

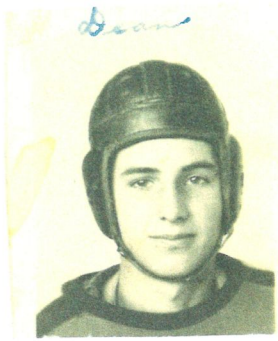
Dean & Gaye
And Family

Earl

Beverly

Carl

Mary Ann



Dean - Football



Earl & Connie
Dean, Keith, Amy, Delia



SCHOOL DAYS 1948-'49
Walters High

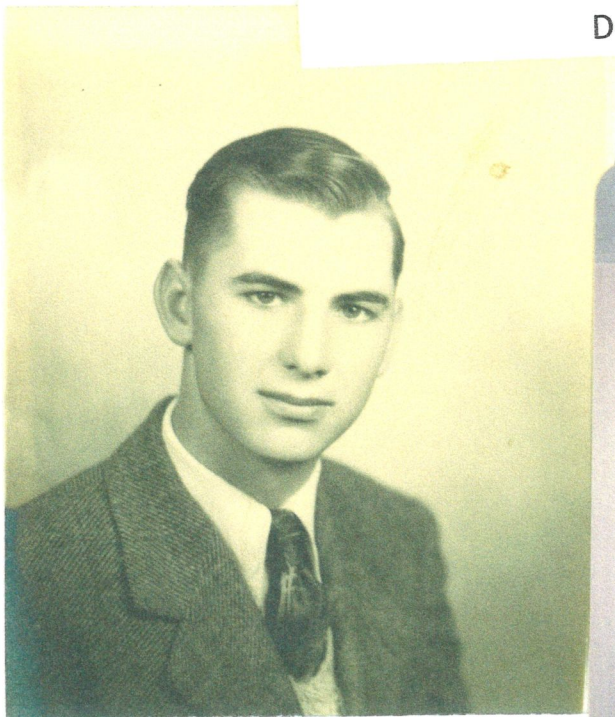
Gaye



Dean - 4H



Dean



Dean - HS Senior



Dean & Gaye Jan. 1983



Earl & Dean 1953



Dean, Mart Ann, Gaye
Beverly, Carl, Earl—April 1959



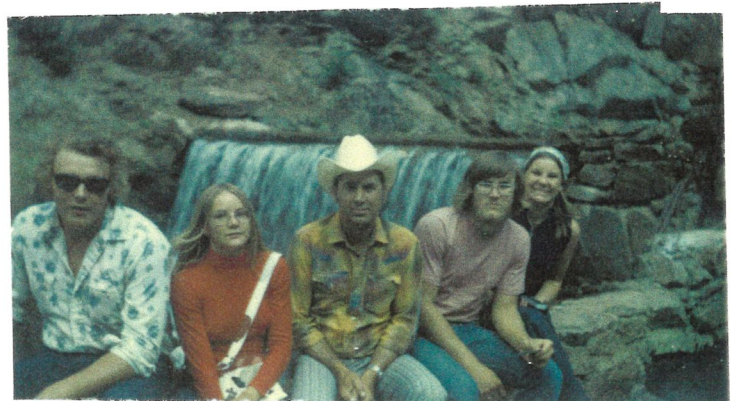
Dean & Gaye



Gaye, Mary Ann, Dean
Beverly, Carl, Earl
8/7/1960 Rex & Margaret Wedding



Silage Cutting October 2, 1972



Earl, Mary Ann, Dean, Carl, Beverly
August 1973, Colorado



Gaye , Dean, Earl,
Beverly, Carl, Mary Ann 1972



Dean & Gaye Family



Wilson Family Reunion
September 9, 2008

Oral History of Dean Wilson recalled July, 2008

I was born April 4, 1929 in the basement of the house I live in now. My dad built the original house himself. My Dad, Earl Andrew Wilson, was a teacher and farmer and my Mom, Consuella Fullmer Wilson, was a teacher and homemaker. Dad was also a very good carpenter and made Mom's kitchen cabinets, a knife board, and other items and built a Peter Rabbit table and benches for the kids. Dad taught at the District 38 School (north of Healy), Grinnell, Dalton Valley, Waldron, Gove, Jerome and in our home. When Dad taught at District 38 (which was at the "Schoolhouse Corner" 8 miles north of Healy) he rode from his parents place on the River (where our sprinkler irrigation is now—The Burnett Place) cross country to the school (about 5 miles) since there were few fences at that time (early 20's). After they were first married, they both taught together at Grinnell (1925 or 1926?). Mom taught lower grades 1-4 and Dad taught the upper grades 5-8. Dad's last full year teaching was during the 1945-1946 term which was held at our house. Mom taught for Dad the next year (1946-1947 school term) after Dad's health started failing. That was the last year my Mom taught.

My first memory was when I was about 5 (1934), Dad got bucked off his horse Black Beauty. Black Beauty was his main work horse and was pretty spirited. I think that's why he always rode her to school, which he did every day. Beauty could maintain a solid short lope all the way to school. He was on his way to teach at Dalton Valley School. Dalton Valley School was about 4 1/2 miles east of our house in section 11N-29S-Township 14 of Gove County where the Maxwell's had originally made their homestead. Dad was broke up pretty good and Mom took him to see Dr. McMurry at Utica.

I also recall going with Dad to Shields to get grain for the milk cows because we didn't have any. I don't remember if it was '34 or '35, but we drove to Shields to get bran and shorts. When we were coming home, a dust storm came up and the car died about where Jack West used to live (I don't remember what kind of car we had at this time, I think it was green and I recall it was really wore out). Dad tied a chain on to drag behind and ground the car, then it ran and we made it home. Dad kept 10 or 12 milk cows and my chore was to help him by milking the strippers. I think my folks always had cows and sold milk. I remember some Sundays Dad would fix dinner so Mom could go hunting or work in the garden. Sometimes she went riding with me. Mom also liked to take Charlie (one of our horses) and hook him up to a sled that Grandpa Wilson had made. It had metal runners so it could be used anytime. I remember one Sunday we took it hunting in the pasture. Mom shot a jackrabbit first and later a prairie chicken. She had a .410 shotgun and really liked hunting prairie chickens.

