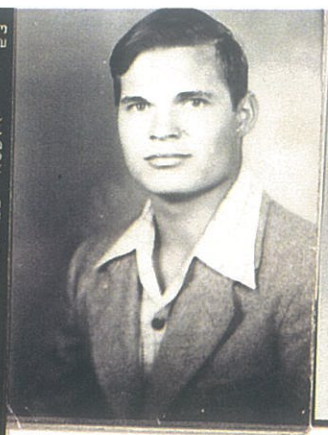


# Chapter 2

Lawrence & Elinor  
Wilson



1930 1½ YR OLD



SR 1948



SR 1950



AUG. 19, 1951



1st Home  
1951 8x26



1954 NAVY



1958



MINNIE, INA, LAWRENCE 1959





Jeanne Sr. 1971



Cliff Sr. 1973



Bruce Sr. 1976



Lisa Sr. 1978



1961



1966



1981



1987





JONATHAN 1985



1991



JUSTIN 1985



BRUCE, CLIFF, LAWRENCE 1988



BRUCE 1995



CLIFF & SHARON 1993



ASHLEY, LISA, CODY, RAYMOND 1997



Ashley in her GreatGrandma Blands 90 yr old dress, Cody





1978



40th Anniversary, Aug. 1991



1979

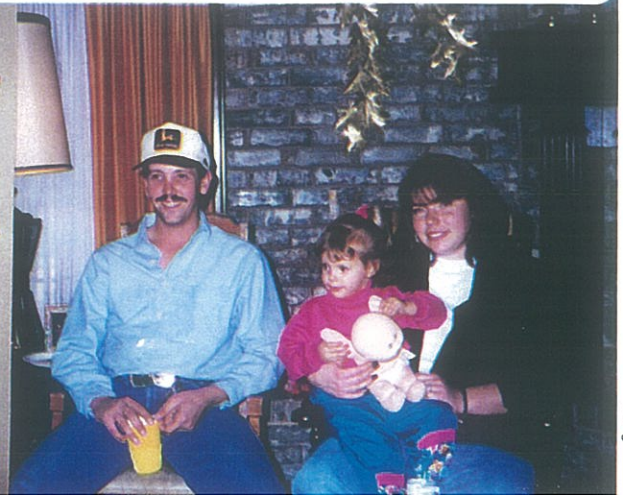
1996->



Derek & Angela Fuller 1996  
Ashleigh-5 Sharon Wilson's Son



1997





## MEMOIRS OF LAWRENCE WILSON

First thing I can remember - The school kids came over to our sod house north of Goodland on County line in March of 1932 because of a blizzard. That was the same year school kids froze to death in a bus at Towner, Colorado.

I was sent out to feed the hogs and a dust storm came up. As I jumped over the fence my pant leg caught and I was turned upside down. They had to come get me down. Another time I was playing in the orchard with the first Christmas toy I remember, a cast iron motorcycle, when a dust storm came up. I left the motorcycle there and never did find it again. I remember helping Mom put up wet sheets over the windows in the middle of the afternoon when the dust storms came up to catch the dust coming through. We would light the lamp as it got dark.

Iva and Elmer Kirkendall lived in the other half of the sod house with Beulah who was my age. One time I took a tin windup girl that would swim that was Beulah's and had it in the stock tank playing with it. She caught me and took a milk pail and threw it at me. It hit me in the forehead and cut a half moon gash that bled like the dickens. Her folks made her stay in the cook shack, where we ate in the summer, all day. Dad had an old Whippet car that he worked on more than he drove. Dad worked for John Deere in Goodland and drove a truck for Kippes hauling gas.

One time when Dad was building a fence he had dug a row of holes for the posts and I stuck my foot down in one and then could not pull my foot out. Dad said "now I will know where you're at" and left me for a while before he came over and got me out. We had an orchard out back of the house where we played a lot because of the shade and one cherry tree that kind of leaned so we could get up in it easily. We kept that tree pretty well picked because we sure liked ripe cherries. We visited Charley Cecil who lived north of us toward St. Francis and I am sure we visited with Uncle Roy's too, but at Cecil's they had a big pig that we rode like a horse. We visited a family in Goodland and after supper the woman got out a pipe and smoked it. The first time I ever saw a woman smoke.

In the fall of 1935 we had some corn and dry beans we harvested. The corn was worth 6 cents a bushel shelled and it cost 3 cents a bushel to get it



shelled so that winter we burnt corn and cob for fuel. We hand shelled the beans and had lots of beans and cornbread. In the spring of 1936 Dad was offered 9 cents a bushel for the corn. He got it shelled and sold it to a sheep rancher from Montana. With that, Dad loaded us up, left the farm and came to Gove County. We arrived with a 1928 Model A car, our household furniture, a cow and calf and a \$20.00 bill with no place to live and no job. We stayed at Uncle Earl's till Dad got a 1/2 section rented with a house and barn on it. He worked where ever he could get work. That fall I started to school at Dalton Valley where I went to the 1st and 2nd grade. Dad finally got a steady job with Ross Bentley and would leave on Monday morning and come home on Saturday afternoon. Mom and I had all the chores to do and I milked the cow, but after she kicked me out of the stall three times I dried her up. When Dad worked for Ross, Mom would sometimes go out walking in the pasture crying. Dad got a job with Fritz Bentley and we moved to the Cheyenne quarter west of 23 and 3/4 mile south of the county line. I then went to school at Jerome where I graduated 8th grade. We walked to school and it was 3 1/2 miles.

We started working for Fritz. I would walk to the field where Dad was working and run the tractor while he ate his lunch. The first tractor was a steel wheeled John Deere D which had an auto guide on it - a little wheel that ran against the shoulder of the furrow and kept it in the furrow. The only time you really had to steer it was around corners or if the furrow was not straight. The next year we got a new John Deere D on rubber and it drove easy compared to the steel wheel one.

While going to Jerome we would walk if the weather was anywhere near nice. We only got to ride if the weather was real cold and snowy. In the winter of 1941-42 it snowed and snowed and Dad finally tore the clutch out of our Model A so then we had to walk all the time. It was so cold that at times we got to school with frost bit toes. One morning we started to school but it was so cold we came back and Dad told us it was 26 below zero. For some reason Arden Bentley came to stay at Fritz's and went to school at Jerome. We would walk to Highway 23 and Arden would pick us up and take us to school. The next spring and summer we collected bones which we sold for 10 cents a pound and a buffalo skull which we sold for \$10.00. With the money we purchased a \$25.00 war bond. We lived on Cheyenne Creek and we sometimes took potatoes and went to the creek and caught fish - built a fire, coat the potatoes and fish in mud and baked them. Boy was they good. While we were picking up prairie hay on the bottom along the creek, Delmer fell off the



tractor and the hay rack ran over his head. He was a lucky kid not to have been killed. We had a cave and tunnel we dug on the hill above the house. Had lots of fun playing there. One time the creek was up and all of us kids were down watching the water go under the bridge. Delmer fell in and I jumped in and drug him out and then the other kids pulled me out.

When we were at Jerome they started serving hot lunches which were a whole lot better than cold sandwiches. Roy Carr was the cook and the meals were good - Cornbread and beans, stews and soups. One time he asked me if I would help him and I said yes. We ground horseradish and boy do your eyes get teary. While I was in school there was between 21 to 28 students at Jerome till the gunnery range came it. We had very little for sports. We played baseball and competed in track. The last two years of my grade school days were attending school in Uncle Earl's basement as Jerome was in the gunnery range.

Dad did not have a car from 1941 - 1947. We always used the bosses pickup to get our groceries. One night a traveling roller skating rink set up in Dighton. I wanted to go skating. It only cost a dime to skate all evening. When I got over there they had clamp on skates. I was wearing tennis shoes so I could not skate. That was my first big disappointment.

My first paying job was driving a John Deere D pulling a Gleaner combine in harvest. I was paid 50 cents a day. When the gunnery range came in we had to move and we moved a mile east of Uncle Earl's and 1/4 mile off the county road. Fritz moved in a two- story house and Dad and I dug a dugout for a barn. We lived there for about 2 years or so, till it burned down. While there we went to Uncle Earls. Then we moved over where Cat House Feeders is; a half mile or so north of Williard Davis and the rest of the kids went to Dalton Valley. I had graduated from grade school and started to high school. That was the summer I started working for Ross Bentley and worked for one month. He didn't pay me like we agreed on so I started working for Fritz Bentley. Ross Bentley had said he would pay me \$4.00 a day for the first week and \$5.00 a day for the rest of the month, but when we went to settle up he was going to pay me \$4.00 a day for the first 2 weeks and \$5.00 a day after that. I wouldn't take the check so Dad went out to talk to him and brought the check back for what Ross had wanted to pay. He had hired a cook who had a daughter and he had put her on a tractor. So I not only had my own tractor to service but hers also. I even set the oneways as I had helped Dad set them.



One day we were gassing the tractors at the gas tank that was on an incline and she didn't put the tractor in gear as she shut it off. As we were getting ready to gas it, it started rolling downhill toward a gully. I ran and caught it and got it stopped just before it went over the bank. When he came Monday morning to get me I told him I had another job and he got mad and said I'd sure left him in a bind. I told him if he'd pay like he had promised to I'd not left but, that now, he still had the hired girl.

The fall of 1944 I started high school in Gove where I roomed at the hotel with Max. We had a sleeping room and a cooking room for \$30.00 a month and electricity which run about 50 cents a month. I started to school with new clothes I bought and \$195.00 in the bank. We shocked feed, built fence, worked cattle or some kind of work every weekend that we could find work. Most nights after school we shocked feed until it was all done. One time that winter, Dad was hauling wheat from the granary on the hill above Fritz's house and I wanted to ride with him to town. He said I could, if I would scoop on half the load. That was when I learned to scoop left handed as Dad only scooped right handed. I scooped my half on and got to ride to the elevator in Shields.

The next summer Dad and I farmed and started building division fences in the pastures all by hand. That year I helped work cattle for the first time. I helped push cattle up the chutes and kept the branding iron fire going. That fall went to high school and stayed with Max at the hotel again. Played baseball and basketball all four years in high school. The third year I stayed with the Newman Aldriches and fourth year with the Courtney's.

When I started high school and basketball season started I didn't even know what they were talking about. I had never seen a basketball. By the end of my freshman year I was playing on the starting five. I practiced every night until the janitor ran me out of the high school. I played third base in baseball and we won most of our games until my senior year. We didn't have a real good team. I was the pitcher my senior year.

In the fall of 1946 Dad and I were working on some fences when Roscoe drove up and said he had bought the Bentley place and we were working for him. Soon after that we moved into the Fritz Bentley house. The next summer I worked at Roscoes and stayed in the bunkhouse. That year Roscoe had a big harvest that lasted over a month. I was paid for 26 days of harvest. Dad and I



started out with a Minneapolis Moline Combine that the feeder house cover flew off about every two hours. At the end of harvest it was so wet that we had 2 tractors on each combine. Dad worked for Roscoe from 1946 through 1970. I worked for Roscoe from 1946 until I went into the service in 1952. The fall of 1947, my senior year, my Dad finally bought a car in the fall. I asked him if I could borrow it. He said if I borrowed the car and anything happened to it I had to fix it. I borrowed it one week with the stipulation it had to be home Saturday morning. After school on Friday I took some boys to the show in Oakley. On the way back a tire went flat and it was ruined. It cost me \$20.00 for a new tire. I took the car home and told Dad I did not need the car anymore. The car was a 1940 Chevy business coupe two-door. Before the end of my senior year I ran out of money because of graduation announcements and my senior ring. I took a job in Earl Meyer's cafe for 35 cents an hour for four hours each night after school. I had the dinner dishes to do as well as supper dishes and clean up for the next day. I also got my supper.

