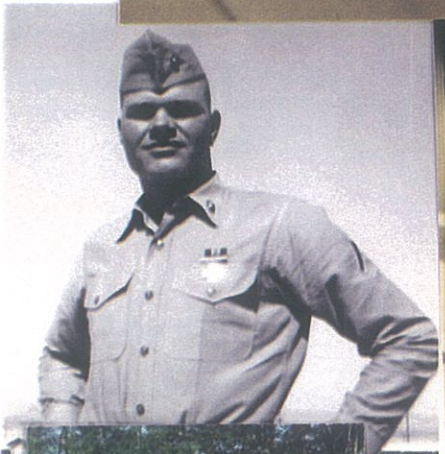
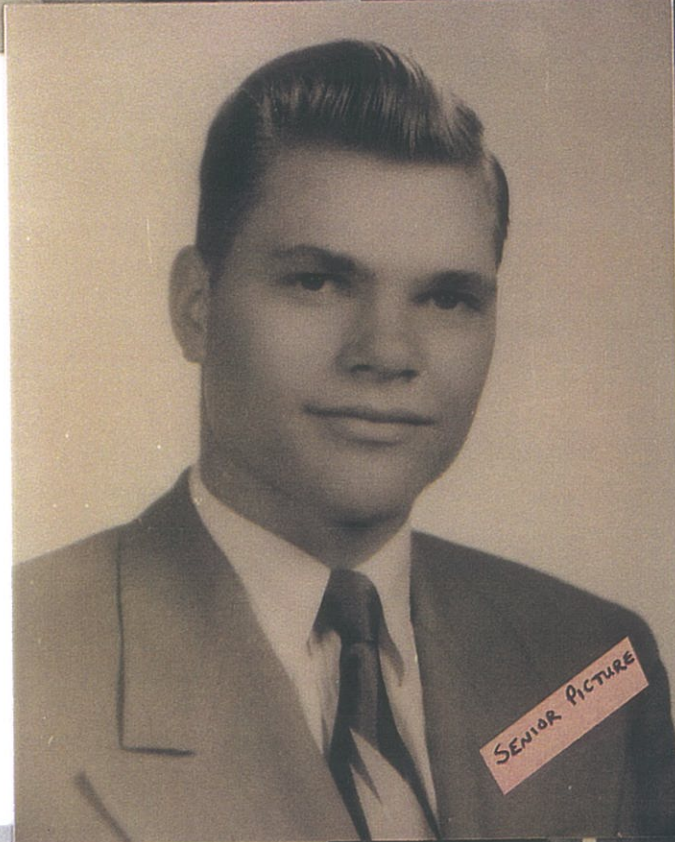
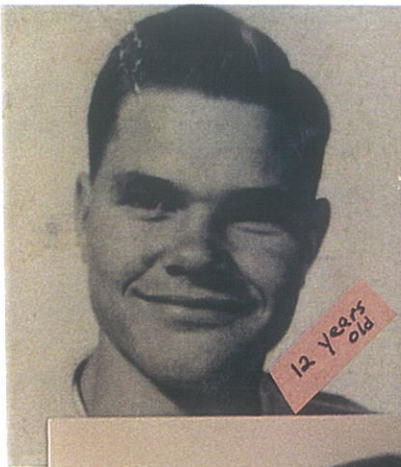
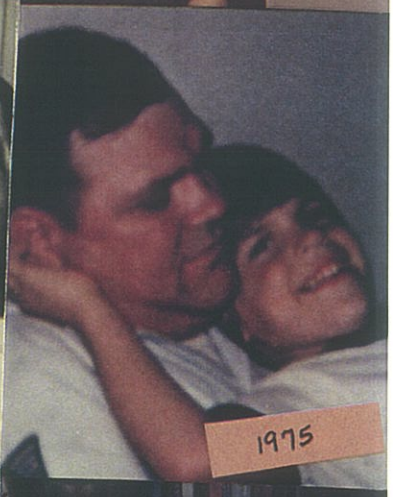
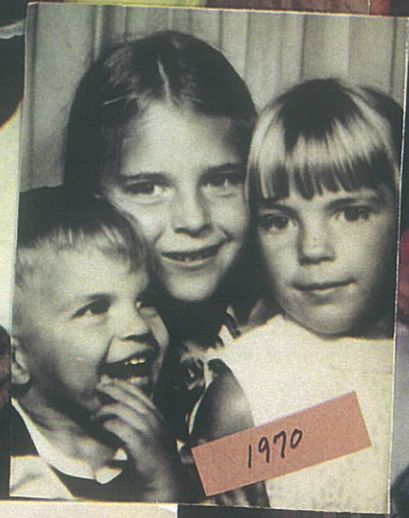
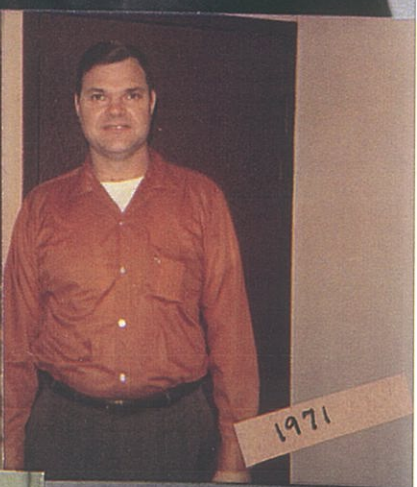
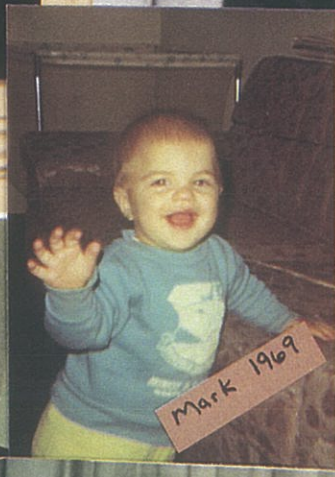
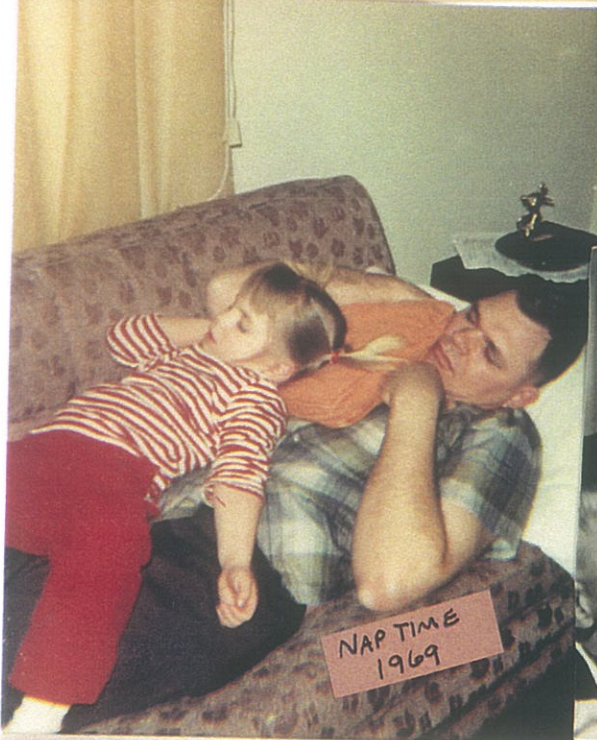
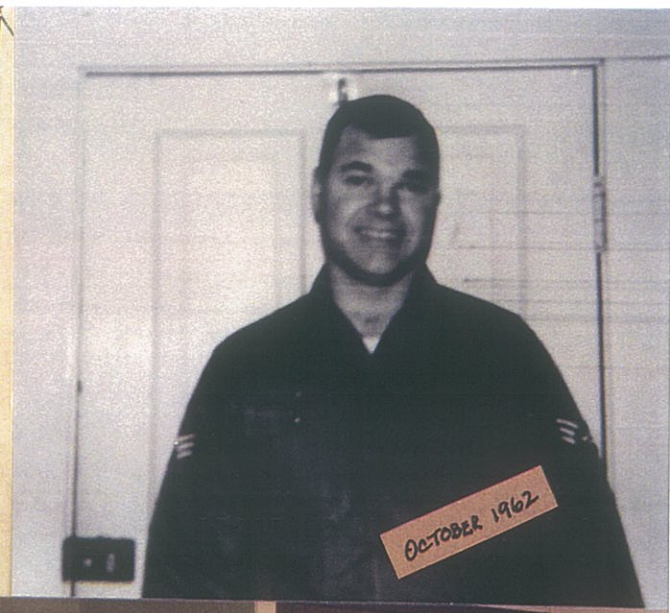


