

Chapter 2

Harry & Frances

Peter

Ted & Frances

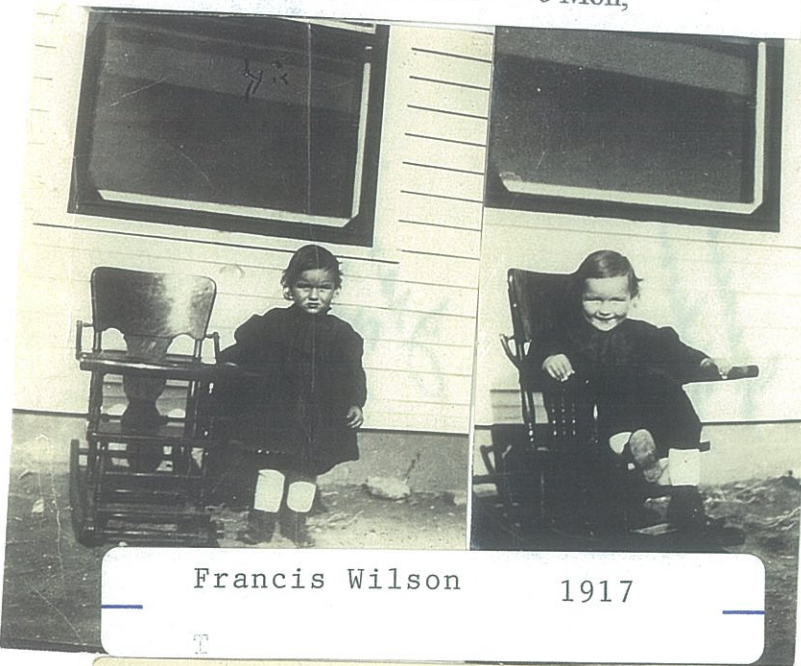
Anderson



Frances Elizabeth -- 8 Mon,



Francis & Oren Wilson
Child.-Roy & Nell Wilson



Francis Wilson 1917



Oren, Frances, Vivian,
Edna Mae, Fern (behind Gip)
Roy Jr., Esther, Gip



Francis, Virgil,
Vivian, Edna Mae 1923



Frances & Harry



Drury Lake - in story

Drury Lake



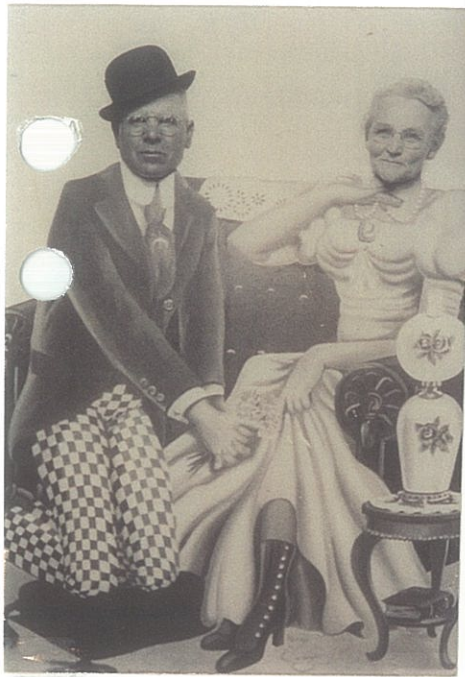
B - Jim, Don, Dean
F - Harry, Betty, Mary, Frances
Kay