In 1935 I remember helping Dad dig holes in the Smoky River for Uncle Guy. It was so dry his cattle were having trouble getting water. We used a 2 horse slip to dig the water holes. Dad also built some dams for Fritz Bentley in his pasture south of our house. He used a 4 horse Fresno that was about 6 foot wide for these. One of the dams was east of our pasture in the draw and was built next to a cliff of about 7-8 feet. Dad hitched Beauty on the side next to the cliff

because she was so nervy and would work right next to the drop-off.

We used horses to farm at this time. Dad had a disc that he pulled with a 4-horse team the first time over the ground, and then used a 2-horse team on the 2nd and 3rd time. He had a 2 row Lister to plant row crops that took a 4-horse hitch, and he also used a 4-horse hitch to pull the grain drill. We usually used a 2 horse hitch for the hay wagon. I can recall the first time I drove the work team (I think I was 6) was when Dad had me drive the 4-horse team pushing the Header-Barge when we were cutting Barley (mostly I think I was just holding the reins, the horses knew what they were supposed to do—and sure knew more about what was going on than I did).. Dad ran the header and he had a kid from Gove (maybe the Burriss boy) that was about 18 who stacked the wagon. They stacked a pile of straw for me to stand on so I was high enough to see the team. The thing I remember the most is how thick the grasshoppers were. I don't know if it was just the year or what, but the header was solid with them. The horses I remember Dad worked besides Beauty were Alec, King, Charlie, and Prince. Most of our crops were harvested by binding at this time. Grain crops were started in the stiff dough and aimed to be finished in the hard dough so most grain was light test weight after thrashing. After the wheat, barley, or feed was bound, we would shock it in the field. I can remember shocking wheat and barley as a youngster. The grain crops were usually hauled in and piled sometime before fall when Ford Brown would bring his thrashing machine and thrash the crop. The straw and chaff was usually piled east of the house for the cattle to eat during the winter. People would often have a cow die from eating into their pile and having it cave in, burying the cow and causing her to smother. I remember one spring (I think 1938) Dad and I had went to the farm to check cattle and we found a cow in our stack that had been buried, but was still alive (probably wasn't buried very many days). Dad thought the snow melting on the stack had given her enough water to live.

Later in 1935 we moved to Waldron, Kansas which was south of Anthony near the Oklahoma/Kansas state line. Uncle Lewis Hughes had told Dad there was plenty of pasture for his cattle there (due to drought we didn't have any pasture for the cattle and the dirt storms had started) and he would find him a job teaching if we moved there. Mom and Dad bought a car just before we moved. It was a 1929 Chevy we bought from Bretz (they sold cars and tractors). We had about 25 cows we drove to Shields and loaded on a rail car along with Beauty, Charlie, and Prince (our horses) to ship to Anthony and loaded the rest of our stuff on Uncle Guy's '31 Chevy truck and a trailer that Dad had made and moved to Waldron. The house we lived in was in Kansas and our barn was in Oklahoma (maybe 100 yards apart). I went to the first grade in Waldron (35-36 school term). Dad taught there for 1 year and we loaded up (about the same process) and moved back home.

When we came home in 1936, we had dirt drifts 3 ½ to 4 feet deep on the north side of the house. The cattle shed was pretty much drifted full of dirt, Dad removed the timbers and just leveled out the dirt. The brooder house east of our house was also drifted full (it was dug in about 4 feet deep to help keep chicks warm). We had a stand of currant bushes south of the house that had about 4 feet of dirt in them. Dad hired the Summers kid to help dig out the bushes (he was about 16; his folks had a filling station/grocery store on the corner ½ mile west on 23 highway

and Truman Cornelson's mom had a Phillips 66/grocery store on 23 highway at the Jerome road). I remember the Summers boy broke the handle of Dad's tile spade while working. After I had summoned all the wisdom of my 7 years, I told him he was going to be in a lot of trouble for that, and he told me (in so many words) to mind my own business. Dad used a Fresno and spread most of the blow dirt around to the east and north away from the house. We had a large stand of fruit trees and most of them had died from the drought, I remember we only had 1 apple tree left. I went to the 2nd grade at Jerome (school term 36-37). We didn't have any crops that year. The field north of the house had been let go to weeds and there was enough moisture that some grew after we left in '35. The weeds helped keep the ground from blowing as much, but there were blow piles drifted in the weeds all over the field. It took Dad 2 years to get the entire field leveled back out smooth enough to farm. Most of this he did with the Fresno.

One form of entertainment I recall from this time was community debating. The debates were held on a Saturday night in one of the area schools, I don't remember how often though. We would have a carry-in potluck supper and make an evening of it. There would be 2-3 debates between pre-selected individuals. I don't recall what subjects were debated, but I do remember how heated the debates could get. I can remember hearing Kermit Johnson debate, but my favorites were Henry York and Olie Davidson. It seemed like they always debated each other and were great performers who were very passionate about their position. I really enjoyed these evenings. The last one I can recall going to was at the District 38 School about 1936 or 1937. What toys we had as kids we made ourselves. We made tractors out of Mom's sewing spools and used a matchstick and rubber band to power them. We also made kites, one of which was quite large. We made it from lath we split for the bows and used rags tied together about 8 or 10 feet long for the tail. It took a good stiff breeze to fly it, and required binder twine instead of regular string to handle the stress without breaking. It was a great site when we flew it. One of our favorite things was an old tire Dad turned inside out. We could get inside it and roll down a hill. We played with this a lot; there were some really great rides had in that tire! We also played (like most farm kids) in the hay and fields. Once Keith and I were playing in a small field of cane (about 5 acres) north of the house and Rex joined us. The cane was about 5 feet tall and pretty thick. Keith and I knew our way around the patch pretty good. We played for awhile then got out of the cane. Rex was still in the patch when we went to the house. Mom asked us where Rex was, and we told her we guessed he was in the field. She took us outside and you could hear Rex hollering from the field because he was lost. Mom had us go get Rex and made sure we understood not to do this again.