# Chapter 4

Delmer Jr. & Elisann  
Wilson







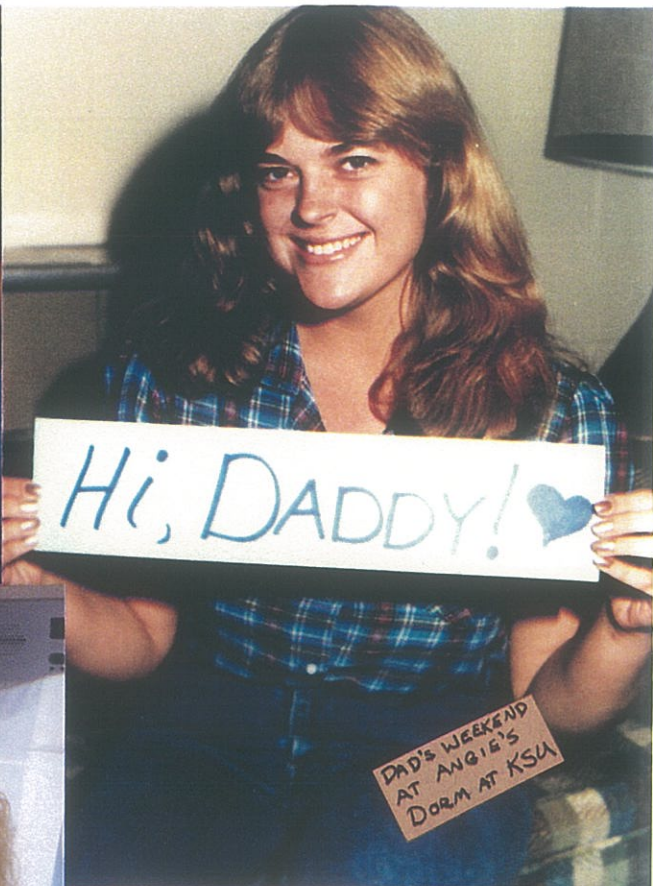




ELSIAW  
+  
ALEX



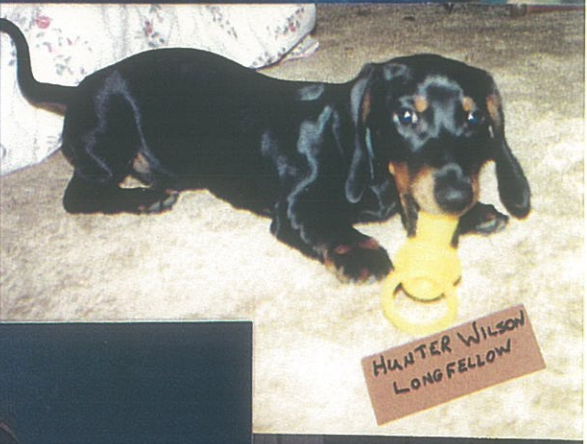
ANGIE +  
OSCAR



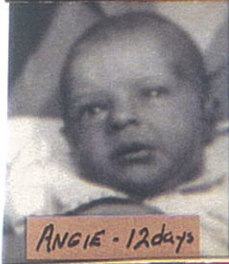
DAD'S WEEKEND  
AT ANGIE'S  
DORM AT KSU