After graduation I worked full time for Roscoe and stayed there. That summer he traded off his three L.A. Case's and got two new John Deere R diesels. He also got a Massey Harris Combine, a self-propelled - his first one. That winter Dean and I took my new Crosley car and took a vacation to California and Oregon. We visited Dean's uncle in Modesto, California and we visited Uncle Elmer and Aunt Iva Kirkendall and their children in Portland, Oregon. We also visited Grandma Merritt in Forest Grove. Geneva was still at home and one night I let her drive. She went through a red light and three stop signs. At the red light there just happened to be a cop and he followed us a ways before turning on his red light. When Geneva stopped she started crying and the cop felt sorry for her and only gave her a warning. She had us take her straight home. When we got in that night, there was a big sign on the dining room table saying, "please don't tell Mom". I let her drive one other time and she drove off the road and got the car stuck. Coming home we stayed all night in the car in Railings, Wyoming and it got down to 0. We had to run the motor about every hour to keep warm. About 6:30 in the morning a cop told us to move on so we took off. At Brighton, Colorado the throw-out bearing in the car went out so every time we stopped we would push it, drop it in gear and circle to pick up the pusher. We had traveled over 3800 miles and averaged almost 39 miles per gallon. I traded the Crosely off for a 1941 Chev Deluxe that I had over hauled and then painted Robin Eggblue and put a sun shade over the windshield. Real classy car.



One night we were coming home from Colby on a Saturday night and we were 9 miles east of Colby and had just headed south for Oakley when the lights went out and we had to drive home without them. Thank goodness it was a moon lite night so we had no trouble. I traded that car off for a 1949 Chevolet Business Coupe with Caddy tail fins added.

Shortly after that I started going out with Elinor Bland who was working at Glenn Coberlys. I was a junior and Elinor was a freshman when we met for the first time, but nothing is remembered about that. In fact, our high school years were uneventful as far as being shared with each other. The first time Elinor remembers me was one Saturday night her brother, Wayne, brought me home with him. They were going to the show in Oakley and Wayne came to change clothes. Elinor would of liked to have gone to the show but being a shy young thing she didn't ask and Wayne didn't invite. Sometime after that, Elinor and I began to date. I was working for Roscoe Coberly and Elinor worked for Glenn Coberly. The winter of 1950 I played on our basketball team, so on most of our dates, we went to ball games then home to visit until one or two a.m. Then up early the next morn for a big day of work.

We planned in the summer of 1951 to get married and again being too shy to go to a jewelry store, we order the rings from Sears. Elinor's dress was made by Bernice Campbell from Wakeeney who had lost her home by a tornado. She lived with Ethel, Elinor and Wayne while she sewed the wedding dress.

Elinor and I decided to go shopping for a trailer house to live in. We found one in Oakley and brought it home. We were very pleased with it even though it was a second hand one and had no bath room and only one bedroom. It was 28 ft long and 8 ft. wide. Elinor gave it a good cleaning and it was ready to move into.

We were married August 19, 1951 on a Sunday afternoon, the hottest day of the year. We had a lovely wedding with family and friends present at the Methodist Church in Gove. We honeymooned in Colorado Springs and upon arriving home we discovered the trailer house had been made ready for us. Members of the family had unlocked a small door from the outside that went under the bed. Later they were able to climb in, lift up the bed and get into the trailer house, unlocked the front door to let the rest of the busy crew in. They carried a big square of cement in and put fresh wild onions in a tin on it. They



hid things that were not found for some time. They did a good job in general and we all had a good laugh leaving fun memories. The trailer house was then moved to Roscoe Coberly's farm where we lived.

The Korean War broke out and my name was #6 on the draft. I did not want in the Army to be an infantryman so I decided to enlist. Elinor moved home to stay with her mother and Wayne. Frank Morse and I enlisted in the Navy on the Buddy System in February of 1952. We were to stay together during Basic. It lasted till we got to Basic where we were put in different training companies. I enlisted 6 February 1952 and was discharged 6 February 1956. Took Basic in San Diego, California for 12 weeks and was then sent to Norman Oklahoma for ANP School. After we got there we were granted leave. After I got home we traded for a 1953 Chevy Hardtop coupe. When I went back Elinor went with me and we rented a bedroom with kitchen rights while I went to school. After I finished ANP school, I went to Aviation Machinist Mates school also at Norman, Oklahoma. Graduated 2nd in my class and chose Kingsville, Texas as my duty station. Came home on leave and picked up our trailer and went to Kingsville where we parked our trailer at Eagleburgers Trailer Park. It was mostly navy people. I was assigned to South Field at the Naval Air Station as a plane captain on a T.B.M. airplane. After about 6 months I was assigned to Mobil equipment and shortly after that I made 3rd class and was made Petty Officer in charge.

Jeanne was born April 7, 1953 in the Corpus Christy Naval Hospital. Wayne and Elinor's mother and grandmother, Anne Johnson, came down and stayed for a week before Jeanne was born. Wayne slept outside and the mosquitos about ate him up. While they were there I borrowed an inflatable raft and we went to Padre Island. Wayne and I blew it up and started out into the Gulf. After we got out a ways, we found out it had a slow leak so every once in a while we had to re-inflate it. We were having a good time and looked back and the people were about an inch high and Elinor was on top of our car waving at us, so we went back. They really were upset when they found out the raft leaked. We guessed that we were out about a mile.

Later Henry and Connie York came down and visited us. When Jeanne was about 1 year old Marie and Gail came down and we went with them to the valley and up the Rio Grande and to Hondo where Gail had been stationed during World War II in the Air Force. Elinor went home with them for a short visit. Wayne and Elinor's mother and Eva brought her home.



In August I was transferred to the U.S.S. Kearsarge CVA33 at San Diego. We did some training exercise for a few weeks then went to Hawaii for our shake down before heading for Korea. On the way we stopped in the Philippines at the port of Cavite and at Yokuska, Japan. When we got to Korea we flew patrols off the ship. Once we were slow retrieving planes off a flight and hit mud flats at the end of the Makong River. It really made the ship shudder and shake and for a while we thought we might get hung up but we made it free. We went back to Yokuska, Japan and dry dock to get our hull repainted for the Christmas of 1954. Cliff was born then but it was a month before I knew whether he was a boy or girl. I had gotten a letter from Elinor's mother, Ethel, but it did not say whether it was a girl or boy. Eventually a telegram came that gave the details. About this time I made 2nd Class Petty Officer From there we flew cover for the Tachen Evacuation, taking Nationalist Chinese off the three small islands off Communist Chinese coast. When we finished these after being at sea for 39 days, we went to Subic Bay in the Philippines to have our flight deck repaired. It was the hottest place I've ever been as it got to 127 to 129 in the daytime and would cool down to 97 at night. Harry Stombaugh and I moved out into a fueling station at the end of the flight deck as it was cooler than our berthing area. I was so hot there that our blankets were wet with the outline of our body. The second night we slept out, we were getting ready to go inside when an insect of some sort bit him and he went totally blind. I had to lead him to sickbay. They said there was nothing they could do for him and that eventually it would wear off, which it did. From there we went to Hong Kong and then on to Singapore. When we crossed the Equator we were initiated from being Polliwogs to Shellbacks. From there we went to Hawaii and port in Pearl Harbor. I found out from Earlene that Julene was in the hospital with a new baby so I went to visit her. I got to see the baby before Loyd did. As only family was supposed to visit I wondered what they thought when a sailor and then an Army guy showed up.

While in Hawaii we made arrangements for our leave when we got back to San Diego. When we arrived I had everything ready and as soon as they let us off the ship I headed for the airport where I flew to Los Angeles. After a four hour layover I flew to Denver then got on a bus and arrived in Grainfield at 8:00 a.m., just as my leave started. Was home for 30 days. Mother Normington came by with a diesel bus to deliver to Tucson, Arizona so I went with him that far and then we took a bus to San Diego.

Shortly thereafter, I and Mother Normington bought a 1948 Buick



Convertible for \$175.00. I worked the motor over and he sewed the seats which were leather. We hauled sailors to Los Angeles for \$20.00 for a round trip. In three trips we paid for the car. In Los Angeles we stayed at Normingtons relatives so it cost us next to nothing for the weekend.

One weekend we drove out to 29 Palms to visit Delmer, Jr. Shortly thereafter I was transferred to Mirimar Naval Air Station. After a couple of weeks Elinor and her mother, Jeanne and Cliff came out and we rented an apartment in Cabrillo Heights, bought some furniture and set up housekeeping. I finally got to work on airplanes. We were modifying Super Sabres to Navy spec's adding a bigger fuel injector for more power and a screen in the nose to keep birds out of the engine intake. Finally, February 6th arrived and I was discharged, our furniture loaded on a moving van and we headed for home. We moved into Elinor's mother's basement when we got home. I tried to find a steady job but could not find one. Did some work for local farmers trying to stop land from blowing. Russell Steerman came home shortly before I did and we went in to junk business buying old machinery, tearing it down and selling it. After a while the price of junk iron got so cheap, we could hardly pay for the gas let alone make wages. Just as I was getting ready to go away for a job a man came to see me one evening and wanted to know if I wanted to get in the Service Station business. For \$1500 I could get started and after talking it over we decided to go into business. I borrowed the money and started getting ready for opening when the blizzard of March 1957 hit. I spent four days in the hotel in Oakley before I could get out to the station. Dug my pickup out of a snow bank and went to the station. There was a 30 ft. high snow bank across 40 highway and they were using my driveway to get around it. We moved our little 28 ft. trailer up behind the station to live in. We used the rest rooms at the station as the trailer had none. Bought a washing machine and put it in the wash room at the station and we were all set. Bruce was born December 6, 1957 and then we were wall to wall beds at bedtime.

In March we bought a 10 by 45 trailer that was really living as we had 2 bedrooms, The kids bedroom had bunk beds and a bathroom even. In the fall of 1959 we moved to Gove with our trailer and I went to work for Gail on the farm. After a year Lisa was born September 30, 1960. After about a year and a half Gail could not afford a hired man so I went to work for an investment company out of Wichita called Namaco. Worked there for about 6 months and then went to work for the Bartlett Elevator in Shields for 9 months. Gail had a perforated ulcer so I went to work for him again. We bought the Losey place



and moved into it; our first house and all that room. In 1966 I bought Nick Zerrs Standard Service Station and was on my own for the second time. In October 1977 Elinor started as Register of Deeds Deputy. Elinor ran for Gove County Register of Deeds against two others and won in 1977. She was the Register of Deeds for the next 20 years.

On November 13, 1966, a Sunday evening, Elinor, Jeanne, Floyd and I went to church for an hour. As we were coming out we heard the fire whistle and discovered the fire was at our house. After the fire we lived in Dad's house for the winter. One he bought in Gove. We moved into our new house the summer of 1967. The house and furnishings cost \$15,000.

About 4 1/2 years later the Co-op Service Station closed and I bought it and moved into it. Had a lift and lots more room. In March of 1986 had a heart attack and then coronary angioplasty - which is the opening of the artery by stretching it with a balloon, after which they told me to get out of that line of work, so in January 1987 I closed the doors. I rented the station for a number of years after that. I then bought a 1972 Ford truck and started hauling Silage in the spring and fall. In March 1990, had open heart surgery with 4 bypasses. Worked that summer as a flagman, when they were resurfaced highway 23 in Gove Co. Went with Boyd Bland harvesting for three years.

Finally gave up silage hauling in 1995. Helped Jim Tuttle drill, doing water testing well's for homes and livestock and irrigation wells. In 1996 and 1997 worked part time for Von Tuttle drilling. In June of 1997 I and Bruce bought a diesel tandem truck, a 1984 GMC with a 350 Cummins engine and 13 speed transmission. Had a good wheat harvest run hauling from Leon Tuttle' combine. Also had a real good fall harvest, so kept busy. That winter I helped Von as he had a lot of testing and drilling of water wells to do.



## Article from; Echoes of the May 27, 2000 Gove Rural High School Reunion

Elinor Ann Bland was born November 9, 1931 at the Gove County Hospital in Quinter, Kansas. I attended Gove Grade and High Schools graduating with the class of 1950. After high school I worked as an aide at Hadley Hospital in Hays. I also helped my sister, Marie, and others with housework.

Lawrence Elmer Wilson was born December 20, 1929 at his Grandparent Merritts farm home in Cumberland, Iowa. He attended Jerome grade school, graduating with the Gove Rural High School class of 1948. Lawrence was working for Roscoe Coberly when he and I began dating. He played town team basketball, then we went home to visit until the wee hours of the morning knowing we had to get up early for a big day of work. August 19, 1951 we were married at the Gove Methodist Church.

