

Chapter 8

Gene & Esther Elliott



B- Nell, Roy, Esther, Frances
M- Oren, Edna Mae, Vivian
F- Gip, Fern



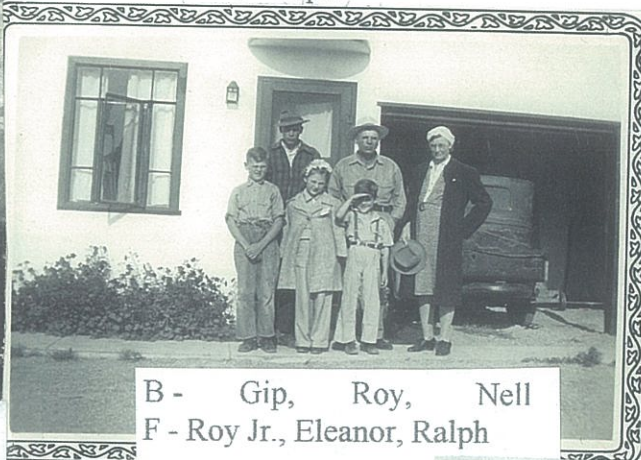
L-R Eleanor, Roy Jr.,
Esther, Ralph



B - Roy, Nell, Gip
F - Eleanor, Ralph, Roy Jr., Esther



Ester
Melvin Weicy, Gip
34' Plymouth Coupe



B - Gip, Roy, Nell
F - Roy Jr., Eleanor, Ralph



Esther H.S. Grad.



Nell & Esther



Esther & Gene
Wedding -- Dec. 26, 1947



Marty, Maxine, Marilyn, Mike



L-R Marilyn, Mike, Esther, Maxine, Gene, Marty



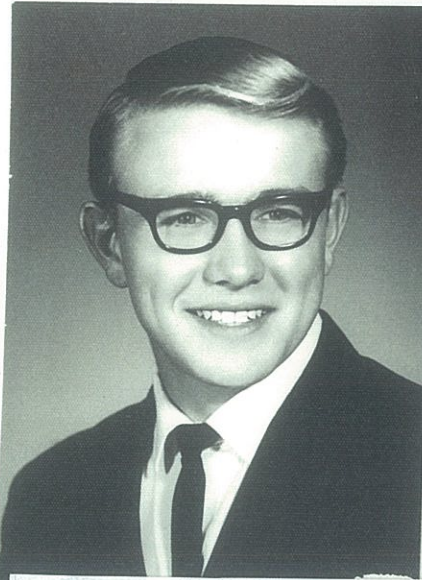
Marty, Maxine, Marilyn, Mike



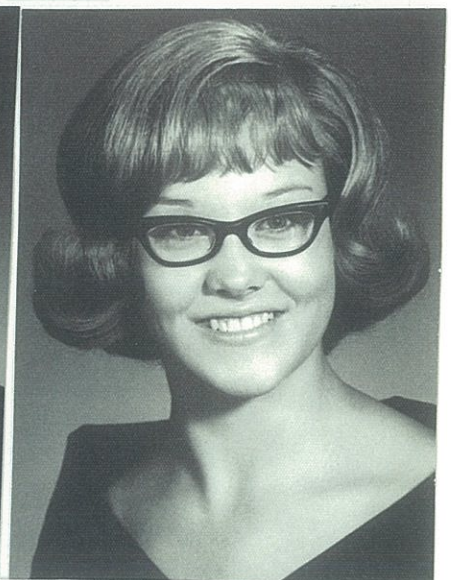
Esther & Gene 12/26/97
50th Wedding Anniversary



