of the head. She let out a scream, made about 3 or 4 circles and sat down. I came over and inspected her head and noticed blood in her hair. I thought sure she was going to die, but brothers came down and we got back home all right.

It seems to me we moved atop the hill west and south of the Fritz Bentley place where I had the dubious distinction of causing a fire that burned the house down. I remember the older brothers and sisters walking the fence line along the pasture to Uncle Earl's place to grade school. We had a cat with a black V on its head between his eyes we called Vick. In decent weather, about the time school was out he would make west along the fence and meet the siblings, of course I would have to follow. I also remember Dad building that dug out barn south of the house. From there we moved to the Fritz Bentley house, as he had sold to Coberly's and moved to Dighton. Dad had worked for Fritz and started working for Coberly at that time. I remember

starting school in the first grade at Uncle Earl's house. I'm not sure why, but the following year we went to Dalton Valley School, one mile east, one mile south and one mile east of where we lived. All Dalton Valley families alternated from week to week carrying 2-5 gallon cream cans of water to school for drinking and washing. Loyd used to drive us and would park the old car on the hill so he could get it started by letting it roll down the hill.

Mrs. Miller was my second grade teacher. We had some interesting experiences with her as she was elderly. One incident that occurred was she took us on a field trip one nice day. Between Loyd, Junior, and the Lang boys, Victor and Davey, we were able to gather a few pop rocks and deposit them in the coal pile. Needless to say, when it got cold enough to stoke the old potbellied stove, things happened. When the first pop rock blew, all the lids flew off the stove and the flue pipe fell to the floor with soot going everywhere. The boys were instructed to douse the fire with our drinking water while she called Howard Lang. She thought we had some bad coal but Howard spied a pop rock and, you guessed it, us boys had to sort the whole pile. We also built us a shale house by breaking layers of yellow shale off a small shale bank on the edge of the school grounds. We had no windows or doors, just a tunnel to get inside. Used some old lumber and straw for a roof. We would take our lunch in there, to eat, on ice days and sometimes someone would bring matches so we could smoke dried sunflower stalks. Well, Mrs. Miller caught us one day, so we had to tear the house down. After Loyd and Victor Lang graduated, Junior and Davey had a hard time getting along. They got into a few tussles but Dave couldn't hurt Junior and Junior would just aggravate things by taunting just a little. When Junior graduated, James Davis started first grade and that is when life got a little tough. Because of his dislike for Junior, Davey would put James up to mischief against me, like a kick in the shins and when I would get after him, Dave would be just around the corner. One night at a school party, James dumped a cup of hot chocolate on the front of my shirt just outside the front door of the school house. I started after him but just as he turned the corner, there was Dave. That was kind of a tough year.

I also remember riding a sled, behind the old Case tractor of Coberly's to school one morning. The weather was so cold they never shut the tractor off. Just left it run all night so they could feed cattle. This particular morning Dad took us to school on this sled and left us, but the school house was locked. We waited for about an hour, I guess, and then started walking to the Olie Davidson place. Camellia, Deloris and I about froze before we got there. The

sisters didn't wear jeans in those days so I took my coat off and let them drape it in front of their legs to break the wind. I was never so glad to get out of the weather in my life. After fourth grade, Jerome School had been moved from south of the Smokey Hill River to just west of Highway 23 about 1/3 mile south of the county road we lived on, so we attended Jerome until I graduated. Dad once told me that he, as well as most of us kids, graduated from Jerome Grade School, I think. While still in grade school, I remember taking the old .22 rifle from the shelf. As I walked through the kitchen toward the outside door, Deloris approached the kitchen table with something and I had to take the opportunity to cock the rifle and sight her right between the eyes and boldly told her to stick'em up. At that moment, a fly buzzed by and landed on the floor. Deloris told me to get out and so I sighted at the fly and pulled trigger. I shot a hole in the floor, and needless to say, I was stunned. Shivers run down my back yet when I think of it. I became a lot more careful with guns after that. Junior got me with a .22 once. We were in the old swimming pool just west of the house standing about 4 ft. apart. He was shooting at flies on the opposite wall. A bullet ricocheted back and lodged in my hair just above my forehead. I made a quick wipe with my hand, and sure enough there was blood. Well, I thought sure I was going to die. I climbed out of the pool and headed for the house. Junior tackled me before I got started good and had to have a look. He untangled the slug from my hair and laughed, "you only have a scratch". I was pleased about that. I remember riding barrels, tires, and a pair of wagon wheels down the hills out there as well as playing basketball in the hayloft in the barn, where I patented my jump shot. It was great hunting jack rabbits, which we might get 5 to 10 cents apiece for. We, Junior, Loyd and I, even went ice skating on the river one cold day. It still ran year around, then. After fooling around an hour or so, Loyd and Junior happened to fall in. I made a run for it, but they caught me and threw me in too. By the time we got back to the house, our jeans were frozen almost stiff. It was cold.

