

Chapter 6

Wayne & Deloris
Packard

Herb & Deloris
Steinke



Deloris (Jr. 1954)



Deloris (Sr. 1955)



Dalton Valley School 1947-48
teacher Theo Roberts
Jr., Eva, Victor & Davy Lang
James Davis, Calvin, Deloris



Deloris (1970 ?)



1954-'55

Deloris



Gove Rural High School
Graduation - May 20, 1955
A.Hartman, G.Heier, P.Wagiel,
R.Powers

M.Lawrence, A.Russell,
S.Montgomery, Deloris Wilson



Brian & Deloris (1968 ?)



Singing in Gove UMC Choir:
Wayne- far right middle row
Deloris- 2nd from right,
(1993) front row



Charles (Oct. 1957)



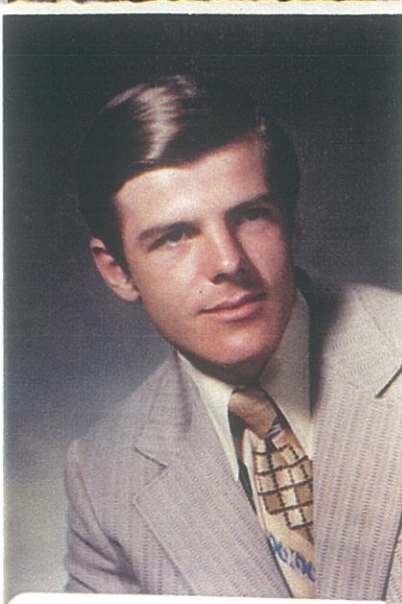
Debra (Oct. 1958)



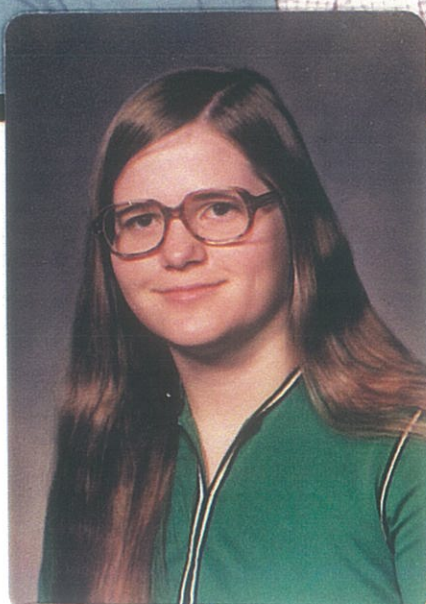
Brian (Nov. 1960)



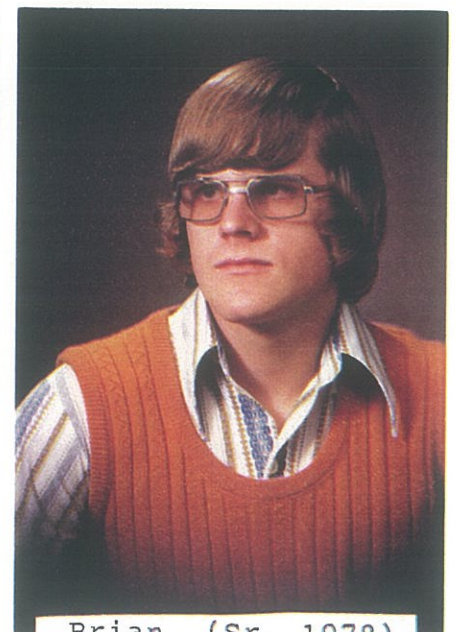
Wayne, Charles (1968-69)
Deloris, Debra, Brian



Charles (Sr. 1974)



Debra (Sr. 1976)



Brian (Sr. 1978)



Wayne & Deloris Wedding
August 17, 1955



Back - Andrew, Randy, Wayne Deloris, Aaron, Rose,
Ben, Annette Middle - Chris, Kent, Heidi
Front - Kayla, Debra, Nathan, Charles, Brian
July 30, 1995



Our first home, in Gove
Aug. 17, 1995-- Mar. 1996



Wayne & Deloris 11-7-1981



Deloris, Wayne
Debra, Charles July 1958



Wayne & Deloris Feb. 1993



Wayne & Deloris 40th Anniv.
July 30, 1995



Wayne, Charles, Deloris
Brian Debra, Ina
(Sept. 1970)



4 Generations
Charles, Ben, Aaron
Kent, Rose, Ina, Deloris
Sept. 1996



Charles, Deloris, Wayne
Brian, Debra (1973?)



4 Generations
Annette, Brian, Heidi
Seth, Ina, Deloris
Sept. 1996



Annette, Ben, Aaron, Rose, Andrew
Heidi, Brian, Charles, Kent, Randy
Deloris, Ina, Debra, Nathan, Chris
Seth & Kayla
Oct. 1997



Randy, Debra, Andrew
Chris, Nathan, Kayla
Oct. 1997

MEMORIES BY DELORIS (WILSON) PACKARD

When we lived on Cheyenne Creek west of highway 23, Mom was making gravy and I begged to have a taste. She took a dab of the flour and fat mixture, blew on it to cool and let me taste it. Another time she made peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for a picnic for Calvin and I. We put them on a board and put the board in a tree, so we could play on the hayrake for a while. When we went back to get them, the sandwiches were covered with small black ants, so we couldn't eat them. I ran through a cactus patch chasing cottontail rabbits. Mom set me on an old kerosene stove on the porch and picked out the cactus stickers. (Lawrence said that later the porch was enclosed for a bedroom).

It was probably springtime when Dad brought baby chicks home and said Calvin and I could have our own chicks. When I was trying to help the older boys tip up the cow tank while cleaning it out, I cut a big gash in the bottom of my foot by stepping on a piece of tin. Mom filled a sock with clean axle grease and put my foot in it until it healed. When I had ear aches Mom would sew a small cloth sack, fill it with salt and heat it for me to hold on my ear.

I remember the milk cow had a calf and Dad warned us not to get in the corral. I saw the calf asleep near the fence, so in order to pet it, I crawled on hands and knees behind the barn, thinking I could creep along the fence until I could reach through the fence and pet the calf. But before I got that far, I put my knee down on a broken jar (and still have a 2 inch scar to show for it!).

I remember pulling my knees to my chin while sliding into one of Mom's large pickle crocks, then not being able to get out. I hollered until Lawrence and Loyd came to rescue me with a warning not to do it again, because they might not hear me next time. I thought it was just an accident that I got stuck and tried it again. They let me holler a long time before they came. By that time I was convinced.

Dad brought home some chokecherries when we lived north of Davis'. I wanted to taste one and Dad said it would be too sour, but let me taste one anyway. It was sour and I got all choked. Dad said, "Now you know why they are called chokecherries". They tasted better as Mom's jelly.