Esther & Gene 25th Anniversary



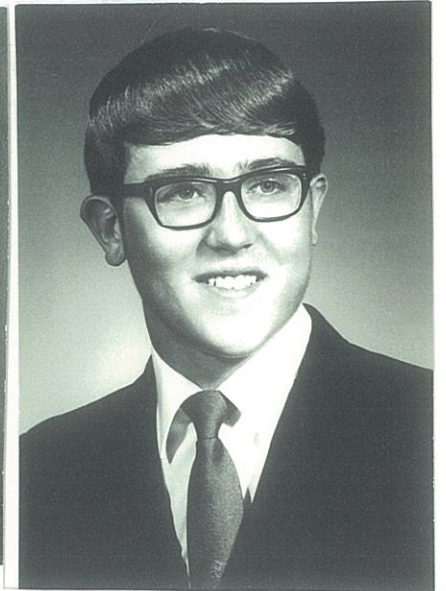
Mike Eugene



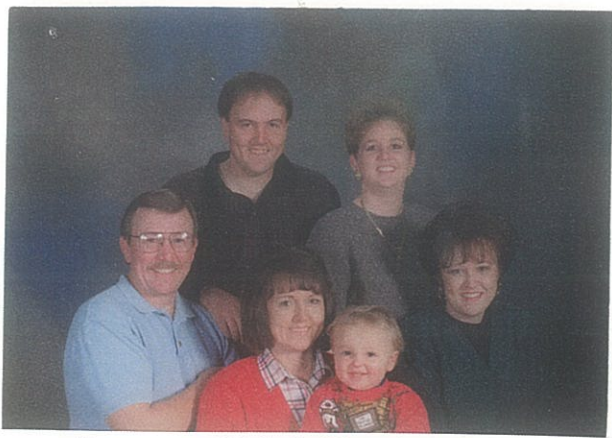
Marilyn Sue



Maxine Elaine



Marty Duane



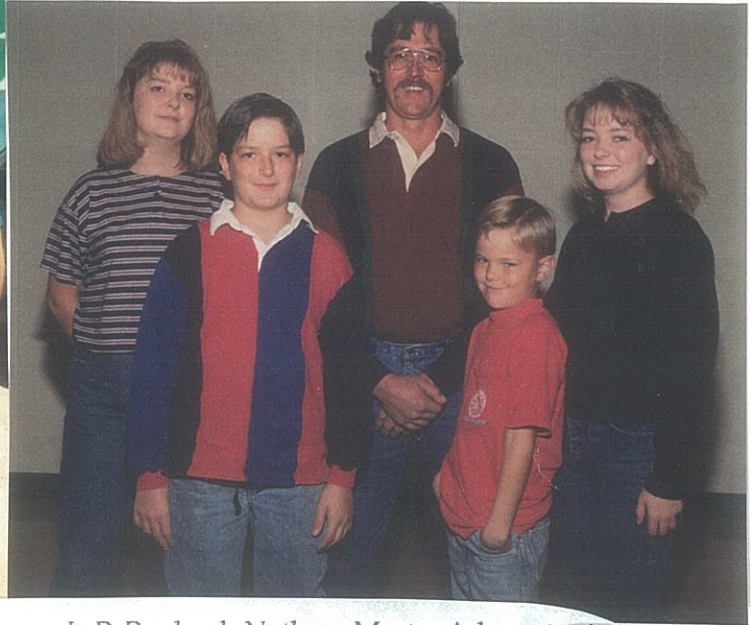
B - Rich & Rhonda
 F - Mike & Susan, Andrew, Cindi