We went walking one summer night after midnight on a moonlit night. After getting more than a half mile from home, they let it up to me, to lead them across the pasture, back home. Me, being of sound mind and body, headed home in the fading moonlight. As luck would have it, us being barefoot and all, I stepped into a cactus patch. I made an abrupt left turn and instead of stepping out of the patch, I walked the full length of it, about 10 ft. We spent the next 30 minutes picking cactus from my feet.

I also remember when we moved to the Bentley place we inherited a

cow dog. I don't remember his name for some reason, but he was a real great pal. It seems we called him Snookie. He would hang around us kids as we played, and more than once, I remember him fighting a rattle snake near where we were playing. Once he tossed one, just missing one of my sisters, then nabbed it again and pitched it onto a barb wire fence. I don't remember him ever being bothered by snake bite or anything. Also, you could send him for the milk cows and he would go to the pasture and bring the two milk cows in by himself. I sure liked that.

I started high school in Gove the fall of '53. My older brothers and sisters stayed at Courtney's while attending high school, but I got to drive from home every day. Deloris was still in high school and we picked up Marcilee Lawrence on the way. I enjoyed baseball and basketball while there. Was only an average student academic wise, but really got after it sports wise. Our senior year we went to State in baseball and went undefeated in basketball during the regular season and lost by two points in the finals of regionals in basketball.

Some other highlights during high school was my sister Deloris teaching me how to dance at a Junior-Senior Prom, an activity which I still enjoy. I also started working at Coberly with Dad during the summer months. Seven a.m. to seven p.m. Monday through Friday and seven a.m. to six p.m. on Saturdays. A person didn't have a lot of time to fool around back then. By the time I was a Senior, I got brave enough to go to dances. Healy, Dighton, Orion were frequented as well as Wallace, Park and Grainfield.

I also played town team baseball on Sundays during the summers. Loyd, Lawrence and cousin Max were team mates at times. That is when I began to accompany Max to dances and games. He set the hair on the back of my neck more than once with his driving. He could put a vehicle in places I wouldn't think of. Later on, I would take my sister Carmellia along as long as she behaved. There was a time or two, I was glad she was there.

After high school I attended one year of college at Fort Hays. It was rather a lost year as far as education was concerned. Spring of '58 I headed off to Oregon with some friends to work in the pea harvest. An interesting experience and I was back home in August that summer. It was back to Coberly for a time, then to Park to help on the construction of Park Co-op Elevator. I and another foreman of the job couldn't see eye to eye so I left and

went to work for Raymond Roemer. He didn't promise a full time job so I was still looking for something permanent. That's when I talked to Hendrickson about the elevator job in Shields.

I worked in Shields until Mike Hanna and I joined the Air Force in 1961. We were given physicals in Kansas City and put on a slow train to Lackland AFB, San Antonio, Texas. After 2 months boot camp I was assigned communications training at Wichita Falls, Texas. I awaited a class to form for two or three months and then started class. I graduated 2nd in the class just one-half or one point behind the top. After Tech School I had couples weeks leave then reported to New Jersey for duty. In England, I worked as a repairman in a big teletype relay center that relayed messages from Europe to places all over the world. While in the Air Force, I continued to play baseball and basketball. Visited a lot of bases and met at lot of ball players.

My roommate, Mel Kimbrell from Georgia, was seeing a gal from Banbury, a town about 14 miles from Croughton AFB. She moved to London for a job. London was approximately 58 miles south of Croughton. After a few trips on the train by himself, he decided I should accompany him one weekend and his gal Dorothy would find Lesar and myself dates. Well, I sheepishly agreed, so off we went to London.

Enter Jean Playel. Who would ever guess a girl could turn my head. Well, after one date I had to go back and see if she would still speak to me, and you guessed it. She still does. That would have been in the spring of 1963. In February in 1966 we were married in a suburb of London.