Once when we were going to school in Uncle Earl's basement, it was very cold, with snow on the ground. Dad rode the horse to school and put me up behind the saddle. He took me home, with me hanging onto his waist for dear life. That is the only time I remember him taking me for a horse ride, because he said that the horses were to be used for work. I think riding horses was hard on his back that he injured, although they used horses a lot, especially getting cattle in from across the river at the Bentley place, to work them or to spray them for flies.

Dad was the one who rescued Trisha from the dog that bit her across the face. The dog was old and arthritic and the rest of us kids knew to leave it alone, but Trisha was too little to remember and tried to pet it. It left blue marks on her forehead and chin, but didn't break the skin.

Dad took Candy to the doctor when she was bit by a spider (or was it too much chocolate?) and was very ill, and also when she was rattlesnake bit. He took Boyd on a flying trip to Scott City to the doctor when he was burned on the face.

We moved from Cheyenne Creek to 1 1/2 mile east and 1/4 mile south of highway 23. I started school at Jerome School, in Uncle Earl's basement. He was my teacher for two years. We were going to school the day the house burned. We stayed in Uncle Earl's basement until we moved to a house about a mile south of Willard Davis'.

One summer while living there, the older boys were pushing sand off a shale bank that was fairly high. I stuck my head under the flow of sand. They hollered and said to stand back as a big rock was coming down. I stood back a while and when the rock didn't show up, thought they were teasing, so I stuck my head back under. The rock hit my head and really made it bleed. They took me home and Mom fixed me up. I have a scar from that, too. The out-house there was close to the creek. Although the creek didn't have water in it a lot of the time, I was afraid it would fall into the creek with me in it, so I never did linger in it.

I started school at Dalton Valley School in third grade with Mrs. Miller as my teacher. She thought my school work was too easy for me and put me in fourth grade. At the same time she advanced Jr., also, putting him in the same class as Eva. (In case Eva doesn't mention it, I remember that she got a medal

for having the highest grade in the county on the state tests that were required at that time to graduate from 8th grade.) Eva and Jr. remained in the same class through high school.

I remember Mom using a fly spray in the summer and it seems like it was in a pressurized can, but could have been in a "fly sprayer" that you put the spray into the reservoir that looked like a tin can with a handle that you pumped to make it spray.

We moved to the Fritz Bentley home place while I was still going to Dalton Valley School. We usually walked the four miles to school, except when it was our family's turn to take a cream can of water to fill the crockery water fountain that had a button you pushed when you wanted to fill your cup.

Once the older boys left Calvin and I at the school when there had been an ice storm and snow the night before. The door was frozen shut and we couldn't get in. We panicked and walked to O.V. Davidson's place, walking mostly north against the wind, and were very cold by the time we got there. Dad told my brothers to always make sure we got inside before they left. I think we were always at school early as the older kids had to drive to Gove to high school after dropping us off. They drove a pickup then. Once I climbed on the car (model "A or T" Ford) that was parked by the chicken house and fell off, banging my forehead (yep - there's scars).

Theo Roberts was my teacher at Dalton Valley my fifth and sixth grades. He gave me piano lessons. Davey Lang was one of the students and I didn't like him very much because of his profanity. He took a liquid paint set of mine and hid it in the school attic. He got it for me when school started again, but it was all dried up and unusable, being in the hot attic all summer.

When we were living at the Bentley place, I remember that the ice got very thick on the river and was a sight to see when it started to break up in the spring thaw. There was so much ice that they were concerned about the bridges. And I remember the snow being very deep. The boys used a metal granary door for a sled. There was a large drift up to the eaves of the chicken house and they decided to ride the sled down off the roof onto the snow drift. I was very upset at them for not letting me ride, too, that is, until they landed in a heap! They also rode the sled down the steep hill that was west across the creek, next to the well house.


I remember the wooden radio that ran off a battery and had an antenna wire that ran outside to the top of a pole. I remember "The Red Skelton Show" and the WWII song "Coming In On A Wing and A Prayer". I remember my folks and neighbors having card parties and playing the card game "Rook". Sometimes after school programs, box suppers or pie suppers the parents and guests played cards, while the younger kids played games outside.

For some reason I liked the taste of Vicks Vapor rub and once ate some, not knowing that someone had put lye in it. Mom made me drink lemon juice and I didn't have any ill effects from it.

After they put the metal roof on the barn, we would use the wax paper from bread wrappers to sit on to slide down, bring very careful not to choose a section where there were protruding nails to snag our clothes, or we used a hammer to pound them down.

During the summer, when the notion would strike, we would clean out the barn. We enjoyed playing house in the grain bin with a wooden floor that was in the lower center section on the north end of the barn. It had high sides and was hard to get into, but we would sweep it and put orange crates in for cupboards and furniture. We used tin cans and bottles and other discards for pots, pans and etc. We also played in the large hayloft.

The corral on the south side of the barn was partly made of 2" x 8 ". We would walk barefoot along the fence, seeing who could walk further before losing our balance and jumping off. I got so that I could usually walk it without falling.

After they took the hay grapple forks and rope out of the hay loft, someone took the bolt that fastened them together at the top. Each side piece had two tines that came together into one, something like this  . We would pull these around the corral "farming". Other things we played with were wooden stilts, tin can stilts, marbles, metal barrels for barrel walking, and metal rims from wagon wheels. Also metal clamp-on roller skates that we used to skate on the cement garage floor or the cement floor of the porch at the Bentley house that ran along the front (south) and east side of the house. This porch was enclosed, with wood walls on the lower part and screened in on the upper part, with a south door and an east door. Many times the boys would move their beds out to the porch to sleep in the summertime.

We had cats and dogs for pets. One sheep dog was left there when we moved to that place. He would grab snakes and shake them until they were dead. Loyd would grab snakes by the tail and pop them like a whip to kill them. Speaking of snakes, Calvin, Jr., and I had been wading in the Smokey Hill River and were walking through a grove of trees, when I was bit by a rattlesnake. We started to the house, walking a while, then resting, knowing we shouldn't run. Jr. went to Davis' and they phoned the Dr. at Dighton. Dr. Deal came out and took me to the hospital in Dighton. He drove a dark green Chevy coupe with a lighter green top. Fritz and Alice Bentley lived in Dighton at that time and she brought me a doll with changes of clothes, paper dolls, crayons and a coloring book to play with while I was there. She also brought ice cream and told the nurses that I was to have some every afternoon. It was a while before I enjoyed them, though. I was in the hospital about a week, and remember that while I was there, they brought in a boy that had fallen from a tractor and was ran over by the one-way plow that the tractor pulled. I don't think he lived (no tractor cabs then).