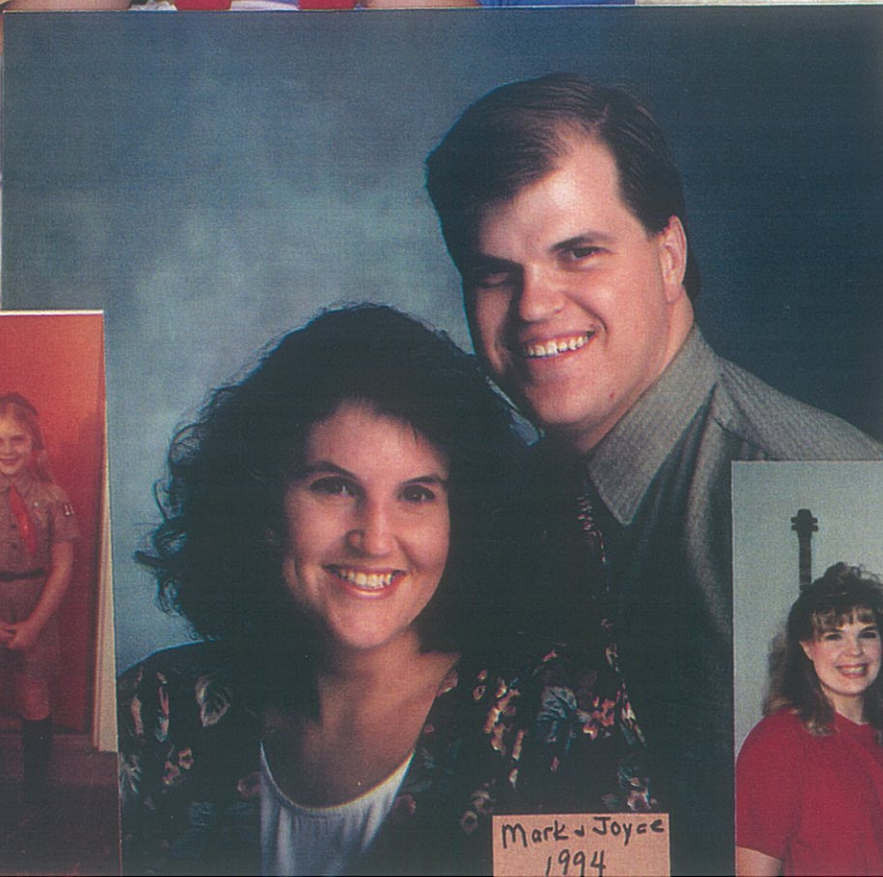
JUNE 24, 1996  
ALEX - 1 DAY  
OLD



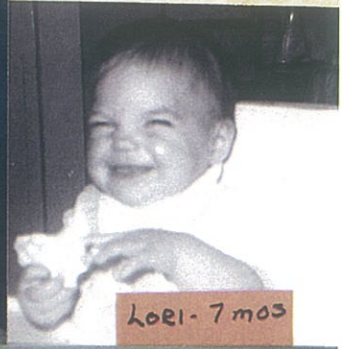
HUNTER WILSON  
LONGFELLOW



ANGIE - 12 days



Mark + Joyce  
1994



LORI - 7 mos



ANGIE + MARK  
1970



LORI, MARK + ANGIE  
1989



## Delmer Floyd Wilson, My Brother

By Deloris Packard

When we were living on Cheyenne Creek (west of Hwy 23) I remember that it had rained a lot and we were playing outside. Jr. had so much mud on his shoes that he kicked his foot trying to get the mud off. His shoe wasn't tied and went flying into the creek. We never did find it.

Also, while living on Cheyenne Creek, Jr. and I were very hungry for Mom's canned peaches, so we went into the cellar to get some. We couldn't get the lid off, so Jr. knocked the top off the jar with a stick and we ate the peaches. I don't remember if we were punished.

When we were living north of Davis', Jr. stepped over the side of the porch wall (maybe to avoid the snake hole on the opposite side) and stepped on the thorns of a locust tree. It went in deeply and was sore a long time.

When we lived at the Bentley home place, the older boys wanted us younger kids to play baseball with them. There weren't enough ball gloves to go around, so they flattened large peach cans and bent them in the shape of a "C" just close enough so the ball would stick in it. It was a little better than barehanded, but not much! I think it was Jr. and Loyd that made our peach can "ball gloves".

When living at the Bentley house Jr. would tease me that we had the same initials and I remember getting very angry at him. And another "adventure" was that Jr. was going to shoot a shotgun that didn't have a stock. I wanted to shoot it, but he said that he would shoot it first. When it fired, it knocked him down and badly bruised his shoulder. And, no, I didn't take my turn!

When Jr. was in high school, he stayed at John and Maude Courtney's and walked to the cafe to eat breakfast before going to school. It was very cold and windy and Jr. didn't wear a coat. Mr. Myers, who ran the cafe, said, "Don't you have any more sense than to go without a coat when it's so cold, you pistol-headed fool?" The nickname "Pistol" stuck.

Jr. was very smart, especially in math. Often times when the teacher, Mr. Klemm, would have difficulty with a problem in class, Jr. would solve it.



I don't know if I was an 8th grader or freshman when Dad told Jr. to drive the car to Shields so I could get groceries. Jr. said I had to drive or we wouldn't go I knew Dad wouldn't be happy if we didn't get groceries so I drove to Shields, going about 30 mph and got groceries. The twins were with us. We got to the corner just east of Davis' and I didn't slow down quite enough. I stopped on the edge of the road and the car rolled over. The eggs broke all over the twins. Davis' took us and the remaining groceries home. I don't remember Dad being angry and he got a new car. He made me get in and drive and I was scared to death!

Lydia Packard told me that a snow storm stranded Jr. in town one weekend (when he usually went home) and Wayne invited him to come to his house. They played Monopoly for two days.

Jr. attended Ft. Hays State College (1 or 2 semesters ?). I remember that some of the pranks that some of the other kids pulled on him were that they would reset his alarm clock so he missed a lot of classes. He asked one professor why he didn't get an A in that class as he made A's on the tests. The professor told him that if he had been to class one more day that he would have been there half the time and he would have given him an A.

Jr. then enlisted in the Marines. When he was home on leave, he came to the high school, wanting to borrow the car which Calvin and I used to get back and forth to school. Calvin wouldn't give him the keys, so Jr. hotwired it and took off. Calvin had sports practice after school and afterward we were left sitting on the high school steps until Jr. returned. Jr. was in the Marines four years, and then switched to the Air Force for the remainder of his military career.

The following is a letter than Jr. wrote postmarked June 2, 1954.

Hello There!

I went out in the desert Wednesday and fired the 50 caliber machine gun. We fired at a drone (a radio controlled airplane about 4 ft. long). It travels 200 mph. Of course, none of us could hit it, but some of us came within 15 yards of it. It's going so fast you can't sight in on it, you just have to watch the tracers, every 5th bullet is a tracer. No one has ever hit a drone with a single mounted 50 caliber yet. The 2nd Automatic Aircraft Artillery (AAA) 90mm



Gun Battalion was firing at the drones that morning and they got 5 of them all morning. They were using 90mm guns mounted on tanks and Quad 50's. Quad 50's are four 50 caliber machine guns mounted on an AmTrack. They have a traversing mechanism which sights the guns in almost automatically. An AmTrack is just like a truck with tracks for back wheels.

The 2nd of June, we will go out into the desert for 10 days and fire the 155mm guns again. Only this time we will have aggressors. We will be issued blank ammunition for our M1 rifles to fight the aggressors with. I think the aggressors are going to be troops from Camp Pendleton, but noone knows for sure. It may be another Battalion from here on the base. We will mount machine guns in fox holes around our positions and have security watch 24 hours a day. The only live ammo we will shoot will be with the 155mm guns. The 155mm's are the biggest guns the Marine Corps has got.

Five guys from our Battery are going to Korea in the June draft. I imagine I will be there, too, after I have had 6 months service state side.

Has Loyd been home on leave yet? How does he like the Army? I think he was crazy to take the Army. He is going to have twice as much trouble making rates and won't get near as much training.

We finally got our test papers back from that promotion test we took. I got the 2nd highest grade in the Battery, which was 90, the highest was 93 and the guy that got that got a 72 hour pass. We only needed 65 to pass the test. What I don't like about it is we have to be P.F.C. 6 months before we can make corporal and by that time there might not be a shortage of corporals like there is now. But I guess P.F.C. is not too bad, but at least corporals get \$10.00 more pay and don't have to stand guard duty.