I and my bride arrived in the states in late July. My brother in law, Wayne, met us in Oakley and took us to Gove to stay with them until I found housing and could start back to work at the Bartlett Elevator in Shields.

Upon returning home, we had to go to the Quinter hospital for Jean to meet father as he had had a heart attack a few days before.

We moved into a little house in the SE corner of Shields and started our life together. In October 1967 our eldest son, Kenroy, was born. A whole new experience for me and Jean, but we enjoyed it. In February 1972, our second son Toby, was born.

I left the Elevator because of a wage dispute and moved to Kuhlman Farms one and one-half mile east of Healy. The Kuhlman Brothers split up after two years or so and I got stuck working for the brother that didn't hire me. I and his boys had some problems so I decided to work for cousin Keith and moved back to Shields. With Keith, I was involved in trenching, backhoe work, plumbing, wiring and gas piping. We laid thousands of feet of pasture water line and also irrigation line.

In 1979, due to health and financial problems of Keith, and with the help of a friend and neighbor, Ralph Gill, I was able to purchase a trencher, backhoe of my own and with the help of my hired man, Jean, we were able to make a decent living and make the payments on the equipment. It was tough at times for Jean to be mother, homemaker, cook and hired man but she done an excellent job. Made me look real good.

In the Spring of 1986, a few months after the final payments were made on the equipment, we were broadsided by a tandem dump truck at Caprock Industries Feedlot north of Leoti. As we couldn't collect enough money from his insurance to replace the equipment, I applied for a job at Lane Co. Road Department. I was hired May 16th or there a bouts, in 1986 and have been there since, working mostly as a shop man and welder.

After the accident, Jean worked at Lane County Hospital as a cook. Later on she managed Dighton Bowl for a couple season, then due to a board members harassment, she re-applied at the hospital where she went to work in Housekeeping.

In 1994 we moved to Dighton where we now reside. The money we spent on gas driving to and from shield is now being spent on house payments.

Now, back to the important part of our lives, the two boys. Kenroy, as well as Toby, started grade school at Shields. Kenroy graduated from Shields in 1982 and started high school at Dighton. Kenroy was not only a decent student, but a good athlete, as well.

By the time he graduated in 1986, he was All League in basketball, All State in football, and had set a new 2A High School record in the Discus Throw. He also won the Gold Medal in Shot Put at the State Track Meet. He also was a good baseball player.

Several schools offered him scholarships in different sports, including K.U. football, but he opted to play baseball and throw discus for Barton County Community College, Great Bend, Ks. He gave up baseball and concentrated on discus. Before leaving BCCC he had set the school record in discus. He then transferred to Wichita State to finish his degree in math education. His girlfriend, and soon to be wife, Melissa Ehmhe, of Dighton, also attended college at WSU. They were married July 28, 1990. Upon graduation, he sent resumes to area schools, and was hired at Ness City as a grade school math teacher. Next year he was moved to Ness High School as math and computer teacher, I think. The following year he was hired by Dighton High School as a math teacher and girls' basketball coach. Melissa was hired at Bazine as a grade school teacher. They make their home at Ness City. A great big bundle of joy was born to this union, called Reece August, on June 3, 1995. He is sure great to have around every now and then.

Now, back to the baby of the family. Toby attended Shields Grade School to the fourth grade. The school was closed and he finished grade school in Dighton. As a freshman he broke a wrist in football practice. A couple of weeks later he had to have his appendix removed, and also had the Osgood problem with his knees. It was recommended that he not play football but he did throw the discus and play basketball. By graduation in 1990 he had made All League in basketball as well as Silver Medalist in Discus at 2A State Track.

Upon graduation, he was offered a baseball scholarship at Pratt County Community College as a pitcher. He established a school record for relief pitchers in the earned run average department. He transferred to Hays for his junior and senior year as a baseball pitcher but opted to take a job at Farmers Elevator at Dighton rather than finish his senior year.

Toby is currently manager of the Shields branch of the Co-op Elevator and makes his home in Dighton with his wife. He married Susan Sharp of Dighton on July 23, 1994. Tristan Rhea was born November 3, 1997. Susan is now employed at Ranger Feeders, a commercial feedlot east of Dighton, as a bookkeeper and secretary. Susan also attended school at Dighton, Barton County and Hays. She also teaches dance classes weekly, here in town.

