

Chapter 8

Pete & Candy

Wildeman



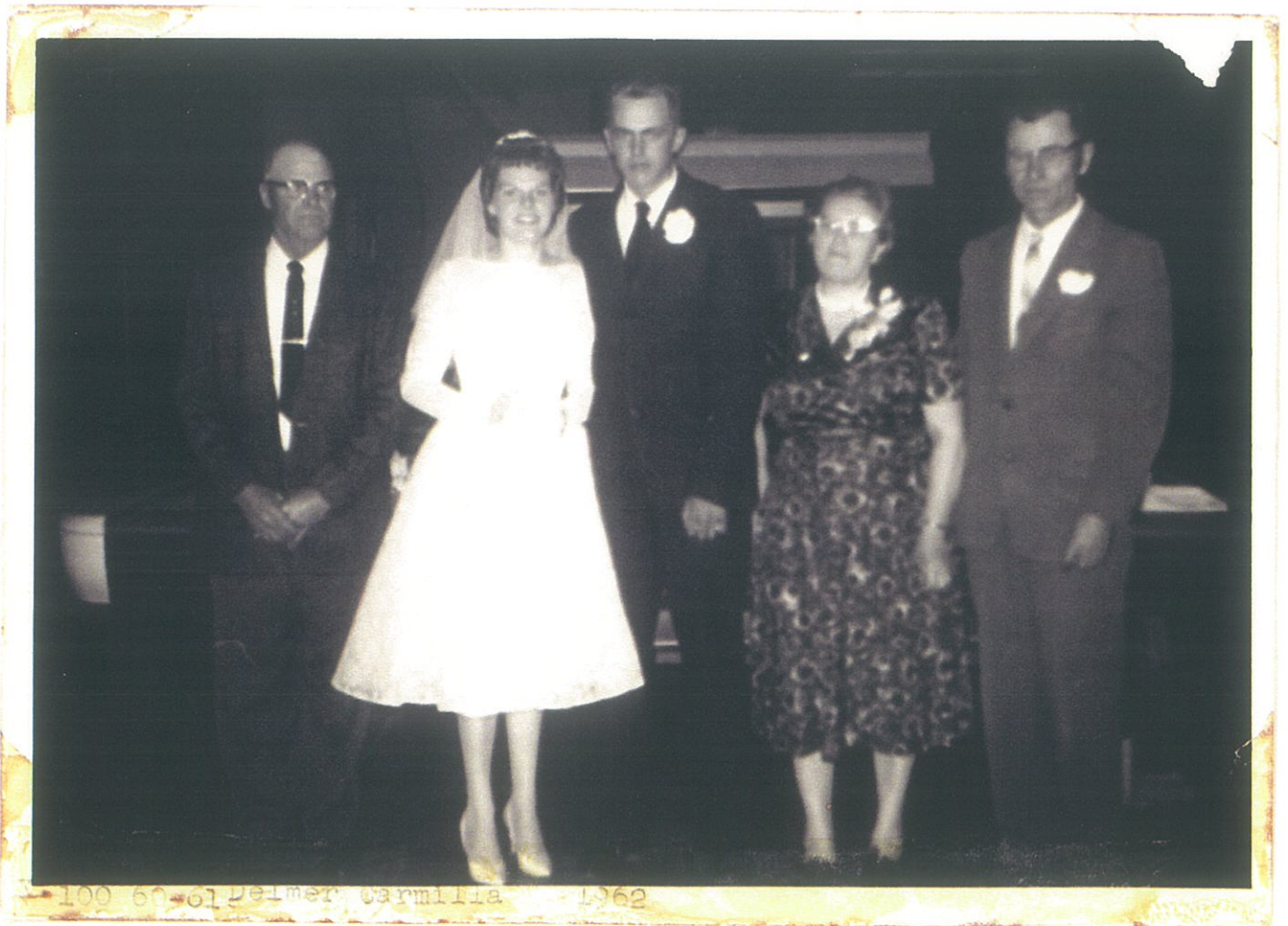
Aug. 1952



8th Gr. 1956



Senior 1960



100 60-61 Delmer, Carmilla 1962

May 27th, 1961



Sept. 1971



1976



Sept. 1985

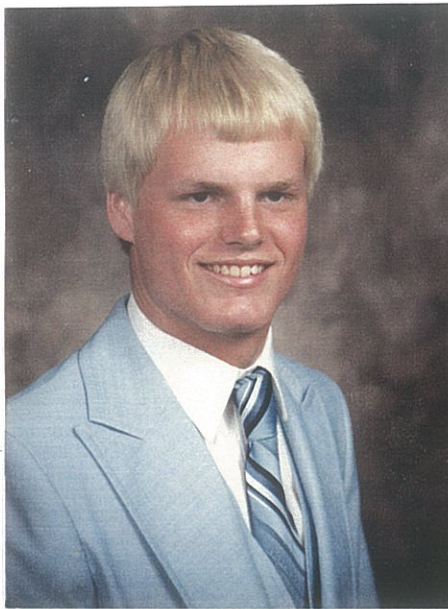
1997
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1980