Lawrence was number six on the draft for the Korean War. He chose to join the Navy for four years. He was sent to basic camp in San Diego, California on Feb. 6<sup>th</sup>, 1952. From there he was sent to Norman, Oklahoma to attend ANP and Aviation Machinist Mates School. He graduated second in his class which gave him the privilege of choosing where he would be stationed. He chose Kingsville, Texas and was assigned plane captain on T.B.M. Airplanes. He was later assigned to mobile equipment. In August, 1954 Lawrence was transferred to the U.S.S. Kearsarge CVA 33, a repair and service ship, at San Diego. The Kearsarge was an aircraft carrier for fighter and bomber planes. The shake-down cruise was to Hawaii, then docked at the Philippines and Japan on the way to the Korea. Lawrence was made 2<sup>nd</sup> class Petty Officer during this time. I was able to be with him at Norman, Kingsville and the last four months at San Diego. Lawrence was discharged Feb. 6<sup>th</sup>, 1956 from San Diego. The Navy shipped our furniture to Gove as we had made up our minds that Gove was home. We have never regretted that decision.

Jeanne Marie was born April 7<sup>th</sup>, 1953 at the Corpus Christi Naval Hospital. Clifford Delmer was born December, 24<sup>th</sup>, 1954 while his father was aboard ship in Korean waters. Bruce Duane was born December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1957 and Lisa Joy was born September 30<sup>th</sup>, 1960, the last three at Wakeeney. Our four children were born in seven and a half years. We had a busy, challenging and enjoyable life.

Lawrence tried to find work. Land was blowing, things were in a decline and steady work was not to be found. Just as he was thinking of looking for work elsewhere, he was offered the Sinclair Service station at Oakley to lease for \$1,500.00 so he mortgaged his good name and went to work.

Lawrence worked for Gail Beesley, his brother-in-law, from time to time on the farm. He also worked for Namaco Investment Company and Bartlett Elevator in Shields. In 1966 he bought Nick Zerr's service station in Gove.

In 1962 we bought Wilma Losey's home and furniture as she had gone to Genesco, N.Y. to make her home with Gladys, Bud and boys. Sunday eve, November 13<sup>th</sup>, 1966 Lawrence, Jeanne, Floyd and I had gone to church for an hour. Cliff, Bruce and Lisa were home playing when the stove in the sunporch exploded. The kids tried to put the fire out, then called the neighbors. We lost everything except the china closet. In the spring of 1967 we built a 2000 sq. ft., 3 bedroom house on the same spot for \$15,000.00 but we still long for the Losey home.



In October, 1966, I started working as the Register of Deeds deputy. In 1977 I decided to run for the office of Register of Deeds. I had 5 four year terms and worked twenty eight years in all. I had opposition 3 of the 5 times I ran for office.

We have four grandchildren, three boys and a girl ranging in age from 24 to 16 years as well as a great granddaughter who is just over a year old.

We bought a motor home in the late 1970's and joined the local "Hackberry Hoppers" who met monthly at different state campgrounds. Our longest expedition was to the Oregon coast where Bruce was employed on a deep-sea tuna boat. We also visited Lawrence's Grandmother Merritt and other relatives while there. The motor home was a source of pleasure for a number of years.

In March of 1986 Lawrence had his first heart attack. He was in and out of the hospital having angioplasty several times until he had another attack in March, 1990. At that time he had open heart surgery with four by-passes.

Lawrence rented the station out for several years. He bought a ford truck and hauled silage. He went harvesting and drilled water wells. In 1997 Lawrence bought a 22 ft. diesel truck for hauling wheat, corn and milo. At the age of 70 he hopes most of that work is behind him. He and Bruce farm and run cattle.

Lawrence's hobbies are purchasing coins and indexing them on his computer and reading several books each week. Conveniently the library is just a block away. We stay busy with yard work; mowing at the library, the station, his mothers yard as well as our own. Two large riding mowers make for quick work. We eat lunch at the Gove Senior Center and I spend lots of time quilting there as well as at home. I have done lots of unplanned writing in later years which includes the 1995 G.R.H.S. Alumni Class Book, helping Lawrence write his life history, writing of my years from birth to the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, the histories of the Gove County Courthouse and the Government Building which was the last Gove Grade School.

Randy Yowell, who lives in Gove, has written and published over 200 short stories. I made enough copies, encased in plastic sleeves, for four books. The Gove County Museum and the Gove City Library were each given one. Randy's stories are about his personal life, his family, friends, animals, holidays, inanimate objects such as coin collections, rock gardens, golf balls, squash and many more. They make very interesting reading.

What is important in life is staying busy even when you want to roll over and go back to sleep. The one thing I would tell the younger generation is, as you raise your children, realize they will grow up to be your best friends. The older you get the more important family becomes.

God Bless us, every one.

Lawrence and Elinor Wilson

7-24-00



## BLAND-WILSON

The marriage of Miss Elinor Bland, daughter of Mrs. C. J. Bland, to Mr. Lawrence Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Delmer Wilson, took place Sunday afternoon, Aug. 19, at 2:30 o'clock at the Methodist church in Gove, Kansas.

Rev. V. J. Smith, assisted by Rev. V. J. Ross, read the double ring ceremony before a background of candelabra and baskets of pastel colored gladioli, carnations and huckleberry foliage.

Miss Earlene Bretton and Miss Dorene Powers lighted the tapers preceding the ceremony.

Mrs. Fred Crippen provided the music and accompanied Mrs. A. A. Packard and Mrs. Roscoe Coberly who sang "Till the End of Time" and "Because."

The bride, given in marriage by her brother Wayne Bland, wore a street length dress of white Chantilly lace over bridal satin. The fitted jacket of lace was styled with a Peter Pan collar, elbow length sleeves and tiny satin buttons to the waist, where it joined a peplum. She carried a white Bible topped with deep pink roses and white streamers.

Miss Gladys Losey, maid of honor, wore a dress of gold silk Shantung with portrait neckline and nylon net overskirt of toast brown in bouffant effect. She carried a bouquet of yellow gladioli.

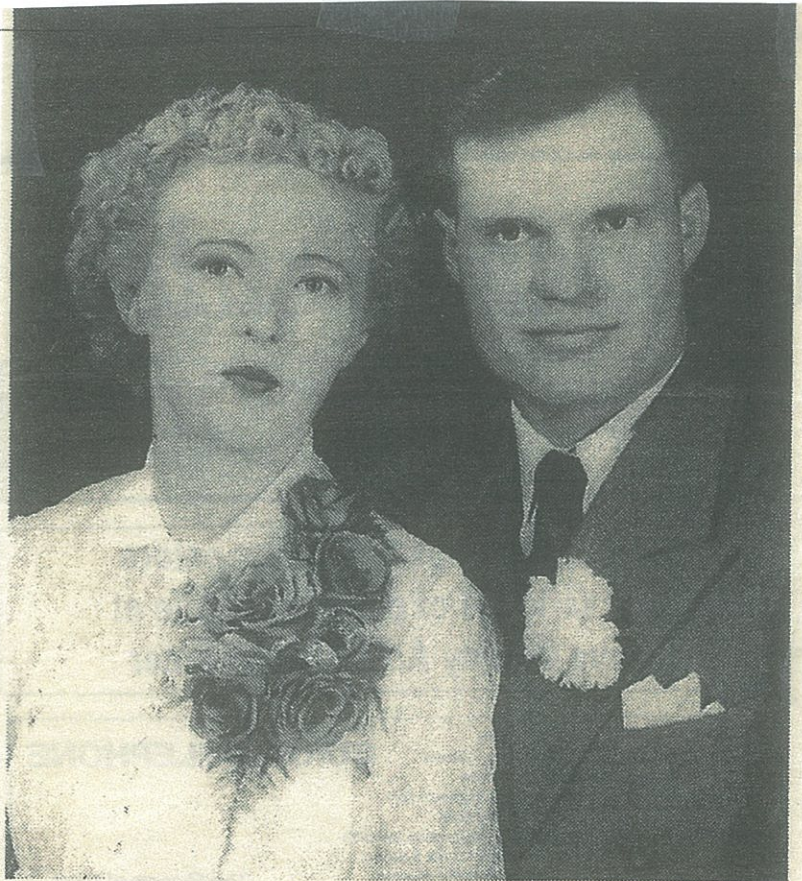
The groom was attired in a light brown suit. Mr. Wayne Packard, a friend of the groom, was best man. Mr. Lloyd Wilson and Mr. Delmer Wilson, brothers of the groom, were ushers.

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the church parlor. Mrs. Gail Beesley sister of the bride and Miss Eva Wilson, sister of the groom, were assisted in serving by Mrs. Sanford Powers, Mrs. Charles Johnson and Miss Earlene Bretton. Mrs. Kenneth Bland presided at the guest book and Mrs. Clifford Bland had charge of the gifts.

For traveling the bride chose a suit of pink linen with matching linen slippers and a corsage of pink roses.

The groom is employed at the R. S. Coberly farm where the couple will make their home.

Out-of-town guests at the Bland-Wilson wedding here Sunday afternoon included Delmer Wilson, Calvin and Carmelia, Eva and Deloris Wilson, Loyd Wilson and Delmer Wilson Jr., Shields; Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Folkertas, Marjorie and Leroy, Rush Center, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilson and Joyce, Beeler, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Wilson, Nekoma, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Baldwin, Nekoma, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. Frank West, Rush Center, Kan.; Mr. and Mrs. Giles Speer and Connie, Dighton; Mr. and Mrs. Henry York of Shields; Amy and Ella Jane Wilson, Shields; Mrs. Gene Moore, Oakley; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Packard, Grainfield.



## Wilson's to celebrate 50th Wedding Anniversary

Lawrence and Elinor Wilson were married August 19, 1951 at the Gove United Methodist Church.

The children of Lawrence and Elinor Wilson will celebrate their parent's 50th wedding anniversary August 11 & 12, 2001 at the couple's home in Gove. The couple's children are Jeanne Daniels, Gove, KS, Cliff and Sharon Wilson, Edmond, OK, Bruce Wilson, Gove, KS, Lisa and Raymond Minium, Studley, KS.

Grandchildren are Justin Daniels, Overland Park, KS, Jon & Nicole Daniels, Roeland Park, KS, Cody & Ashley Minium Studley, KS.; Great Granddaughter Tori Daniels, Roeland Park, KS, and friend Troy Kueser, Overland Park, KS. The Grand Dog, Heather, who has taken up residence with the couple will also be in attendance.

The Wilson family will enjoy Saturday with a catered noon meal, family memories shared and enjoyed, games, and an evening barbecue picnic in the yard. Sunday all will attend church services with family pictures taken in the afternoon.



Christmastime 1966

Dear Friends,

This will be a year to be remembered in the Wilson Family. As I try to go back in memory to the past year to write this Xmas letter I find only a blank before the nite of Nov. 13th. We were not aware of our many blessings until we lost so many of them. While we are all alive the loss of our home and it's many loved possessions is hard to over come. As our Pastor told me sometime later "No one loved there home like Elinor." Our home was like a tried and true friend always there.

People have been so wonderful, and have done so many thoughtful things. What would we do without our friends? We have never felt the closeness to our friends and family as we have since the loss. We can't get over the kindness of strangers. Many have given money as well as gifts that we don't even know.

The nite of the fire Jeanne and Floyd went to M.Y.F. at the church at 6:30. Lawrence and I spent another hour at home leaving at 7:30 for an hour at the church. Cliff, Bruce and Lisa were playing in their stocking feet. Church was just over when we heard the fire whistle but didn't think too much about it since the kids of the town are always blowing it. One man made the comment "Is that the kids or is it for real." We went out doors and saw my brothers pick-up at the fire house so knew it was for real. We could see it was coming from our end of town so got in the car and got there fast. Drove up to the back door. The flames were coming out the Sunporch windows on the east side of the house. We went to the back door thinking we could go in, after all we had always gone in there hadn't we, but when we opened the door the smoke was to heavy. Some one lifted Floyd to the kitchen roof and he broke the south bed room windows but again too much smoke to go in. When we saw this we went to the front door opened it and went in alittle ways calling the kids names. The smoke got bad so came back out only to realize the kids had to be in there so went back a second time. A neighbor women told me later she held on to me to keep me from going in and kept telling me the kids weren't there but I couldn't hear her. Finally after Gail told me a number of times I understood. I guess after the kids discovered the fire they carried water trying to put it out. Bruce and Lisa got out but Cliff stayed working awhile longer. They keep yelling for him to get out. He finally left but the smoke was so strong he crawled out. They went up the road to neighbors who started phoning.