We enjoyed swimming in the summertime in a dam fed by a spring that was in the pasture south of the house and then west about 1/4 mile. There was a spot about 10 feet across that was deep enough to swim in. There were eels in the water, but they didn't bother us. There were also leeches, so we took a salt shaker to sprinkle salt on them to make them drop off.

We also swam or waded in the river, depending on how deep the water was. Once while swimming in the river, we told Trisha not to get in because it was too deep. She thought we were on our knees and just teasing her, so she jumped in and immediately began "glub, glub, glubbing". I was able to dig my toes into the side enough to move up-stream toward her until I could grab her.

I remember asking Dad what kind of flowers were those pretty white ones that looked like little morning glories. He told me to show him where they were growing, which was in the corner, down by the cement swimming pool. He killed them out, because it was bindweed.

For some reason us younger kids called the cattle shed (with the four-side roof, located northwest of the barn) the "toe-peaky" house. There was a cattle chute that ran from it toward the barn. All of it burned when the barn burned.

I remember the cod liver oil that we took in the winter time, and the wooden doll that I got for Christmas that would walk by itself if you put it on an incline. I took it apart to see how it worked and couldn't put it together again.

Mom and Dad had chickens and I remember gathering eggs in the chicken house. Once I forgot to gather the eggs and Dad told me to go out in the dark and get them. He was a good physiologist and, I'm sure, did that so I wouldn't forget again. I did go out to gather the eggs, but saw a "critter" close to the shut hen house door, and thought it was a skunk. I went back to the house and told Dad that there were no eggs. I have a suspicion that he knew I didn't go into the hen house.

Sometimes after using a pressure sprayer to spray the cattle for flies, they would also use it to spray the chicken house for mites. I remember the rooster that would perch on the manger when the milk cow was milked, probably to get its share of the grain. I was about seventh grade when I started to milk the cow. We named her "Ivory" because she had smooth, white horns. Once when she needed treated for flies she kept kicking and finally put her foot into the milk pail. I told Dad that I wasn't going to milk her until they sprayed her.

My seventh grade teacher at Jerome School was Wilbur Bradley. The main thing I remember about him was that he had a girl and was always singing "Peg-O-My-Heart", a popular song at the time. Later his girl jilted him. Once when leaving school, he offered to take Calvin and me home in his car (I think he was staying at Davis', in the small house just south of their home). Anyway, in leaving the school yard, he spun the car around, the door flew open and Calvin fell out. He was bruised, but didn't get ran over. It sure scared all of us!

The wind charger was put in at the Bentley house with the large electrical storage batteries put in the east side of the garage set into the hill. I think that most of us kids had at one time or another stuck our tongues on the wind charger tower to taste the frost and had our tongues frozen to it.

Once in a while one of the wind charger blades would break and have to be replaced. When they were taking the wind charger tower down, Dad fell off the tower and the gear head fell, too, barely missing him (later we got REA).

I'll let Calvin tell about falling out of the cottonwood tree into a cocklebur patch. And about the time he swam the Smokey Hill River when it was flooded, and when I told him not to drive too close to the sand ridge on the Lundgren road. But he did and we got high centered and we had to dig down until he could drive down the ditch to an approach to get on the road again. And when we were going to take Sylvia Hannaford home and we kids, for a prank, told them the wrong directions. So he got upset and took her back to Gove and someone else had to take her home. I was along, but they didn't want me to say anything. Needless to say, I got the silent treatment from Calvin for a while.

Many summer evenings we would sit on the diesel tanks on the hill back of the garage and listen to the coyotes wail and the nightingales swooping down at us with their night cry, and also watching the stars, occasionally seeing a shooting star and the Aurora Borealis glimmering at a certain time of year.

When the twins were maybe four or five years old, we were eating lunch when Floyd choked on a ham rind in the ham and beans. I ran around the table to slap him on the back. Eva said, "Leave him alone, he didn't do anything". I said, "Can't you see he's choking?" One of the kids ran to get Mom and she grabbed him by the legs and held him upside down while we slapped his back. That didn't work and he was turning blue. I reached into his mouth and was able to grasp and remove the rind. We were all just limp with relief when it was over!

We had a tame cow (not the milk cow) named "Taffy" that we rode and also a tame steer, if you could call it "riding". They would take a step or two then stop to eat grass. The cow with the tail so long that it touched the ground was named "Lily". Once I was riding Taffy and the cows decided to go in for water. They had to go down a hill to the tank and I couldn't stay on. I was more concerned about getting ran over by the other cows behind me that I was about the abrupt landing.

The first washing machine that I remember at the Bentley house had a gasoline motor that had an exhaust hose that went out through the wall. We had an oval copper boiler that sat on two burners of a kerosene stove to heat wash water and bath water. The water was carried to the washing machine in kettles.

The first time I made Jell-O, I think I was in eighth grade. It was lemon. I remember we made pancakes, oatmeal or Cream of Wheat for breakfast, so good with milk or cream. I remember having Possum sometimes. In our lunches we usually had lunch meat or peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and cookies and sometimes fruit. Our lunch buckets were syrup pails with a wire handle (or bale) and a lid on it

My eighth grade teacher was Viola Malsom (both times). When Rex Wilson (my cousin) and I graduated eighth grade, our parents thought we were too young to go on into high school, so even though we had our eighth grade diplomas, we took the eighth grade over. Going to high school with about 45-50 students (from our rural schools with 6-13 students) was quite an adjustment.

The Bentley house burned when I was a freshman or sophomore. Some of my "treasures" that were lost in the fire were my bride doll, a collection of movie stars pictures (probably ordered by sending in cereal box tops) and a bird book (ordered by sending in Arm and Hammer Soda box tops).

I stayed at John and Maude Courtney's my freshman year and with Deb and Mildred Johnson part of my sophomore year (until Deb's garage burned). Calvin drove the car to and from school during my junior and senior years. We would go by to pick up and leave off Marcialee Lawrence (at the Joe Hanna farm just west of Foos'). I think Dail Lawrence paid Dad some for mileage.

Some of my high school memories were about sports. At a softball game at Leoville, the ball diamond was by the cemetery. In the last inning there were two outs and we were behind by two points. I was up to bat and hit the ball. It went into the cemetery but was a fair ball. The runner on base made it home, and I was stuck on third. I don't know who the next batter was, but they struck out, so we lost the game.

Park was playing softball at Gove, and I was playing 2nd base. One of the Park girls hit a hard drive. I knew that if I didn't catch it, it would probably be a home run. I jumped as high as I could and was surprised the ball caught in the web of my glove between my thumb and finger. I threw the ball to Laurie Batman on first for a double play.

I was never very good at Volleyball, but when I was a senior they started

to have girls basketball again. We played three on each half court and you couldn't cross the center court line. We played Dighton twice and Healy twice. We won both games with Dighton and the home game with Healy, losing at Healy. I was high point person in three of the four games, not bad, since I was the shortest one on the team!