Yvonne Sr. 1981



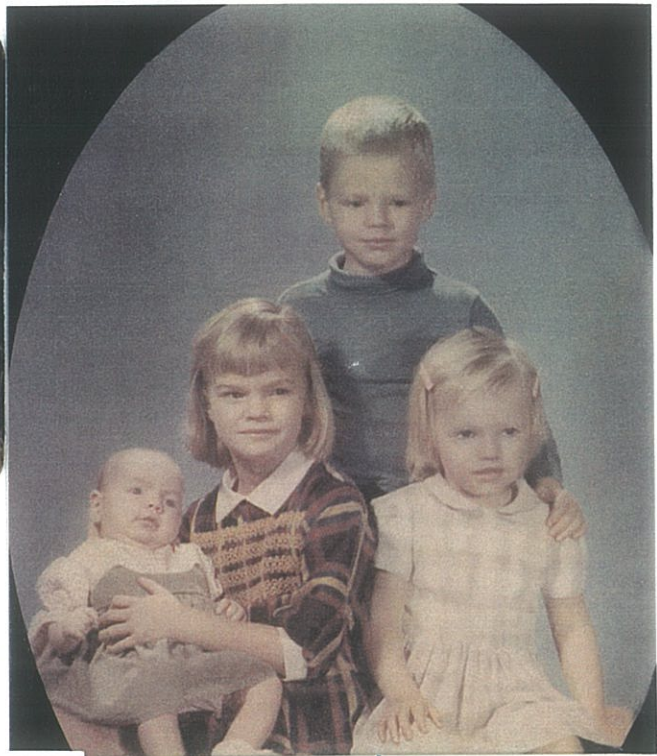
Leon Sr. 1983



Valerie Sr. 1984



Verlene Sr. 1986



1969----

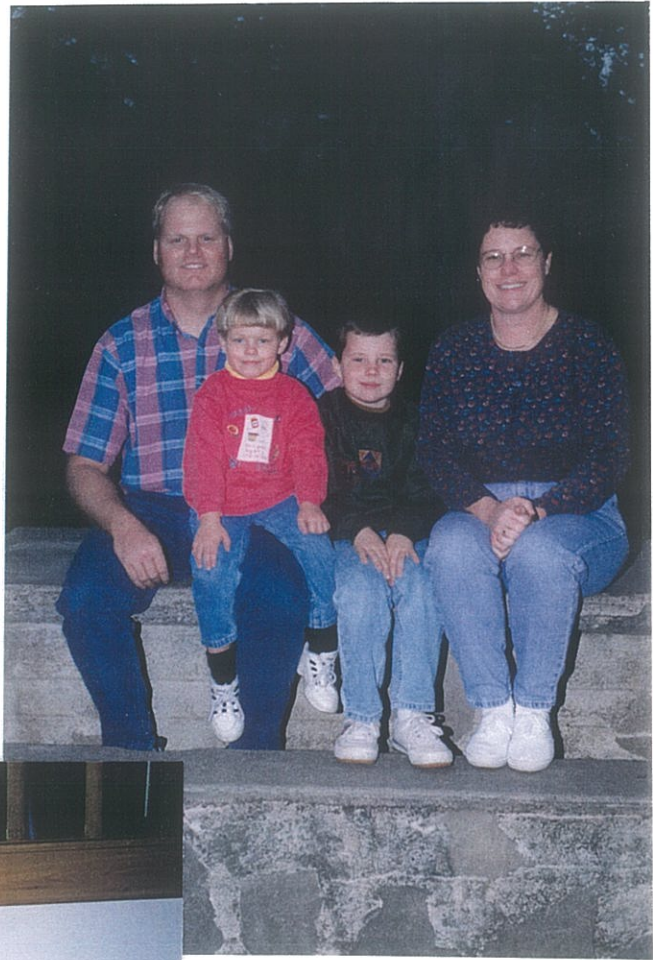
1st. Pic.
1971

2nd. pic
1974

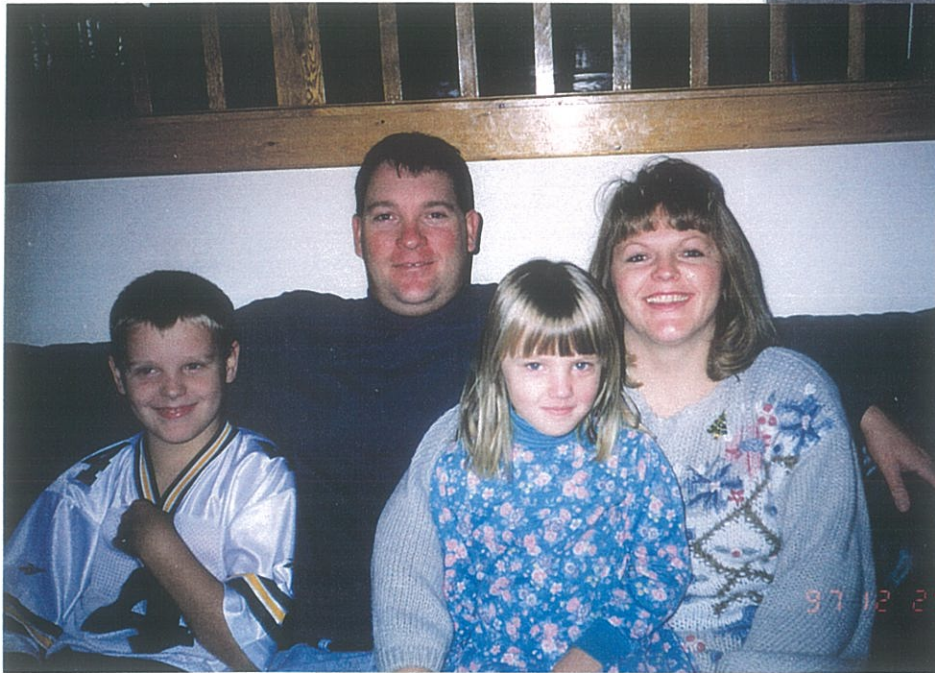




Elizabeth, Yvonne, Randy, Emily
(Betsy) Reed 1997



Leon 1997 Susan
Kate, Kelvin



-John, Valerie
-Brett, Brie Anna
1997

B-Verlene
Bob
F-Paul
Hollyann
Villette
1997



CANDY'S MEMOIRS

By Carmelia Joyce Wilson Wildeman

The only place I remember as home growing up, was 'the farm'. The big house that was lost to fire, was a huge mysterious place in my memory. I remember the bathroom was HUGH and us girls all shared a big bedroom that had a double and two single beds, I think. The paper wrapped bricks or irons in bed in winter were great.

The boys had bedrooms upstairs and I rarely went up there. I do remember there was a cupboard kind of under the eaves and they stored the curing salt (two different kinds, different colors) in there. I vaguely remember it being used for butchering hogs.

The huge wardrobes that were in the Big house were fantastic. Once in the room with the bay window I remember climbing from chair to dresser to wardrobe and truly being king on the mountain.

There was a cupboard behind the chimney in the big Southeast room and the castor oil was kept or hidden there. I believe I was the only one who liked the stuff.

Off the kitchen dining room was a 'pantry' that had a cement tank that had water running through it that food was placed in crocks and jars to keep from spoiling. The water came from the springhouse across the creek west of the house.

I remember being boosted up on the house to retrieve balls that got in the gutter or elsewhere and enjoying running around up there for as long as I could.

The cellar was a big, dark and spooky place where home canned goods were kept but I didn't go there often.

My first recollection of the chicken house is being in a heavy winter coat and collecting eggs. When older, we played school in there and used shingles to write and draw on. There must have been some extra shingles somewhere because I'm sure we did not removed them from a building. I helped cut tree limbs back from rubbing the roof in later years.

The barn was a place to spend many summer hours and it had many uses for us kids - an obvious one was sliding down the tin on top. If we really wanted to go fast it just took some wax paper to slick things up. We, at one time, put a pile of sand where we most generally lit. We did a lot of cleaning in it and also a lot of daydreaming. When they worked cattle, us younger kids would always sneak up in the barn and watch. Once in a while we were allowed to sit on the horses tied up at the fence. Speaking of the fence -- if you couldn't walk the 2 x 4 board fence you were a sissy. I did just fine. That fence really saved the day one summer when near the chicken house I heard Deloris start yelling from the house that the bull was going after the twins who were playing near the barn. I remember running past the bull yelling for the kids to get on the fence. We made it, though the bull stayed and pawed the ground a bit more. The bull was gone in a few weeks. On the north side of the barn there were few doors or windows and the ones that were there remained closed. The corral on the north side, of the north side of the barn had solid wood fencing. This was ideal for batting practice for Calvin, especially when I was pitching as the ball was easy to chase down. More pitches per practice. At the end of his "practice" Calvin would always hit the ball over the barn as hard as he could and then we'd go find it. This was acceptable to me until I got a line drive in the stomach - I believe it took a full week for him to convince me that it would not happen again as he would place his hits either side of me. Needless to say, I did pitch to him again. I hope my helping him practice enabled him to hit the home run he got his last high school game.