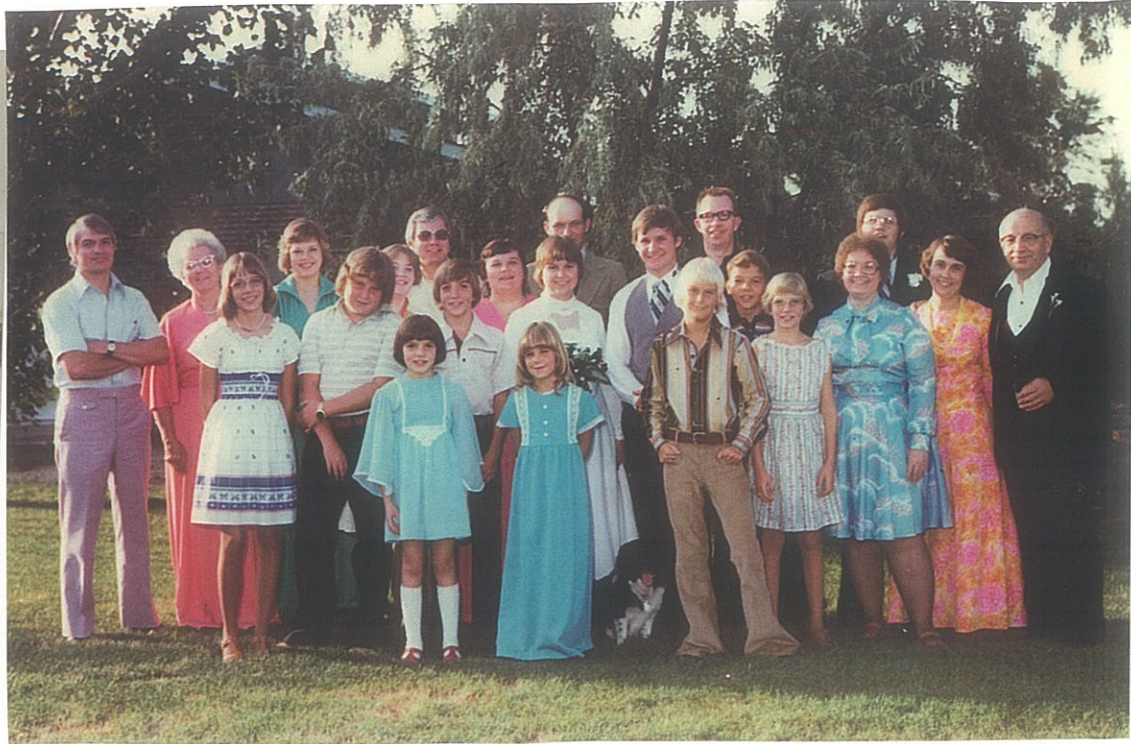
Harry & Frances



Frances & Harry



Roy & Nell



Peter's Family-Kay's Wedding



Ted & Frances Anderson



Harry, Frances, Don, Mary, Kay, Betty, Dean

Frances

By Frances

These stories I remember as being related to me or I remember them as they happened - or parts of them. Dad was foreman of a threshing machine crew. They had a breakdown of one of the threshers. A Mr. Hargraves had a blacksmith shop in Goodland. (The building still stands on Cherry St.) Uncle Virgil Barnard (Mom's brother) was working on Dad's crew. Dad knew Mr. Hargraves and ask him if he (Dad) could use his forge after closing time that evening. Permission given, Dad locked the door of the shop, fired up the forge and told Uncle Virgil, "Now you pay close attention and do exactly as I tell you. I'm going to heat some rabbit. I want you to slowly turn the cylinder while I pour it to make a new bearing." That thresher was working the next day. I'm convinced that there was not another man in the territory that cold do than besides my dad.

Uncle Ralph (Dad's brother) was around quite a bit in my early years.. He was a free agent with a zest for life. His passion was his mule team. He would come by the house when hauling bundles of grain to the thresher. He would be the reins around a board at the front of the header? He would jump on that barge and give a whistle and those mules would take off. One day they got out of control, went straight to the ranch and got tangled up with a corner post. Dad fumed about the time and energy he had to spend fixing what Uncle Ralph and his mules tore up. When Aunt Clara (Uncle Ralph's wife) died he lost that sparkle for life. I recall, tho' I wasn't very old, that following her funeral he lay on his back out on the cellar looking up to the sky for a very long time. I didn't understand his great grief until I was much older tho' I think I felt it, too. I believe Uncle Ralph worked with mules again, later.

When we were in Oklahoma, Mom, Dad, Oren and I went to a body of water that I remember by the name of Drury. This was a shallow stream of clear water and rocky bottom. We spent very fun afternoons here. I told cousins about this and no one in that area had any idea what I was talking about until I had a conversation with ? Barnard, Jerry's wife. She knew exactly what and where Drury was located. I wasn't dreaming or losing my mind after all.

