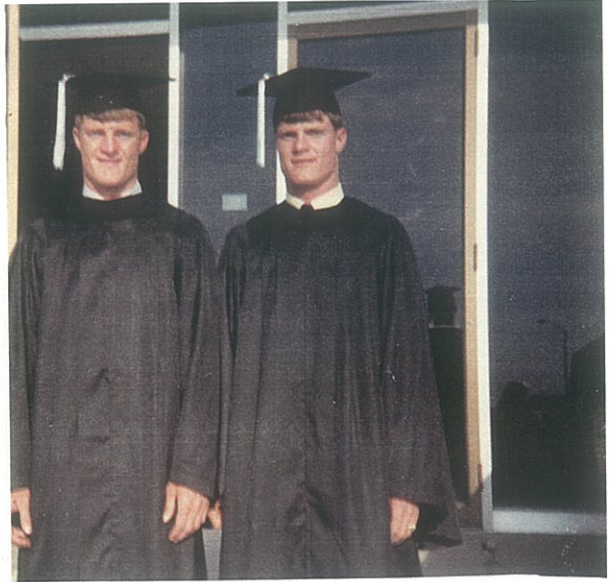
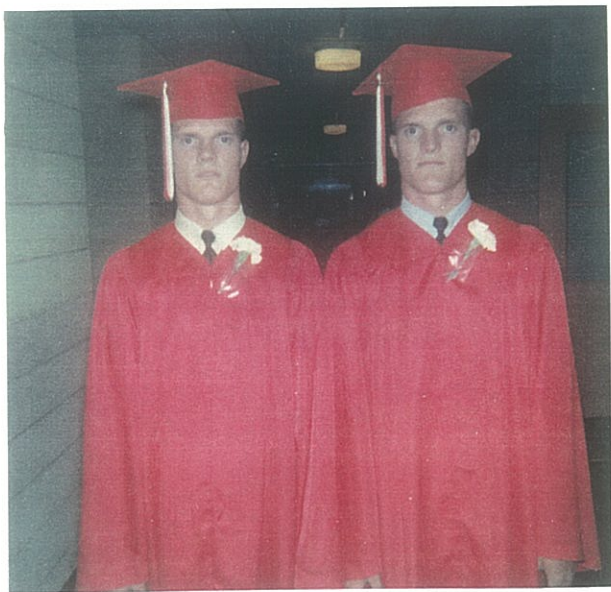


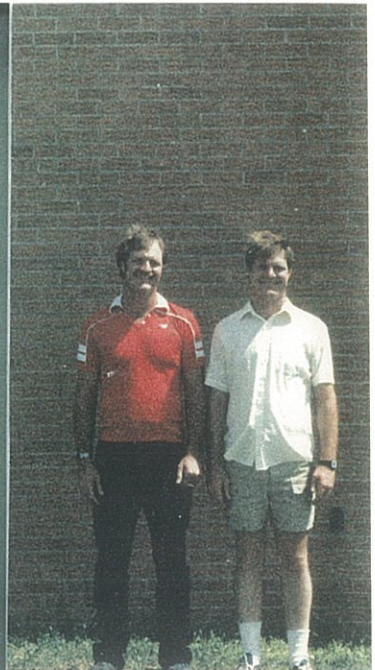
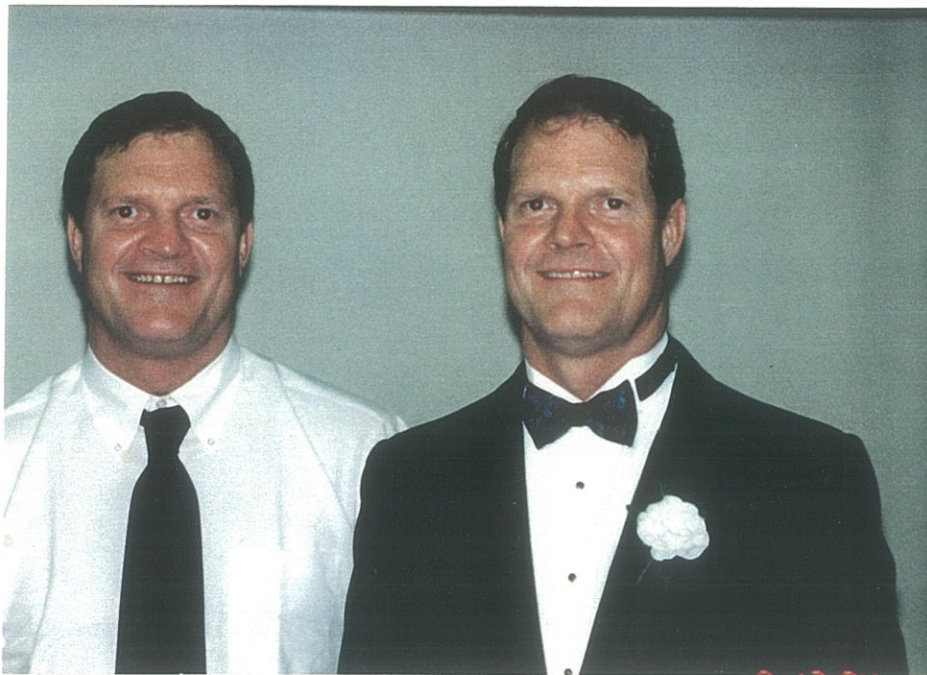
Chapter 10