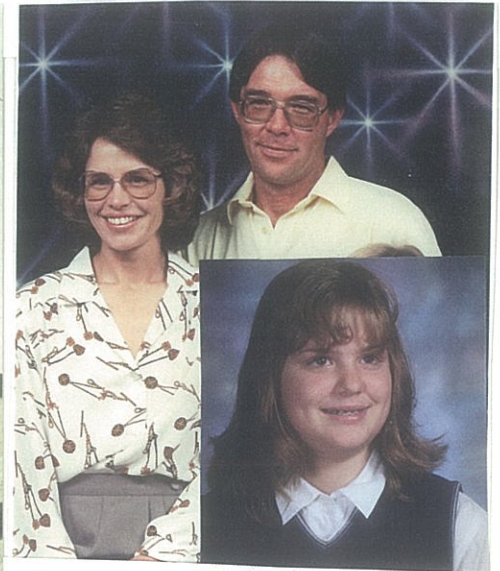
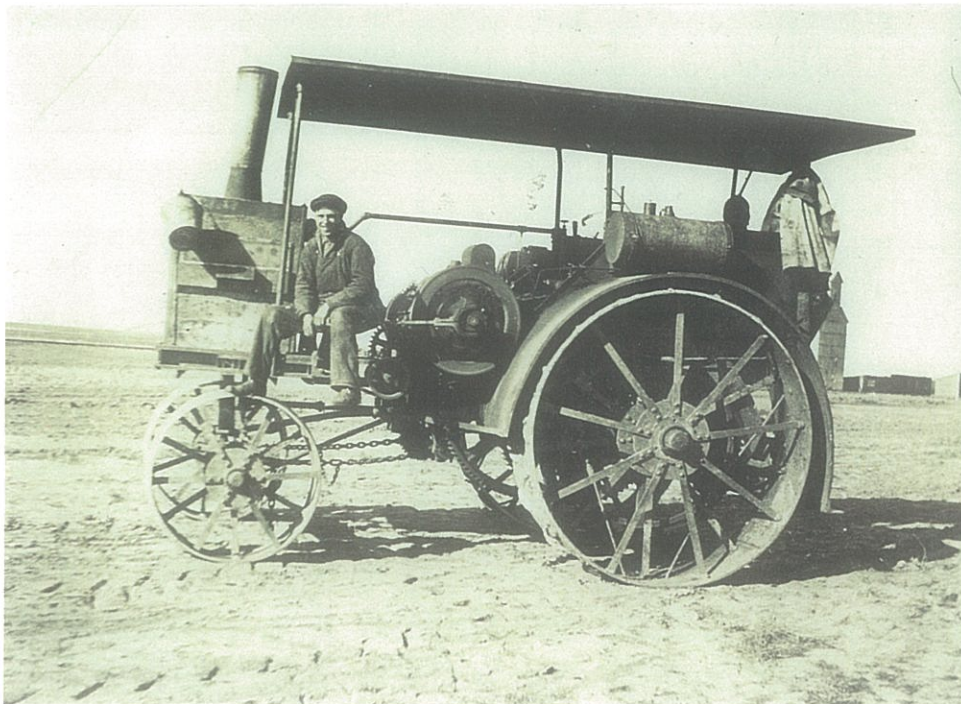
B - Ben B., Mike E., Gene E., Dennis H., Marty E.
 F - Marilyn B., Susan E., Esther E., Maxine H.



Ben & Marilyn B., Gary & Kelsi L., Jody L.



L-R Rachael, Nathan, Marty, Adam, Christa



Maxine, Dennis, Emily Howard

ESTHER (WILSON) ELLIOTT

My earliest memory of my childhood is a dust storm. I think I was the oldest not yet in school. This was in the afternoon and the older ones were at a country school. I remember it turning dark and I hid under a table. Mom and we younger ones were home alone.

We had a stripped-down-no-cab with a bed in back that Dad used for a field car. I went to the field with him and one or two of my brothers many times, and we would take our lunch and spend the whole day, as the fields were so far from home. Also, we drove this same jalopy to school at different times -- I never remember driving, mostly Gip was the driver. One time the highway patrolman came to the country school to speak to the pupils and wanted to know who the driver of the jalopy was. We wound up losing our ride to school until Gip could obtain a license. Another time, sister Fern was the driver and several of us went to the neighbors on a Sunday afternoon. The road was newly graded and on the way home we got into the soft dirt on the side of the road and went in the ditch. The next thing I remember is sitting in the ditch with a scraped leg -- nothing very serious..

I remember Gip having to pick the potato beetles off the potato plants, a job he didn't like. For some reason I never got in on that job, that I can remember.

In harvest Gip and Jr. would bring the wheat in from the field in a farm wagon, pulled by the team of horses and I would help scoop the grain into the granary. This was, of course, in the early years before the tractor and combine. I also helped with this.

Ralph was born on July 4th, at home, and I wasn't that thrilled to have a new baby brother, even if he was born on the 4th of July, because he messed up our plans to go to the 4th of July celebration in Goodland. We didn't get to go to town very often. When I got a little older I went with Dad to do grocery shopping, but don't ever remember going with Mom.