About this time we got the first radio I can recall in our house. Uncle Harold built it out of different parts for Mom and Dad. We didn't listen to it a lot because we had to take the battery out of the car to power the radio. Reception was iffy at best, and I can recall listening to WIBW out of Topeka when we did listen. Later I can remember I liked to listen to a station out of Del Rio, Texas because it played western music. About 1949 the Colby station came on (KXXX) and we listened to it most times since the reception was so good, and to hear Weatherman Snyder. Uncle Harold was quite the "tinkerer" and made Dad one of the first electric fence chargers

anyone had. He made it out of a Model "T" coil hooked to a car battery and modified with copper wire and the magneto points somehow. It was really "hot", although we didn't use it on long lines of fence. Mom finally talked Dad into getting a new battery for our car so that Uncle Harold would have the old battery to use on the projects he was always working on (and the car had a battery in it when it was needed).

Dad went to "Normal" school about every 2 years to keep his teaching certificate updated. He always went to Hays and it lasted about 2 weeks during the summer. The whole family went with him a couple of times. He always stayed with one of the professors at the college. I remember one time we went with him when I was about 7 or 8 years old (summer of '36 or '37). This was the first time I had seen fireflies. I'm not sure why we didn't have them at home, but this was really exciting to me. There was a penny on top of the dresser in the room we were staying in. My Dad saw me looking at the penny and told me not to touch it. When I ask him why, he told me that penny had been left to find out what kind of family was staying there. Was it an honest family or a family that would steal from the owner?? When we left the penny was still in the exact spot it was in when we got there.

My folks always had a large garden. We raised carrots, turnips (didn't like), potatoes, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, swiss chard, green beans, cantelope, 4 or 5 kinds of squash, onions, and a little corn. Mom canned a lot and stored squash in the basement during winter. We covered the carrots and onions with a thick layer of straw in the fall and just picked them from the garden during the winter as we needed them. I remember we ate a lot of onions, everyone liked them I guess; we ate green onions all during the summer and Mom cooked with onions a lot. They watered the garden as needed from the windmill. We had some of the best tasting water around up until the 70's when the aquifer started going down. Dad had a water system fixed up that was really handy. He had buried a 50 gallon wooden barrel by the house with some bricks in the bottom and the fresh cool water running into it allowed us to use it for keeping milk or food cool. The water ran from the windmill to the barrel. At the barrel there was a valve that could divert water to the pitcher pump in the basement or to an outside line to water the garden, or bypass to let the water run on down the hill to the stock tank at the barn. One time (I think this was either summer of 1936 or 1937) Mom had some relatives come to the area. The entire family loaded up and went to Scott Lake to spend the day visiting with them. When we got home we found about 18 inches of water in the basement with most of the furniture floating on top. Someone had left the valve open to the basement instead of running to the barn and the windmill had run water all day into the basement. We spent almost all night getting water out of the basement. I carried buckets of water out, but Dad shoveled much of the water out the window. I remember we had a leather Durafold sofa/bed that just fell apart in the water when the glue joints dissolved. Dad said this wasn't going to happen again, we were going to dig a drain into the basement. It was a few years later before this was done (1941?). We used red clay tile drain pipe running out of the basement and sealed the joints with burlap sacks. This was quite a job as we had to dig about 5 feet deep next to the house.

Toward the end of summer in 1937, we moved to Gove where Dad taught the 5th and 6th grades. The next summer (1938) we moved back to the farm for the summer. Dad was farming about 200 acres (about 80 of his own and 120 for others who had moved) then. Many people left the area in 1935 and 1936 due to the drought. Dad farmed Uncle Will's ground after they moved to California in 1935, he also farmed the Wood's ground (where Willard Davis lived; couple of miles east of our place) after they moved to Oregon about the same time. When we moved to Gove, I remember Beauty had a colt and Uncle Ralph (he lived at our house when we moved) rode her to Gove for Dad. He snubbed the colt to Beauty and said it only took a few miles to break the colt to lead. We kept them at Fats Wiegel's and later Dad had to sell Beauty and her colt because we needed the money.

Our first tractor was a worn out 1929 "D" John Deere tractor on steel wheels that Dad bought in 1937 or early 1938. Dad and Uncle Delmer overhauled the 2 cylinder engine; I remember they ground the valves by spinning them in their hands in a grinding powder. Dad had an 8 foot Sanders one-way that we farmed with. The tractor was started on gas (and had to be primed) then was run on kerosene, so it had 2 fuel tanks. It had 2 gears and ran about 2 mph in first and 4 mph in second. I helped run the tractor some, but I was not quite big enough or strong enough to run it much. I could push the hand clutch in gear with my foot, but was not big enough to pull it out to stop the tractor. Dad told me if need be just go in big circles until he got there and he would jump on and stop the tractor. We had a field wagon we moved from field to field by chaining it to the one-way. We carried a barrel of distillate (kerosene tractor fuel), grease, and oil in the wagon. The steel lugs made riding rough and the steering was always hard to control; sometimes the front wheels would just lock in and slide when you turned the corner and you might have to make several circles before you could get it straightened out and going back down the furrow. The steering also had more than a quarter turn of play and required considerable strength to muscle around. The pop-pop of the engine would also wear on you.