This threshing story is Mom's. There was a cooking crew for the threshers too. The women made a batch of yeast dough that didn't rise. Not wanting the men to know of the failure they buried the dough. When the warm rays of the sun came out, that dough raised right up through the ground. The secret was out. Mom was one of these women.

We lived in Phillipsburg, Kansas where I was born in 1915. Dad was working in Cheyenne Co. Kansas. He had a motorcycle with a side car. On one trip out there the side car came loose and went into the ditch with Mom and I in it. I don't know how quickly Dad noticed and we were not hurt. I was a babe in arms so don't remember the thrill of that ride.

We lived on East 10th St. in Goodland when I was about four years old and Oren was a baby. I think this must have been another traumatic incident for me. I remember Mom being very frightened and carrying Oren outside. She was calling for help and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rains, neighbors across the street came over. Oren had whooping cough and couldn't get his breathe. I must have been a frightened little girl as that scene is still vivid in my mind. That may have weakened Oren's lungs and contributed to his death from dust pneumonia in the 30's.

When I was in 4th grade Mom and us kids spent that winter in Oklahoma with Mom's parents. Grandpa Barnard raised huge striped watermelons in that sandy soil full of sand burrs. Three of them would make a load for a wheelbarrow. Watermelon has never tasted as good as in that patch - well, maybe, when I was in a bunch that swiped some from a patch when I was in high school in St. Francis, but that's another era. One of my favorite playthings was my telephone. It was portable, too. Grandpa Barnard took a heavy glass bottle with a large glass stopper to make it. He tied a heavy cord around the stopper and the other end around the neck of the bottle. I could talk into the bottle and listen with the stopper to my ear. Another chore I had at the home of the grandparents was to take a pitcher down into the basement and fill it with sorghum from a 10 gallon can. I loved the musty smell down there and the taste of that sweet, sticky stuff. They grew the sugar cane which was squeezed for its juice and cooked down to just the right consistency. I've tried many bought sorghum products but none quite measures up. Grandpa had a mare named Date. She was tame and I could ride her bareback with just a halter. The trick was to get her close enough to something so I could climb onto her back. Her trick, when she got tired of me, was to head for a grove of trees. I had the option of jumping off or getting pushed off by a tree limb.

Back in Goodland, we lived in West 11th St. That was a winter of a round of measles. Fern was a baby, having been born in Oklahoma. Was the only one of us not born in Kansas.

That winter I went to Lincoln School. It was located about 9th and Center St. Many do not remember there being a school in that location and questioned me on that, also. That is documented in the Sherman Co. history book. One day I

was asked by the teacher to stay after school. She had caught a glimpse of a girl the evening before that had called across the school yard, "Teacher, teacher, don't spank me spank that _____* behind the tree" - a derogatory name for a black person. I didn't do it, but I told her I didn't know who did. When she dismissed me, as I was leaving the school yard a friend of mine caught up with me. She told me she was the one the teacher should have kept in. I don't know if the teacher ever learned the truth. That school was built in 1890. Was used for high school vocational classes in 1930's and later torn down.

My brother Oren was three years younger than I. I know I was always the instigator that got us in trouble. I remember putting an eight or ten foot ladder to rest upon a ½ inch board on the granary door. We had kittens in the granary and were carrying them up that ladder. Of course, it slipped off that narrow board and came down on the cement on Oren's toe almost severing it. Another incident in the granary was in the grain bins. The granary was two stories with bins on top of bins and ladder up to the top bins. Dad had cautioned us not to go into the bins. One afternoon while he was gone to the field we went up the ladder, played in the wheat. I heard a voice I was not expecting saying, "Come down out of there." Well, I put Oren on his way first. When he reached the bottom Dad just lifted him off to one side and waited for me. Dad was not fooled!

When we were leaving in a sod house in Sherman Co. a tornado came up. I remember Mom was trying to get a hen and chickens in the coop. Dad called for us to all get in the house. I remember the stillest stillness I ever witnessed. It was absolute. Then the windmill wheel made an almost complete turn and Dad and Uncle Rim Rockwell came in the house. Mom sent us all on a leather divan in the Northwest corner of the house. There was a loud rush and the roof was taken off the south room. I recall Dad and Uncle Jim sweeping water out the south door but we were all safe. It was harvest time. We had a tent set up in the yard for harvesters to sleep in. That tent and its contents were never found to my knowledge. We experienced one other one on the farm where the granary I talked about earlier was between the house and barn. It was swept completely away but neither house nor barn was damaged.