Did Calvin and Deloris ever get those things I sent them? I just found out that you can't save money on this base because have to go 150 (miles?) when you go on liberty and prices are high, and if you don't on liberty, the heat and the same old daily routine will just about drive you batty. If I ever make staff sergeant and find survey very interesting, I might (ship over) or in other words, extend my enlistment another year or two. I know darn well I am not going to be a 20 year man, though. I will get an increase in pay: 1. For every promotion. 2. For every 2 years in service and 3. Went overseas.

Could you send me Loyd's new address?

Pistol



## Memories of Delmer Jr. By Loyd

One day while living at the house west of 23 Highway several of us went to the cottonwood trees on the creek about 1/8 mile south of the house. We decided to climb one of the trees which had a branch low enough that, with a boost, the younger children could climb the tree. Somehow Delmer managed to slip when about 12 to 15 feet up the tree. He hit at least two tree branches on his way down which saved him from any serious injury. He was stunned and I thought he was seriously hurt, but by the time I got down to him, he was on his feet, saying "I'm not hurt". I don't think our folks ever knew about this incident. I don't remember any more group tree-climbing expeditions. As I remember, I always liked climbing and may have been the instigator of this climbing experience.

Delmer and I played cowboys and Indians together. Our bedroom was a room with an outdoor entrance to the porch. On warm moonlit night, Delmer and I would sometimes sneak quietly out of the house after everyone had gone to bed. We would go play on the hill east of the house. But it seemed like we had never learned how to play quietly. We soon made enough noise to be told to get back to bed and stay there.

From the age of 13 or 14, it became apparent that Delmer had a mind of his own. He was generally easy-going, but once he had made up his mind to something it was very difficult or nearly impossible to get him to change his mind.

As an example, one time we went down to the Smokey Hill River which was at flood stage with trees and branches coming by in the water. Delmer decided he was going to swim the river even after we tried to convince him he could not make it across. He still insisted on swimming the river, which he did and then swam back across rather than walk at least two miles to the bridge to get back home.

During the summer we seemed to cover a lot territory while playing. One of our favorite things was to go down to the Smokey Hill River about a 1/2 mile east on the south side to a stand of trees. These were a kind of willow tree which were approximately 30 feet tall and very limber. We would climb up until the tree bent over enough so our feet would touch the ground. We



would then give a push which would take the tree back to an upright position. Then our weight would bring it back down again. This made a one-person high-flying teeter-totter.

In high school, Delmer was in school plays. At one time he was in a special (I thing, one act) play that was presented at Gove High School and then at Grainfield. I especially remember this because I drove him to Grainfield in the Chevrolet pickup. When we came to the Highway 40 intersection to stop, I suddenly realized I had no brakes. Apparently there was no traffic on the highway. I could not stop and was going too fast to make the turn onto the highway, so we shot across the highway and the railroad tracks to the dirt road into Grainfield from the west. I was real shook up by this incident, but Delmer didn't seem to be bothered. I have no recollection of how we got home after this escapade.

During his high school years, Delmer loved to argue for the sake of arguing. He would tell you to pick a subject and the side of the subject you wanted to argue and he would convince you that you were wrong.

In 1949, the year that Delmer was a sophomore, we had a new teacher named Mr. Miller. In those days, school hot lunches were served at the grade school in Gove which necessitated a two to three block walk or drive for high school students to go to lunch. I was in a carload of boys driving back from lunch on a warm fall day during the first week of school. With the car windows down, we passed Mr. Miller walking back to the high school. As we passed him, someone in the car said, "Hello, George", and ducked down. When school resumed after lunch, we had an all-school assembly. Mr. Miller informed us that we were addressing him only by calling him Mr. Miller. From that day forward, Delmer always greeted him by saying, "Hello, George", whenever and wherever he met him. Delmer spent a lot of time in the school study hall where he was sent after each encounter. Maybe that made him smarter than the rest of us since he had so much more time to study.

P.S. The person who had called Mr. Miller "George" was, of course, the principal's son who was the only person who knew his first name. He had seen it on the papers in his dad's office.



## "IF THEY CALL ME PISTOL, I MUST BE A SON OF A GUN"

By Elsiann

I think the rest of the family can report on their childhood memories better than I can. But, I would like to share with everyone some of the events of Delmer's life after I met him.

I met Delmer in December of 1960. He was stationed in Hutchinson at the radar site there. A friend of his was dating a friend of mine. We all "happened" to be at the same restaurant at the same time. I knew that Nancy and Ben (the friends) had set it up and I assume he knew it too. We all had cokes or something and talked and he asked me if I would like to go to the movie the next Saturday night. We went to see John Wayne in "North to Alaska" at the drive-in.

I didn't know he didn't have a car. He rented a new Chevrolet (I think) and I was impressed. He wore his dress uniform and he looked very handsome. I think I was a goner as soon as I opened the door. It wasn't long before he bought an old (1952) light green Plymouth and after that I saw him almost every weekend.

I remember once he was planning to go home to help during harvest. He hadn't told me about his nicknames yet and when he called and told them it was Delmer they didn't know it was him. He said, "It's Delmer, Delmer Wilson, Junior, it's Pistol. They finally understood.

I remember when we were getting acquainted he showed me some pictures of his brothers and sisters that he carried in his wallet. He said they were all smart and that there wasn't a loser in the bunch. He was very proud of everyone.

We married on November 23, 1961, Thanksgiving morning. The next Labor Day, September 3, 1962, Angie was born. He was so proud of her. He took the week off work and spent hours looking at her through the glass in the nursery. Two years and four months later, on January 7, 1965, our sweet little Lori was born. We lived in Hutchinson until she was 6 months old.

Our first move in July, 1965, was to the very small town of Opheim, Montana, an isolated radar site just 10 miles from the Canadian border. We



pulled into town one afternoon about 4:30 and stopped at the local post office to ask if they knew of any available rentals. We rented our house sight unseen over the phone. We lived there for almost a month waiting for our lost furniture to appear. It arrived 3 days before our first guests, Delmer's dad, Lawrence, Elinor, Boyd, Floyd, Cliff, Bruce, and Lisa surprised us with a visit. I have often wondered what we would have done if our household goods had arrived a week later. We had a great visit though and all worked out fine.

From Opheim we went back to Hutchinson for a year and then moved to North Dakota in August, 1968. Mark was born there on February 1, 1969. He was our only child born in a military hospital. He weighed 7 lbs. 7 1/4 oz. and cost us a total of \$7.50. I always said he was the best bargain I ever got at just \$1 a pound.