I don't have many memories of my brother, Oren. Mostly at the time he was working at CCC Camp and came home for Christmas. It was a special Christmas -- strange how I remember him bringing gifts -- a doll for Norie, a tricycle for Jr. and a bracelet for me. I still have the bracelet. The very sad part of this story is that he contacted double-pneumonia and died while at home. I vaguely remember a nurse being at our house taking care of him and we younger kids were farmed out to the neighbors. The day of the funeral was bitter cold and I remember being there and seeing him in the casket and someone telling me he was asleep. Afterwards someone told us kids not to cry

'cause it made Mom cry. I can remember someone, a neighbor probably, talking to Mom, and I felt like crying, so I crawled under the table so she wouldn't see me - I thought.

The country school we attended was three miles from home and we did walk that many times. Other times Dad and neighbor's kids, parents took turns taking us to school. One time I remember having so much snow, the roads being so bad, we had to go by wagon and team of horses. I really do think our winters were worse then. How the teacher got there, I don't know. Maybe she spent the night.

We always had basket dinner get-to-together for the last day of school celebration and I've heard many times, how I messed up the last day of school by being born that day. Another story connected to last day of school -- we had just got our first tractor, and Gip tried to start it and the crank kicked back and broke his wrist. This happened on the last day of school and Gip had to wear his arm in a sling for eighth grade graduation.

We had a long sloping driveway and anything we could push up the drive and ride down on we did. One of our games was using old tires for cars, and rolling them all over. Gip earned money to buy a bicycle, and I guess the rest of us on down, learned to ride on it.

One summer when Grandma Barnard was spending time with us, we, the females, were in the bedroom sitting on the beds, just talking and listening to Grandma's wisdom. Norie was sitting with her back to the edge of the bed, playing with her doll. She rose up to pull the doll blanket out from under her and toppled over backwards onto the floor and broke her shoulder blade. I think she was about three years old.

We just about always had a "play house" somewhere, mostly outside in some nook or cranny, where we made mud pies. This occupied lots of time. We used jar lids, cans, or just about anything we could find and filled them with mud and let them dry. When they had dried in these molds, they were our cakes, cookies, bread, or whatever.

In the sixteen years we lived here, we had no plumbing and only a wind charger for electric lights. Our bath tub was a big round galvanized wash tub. We never missed what we didn't have. But oh, what luxury when we moved into a house with a bathroom. We carried water from the water barrel by the windmill to the house by the bucket. I remember one time "someone" put a cat in the water barrel and really got in trouble -- not only for the poor cat, but the water barrel had to be cleaned.

When I was in the fifth or sixth grade, Mom was really sick with the flu. Gip and I were in the bed with the mumps. I didn't feel sick at all, but they said I had to stay in bed. I guess the rest of the kids had already had the mumps or hadn't gotten them yet -- anyway, they weren't there in the day time. Dad was taking care of all of us. He dressed a chicken and made chicken soup. Ralph was just a toddler, and went from bed to bed with his empty Vicks jar to "doctor" us.

At different times Mom helped Aunt Edna at her laundry in St. Francis, and this time I and Dad were the only ones in the house. I was going to start a meal, don't remember if it was dinner or supper, but I lit the back burner on the stove, which was just below the window curtains and caught them on fire. Dad was taking a nap (the only time I can remember him taking a nap in the day time). I yelled and he came running, grabbed the drinking water bucket and threw the water on the curtains. Not much damage, mostly to the curtains. I guess Mom never used that burner, but of course, it was the one I lit.

We spent many a summer afternoon in the summer at "County Line" ball games, my Dad played, but guess it was before my time 'cause I only remember him umpiring. There were several different teams over Sherman County, who competed against each other. I don't remember going to any away games, only the ones played at the "County Line" field. It was about four miles east of where we lived.

We got together with our neighbors for Sunday dinners, too. I mainly remember the ones at our house. Our neighbors mainly had big families like ours and we kids skipped rope, played ball, and made up games. Most of our activities centered around our country school, and the neighbors who attended.

I remember when I was older, storms knocked the milo down so it couldn't be harvested with the combine and Mom picked it up by hand in bushel baskets. She also took in washing for some of the neighbors when we lived in Cheyenne County. This was done by hand on the "wash board" be for she finally got a gas motor run clothes washer. Mom was a very hard worker, but guess it didn't bother her too much since she lived to be 101. I'm sure Dad worked very hard too. Guess I was just more aware of what Mom did.