Get Acquainted

Frances was born in Phillipsburg, Kansas and came to western Kansas with her parents, Roy and Nell Wilson when she was about two years old. She was one of 11 children. Her first remembrance of Goodland was her home on East 11th Street and the good neighbors they had across the street, the Myers and Raines families.

In 1928 Frances' family moved to a farm in Cheyenne County where Frances finished country school and graduated from St. Francis High School. She doesn't recollect very much free time as every day and evening they had their chores to do, school to attend and homework to keep up with. Frances and her brothers and sisters had to do their homework at the same time because after dark they would have to sit around the table with the lamp going to do their studies.

Frances considers herself lucky, at a time when most families made their children quit school after eighth grade and go to work, her parents encouraged her to continue her education but could not help financially. Frances would clean houses, cook and do other odd jobs for farm families through the summer to earn money, to put herself through school and during the school year would earn her room and board by cleaning house and cooking for the families she would live with. Frances recalls getting up at 4:00 a.m. to do the washing for the week one day and getting up at 4:00 a.m. to do the week's ironing the next day.

Frances married Harry Peter and they started their life together on a farm in Cheyenne County. She remembers experiencing the dust storms and depression along with all their neighbors and family.

From 1944 to 1961 they lived in the Edson community with their five children, Dean Peter who lives in Chandler, Arizona, Don Peter who lived in Longmont, Colorado, Betty Cress and Mary Wickward who live here in Goodland and Kay Perry who lives in Boulder, Colorado..

Harry, Frances and Kay moved to Boulder, Colorado in 1961, where Frances and Harry had working careers, he as a custodian for Boulder Valley Schools and Frances as office manager for a group of doctors.

During the 70's and 80's Harry and Frances, along with daughter Kay and her husband Mark, had a home business with Shaklee products. It was during this time after Harry was put on disability with the school district and Frances had retired that they were privileged to travel. This was a new experience for them and one they enjoyed very much. Shaklee sent them to Hawaii, New Orleans, Vancouver, B.C., San Francisco twice and Kay and Frances to Washington D.C.

After Harry's death in 1980 Frances worked summers at Winding River Campground near Grand Lake, Colorado. This was a wonderful experience for her and she loves the mountains.

In 1985 Frances married Ted Anderson in Boulder, Colorado. They moved to Goodland to be with Frances' mother, Nell Wilson, in 1987. Ted died here in 1988. Their time together was short but also very special.

Frances has 13 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren; she also has 3 step children, 2 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren from her extended family. They are all special. The Lord has been very good to her.

Frances moved to Handy Towers in June of 1993 and enjoys her time with family and friends. People are important to her. Her life is testimony to "a window opening as a door is closing" and "opportunities presenting themselves at times when life situations were changing". She doesn't worry about the tomorrows; they will take care of themselves.



Please join us in celebrating

100
ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN THE LIFE
OF
FRANCES ANDERSON

SUNDAY, MAY 24, 2015 1-4 PM
GUNBARREL ESTATES PARK
7200 BLOCK OF GLACIER VIEW RD.
LONGMONT, CO

Questions - Cards
Sunny Peter 720.270.3517
Kay Perry 303.817.3694
7284 Glacier View rd.
Longmont, CO 80503

*gifts of HUGS
(and KISSES)
will gladly
be RECEIVED*

Harry & Frances Peter



Name: Harry Peter

Birth: September 20, 1913

Place: Cheyenne Co., Kansas

Death: August 29, 1980

Cemetery: Goodland, Kansas

Married: January 14, 1936; Goodland, Kansas

Children: Harry, Donald, Betty, Mary, & Anita.

Frances Elizabeth Wilson

June 17, 1915

Phillipsburg, Kansas



Harry Peter

Services set for former Goodlander

Harry Peter, 66, 1458 Caven Court, Boulder, Colo., died Friday at the Boulder Community Hospital.