Dad said I couldn't date until I was 16 and that was fine with me. I dated two or three boys before going with Wayne, but none seriously or for long. My first date with Wayne was on a hayrack ride to celebrate his friend, Wayne Remington's, birthday.

I graduated from high school as Salutatorian, receiving letters in softball, volleyball, basketball, typing pin and the proficiency in bookkeeping award. Our Senior Sneak was spent in Colorado, with Don Varnum and Arlene Crippen as our sponsors, seeing the Canon City Prison, Royal Gorge, Cave of the Winds and other sights.

After Wayne and I were married we lived in Deb Johnson's house in Gove, as they had moved to Grainfield. Wayne ran the Skelly Station. I worked for Bennie and Hattie Litton (Co. Clerk's office) typing tax notices and worked in the Co. Treasurer Office a while for Harold Kelly, then worked a short time in the ASCS office as an extra typist. About that time we moved to Ray Beesley's farm, so Wayne sold the filling station to Leonard Heier.

Lora Beesley decided they needed a milk cow. We were to milk once a day and they milked once a day. That probably lasted a week, and then Wayne milked twice a day. We would run the milk through the separator and save the cream to sell at the Oakely Creamery. It would pay for our supper and tickets and treats at the drive-in movie.

I usually brought the cow in at night for Wayne to milk. One evening I was leaning my elbows on the gate and visiting with Wayne while he milked when Beesley's horse came up (so quietly I didn't hear it) and bit me on the arm, I screamed and the cow kicked, knocking Wayne backward off the milking stool. He asked why I did that, and I told him that the horse bit me, and he laughed.

Charles was a baby (winter 1956-57) when we went to town for groceries, then stopped to visit his folks, when it began snowing. We started

home, but got to the cemetery road and it was snowing too hard to see where the road was, so we returned to his folks. It was a real blizzard and left a 30 ft snow drift at Richard Tustin's. Ray and Lora and their three boys and hired girl, Eleanor Katt, had to stay in the house where we lived as there was no heat at their home because the electricity was off. It was several days before the electricity was on and the roads open so we could go home.

Charles and Debra were both born while we were at Ray's. When Charles was about a 1/1/2 years old and we were expecting Debra, I was bringing in the milk cow, carrying Charles in my arms. The cow would stop, turn to face me, put head down and snort. I had a dried sunflower stalk that I would tap her on the topknot (between her ears) and she would turn and go toward the barn again. We repeated this several times before getting to the corral. I just latched the gate when the cow tried to butt me. There was a post in the corral for the gate to swing against that I could get behind. The cow and I went round and round the post. I got the cow on the opposite side of the post and ran (still holding Charles) for the fence on the east side, the only side having a board fence and barely made it over before the cow smacked into the fence. I told Wayne they would have to spray her for flies before I'd get her in again.

Wayne and Ray were getting ready for harvest and had the battery charger on the combine. After getting the combine started, Wayne asked Roger to unplug the battery charger and hand the plug-in cord up to him, instead Roger threw it. It hit one of the combine belts, snapped back and the plug-in prongs went into Wayne's arm just above his left elbow, requiring a doctor visit, but mostly bruised and very sore.

Debra was three months old when we moved back to Gove and Wayne resumed employment at the ASCS office. We moved to a house owned by Rosa Powers (the former Joe Batman house) located in the area where the Senior Center is now. Later Dad bought Deb Johnson's house and we moved there, with the agreement that we do some much needed repairs. Brian was born when we lived there.

After Ernest Trimmer passed away and the Trimmer house put up for sale, we bought it and lived there 15 years, then built our present home on the farm.

Gove couple show the second time is just as sweet.

Feb. 16, 2003

by Jan Katz Ackerman

Hays Daily New

GOVE – Herb and Deloris Steinike are living proof that age has nothing to do with being in the right place when Cupid strikes. Following the death of their spouses of many decades, a mutual friend introduced the couple. They became friends and started dating.

While they were dating, Deloris asked Herb if he knew of anyone who refinished furniture, because she wanted to have her father's desk restored. "I restored that desk and decided this relationship ought to progress beyond a little hug once in a while." Herb said, "so I put a note in the drawer that said, 'The bill for refinishing this desk in one kiss.'" "She paid off faster than I expected. She said she didn't like to keep her bills hanging" Herb said.

The relationship continued to blossom, and Herb and Deloris were married March 18, 2000. The couple no longer has "his kids" and "her kids". They call them "our" kids. Together they have six children, 16 grandchildren and one great-granddaughter.

As a special tribute to Herb's first wife, Deloris finished a quilt that Jewell had started. The couple plan to give the quilt to their great-granddaughter as a keepsake. "Jewell started it before she died, and she had one block done to show someone how to finish it," Herb said.

Besides family, another thing the couple share are their past jobs. They live southeast of Gove on the farm owned by Deloris and her first husband, Wayne Packard, and they maintain Herb's woodworking shop in Sharon Springs.

Deloris has been able to talk to Herb about the years she spent helping on the farm as well as having been the part time secretary for the United Methodist Church in Gove for the past 20 years.

A retired railroad engineer, Herb has taught Deloris about the years he spent with the Union Pacific railroad working through out Kansas and Colorado. "My dad was railroading, and everything used to come in to these towns on trains. In grade school, Dad taught me how to keep the fire going to keep the heat going in the boiler of the steam engine while they unloaded the supplies from the train," he said. Herb worked on the railroad tracks during junior and senior high school, served in a railroad battalion in the Army during World War II and returned to northwest Kansas to work in the industry. He retired as an engineer in 1988 after 45 years on the rails.

Like many people who retire, Herb has several items he has accumulated that remind him of his years working with the trains. "When I show it to people, it's railroad junk, but if someone wants to buy it, it's priceless memorabilia" he joked.

One benefit Herb has had as a retired railroad worker is that he can participate in "Operation Lifesaver", the railroad safety program designed to teach about the dangers of crossing tracks. "I did that from 1988 to 1996 and went to schools, civic groups, churches and just about anywhere people would listen. I also maintained the booth at the Colorado and Kansas State Fairs." he said.

Since moving to Gove, Herb has started volunteering at the church and the senior citizens center there. "I got accused of being an angel last Sunday. I was down on my hands and knees using some spot remover on the floor, and someone told people about it and how I got the spot out. But, I'd have to say that was an angel with horns," he said.

Self-taught carpenter and handyman, Herb believes his spirit of volunteerism and sense of humor has had an effect on the Gove community since moving there. "I've kind of got them over a barrel at the senior citizens' center. I've got them spoiled with the sugar-coated popcorn I made, so they made me president this year", he chuckled. "Yes, he ran on the Popcorn ticket at the senior citizens' center, "Delores chimed in.