Calvin had a basketball hoop inside the barn loft and though it was far from ideal it provided all weather practice. I did not use it that much as I was not an ambitious player. The hoop worked fairly well, having a warped board about four o'clock that had to be watched for. Another not so fond memory of the barn was of the weeds we used to use an idiot stick on if cattle weren't in that pasture in the summertime. The Topeka house (that corner, covered part of the corral that leads to the chutes). I spent many hours in and on that building also.

The garage was different, being built back into the dirt bank and having a tin roof. The only windows were above the workbench on the west side. I remember living in it after the 'big house' burned down. I remember watching grownups plug the eaves and around the big garage door with rags and tar. What little I remember wasn't bad - the boys sleeping up in the rafters and us girls beds being below - the stool lid on the 5 gal can and me scorching my

new winter coat in front of the space heater is the worst.

The next spring a school house building was moved in and placed on the basement that had been dug and concrete poured. I hated the fact that the men remodeling the house just broke up the huge blackboards off the walls. They took out a lot of windows and put small, single ones in their place. The wainscoting stayed and the piano from the school stayed.

When the men were remodeling we were told to stay out of their way so they would get finished faster. I was watching them one day when it was warm and the door was open and saw one of the men working on a window in front of him. He stood up and the hammer in his lap went through one of the panes and he had to replace it.

One of my best memories of the 'big house' was of being read to at bedtime and of even doing some of the reading. The best book that was for sure ours was about one to one and half inches thick and was of Bible stories. The front cover was worn off the book and I believe the first story was of Moses in the bulrushes. In my later grade school years I remember reading every Zane Grey book the school could get. Kermit and Helen Johnson had a complete set of dark red bound Zane Grey books with gold lettering of the titles. I knew they must have been very rich. Another favorite for reading was Mom's Capper's Weekly.

Deloris and the rock on the head, from the cliff above - via the 'boys' I do remember 'cause I was there - the only difference I hear is whether the rock was kicked or tossed. In any event us girls ended up back at the house. I sort remember Deloris being carried back to the house from the trees across the river when she was snake bit. She was evidently following. Calvin (we were all looking at the junk washed into the trees after a big rain - I remember the black round smudge pots the state used on roads to warn people of high water) and he went between two close trees and 'woke the snake' for her resulting in a bite to the top of the foot. She walked back to the house with the siblings. A doctor came to the house and her foot was lanced where the snake bit her.

One other accident I remember is Junior running a thorn through his foot and it being put in a sock full of axle grease and when his foot was cleaned up ? days later the holes were healed and his foot was lily white.

Playing on chunks of floating ice happened only once on the Smoky Hill River. Swimming a swollen river was Calvin's specialty, catching catfish bare handed, playing with crawdads, not playing with salamanders, being scared of what we called 'walking sticks' or praying mantis, because we were told they might be poisonous, and the spread of the hated Russian thistle.

There were lots of different animals through my early years. Playing with snakes kept in jars and fed till they smelled too bad, throwing rocks at snakes robbing eggs from the cliff swallow nests, Calvin trying to rescue a crane with a hurt or broken wing (even though it tried to peck out his eyes), the skunk in the culvert at Jerome School (again Calvin-sent home for a tomato juice bath), the huge turtles that lived in the dam in the pasture south of the house, and dare I mention the blood sucking leeches, from that same dam. We just took salt along to apply when one was found - as it was the best swimming hole, spring fed you know. I remember the cows we could ride, but weren't supposed to especially when they were due to drop calves. I remember Calvin and I wearing rain gear to get the cows in one rainy day and they stampeded, not knowing us in our get-up.

Other mishaps include Boyd and the burnt face, Floyd and the school window resulting in the cut wrist (I understand dad was tempted to punch out a doctor that day, an ex-army dock with habits and patient manners with something to be desired), Boyd, I believe, who fell out of the cottonwood by the stock tank, during mile harvest yet! And of course, my own snake bite episode.

"The boys" had just that day purchased some new baseballs - I was rolling one on the tin garage roof and Loyd and Calvin were playing catch in the yard - some of the older kids were in town getting groceries - when my ball happen to lite on a rattle snake snoozing just under the tin where the ground started to slope away to the front of the garage. This is not a true memory - but I couldn't let the snake have "the boys" new ball so I grabbed for it and of course, got a bite just above the wrist on the right hand. This is all hearsay - the boys took me to Mom and she sucked out some poison and then put my hand in kerosene until Dad could be notified up at Coberlys. True memory I think - Roscoe and Dad picked me up in a pickup and with dad holding me took off for the doctor in Utica, Ks. The rest is hearsay. I was in a room over the doctor's office for the next three nights, with Dad watching over me, and the days when the nurses watched me. On the third morning, after being in a

coma all this time and receiving the equivalent of five adults doses of anti-venom vaccine, I was to have started sweating out the poison and as it gagged the nurse, Dad gave me a bath. According to Mrs. Dowel, Mom putting my arm in kerosene is what saved me but I should add that I still have 186 (per Deloris) scars (I counted once but forgot) where my arm was lanced because of swelling and to release any poison, up to the shoulder joint. Any additions or corrections by siblings are most welcome.

My other two incidents with doctors, when I was somewhat older, consisted of getting into Loyd's hershey bars, a whole box he had hidden on top of the chiffenrobe. I believe eating the box of chocolate is what made me stiff jointed the next morning. I remember sitting in a kitchen chair and my arms and legs straight out, but I don't remember how I felt. Dad took me to the doctor in Utica and from there I went to the hospital in Hays. I believe I stayed there almost a week. Dad, some of the kids and Uncle Pug and Aunt Elva came to visit on the weekend but I wasn't able to go home because I was still having diarrhea. I believe some thought that I had been bitten by a spider the night before getting ill but I don't think the spider was the cause. Perhaps Loyd remembers his box of chocolate bars going missing.

My third time I was to the doctor and in hospital was when I was between seventh and eighth grade. I got a carbuncle (step up from a boil) under my left arm and after it was lanced (not a pleasant experience) by Dr. Gunter I was put in hospital with a drain in it and a hot pad on it. The most I remember of that episode was that Grandma Rosa Powers were in the same room with me. Being painfully shy I did not like responding to all of her company.

I do not remember exact year but recall marveling at the electricity when it came to replace the bank of batteries in the garage. We no longer had to crank up the windmill to charge them up so I expect an area of argument between us kids was gone. I know Calvin and I both had to learn the hard way that wet tongues freeze to metal in cold weather and it was learned with close encounter with windmill.

Some of the things I remember enjoying when growing up were laying on the hill above the garage watching clouds, same place evenings watching and catching fireflies, roaming the pastures looking at all the changes in Mother Nature. Finding bird nests with eggs or babies, to seeing badgers,

coons, rabbits, snakes and all kinds of birds. There was always somewhere to explore. The cane fields were fun to play in and chewing on length of it tasted good, especially on the way home from Jerome school. It was two miles and usually took us about an hour, we dawdled so much.

