

“The first time I saw Ray, he was walking toward me, strutting all the way, and said ‘God sent me to you!’ I said, ‘What did I do to God?’ Speechless, he walked away that night. A month later we met again and the rest is history.”

Rose Hartley



chapter 7.1

RAYMOND LEON HARTLEY

Eldon & Verda’s first-born (b. 1942 - d. 2012)

Written by Ray’s cousin, Kenneth Brown

Raymond Leon Hartley was born on September 25, 1942, at his Grandma Hartley’s Williams Hollow farm in the Arden community of western Douglas County, MO. His father likely wasn’t able to be there with his mother because Eldon had been drafted and enlisted in the U.S. Army less than two months earlier, in August 1942. So Raymond’s early years were in western Douglas County at either the Hartley Farm or at his Grandma Burleson’s place over on the head of Beaver Creek north of Tigris.

After being released from the military, Ray’s dad returned to help with the Hartley farm on Williams Hollow. A new house was built for Eldon & Verda on Grandma Hartley’s “upper forty.” Ray would have been living in that house when it was time for him to go to school; that school was likely Flat Rock just a little to the east, the same school where his Dad and other family members had attended in the past.

But in 1951, Eldon and Verda left the farm and moved to Wichita, KS, where Eldon got a job at Boeing Aircraft Corp. Eventually, they were able to buy a house right in Haysville, and Ray then attended Haysville Schools through the eighth grade.

After the eighth grade, Ray and other Haysville ninth graders were bused into the center of Wichita to attend Central Junior High School. It was a tough place, but Ray survived. Then the next year (1958), Ray rode a private “for-pay” bus with his cousins, James and Kenneth Brown, over to Derby High School. It was his sophomore year, and James and Kenneth were freshmen.

While Ray wasn’t a trouble-maker in high school, trouble seemed to find him. His stay was cut short at Derby, and it wasn’t until the people over at Clearwater High School embraced him that he was able to settle down and get a high school diploma.

{Flashback from his cousin, Kenneth Brown: I always admired

Ray for several reasons--he was a handsome kid, for one; and in the late 1950s, he had the kind of hair that could be combed just like Elvis Presley. He had the personality and the smile to go along with his looks. Who wouldn't want to be like him?

But also, Ray was kind of fearless and he would not take much off of anyone. Well, that little school bus we rode over to Derby High School from Haysville always got us there early. That left us with a little time to kill. One morning, there were several of us out in the hallway, and Ray had his comb out working on his hair. Some jerk kid came up behind him and just mussed it all up. Well, Ray set into him, and all heck broke loose; well, here came the principal and hauled Ray and the kid off to the office.

That's what I mean that trouble seemed to find Ray back then, and helped him to get familiar with the insides of two or three different high schools.}

Ray's Work Life

After graduation, Ray served in the U.S. Navy. Then this time, Ray went looking for trouble. He joined the Wichita Police Department and spent his time in not only a squad car but on a motorcycle as well. Eventually, Ray rose through the ranks to become a Detective and a Crime Scene Investigator. Before he could advance, though, he found he needed more education. He began taking classes at Wichita State University working toward a degree in Criminal Justice.

Pretty early in the WSU program, Ray realized the high school education he got at Clearwater was really holding him back--the other students, he felt, were ahead of him. That didn't stop Ray--he just went back and took remedial high school classes to make up for what he lacked. After continued persistence, Ray received an Administration of Justice Bachelor's degree from WSU.

Eventually Ray left law enforcement and went to work for Lear Jet, working with the company's parts inventory warehouse. Later he moved over to Boeing Aircraft Corporation where he was a procurement agent.

Ray had lots of stories to tell from his work but a particular one never left his mind. It was from his work as a Detective at the Wichita Police Department--back in the 1970s, Ray worked on the case that was known nationally as the "BTK Killer." The killer left behind his signature of BTK standing for "Bind, Torture, Kill." Dennis Rader was eventually convicted for the ten serial killings from 1974 to 1991. Rader's killing spree started when Ray was active on the force. Ray was one of a couple of dozen detectives who worked through the years

Rays's Life in a Nutshell

- Born Douglas County, MO in 1942
- Grew up in Haysville and south Wichita KS
- Served in the U.S. Navy. Was on the Wichita Police Force. Retired from Boeing as a procurement agent.
- Met spouse, Rose, at Boeing where she also worked.
- Ray and Rose married in 1985
- Died of a disease similar to ALS on August 6, 2012, at age of 69



Raymond's graduation picture



Above, Ray and Rose, with Ray's daughter, Alison, on left. At the Hartley Reunion in 2000 near Clearwater

At right, Rose's tribute to Ray in his August 2012 funeral handout

on the case before it was finally solved in 2005. Like his fellow officers, Ray never forgot about the case for as long as he lived.

Ray retired from Boeing and was leading a good life with his wife, Rose, and his kids until around 2008 when health issues surfaced. His affliction was eventually diagnosed as Progressive Supranuclear Palsy. It would lead to his death on August 6, 2012, at the age of 69.

Ray's Family

In the mid 1960s, Ray married Kay Kramer, and they had two children: Michelle (Hartley) Dory and Kevin Hartley.

Ray had two children with his second wife, Nancy: Alison and John

Ray met and married his third wife, Rose, in 1985. They were married for 27 years before his death in 2012. Rose had



The first time I saw Ray, he was walking towards me, strutting all the way, and said "God sent me to you!" I said, "What did I do to God?" Speechless, he walked away that night. A month later we met again and the rest is history.