We were living on a farm in Cheyenne County, just one mile north of the Sherman County line and fifteen miles north of Goodland, where I was born and lived the first sixteen years of my life. We kids attended a country school the first eight years - then attended high school in St. Francis. I guess it was cheaper for us to live in a rented room or apartment, instead of driving back and forth, so that's what we did; coming home on weekends. I only attended school

my freshman year in St. Francis. My best friend's family moved to Goodland, so I changed schools and worked for my room and board my sophomore year and rented a room and worked at a cafe mornings and after school to pay my rent my junior year. My senior year my folks moved to the Edson community, so I lived at home that year. We lived on a ranch on the Beaver Creek, a very pretty place and I really enjoyed that year of school, even getting to take part in sports. That was also the year I met my future husband, Gene. He had just returned from serving in the Navy in WWII and returned to school. He had enlisted when he was seventeen. I graduated from Edson High in 1947. That summer I attended summer school at Hays College. In those days you could attend summer school and get a certificate to teach the following school year. I taught in a small, one room school with grades one through eight and roomed with one of the families that lived about one from the school house. I walked it, morning and afternoon, sun or snow. Gene went to work for a farmer in the Edson community. We got married on December 26th for that year.

We lived in Goodland for a short time, where Gene worked for a dairy picking up milk from area farmers and delivering a milk route to Goodland businesses. We moved to a farm north of Edson and Gene continued to work for the dairy and farm.

Our children, Mike, Marilyn, Maxine and Marty were born within five years. No need to say what I spent my time at besides gardening, milking cows, raising chickens and all those things you do on a farm. For the first two years on the farm, we had no electricity or indoor plumbing. The REA agreed to put a line to our house if we dug the holes for the poles. So, by hand, we dug holes - one and half feet in diameter and five feet deep for a mile. Our brother-in-law wired the house for us and we finally had electricity.

The year our youngest, Marty, was born Gene helped build the Lorite Plant in Edson and worked there for almost twenty-five years until the plant closed. This was all shift work, changing shifts every seven days. At this time, he also worked for my brother, Ralph, at the fertilizer plant, delivering and applying fertilizer for farmers in several counties, and also farming. He missed very few of our children's school activities. He also did refereeing for basketball and run the time clock at different times. Our children all attended all twelve years at Edson school. In a school this size, all kids participated in sports. Ours all did and our daughters were both cheerleaders.

I started cooking at the Edson School in 1961, and worked there for sixteen years till the school closed.

Gene was a baseball player. When we were first married he played with the

Edson team in Edson, which consisted largely of Elliott's, mostly his brothers. The Edson ball diamond was located where our house sits now. In later years he played on other teams. From the time our kids were small, until they were grown, we attended lots of ball games, on Sunday afternoons, mostly.

The year our oldest son, Mike, was born, we lived six miles north of Edson, where Gene worked for a farmer. We had a very bad winter and when it came time for Mike to be born, the roads were impassable because of a bad storm and another storm was coming, so it was decided I should be flown in to Goodland to be near the hospital. The people we worked for had a cousin, who was a pilot at the local airport, so he flew me to Goodland. A couple days later Mike was born. As unbelievable as it may sound, Mike wound up marrying Susan, the daughter of the person who flew me to town. There were several women from our area flown in that year.