Herb's talent as a cook has been a big benefit to the couple. Deloris said that while she can cook, she'd rather be outside working than in the kitchen. "Learning to cook was a religious experience for me after Jewell died. You've heard of stories from the Bible where they had burnt offerings, haven't you? Well, that's what it was like at first." Herb said, laughing again.

Both agreed their second marriage has been wonderful. Deloris said it is been nice to have someone with whom to share her life and who has similar interests. "Unless you are used to living alone, after you lose your spouse, the nights are the worst." she said. "While I proposed the traditional way and got down on one knee, I'd say everything worked out great." Herb said. "She laughs at my jokes even though she's heard them several times." "That's because I usually don't remember your punch lines," she said.



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

Wayne Alfred Packard

by

Lydia (Evans) Packard
Memoirs of Her Eldest Son
May 24, 2000

Wayne arrived at 11:45 on Saturday morning, September 23, 1933. The event took place at his Aunt Nora (Evans) and Uncle Chris Hockersmith's farm home, 11 miles S.E. of Gove, Kansas. Wayne was the eldest of the Alfred Adrian ("Bill") Packard and Lydia Rhoda (Evans) Packard family.

The Dr. lived 13 miles away, on a farm North of Gove. There was no telephone service in their rural area so Wayne's Dad had to drive the car to Dr. Fagan's home. He told him to follow him in his car to the Hockersmith home to deliver the baby, since Dr. Fagan didn't have any idea of how to get there. He slowly packed his black medical bag and they were on their way, with Bill in the lead. The Dr. was in no hurry and just poked along. Wayne's Dad would have to stop and wait for him to catch up or turn the car around in the road and go back so the Dr. would not get lost. They finally arrived at the Hockersmith home at noon, fifteen minutes after Wayne's arrival. The Dr. said, "I didn't know there was any hurry." Lola Pearce, a nurse, lived near by and came to assist the doctor.

What a perfect and beautiful baby! However, he didn't have any baby fat on his body — mostly skin and bones. His Aunt Zelma and Uncle Ned Wooters came to see him when he was only 2 or 3 days old. On the way home, Ned told Zelma he didn't think Bill and Lydia would be able to raise that baby, he was so frail. After putting him on a bottle formula of cows milk and syrup, Wayne filled out so quickly and grew up in a healthy way.

Shortly after his birth, his Daddy was holding him in his arms and said he would like to name him "Wayne." Bill's little brother Wayne, who was not quite 6 years old, died in 1925. Lydia selected Alfred for his middle name to carry on the family name.

At a very early age, Wayne had the uncanny ability to amaze most everyone he came in contact with. His ambition and wit were outstanding. He took his first 2 steps before he was 10 months old and threw his bottle away so he could drink his milk from a cup.

Bill, Lydia and Wayne moved to the first home of their own in July 1934. This was during the Great Depression years and they had been living and working for Lydia's Parents, Charley Worth and Rhoda (Minick) Evans. He was earning 50¢ a day and room and board. Wayne's grandpa purchased a section of grass land called "The Riley Place." The small 4 room house was on the S. W. corner. Just 1 1/2 Miles N. W. of the Evans family home. They moved there in July. The next month on August 17, 1934, Wayne's grandma Rhoda passed away. She was in the Saint Anthony hospital in Hays, suffering from a stroke and a ruptured appendix.

Wayne's mother inherited that quarter of land where the house was located. Later they purchased the adjoining quarter from Wayne's Aunt Mae and Uncle Lloyd Billington for \$25.00 an acre. They paid for it with the next wheat harvest. This half section is still owned by the Packard family (Sec-Twp-Rng-01-14-28, Jerome Township), which is all in farm ground now. While living at this property in 1935, Wayne's mother had to substitute teach at "West Lone Star School" for her nephew, Joe Hockersmith. Wayne's Dad, Bill, kept him at home and had to fix a problem with the pump at the bottom of the windmill well. His Dad told 1 1/2 year old Wayne to, "stand back away from the well in one spot and don't move while I'm at the bottom." Soon, his Dad heard Wayne screaming, and after climbing up, found him standing just where he had told him to - it was on top of a red ant hill!

Terrible dust storm days were in full swing before Wayne was 2 years old in 1935-'36. His folks moved to Eastern Kansas for a couple of months to escape the dust and find employment. Farmers began using better farming techniques after that to help keep their fields from blowing away. One afternoon in March a dark cloud of dust rolled in so suddenly, it became

as dark as night time. Wayne was playing outside but followed his dog Alf to the kitchen door just in time. They may have not been able to find him if he would have gotten lost in that storm.

After moving back to Gove County from Eastern Kansas, Wayne's Aunt Sarah and Uncle Hugh Graham, who lived in Wellington Colorado, asked them to help them with their sugar beet harvest. It was Lydia's duty to assist with the meals for the men working and she also helped with the housework. Sarah was a nurse working in the Dr's. clinic 5 days a week. Their sister Ruth, who came to live with the Grahams after her mother died, was attending high school.

Wayne celebrated his 2nd birthday while there. His parents gave him a tricycle which he was allowed to ride inside the house. He was warned several times to not run into any furniture, especially their lovely console radio. It became quite a challenge to him to ride up fast on his trike and stop just short of hitting the radio. After the beet harvest was over, the Grahams moved to Ft. Collins, Colorado. Wayne didn't happen to see them carry the furniture to the truck. When he came into the house as always -- on the run -- he hopped on his trike and headed for the corner where the radio had been. Upon seeing it was not there he asked, "where radio whiz?" One evening when waiting for the rest of the crew to come to the table to eat supper, we were standing around. Wayne looked up to his Daddy and said, "Go on Daddy and kiss her!" The Packards then came back to Gove County to their home. At about this age, Wayne had learned to sing and whistle.

Wayne's Uncle Dave Evans enjoyed having him around to show him off to his friends in Joe Losey's filling station. One day Dave picked him up and turned him upside down and scattered a few small coins on the floor. Wayne thought he had "jumped" the money out of his pockets. After picking up the coins, he headed straight to the grocery store to purchase a fairly large sack of candy for a nickel. He then walked down the street offering everyone he met a piece of his candy. Bill was so proud of his son and was heard many times to say, "I wouldn't take a million dollars for him, but wouldn't give a nickel for a dozen just like him."

Orman Finch was a neighbor boy who would go over to Wayne's home to play occasionally. They were playing "Hide and Seek" in the back yard one day. In his haste to hide, Wayne ran into a barbed wire fence. A 1 and 1/2 inch gash was cut to the bone in his cheek. Wayne's Dad had gone to town in their car. There was no way to get him to the doctor. Orman offered to go to the Dave Evans home to have him bring his car to help out. Orman ran most all the way, which was a mile. They then met Bill at the Gove filling station and went on to Dr. Fagan's. The Dr. didn't want to take the stitches to close that wound as Wayne was only about 4 years old, and he said Wayne wouldn't allow him to do the stitching at his age -- without an anesthetic. They drove on to WaKeeny, where Dr. Osborn did the necessary stitching without use of any kind of pain killer. He did not put Wayne under because of a light concussion. Wayne never forgot that painful experience. The wound healed nicely and was not noticeable.