I remember one trip back to Gove when Mark was about 2 years old. It was after your mom moved into town and we stayed the night with her. In the morning she fixed oatmeal for breakfast. Oatmeal has always been a little slimy for my "taste" and I didn't know if my kids would eat it. Mark not only ate it but he relished every bite and ate two bowls right down. When the time came for us to leave we were all outside preparing to go and Mom disappeared into the house. We didn't know why she left and didn't know if we should just go on or wait and say a final goodbye. A couple of minutes later she came out with the box of oatmeal and told us to take it home and feed it to Mark. A very touching grandmotherly gesture, I thought.

We spent a year in Biloxi, Mississippi and a year in Wichita, Kansas before we went to the Philippines for our only overseas assignment. Delmer left in April 1972, and the kids and I followed in August after he had gotten housing on base for us. It was exciting and interesting for us to live there and see how another culture lives.

We arrived there on a very hot afternoon after being delayed in San Francisco for 15 hours and then spending another 15 hours on the plane. Needless to say, we were exhausted and very jetlagged. In the middle of the first night there we woke up at 4:00 a.m. to the sound of all three kids running around the house investigating their new surroundings.

We enjoyed our two years there. It was a very interesting time politically. Nixon was going through the whole Watergate thing and the Viet



Nam War was winding down. The POWs were eventually released and came through the hospital at our base before going on to the States. At first, we were asked to stay away and give them privacy but after the first planes came, the POWs themselves asked where the people were and were disappointed that no one was welcoming them home. They encouraged us to go down to the flight line and greet them. A very emotional experience when you thought about all they had been through. Some of them visited the schools and talked to the children. One of my neighbors had been wearing a POW bracelet for several years and was very excited to learn that the colonel whose name was on her bracelet was scheduled to be on the first plane out as he was one of the first captured. When the plane arrived he wasn't on it because one of the younger guys had a father who was dying in the States and he had given up his seat so the young man could go home in time to see his father. I am still so impressed by his generosity.

We spent the last two years of our military life in Louisiana, which we loved, and then moved back to Hutchinson in July 1976. Delmer started working at Cessna in September and we bought our house in January, 1977. Angie was starting high school and Lori and Mark were in the 6th and 2nd grades.

We had 12 years there and had a great time raising kids and going to ball games. Delmer always wanted his kids to go to college. I think he was disappointed that he hadn't finished himself. He took a lot of schooling through the service and always was the class leader. He was extremely intelligent.

Our three kids were in college at K-State when he died in March, 1988. We had just learned that he had heart problems and he was scheduled for angioplasty when he had a heart attack and died. We were all devastated and so shocked. I am thankful that we had as much time together as we did. He set a good example for his family and raised three wonderful and responsible children. We all miss him.

Coincidentally, all of our kids live in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area of Texas. Angie lives in Dallas and works as Managing Editor of the magazine her company, Automotive Service Assn., publishes for their members. She is planning to move nearer her job in Bedford by this fall. Lori and her husband, Monte, have both worked for American Airlines for several years and live in



Grapevine. They have a son named Alexander Wilson Hall who was born on June 23, 1996. He is sweet, wonderful and adorable little boy and the apple of his Grandma's eye. We all enjoy him a lot. Mark travels a lot in his job for Nokia, a cellular phone company based in Finland. His wife, Joyce, is a teacher. They built a house last year in Trophy Club.

I feel very close with my family and am so thankful for all of them. I go to Texas as often as I can and always enjoy the time I spend with them. I have been lucky in many ways. I moved to Chicago in September 1988 to work for Kay Alden, a cousin here who is co-headwriter for "The Young and Restless". I wasn't sure that I wanted to move here and only agreed to come for one year. I have been here for over 9 years now. I get to see my family often and things are going well. I still have my house in Hutchinson and my car is still in my garage. I enjoy staying there when I am in Kansas. I am going to retire in early 1999 and move back home. It will be difficult to leave in many ways but I look forward to having more time. Life is pretty busy in the "big city". I plan to return to Chicago periodically during the first year to help make the transition easier on everyone. (Especially me!)

I have enjoyed knowing the Wilsons all these years and being a part of the family. Delmer (a.k.a. Junior, a.k.a. Pistol) was right. There isn't a loser in the bunch! I always look forward to hearing from you all and you are welcome to visit any time.



## Article from; Echoes of the May 27, 2000

### Gove Rural High School Reunion

Delmer Wilson Jr. "Pistol" was born April 18, 1935. I am taking Delmer's history out of the Wilson family history book. He was the fifth child in a family of ten.

Delmer met his wife, Elsiann Smyers of Hutchinson, in December 1960. He was stationed in Hutchinson at the radar site. They got married November 23, 1961, Thanksgiving morning. Their first child Angie was born September 3, 1962. Lori was born January 7, 1965, both at Hutchinson, Kansas.

Delmer Jr. attended Fort Hays State College one or two semesters. Then he enlisted in the Marines for four years. He switched to the Air Force for the remainder of his military career.

Their first move from Hutchinson was in July 1965 to Opheim, Montana, an isolated radar site just ten miles from the Canadian border. Then they moved back to Hutchinson for a year and then moved to Minot, North Dakota in August 1968, where their only son, Mark, was born February 1, 1969. He was their only child born in a military hospital. He weighed 7 lbs. 7 1/4 oz. and cost a total of \$7.50. He was the best bargain they ever got at \$1.00 a pound.

They spent a year in Biloxi, Mississippi and a year in Wichita before moving to the Philippines, their only overseas assignment. That was in April 1972.

The last two years of Delmer's military career was spent in Louisiana where he retired in July 1976 to Hutchinson.

Delmer started working at Cessna in September. They bought their house in January, 1977.

Delmer and Elsiann had a great 12 years at Hutchinson raising kids, going to ball games and such. Delmer wanted his kids to go to college. The three kids were in college at K-State when Delmer died in March 1988. They had just learned he had heart problems and was scheduled for angioplasty when he had a heart attack and died. Delmer set a good example for his family and raised three wonderful and responsible children.

They all live around Dallas/Fort Worth, Texas. Angie is the Managing Editor of the magazine her company, Automotive Service Assn., publishes. Lori and her husband, Monte both work for American Airlines. Mark travels a lot in his job for Nokia, a cellular phone company based in Finland. His wife Joyce is a teacher. Elsiann has three adorable grandchildren.

Elsiann moved to Chicago in September 1988 to work for Kay Alden, her cousin, who is headwriter for "The Young and the Restless." She semi-retired in 1999. She moved back to her home in Hutchinson, but makes frequent trips to Dallas and Chicago.

By Elinor Wilson



**Delmer & Elsiann Wilson Jr.**



NOVEMBER 23, 1961



TAKEN IN THE PHILIPPINES 1973

Name: Delmer Floyd Wilson Jr.