There are only a handful of storms that stick in my mind. When very young, a snow deep enough to build a cave big enough for us youngest four. When older, a big snow where Calvin and I rode the sled down the hill north of the spring into the creek bed. We saw at least two tornados go over the house and we watched from the screened in porch of the 'big house'. The big rain that washed out the road resulting in building the bridge and the concrete dike, the dike later washing out.

As I recall, Mom boarded (Goodland) in town with a family, along with two other kids, to attend Normal school. After she graduated, she was hired to finish teaching a school term where the teacher had gotten married. Married women could not teach school back then. She stayed with the family of a school board member and drove a horse and buggy to school about two miles. There was a shed for the horse during the day. She was also responsible for taking care of the water and heating stove. For this was paid eight dollars a month, four of which she paid to her father. Her own marriage kept her out of the class room the next year.

I remember Dad talking about having large watermelon patches on his folk's farm in Harper County. They would inject vinegar in the outside watermelon to discourage theft. They also had the wire with the tin cans but on moonlit nights this was not very effective.

One story Dad use to tell was of farming with a mule team with his twin brother, Elmer, on a place in or near Harper County when there was a near total eclipse. He said the chickens went to roost it was so dark. My research told me he would have been 15 or 16 at the time. As I understand, the boys lived by themselves and did their own cooking - which is where dad learned to be a world class pancake maker. He always said people just stirred them too much. He did know how to make great pancakes. I don't remember him cooking much else.

He told of taking a team and wagon from Jerome to Hoxie, for a load of lumber, in four days. Dad also told of a storm with high winds that lifted the

roof of the house he was in and moved it. It was also hailing so he put a pillow on his head for protection while trying to fix the roof.

I remember being told, in seventh or eighth grade, that I was to drive the pickup for feeding cattle and was no longer to open or shut the wire gates. As big a tomboy as I thought I was, that was a real put down. I did not notice Deloris or Trisha receiving the same treatment at about the same age. I guess they can answer that question.

Once when I was in high school, Dad decided he needed to get a rabbit to feed the dog as the dog food was all gone. He had me drive the pickup down the road while he stood in the back. You guessed it, he shot, I stopped and he proceeded to explain that stopping the pickup was not required until he requested it.

The only serious lecture I remember getting, and it was quiet but emphatic, was a couple of weeks after Dad, on his way to Paul Dowels on some school board business, came upon a wreck, near the bridge, of a girl from Shields. I understand he stayed at the wreck until the officials got there. I know this bothered his sleep for some time as the girl was killed.

I do not know, if either was the case, if Calvin or I was responsible for his ulcers when I was in high school. I do know that I learned to hate poached eggs that he ate with toast for breakfast forever. We also bought 'ripe and ragged' peaches by the case. The grocer at Shields got them for us.

Dad use to trade cars every two years or so and when us kids would ask him all the time what color car he ordered he always told us it was 'orange'. In all the driving we did in all kinds of weather, on all kinds of roads, we must have had angels watching over us. Calvin chose to chase a coyote, on the way to school, in unfamiliar pasture, in the car. I told him next time I stay at the gate on the highway.

The first full program on TV that I watched was a K State vs. K U basketball game at the Davis place. The usual method of keeping up on basketball was listening to the radio on a Saturday night. After going to town for groceries (when Dad would sometimes get a good size bag of Boston baked beans or Burnt peanuts) Dad sat on his chair by the desk and us kids sat on the floor close so we could hear the radio.

We spent many a Saturday night detouring through the furniture store that sold televisions before going home after grocery shopping. This went on for quite some time before Dad was convinced that he would be able to get TV down in the valley where the house was. He enjoyed the sports on it but I don't remember much else.

I remember one summer day coming back from the mail box with the mail and meeting Mom. She asks me what was making the 'jet trails' in the sky. As she was an avid reader she remembered reading about jets after I explained what they were. It took a long time for the noise they made not to bother her though.

Dad's favorite treat in town was a pineapple milk shake and a root beer at the drug store. We went to the movies quite a lot during my grade school and high school years. I remember seeing the 1st "Titanic" a few weeks before Christmas.

I remember listening to the radio when Junior was in the Marine Corps and stationed in Okinawa. It wasn't that real to me until he wrote home and said that his good buddy had died from malaria. I also remember how regimented he was when he returned home, out of the service. He took meticulous care of his things, clothes and shoes, brushing his hair and teeth. I will forever be able to recognize Edward R. Murrow's voice though I remember little of what he had to say. I often wondered what dad thought, but he did not discuss it in my hearing.

One thing Dad enjoyed was the school events. From holiday doings to card parties he always made it if it was at night. I remember going from the lanterns that had the mantles on them and had to be pumped up to electric lights. There were box suppers and all kinds of desserts that were served.

I can attest to the fact that Dad must have played a lot of baseball because his toes sure looked like it. He always had one of us girls cut his toenails after soaking his feet. He had several toes that been broken and almost all of his nails were very thick from damage. Guess protective gear didn't cover toes in the 'olden days'. Never ask Calvin if his catching days damaged his toes.

The one time I can remember Dad being gone was when he went to

Kansas City for a complete checkup and had that growth on his left thigh removed. He was gone about a week and brought us all gifts when he came home. I remember getting a bracelet.

One other time Dad and a bunch of other guys got to take the train to Kansas City and watch a baseball game - what is now the Royals. I think Roscoe Coberly had something to do with it, a gift maybe.

The one time Mom was gone, that I remember at all well, was late summer and early fall the year I started high school. She was in a hospital taking shock treatments for her memory loss and confusion. I know I hated her not being there. Although we took the laundry to Gaye Wilson each week, us kids evidently did the rest of the housekeeping. I would do my homework on the table and whenever I couldn't spell a word Dad's only help was making sure we found it in the dictionary.

My formal education began at Dalton Valley School located east of the Shields Road south and east of Willard Davis home. The Davises lived over the hill to the east of us. We were driven to school by Dad or Lawrence or rode with the Davises.

The families took turns bringing the filled 5 gallon can of water for the crock dispenser. It had the usual enameled dipper.

The boys at the school had built an igloo type hut from shale at the edge of the school yard. What they did there was not known by us girls. We were not allowed.

Other 1st grade memories are of walking up the hill near the granary to the pickup to go to the school Thanksgiving or Christmas program because of the snow. The Big and Little Dipper and other constellations were pointed out during that walk.

Dalton Valley School had the outdoor outhouses for boys and girls. Early fall, on a trip there, I found a spider and web in the hole and told the teacher, Mr. Roberts. He took twisted newspaper, lit it afire and stuck it down there before I would use the facility.

I remember staying in recesses at the first of school, learning to write

with my right hand. The other kids and the teacher played ball or other stuff outside. This did not make me a fan of Mr. Roberts. I believe I resented him for years. His name is one I have not forgotten anyway (first name Cecil).