We cut wheat with Uncle Guy after he had bought a combine. He was one of the few around that had a combine. He had a 1929 Gleaner Baldwin pull-type with 12 foot header he had bought from Shaw at Grainfield, who was a Baldwin dealer. Dad run the combine for him, and when I was 10, I started driving the tractor pulling the combine. Uncle Guy had a 1935 "D" with rubber wheels that was really nice (and smooth) to drive. Pulling the combine was a very hot, dirty job because you sat low and were almost always surrounded by chaff and straw. I always had to fix the rattle chain when it would break because I was small enough to climb into the inside of the combine to splice the chain.

The next 3 summers ('39, '40, '41) we stayed in Gove and drove down to the farm as needed to work or check on things. I went to the Gove school my 3rd through 7th grades. The house where we lived in Gove was about 4 blocks east of the current ASCS office. We had a 2 story house on a full block; the house had belonged to the Maxwells. Old 23 Highway ran on the east side of our block and straight north to Grainfield. The boy's room was on the north side upstairs and the girl's on the south. During the winter if we had a snow storm the wind would blow snow into our

room from under the eaves. It was a cold house in the winter. We always kept 2 or 3 milk cows, some chickens and sometimes a hog to butcher at the house. We also kept cows at Fred Molson's west of town and another bunch ½ mile east of town at Liff Burris's. Liff and Charlie Roemer were big buddies. I recall Liff drank quite a bit, but was always sober when dealing with Dad. Dad did not cotton to drinking. Liff had a good barn and it was close enough to the house that we could keep cows there and feed them in the winter.

We always sold milk to folks in town. Keith and I delivered the milk every day. Most people bought a quart a day or every other day. We had one customer, George Turner, who had several kids and took a half gallon a day. We sold the milk for a nickel a quart and delivered it in the old heavy glass quart milk jugs. Dad told us if the money wasn't in the empty bottle, don't leave the full bottle. We had a special half gallon bottle for Turner that had a wire bail that served as a handle and made it easier to carry. We would deliver north of our house first, then come back home to leave empty jugs and pick up full bottles to deliver south of our house. We had one customer named Frank Tyson who was the County Engineer. He had 2 German Shepard police dogs that always acted mean. Dad had told him to make sure they were locked up when we came to deliver milk, and he told Keith and I if they weren't locked up to use the milk jugs as a club to protect ourselves. One day we went to deliver Mr. Tyson's milk and one of the dogs was loose. Keith hit it as hard as he could with a full milk jug and we thought it killed the dog. He just lay there and shook and finally got up and wobbled off. Mr. Tyson also thought we had killed the dog and he was mad. He went to Dad and chewed him but I heard Dad tell him he was supposed to have the dogs locked up when we came and he really didn't care if Tyson bought milk from us or not. Tyson didn't take any milk for about a week, but finally started buying again---and his dogs were never loose when we delivered milk. Some of our other customers were Aunt Helen, Aunt Blanch, Uncle Lawrence Maxwell, and Phil Sutter.

Our neighbor to the north was Mr. Bell. He worked for the county and kept milk goats at his place. Mr. Bell's wife was a mean woman who constantly gave him fits. One year Mr. Bell gave Keith and me a kid goat each. We were delighted, but Dad did not like them. They were constantly causing trouble and he wanted us to give them back to Mr. Bell. Mom insisted that we keep them and we did, but Dad said we had to take them down to the farm. At the farm they continued to cause problems and killed the few fruit trees that survived the drought by barking them. Not long after that they "disappeared" never to be seen again, although Keith and I had a pretty good idea what probably happened. One day Keith and I were in the barn and heard Mr. and Mrs. Bell arguing (this happened a lot, and they were always very loud), and we stayed in the barn and listened to the fight. Mrs. Bell was cussing Mr. Bell something fierce then after a while Mr. Bell got mad and left to go down to Deb Johnson's garage. Several men would always be there and a game of horseshoes was generally going on in the late afternoon; Mr. Bell would stay until he had cooled off and then go back home. Keith and I went into the house and about the first thing Keith said was something he had heard Mrs. Bell say. Dad scolded him severely and I thought Keith was going to get a whipping, but when he told Dad that was just what Mrs. Bell said to Mr. Bell, Dad gave in.

Other neighbors were Andrew Anderson who had a mechanic shop; his son Ralph was in Delila's class. Another was Billy McDonald who was the Superintendent of the Methodist Church, which is where we went to church. The church was a large stone building that was destroyed by a tornado in 1948 or 1949?? The teachers at school were Thelma Lewis who taught 1st & 2nd grades, Alice Beesely taught 3rd and 4th grades, Dad taught grades 5 and 6, and Fred Crippen taught the 7th and 8th graders. Thelma Lewis was a student of Dad's when he taught at the District 38 School north of Healy. She told me some years later that she really liked Dad as a teacher. She was always a studious person and told me she liked that Dad was all business when he was teaching.

Dad was paid \$25 per month to teach and another \$10 per month to janitor. He would get up in the morning and milk the cows, then go to school to janitor before teaching. He dusted and cleaned black boards in the morning and when it was cold he had to get the coal fired furnace going to warm the building. The furnace was fueled with coal about the size of a golf ball; the furnace heated the boiler which forced steam to radiators in the rooms. After school he would sweep and I would stay to help him with this. Once when I was helping him (4th grader I think), Miss Beesely had a pepper plant in her room and it had a pepper growing on it. I picked it and bit into it and it was HOT. I tried drinking water, but could not get my mouth cooled off. Dad said that's what I got for bothering other people's things and not to do it any more. Dad also shingled houses with Fred Crippen in the summer to earn extra money.

When I was a 4th or 5th grader (1938 or 1939), I saw my first motion picture movie. It was shown on a summer evening downtown on the side of a rock building near the post office that had recently been whitewashed. The movie was "Black Beauty". I don't remember who sponsored the show, but there were wood benches set up to sit on and I think there were refreshments served. The 2nd movie I saw I think was my 6th grade year at the end of school. Dad was my teacher and he had arranged cars to take all his students to Wakeeney during the last week of school to watch a comedy called "Keep Em Flying". I remember it was very funny.