Lawrence thought of his bills and checks from the station that were on top of the china closet in the dinning room so with the help of some of the men they broke the south window in the dinning room and leaned the china closet over and got it out with out going in the house. That was the only thing saved. Most of the dishes came out unbroken hard as it is to believe.

After I realized the children were safe I went around to the back to hear Jeanne crying. Went over and got her away from the crowd and reasoned with her until she got herself under control. Then saw Floyd went to him. He was so aware of what our home meant to us and how much we were loosing and that there was no hopes in saving it. I stayed with him most of the time. We went to the neighbors to see the kids. Lisa and Bruce were taking it quite well but Cliff was more shook. Talked to them for awhile and then went back to the house.



Some of our friends wanted me to go away and not watch, but when you have worked for 15 years only to have it go up in smoke you have to stay. It was like watching a dear friend die. Who could leave?

I have never felt so naked in my life. Nothing. To have nothing except the clothes on your back. The three little ones had no shoes on and none of us had any coats. It had been such a nice warm evening and we weren't going far. Of course we had four children but how could we feed them, cloth them, and where were we to stay. You must have a place to lie down, but where-where was it to be? Of course we had family and friends but no house is big enough for two families with one the size of ours. This is some of the thoughts that went thru my mind the night of the fire.

The house burned in 1½ hours. The roof and walls had fallen. Of course it smoked for a day or two. It didn't die easy. That nite we took the kids and went to Dad's. We were so afraid he would have another heart attack. My sister and her husband Marie and Gail and our Pastor came after the kids and they stayed with Gail's. We stayed with Lawrence's folks coming back to Gail's the next morning with the Twins. People started bringing things right away. So many clothes. I never went thru so many things in my life. I got so I didn't need to try them on just pick them up and look at them. The only time the kids could try on clothes was after school. We had quite a circus around here for awhile with six kids trying on clothes at the same time. The twins had only the clothes they had on and another change of clothes and there suits. Floyd is planning to go to Asbury college in Kentucky in the fall so Boyd, Floyd and I had gone down to look at the college and visit my niece who is going to college there and a nephew who lives there. We had only been back a week and they had left their clothes for me to laundry. I had them all done and hanging in the sunporch closet.

I suppose we will never be sure what caused the fire. We think a butane leak some place. There was one explosion and maybe more.

We are trying to make plans for a new home but our hearts aren't in it. We realize we must do it but could really care less. It is like remarrying when you are still in mourning. We are to get the foundation dug and poured tomorrow and hope the weather will hold so we can get started. We are putting it in about the same place the other one was.

We have had many warm and wonderful experiences this past month. God's love has been ever near. We feel sure the new year will be brighter and better than the last.

May God's Blessings be with each and every one of you.

The Wilson's



Mr and Mrs Lawrence Wilson and children are now making their home at Oakley where Lawrence has the Sinclair station south of Highway 40 at the east entrance to Oakley. For the present, the Wilson family are living in a trailer by the station. We are always sorry to lose folks from our community, but wish them every success in their new business. 5-9-57



## Lawrence Wilson . . . Wilson Sinclair Service, Oakley

A new businessman to Oakley is featured on the Mystery Farm Page this week. He is Lawrence Wilson who has taken over the Sinclair Service station one block east of the Junction of U. S. highway 40 and 83.

Lawrence is well qualified to operate a service station due to past experience in that field.

He was born at Cumberland, Iowa and moved to Kansas with his parents in 1930 when he was two weeks old. He lived on a farm between Goodland and St. Francis until 1935 at which time he moved with his family to Gove County where he has been a resident since.

Lawrence married Elinor Bland of Gove in 1951. The couple were married in Gove. They have two children, a girl Jeanne Marie, 4 and a boy Clif-

ford Delmer, 2. Clifford was named after both grandparents.

Lawrence attended school in Gove and graduated from the Gove Rural High school.

He went into the Navy Feb. 2, 1952 and became an aviation Machinest mate with the rank of second class Petty Officer. His work in the Navy was maintenance on mobile equipment. He spent 22 months at this type work at Kingsville, Texas and also 14 months aboard the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Kearsage in the Pacific. The carrier which Lawrence served on was a component of the Seventh Fleet.

Since opening the Wilson Sinclair Service in Oakley, April 1, Lawrence has had very little time for anything but work. He plans to become active in as many civic matters

as possible but at the present time he does not belong to any of the Oakley clubs.

His main sports are baseball and basketball and follows them closely. In fact he has started his baseball talk already.

Lawrence and his family are members of the First Methodist Church of Gove.

As soon as he possibly can he will have the cafe open at the station and it will run in conjunction to the service station. He hasn't found anyone yet who will run it, however.

Stop in at the Wilson Sinclair Service the next time you are in Oakley and have your car serviced by Lawrence Wilson. He will guarantee you the best of service and has the experience to do a good job for you.



# Wilson's celebrate 40th

Aug 19 - 1991

Lawrence and Elinor (Nee Bland) Wilson were honored Sunday Aug. 18, with a reception from 2:30 to 5 p.m. at the United Methodist Church in Gove for their 40th wedding anniversary.

Serving at the refreshment table were Jeanne Daniels and Shelly Wilson, Gove; Lisa Minium, Studley and Sharon Fuller, Oklahoma City, Okla. Earlene Steerman presided at the registration table.

Hosting the occasion were their children Jeanne Daniels, Justin and Jonathan, Gove; Cliff Wilson, Oklahoma City; Bruce and Shelly Wilson, Gove; Raymond and Lisa Minium, Cody and Ashley, Studley.

The couple, their children, spouses and grandchildren with other relatives and friends attended the morning church services in preparation for the day.

Lawrence and Elinor renewed their wedding vows at 2 p.m. with Rev. Joe Arganbright officiating at the ceremony.

The family provided a program that consisted of poems, piano solo, a flute solo accompanied by the piano and a vocal solo.

After the reception the following family and friends enjoyed a picnic at the Lawrence Wilson home:

Raymond and Lisa Minium, Cody and Ashley, Studley; Cliff Wilson and Sharon Fuller, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Linda Charmasson, Julie and Kevin, Woodward, Okla.; Don and Jeannette Burgardt, John and Jennie of Claremore, Okla..

Elsiann Wilson, Conci, John and Noah Nelson, Chicago, Ill.; Barbara Bland, Plaistow, NH; Loyd and Julene Wilson, Jetmore; Don and Berniece Bland, Lakewood, Colo.; Forrest and Charlotte Bland, Prairie Village;

Keith and Laura Wilson, Shields; Floyd and Vivian Wilson, Sherry and Nathan, Aurora, Colo.; Dale and Deb Heideman, Denise, Diana and Darren of Alta Vista; Boyd and Margie Wilson, Becky, Daniel and Renee, Oberlin.

LeRoy and Eva Flowers, Ingalls; Wayne and Deloris Packard, Brian and Annette Packard, Heidi and Seth, Marvin and Susan Beesley, Angela, Cade and Megan, Dora Bland, Robert and Gayle Bland, Clinton, Dennis and Audrea, Jeanne Daniels, Justin and Jonathan, Kenneth and Mae Bland, Gail and Marie Beesley, and Earlene Steerman, all of Gove.



## Couple celebrates 40th wedding anniversary

Lawrence and Elinor Wilson, Gove, will celebrate their 40th wedding anniversary with a reception from 2:30 until 5 p.m. August 18th in the Gove United Methodist Church. 1991

Hosts for the occasion will be their children: Jeanne Daniels, Cliff Wilson, Bruce and Shelly Wilson and Lisa and Raymond

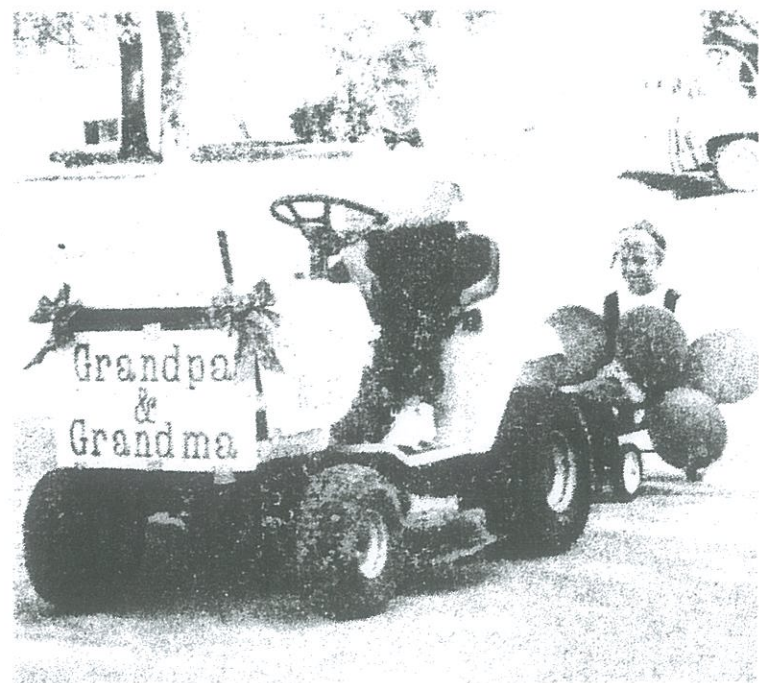
Minium. The couple have four grandchildren.

Lawrence Wilson and Elinor Bland were married August 19, 1951 in the Methodist Church in Gove.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the celebration. The couple requests no gifts.

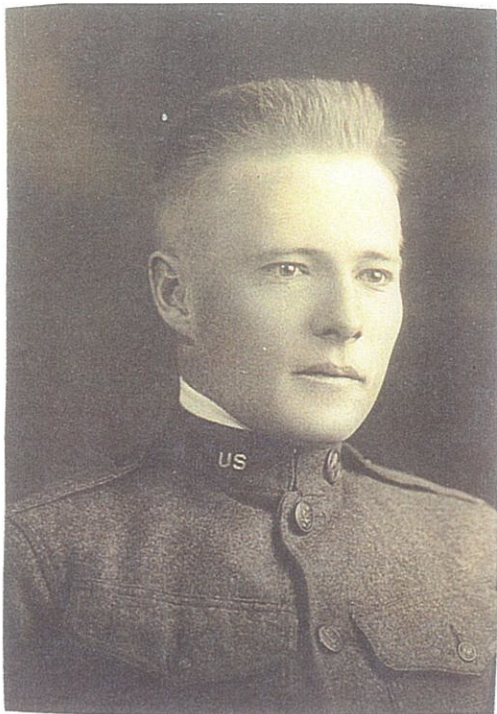
### Register of Deeds honored

A Retirement Party & Supper was given at the County Seat Cafe Jan. 8th by Corrine Christensen for Elinor Wilson, Register of Deeds. Elinor will be retiring Jan. 13, 1997 after 8 years as Deputy Register of Deeds and 20 years in office. The evening was enjoyably spent visiting and reminiscing. Those attending were the honoree Elinor Wilson and her husband, Lawrence, Corrine & Emmert Christensen, Steve & Tranda Watts, Bill & Joyce Beougher, Von & Cristy Tuttle, Daryl & Cheryl Remington, Frank & Darlene Schwarzenberger, Julie Hawkey and Orvis Katt. 1-15-97



These parade participants have a special wish for their grandparents 40th anniversary.