Boyd & Margee

Wilson



Sr. H.S. Graduation-Floyd, Boyd 67 | Colby Jr. C- Boyd, Floyd 69

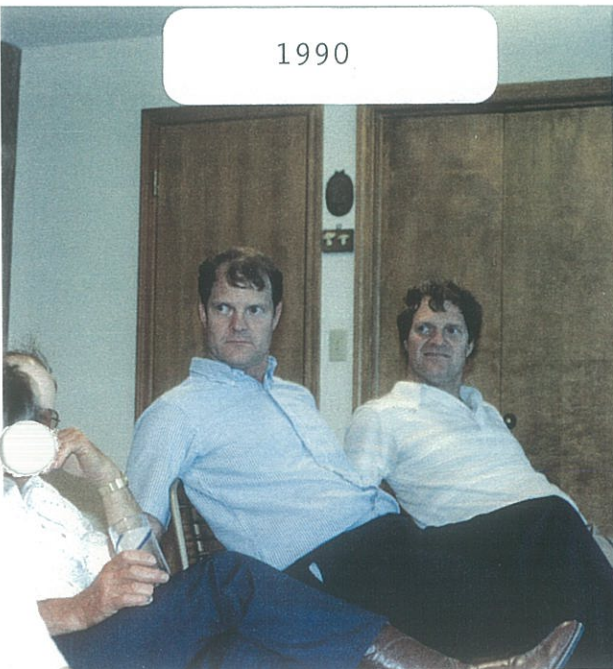


Boyd & Floyd, Sherrie's Wedding- 8/13/94

Boyd & Floyd 1985

1990

Mom's 90th Birthday- Oct. 1997



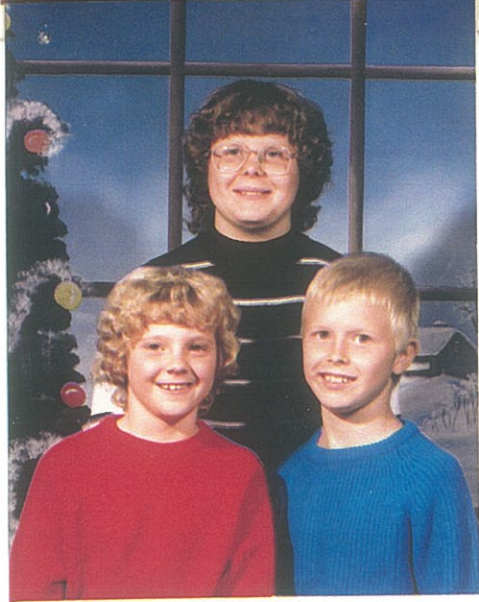
Iva, Boyd, Ina
1972



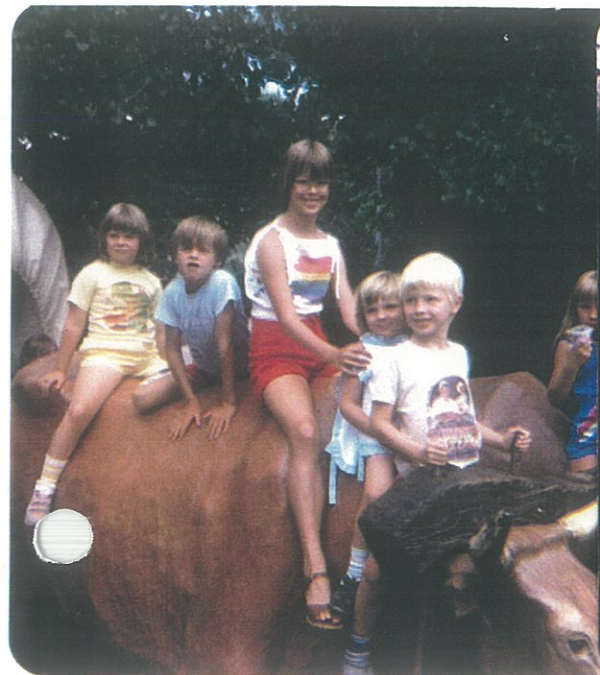
January 2, 1976



*Photographed by
Ralph Bieker*



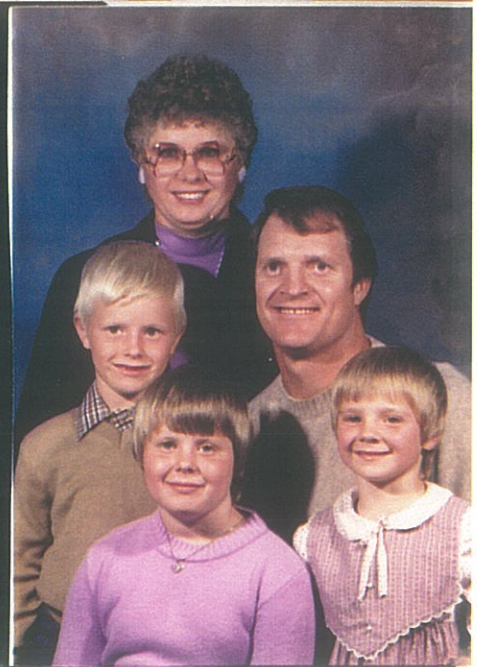
1989



Becky, Nathan, Sherrie,
Renee, Daniel 1983



1983



1985

Softball

1981 63-6 Record Aug. .559
1982 62-10 Record Aug. .495