In school I played baseball and basketball. When I was in the 6th grade the boys on the basketball team were taking turns bringing gum on the days we had a game. After a while, I thought I needed to take a turn, so I went down to Litton's Store and got a pack of nickel gum and charged it to my Dad. Later when Dad got the bill, I got a lesson in money management. My Dad was not happy that I had charged 5 cents for gum I didn't need when he was making \$25 a month teaching. I came away with a clearer idea of the difference between need and want.

Most of our spare time during the school term was spent doing our studies. I took great pride in my spelling and was also good at math. Dad required most of my time to be spent reading. I always had trouble with reading and my Dad was determined that a teacher's son was going to be a good reader. It never seemed to matter how much I tried, reading was just very hard for me to do. I could always comprehend what I read, but I absolutely struggled to read out loud and avoided it at all costs whether at school or church. As I got older I found ways to adapt

and compensate for my difficulty with reading.

My Dad always required his students to learn the alphabet backwards to improve their dictionary skills. He also liked to have different folks come in and give informative talks to his students. One such man he brought in when I was a 6th grader was A.K. Trimmer who was the owner/editor of the Gove City Republican-Gazette. He told us about when he first came to western Kansas in 1878. He was riding the train and it had to stop at Park and wait for almost 24 hours for buffalo to cross the tracks (town's full name was Buffalo Park and this would have been about the last year of large migrating buffalo herds). There was a large wallow of almost 25 acres south of the tracks (near where the interstate runs today) that would hold up to 4 feet of water. Over the years the buffalo always came to this place to wallow when migrating. Mr. Trimmer was around 80 at the time he was talking to us and had a full, thick beard.

.In the spring of 1942 we moved back to the farm. That summer I got a colt from Fritz Bentley that I named Rocket for \$10. Keith rode a horse with Rocket snubbed near the saddle horn while I rode Rocket. That was how we broke her. Keith and I were always breaking something to ride. We broke quite a few horses together over the years. We would usually snub them for a few days and then take them to the River and ride them. At that time the River ran pretty good most of the time and the sand was usually soft so that a horse could hardly buck in it. One time we were breaking a horse for Uncle Guy. We had the colt snubbed and Keith was riding the colt bareback and I was in the saddle. The colt bucked and Keith went high enough in the air he came down standing on the colt's hips, the next buck he really went to the sky. I don't think I've ever seen anyone bucked that high. We tried breaking a mule once when we were older. Uncle Ralph had told us that mules were hard to get started, but once they were started, they were a good ride. We snubbed the mule tight to the saddle horn and Keith was in the saddle and I was on the mule. No sooner had we got started than the mule bucked and somehow ended up with one front foot in front of the saddle and the other front foot in the saddle with Keith. We never could figure out how he got his feet up that high while being snubbed so short, but we decided that was the end of our mule breaking. I sold the mule a short time later for \$20. Keith and I were always trying to get Rex to ride with us, but he just didn't seem to want to. One day we had a horse at the stock tank and Rex was with us. Rex was always barefooted when he was young. While we were trying to get him to get on the horse, it shied and stepped on Rex's foot. It really skinned his foot up good and Rex said that he was NEVER going to ride (and I think he may have stuck to that).

One day that summer ('42), I was riding Rocket along the road when a man stopped me and asked if I had a job. I told him I didn't and he asked if I would work for him. He said his name was Charlie Pierce. I went and asked Mom if I could and she said OK. I told Mr. Pierce I had to help Uncle Guy at harvest though to which he agreed. I packed a few things and left with him that day. He paid me \$1 a day and room and board. He lived a couple of miles east of the Missouri Flats School and took me home on Sundays. When harvest time came around, I reminded him I had to work for Uncle Guy during harvest. He agreed to take me home for harvest and offered me \$2 a day and room and board if I would come back after harvest which I

did. I guess he figured since I could haul my own fuel to the tractor, I was worth more.

That fall I went to the 8th grade at Jerome and Dad was my teacher. By this time, Jerome had really dwindled down. John and Maud Courtney lived in the old hotel/boarding house and had a general store (the old hotel was moved to Scott City a couple of blocks southwest of the stop light and is still used as apartments). The store was the Post Office (Maud was the postmaster), grocery store, and filling station. Bill McClain had a small tavern and the school was still operating. The school also had a horse shed (most schools had a horse shed at this time, in fact I think every school Dad taught at had a horse shed). Many kids rode a horse to school (there were few fences at this time) and would stable their horse in the shed. Some kept their own hay in the loft to feed their horse while they were in school, but there wasn't any water. You had to take your horse to the River to get water.

The summer after my 8th grade year (1943) I worked some for Uncle Guy farming. One day while farming in the gunnery range (the range ran from Highway 23 to Highway 83; the north line was about even with the cemetery road south of Gove and the south end was the section line by Raymond Dowell's place) a plane come over the top of me and was shooting 50cal. machine guns then blew off 3 rounds from a 20mm. cannon. I thought the tractor was blowing up then realized what it was and pulled clutch and jumped off. I also worked for Cecil Pierce (Charlie's son) some that summer building fence. Cecil lived where Harold Lundgren built his house west of the Missouri Flats corner. Cecil had a tractor with a post hole digger and this was the first time I had ever run a power digger. Toward the end of the first day he came to check on my progress and was not happy with the number of posts I had got set. I told him it took quite a while to tamp all of the posts in. He said "What? Don't tamp them in, just kick in the dirt and let 'em grow in!" After that I only tamped a stretch post every ¼ of a mile. It went a lot faster (and more enjoyable—I did not like tamping) and Cecil and I were both much happier!