Sgt. 516 Serv. Park Unit MTC  
Clifford James Bland WWI



Clifford James  
Kenneth Carl  
Ethel Marie  
Elinor Ann  
Donald Wayne



Ethel Marie  
Johnson Bland  
College graduation



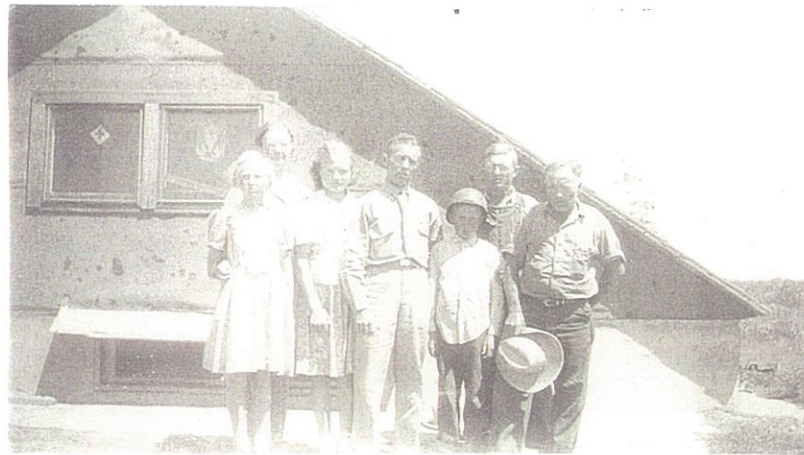
Andrew & Anna Johnson  
Elinor's Grandparents



James, Clifford  
Wayne, Maxine  
Elinor, Marie  
Don - all Blands  
April 1945



Boyd Bland on Newt  
with Elinor



Elinor, Mom, Marie, Kenneth,  
Wayne, Clifford & Dad at the  
basement house from 1931-45  
where we were the happiest.





Cliff with his coyote dogs



Cliff on Rex



Cliff in Sheriff's office



Elinor & Wayne  
1938



Kenneth, Elinor, Wayne  
Fluffy & Clifford 1942



Gladys & Elinor  
1942



Elinor Ann Bland Wilson

I was one of five children raised on a farm in northwestern Kansas. I have no memory of my parents fussing or quarreling as we grew up, only their loving voices discussing the days events or plans for the coming days.

The night I was born the folks took Clifford, Kenneth and Marie over to Grandpa and Grandma Johnson's to spend the night since Mom was not feeling well and thought the time was near for me to be born. Grandma had gone upstairs to fix beds and decided she needed a lamp, of course it was Mom who took it up. On the way down she stumbled and fell. Kenneth allowed as how Mom might pop that baby right out. Kenneth was 10 years that December. The folks went on home to bed. Toward morning Mom began to feel worse and decided they had better start for the hospital. Dad got up to fix a fire. It was a cold winter night and in the excitement he built it to hot. They were concerned it might get out of hand, so stopped and ask Grandpa Johnson to check on it.

The folks went to Quinter to the hospital where I was born at 8:30 a.m., November 9, 1931. Dr. Morris was the doctor. Mom had quite a time as I weighted 10 lbs. I was her largest child. Mom was not happy with her experience at the hospital. They bathed me in a cold room, I developed a horrible diaper rash and cried most of the time. I had trouble keeping my milk down and was losing weight. When we came home we stayed with Mom's folks for a time. A neighbor lady, Mrs. Mary Saindon came over to see me. She suggested Mom change the brand of canned milk I was taking. I began to get better. I was the only one of us five kids born in the hospital. Wayne, like the other three, was born at home.

Dad and Mom rented three different farms before they moved to the farm located 1 mile west, 2 miles north, and 1/2 mile west of Gove. Dad worked on the State and left home before light and came home after dark. He used his team of horses on a Fresno. The horses were kept in Carl Cook's barn at the west edge of Gove. He was building the bridge just south of Gove. The older kids rode with him and stayed at Joe Losey's filling station until school time.

We lived in Gove the winter of 1937. I was in the first grade and sick, missing lots of school. Doctor Fagan was doctoring me for worms and gave me laxatives. I kept getting worse. The folks decided to take me to Doctor Reynolds in Hays. I had a large appendix that required surgery. I was in the hospital over a week and Mom stayed with me. She went out for meals and I knew her foot steps when she came back. Mom's friend, Anna Winters' came to visit. She brought me a Mickey Mouse ring and I was very impressed. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Simmons fixed a box of gifts one for each day. The one I remember was a board shaped like a paddle with a chicken. The head moved up and down. Corn was glued on front. You pulled the string to make it look like the chicken was eating. Later you could buy these, but it was the first one I had ever seen.

We kids didn't miss much school. Mom's main remedy was castor oil. I had to be real sick to take that, so there was no faking sickness.



✓

Dad would go to Bailey's at times and get a cherry mash candy bar and a bottle of cherry pop and charge it. Wayne and I knew about this. We decided it would be a good idea if we would get one bottle of cherry pop and one cherry mash candy bar for us and charge it. We only did this once and never got caught.

I suppose I must tell the bad with the good in this story of my childhood. One summer afternoon Wayne and I were playing in the car in the backyard. This was during the time Dad was burning weeds in ditches for the State. He carried paper and matches in the car. Who knows why we were in the car because we never played in it. We decided to pull the paper from under the front seat. It would not budge, so knowing where the matches were we proceeded to go ahead and light the paper. Why the paper had to come out no one knows. As soon as the paper started burning it was out of our control. The fire was soon discovered and put out, but not before the car body was destroyed. As soon as the folks were through fighting fire they began to look for the kids. Marie had the neighbor kids and Wayne on the front porch reading to them, but Elinor was not to be found. After much searching I was found under the folks bed fast asleep. When I was questioned I started crying and confessed. I am sure Wayne was questioned alone the same as I was, but I never knew. Dad fixed the burnt car, so we could drive, but soon got another one. Mom took kids and baskets of dirty clothes down Main Street of Gove to Grandma Johnson's to wash. I was very humiliated and another lesson was learned.

Wayne and I were not school age this winter day and were outdoors playing. When we came in the house Wayne was completely wet and only my top was wet. Mom decided that Wayne had got in the water tank and I was able to pull him out. Mom told me about this in later years.

Wayne and I were only 16 months apart in age. Once the chores were finished we had a great deal of fun playing together. We played in the snow, rode horses, and once in awhile I could talk him into playing house with me. From time to time the family received a box of clothes from our well to do relatives in the East. One box contained a pair of lace up boots that fit both Wayne and me. Since girls did not wear boots back then I was not considered, but oh how I wished those boots were mine.

Wayne and I always played well together, but I do remember tattling. It was a windy Sunday afternoon Wayne and I were taking turns playing, driving the tractor. It was in the driveway of the granary, I thought he had been on the tractor long enough, but he wouldn't get off. Dad and Mom were at the house. Dad was not feeling well. I told Dad the problem and he wrote a note I took to Wayne and Wayne got off the tractor.

We were a family that enjoyed playing pranks. Wayne had put a small dead snake head first through a knot hole under the seat in the toilet. I was the first one in need of the toilet. I paid no attention going it, but soon discovered the snake. I came out that door in double time. Wayne was on the south side of the garage waiting for action. I can still hear his laugh. He enjoyed the moment more than I. Ada Douglass' lived across the street from us when we lived in town. She was one of the nicest women I knew. We called her Grandma and visited her often. She told Mom to have me come over after school. When I went she had made cookies for my birthday.



✓  
She told me I could share them with my family or I could put them in the drawer and eat them all myself. The choice was mine. I shared them, but that was the first time I felt I had a choice.

In the winter time Wayne and I gathered kindling and coal to take to the house. One evening I failed to do this chore. I was not aware of it at the time, but looking back I realized Dad checked the coal bucket at bed time. It was after dark, I was given a lantern and the coal bucket and sent to the coal house. That was a lesson I always remembered. I was afraid of the dark and would sing whenever I went out. Grandma Johnson told me I had nothing to worry about. If I was taken they would bring me back as soon as it got light and that was a comfort to me.

✓ I learned about sharing as a small child. No matter how little we had, there was enough to share. We were like most kids at that time, we had very little candy. One time Dad brought home a sack of hard candy. We all set down at the table and the candy was passed out, share and share alike.

✓ Grandma Johnson was the only grandparent I ever knew well. I was 5 years old when Grandpa Johnson died. When we visited Grandma, she always took us by the hand to the pantry for cookies or lemon drops, my favorite. She was the best cook ever and never happier than when cooking for company. We spent many days in the summer with Grandma. When it was time to go to bed we sat on the back porch to wash our feet and visited. When we lived in town, Grandma would come to visit. Wayne always wanted to comb her hair and she would give him a few pennies. Later Wayne asked for money. That's when Dad stopped it.

I liked to play house with my dolls. Grandma lived a 1/2 miles east of us. I played in her wash house, just outside her back door. She had wooden boxes I used for furniture. A wood stove she heated wash water on and old pots and pans. The only request was to put everything back when I finished.

I only received one doll that was special. She was ordered out of the Christmas catalogue and dressed in pink. I took her to the courthouse to show Max Campbell. He was the County Attorney when Dad was Sheriff. I knew Max would want to see my doll.

The most special Christmas was when Marie and I got to play Santa for Wayne. Clifford and Kenneth took Wayne to bed. It was 1942 and we had lots of snow. Mom had not got out to buy gifts and Dad got them in Gove. He sent Marie and I to get them out of the trunk of the car. The only gifts I remember, Dad got Mom her first dust mop and cut glass salt and pepper shakers.

We had a small artificial Christmas tree and the branches had red berries on the end. The branches folded up when put away. That tree was used for many years. Vacation was over and it was time for school. I remember so clearly, Clifford took us to town in a two wheel cart with a team of horses. He stood up in the cart behind the horses. Marie, Wayne and I were heavily dressed and wrapped in comforters. The snow was up to the horses belly part of the way. We kids stayed warm, but I can't imagine how cold Clifford must have been.



When Marie and I were left to do dishes, we would play but watch the window. Mom always stopped at Grandma's to leave groceries or maybe visit. When we saw the car that was time to get water heated and dishes done. One time Marie assured me she could get a large black lamb's nipple in my mouth. When she came up with that challenge I made up my mind it would not happen. We rolled on the floor and under the table and had a battle royal. If my memory serves me right, I won.

Marie and I were always making bets. She said that she could do something and I was sure she couldn't. We started betting pennies, which neither of us had. I soon decided that I was getting in over my head and switched to pretty rocks.

One nice winter afternoon, Marie, Wayne and I was left to tend cows and sheep that were in the corral. We got busy playing and didn't check. We finally remembered and found two calves and several lambs had been born. I was told to get some gunny sacks to rub the lambs with. I was running from house to barn when the folks drove over the hill. They decided there was some activity at the barn. They ask me what I was doing. I said getting sacks to wipe off the after birth lotion. I was reminded of this often.

In the summer the sheep were put out in the pasture during the day. Marie, Wayne and I took turns watching them. That was a hot tiresome job. The worst part was the heat, sweat bees and beggars lice that stuck to your pant legs and socks. It took hours pulling them off.

Dad fixed the east native rock shed for lambing. He made wooden panels and divided the sheep into pens. In the evening he would decide which ewes were about to lamb and they were put in pens for the night. Dad had a wood stove, a cot and lantern. It was cozy and warm and we younger kids always begged to spend the night with him.

We always had chores to do. I hated to get pecked by the setting hens who would not get off their nests. I soon found a tin can to pop over their heads. There were the pigs to water and feed. The grain was soaked, which made it much heavier. I decided that if I could carry the pails one in each hand and walk with them they weren't too heavy, but they were. I hated to get in the pens with the pigs and have them touch my legs. I would move fast to get them fed and out. We always had a large garden. Dad worked the ground up and helped Mom with the planting. The garden was south of the windmill. The potato patch was north and seemed large to me when I had to pick potato bugs. We each had a can of kerosene. I used a stick to knock bugs into my can. We always washed vegetables from the garden in tubs at the well to save hauling water to the house. The well was around two hundred yards to the house and all up hill. We ate and canned everything out of the garden. Dad often came home with many bushels of peaches and apples, lots were canned as fruit and more made into peach and apple butter. We often picked sand plums and added to apple butter, so it would go farther. Our dessert sometimes was homemade bread covered with peach or apple butter and sweet cream poured over it. Mom tried to have five hundred quarts of vegetables and fruit canned for winter. We raised chickens and wanted them ready to eat by the first of July to feed harvest hands. That is what the family ate all summer. Also saved some for laying hens. We were all taught at an early age to work. It



proved to be a blessing, for when dad died, we were able to do many things that most farm kids our age could not do.