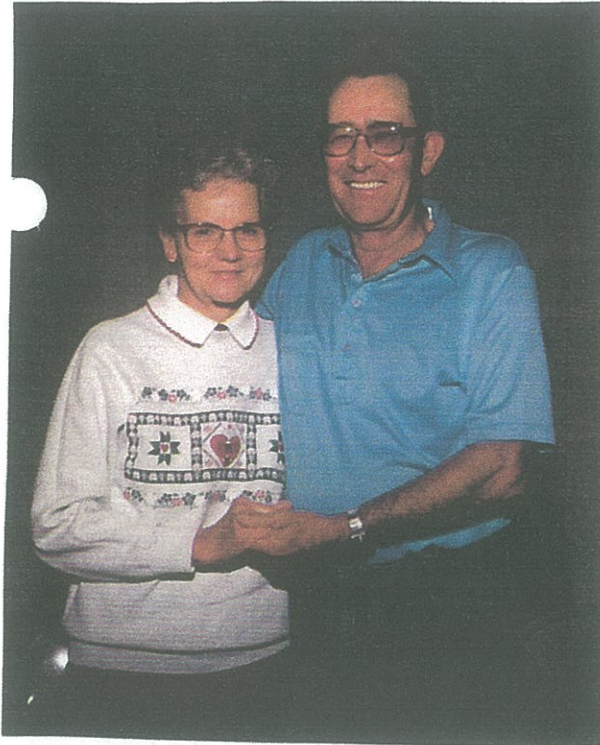
Oldest son Mike is married to Susan. They have a son, Rich, and a daughter, Cindi. Rich is married to Rhonda and they have a son, Andrew. They all live in Oregon close around Portland. Mike and Rich are contractors, in partnership, and do finish work, mostly on new homes, and other woodworking. Cindi is a beautician and works part time at a bank. Oldest daughter Marilyn is married to Ben Bliss and works for a home health agency. They live in Goodland. She has two sons, Jody and Gary. Jody is married to Nan, and they have three sons, Eric, Sebastian and Calvin and two daughters, Haley and Kimber. Gary is married to Kelsi and he has two daughters, Chelsie and Shealyn. They both live in Denver. Maxine is married to Dennis Howard. They have a daughter, Emily and live in Tribune, where they own and operate Howards's Plumbing. Marty lives in Goodland and is a mechanic. He is marrying Kyle in July of this year (1999). She has a son Aaron. Marty has two sons, Nathan and Adam and two daughters, Rachael and Christa. Christa has a son Brevin.

We have nine grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. We celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in December 1997.

Gene continued to work for Ralph after the Lorite Plant closed. He is retired. I went to work at the Edson Post Office after the school closed and have worked there for twenty years. I retired February 1, 1999.

We built our home in Edson in 1966 and have lived there since. Gene golf's most days, weather permitting, and bowls two nights a week. I enjoy yard and garden work, reading, and sewing. We really enjoy family get-togethers, like to attend sports events and car races.

Gene & Esther Elliott



Name: Eugene Floyd Elliott

Birth: March 2, 1927

Place: Sherman Co., Kansas

Death: September 26, 2004

Cemetery: Goodland, Kansas

Married: December 26, 1947; Colby, Kansas

Children: Michael, Marilyn, Maxine, & Martin.

Esther Elaine Wilson

April 25, 1929

Cheyenne Co., Kansas



Gene Elliott

Eugene F. Elliott, 77, Edson, a farmer, died Sunday, Sept. 26, 2004, at the Goodland Regional Medical Center.

He was born March 2, 1927, in Edson, the son of Bert and Nenie (Smalley) Elliott. He attended Edson Consolidated

School until he joined the Navy in 1944, serving until 1946. He received his high school diploma in 2000.

On Dec. 26, 1947, he married Esther Wilson in Colby. He worked at the Lorinc Plant in Edson for 24 years, then retired from farming in 1971.

Elliott enjoyed golfing, bowling, baseball, softball and spending time with his family.

He especially enjoyed watching the Goodland sporting events and rarely missed a game. He is a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Goodland, Sugar Hills Golf Club



Elliott

and the American Bowling Congress Bowling Association.

Preceding him in death were his parents; three brothers, Elmer, Edgar and Charles; and a sister, Thelma.

Survivors include his wife; two sons, Mike (Susan) Elliott of Hillsboro, Ore., and Martin (Kyle) Elliott of Goodland; two daughters, Marilyn (Ben) Bliss of Goodland and Maxine (Dennis) Howard of Tribunc; three brothers, Leonard (Mary) Elliott and Henry (Dolores) Elliott, both of Goodland, and John (Eleanor) Elliott of Edson; two sisters, Richa Elliott of Temple, Texas, and Betty Wright of Goodland; his step-mother, Virginia Elliott of Goodland; 10 grandchildren; and 14 great-grandchildren.

Services will be at 10:30 a.m. Friday, Oct. 1, 2004, at Bateman Funeral Home. Burial will follow in the Goodland Cemetery with military honors from Fort Riley.

Visitation will be from 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Thursday at the funeral home with the family present from 6-7 p.m.

A memorial fund is being established in Elliott's name to benefit Goodland athletes.