Floyd, Boyd, Micky, Ricky Brown
Twins at Jerome School-1962



Duck Hunting - 1986
John Voght, Bill Manning, Boyd

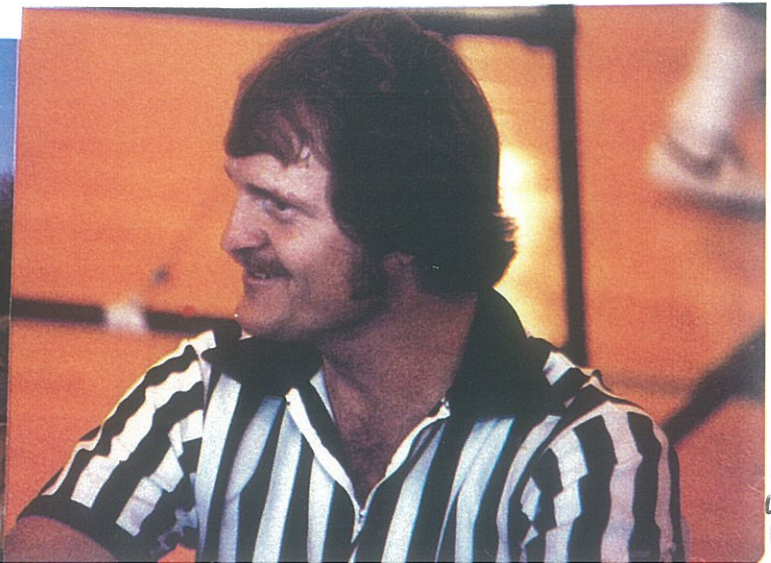


1996



My favorite passtime

Basketbaall & Volleyball
Ref 1971 to 1995





Becky Sr. 1995



B- Daniel, Boyd, Margee
F- Becky, Renee 1993



Renee Soph. 1998



Daniel Sr. 1997

BOYD'S MEMOIRS

I was born at home along the Smokey Hill River on March 17, 1948 along with a twin brother, Floyd. We lived 16 miles south and two miles east of Gove, Kansas. I was the last of the Delmer and Ina Wilson's ten children.