That brings us to present pretty much. Kenroy and Toby play summer softball on the same team in a Ness City League. I, Calvin, umpire little league

baseball here in town during the summer, so parents will have someone familiar to yell at.

I neglected to mention that I coached little league teams when Kenroy and Toby were playing, with Jean being the head scorebook keeper. I must say, we were always competitive in those days. Now, for extracurricular activity, I pitch horseshoes. Sometimes, against brother Loyd, whom I manage to beat once in a while.

I also neglected to mention that Jean has had back surgery a couple of times in the last seven years and is scheduled for surgery again in Wichita in June 1997. We are hoping everything goes well.

I probably forgot lots of interesting stuff, and some stuff that is pretty dull, but I'm going to quit right here.



Jersey Island
Age 9



Jean - Cousin Malcolm
Trafalgar Square-Age 14



Jean Age 10
12 Wakeman Rd



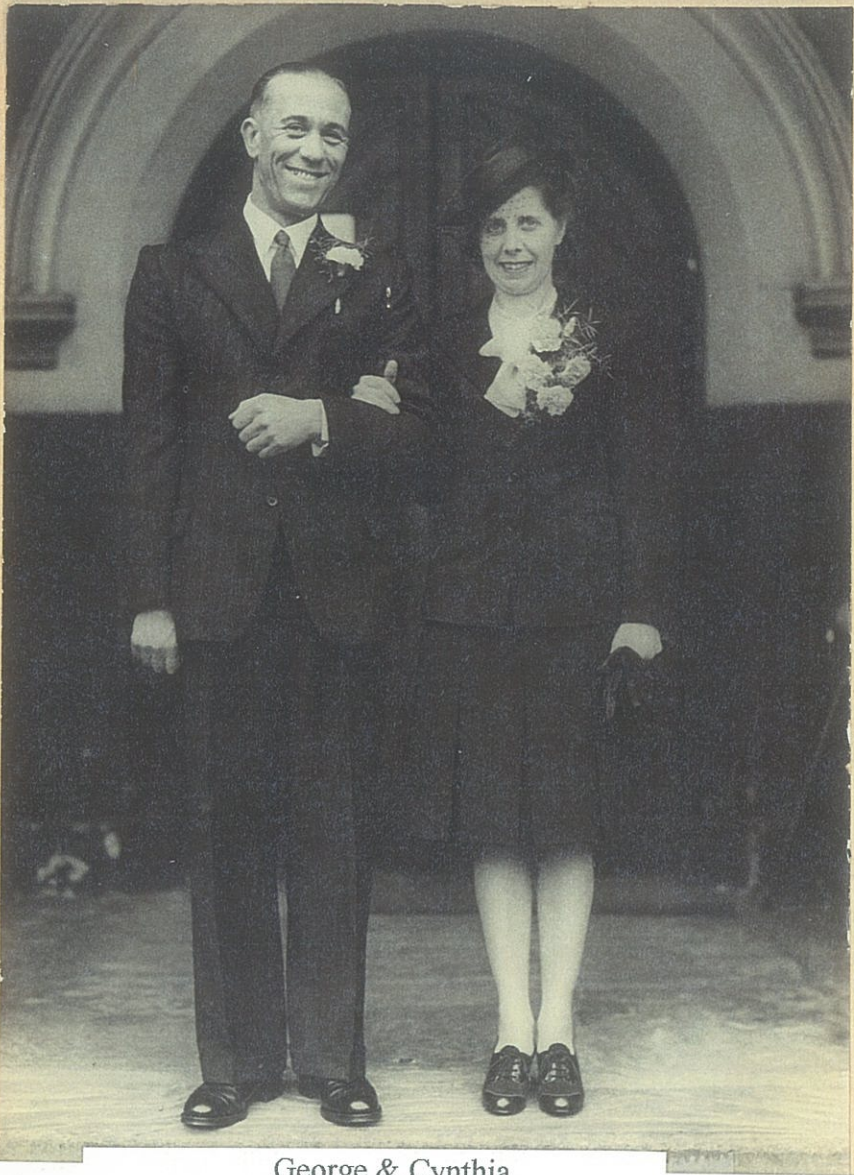
Jean Age 9
Jersey Island



Cynthia (Mom) & Jean
Jersey Island Age 9

School Relay Team 4X200
Jean: Far Right - Age 12





George & Cynthia
wedding



George & Cynthia with
three Grand kids



George's Parents



Ronald Ross, Calvin, Jean, George, Cynthia
February 26, 1966

PHOTOGRAPHY ONLY

Jean Wilson
By Jean Wilson

I was born March 1938 in Brondesbury Road, London, England to Vero George and Alice Margaret Playel. As a child I lived in Dudley Court, London. My father was a railroad detective inspector for British Railways. My mother was the housekeeper for my oldest sister Lucy, my older brothers, Ken and Roy and myself. At age three and one-half to four, my mother passed on with cancer. Dad's mother came to live with us and look after myself and sister Lucy.