Wayne's mother took him with her when she was helping her niece and nephew, Alta and Alfred Bailey, in their hotel in Gove. They served family style dinners for 50¢, which included the meal, beverage and sometimes dessert.

One day Wayne was playing with his tractor on the floor near the door. A stranger walked in and Wayne said, "Hi." The man spoke to him and asked his name. Wayne quickly replied, "Wayne Alfred Packard." The stranger asked, "Winafred Packard?" Wayne said, "W a y n e A l f r e d P a c k a r d - what's the matter with you man, have you got loud ears?"

When Wayne saw his first marching band he was fascinated by the drummer. He said he was going to be a "bandit" when he grew up. Meaning he wanted to be a drummer boy. That was also when he discovered that the Santa in the parade didn't look right.

One day he used a swear word he had heard someone use. His mother said, "Wayne how do you expect to get to Heaven when you die if you talk like that?" His reply was, "I don't believe I want to die and go to Heaven, I'd rather stay with Daddy."

One day Joe Losey gave Wayne a baby goat (Kid). Billy was so cute at first and Wayne fed him his bottle of milk real faithfully. But, Billy grew up to be quite mischievous. In 1939,

when Wayne's Dad Bill obtained a steady job on the State Highway Department, using a motor grader on highway 23, the family moved to Gove. Something had to be done with that goat as he was too frisky to move so near the town. Bell Finch asked if we would give Billy to him to butcher. When Wayne didn't find his goat around in the pasture near Gove (just south of the Hackberry Creek) -- he asked about it. His Dad couldn't tell him what had happened, but said the goat wasn't there when he moved the rest of the animals -- which was true. The Bell Finches butchered Billy, and for supper that night the children asked if that big platter of meat was Billy. They wouldn't eat a bite of it.

When he was 15 years old, Wayne's Uncle Jim Packard came to live with Bill, Lydia and Wayne. Wayne thought of him as a brother. His real baby brother, Richard, arrived on August 1, 1940. Richard was also born at home instead of in the hospital. That morning, Bill took Wayne to Grandma Johnson's farm to play with his special friend Wayne Bland for a few hours. At around noon Bill went to bring him home, but didn't tell him we had a baby. After Wayne ran into the house his mother told him to come and see his baby brother Richard Dean. He took one look and said, "Does Daddy know about this?" Around this time, a man who had stopped by the house asked Wayne, "what's your little brother's name?" He replied, "I don't know, Donald Duck, I guess!" Then he thought the baby was so small and couldn't play ball with him. He was always very protective of Richard. Wayne was 6 years and 8 months older than Richard.

When Richard was around 3, and Wayne 9 years old, they were in the Gove County hospital in Quinter, where Dr. Morris removed their tonsils. The anesthetic available at that time, to induce sleep for surgery, was ether. It was quite hard to take and patients were very ill and had to vomit a lot upon awakening. Richard cried out, "Mother, get me out of here!"

Wayne's very special friends as he was growing up were Wayne Bland and Jimmy Valbracht. They dug a cave in the back yard and covered it with planks and soil. They spent many hours there. He took his treasured possessions to the cave which included his jar of old coins his grandpa Ben Packard had given to him. The coins had belonged to his Uncle Wayne Packard who had died before he was 6 years old. Grandpa Ben wanted his son's namesake Wayne to have them. The town Bully, who picked on girls and boys much younger than him, tried to push in with the cave dwellers. One morning it was discovered that the cave had been destroyed in the night time and the coins had disappeared. It was never known who was to blame for this, but the most likely culprit appeared to have been the Bully. It isn't known if someone took the jar of coins, but Wayne was never able to find it under all of that debris.

One winter day, Wayne rode his bike on the ice covered Hackberry creek. The ice was too thin and they broke thru, falling into the deep water. He managed to get himself and his bike out and headed for home to dry off and warm up.

When Wayne was 9 years old his Uncle, Jim Evans, offered him a summer job driving his tractor to do field work. For the first \$100.00 he earned, Jim paid him with a \$100 bill, the first one he had ever seen. His folks were not at home at the time he returned and he wanted to leave his money in a safe place, so he left a note on the table saying, "I put my hundred dollar bill in the freezer -- your son Wayne." The nine year old boy thought the freezer would be the safest place in the house. Then after that, he worked for his uncle Bill Evans. He really enjoyed doing tractor work where he could sing and compose songs and poetry when working. Claude Simmons was hired to remodel Uncle Bill's home and he had little Wayne hold up heavy wall sheeting while he hammered in the nails. This was too heavy a task for this boy and he told his parents later that his arms and hands would be so tired he had trouble holding up the panels. This was the only job he disliked doing.

Wayne received his elementary and high school education in the Gove schools -- was catcher in the baseball games and played basketball -- played the trumpet in the high school band, sang and took a few piano lessons. His grades were always above average.

One 4th of July, his Buddy Wayne Bland borrowed his mother's car. Wayne Packard held a box of fire crackers on his lap to light and throw out the window as they drove around. At one

point, he accidentally dropped the lighted match into the box and all of the crackers were set off -- burning his lap and scattering pieces of paper all over the inside of the car. They spent hours picking up bits of papers.

Wayne had saved enough money from working for his Uncle Bill to purchase a motor scooter. One Saturday afternoon, he and Wayne Bland rode it to Dighton to the fair. As night time approached, they knew they had to return home and realized there was only a small amount of gas in the tank. By that time the filling station had been closed. They went to the home of the manager, who was kind enough and willing to sell them the amount of gas the scooter would hold (It may have been a gallon or even a half of a gallon of gas).

Wayne accepted Jesus as his personal Savior and was baptized in the Gove Methodist Church and joined the Church. He was hired to do the Janitor work in the church when he was 16 or 17. In the winter time he would crawl out of bed at 4:00 a.m. and go to the old stone church to build the fire in the furnace -- in the cellar on Sunday morning. He then would clean the church while waiting for the room to warm up. One Sunday a.m., he fell asleep and the old wood furnace began to smoke. He awoke to a room full of smoke. He had to work furiously to get that fire to burn and then air the smoke from the church by 10:00 a.m., in time for Sunday School.

The New Methodist Church was built in 1949 and he was sure looking forward to doing the cleaning and to push a button to heat the building. Here Propane was used instead of wood and coal. Claude Simmons told him he would take over as Janitor as Wayne was too young for the responsibility at the new church. This really hurt Wayne's pride as he was proud of the work he had been doing. The real reason he was not given the job was that Mr. Simmons was quite elderly and wanted the easier job for himself. He had previously been Janitor at the old stone church for a number of years, but was unable to do the task any more. It was difficult for him to go up and down the cellar steps to take care of the furnace., etc.