Floyd and I were identical twins and people had trouble telling us apart even through college. Growing up we did just about everything together. During our young years we would roam the pastures and river to bring home everything we could stick into our pouched bib overalls. That included pop rocks, wild onions, frogs, lizards, minnows and even eggs from the Cliff swallows that rest on the bluffs on the river. We would eat a lot of what we called Cactus Apples when they were bright red. Of course, you had to rub off the thorns that were on them. Sometimes you would get a sticker in your mouth because you didn't clean them off good enough. We also ate wild onions and Indian Bread (root of a plant).

We were accused of playing with matches and burned the house down. Mom said it was an electrical short on the porch that caused it. Anyway, we got to stay in the garage until the new house was moved in.

I started grade school with a mask on my face. Floyd and I were playing on a 1,000 gallon tank when it blew up in my face. I was throwing rocks into the tank and was looking inside to see the sparks glow inside the dark tank when it blew. I jumped off the tank and started running south away from the house. Floyd ran and caught me and took me to the house. They took me to Scott City. I don't remember how long I was hospitalized, but I do remember getting my first real toy - a truck that carried logs. I had to wear a mask over my face for several weeks.

We went to Jerome Grade School. It was two miles west from home on Highway 23. We rode to school with our sisters, but had to walk home most of the time. That walk sometimes took us two hours, but most of the time it was 1/2 hour. During bad weather Dad usually picked us up. There was a few times during the winter when it was real cold, we would put our lunch boxes down in the ditch and start running. We would get home in less than fifteen minutes with cold ears and fingers. Even today when we ask our kids to walk someplace, they say "I know you walked two miles home every day from school".

During the first four years of grade school we had four different teachers and all had a hard time understanding us. Floyd and I had a language of our own. Trisha had to explain to the teachers when we were trying to explain something. We made it through and were the last one to graduate from Jerome Grade School. We had eleven in school at the time. There were five Wilsons - Floyd, I and Dean's three - Earl, Beverly and Carl along with three Browns and three Johnson kids. The Brown family had twins too.

I received a lot of bumps and bruises during my grade school years. We were going to Kermit Johnsons place and Floyd and I were in the back of the old pickup. I decided to ride the running board the last 100 yards to the house. When I put my foot down, like I was riding a skate board, the force of going too fast pulled me off the pickup. I rolled quite a few times and got up and started running toward the house. Kermit saw me fall and started running toward me and yelled at Dad that one of the twins had fallen out of the pickup. Dad stopped and we all met at the pickup. I was ok except I was scraped from head to toe. My face and arms had a lot of scrape marks for a while. Another time visiting the Johnsons, Max walked up to us with a big dog beside him. Floyd and I were on both sides of Dad just standing there when Kermit's children came running up from the barn. They stopped beside Max when Don Johnson (one year younger than Floyd and I) reached out and grabbed my hand and said "let's go to the barn and play". At that time the dog jumped on me and bit my face. I had several stitches and four above my right eye and three on my lower jaw. The last we saw of that dog was going over the east hill with Max shooting at him with a 10.05 and Kermit with a .22. They never figured out why the dog did that

There was the time I was being chased by Floyd in the house and I slammed the bedroom door behind me and Floyd reached out and grabbed it to push it open again, but was late and the door shut and cut off the tip of his middle finger. Another time I jumped over a barb wire fence in our back yard and my leading leg didn't get high enough and the barb wire made a five inch cut in my calf. Otherwise, I cleared the fence find.

Floyd and I were throwing rocks at bottles we lined up at the junk pile. After setting bottles up a few times and breaking them, I was running up to set another row up when I fell and cut my right hand. I said it was ok and we could go on throwing at the bottles, but Floyd said we had to go to the house. When we got to the house, I got the garden hose and washed my hand and cut.

Floyd got Trisha and she made me go to the doctor office. I only had around 15 stitches.