Elsiann Doris Smyres

Birth: April 18, 1935

July 27, 1942

Place: Gove Co., Kansas

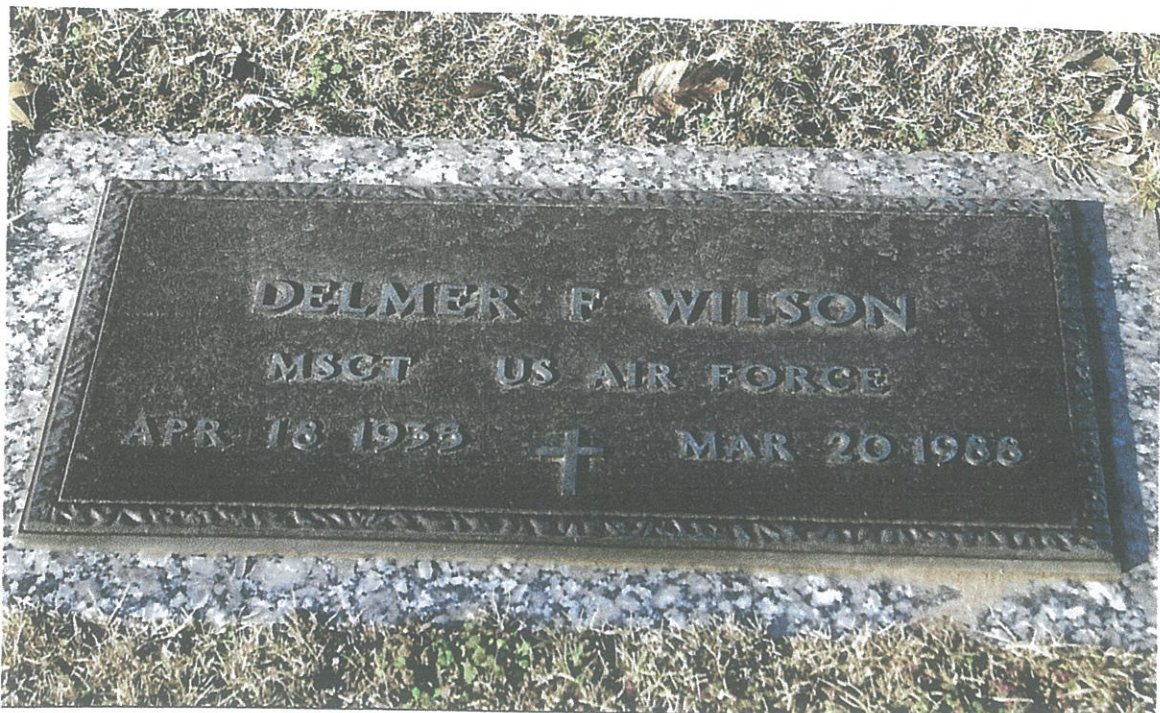
Hutchison, Kansas

Death: March 20, 1988

Cemetery: Fairview, Hutchinson, Kansas

Married: November 23, 1961; Hutchinson, Kansas

Children: Angela, Lori, & Mark.





OBITUARY  
March 20, 1988

## Delmer F. Wilson

HUTCHINSON — Funeral services for former Gove County resident Delmer F. Wilson, 52, were Tuesday, March 22, in Elliott Chapel, Hutchinson, with the Rev. Melvin Walton officiating. A graveside military service was conducted by the McConnell Air Force Base Honor Guard at Fairlawn Cemetery, Hutchinson.

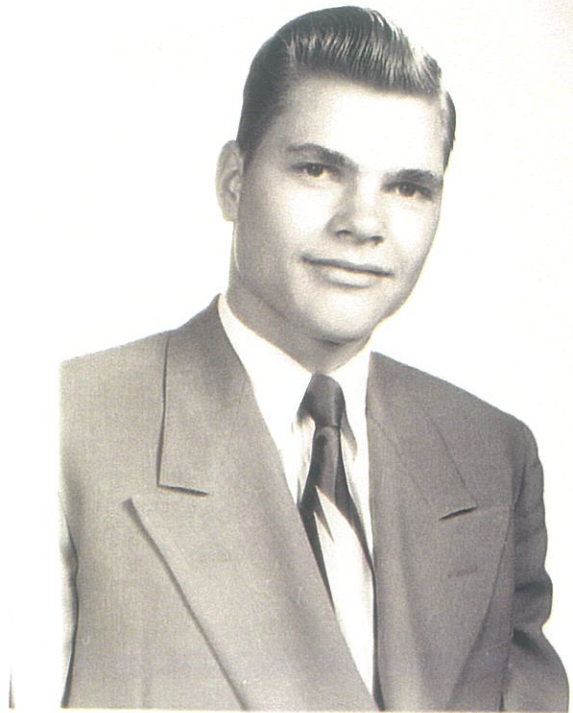
Wilson died Sunday, March 20, at Hutchinson Hospital, after a short illness. He was born April 18, 1935, in Gove County. He married Elsiann Smyres Nov. 23, 1961, in Hutchinson. He was a master sergeant in the U.S. Air Force, retiring in 1976. He was an electronic technician at Cessna Fluid Power Division and was a longtime Hutchinson resident. He was a member of First Christian Church, Hutchinson, and a Vietnam War veteran.

Survivors include his wife, of the home; a son, Mark, Manhattan; two daughters, Angela Wilson and Lori Wilson, both of Manhattan; his mother, Ina Wilson, Gove; five brothers, Lawrence, Gove, Loyd, Jetmore, Calvin, Shields, Boyd, Oberlin, and Floyd, Aurora, Colo.; and four sisters, Deloris Packard, Gove, Eva Flowers, Ingalls, Carmellia Wildeman, Salina, and Trisha Groom, Lindsborg.

The family suggests memorials to the American Heart Association.



Husband & Father  
1973



Senior 1952

AUG 1964



Father & Son  
Fishing in Coos Bay, Oregon  
August 1964

10  
15





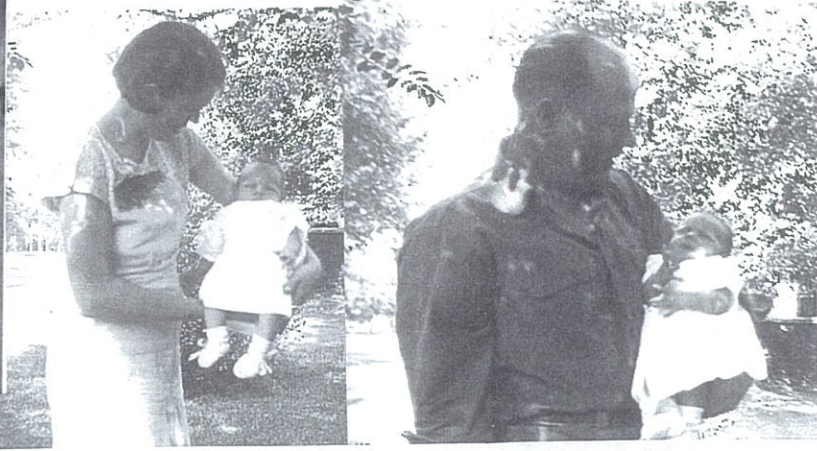
Rosie -7, Elsiann -3wk, Janelda -5



B -- Victor, Lucile, Janelda  
M -- Rozella, Phillis, Elsiann  
F -- Dale -- 1953