Wayne always had lots of special friends, Wayne Bland, Wayne Remington, Loyd Wilson, Delmer (Pistol) Wilson Jr., Jerry Klemm, Charles Anderson and Lawrence Wilson, among others.

He attended college at Fort Hays State University and had wanted to trade his old car in on a new convertible. He had worked and saved enough money to purchase the convertible. Upon calling his Dad for permission, since he was not 18 years old, Bill said, "No! It's dangerous for you to drive." The dealer tried his best to change Bill's mind, but he couldn't. I believe this is the only time Bill had ever denied Wayne anything. After he was older and didn't need his Dads permission, he never did own a convertible.

In Wayne's Junior year in college he became very ill and went to Topeka to the Security Benefit (S.B.A.) Hospital, where he had hospital and life insurance. He was assigned to Dr. Mau -- who was a wonderful surgeon. The surgery for removal of two large kidney stones required several hours. His tubes were damaged in order to remove the stones. His left kidney had not been functioning for quite some time. Because Wayne was so young -- only 19 years old -- Dr. Mau did not want to remove the kidney. A pump was attached to force the kidney to function. He was very ill and had so much pain, but the kidney was saved. His mother was with him in the hospital for 2 weeks and needed to return home to the other family members. Wayne Bland went to Topeka by train or bus and was with him a week or so -- and then he drove Wayne's car back to Gove. After spending 30 days in the hospital, he didn't let his folks know he had been dismissed and was coming home via train. It arrived in Oakley around midnight and he rested on the depot benches until 6:00 or 6:30 a.m. -- before calling home. He said he didn't call earlier to disturb his parents night sleep. He was very thin, pale and weak, but soon regained normal appearance. For most of the remainder of his life, it was necessary for him to return to Topeka to the S. B. A. Hospital. Later after the S. B. A. Hospital closed, he went to the Stormont Vail Hospital where his insurance had been transferred. His hair started falling out after this ordeal with the kidney trouble. Because he had missed so much school, his college career ended midway through his junior term.

He soon went into the filling station business in Gove. Some of his patrons asked for credit. Most of them paid their bills, but a few never did. The one loss he had was in loaning a good friend \$300.00. He was purchasing a car from Leonard Heier who demanded cash. Wayne's friend promised him he would pay the money back tomorrow, as he had to have it to pay for his load of gas coming in that week to fill the tanks. The friend was working for the Highway Department in Oakley and Wayne thought he could trust his word. Tomorrow never came.

After awhile, Wayne fell in love with a sweet, lovely, pretty girl with light brown hair. He and Deloris Fay Wilson were married August 17, 1955.

Homes Wayne Lived In While Growing Up (1933-1955)

During the depression years, in the first 6 years of our marriage, we moved several times seeking employment (1933-1939). Even though we were moving around looking for work, we always kept the home place on the farm -- 12 miles Southeast of Gove. This was during the dust bowl era, so we lived in Eastern Kansas a few months. In 1941, we purchased our home in Gove -- 1 block east of the Court House. Wayne lived there (as his home base) until he and Deloris were married and moved into their own home in 1955.

- Grandpa and Grandma Evans's home -- 1st 10 months of his life (1933-1934)
- Little 4 room home 1 1/2 mile N.W. of Grandpa's (1934-1939)
- A farm house north of Edna, Kansas for a month or so (1935)
- A house in Edna, Kansas for a very short time (1935)
- The Welton house in Gove for a short time (1935). [The Ben Packards had lived there in the late 1920s]
- In 1939-'41, the Smith home south of Gove by the Hackberry Creek (The present Henry Doxon place)
- The basement of Mrs. Douglas for a short time (no more than a month) until the Strong house was available to rent -- in N.E. part of Gove (August, 1941)
- The last move was in 1941 to the home 1 block east of the court house in Gove. His parents, Wayne, Richard and Jim (Bill's brother) lived there. Jim Packard and Iola were married in October 1942 and moved away at that time.

Packard retires from ASCS

Wayne Packard, the Co. Executive Director retired after thirty years of service. He worked under the leadership of the late Carl Katt. After his retirement he became the County Director and served in that capacity until the present time.

A program and dinner is planned in his honor at the American Legion Hall in Grainfield, KS on Dec. 28, 1988 at 7:00 pm. Anyone wishing to join him may send their reservation and meal ticket (\$5.00 per plate) to Gaye Zerr, In care of Gove County ASCS Office, Box 98, Gove, KS, 67736 by Dec. 19, 1988.

Edited and typed by:
Wayne's brother,
Dr. Richard D. Packard

Page 1

IN MEMORY OF
WAYNE ALFRED PACKARD
Sept. 23, 1933-1996

Wayne Alfred Packard was born Sept. 23, 1933 in the Chris Hockersmith home, southeast Gove county, to A.A. "Bill" and Lydia (Evans) Packard. Wayne passed away June 5, 1996 at Stormont Vail Hospital in Topeka of Leukemia with complications.

Wayne attended Gove Grade School and was a Gove Rural High School graduate, class of 1951. He attended Ft. Hays State College. He was united in marriage with Deloris Wilson on Aug. 17, 1955. This union was blessed with three children, Charles, Debra and Brian.

Wayne operated the Skelly Station in Gove early in the 1950's. He retired from the ASCS-USDA after 30 years of service, the last eleven years as CED, and was also involved in farming. He had a contract for several years mowing government bin sites in several counties. He was Scoutmaster of Boy Scout Troop #185 of Gove. He served as Gove City Councilman 12 years, and was a member of the Gove Volunteer Fire Dept. He was on the Gove County Economic Development Strategic Planning and Steering Committee, serving as chairman of the Waste Management Committee. He was a Life National member and local chapter member of the National Association of Retired Federal Employees, holding the office of Secretary/Treasurer in the local chapter, and a State and National member of KASCO.

Wayne was a member of the Gove United Methodist Church since his youth and was a recent member of its Board of Trustees. He expressed his love of music in the church senior choir.

Survivors include his wife Deloris, and mother Lydia, of Gove; brother Richard and Joyce Packard of Yuma, AZ; children Charles and Rose Packard, Burr Oak, Debra and Randall Metzger, New Cambria, Brian and Annette Packard, Gove; grandchildren Ben, Aaron and Kent Packard, Andrew, Chris, Kayla and Nathan Metzger, and Heidi and Seth Packard.

