



Master Trooper Carl McKinney, Sr. K-165 by Master Trooper Larry Roland K-120

"A man that hath friends must shew himself
friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer
than a brother"

Proverbs 18: 24

When asked to speak at Carl's funeral, this is the passage from the Bible that I spoke from.

Carl and I met about twenty years ago, and we developed a friendship that followed that passage.

Down through the years we would compare notes on the growth of our children, my two compared to his five, and the growth of his grandchildren. Both of us being concerned parents there was a great deal to discuss. I felt that our conversation benefited me the most since my children were the youngest when we met.

We would spend a great amount time on the telephone, and many

weekends before becoming a trooper, Carl would be my "ride-along". Although he had been involved in police work in the military and civilian life he would always ask questions especially in DWI apprehension. When Carl told me that he had applied for the patrol as a recruit, it did not surprise me. One of the many questions that he had was if I felt he could make it due to his age. I told him that I knew he was not a person that did not accomplish the task before him. The following summer when he was offered the position as a trooper, I can still see his big smile when he drove to my house to share the news with me and my wife Olivia.

As time approached for the beginning of the academy, we talked a lot more, and I will always remember him saying how happy and proud he was to be a state trooper. The night before he left to go to training, I went to his house, and I remember talking to him and his youngest son as they were doing some electronic work on an neighbors alarm. That was just how he we was, not leaving things undone.

During the weekends that Carl would be home, we had a lot to talk about. I recall laughing when he told me that the training staff had informed him that his hair was not short enough. When he told me that they had to a lot more than that to get him to quit, I knew that he was a keeper.

As graduation came, and went along with the FTO program, Carl rapidly became an active participant in the Kansas City area. Taking his job so serious, he commented many times, about how he felt that he was doing his job enforcing the law, and carrying his share of the load of work.

As the years rolled by, and our children became adults, and dealing with life, we became active roll in presenting many USD 500 students with anti-street gang lectures. The programs and lectures that we presented were the onset to DARE, and GREAT training that is now being done in our schools today. When Carl told me about his medical problems, I remember him telling me that how he was not going to let this get him, and he was thankful that it wasn't worse that what it was. We would visit each other, and I would say that I wanted to look like him when I grew up to be his age.

Each time I would get ready to leave, he would always say thanks for stopping by to visit. As I would walk out the door, I would say "that's what friends do for each other, and I know you would do the same for me". I had no ideal that my comments would come true so fast. During the summer on 1998, I developed a case of cancer that required surgery, and chemotherapy. Being the true friend, Carl was with me at the hospital, and at home when I was released. He gave Olivia specific instructions to call him is there was anything that needed to be done.

As fate would have it I recovered, and my friend began to decline. Olivia and I visited the hospital, and would leave after a short visit because Carl would be trying to keep us entertained. Again, that was just the way he was.

During his last months, Carl told me that he did not think that he would ever put the uniform that he loved so much on again. The day before he went to glory to receive his award, he told me that he thought he was passing I immediately changed the subject. We laughed and talked some more about nothing in particular, and I remember how in good sprit he was. I will never forget that he told me "they told me that I'm going home today, but I think it will be tomorrow." I told him that I would be there to see him. I realize now that my friend was saying goodbye to me.

During the first week in August 1999 the Kansas Highway Patrol, and the state of Kansas lost a true warrior. He will be truly missed. There have been many times I stopped myself while going to the telephone to call him to discuss something's.

Being asked to speak at Carl's service I feel was an honor given to me by his wife and children. Before I returned to my seat I finished with a saying that friend shared with me. "Am I my brothers keepers? Yes I am, and he is mine."

Quotes

Carl McKinney was a man who knew everyone and anyone could talk to him about any subject that came up. He was a true blue Trooper who helped anyone anytime he felt the need. he was truly a friend and is missed very much.

Master Trooper John Schimmel K-179

I shamefully admit that I didn't get to know Carl McKinney very well away from the job. But I'm sure that Carl was as good a person off the job, as he was on the job. Carl had a great work ethic and he diligently directed his work toward the public's safety. My memories of Carl will always be good ones.

Sergeant Tom Catania K-486

Carl was a great guy. My deepest sympathies are both with his family and especially his children. It is never easy to lose a loved one. Troop A and the Kansas Highway Patrol have lost a great employee and friend.

Retired 2nd Lieutenant Steve McKinzie XK-142

We extend our sincere sympathy to the McKinney family. Our thoughts and prayers are with them during this very difficult time.

Master Trooper Eric Haskin K-88 KSTA President

A Tribute to Bob Wilson

We honor retired Master Trooper Bob Wilson in this issue. He officially retired from the Kansas Highway Patrol On March 7, 1999. His effort on behalf of the KSTA was for the good not only of our organization but also for Troopers Statewide. His 24 years on the road are matched by the 16 years he selflessly dedicated to the KSTA. He is the longest serving board member in KSTA history. He's lived through many a battle, discussion, and victory. Five of those 16 years Wilson tirelessly dedicated to additional duty on the KSTA Negotiating Team. We can never repay you, Bob, for your years of service but we are proud to have you as an Honorary Member of the KSTA.

Quotes

In the time I have known, Bob, there is one mainstay about the. His integrity could never be questioned. Bob had the best qualities one could ask for in a Trooper. His dedication to all of the important things in life was apparent in everything he did. To me Bob is someone I admire and looked to for guidance. Thank you, Bob.