Rosie, Elsiann, Janelda  
1943



Lucile & Me -- Aug. 1942 -- Victor & Me  
Elsiann around 2 weeks old



7 Yr. Old



8 Yr. Old





Lucile, Janelda, Phyllis, Elsiann, Rozella, Virctor -- 1947

Elsiann 20 Months



Lucile & Victor -- 1937



My 1st Birthday  
July 27, 1943



16 Yrs.



Elsiann's Story  
by Elsiann Wilson

I was born in Hutchinson, Kansas, on July 27, 1942, the third daughter of Victor and Lucile Smyres. My older sisters were Rozelle, 7, and Janelda 5. My dad was hoping for a boy and was a little disappointed. Little did he know that three years later there would be a fourth girl, Phyllis, before he finally got his only son. My brother was born when I was 6 years old. I was named after my grandmothers, Elsie and Sarah Anna. Given the choices I've always felt lucky that I didn't go through life as Elsiesarah!

My parents were both from the Dodge City area. They met when my dad got a job on the same farm where my mother worked. She helped with the cooking and housework, earning \$2 a week. I believe they courted for nearly a year before they married on November 29, 1934. They were difficult times and they had little money. My dad only had a grade school education and took just about any job he could find. Rosie was born in October of 1935 and Jan was born 17 months later.

My folks moved to Hutchinson in 1941 and my dad worked wherever he could find a job. As I remember the story he was having a hard time finding steady work and a neighbor told my mom about a job possibility that he should check out. He was hired at the Hutchinson Foundry and Steel Co. and worked there as a machinist for 29 years. His original job was necessary for the war effort so he was exempted from the draft.

Like most people in those days, my parents worked hard and sacrificed a lot to take care of their growing family. We lived in a rented house in town and they planted a large garden. My mom sewed all of our clothes and with four girls that was a big job. She always made our dresses especially pretty by trimming them with embroidery or smocking or ruffles.

I remember my dad was always laughing and teasing us and was a lot of fun. I remember he would take his lunch to work every day and sometimes when he came home he would have a surprise in his lunch box for us, usually a piece of candy or something like that. He was a really cool dad and everyone liked him.

We lived in town until my brother was one year old. After the war, when things were more prosperous my parents saved some money for a down payment on a house. They found one they liked and could afford late in 1949. I was then in second grade and was very sad to leave my home and school. I cried for days thinking I could change their minds about moving. It didn't work and we moved into the house on New Years Day, 1950. My mom still lives there. It is a two story, 5 bedroom stucco house on one acre of land, very similar to Jeanne's house in Gove. My parents were so happy and proud to own such a wonderful home.

I don't know if my mom would agree but I think we were pretty well behaved kids. We lived next to a wooded area which we called the mill race and my younger sister and brother and I played there most of the time. We mostly played Cowboys and Indians. We used trees that had



fallen over for our horses. We never tired of practicing our mounts and dismounts just like Roy Rogers and Gene Autry.

We had a cow named Patricia that furnished milk, cream and butter for us all. We also raised chickens for eggs and meat. My parents planted over half of their acre into garden and my worked all summer putting up vegetables for the winter. My dad also worked in the garden every evening after work in the summer. Sometimes we had extra tomatoes, cucumbers or corn and he would sell them to his co-workers.

My sister and I each had a pet chicken. Hers must of been part guinea because it was black with white spots and she named in Domino. Mine was red and her name was Red Wing. We decided it would really be fun to raise some baby chicks so we asked our dad if we could hatch some eggs. He didn't want any chicks at that time and said no. We decided that we would do it ourselves so we sneaked some eggs out of the chicken house and took our hens out in the mill race. We found boxes somewhere and filled them with straw. Put some eggs in each one and tied our chicken on the nests. If you have never tried it, I doubt you can appreciate how difficult this job really was. Neither hen wanted to "sit" and both were totally uncooperative. We took food and water out to hem every day and always found them off the eggs trying to get away from all the string we had tangled around them. Undaunted we would put them back on the eggs and retire them. We knew nothing about needing fertile eggs or anything like that. We never got any chicks but Domino and Red Wing both survived the effort.

I went to high school in Nickerson, a little town about 10 miles from Hutch. I liked school but wasn't particularly interested in the academic aspect of it. The only things I truly worked hard on were business classes such as typing and shorthand. I was pretty good in them and during my senior year I won first place in the State in a shorthand competition. (my 15 seconds of fame) By then my older sisters were married and having families. They were married in a double wedding in 1955, both had baby boys in 1956 and baby girls in 1958. My oldest sister, Rosie, moved to Germany in 1959 where her husband was stationed with the Army.

I worked in a dime store during high school and after I graduated in 1960. I got a job working for an attorney. I attended Juco for two years majoring in Secretarial Science. I was still working for attorneys when I got married and continued until Angie was 7 months old.

Rosie and her husband, Bill Coleman, had four children. They had a very happy life and after Germany, lived in Colorado and Arkansas. She was diagnosed with cancer in September 1966 and died November 3 of that year on her oldest son's 10th birthday. They also had daughters who were 8 and 4 and a 10 month old baby boy. It was the first tragedy I had ever experienced and was so very hard for all of us.

My sister, Jan, had three children before she and her husband divorced. She remarried and was married to by brother-in-law, Charlie Pitts, for 29 years before she died in February, 1999. She had emphysema and congestive hearts failure. She was sick for a long time but never let it ruin her wonderful sense of humor. I always had so much fun with her and miss her terribly. My younger sister, Phyllis, lives near McPherson. She has 4 children who are all grown. Her



husband, Warren Hawkinson is retired from Texaco but still farms. Phyllis is the only one in our family who completed college and taught school for several years before she had children. She now works as a substitute teacher. She is very talented and creative and writes a lot of poetry and songs. She does the children's services at her church and usually writes a new song for each one.

My brother, Dale, lives in Hutch and has a Phillips 66 station on 30th Street. He and his wife, Su, have 4 children and 4 grandchildren. He is very involved with the VFW. He just finished his second term as commander of the Hutchinson post and is looking forward to having time for other things.

My dad was from a family of 11 kids. His mom died before I was born but I know he was very fond of her. I don't think his father worked very steadily and wasn't a very good provider for his large family. I think my dad must have been a lot like his mom. I know he was a great man who took good care of my mom and our family. He always helped anyone who needed help and though time were very tough he always made a living and never had to have any public assistance.

My mom had two brothers and one sister. She and my dad were a really good couple and they always gave each other support and encouragement. I am sure there were times when they disagreed but I don't ever remember hearing them argue or fight. I think we were lucky kids to have them as our example. I always knew they loved each other.