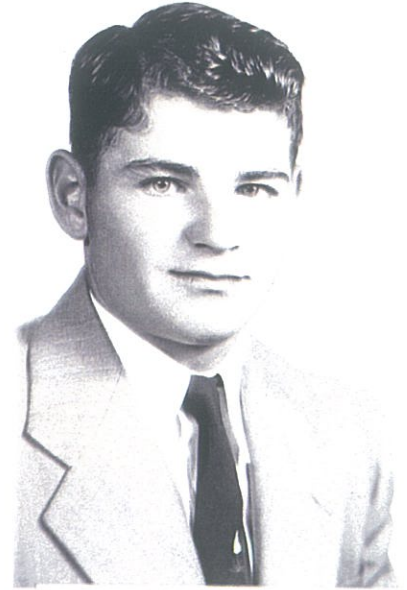
Preceding him in death was his father A.A. "Bill" Packard.

Wayne loved the outdoors and attempted to be a good steward of the land in his farming practices. He believed in the importance of tasks accomplished well, integrity, punctuality, and a good sense of humor. He loved his Lord, his family, and his community. He spent many hours putting on the metal siding of the new grocery store and cafe in Gove, and was caretaker of the Gove Cemetery 1959-1981.

Services were held at Gove United Methodist Church on June 9 at 2:30 p.m., the Rev. Allen Phillips officiating. Burial in the Gove Cemetery.



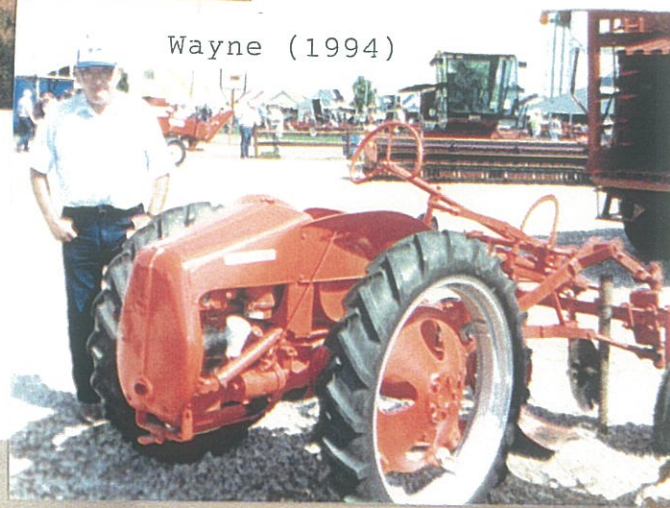
Wayne (1940)



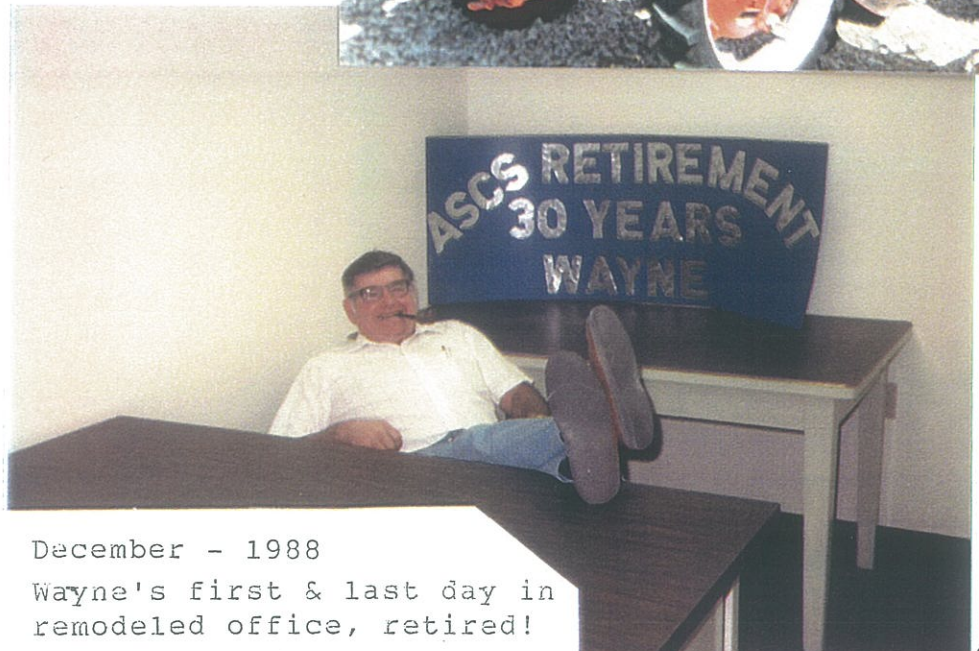
Wayne (Sr. 1951)



(wheat harvest 1986) Wayne



Wayne (1994)



December - 1988

Wayne's first & last day in remodeled office, retired!

Wayne & Deloris Packard



Name: Wayne Alfred Packard

Birth: September 23, 1933

Place: Gove Co., Kansas

Death: June 5, 1996

Cemetery: Gove, Kansas

Married: August 17, 1955; Gove, Kansas

Children: Charles (Chuck), Debra, & Brian.

Deloris Faye Wilson

November 6, 1937

Gove Co., Kansas



05/24/2015

25

6) **Deloris Fay Wilson**

Birth: November 6, 1937
Place: Gove County, Kansas
Death:
Cemetery:

Married: August 17, 1955, Gove, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Charles Wayne	August 31, 1956
Debra Sue	June 12, 1958
Brian Dean	January 6, 1960

Remarried: March 18, 2000; Gove, Kansas

Herbert A. Steinike

Birth: October 15, 1926
Place: Cheyenne Wells, Colorado

A. **Charles Wayne Packard**

Birth: August 31, 1956
Place: Quinter, Kansas

Married: June 12, 1976, Gove, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Benjamin Charles	December 13, 1979
Aaron Curtis	May 2, 1981
Kent Bradley	October 2, 1985

Rose Loree Tuttle

March 20, 1956
Quinter, Kansas

B. **Debra Sue Packard**

Birth: June 12, 1958
Place: Quinter, Kansas

Married: June 30, 1979, Gove, Kansas

Children born to this union;

Andrew Ray	May 4, 1982
Christopher Aaron	December 13, 1984
Kayla Renee	February 20, 1989
Nathan Benjamin	September 11, 1992

Randall Ray Metzger

February 21, 1958
Wichita, Kansas

Adopted three children; February 19, 2004

Michael Dennis Goodwin	January 24, 1988
Earlisha Louise Gorham	June 26, 1990
Nathan Whaley Love	January 14, 1992

Adopted three children; October 1, 2007

Harold Edward	May 15, 1997
Christopher Niclous	September 18, 1998
Andrew Michael	November 14, 2000

C. Brian Dean Packard Annette LaRae Arnberger

Birth: January 6, 1960	April 15, 1963
Place: Quinter, Kansas	Cheyenne, Colorado
Married: November 7, 1981, Oakley, Kansas	

Children born to this union;

Heidi Lorraine	March 27, 1984
Seth Adam	November 24, 1987