Trooper Jeff Dietz K430 KSTA Treasurer

Bob is an x-Marine, (once a Marine always a Marine, I know, having served as a navigator in an F-4 Phantom). Having this wealth of military background, Bob said while we were attending a National Trooper's Coalition conference in San Diego, that we would take a self-guided tour of the Navy base and see some really neat stuff.

Shortly after sunrise the next day, armed with 35mm cameras and lots of film, we headed for North Island Naval Air Station and Halsey Field. I was on cloud nine. My love for aviation was overwhelming me as we entered the base.

As we drove further and further into the bowels of this military monster, with towering aircraft carriers to our right and secure buildings to our left, Bob said, "Pullover there."

Not having been in the military, I assumed Shore Patrol had something to do with stopping bad guys from doing bad things. Bob said with authority, "I'll go in here and let them know we are here." Now, I was really proud to be with a Marine, My buddy, Bob, was going in there to tell these people that he was on the base.

Bob's return to the rental car was, however, more swift than his approach to the building. He had an odd look on his face. He fell into the front seat announcing to hide the cameras! As I tried to ask why, Bob said go back the same way we came or we may end up in jail. As I tried to ask what happened, Bob was muttering something about squids having small brains.

Our visit to the navy base was over, except for some pictures we took from the other side of the bay, I had always heard that Marines were tough, mean fighting machines. Apparently, once a retired or x-Marine you have a phobia for squids with badges.

Retired 2nd Lt Steve McKinzie XK-142

Bob Wilson was a dedicated Trooper and director for the KSTA. Without members such as Bob, we would be way behind in benefits. His untiring sacrifice during MOA negotiations benefited the entire Kansas Highway Patrol. His dry wit and sense of humor are sorely missed around the meeting table.

Master Trooper John Schimmel K-179

Bob has been a long-time stalwart of the KSTA. He will be missed by those who know him and those who did not, but will benefit from his many actions and initiatives. I will not miss his snoring!

Master Trooper Gene Garcia K-94

KSTA meetings will never be the same without Bob Wilson. We could always count on Bob calling for a "Point Of Order" when things got out of hand, or even when the didn't...and Bob just wanted to be heard.

Bob Wilson was the epitome of what a Troop Director should be. His dedication and professionalism will be dearly missed.

Sergeant Tom Catania K-486

Over the many years that I worked with Bob, I came to greatly value his opinions on many issues. I also consider him to be more than a business associate, I consider him to be a true friend and wish him the best in his retirement. We will certainly miss his dedicated service to the KSTA.

Master Trooper Eric Haskin K-88 KSTA President

The X File

Retired Trooper Don E. Dody XK-181

Like a lot of us in the 1940's and 1950's we ere raised on the farm. I was on the ranch in Colorado. We had the first John Deere diesel tractor in the area. That was 1949.

Bett and I got married on August 6, 1950, and my wife did not like the ranch. She was teaching school in rural Dodge city in 1950 and 1951. After the wheat was in, I went to work for the area power company in December of 1950.

Uncle Sam thought I should be in his parade and I was for four years. I was also a plumber for almost two years. My uncle was Sheriff in Marion County and said I should get into law enforcement and that the Kansas Highway Patrol was a good way to go. So I took the test in July 1956. Twenty-two of us started Patrol School at the old academy at KU on November 6, 1956, for seven weeks, and then one week of supervised field work.

I went to El Dorado for my first duty station and started on December 28 of that same year. I stayed there until June 1961. After that, I went to Newton and retired there in May of 1982, and still live there.

My first patrol car was a 1956 Ford. No red light on top but it did, however, have one red spotlight and a yellow caution light in the rear window. The first roof lights were standard issue in 1957. My first roof light was on a 1958 Ford.

I joined the National Guard in October 1957 and stayed for nearly 10 years. I went to the Army Reserve in May 1967 and retired in 1976 , for a total of 22-1/2 years. I spent two tours of duty, nine months each, in

Korea with an attack bomber squadron flying off of carriers.

Anyone who has 26 years of patrol service always has a lot of stories. The best one is when a Deputy Sheriff and I caught three liquor store robbers. We got them stopped around 10:00 p.m. The driver got out and I told him to stop and turn around. He didn't so I cocked my .38 caliber and told him again to stop and that I was going to "gut" shoot him. The only thing wrong was his back was towards me. He is still in Lansing today.

The question is always asked. "Do you miss the Patrol?" My answer, "No, I don't." I miss the men I worked with, though.

After I retired, I worked for my wife Betty. She had a daycare center for children ages 3 to 6. I did the maintenance. She wouldn't let me teach. Betty retired after 30 years in business. After one year of retirement she went back to work two days a week. She's still doing the same thing she loved doing for 30 years.

We have our motor home and go fishing in Colorado. Our road trips have taken us to California, Montana, Wyoming, Missouri, Texas, Nevada and yes, Kansas. We have two daughters, one son and eight grandchildren. I mow the grass and help anyone that needs help.

My handle was the Silver Fox (gray since 1971). a lot of the new men ask us old guys if we had radios in the old days. Yes, we had radios, but they did not always work. I also hold the infamous record of most patrol accidents. I had 16 accidents. Two cars were completely totaled. They issued me 19 different patrol cars. As I write this, I cannot help but also remember my second partner. He was killed October 6, 1959.