He was born Sept. 20, 1915, the son of Henry K. and Kathrina (Schlepp) Peter. He lived in the Sherman and Cheyenne County area until 1961 when he moved to the Boulder area.

He was a farmer and retired custodian. For the past several years he has been a Shaklee Supervisor.

Mr. Peter married Frances Elizabeth Wilson in Sherman County.

He is survived by his wife of the home. He is also survived by two sons: Donald LeRoy Peter of Longmont, Colo., and Harry Dean Peter of Greeley, Colo.; three daughters: Betty Cress of Goodland; Mary Wickwar of Wheeler; and Kay Perry of Longmont, Colo.; 11 grandchildren; a sister, Lida Young of Eugene, Ore.; and a brother, Ernest Peter of Goodland.

Services will be held at 10:30 a.m., Tuesday, Sept. 2, at the Goodland Bible Church. Rev. R. Fred Dietz will officiate and burial will be in the Goodland Cemetery.

Friends may call from 1-9 p.m., Monday, before services on Tuesday at the Sage and Smith Chapel.

The family will be staying at the home of Jim and Betty Cress, 311 E. 10th, Goodland, for friends who wish to pay their respects.

Ted & Frances Anderson



Name: Theadore Robert Anderson	France Elizabeth Wilson Peter
Birth: November 12, 1903	June 17, 1915
Place: Ponca city, Oklahoma	Phillipsburg, Kansas
Death: November 9, 1988	
Cemetery: Greely, Colorado	
Married: November 2, 1985; Boulder, Colorado	