Floyd and I had a lot of tree houses in the orchard. One time we were in the big cottonwood trees by the chicken house when a dust storm came down the draw. We started down. I was first and Floyd followed. About half way down, Floyd grabbed a dead limb too far out and it broke and he fell past me, through the limbs and to the ground. I went out on a long limb and swung down to the ground and ran to Floyd. He landed on a one-way disc and threw his wrist out. He had to wear a cast for six weeks. Calvin was home when Floyd was to have the cast taken off. Calvin said there was no need to go to the doctor to have it taken off. So Calvin did it. Floyd wasn't too happy that Calvin had taken it off.

Other mishaps include me running into Deloris' clothesline. My head stopped, but my body kept on going and my feet went into the air and flopped. I was on my back with a cut lip, gum and tongue. I ate through a straw for a few weeks. I also was riding my bike on the cement railing on our bridge once and fell into the creek. I was about a twelve foot drop. I landed on my back with bike on top of me. Luckily, I wasn't hurt. I also have five other big scars on me that I received when I was small. I don't remember how I got them. The story is that I fell off of the chicken house.

The good memories of growing up on the Smokey Hill River are many. Playing in the big barn for hours. We took wax paper to the tin roof and made a long slipper slide out of it. At the end was a eight foot drop off of which we usually had hay to land on. We played hide-seek, tag and other games running, climbing and jumping from floor to floor. During the blizzard of '58, Floyd, Trisha and I tied a rope between us and followed the fence to the chicken house, then to the barn. We would feed the cows and then play for a while. We did this for three days until Dad got home from work or until Calvin and Candy got home from Shields where they were getting groceries and were snowed in.

We had a lot of fun in the old barn until it burned to the ground on 4th of July in 1965. Dad, Mom, Floyd and I were watching TV when Mom said she could smell smoke. Dad went to the door and the barn was engulfed in flames. Dad called Roscoe and they brought the water truck over. I took the car and Dad the pick-up to the top of the hill and Mom got her trunk out of the house - like she always did. A lot of people helped with the fire as the strong south

wind caused the fire to spread to the orchard. We had the garden hose on top of the house, so the wood shingles wouldn't start on fire. We had one on the propane tank so it wouldn't blow. It took until past midnight to put the tree tops out. We were lucky that the Cedar trees behind the house didn't start on fire. We don't know what started the fire. It could have been a piece of glass laying on some hay with the hot sun shining on it. Anyway, no more hitting rocks on the roof from the hill side or sliding down the roof or playing inside.

I remember I would pitch to Calvin and he would hit it against the big barn. One time he hit it back to me and the ball hit me in the chest and knocked me down. I wanted to quit, but Calvin made me keep on pitching to him. Calvin taught me how to play baseball, how to shoot sunflower heads off that were sleeping in the wind with .22 rifle, to shoot jackrabbits on the run or rocks the size of a golf ball throwing in the air. I saw him shoot a pheasant out of the air on the fly with a .22. I would carry his jackrabbit he shot while hunting in the pastures that surrounds the house. We crawled upon some geese that landed on the river one time and he shot some and they turned out to be cranes. Another time we were hunting south of the river and we got stuck in the bottom of Plum Creek and Calvin wanted Floyd and I to drive the pick-up and we wouldn't so we had to walk one mile home. We did a lot of duck and pheasant hunting together. When he got back from England, Jean had to put up with Calvin and I hunting.

Growing up on the Smokey Hill River, we would see it flood four or five times a year - when I was young. We would go down to the bluff and throw rocks at patches of foam going down the river. When it went down, we swam in the dirty brown waters. You could come out brown because of all the dirt in the water. When it was down to a stream again we would hand catch Carp and Catfish. One of us would spread our legs and the other would walk the fish toward the other and as he felt the fish on his legs he would close them together. Then he would reach down and take the fish out. Many times we threw out 200 or 300 Carp.

One weekend Loyd and his boys and Floyd and I went hand fishing and had a blast. I don't remember how many channel cat we caught. But all the strings were full and doubled. Throw many Carp upon the banks.

On one of the last floods I remember came down the Smokey. We ran down to the river to find it dry. But when we looked up the river, we could see

the flood. We ran up to it and walked in front of it. I was moving at a fast walk. As we watched it go by and get bigger we decided to go to the Shields Bridge and watch it go under it. We ran back to the house, got a camera and took the car to the bridge. We parked it on top of the hill because we didn't know how far it would go over the bridge. We jumped down into the bottom and ran about 300 yards up stream and waited about 15 minutes for the flood to get there. I took pictures of it while going back to the bridge. I ran up onto the bridge and took pictures when it went under the bridge. I ran off and it was less than 10 seconds before the bridge was under water. It was amazing to us that as dry river creek could be out of its banks in less than 10 seconds.