Uncle Amos Bland and Aunt Letia got Don from an orphanage when he was 2 years old. Amos died of cancer when Don was 12 and they had not adopted him. He came to Dad's office one day very upset. Letia told him Bland was his not last name, since he had not been adopted. Dad wrote the name Bland on a piece of paper and told Don he would give him his name. Soon after Letia sent Don back to the orphanage. The folks knew nothing about it until Marie brought the news home from school. Later the orphanage called the folks and told them Don was not adjusting. After the folks discussed it, they decided Dad with Wayne should take the train to get Don. Don came in April and Dad died in August 1945. Don lived with us and went to school, but later decided to join the Navy. After he and Mom talked this over at length, she gave her permission. Don has always been a part of the Bland family.

Dad would take us kids with him one at a time. When he was campaigning I got to go. He had stopped at a farm and gone to talk to the farmer at the barn. I stayed in the car. The time was passing slowly. I got impatient, so went to the barn. We took lunch and a jug of water and was gone all day. Dad was sheriff from January 1938 until January 1943. At that time the sheriff and treasurer could only serve two, two year terms.

Another time I went with Dad to Hoxie, I am sure to the bank. We stopped in Grainfield at the drug store for a dish of ice cream.

Reverend Young was the minister at the Gove Methodist Church in the early 1940's. He lived alone and from time to time we would find him on our door step ready for a meal. He ate most often with the Losey's or the Bland's. He talked Mom into letting us have a white cat. It was winter so the cat stayed in the house. The house was small and didn't need a cat, but the kids sure enjoyed it.

During the Dirty 30's when the days were unbearably hot it was difficult to sleep in the basement. Mom, Dad and kids would take the bedding and go to the yard. We had nice prairie grass and spread our covers out, enjoying the stars until we fell asleep.

In the evening cotton tails were plentiful. We kids would climb to the top of the roof to spot the rabbits. Dad would shoot several, they were cleaned, put in salt water to soak, then fried and ate. They tasted a lot like chicken.

One night Marie and I were sleeping out on a day bed. Towards morning the bull got in the yard, turned the water hydrant on, tipped the bed over, rolling us out. We slept through it all. Dad came out and found us.

Marie decided one summer she and I would sleep on the day bed in the drive through of the granary. We were really enjoying it when Marie had to go to the Hays Hospital for an appendectomy. That ended the sleeping out for that summer. Dad was sick lots in later years. The last year of his life Doctor Morris told Dad and Mom that Dad only had about a year left to



live. He had high blood pressure, there was no medicine, just diet. Dad had terrible headaches caused by sinus infection.

Uncle Ross, Dad's brother, left his wife Maggie Lee and son Forrest Keith to spend summers with us. Maggie Lee had a breast removed because of cancer. Dad dressed it for her, as it upset Mom. Forrest Keith stayed many summers without his parents. He was a city kid and not used to farm life. One summer Mom told him she only expected him to do one job. She did not want to see the bottom of the water pail. We were still carrying water from the windmill.

Mom's father and mother, Andrew and Anna Johnson gave the folks the quarter of land the farm was built on in hopes they would make it their home. They were able to find a good water well east and south of the house. Dad with the help of Jud Summers' quarried stone from the east side of the draw on the northwest 1/4 of 27-12-29 west of the house. Dad built the barn first. It had room for several milk cows in stanchion, stalls for work horses and a grain bin on the east side. Protection for live stock was most important to Dad. Dad then built the basement house and moved in March 1931. Later with the assurance they would soon be able to built a house over it. There was never enough money to build a house. After the basement was built, Dad built a stone wall that ran north and south of the barn. A big shed east of the barn, then another stone wall west and east of shed and another shed east of that. I can't imagine the months of labor involved in this project.

Wayne, my sister-in-law Mae who had just arrived from Alabama, where she had married Kenneth, who was in the Air Force overseas and myself had gone with Dad to talk with the man who would raise the roof of the house. On the way home Dad suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and died. That left my mother with a house to build, farm to manage, children to raise and no helpmate. We had moved into a one car garage and small chicken house. They had been cleaned and white washed on the inside.

In the garage we had a wood stove for heat, a kerosene stove to cook on, a kitchen cupboard, table and chairs, and a twin bed for Don to sleep on, and cold water from a pipe by the wall. In the chicken house were two full size beds, a dresser, and a rack for clothes. Clifford and Wayne, Mom and I slept there. No heat in this room at any time. We dressed in a hurry and made a quick trip out back. Dad had been sure we would be in the house before winter, but it was not to be. Andrew Anderson agreed to build the house, but much had to be done before then. Mom hauled most of the supplies including wood from Hoxie with our small pickup, 60 miles round trip. Mom told about going up the hill south of Hoxie, the load began to slip, she had stopped to try to adjust it, when a farmer stopped to help. There were so many details she had to attend to.

We had pigs, chickens, cattle and over 200 head of sheep. After many talks with the Lord she was assured He was telling her to sell. Mom at the age of 47 years had not been on Rex (the horse) for many years. She saddled him and rode to the pasture to bring the sheep in to sell. When our father died, Clifford, the oldest was at home with ill health. Kenneth, my second brother, was in the Air Force overseas. Marie was in the hospital after surgery. Later in the Fall taught school. My foster brother Don, 15, my youngest brother Wayne 12, and myself, 13, were



still at home. Many days Mom had a table full of men to cook for. There were times I stayed home from school to help.

My first girl friend, Gladys Losey Petterson, and I met in first grade and spent lots of time together. One Saturday we decided to go roller skating on the sidewalks in town. We were to go to a grade school party that night, so Lutie, Gladys's older sister, set our hair in pin curls. It seemed we skated every sidewalk in town, having a great time. Later in the afternoon, we came to a water pump in a back yard and stopped to get a drink. We decided to wet our hair so the curl would be tighter. That was not a good idea. Lutie discovered our hair was not dry and having no hair dryer, she used the blower on the vacuum sweeper. We got to the party but I'm not sure just how dry our hair was. Gladys lived in town and I lived 3 1/2 miles northwest of town. I spent a Sunday with Gladys. She talked an older brother into taking us to the show that evening. Having no phone we walked to our place to ask Mom if I could go. Wayne and I fed the cattle each morn before we went to school. We loaded the truck at night. Going to the show was a big deal. But I had cattle to feed and I could not go. I walked Gladys half way to town, then walked back home. We were two upset girls, but I was learning responsibility. Wayne and I were the only ones living at home with my mother.

Earlene Bretton Steerman moved with her family to Gove in the summer of 1945. We were both in the eighth grade and soon became fast friends. We stayed over night with each other and our means of travel was usually walking.

One Sunday I had Mom's car. Earlene and I went out driving. We stopped to pick up two young harvesters. I let one drive and he backed into the ditch at Earlene folks and could not get out. About that time her folks came home. We stopped to ask if Earlene could go to the show. Her dad helped get us out and we went to the show.

Mrs. Losey was good to let Gladys use her car. Earlene and I were always included. Mrs. Losey said never over 3 in the front seat, but as many as you want in the back and we did!!

Anytime a car left town you could bet it was full of kids. One Sunday evening several of us wanted to go to the show, without a vehicle in sight. We talked Julene Powers' dad into letting us drive an old car of his. It had no brakes and the gas was controlled with a rope. It was decided that I would drive and Gladys would pull the rope to the right or the the middle. We had the car full of kids, but needed gas, so drove to Nick Zerr's filling station. We probably got 50 cents worth. Nick adjusted the rope, so it would work better, and we took off. We were doing just fine coming off highway 23 and needing to turn west onto highway 40. I guess Gladys forgot about the lack of brakes, as we were going way too fast and I began to yell, "Get off the gas!". We made the corner with a lot of yelling from the back set.

I was always a good runner and in the eighth grade. Kenneth Burris was the only one who could out run me. The seventh and eighth grade girls played baseball every nice day the winter of 1944 and we were good. In the spring it was decided we would play the high school girls. We were able to beat them and I never let Marie forget it as she was a senior.







## Lawrence & Elinor Wilson



Name: Lawrence Elmer Wilson

Birth: December 20, 1929

Place: Cumberland, Iowa

Death: February 28, 2009

Cemetery: Gove, Kansas

Married: August 19, 1951; Gove, Kansas

Children: Jeanne, Clifford (Cliff), Bruce, & Lisa

Elinor Ann Bland

November 9, 1931

Quinter, Kansas

February 3, 2015





*Remembering.....*

*Lawrence Elmer Wilson was born December 20, 1929 on his mother's family farm in Cumberland, Iowa, to Delmer Loyd and Ina Edith (Merritt) Wilson. He passed away at the Gove County Medical Center in Quinter, KS on Saturday, February 28, 2009 at the age of 79.*

*Lawrence's first home was on a farm in Sherman County, KS. He then moved with his family to a farm in Jerome Township. He received his elementary education at Jerome Grade School and graduated from Gove Rural High School with the class of 1948.*

*On August 19, 1951, Lawrence was united in marriage to Elinor Ann Bland in the Gove Methodist Church.*

*Lawrence enlisted in the Navy, February 6, 1952, during the Korean War. After basic training in San Diego, Lawrence and Elinor moved to Norman, OK where Lawrence attended aviation machinist school. Being second in his class gave him the choice to go to Kingsville, TX, where he served as a plane captain on a T.B.M. airplane. He was honorably discharged February 6, 1956.*

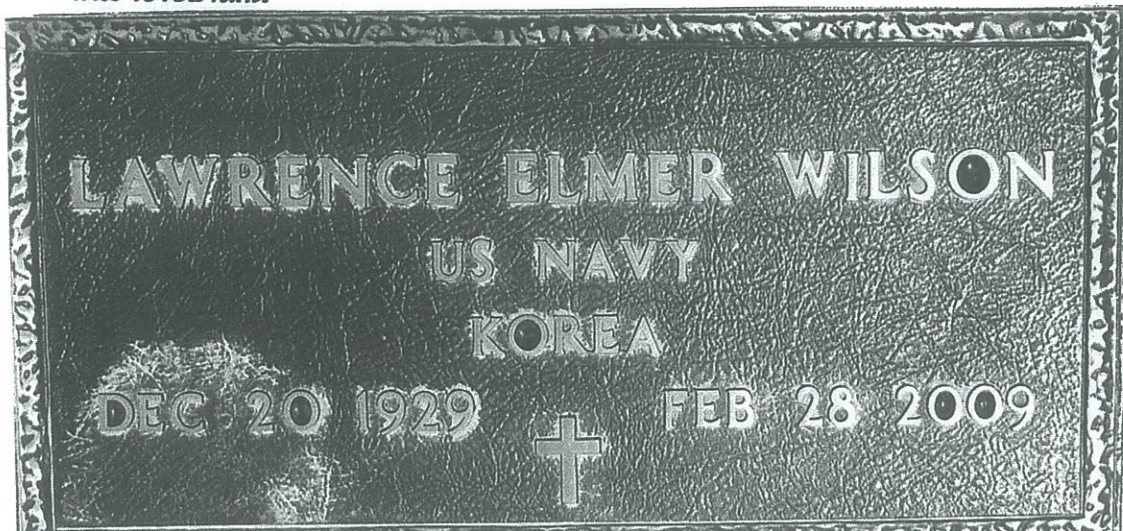
*Upon returning home from the service, Lawrence worked many occupations, as jobs were scarce. He sold life insurance, helped his brother-in-law, Gail Beesley on the farm, was employed at Bartlett Shields Elevator, worked for Jim Tuttle, helped the Bland harvest crew, and operated a Sinclair gas station in Oakley. In January of 1966, Lawrence purchased and operated the Wilson Standard Service Station in Gove.*

*Lawrence was a kind, loving, gentle husband, father, grandfather and great-grandfather. His love for his family, faith and community was evident in his life. He was a member of the Gove Community Bible Church and participated as a choir member for forty years. He belonged to the Oddfellows, and was a G.C.I.A. member. He also served as Treasurer of the Gove Community Library for many years and was a Governor appointee of the Northwest Kansas Libraries.*

*Those left to mourn his passing are his wife, Elinor of Gove; a son, Cliff Wilson and wife, Sharon, Edmond, OK; two daughters, Jeanne Daniels, Gove, Lisa Minium and husband, Raymond, Hoxie; four brothers, Loyd Wilson and wife, Julene, of Jetmore, Calvin Wilson and wife, Jean, of Dighton, Boyd Wilson and wife, Margaret, Oberlin, Floyd Wilson and wife, Vivian, Aurora, CO; four sisters, Eva Flowers and husband, LeRoy, of Pratt, Deloris Steinike and husband, Herb, Gove, Carmellia Wilderman and husband, Leonard, of Williamsburg, Trisha Groom and husband, Daryl, of Bennington; four grandchildren Jonathan Daniels and wife, Nicole, of Lenexa, Cody and Ashley Minium, of Manhattan, Derek Fuller, of Edmond, OK; three great-grandchildren, Tori and Alexis Daniels and Ashleigh Fuller; and a sister-in-law, Elsiann Wilson, of Grapevine, TX.*

*Preceding him in death were his parents, Delmer & Ina Wilson; a son, Bruce Wilson; a grandson, Justin Daniels; a brother, Delmer J. Wilson; and an infant sister, Ina Wilson.*

*Lawrence was a man whom you could tell anything to, and he would listen without judgment and gently lead you in the right direction. Gentleness, kindness, compassion and love were always evident in everything Lawrence did or said. He was a father to those who needed one and an example to those who loved him.*





## Schmitt Funeral Home

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### Elinor Ann Wilson

(November 9, 1931 - February 3, 2015)

Elinor Ann Wilson, age 83, of Quinter, passed away Tuesday, February 3, 2015 at Gove County Medical Center – Long Term Care, Quinter. She was born November 9, 1931, in Quinter, to Clifford and Ethel (Johnson) Bland.