Later that summer I helped Cecil drive about 1000 head of his Mexican steers 17-18 miles to the Pendennis stockyard to load on the train to go to Kansas City. He shipped a herd in every spring, then shipped them out at the end of summer. We gathered the cattle about 5- miles north of the Smokey River almost due north of Pendennis. We started at 4 in the morning and bobtailed the horses to the pasture. There were 3 other youngsters about my age including Lee Miller and Don Hargut helping and about 20 riders total. Cecil gave each of us a new blacksnake whip when we started. When we had the cattle gathered we took them out to the road and headed south; we crossed the river by the Owen place. Cecil and us 4 youngsters turned the cattle at the road. The first 4-5 miles were at a dead run because the steers were so wild. I recall that Herlan Miller, Don Tustin, and Charlie Pierce were in front of the cattle. By the time we got to Pendennis several of the steers had run themselves to death. We had a heck of a time getting the herd into the stockyards and when we finished the stockyards were full. Herlan Miller and Harlan Tustin and some others stayed to load the cattle on the stock cars. They used horses to load them. The rest of us were headed back home by 4pm. We loaded the horses on 2 bobtails, cinched our saddles to the side racks and rode our saddles back home. It was quite an adventure

for us youngsters.

Fall of 1943 I went to High School in Dighton. I rode with Robert Dowell to school, Delila also went with me. We had to drive from the farm to Dowell's(where Raymond lives). We didn't have antifreeze at that time so when the weather was cold, we had to drain the radiator at night and in the morning to keep the engine from freezing. My freshman year I didn't play ball because I couldn't stay after school.

In the fall of 1944 I moved to Dighton for the school year and stayed with Mr. E.E. Peck during both my Sophomore and Junior years of school. I worked for my room and board, and went back home during the summers. I walked from Peck's house northwest of town to school (a little over 1 ½ miles each way) every day, regardless of weather (we didn't have snow days). I only recall one day during a blizzard that we didn't have school at all during my 4 years. Mr. Peck was a really good man, very kind and fair and the Peck's were great to stay with. The only time I ever got in trouble with him was during my Junior year. One night I came in with beer on my breath and Mr. Peck was both crushed and furious. He absolutely did not like drinking and was in complete disbelief that I would even do something like I did. By the time he got through talking to me I felt lower than a snake in the grass. Mr. Peck said we weren't going to have any more of that and we didn't. My senior year (1946-1947) I stayed with Delila and Giles.

I played football and basketball my sophomore, junior, and senior years. I remember my sophomore and junior years we almost always rode in a truck to football games since the school did not have any buses. Someone (I don't remember who) had a fairly new truck they volunteered to use to haul us. We would load all our equipment in the truck; usually there would be straw to sit on. Our coach (Ringe) would usually ride in the back with us and sometimes Mr. Strickland (Principal). We had a real good football team every year all 3 years. We had several pretty good sized guys and were always competing for the league title. When I was a senior we had an Army veteran named Eugene Rosa who had come back after the War to finish high school. He was truly a man among boys. He was 6' 4" tall and weighed about 260 pounds and all man. Whenever we needed some yards Ringe moved him off the line to the backfield and we ran a play called "Rosie Over". That play was usually good for 6 or 7 yards. He was so strong and tough nobody could stop him sooner. We played Cimarron, Ransom, Garden City, Scott City, Ness City, and Leoti. We played Scott City twice each season; the second time was always on Thanksgiving Day. I can remember one time we went to Cimarron and nearly froze riding in the truck. One game we played at Garden City I can remember it was a cold, rainy day. The field was curb deep in water, so Ringe had us go out and lay down in the water and mud and roll around so we wouldn't have to worry about getting muddy during the game (we got romped). The Thanksgiving Day game with Scott City was always a big deal (kind of a grudge match), people came from all around to watch. My senior year Mom and Dad came to the game along with Uncle Guy and his family. We had Thanksgiving lunch with friends of Uncle Guy's at Grigston then we went to the game.

My senior year more guys went to the games in cars; the school still did not have any

buses. During basketball we usually rode in cars to games. We played Ransom, Scott City, Leoti, Ness City, Utica, and Healy among others. The last game I played as a senior was at Healy. We had a new coach that year since Ringe had retired from coaching basketball. This guy was a real dandy (can't remember his name). George Watt's brother was refereeing the game and made several calls our coach didn't like. Finally, after one call, he yelled out "when I get screwed, I want to get kissed". That was good for a technical foul and some more yelling at which point the game was called a forfeit. Our coach started yelling and chewing on us, demeaning us and blaming us for his outburst that cost us the game. I told him I wasn't going to take his yelling; nobody was going to talk to me like that. Then I told him I was done playing for him. In the end 4 others quit that night and we turned our suits in the next morning, and that was the end of my basketball playing.

My favorite hang out in high school was the Pool Hall/Bowling Alley. It was located in what is now the True Value building just north of the courthouse. I loved to shoot snooker. Fred Pope ran the pool hall and would pay me 10 cents a line to set pins in the bowling alley. There were 3 lanes, but most of the time only 2 were in use. The guys bowling would pay me another 25 cents a line if I did a good job setting pins for them and if they wouldn't do you right you could always just move a pin or two a smidge to create a nasty split. I can remember after the War they had a winter league and there were a few times I made as much as \$5 in one night setting pins. There were 2 guys who were just murder to set pins for (Eddie Schmeid and Donny Thomas) because they threw so hard pins just flew every where. Occasionally they would even bust pins. There was kind of a sheltered area above the back of the middle lane where you could get some protection from flying pins.

After I graduated I went on harvest with Speers. We were down south cutting wheat at Fredrick, Oklahoma when we got word that Dad was bad. Paul Speer rented a plane and flew me home. We landed in Coberly's Pasture south of the house. Dad passed away June 29 1947. After that I stayed around and worked for Uncle Guy, Roscoe Coberly, and Fritz Bentley. Keith and I worked to help support the family best we could during this time before Mom married Henry York in early 1948. Later that year I went to work for Yorks.