Sometime in January or so, where there was snow on the ground and was very cold, Lawrence took us ,Jr., Deloris, Calvin, I and James Davis, to school and after unloading the water can he left to go to work. We could not get the outside door of the school open so stood in the cold snow for around an hour waiting for the teacher or other students to show up. As not one showed up (we learned later the teachers car slid and rolled on the way to school), we decided to walk to Davis, which you could see across the quarter section, but because of the snow we took the road which had been plowed. I remember I had a pair of gloves and Deloris did not, so we shared them on the way. All of us kids had our hands put in (cold) water until all the needle prick sensation in our hands had stopped. I understand Deloris and I had some frost bite, but do not know if Jr. and Calvin did. It seems Deloris and I stood at that sink with our hands in water and the silent tears flowing for a very long time. I do not remember who came and got us or if we school the next day.

I also was not a fan of the Lang brothers who went to school there - they were bullies in my eyes. The good things I remember are singing "Ten little Indians" at a program and for a Christmas present for our parents we took neat shaped bottles and dipped them in a can with different colored paint. The different colors and patterns of the paint were great.

Grades two through eight I attended Jerome Grade School. The only year there I did not like was around third or fourth grade with the same teacher who was not honest - He kept things taken from students - supposedly for playing with them during class time. If memory serves, he kept a ring of Delories'. He also liked to use wooden rulers on student hands. Another form of punishment, not necessarily from that teacher, was sitting on a stool with your nose in a ring on the blackboard. I must have been a fast learner because I do not remember having to do any punishment more than once. Of course, my memory could be faculty also.

On Fridays we got to (was great fun you know) put the sweeping compound on the floor and slide on it to pick up the dirt off the floor and also took turns cleaning the blackboard erasers. We were not to beat them on the school house to clean them so the sidewalk caught it during warm weather. I

do not know if Dad helped get rid of that particular male teacher or not, but he wasn't there a second year.

We got rides to school all most all of the time but except for a few times Dad picked up us, or a neighbor gave us a lift. We walked two miles home. We took lunches except for occasionally when hot lunches were served when I was in eighth grade. They had added a kitchen and indoor rest rooms to Jerome School a year or so before that. We mainly used the Karo Syrup pails for lunch buckets though some of us kids had regular lunch boxes in later years.

I remember the school having the old lanterns, then the ones you pumped that had the cloth mantles on them, and finally electric lights. We usually had at least three big parties with programs a year. Maybe Halloween, Christmas and spring program. We did not always have a teacher who could play the piano but enjoyed it when we did. We also had regular spelling, math and geography contests. I guess I preferred the math.

I attended Gove Rural High School at Gove, Ks. I participated in chores, volleyball, basketball, softball, band and cheerleading. I was something on the yearbook staff and helped run the duplicating machine that printed programs for ball games etc. We had to be careful of the purple ink on hands and clothes. I took Drivers Ed as a freshman and believe it had a very good impact on my driving through the years. I also became a good "mud runner" on country roads, probably from laziness, not wanting to ever have to walk from getting stuck. Calvin and I drove together through my sophomore year and my senior year Trisha was with me for the 19 miles each way, only two miles on gravel roads. Cousin Max ran the county Maintainer on our country roads and I believe was one of the better operators - or he just did a better job being related.

The most stuck I got was from taking Elinor Katt home one night. The ruts were so deep I drove on top till I slid in the ruts, then shot in the ditch trying to jump back out of ruts. Mr. Katt was most helpful given the lateness of the hour.

Very good memories of high school. - Jr. and Sr. plays, sports, Mr. Likers math class (He always listened to the kids on any subject), skipping school only one day and going to Quinter (not one word was said to me because Jim

and Sheila argued with the principal and the rest of us were forgotten), senior trip to The Ozarks to watch Calvin play in baseball state tournament where Jr. drove a car load of students, but most enjoyed was the basketball games at Gove, even after the good gym burned down, because Dad was usually there and we'd share some homemade pie from the concession stand if any was left, while we waited on Calvin to shower, or me to finish helping clean up the concession stand.

One of our most memorable team trips in high school was playing Selden. We did not use buses to go to the activities - parents drove us. About five of us girls were riding with Ethel Beougher that night and she decided the roads were dry enough to go cross country rather than around by Hoxie. We got stuck, but the part that really stands out is that us girls took off our shoes and sox and push the car out and when we hit town, stopped at a filling station and washed our feet off so we could put shoes and sox back on before going to the school. Just glad I didn't have to clean that rest room at that station.

The thing I am most thankful for is that Miss Bigler retired so I did not have to spend more than my freshman year hearing about how good all my siblings were in English - I really hated that -even Jr. was praised to me in that department, though I was more likely to hear the boys' antics. Too bad I do not remember all the stories. Woodshop, coal bin and coal pile, smoke in boy's restroom, jump from a window to coal pile, all strike a cord in the memory but not the full stories.

The one thing I have guilt about from my high school years is not standing up and telling off classmates who daily tormented the business teacher until she became physically ill. I believe seven students should not have been able to do that to a professional, though she did know the subjects she taught.

My class was a lesson in how democracy did not work, because there were only two boys and they knew how to play the girls to get their way and succeeded most times. Sad, but true.

Pete and I met between Christmas and New Years 1959 at Gove Rural High School gym. In 'the old days' when I was in high school, girls played basketball (half court) for the 1st part of the winter then switched to volleyball at winter break. We were having our first practice for volleyball before we returned to school after Jan. 1. This practice was at night and in the old school

gym as the other new gym on main street had burned down from a gas leak in a ceiling space heater.

The old gym has the balcony around it and when four guys from Quinter decided to visit our practice, which is where they were. As us girls advanced around the court we in turn ended up underneath where they stood and were able to hear their remarks. What I heard was bantering back and forth and then to me about spitting with me as the supposed target. They were ask to leave because of the distraction, but after finishing practice and showering, Trisha and I headed to the car in front of school. Waiting outside were the guys from Quinter. We were asked to go for a ride along with two other girls from practice. Trisha and I ended up in the back seat with Daryl Groom and Pete Wildeman.

After seeing Pete only a couple times I did not see him again until he invited me to his senior prom. From then through the summer, we saw a lot of each other. Pete was building bridges near Ellsworth and I was at home taking a correspondence course on airline reservations, city codes and airport codes. To finish the course and get a job I had to attend four weeks on the job training in Kansas City. I stayed at a women's boarding house near Swope Park in Kansas City and attended classes. I went home at Thanksgiving and attended Jake and Louise's wedding (Pete's brother). I got off the bus in Quinter at about 12:30 and Pete picked me up. He gave me my engagement ring before we left the bus stop.

After completing my schooling there was a strike on at TWA so all of us girls were offered jobs for the government in Washington D.C. Three of us decided to go to D.C. and take jobs but were not to leave for D.C. for a few days so I went home. The next week I met the girls in K.C. and we took the bus to Washington D.C. We stayed the first week or so in the Meridian Hotel for women and took buses to the employment office where we found out we were not expected until after the holidays. Ginny was from New Mexico and Wilma from California so they had not wanted the expense of going home and returning, but we all understood jobs were waiting for us so they were very obliging and found us jobs based on our airline school training. Before two weeks were up we had found and rented the bottom floor of a house in Arlington, Virginia, right across the river from where we worked.