There are many other stories on the Smokey - like when Floyd, Trisha, Calvin and I climbed the big cottonwood tree down by the field. We were in the top of it when it decided to fall over. We road it down and luckily no one was hurt. When Trish hit the ground a big limb landed next to her head. Calvin rolls out from under it and when it stopped I clung to a limb and my feet were stuck 6 feet off of the ground. I don't remember where Floyd ended up. But when I dropped down next to Trisha, I was glad that the limb hadn't hit her.

I started high school wondering if I could get to the right classroom for my classes. After a week I think Floyd and I had less trouble then the rest of the school because we now knew them and they didn't know us apart. Over the years we were called Lefty, Righty, Merle, Earl (our middle names) but most of the time just Wilson. That way they knew they were right. Roemer called us peat & repeat all the time.

We played baseball during the fall and spring. I played first or pitched all four years. We took second in State my freshman year. We played State on a softball field and therefore the light poles were 20 feet inside of the outfield fences. The next three years we were disappointed as we got beat in the finals regional every year.

Basketball was different than baseball for me because I had played baseball since I was a little boy, but basketball I had only played by myself or with Floyd in the grain storage on top of the hill. Every night during the winter of my seventh and eighth grade years, I would play until Dad arrived with a load of silage for the cows and I would scoop off the load into feeding bunks for Dad.

As a freshman in basketball I started out on the B-team and by Christmas break I suited up for the A-team. By the time we got to the State playoffs, I was playing some on the A-team. We took 2nd in State and I played in the semi and finals. We took 2nd in State in our junior year. Also, our senior year we got beat out by Brewster in the finals of the regionals. I had made the Salina's All Northwest Kansas team and Honorable mention in the State for class BB schools.

During high school Floyd kept me in line all the time. Sometimes he would come to me and say "you aren't going to do that", when I knew he had no idea what I was up to. But he seemed to know when I was up to some mischief.

I graduated in a class of 14 students. It was also the last class of Gove High School before they unified with Grainfield and Park.

I went to Colby Junior College on a basketball scholarship. Started on the team for two years at center. At 6'2" I played against players 4 to 8 inches taller than I was. It was a challenge, but I was usually faster than they were and therefore held my own. After graduating I went to Fort Hays State College. There I graduated with a math degree.

After graduation I went to Officers Training School in the Air Force at San Antonio, Texas. I joined so I wouldn't get drafted into the Army and go to Vietnam. My draft number was 33. After two weeks, I decided this isn't what I wanted to do for six years, so I got out. When I got out I was told I would go to the top of the draft and would be drafted in the first quarter of 1972. I was sent to the top for the January draft, but the President in December said that there would be no draft for 1st quarter of 1972. That set me free because if you weren't drafted within 90 days when you were in the pool, you were automatically exempt from being drafted. I was free!

After the Air Force, I went to work for Larry Evans. I had worked for Larry every summer since I was in the eighth grade. Through high school and college he was a real good man to work for. The one thing he had a hard time understanding was why I would play ball six nights a week. I played softball for three teams - Dighton, Gove and Selden. After college I coached the K18 for two years at Gove. During the winter I played basketball and bowled with Lawrence in Hoxie on Mondays.

I started refereeing basketball also. I was doing the freshman tournament at Grainfield when I saw Margee. Her little brother Rick was a freshman at Rexford and I was talking to him after the game when Margee walked over and said "Hi". I went to see her two weeks later in Hays and after going together for some time, I surprised everybody and I mean everybody, when I asked her to marry me. We were married on January 2, 1976 in Selden at 7:00 p.m.

I had met Margee at a town teen basketball game in Hill City my senior year in college. We went together the rest of the year until I graduated from college. After graduating we said good-by, not knowing we would meet again three and one-half years later.

Our first few years we spent in Hays. She worked as a RN for Dr. Eddy in the Eddy Clinic and I went to school. I finally got a job for Scheetz Motor Company in Norton as Business Manager in July, 1978. When we moved to Norton we had her Dad's pickup and her Uncle J.R.'s pickup and my old Dodge piled high. We had everything on except an old Lawn Boy mower that JR threw on top and said we look like Sanford and Son moving north.