Ray had many life experiences worthy of story telling that most of us will never have. Stories from his days in the Navy as well as on the Wichita Police Department. We will miss those stories but we have the memories of what he shared with us.

Ray and I may have missed out on our retirement years but we have many memories of adventures and travels before then.

The devastating disease Ray was stricken with to soon, Progressive Supranuclear Palsy, is a rare degenerative neurological brain disease much like ALS, with no cure or effective treatment. It was a heartbreaking disease for those of us who watched him suffer through it for over six years. No one can imagine the pain and suffering he endured.

It is over for him, the disease may have won, but his soul will live forever. May you rest in peace!

~I Love You, Rose

At right, Christmas 1990—
 Back row: Rose & Ray Hartley (holding granddaughter, Chelsie, on his lap), Kevin Hartley, and Rose's daughters, Rhonda Hutchinson, and Jodie Smith. Front Row: Michelle (Hartley) Dory, Alison Hartley (on Michelle's lap), Kevin Dory (holding his son Taylor).



2008—L-R: Ray's step-daughters, Rhonda Hutchinson and Jodie Smith; Raymond's children, Alison Hartley, John Hartley, Kevin Hartley and Michelle (Hartley) Dory

At right, 2008—
 Raymond's family:
 Shawn, Breana & Rhonda Hutchinson, Rose Hartley, Jodie Smith, Ray with Ayron & Austin Larkin, John Hartley (in back), Alison Hartley, Kevin Hartley, and Michelle (Hartley) Dory



Below, Ray on the old Rome Bridge in western Douglas County, MO. September 17, 2008



two children from a previous marriage (Rhonda and Jodi) who Ray treated as his own during their life together.

{Flashback from Kenneth Brown: Ray and Rose had a nice homey place they had fixed up in southwest Wichita. Joy and I were their house guests a couple of times, and we so enjoyed sitting on the covered patio having coffee in the morning and visiting.

A couple of months after Ray's mom died in July, 2008, Rose gave Ray a ride down to Springfield (he was unable to drive on the highway by then); Ray stayed with Joy and me for several days before I drove him back home to Wichita. On September 17, 2008, Ray and I hopped in my old AWD Ford Escape and hit the back roads of western Douglas County. It was a day or two after the remnants of the Texas Hurricane Ike arrived in northwest Douglas County laying down lots of trees. We had an adventure getting around on the back roads.

Page 4 shows a map of western Douglas County with a lot of family sites earmarked; we covered most all those locations that day; but no location was more important to Ray than the area around his Grandma Burleson's place. As we passed the old home place, he reminisced about (1) going up an outside staircase to sleep in an attic room, and (2) eating his Grandma's delicious possum stew.

I had quite a few adventures with Ray when we were kids, but that trip in 2008 was just as memorable of any of them.

At right, Ray at the Little Beaver School where Ray's Mom, Verda, went to school.

The school, which according to Ray, became a snake-handling Pentecostal Church. The structure was a short distance from the old Burleson home place



Above, ruins of the old Decator & Ida Burleson place where Ray's mother, Verda, grew up.

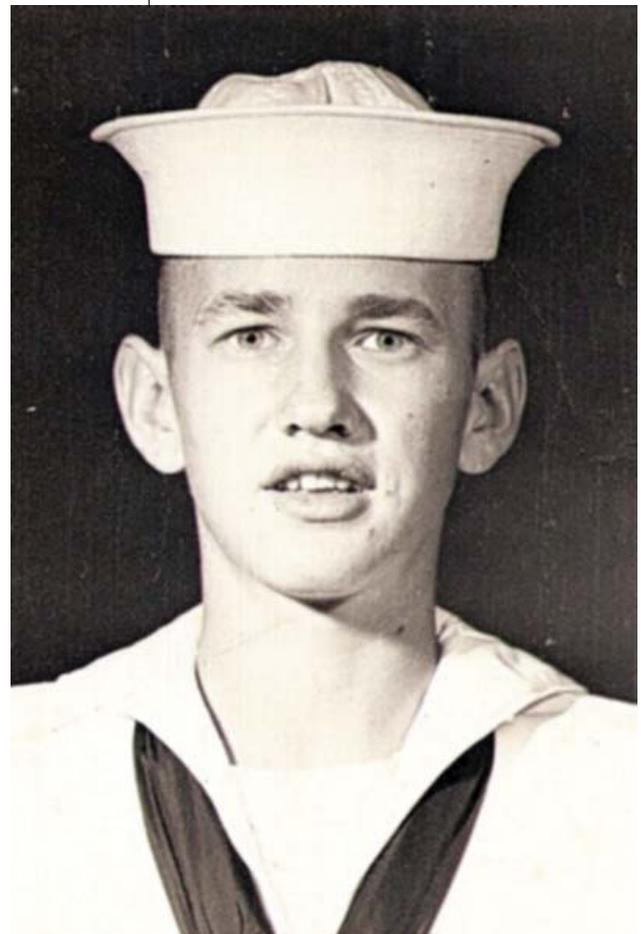
Below, 1966—Raymond's grandmother, Ida (Delbeck) Burselson at her home up Beaver Creek from Tigris, MO. Raymond's mother, Verda, grew up in this house.



Below, Eldon & Verda (Burselson) Hartley with their granddaughter (Raymond's daughter), Alison Hartley



Above, Raymond Hartley (on right) with his Dad and cousin, James Brown (on left) -- 1944 at the Williams Hollow Farm



Above, ca 1961—Raymond in the U.S. Navy