While I was learning to be a working girl in the city, Pete decided to join

the army. He ended up at Fort Riley for basic training and not seeing the world.

We got married after Pete finished basic training, May 27, 1961 at Grainfield, Kansas. We moved into an apartment on the west side of Manhattan, Kansas as Pete stayed at Fort Riley. I applied for a job at the base and ended up in a typing pool in Irwin Army Hospital typing medical records. This was a good job and enjoyed it until I left in March of '63, 30 days before our first child was due, which is what was required in those days. Yvonne Marie, very much with her own agenda, showed up on May 9. We must not have blundered to badly - she climbed, walked and talked before 9 months old.

In the meantime, Pete had gotten out of the army and was building bridges with brother Jake for Blair Construction Co at Council Grove, Kansas. I had continued with my doctor in Manhattan which explains why she was born there.

In the late summer we packed up our two vehicles and moved to Grinnell, Kansas where Pete helped build three or four interstate bridges. We had purchased a trailer home and would move it to Quinter when that job was complete - rather than move on with Blair Construction back to eastern Kansas.

We ordered a bigger trailer when our next child was due and with great timing he showed up before the home, so Leon Gerald and the rest of the family spent a few days with Pete's folks before moving into our bigger 3 bedroom trailer home. No more laundromats!

Fred and Dora Wildeman (Pete's folks) purchased a lot in town across from the high school and proceeded to build a home there. Our trailer was moved onto the lot and we all helped with the construction. Yvonne and Leon (less than a year old) helped clean bricks and put them in the chute into the basement. The walls were double brick not poured concrete. I remember the garage floor or driveway was poured that Thanksgiving with most of Pete's family there.

Valerie Ann arrived on December 18, 1965; a beauty with blue eyes and not much hair. I remember holding her at the window so Yvonne and Leon could see from outside as in those days siblings did not get to see the baby until it went home. Val had the distinction of being our only colicky kid. It only lasted a week to 10 days but seemed a month at the time.

We still lived in the trailer when Yvonne started kindergarten., but we moved out shortly after as we were expecting our fourth child. The house we rented for the next few years had bigger rooms, but less of them and to this was added our Verlene May on November 28, 1968. She was not slow from the start, being born about 30 minutes after I got to the hospital - had to get Grandpa Fred out of bed to watch the kids so I could go to the hospital.

We purchased a house on a large lot south of Pete's folks. While living there I started working part time for Wagon's Ho, the one to five day vacation wagon train experience. I started just typing reservation request form letters and stuffing envelopes at home, but it turned into a full time job in their home office during the summer. I started with baby-sitters in the home and a baby sitter during the school term outside the home. When the opportunity came up to go to work for the high school as secretary I jumped at the chance. I still had to have someone watch the kids for about three weeks, but otherwise I had the summer off like they did.

How I came about with the name "Candy", was that the kids could not say the name Carmelia. It always came out Candy and it stuck.

We decided to build a three bedroom home with a basement, as the girls were a mite crowded. What followed was an education in building and patience. The basement wall forms all almost blew down on top of me, we bailed out the basement at least three times and the sidewalk superintendents were mostly unhelpful. Thanks to Grandpa Fred, Uncle Jake, Uncle Leroy and all the other volunteers we did get the house completed only hiring the basement steps, the soffit on the eaves and the electrical wiring done. One of the very good memories of building the house was Grandpa Fred cutting the lumber for the rafters and I and the kids laying them in the pattern and nailing the joints with the cleat boards. We did all of them except one before Pete got home from work. Grandpa said a tornado wouldn't tear them apart. Uncle Lloyd Marcotte came from Aurora, Colorado to put in the carpet and linoleum.

We enjoyed the new home for a few years before making the choice to rent Pete's uncles farm south of Park, Kansas. As history proved, we made the wrong choice. In the eight years we lived there we had normal growth years for only three. No rain, freeze out, and hail to bare ground, and high interest rates were definitely our undoing. The major blessing of the experience was that all the kids were out of high school before we had to leave. Filing

bankruptcy was hard. We ended up in Salina because Pete had acquired a job and I worked part time through Manpower. Valerie had a job in Salina also, so lived with us in an apartment for several months until we purchased a home (on lawyer advise) with retirement money. Verlene had spent the summer with Grandma Dora and had a job in Quinter, as did Leon. In the fall they both moved to Hays to college. Yvonne and Randy were living in Abilene where Randy was a elementary teacher and Yvonne drove to Salina and worked at Asbury Hospital.

I was a licensed real estate agent for a while before going to work for Culligan. Pete drove the van worked in Gibson's for a while then went full time on an over-the-road 18 wheeler for approximately two years, after which he went to work for Beechcraft where he still is only now the company name is Ratheon Aircraft, Inc.

The kids were all very active in school. We will long remember eighth grade trips to Minden, Neb., volleyball, football, basketball, track, cheerleading, club officer positions and trips, quiz bowl and scholastic contests, music-band and vocal, class plays , etc. and trips to state competitions in quite a few of those. Other activities were scouts, summer baseball, swimming and summer jobs. Valerie and Leon were the only ones to have injuries requiring hospital time. Valerie in fifth grade with her arm and leg in a cast, from trying to swing on the top rod of the swing set when it was wet with morning dew, and falling; and Leon with his football playing knee hyperextension, that required surgery, (that Anterior cruciate ligament you hear so much about on the sports news). Yvonne pulled some muscles running track and Verlene was bothered by leg pain, Osgood Slathers. I will leave it to them to list all of their wonderful accomplishments because in my advancing years I would no doubt forget something that they considered very important. May I take this time to say all of their activities and accomplishments were important to us, proud parents to this day, and looking forward to using our bragging rights for our grandchildren - Brett, Kelvin, Paul, Emily, Hollyann, Betsy, Brie Anna, Kate, Villette and Reed.

8) **Carmelia Joyce Wilson (Candy)** **Leonard Pete Wildeman (Pete)**

Birth: April 21, 1942

Place: Gove Co., Kansas

Death: January 24, 2010

Cemetery: Park, Kansas

Married: May 27, 1961; Grainfield, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Yvonne Marie May 9, 1963

Leon Gerald October 30, 1964

Valerie Ann December 18, 1965

Verlene May November 28, 1968

November 25, 1941

Quinter, Kansas

A. Yvonne Marie Wildeman Randall Wayne Smith

Birth: May 9, 1963

August 20, 1963

Place: Manhattan, Kansas

Leavenworth, Kansas

Married: July 27, 1985; Collyer, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Emily Elizabeth Dorathea January 21, 1990

Elizabeth Marie May 28, 1992

Reed William December 15, 1995

B. Leon Gerald Wildeman Susan Diane Wells

Birth: October 30, 1964

February 12, 1964

Place: Quinter, Kansas

Larned, Kansas

Married: December 10, 1988; Garnett, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Kelvin Dane June 27, 1989

Kate Rebecca August 12, 1993

Divorced;

C. Valerie Ann Wildeman Jonathan Mark Stewart

Birth: December 18, 1965

June 1, 1965

Place: Quinter, Kansas

Columbus, Georgia

Married: June 6, 1987; Salina, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Brett Allen March 15, 1989

Brie Ann July 7, 1993

D. Verlene May Wildeman

Birth; November 28, 1968

Place: Quinter, Kansas

Married: December 20, 1986; Hays, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Paul Vincent

Hollyann Marie

Valetta May

Divorced:

Robert Henry Copeland

January 13, 1966

Madison, Indiana

October 26, 1989

May 14, 1992

December 31, 1993

Certificate of Marriage



Church of

St Agnes
Grainfield, Kansas

— This is to Certify —

That Leonard Peter Wildeman
and Carmellia Joya Wilson
were lawfully — Married —

on the 27th day of May 1961

According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church

and in conformity with the laws of

the State of Kansas

Rev. Clement A Krue officiating,

in the presence of Le Roy Wildeman

and Marita Engel Witnesses,

as appears from the Marriage Register of this Church.