We lived in Norton for ten years and then moved to Oberlin, as we had purchased the Sears Catalog store there. We were in business until Sears Catalog stores closed down in June 1993. We found out that they were going to close us in January of that year. Margee started working for the Cedar Living Center in February as a RN. She has been the head nurse for the past four years for the Long Term Care Center for 50 people. I have been working for her father, Richard Pauls, at the Pauls Furniture Store in Selden, Kansas.

We have three kids. Rebecca, born in Hays when we lived there. She graduated from high school top of her class and she scored a perfect 36 on her A.C.T. She is going to Kansas State College and now is a junior.

When Becky was born, Margee went into labor at 4:30 a.m. and I took her to the hospital where the doctor said she wasn't far enough along. So we went back home and sat in our front room with friends waiting. She didn't deliver until 11:30 that night.

Daniel also was born in Hays at 11:30 in the morning. We had a nice drive from Norton. He is going to Goodland Voc-Tech studying tell

communication, a two year program. He also is getting a degree from Colby Community College. He will be out in fall of 1999

Renee was also born in Hays. She is a junior and will graduate in the class of 2000!

I would like to thank all the people that have helped me through the years. Thanks for many movies we saw because Deloris and Wayne and Trish and Daryl were kind enough to take us. Thanks to Lawrence and Elinor for letting us stay with them during our freshman year in high school. My favorite job was toasting and buttering a loaf of bread for breakfast every morning. Although making two dozen donuts wasn't bad, especially for the appetite after we were done. We had a job we especially liked, also. Like doing dishes, putting up clean clothes, being home on time and babysitting, but how many teenage boys do that. I also want to thank Helen Johnson as she took us and her kids to swimming lessons, Bible school, baseball practices and many other things.

I remember Dad as a man that said things only twice before he acted. We slept downstairs and when we made too much noise he would yell at us to stop only twice. If you heard him walking to the door the third time it was too late. You headed for bed and got many blankets on top of you as you know you were getting a spanking. I don't remember how many times that happened, but it was a few times. It was the same way when he got home with a load of hay. He would honk twice and one of had to be out to help unload it the hay. Most of the time it was me as Floyd would help Mom get supper.

After Trisha got married, we would go to Dighton every Saturday night for supper and groceries. Floyd and I always had hamburger and fries. It was that way until we were seniors and then Dad let us order hamburgers or chicken fried steak.

On Sundays Dad listen to a baseball game on radio or TV. You didn't dare turn it off as Dad would wake up as soon as you did and would say "turn that back on".

One time we were warming up before a basketball game our senior year when he came down from the stands and told us we had our uniforms switched. We looked and I had Floyd's number and he had mine. We had warming up for

20 minutes and hadn't noticed it. We switched tops when we went into the locker room before the game started. Another time we were playing Wesken at Wesken when a lady sitting beside Dad said that number 42 kid is all over the place. One time he would be on the left side and all of a sudden he was on the right. She said he is sure blessed with speed. Finally, at a time out, Dad pointed out that there were two of us and that we were his twins.

TWINS AT DELMER WILSONS'

Twin boys were born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Delmer Wilson who reside on the former Fritz Bentley ranch which was purchased some time ago by R. S. Coberly. The babies were born at home March 17 and then were removed to the Ransom hospital where mother and boys are said to be doing nicely.

Floyd Earl weighed $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, Boyd Merl $5\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. There are now ten living children in the family.

Delmer, the father, has a twin brother Elmer who lives at La-Crosse, Kansas. 4/1/48

11) **Boyd Merle Wilson** **Margaret Kathryn Pauls (Margee)**
Birth: March 17, 1948 March 11, 1950
Place: Gove Co., Kansas Colby, Kansas
Death:
Cemetery:
Married: January 2, 1976; Selden, Kansas
Children born to this union;
 Rebecca Kay April 7, 1977
 Daniel Scott July 20, 1978
 Renee' Ann January 18, 1982

A. Rebecca Kay Wilson (Becky)
Birth: April 7, 1977
Place: Hays, Kansas

B. Daniel Scott Wilson Heather Dawn Shaver
Birth: July 20, 1978 August 17, 1978
Place: Hays, Kansas St. Louis, Missouri
Married: September 22, 2007; Oberlin, Kansas
Children born to this union;
 Parker Richard February 23, 2007
 Macie Elizabeth November 5, 2010
 Cooper Olen March 13, 2014