My brothers went to aunts and uncles to live during the bombings of WWII. We stayed in London during that time and remember well, the bombs dropping and the noise they made. Some exploded within a city block of where I lived. A German bomb once hit a children's hospital nearby, an event that greatly saddened grandmother.

At age five I started school in London. At age eight, my father remarried. Her name was Cynthia Morgan, a cousin of my mother's and brother Ken's godmother. At first it was difficult to accept her as my mother, but as I got to know her she became accepted as a true mother who really cared for our family. Soon after the wedding my brothers came home to live and our family was together again.

In school I participated in sports, basketball, swimming and track which kept me busy when I wasn't studying.

At age 15 ½ I finished school and went into an apprenticeship as a hairdresser in Scott's of Regents Street, London. After four years, dermatitis became a problem and I went into manicure and pedicure at Peggy Sage in Regents Street, London. While employed there I served Winston Churchill's daughter, as well as several other notables. While employed there, Peggy Sage was bought out by another company and this place was closed down. I then went to work at Derry & Tom's as a beautician in Kensington High Street, London.

Later on, having had enough of serving the snobs of London, I took a job at the Victory Club of Marble Arch, London. I was a head receptionist at the club, which served British ex-service men and women who came to London for short stays for various meetings and other activities. It was while employed here that a work mate of mine decided, that because she was dating an American GI, that I should have a date also. It was then that A/C Calvin Wilson entered my life. That would have been late in 1963. We were married in February 1966, and you know the rest.

7) **Calvin Oliver Wilson** **Jean Lillian Playel**
Birth: May 22, 1939 March 1, 1938
Place: Gove County, Kansas London, England
Death:
Cemetery:
Married: February 26, 1966, London, England
Children born to this union;
 Kenroy Phillip October 5, 1967
 Toby Ray February 18, 1972

A. **Kenroy Phillip Wilson** **Melissa Marie Ehmke**
Birth: October 5, 1967 July 6, 1970
Place: Quinter, Kansas
Married: July 28, 1990, Dighton, Kansas
Children born to this union;
 Reece August June 3, 1995
 Brianne Allie (twin) April 13, 1999
 Brenna Marie (twin)) April 13, 1999

Divorced: 2007

Remarried: **Lori Ann Emig Hoeffner**
 Birth: February 14, 1976
 Place: Salina, Kansas
 Married: August 22, 2015; Hope, Kansas
Step-Children:
 Collin Patrick Hoeffner April 7, 2000
 Kelthyn Rose Hoeffner May 15, 2002
 Caleb Elliot Hoeffner June 21, 2005

B. **Toby Roy Wilson** **Susan Marie Sharp**
Birth: February 18, 1972 May 28, 1974
Place: Quinter, Kansas Hoxie, Kansas
Married: July 23, 1994, Dighton, Kansas
Children born to this union;
 Tristan Rhea November 3, 1997
 Connor Shaw May 14, 2009

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF BIRTH

The statutory fee for this certificate is 3s. 9d. where a search is necessary to find the entry, search fee is payable in addition.



GIVEN AT THE GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LON.

Application Number *546222*

REGISTRATION DISTRICT *Willesden*

1938. BIRTH in the Sub-district of *Uxbridge* in the *County of Middlesex*

No.	When and where born	Name, if any	Sex	Name, and surname of father	Name, surname, and maiden surname of mother	Occupation of father	Signature, description, and residence of informant	When registered	Signature of registrar	Name entered after registrar
	<i>First March 1938</i>									
	<i>127 Bondsbury Road N.2.</i>			<i>Wm George Playpel</i>	<i>Hlice Margaret Playpel formerly Wilkes</i>	<i>Railway Office Officer</i>	<i>T. G. Playpel Father 127 Bondsbury Road Uxbridge</i>	<i>Fifteenth March 1938</i>	<i>T. G. Playpel Registrar</i>	

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.

Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON, under the Seal of the said Office, the *15th* day of *March* 19*65*.

BX 142759

This certificate is issued in pursuance of the Births and Deaths Registration Act, 1953.

Section 34 provides that any certified copy of an entry purporting to be sealed or stamped with the seal of the General Register Office shall be received as evidence of the birth or death to which it relates without any further or other proof of the entry, and no certified copy purporting to be given in the said Office shall be of any force or effect unless it is sealed or stamped as aforesaid.

CAUTION.—Any person who (1) falsifies any of the particulars on this certificate, or (2) uses a falsified certificate as true, knowing it to be false, is liable to prosecution.

*See note over

He's in horseshoe heaven

■ Sport has passionate fan fueled by memories, desire to keep improving.

BY ERIN BROWN

The Hutchinson News
ebrown@hutchnews.com

To some, it's a dying sport, but to Dighton resident Calvin Wilson, pitching horseshoes is as much a part of his life today as it was when he started playing in the 1950s.

Wilson first became interested in horseshoe pitching as a kid in grade school. When he was growing up, several cities such as Hutchinson, Great Bend and Hays all had horseshoe pitching leagues.

"We went to family reunions every year and that's where I got interested in pitching horseshoes," Wilson said. "Whenever my family would get together on reunion day, we would play softball and pitch horseshoes."

For a while Wilson pitched horseshoes recreationally and didn't compete much in tournaments. When he returned from serving in the military in 1966, Wilson started to get more serious about the sport.

"When I got out of the service in 1966, I went down to Garden City for their horseshoe tournament and there were some women pitching and they were the Kansas state champions," Wilson said. "I found out when I pitched against them, that I didn't know



Wilson checks to see how many points were scored.

anything about horseshoe pitching. I started practicing a lot more and learned to be calmer and more focused."

Wilson grew up in Gove County and graduated from Jerome High School in 1957. Gove County is also home to legendary horseshoe pitcher Ted Allen, a 10-time world champion who set a record in 1955 when he threw 72 consecutive ringers. Allen has his own line of horseshoes and Wilson has used Allen's horseshoes for several years.

When he was in high school, Wilson used to meet

up with his friends after school and challenge kids from other counties in games of horseshoes.

"You just don't see that kind of stuff anymore," Wilson said. "There aren't a lot of youngsters interested in pitching horseshoes. It just keeps fading a little more every year."

Just like any other sports, pitching horseshoes has had its waves of popularity, Wilson said, but he doesn't see the sport returning to the popularity it had when he first picked it up.

Wilson competed Sunday in a horseshoe competition

in Wright.

Although horseshoe pitching competitions are becoming increasingly difficult to find, Wilson makes an effort to compete in as many as he can.

"There's a horseshoe tournament down in Garden City every year, and I usually try to do that," Wilson said.

For most tournaments, participants pay an entry fee of about \$5 or \$10, Wilson said. This money usually goes back to the contestants as prizes. The winner might be awarded about \$50, second place \$30 and third place \$20. But for Wilson, it has never been about the prizes.

"You just do it because you enjoy the sport," Wilson said. "The same way some people golf because they like to golf. I just enjoy pitching horseshoes."

It's the competition that drives him, as well as an effort to continue improving, no matter how long he has played.

"I've won a lot more games than I've lost," Wilson said. "But there have definitely been better horseshoe pitchers than me around."

Despite the outcome of the tournament on Sunday, Wilson left feeling the same way he usually does when tournaments end.

"It doesn't seem to matter how good or bad I do, I always feel that I should have done better," Wilson said. "Even if I had won, I usually feel like I should have done better."

Winter Haven
March 1, 1944

Dear Mrs. Wilson,
Mrs. Furtle is sending you a box containing comforts, sheets, pillow cases and blankets. Also a new coat. I hope you will like the things we are sending because we are anxious to help you.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Shepard Chen.
Red Cross.

The box has been sent by express.

Mrs. Helen Wilson
5 Shields
Haven

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS



Quinter Tave.
Mch. 7, 1944

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Wilson:
The Stone Co. Chapter of the Red
Cross has sent a carton of
bedding to the office of Mrs. Ray
Crippen, to be given to you because
of your loss by fire. If you
have not received it when you
get this card, please call for
it at the Court House.

Sincerely

Mrs. H. R. Jurtle
Chm. C. R. Stone Co. R. C.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr. Delmar Wilson
Shields
Kansas