My stayed in our house after my dad died of a heart attack in 1972. My mom did remarkably well until last February when, at the age of 88, she fell and broke her hip. She spent a few weeks in the hospital and in a nursing home but is back home now and doing well.

My childhood was fairly ordinary for the times but I cherish the memories of my family and the good times we shared.



## Emmys

I survived the Emmys and really did have a lot of fun. We had lots of good luck throughout the weekend. First we were so lucky that we even got there. We were on the last plane to leave O'Hare before they shut down because of weather. We might have gotten out later but would have missed our appointments to have our hair and makeup done. We had to pay in advance so would have still been out the money. As it was I barely got done there in time to throw my dress on and leave. I was really intimidated by the thought of having someone do my makeup but it was really fun. I wasn't gorgeous or anything (he wasn't a miracle worker after all) but did look better than usual.

We went to 3 locations for dinner, the show and then the party. I had very comfortable shoes but after 8 hours in them, at least half of the time walking or standing, my feet were tired. Kay's dad and I left a little after midnight probably and were going to share a cab back but when we went outside one of the guys from the Y&R office put us in a limo that they had there to give VIPs rides home. We weren't VIPs but no one was using it at the time so we did. It was one of those extra long ones so was really fun. I've ridden in limos a few times but never one that long.

We got up the next morning and Kay called and had found a street fair just a block from the hotel so we went there and I shopped. There weren't any major plans for the day so I decided to go see a play. It was late to buy tickets so I just walked over to Broadway with a list in order of preference and got a ticket to see my first choice, "The Producers." I got a seat in the 6th row so was lucky. Single seats are easier than multiples.

Y&R only won two Emmys but they were 2 of the last 3 so we were very worried that we wouldn't win any. They got best leading actress and best show. Very exciting!

I saw lots of famous people: Star Jones, Ellen DeGeneres, Barbara Walters, Meredith Vierya, Martha Stewart, lots of soap stars, Dick Clark, etc. I met several people that I talk to on the phone almost every day but have never met and several that I haven't seen in 4 years because I don't go to L.A. like I used to. It was great to see them.

And, guess what!!! I met another woman named Elsieann. The spelling is different but pronounced the same. I have never met another one before. I had Kay take our picture together. Can you believe that? John (K's son, the dad is also John, and the brother is John) said it was a good thing I came to the Emmys or I may have lived my whole life and never met another one.

Then the whole saga of getting home began. We left the hotel at 1:00 on Sunday. There were two events in NY that had the streets blocked off and our cab driver couldn't find a way through. K, V and Conci left at the same time that we did and they were there in 35 minutes. It took us almost 2 hours. Noah was convinced our driver was scamming us but I didn't think so. He only made a few dollars more and it took up all his time and gas. We missed our flight so had to go standby on the next one. When we went to change our tickets, John (the dad) realized his wallet was gone. Luckily he had his passport for ID but we were just sick about it. He thought he'd either been pickpocketed or it had fallen from his pocket in the cab.

We couldn't find seats at our gate so we went to the one next to it to wait for the time when they would call standby. I decided about 10 minutes earlier to go over and stand in case they called it early. Didn't want to miss out. ha. As soon as I reached our gate I heard them call John Alden so I went up and told them he was here and there was a Nelson and Wilson with him. I thought they were calling him for the flight. They said they were just looking for him because he had to go to the info desk outside. I got him and we went out and there was his wallet. The cab driver had found it and brought it back to the airport. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!! He had around \$100 in it and it was still there. I'll bet not one in a hundred would have done it. What a relief!! The cab driver had totally redeemed himself, believe me.

We did get on the flight. We all had center seats which I usually hate but I was very happy to have anything at that point. Our flight was delayed again because of weather but we got home less than an hour late and everyone was safe and had all their belongings so all was well.



Lots of drama and near trauma but in the end it was a great weekend. And if you can believe this, I don't think I gained any weight. I ate lots of things I don't usually eat and overate at times but we missed a few meals so maybe that made up for it.

Sorry to go on and on but wanted to tell you about my Cinderella weekend. It was fun. I'll talk to you soon. I leave on Saturday for Texas and will be back here on Thursday. Can't wait to meet Tess (Mark and Joyce's baby who will be born on Friday), see my kids and grandkids and also to see "Les Miz" on Tuesday in Dallas.

Our weather has cooled off and is wonderful now. Since they still don't have our AC working it is a huge relief. It is supposed to be nice all week. Maybe by next week we'll have the AC.

Conci just told me that she thinks the AC is working now. It's in the 50s today so we don't need it but I feel good knowing it is there.

Love, Elsiann

## Baby

Just wanted to let you know that Mark and Joyce's 3rd baby was born this afternoon at 12:34. She weighed 7 lbs. 10 ozs. and is 20 inches long. She looks a lot like the others, especially Madeline. Her name is Tess Lucille. Mark and Joyce both had a grandmother named Lucille so they used that for the middle name. I'll leave early in the morning so will get to see her soon. Joyce and Tess are doing fine. She was born by c-section so Joyce will stay in the hospital for a little while. I would have gone last night but Kay is out of town so I had to wait until she returns.

I have a lot to do before I leave so I will make this short. I don't have all the email addresses so if you talk to any of the Wilsons you can tell them for me.

Take care.

Love, Elsiann

1.



5) **Delmer Floyd Wilson Jr.**                      **Elsiann Doris Smyres**

Birth: April 18, 1935                      July 27, 1942  
Place: Gove Co., Kansas                      Hutchison, Kansas  
Death: March 20, 1988

Cemetery: Hutchinson, Kansas; Fairlawn Cemetery

Married: November 23, 1961; Hutchison, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Angela Kay	September 3, 1962
Lori Ann	January 7, 1965
Mark Randall	February 1, 1969

A. **Angela Kay Wilson (Angie)**

Birth: September 3, 1962

Place: Hutchinson, Kansas

Children;

Daisy Danielle	October 4, 2008
Adopted: July 27, 2010; Jiangxi Prov. China	

B. **Lori Ann Wilson**                      **Monte Lynn Hall**

Birth: January 7, 1965                      November 19, 1969

Place: Hutchinson, Kansas                      Liberal, Kansas

Married: November 17, 1990; Reno, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Alexander	June 23, 1996
Ivy Elizabeth	February 23, 1999
Lily Catherine	October 31, 2001; Adopted: November 21, 2005, China

C. **Mark Randall Wilson**                      **Joyce Ann Hill**

Birth: February 1, 1969                      July 13, 1969

Place: Minot, North Dakota                      Topeka, Kansas

Married: November 19, 1994; Topeka, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Madeline Pearl	January 6, 1999
Daniel Victor	July 11, 2002
Tess Lucille	May 28, 2004