Until recent years, Elinor lived in Gove. She graduated from Gove High School. On August 19, 1951, Elinor was united in marriage to Lawrence Elmer Wilson in Gove. They enjoyed 57 years of marriage together. Lawrence passed away February 28, 2009. She served as Gove County Register of Deeds from 1977 to 1996. She was very active with the Gove Community Bible Church, having generously volunteered her time and talents in both the Women's' Group and as a Sunday School Teacher. She loved quilting and gardening. Elinor also enjoyed reading a good book, or simply spending time with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. She will be missed by many.

Survivors include a son, Cliff and wife Sharon of Edmond, Oklahoma; two daughters, Lisa and husband Butch Minium of Hoxie and Jeanne Daniels of Gove; three grandchildren, Cody Minium of Colby, Ashley Minium of Overland Park, and Jonathan Daniels of Denver; two great-grandchildren, Tori Daniels and Alexis Daniels, both of Overland Park; one brother, Don Bland of McPherson; one sister, Marie Beesley of Quinter; and one sister-in-law, Barbara Bland of New Hampshire. She was preceded in death by her parents; her husband; son, Bruce Wilson; grandson, Justin Daniels; brothers, Clifford and wife Dora, Kenneth and wife Mae, and Wayne; brother-in-law, Gail Beesley; and sister-in-law, Berneice Bland.

Services will be 10:00 a.m., Saturday, February 7, 2015 at Gove Community Bible Church, Gove. Burial will be in the Gove Cemetery.

Visitation will be Friday, from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. at the funeral home in Quinter.

IN LIEU OF FLOWERS, memorial contributions may be made to Gove Community Bible Church or Gove City Library. Checks made to the organization may be sent in care of Schmitt Funeral Home, 901 South Main, Quinter, KS 67752.

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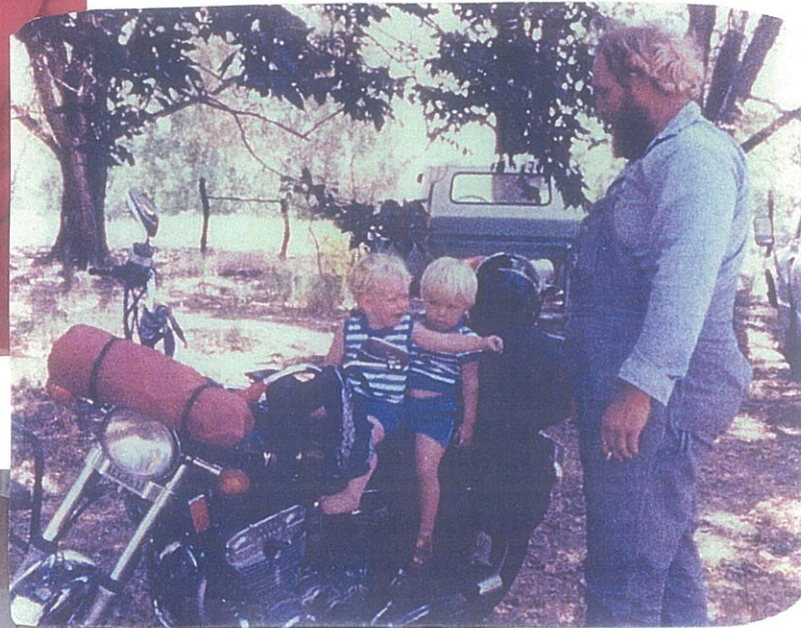




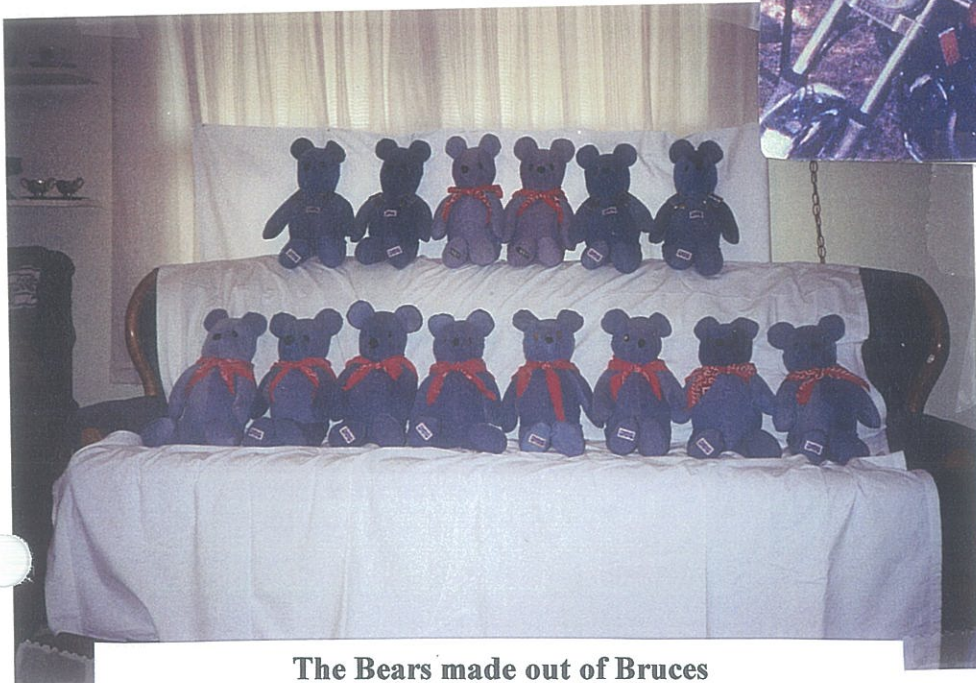
**Bruce Graduation 1976**



**1978 Commercial fishing ship  
Coos Bay, Oregon**



**Cody Minium, May 29, 1983  
Cade Beesley, August 17, 1982  
Summer 1984 back from Sturgis**



**The Bears made out of Bruces  
overalls – By Elinor, his mother**



## Memories of Bruce Wilson

By Lawrence and Elinor Wilson

This is a few of the memories Bruce's family will share. Bruce was born at 11:17 p.m., Friday, December 6, 1957. He weighed 7lbs. and was 19 inches long. He was born at Lemke Memorial Hospital in WaKeeney, Kansas.

Bruce had installed a wood burning stove in his house for heat the last few years. He was cutting down a dead tree for firewood, 1/8th of a mile south east of his house. When he had the limb cut it fell into a live tree and hung up. There was a big limb off to the other side, so he decided to cut it off. It fell into a tree to the east and hung there. Bruce picked up his saw and headed for his pickup going under the limb. The limb decided at that time to break loose hitting Bruce in his head and knocking him to the ground. Bruce had a high school boy helping him who went for the sheriff who was an E.M.T. Bruce was taken by ambulance to the Gove County Hospital where he was examined and sent on to Wichita. At that time we learned Bruce was paralyzed from his neck down.

I was making peach butter, and Bruce was eager to stir it. I suggested he put a shirt on so it would not pop on his bare stomach. It was a hot afternoon. He did not want a shirt on. He was small enough that he had to stand on a chair. The peach butter did bubble up onto his stomach and it was hot.

Before Bruce started to school from time to time, he would go to the farm with Gail and Lawrence. Gail was working on a combine getting it ready for harvest. He had to get out from under the combine to get a part so Bruce climbed under. When Gail came back he ask Bruce to move, but Bruce was enjoying himself and wanted to stay, he told Gail no. I am sure Gail was able to get him out.

We bought the Losey house with the pasture in 1962. Our four kids enjoyed the pasture as much as I enjoyed the house. East of the house in the hill they dug a cave to play in. One of the trees had a large branch that hung over the hill. It made a great swing. The hill side made a slide even though it was hard on pants.

Bruce and Brian Packard were the greatest of friends. One summer day they decided they needed to make some money, so came up with the idea of planting a garden in our pasture south of the house. They made it on the hill just north of the Hackberry Creek carrying water to it from the creek. They built a fence around it to keep the critters out. They planned to sell the vegetables in town. I do not



remember it being a success.

Bruce came home from school wanting to know what I had done since the house was still cluttered. The next Saturday which was our family house cleaning day, I took a white cord and tied it from Bruce's waist to mine. When evening came, Bruce's question was answered. I was never asked again what I had done.

Bruce and Cliff did not always agree while at play. After being put to bed for the night they spent lots of time visiting.

The twins, our four kids and I enjoyed going ice skating on the Hackberry creek south of our house some winter evenings.

Jeanne remembers hitting Bruce in the belly. Mom made her kiss Bruce's belly and tell him she was sorry. That was hard for her to do and was the last time she ever hit him again.

Dad Wilson took Cliff and Bruce to Stuckey's. He told them they could have all the hamburgers they could eat, but only one at a time. As soon as they finished one they could order another. I do not remember how many they ate but it was a number. They came home telling us all about it and were very impressed with what their grandpa had done.

In the summer of 1975 Bruce went harvesting with my brother Kenneth Bland. After graduation from high school in 1976, Bruce worked at Mitten station in Oakley and lived at home. In 1977 Bruce was at Mound Ridge, Kansas working for a telephone company. In 1978 Bruce and Jimmy Powers decided it was time to see more of the world. They went in Jim's 1962 Ranchero pickup with mattress in back to Washington State. Bruce worked for a carpenter for a short time. He went on to Coos Bay, Oregon and helped a cousin of Lawrence's on commercial fishing ship fishing for tuna and salmon. The ship was built in 1907 and was 12 ft. long. On one of trips they were about 200 miles out when a bad storm came up with 35 to 40 ft. waves. Gerald took over the engine and steering and Bruce kept the bilge pumps working. Some of the smaller boats were sunk. The Coast Guard had helicopters that picked up fishermen. It took them many hours to reach port. They still had a load of fish to unload. Bruce decided that was not the life for him.

In 1978 Bruce worked with a brick layer in Salina. In 1979 he worked for a railroad company rebuilding railroad beds 30 miles north of St. Louis, Missouri



and while there he was in a pickup accident breaking his collar bone. He was in the Hays hospital a week, home six weeks, back for second operation to remove pins. He was out of work from June through September going back to same job. In 1980 Bruce came back home to Gove to stay. He worked for farmers in 1981 and 1982 and in 1983. Bruce went to work for Gove County Road and Bridge. In 1988 Bruce bought a quarter of grass at the north edge of Gove. It had a two-story house that was over 100 years old. It had belonged to my Uncle Amos Bland. Bruce and Lawrence had cattle together and farmed our land. Bruce had traveled and worked more than five years seeing and doing many things. He was ready to come home to family and friends where his heart was. He was content to be home.

In August of 1984 Bruce went to Sturgis, South Dakota on his 850 Yamaha motorcycle to the annual motorcycle rally along with Kirk Priefet and Delmer Heinrich. They stopped in Denver and stayed overnight at a friend of Delmer's. Bruce and Kirk slept in a shed in the backyard. They both decided the wood floor got quite hard before morning.