Dated May 27 1961

R. Clement A Krue
Pastor

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
Division of Vital Statistics, State of Kansas

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH

Registrar's No. 3206

DO NOT WRITE
32 4152
IN THIS SPACE

853-1

1. PLACE OF BIRTH:
(a) County Gove
(b) City or township Jerome
(c) Name of hospital or institution:
(d) Mother's stay before delivery:
In hospital or institution In this community
(Specify whether years, months, or days)

2. USUAL RESIDENCE OF MOTHER:
(a) State Kansas
(b) County Gove
(c) City or town Shields (Rural)
(d) Street No. (If rural give location)

3. Full name of child Carmelia Joyce Wilson
4. Date of birth 4-21-42
(Month) (Day) (Year)

5. Sex Female 6. Twin or triplet 7. Number months of pregnancy 9 8. Is mother married? Yes

FATHER OF CHILD
9. Full name Delmer Lloyd Wilson
10. Color or race W. 11. Age at time of this birth 35 yrs.
12. Birthplace Wichita Kansas
(City, town, or county) (State or foreign country)
13. Usual occupation Farmer
14. Industry or business Farmer

MOTHER OF CHILD
15. Full maiden name Paula Edith Merritt
16. Color or race W. 17. Age at time of this birth 24 yrs.
18. Birthplace Wichita Kansas
(City, town, or county) (State or foreign country)
19. Usual occupation Housewife
20. Industry or business own home
21. Children born to this mother:
(a) How many other children of this mother are now living? 6
(b) How many other children were born alive but are now dead? 1
(c) How many children were born dead? 1

22. Mother's mailing address for registration notice:
Mrs. Delmer Wilson
Shields, Kansas

I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child who was born alive at the hour of 8:30 P.M. on the date above stated and that the information given was furnished by Delmer Wilson related to this child as Father

Date received by local registrar 4-30-42 Attendant's own signature Emma B. Deal
Registrar's own signature Harry J. Sumner M.D., midwife, or other MD Date signed 5-2-42
Date on which given name added by Registrar

CERTIFIED COPY

Topeka, Kansas, October 21, 1960

I hereby certify that the above is a true and exact photographic reproduction of the original certificate on file with the Division of Vital Statistics and Records of the Kansas State Board of Health.

Division of Vital Statistics and Records

(SEAL)

By Lawrence H. Franzen
(State Registrar)

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS
STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
Division of Vital Statistics, State of Kansas

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF LIVE BIRTH

Registrar's No. 342

DO NOT WRITE
32 4115
IN THIS SPACE

969-1

1. PLACE OF BIRTH:
(a) County Gove
(b) City or township Robert Kemp
(c) Name of hospital or institution:
(d) Mother's stay before delivery:
In hospital or institution In this community
(Specify whether years, months, or days)

2. USUAL RESIDENCE OF MOTHER:
(a) State Kansas
(b) County Gove
(c) City or town Park (Rural)
(d) Street No. (If rural give location)

3. Full name of child Leonard Peter Wildeman
4. Date of birth 11-15-41
(Month) (Day) (Year)

5. Sex Male 6. Twin or triplet 7. Number months of pregnancy 9 8. Is mother married? Yes

FATHER OF CHILD
9. Full name Fred Wildeman
10. Color or race White 11. Age at time of this birth 37 yrs.
12. Birthplace Gove County Kansas
(City, town, or county) (State or foreign country)
13. Usual occupation Farmer
14. Industry or business Farmer

MOTHER OF CHILD
15. Full maiden name Mara Schinsky
16. Color or race White 17. Age at time of this birth 23 yrs.
18. Birthplace Gove County Kansas
(City, town, or county) (State or foreign country)
19. Usual occupation Housewife
20. Industry or business
21. Children born to this mother:
(a) How many other children of this mother are now living? 4
(b) How many other children were born alive but are now dead? 0
(c) How many children were born dead? 0

22. Mother's mailing address for registration notice:
Park, Kansas

23. I hereby certify that I attended the birth of this child who was born alive at the hour of 11:45 P.M. on the date above stated and that the information given was furnished by Fred Wildeman related to this child as Father

Date received by local registrar DEC 3 1941 Attendant's own signature Barbara J. Furrows
Registrar's own signature W. W. (Wor) M.D., midwife, or other Date signed 7-1-41
Date on which given name added by Registrar

CERTIFIED COPY

Topeka, Kansas, November 15, 1952

I hereby certify that the above is a true and exact photographic reproduction of the original certificate on file with the Division of Vital Statistics and Records of the Kansas State Board of Health.

(SEAL)

Division of Vital Statistics and Records
By Engene W. Heath
(State Registrar)