Jim & Betty Cress

Name: Jim Cress

Birth: March 11, 1939

Place: Cheyenne Co., Kansas

Death: April 18, 2004

Cemetery: Goodland, Kansas

Married: June 29, 1957; Sherman Co., Kansas

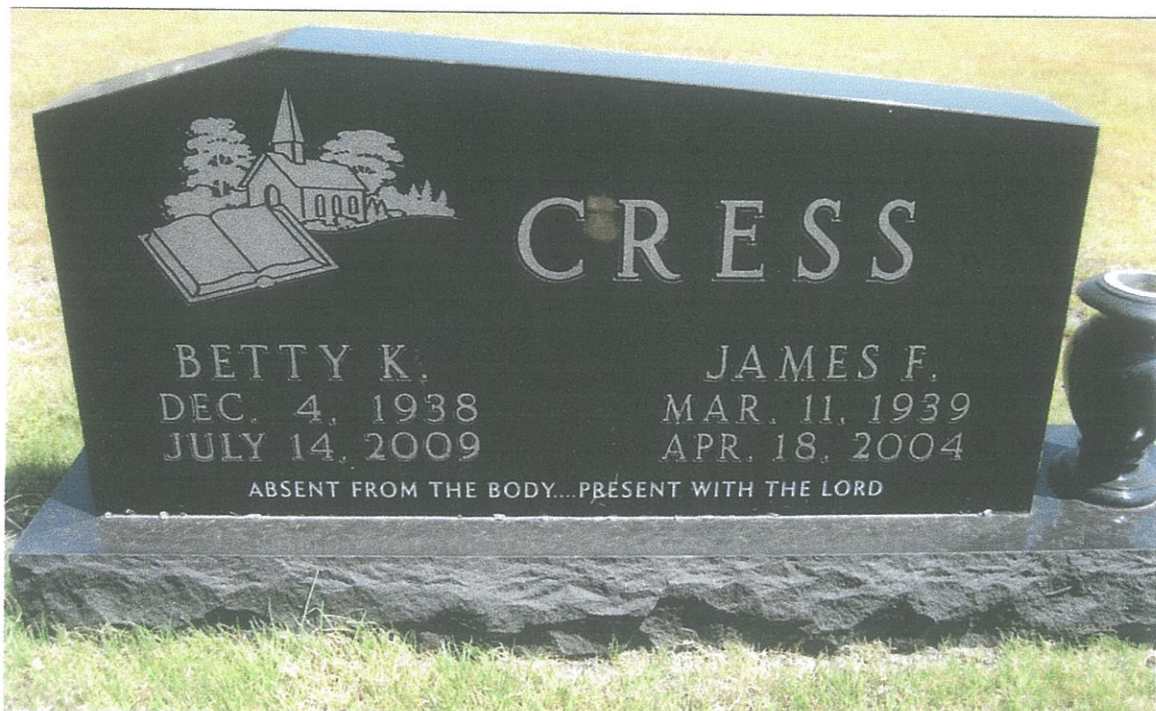
Children: Timothy, & Cynthia

Betty Kathryn Peter

December 4, 1938

Cheyenne Co., Kansas

July 14, 2009



Jim Cress

Lifelong Cheyenne and Sherman county resident Pastor James Fredrick "Jim" Cress, 65, died Sunday April 18, 2004, at his home in Goodland.

Jim was born March 11, 1939, in rural Cheyenne County to Emma Eva (Peter) and Clarence Luther Cress. He attended school in Bird City and graduated from Edson High School. He then attended Western Bible Institute in Morrison County. He received his Bible Diploma from Grace Bible Institute in Omaha, Neb. and his Bachelor and Masters from Covington Theological Seminary in Rossville, Ga.

On June 29, 1956, Jim and Betty Katherine Peter were married at the Pleasant Home Church, north of Edson.

He was the youth director and then Principal and teacher at Goodland Bible Church from 1973 to 1993. He then became Pastor of Pleasant Home Church from 1992 to 2002.

Preceding him in death were his parents; a sister, Margaret Lohrene Amsberry; four brothers: Charles Leonard Cress, Donald Ray Cress, William Warren Cress and Bobby Dennis Cress. Also preceding were an infant brother and sister.

Left to cherish his memory are his loving wife and caregiver Betty, of their home in Goodland. A son Timothy Jay Cress and his wife Elizabeth of Weskan. Daughter Cynthia Beth "Cindy" Cress of Houston, Texas. Two brothers; George Leeman Cress and his wife Lois of Bellflower, Calif., and Clarence Junior Cress and his wife Jerry of Bird City. Also surviving are his mother-in-law Frances Anderson of Goodland and his cherished grandchildren; Natalie, Tiffany, Emma, Wilson, Peter Jay and Hannah all of Weskan, also, nieces, nephews and many special friends.

Funeral services will be held Wednesday, April 21, 2004, at 10:30 a.m. at the Goodland Bible Church in Goodland. Pastors Chad DeJong, Charlie Busch and Warren Cheek officiating. Burial will follow in the Goodland Cemetery, Goodland.

Visitation will be Tuesday, April 20 at Koons Chapel from 3:00 to 7:00 p.m.; the family will be present from 4:00 to 6:00 p.m.

Memorials may be made in Jim's name to the Hospice Services of Goodland or to the Pleasant Home Church, and may be left at or sent to Koons Funeral Home, 211 N. Main Street, Goodland, Kan. 67735-1555.

Betty K. Cress

Betty K. Cress, 70, retired legal secretary for Mac McGinley, died Tuesday, July 14, 2009, at her home.

She was born on Dec. 4, 1938, to Harry Peter and Francis (Wilson) Peter in rural Sherman County. In 1956 she graduated from Edson High School of Edson.

On June 29, 1956, she and James F. Cress were married at the Pleasant Home Church, near Edson.

She was a member of the Goodland Bible Church.

Preceding her in death were her father, her husband and a brother, Dean Peter.

Survivors include her mother, Frances Peter Anderson of Goodland; a son, Timothy J. (Elizabeth) Cress of Weskan; a daughter,

Cynthia B. Cress of Goodland; a brother Donald (Carol) Peter of Longmont, Colo.; two sisters, Mary C. Wickwar of Goodland and Kay (Mark) Perry of Longmont, Colo.; and six grandchildren.

Services will be at 10:30 a.m. on Friday, July 17, 2009, at the Goodland Bible Church, 109 Wil-low, Goodland with Pastor Perry Baird officiating and burial in the Goodland Cemetery.

Visitation is from 3 to 7 p.m. on Thursday, July 16, 2009, at Koons Funeral Home, 211 N. Main, Goodland.

Memorials to Weskan Baptist Church, Goodland Bible Church, Pleasant Home Church or Hospice Service of Sherman County may be left at the funeral home.



Cress