While traveling along where road repair work was being done, Bruce's canteen came loose from the motorcycle and was dragging behind. He did not realize it. Do you suppose the road men enjoyed the sight?

They had plans of sleeping in Bruce's tent and their sleeping bags in the City Park of Merriman, Nebraska when a police officer told them they could not stay. They went on to a roadside park. They left for a short time when they came back, a 1965 mustang car was parked there. They paid no attention and went about putting up their tent. All of a sudden a very large dog came out from under the car. Bruce took off going full speed. Kirk did not know where Bruce got to but Kirk was glad to hear the noise made when the dog hit the end of the chain as he was sure he would have been dog bait.

The boys stopped at a station where a man was washing a car. It was one of the hottest days or so the boys thought. Bruce asks the man to hose him down. Bruce took off his shirt and with a smile on the man's face he cooled Bruce off.

By the time they got to Sturgis Bruce and Kirk had to have their oil changed and Bruce needed a new tire. This was Bruce's first and last long motorcycle trip. He came home telling about the great time he had and all the people he saw.

Bruce always had a great love for motorcycles and had three different ones through



the years.

Jeanne was a great one to help Bruce in many ways. She trimmed his toe nails. She helped him get his monthly bills paid. Whenever he was sick, she was good about doctoring him. Bruce was a great one to visit, but mostly on one to one. Most any time Bruce went to the doctor, dentist or just shopping it was Lawrence who went with him. They had many enjoyable times.

We all had a trying time after Bruce's death. We each handled it in our own way. Mostly to talk about him. He was very present in our lives. I went to his house and went thru his clothes giving many away. Bruce was one to keep things like his Grandma Wilson did. I am sure I found his first pair of overalls. There were many boxes. I came up with the idea of making teddy bears out of them. I made 14 in all mostly for family. Jeanne is interested in using his overalls to make quilts. Time will tell.



"Bruce"

You were new when they brought you home,  
A little four cylinder, but you were all chrome.

A few years later you started to run,  
A friendly six cylinder that was lots of fun.

Then it was time you were out on your own,  
When you got that V Eight, your name was well known.

We watched lots of races and beautiful curves,  
Oh, I guess, in racing they call it left turns.

Your checkered flag came way too fast,  
But your victory lap will always last.

--Brian



Composed by  
Brain Packard



Cliff, Lawrence, Bruce



Bruce Duane Wilson  
3 years 9 months

Goodbye is not forever  
We know that you walk with us each day  
as we travel the road of life.  
We can see and feel your presences  
everywhere we look.

In every sunrise we see the dawn of  
a new day and what it has to promise.  
The beauty of the rose reminds  
us of your kind and giving nature.  
The rainbow reminds us of your joy  
of seeing and learning new things.  
The sunset brings back memories of  
the precious times we spent together.  
The night sky filled with stars lets us  
know you are still watching over us.  
Even the cloudy dreary days reminds  
us of our sadness of missing you.  
We know you are with us in our hearts  
and saying Good-bye is for now  
Not for ever

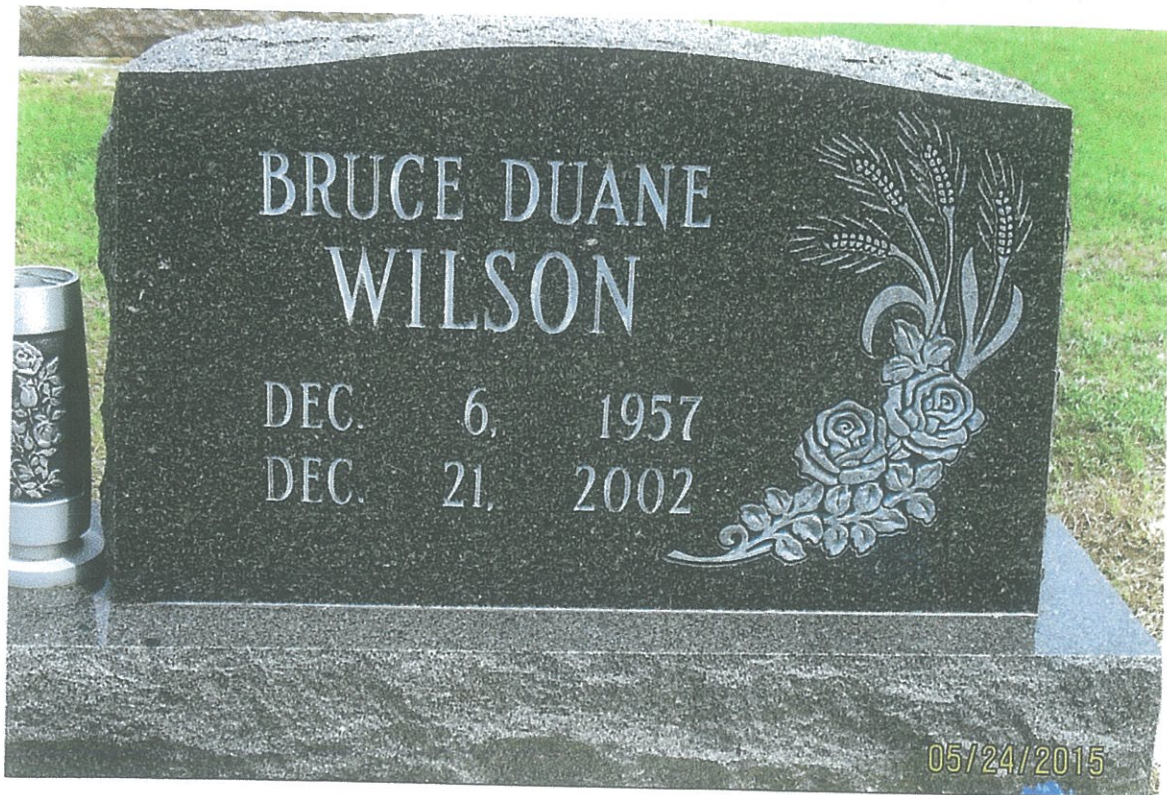
Composed by  
Gayle Bland



**Bruce Wilson**



Name: Bruce Duane Wilson  
Birth: December 6, 1957  
Place: Wakeeney, Kansas  
Death: December 21, 2002  
Cemetery: Gove, Kansas





### In Loving Memory of Bruce D. Wilson

Bruce Duane Wilson was born December 6, 1957, at WaKeeney, Kansas, to Lawrence and Elinor (Bland) Wilson. He passed away December 21, 2002, at Via Christi St. Francis Regional Medical Center in Wichita, Kansas. Bruce was 45 years old.

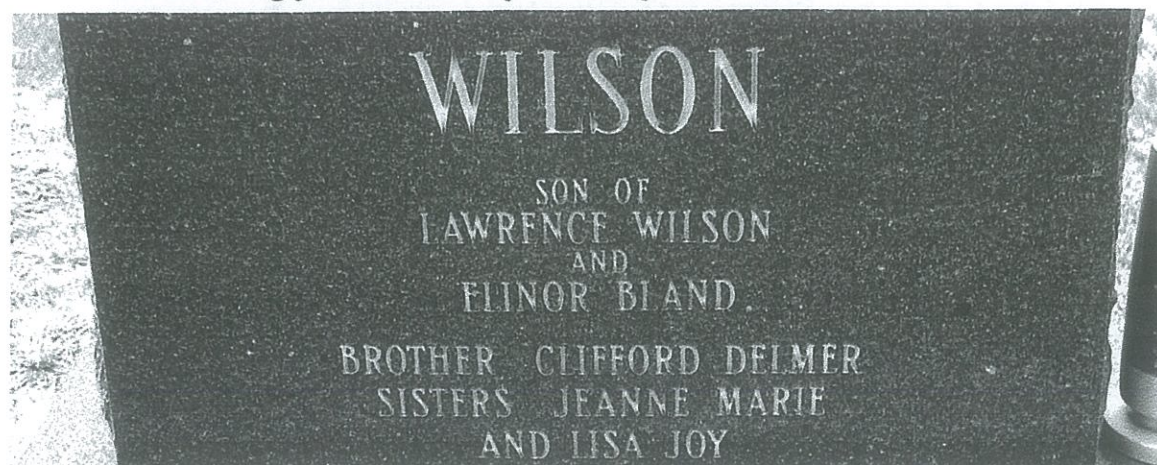
Bruce attended Gove Elementary School and was a 1976 graduate of Wheatland High School in Grainfield, Kansas. Following graduation, Bruce was involved in many occupations, some of which were commercial fishing, working for the railroad, laying cable for a telephone company, drilling water wells, custom harvesting, construction and as a roustabout on oil rigs. Bruce was employed by the Gove County Road and Bridge Department for the past 18 years. He also had a farming and cattle operation. Bruce's favorite pastime was attending car races with his family.

Bruce had the ability to make friends. He always thought well of people and would not stand for injustices. No one was beyond or below his sense of fairness. People have shared the many deeds of kindness Bruce has shown through the years; things we had not known, stories we had never heard.

He was a member of Gove United Methodist Church and a past member of the International Order of Odd Fellows of Gove. Bruce was a lifetime Gove County resident.

Survivors include his parents, Lawrence and Elinor Wilson, Gove; a brother, Clifford Wilson and his wife, Sharon, of Edmond, OK; two sisters, Jeanne Daniels of Gove and Lisa Minium and her husband, Raymond, of Hoxie; 3 nephews, Justin Daniels of Shawnee, Jonathan Daniels and his wife, Nicole, of Merriam, and Cody Minium of Hoxie; a niece, Ashley Minium of Hoxie; and one great-niece, Tori Daniels of Merriam.

Although Bruce was a soft-spoken man, people always knew of his presence. The warmth and kindness of Bruce's heart will always be felt. Bruce will be lovingly remembered by his family and friends.





## Justin Daniels



Name: Justin Ray Daniels  
Birth: December 8, 1975  
Place: Colby, Kansas  
Death: May 26, 2005  
Cemetery: Gove, Kansas





## In Loving Memory of Justin R. Daniels

Justin Ray Daniels, eldest son of Kenneth and Jeanne (Wilson) Daniels was born Monday, December 8, 1975, in Colby, Kansas. He died, Thursday, May 26, 2005, in his home at Shawnee, Kansas, at the age of 29. Justin is survived by his life partner, Troy Kueser, of Shawnee; his father, Kenneth Daniels, of Aurora, Colorado; his mother, Jeanne Daniels, of Gove; his maternal grandparents, Lawrence and Elinor Wilson, of Gove; his paternal grandparents, Johnny and Hazel Daniels, of Oakley; his brother and sister-in-law, Jon & Nicole Daniels and nieces, Tori and Alexis Daniels, all of Merriam; numerous aunts, uncles, cousins and beloved friends.

Justin was preceded in death by his uncle, Bruce Wilson.

Justin attended Gove Grade School and was a 1994 graduate of Wheatland High School. Justin attended Northwest Kansas Vo-Tech in Goodland for one year followed by a summer internship with MCI in Sacramento, California. He continued his education at Fort Hays State University at Hays, Kansas.

God granted his family and loved ones such a brief time to know Justin. Their memories of him include his love of music, computers, movies and going out of his way to make everyone feel welcome in his home.

As a child, he liked to undertake new recipes and surprise family members with his new creations. Justin had a love of flowers; especially fresh cut roses. He loved the outdoors; stargazing at night and walking trails at the park during his spare time.

Justin and Troy loved to travel. They traveled to Europe, where they visited many countries. They spent time in the Cayman Islands, the Florida Keys and Cancun, Mexico. Justin and Troy spent hours at work and at play on their computers. They enjoyed movies and spending time at the Country Club Plaza, especially during the holidays, and loved to take long drives together.

Justin's and Troy's families were very important in Justin's life. A perfect day for Justin was spending time with family. He would spoil his nieces with shopping sprees; take long walks with his Grandma Elinor, watching movies and the SciFi channel with his Mom and baffle his brother, Jon, with his intellectual conversations. He enjoyed long chats with his Grandpa Lawrence and hanging out with his favorite sister-in-law, Nicole.

Justin's greatest joy was his Scottie terrier, Katie, his constant loving companion.

Justin was a kind soul; he enjoyed life to the fullest while caring and being respectful to others. He is loved and will be missed.

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