C. Renee' Ann Wilson Thomas Andrew Burlingham (Andy)
Birth: January 18, 1982 August 31, 1973
Place: Hays, Kansas Manhattan, Kansas
Married: July 7, 2007; Oberlin, Kansas

**Becky Wilson scores
"perfect" on ACT**

Rebecca Wilson, a niece of Lawrence and Elinor Wilson, and 1995 graduate of Decatur Community High School, recorded a rare scholastic achievement when she scored a perfect 36 points in all four areas on the ACT (American College Test). That's right, she did not miss a single answer on the 215 questions which covered reading, math, English and science reasoning. Typically, 890,000 to one million seniors nationwide take the test each year. Only eleven in last year's graduating class got a perfect score, according to Kelly Hayden, director of corporate communications for ACT in Iowa City, IA.

Becky was a student in the Norton schools from kindergarten to fourth grade. She took the ACT only once, in April of her junior year at DCHS. She is the daughter of Boyd and Margee Wilson of Oberlin and granddaughter of Betty Pauls, Selden and Mrs. Ina Wilson of Gove. Boyd graduated in 1967 from Gove High School.

Becky plans to study theoretical physics at K-State, as part of a double major in physics and

math. She said, "I like the faculty there and they have a good science department."

Becky's extra-curricular activities included Kayettes, national Honor Society, Spanish Club and Science Club. She led the Scholar Bowl Team to the State Finals and was also involved in band, speech and debate.

She is a National Merit Commended Student, a Governor's Scholar, a State of Kansas Scholar, a KU Honor Scholar and is on the K-State Dean's List as an Outstanding Student in Math and Science. Other honors she has received include a Dane G. Hansen Scholarship, the KSU Putnam Scholarship, The Robert C. Byrd Scholarship, the President's Award for Educational Excellence and, in music, the U.S. Marines Semper Fidelis Award and the Arion Award. Congratulations, Becky!!

Richard



ANNOUNCE ENGAGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pauls of Selden are proud to announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter, Margaret Kathryn, Boyd M. Wilson, son of Mrs. Ina Wilson and the late Delmar Wilson of Gove.

The bride-elect graduated from Selden High School, Colby Community College and

Fort Hays Kansas State College and is a registered nurse at the Eddy Clinic in Hays. Her fiance is a graduate of Gove High School, Colby Community College and Fort Hays State and is currently employed by Nordic Construction Co.

The wedding is planned for January 2, 1976 in the Sacred Heart Church of Selden.



Pauls-Wilson

Margaret K. Pauls became the bride of Boyd M. Wilson Jan. 2 in the Sacred Heart Church in Selden. The Revs. Clement Kruse and Bill Surmeier concelebrated the double ring ceremony.

Parents of the couple are Mr. and Mrs. Richard F.

Pauls, Selden, and Mrs. Ina Wilson, Gove.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride selected a floor length princess gown of miramist and Venise lace over bridal liner. Lace accented the yoke and stand-up neckline and the full-bishop sleeves edged with wide cuffs. A wide flounce topped with lace bordered the hemline of the skirt and the full attached chapel train.

Her chapel length mantilla was held in place with a picture hat trimmed with lace ruffles. She carried a colonial bouquet of yellow roses, purple, aqua, green and pink carnations entwined with baby's breath.

Janella Pauls served as maid of honor. Attendants were Jaelyn Pauls, Janice Campbell and Joyce Franklin. Lynn Krampe was best man with groomsmen Cliff Beougher, Robert Threlkel and Jeff Pauls.

Seating the guests were Richard J. Pauls, Herman Schlageck Jr., Marvin Wilson and Charles Packard. Lee Ann Schlageck and Kenroy Wilson lit the candles.

Flower girls were Kathryn Smith and Kathryn Groom. Toby Wilson was ring bearer. The bride graduated from Selden Rural High School, Colby Community College and Fort Hays State. She is a registered nurse employed at the Eddy Clinic.

Her husband graduated from Gove High School, Colby Community College and Fort Hays State. He is doing graduate work at Fort Hays State.