In early 1948 I took a 6 week road trip to the West Coast with my cousin Lawrence. He had a new Crosley car which was smaller than most small cars today. We left in the middle of February and got back at the end of March. There had been several bad snow storms in the Colorado-Wyoming area and many roads were closed, so we took the south way to California on the Mother Road, Route 66. We went south through Liberal until we hit 66 then headed west. The Crosley would only run 35 mph top speed so it was slow going. We spent nights in the car. The seats were removable and we would just set them on top of the car and sleep in our bedrolls in the car. We usually just got a loaf of bread, some baloney and cheese for sandwiches to eat and we both liked milk so we would get a jug every so often. We stopped several places along the way. I remember how glad I was to see Needles, California when we crossed the Colorado River. We had been in the desert so long it was great to see something green. In California we

went north to Modesto to pick up our cousin Lloyd Fullmer. We took him with us to San Francisco where he was going to ship out. We got there a couple a days before Lloyd had to ship out so we saw the sights, went to the ocean and nearly drowned body surfing, etc. The car would not pull us up the hills in San Francisco so 2 of us would have to push while 1 drove to get up the hills. Everyone was very amused and friendly; people would wave and honk at us—I guess the car was kind of unique. After we let Lloyd off, we headed north on Highway 1 to go to Oregon where Lawrence's Grandparents lived. We went through the giant Sequoias and reached a point along the coast where the waves had washed out most of the road. The road was barricaded but we looked it over and the Crosley was small enough we could get across on what little road was left. After we crossed the wash-out several miles up the road we ran into a road crew. They were very mad that we had gone through the closed area and diverted us over to Highway 101, which we took into Forrest Grove, Oregon (a suburb of Portland). During our stay there we went Salmon fishing on a back slough of the Columbia River with Lawrence's Uncle. We also went out into the mountains and through some of the logging areas. They had huge equipment. The loggers told us to be very careful, our little car could get run plumb over very easy. We went back the north way as most of the snow had been cleared or melted. By the time we got to Denver, the throw out bearing went out and we had to start the car by pushing (I tried to drive so Lawrence would be doing the pushing!) and drove changing gears power shifting. We got lost coming into Denver and wound up on an Army base. An MP chased us down and told us to get out. We told him we were lost and he agreed and said we better get going. We were really glad to get back home. It was an eye-opening experience for both of us and wore out the Crosley car.

2. Dean Earl Wilson

Birth: April 4, 1929
Place: Gove Co., Kansas (farm)
Death: February 27, 2014
Cemetery: Gove, Kansas
Married: March 1, 1952; Wichita Falls, Texas
Children Born To This Union:

Earl Dean April 13, 1953
Beverly Darlene July 21, 1954
Carl Andrew August 11, 1955
Mary Ann November 8, 1957

Ruby Gaye McNeil (Gaye)
January 7, 1935
Lawton, Oklahoma
June 8, 2013

A. Earl Dean Wilson

Birth: April 13, 1953
Place: Lawton, Oklahoma
Death: September 18, 2009
Cemetery:
Married: October 8, 1977; Dighton, Kansas
Children Born To This Union:

Paul Anderson March 20, 1979
Neil Siegrist May 22, 1981

Divorced:

Pam Jennison
Scott City, Kansas

Remarried: Paula Jo Hazelton
Birth: December 3, 1953
Place: Abilene, Kansas
Death:
Cemetery:
Married: December 16, 1986; Abilene, Kansas
Children Born To This Union:
Erik Michel February 1, 1988
Rebekah Lynn February 10, 1998

B. Beverly Darlene Wilson

Birth: July 21, 1954
Place: Scott City, Kansas
Death:
Cemetery:
Married: November 24, 1974; Healy, Kansas
Children Born To This Union:

Christopher George August 9, 1980
Joshua Dean June 19, 1983
Meggen May March 10, 1986

Randy Duane Roemer
May 16, 1950
Scott City, Kansas

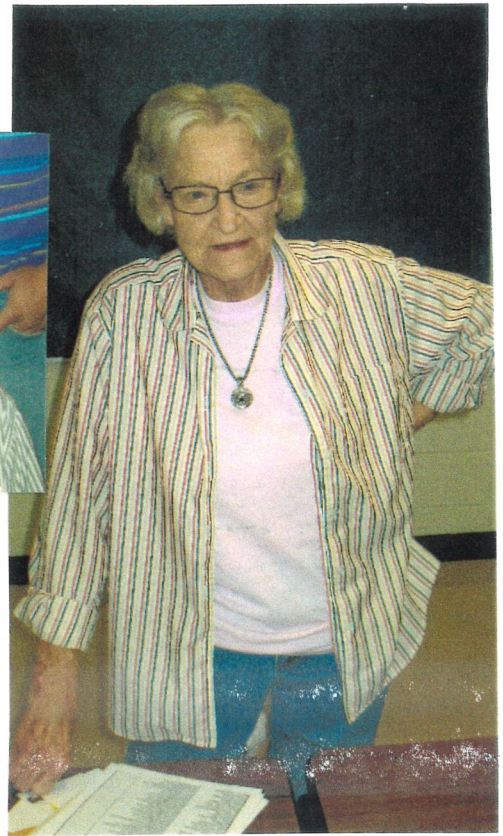
C. Carl Andrew Wilson
Birth: August 11, 1955
Place: Scott City, Kansas
Death:
Cemetery:
Married: November 10, 1979; Dighton, Kansas
Children Born To This Union:
 Matthew Dean May 5, 1980
 Jeana Marie May 31, 1984
 Landon James March 20, 1986

Cindi Mathis
February 20, 1954
Rochester, Indiana

D. Mary Ann Wilson
Birth: November 8, 1957
Place: Quinter, Kansas
Death:
Cemetery:
Married: July 15, 1978; Dighton, Kansas
Children Born To This Union:
 Jesse Alan January 1, 1983
 Azure Nicole January 1, 1983
 Ashley Ann November 27, 1988
Divorced

Robert Ming Jr.
November 20, 1955
Oakland, California

Dean & Gaye Wilson



Name: Dean Earl Wilson
Birth: April 4, 1929
Place: Gove Co., Kansas
Death: February 25, 2014

Ruby Gaye McNeil
January 7, 1935
Lawton, Oklahoma
June 8, 2013

Cemetery: Gove, Kansas
Married: March 1, 1952; Walder, OK
Children: Earl, Beverly, Carl, & Mary Ann.