PERSONAL DATA	1. LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE NAME WILDEMAN LEONARD PETER			2. SERVICE NUMBER US [REDACTED]		3a. GRADE, RATE OR RANK SP4 (T) E-4		b. DATE OF RANK (Day, Month, Year) 23rd Dec 61		
	4. DEPARTMENT, COMPONENT AND BRANCH OR CLASS ARMY AUS INF			5. PLACE OF BIRTH (City and State or Country) Gove, Kansas			6. DATE OF BIRTH	DAY	MONTH	YEAR
	7 a. RACE Cau	b. SEX Male	c. COLOR HAIR Brown	d. COLOR EYES Blue	e. HEIGHT 73"	f. WEIGHT 160	8. U.S. CITIZEN <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO		9. MARITAL STATUS Married	
	10 a. HIGHEST CIVILIAN EDUCATION LEVEL ATTAINED 12 Years			b. MAJOR COURSE OR FIELD General						
TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE DATA	11 a. TYPE OF TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE Transferred to USAR (See 18)			b. STATION OR INSTALLATION AT WHICH EFFECTED Fort Riley, Kansas						
	c. REASON AND AUTHORITY AR 635-200 SPN 201 Expiration of Term of Service					d. EFFECTIVE DATE	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
12. LAST DUTY ASSIGNMENT AND MAJOR COMMAND Hq Co 1st BG 5th Inf Fort Riley Kansas						13 a. CHARACTER OF SERVICE HONORABLE		b. TYPE OF CERTIFICATE ISSUED NONE		
SELECTIVE SERVICE DATA	14. SELECTIVE SERVICE NUMBER V14 72 41 100			15. SELECTIVE SERVICE LOCAL BOARD NUMBER, CITY, COUNTY AND STATE LB# 72 Hoxie (Gove) Kansas			16. DATE INDUCTED			
	DAY	MONTH	YEAR							
17. DISTRICT OR AREA COMMAND TO WHICH RESERVIST TRANSFERRED Transferred to USAR Control Group (Annual Training) XVI US Army Corps										
SERVICE DATA	18. TERMINAL DATE OF RESERVE OBLIGATION		19. CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE OTHER THAN BY INDUCTION			b. TERM OF SERVICE (Years)		c. DATE OF ENTRY		
	DAY	MONTH	YEAR	a. SOURCE OF ENTRY			DAY	MONTH	YEAR	
	9	Jan	67	<input type="checkbox"/> ENLISTED (First Enlistment) <input type="checkbox"/> ENLISTED (Prior Service) <input type="checkbox"/> REENLISTED			NA		NA	
	<input type="checkbox"/> OTHER:	NA			NA		NA			
	20. PRIOR REGULAR ENLISTMENTS NONE			21. GRADE, RATE OR RANK AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE RCT (P) E-1		22. PLACE OF ENTRY INTO CURRENT ACTIVE SERVICE (City and State) Hoxie, Kansas				
	23. HOME OF RECORD AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE (Street, RFD, City, County and State) Quinter (Gove) Kansas					24. STATEMENT OF SERVICE		YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS
	a. CREDITABLE FOR BASIC PAY PURPOSES	(1) NET SERVICE THIS PERIOD	2	0	0	(2) OTHER SERVICE	0	0	0	
	b. TOTAL ACTIVE SERVICE	2	0	0	(3) TOTAL (Line (1) + line (2))	2	0	0		
	c. FOREIGN AND/OR SEA SERVICE	0	0	0						
	25 a. SPECIALTY NUMBER AND TITLE 642.10 Heavy Veh Driver									
b. RELATED CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND D.O.T. NUMBER 7-36.250 Heavy Truck Driver										
26. DECORATIONS, MEDALS, BADGES, COMMENDATIONS, CITATIONS AND CAMPAIGN RIBBONS AWARDED OR AUTHORIZED EXPERT (RIFLE)										
27. WOUNDS RECEIVED AS A RESULT OF ACTION WITH ENEMY FORCES (Place and date, if known) NONE										
28. SERVICE SCHOOLS OR COLLEGES, COLLEGE TRAINING COURSES AND/OR POST-GRADUATE COURSES SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED						29. OTHER SERVICE TRAINING COURSES SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED				
SCHOOL OR COURSE		DATES (From - To)		MAJOR COURSES						
NONE		NA		NA		BAT INDOC CODE OF CONDUCT MIL JUSTICE GENEVA CONV ESC & EVAS				
VA DATA	30 a. GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO			b. AMOUNT OF ALLOTMENT NA		c. MONTH ALLOTMENT DISCONTINUED NA				
	31 a. VA BENEFITS PREVIOUSLY APPLIED FOR (Specify type) NONE					b. VA CLAIM NUMBER C- NA				
AUTHENTICATION	32. REMARKS Blood Group "B" SSAN: 511-42-5172 No time lost under Title 10, United States Code, Section 972 Item 3a--PFC (P) E-3 Aptd 1 Jul 62, Date of Rank 12 Sep 61 Lump sum payment made for 30 days accrued leave									
	33. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES AFTER TRANSFER OR DISCHARGE (Street, RFD, City, County and State) Same as Item 23					34. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING TRANSFERRED OR DISCHARGED <i>Leonard P. Wildeman</i>				
	35 a. TYPED NAME, GRADE AND TITLE OF AUTHORIZING OFFICER RONALD C HILL 1ST LT AGC ASST AG					b. SIGNATURE OF OFFICER AUTHORIZED TO SIGN <i>Ronald C Hill</i>				

Pete & Candy Wildeman



Name: Leonard Peter Wildeman

Birth: November 25, 1941

Place: Quinter, Kansas

Death:

Cemetery: Park, Kansas

Married: May, 27, 1961; Grainfield, Kansas

Children: Yvonne, Leon, Valerie, & Verlene.

Carmelia Joyce Wilson

April 21, 1942

Gove Co., Kansas

January 24, 2010



Schmitt Funeral Home

Carmelia 'Candy' Joyce Wildeman

(April 21, 1942 - January 24, 2010)

Carmelia 'Candy' Joyce Wildeman was born April 21, 1942, in Shields, KS, to the late Delmer Loyd and Ina Edith (Merritt) Wilson. She passed away Sunday, January 24, 2010, in the Ransom Memorial Hospital in Ottawa at the age of 67.



Candy graduated from Gove High School with the class of 1960. In 1961, she graduated from TWA Flight Attendant School and began working at the Navy Annex in Washington D.C.

On May 27, 1961, she was united in marriage to Leonard 'Pete' Wildeman in Grainfield. Candy worked as a secretary for Wagons Ho for four years and then made Quinter High School her work home for the next fourteen years, serving the students and patrons of Quinter. Following a move to Salina, Candy worked as a secretary for Culligan Water for the next nineteen years. To keep in touch with their children and grandchildren, Candy and Pete moved to Williamsburg in 2008. Candy was an avid reader and volunteered at the Williamsburg Community Library. For the last two years, she served as the treasurer for the City of Williamsburg.

Candy is survived by her husband, Leonard 'Pete', of Williamsburg; three daughters, Yvonne Smith and husband, Randall, of Olathe, Valerie Stewart and husband, Jon, of Orlando, FL, Verlene Copeland and husband, Bob, of Milan, IN; a son, Leon Wildeman and wife, Susan, of Williamsburg; three sisters, Eva Flowers and husband, LeRoy, of Pratt, Deloris Steinike and husband, Herb, of Gove, Trisha Groom and husband, Daryl, of Bennington; four brothers, Loyd Wilson and wife, Julene, of Jetmore, Calvin Wilson and wife Jean, of Dighton, Boyd Wilson and wife, Margie, of Oberlin, Floyd Wilson and wife, Vivian, of Aurora, CO; sisters-in-law, Elinor Wilson of Gove, Elsiann Wilson of Grapevine, TX; ten grandchildren, Brett and Brie Stewart, Kelvin and Kate Wildeman, Paul, Hollyann, and Villette Copeland, Emily, Betsy, and Reed Smith; and forty-six nieces and nephews.

Candy was preceded in death by her parents; two brothers, Lawrence and Delmer Wilson, Jr.; and an infant sister, Ina Wilson.

Visitation will be Friday, January 29, 2010 from 5-7 PM at Schmitt Funeral Home in Quinter with a Vigil at 7:00 P.M.

Services for Candy will be Saturday, January 30, 2010 at 10:00 A.M. in Sacred Heart Catholic Church at Park, KS.

Memorials are suggested to the Williamsburg Community Library and can be sent in care of Schmitt Funeral Home, 901 S. Main, Quinter, KS 67752.

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