Oatmeal Cookies

- 3/4 c shortening*
- 1 c brown sugar firmly packed*
- 1/2 c sugar*
- 1 egg*
- 1/4 c water*
- 1 tsp vanilla*
- add:*
- 3 c oats*
- 1 c flour*
- 1 tsp salt*
- 1/2 tsp soda*

1 tsp lemon juice
1/2 c butter (I double this!)

"If God had intended us to follow recipes, he wouldn't have given us Grandmas."



Gaye Wilson

Gove County Advocate – Quinter, Kansas

County FSA Board, Healy Co-op Board & was appointed to the Kansas State Highway Commission. She enjoyed reading newspapers on her computer and playing the markets.

Gaye was preceded in death by her parents, one son Earl Dean Wilson, two brothers- Keith McNeil, and Vince McNeil and two sisters- Waunda Pennington & Mary Teague.

Gaye is survived by her husband Dean E. Wilson, two daughters Beverly Roemer, and Mary Ann Ming, one son Carl Wilson; 13 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren.

Funeral service were Tuesday June 11 at the First Christian Church in Dighton. Burial was at the Dighton Memorial Cemetery.

Memorials are suggested to the Lane County Historical Society in care of Boomhower Funeral Home, 145 North Wichita, P.O. Box 89, Dighton, KS 67839.

Condolences for the family may be e-mailed to: garnandfh@sbcglobal.net

Gaye Wilson

Gaye Wilson, 78 died Saturday, June 8, 2013 at the Lane County Hospital in Dighton. She was born January 7, 1935 at Lawton, OK to Sam & Goldie (Adams) McNeil.

Gaye grew up on a farm near Walters, OK and graduated from Walters High School.

Gaye married Dean E. Wilson on March 1, 1952 at Walters, OK. She moved to Kansas in 1954 and she and her husband were farmers in Southern Gove County since then.

Gaye was very active with the Republican Party and worked on election campaigns for Bob Dole, Jerry Moran & Robert Bennett. She also was a longtime 4-H Leader, served on the Gove County Hospital Board, Gove

Dean Earl Wilson



4/4/1929 – 2/27/2014

Dean Earl Wilson, age 84, died Thursday, February 27, 2014 at Wesley Medical Center in Wichita. He was born April 4, 1929 in Gove County, the son of Earl & Consuella (Fullmer) Wilson. Dean married Gaye McNeil on March 1, 1952 at Walters, Oklahoma. She died on June 8, 2013.

Dean was a lifetime resident on his farm in Gove County. He attended grade school in Gove and graduated from Dighton High School. He served in the United States Air Force. After his discharge he returned to the farm and was a lifetime farmer-stockman. He enjoyed horses, his family events and going on trail rides. Dean was a member of the United Methodist Church of Gove, longtime member and Past President of Healy School Board, served on a state committee on education, and was a past member of Healy Co-op Board.

Survivors include 2 daughters, Beverly Roemer, Mary Ann Ming; 1 son, Carl Wilson; 1 brother, Rex Wilson; 1 sister, Amy Willis; 2 step-brothers, Forrest York, Dwight York; 1 step-sister, Maxine Wilson; 13 grandchildren and 13 great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his parents, wife, 1 son- Earl Dean Wilson, 1 brother- Keith Wilson & 2 sisters- Delila Speer & Janie Johnston.

Earl & Paula Wilson



Name: Earl Dean Wilson

Birth: April 13, 1953

Place: Lawton, Oklahoma

Death: September 18, 2009

Cemetery:

Married: December 16, 1986; Abilene, Kansas

Children: 1st Marriage; Paul, Neil, 2nd Marriage; Erik, & Rebekah

Paula Jo Hazelton

December 3, 1953

Abilene, Kansas

Earl Wilson

Beloved rancher, teacher, and coach, Earl Dean Wilson, 56, Davis, OK, died Friday, Sept. 16, 2009, in Oklahoma City.

Earl was born April 13, 1953, in Lawton, OK., to Dean and Gaye Wilson, and grew up in the Lane-Gove county area. He married Pam Jennison in October of 1977, and they divorced in 1984. He and Paula Hazelton were then married in December of 1984. Earl was employed with the Sulphur Public School System, where he taught AP History, American History, Geography, and served as an assistant High School baseball coach. He earned teacher of the year honors there in 2007 for his diligence and positive influence among students and peers. Prior to teaching, he worked as General Manager of the Dollar General Distribution Center, in Ardmore, OK, where he was honored as the

company's top manager in 2001. In 1971, Earl received NJCAA All American Honors as a Defensive End at Garden City Community College.

Earl was active in Boy Scouts of America, the First United Methodist Church of Davis, and the Oklahoma Coaches Association.

Earl is survived by his wife Paula, a daughter, Rebekah Wilson, of the home, three sons, Paul and wife Reagan, Nowata, OK., Neil, Tribune, and Erik, of the home; his parents, Shields; two sisters, Beverly and Randy Roemer, Healy, and Mary Ann and Robert Ming, Shields; brother, Carland Cindi, Westmoreland. Memorial service will be at 2 p.m. Saturday September 26, 2009, at the Healy High School Auditorium.

A memorial scholarship has been created in Earl's honor and can be directed to Boomhower Funeral Home, Dighton, KS.
