



Hoyt Ellis

December 4, 1929 - January 7, 2008

Hoyt Ellis, 78, of Brighton Towers in Syracuse, New York died Monday, January 7, 2008 at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Syracuse. Hoyt was born December 4, 1929 in Galeville, New York, the son of Franklin and Edith (Stonecipher) Ellis. He was a landscaper with Monterey Landscaping in Spring Valley, California and was an Army veteran during the Korean War rising to the rank of Sergeant First Class and receiving the Purple Heart Award. He was a member of the VFW and enjoyed traveling.

Hoyt is survived by his sister, Patricia (Norman) Pratt of Wappinger Falls, New York; three brothers, Amon (Ethelyn) Ellis of Westvale, New York, Boyd (Jeanne) Ellis of Canastota, New York and Jack Ellis of Baldwinsville, New York; his longtime friend and companion, Beverly A. Humphrey; several nieces and nephews.

Services: Thursday, January 10, 2008, 11:00 a.m. at Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home, 4612 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, New York.

Burial: Greenlawn Cemetery, 2932 Warners Road, Warners, New York.

Calling Hours: Wednesday, January 9, 2008, 4:00 7:00 p.m. at Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home, 4612 S. Salina Street, Syracuse, New York.

Tribute Wall



“ *Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home created a Tribute Video in memory of Hoyt Ellis*



Ballweg & Lunsford Funeral Home - January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *Dear Aunt Jeanne and Uncle Boyd, We were so very sorry to hear about Hoyt. We wish we could be with you during this time of sorrow. Please know you all are in our thoughts and prayers. Even though we were not fortunate enough to meet Hoyt we knew him through you. Stay strong...we love you all..Patrick and Kathy (Dickinson)and Bryce MonaghanFormerly of Syracuse, NYresiding in Erwin, NC*

January 08, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *Uncle Hoyt ~ you will be missed.*

January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ What can be said about Uncle Hoyt?!! Good Lord! Should we be asking "What can't be said?!" Uncle Hoyt was a man with a unique perspective. Indeed, for those who knew him well, I think we remember a man who showed the world his inner self, by using the world famous "south side" humor. Growing up on the south side of Syracuse NY in the 1930's and 40's, Hoyt grew up in a family of 6 brothers and 2 sisters. Hoyt served in the US Army, was involved in the Korean war, was injured in action, won the purple heart, and served Uncle Sam with toughness and quick wit, which he honed on the south side. He held many jobs after the war- a security guard at Jamesville pen, he drove an ice cream truck, labored for UPS, managed a bowling alley, worked landscaping and construction...he held many more jobs, I'm sure. Through his travels, military experiences, upbringing, and many jobs, Hoyt was a man of many backgrounds... which served to develop his unique personality traits. Clearly, his most valuable tool was humor. So in his undying spirit, let's share some of the funniest things I heard from Uncle Hoyt in recent years. At the hospital, Hoyt and I were in the waiting room, waiting for him to be called so the doctors could get a blood sample from him. Cathy Ellis was the receiving secretary at the hospital, so she was within our visual range. The doctor called, Hoyt and I went in, and they drew blood from his arm. The doctor was of Asian descent. Hoyt didn't like this, but he used his humor to help himself to feel more comfortable with the doctor. Hoyt cocked his verbal weapon, got the doc in his sights, but didn't quite pull the trigger just yet. "Hey doc" said a fully loaded Hoyt... "Who takes the blood from this hospital to the test site?" "A blood courier" replied the doctor. "A blood courier?" said Hoyt.. "Is that something like a vampire? Because if it's a vampire, I want you to know that vampires can't drive during the day, only after dark..and I'll bet he doesn't have a license." The doctor had no idea what to say, just looked at Hoyt. Hoyt and I then went back to the waiting room, where a midget suddenly appeared in a wheel chair. He took Hoyt's blood in a small cooler and wheeled himself away. Hoyt just looked at him wheeling away, with his brain steaming with activity, then finally said "What's up with the midget? Why the hell does he need

my blood, it ain't gonna help him walk, and it sure won't make him get any taller."We then had to fill out paperwork- it was a organ donor form. He said "Ok, what's this form?" I said "It's an organ donor form- if you sign it, it means you want to give up your organs after you die."Hoyt thought for a minute and said "Why would I give up my organs? So a 77 year old man could live to be 78? Forget it!"We drove to Save-a-lot many times, to the res for his cigarettes, and through the streets of Syracuse. He could remember things like it happened yesterday. Going through Syracuse with him was like being on a free guided tour. Hearing the story about the road side worm stand had me in stitches.We'd drive around, and he'd speak about trees and telephone poles- "Do you see that telephone pole right there? There's still a mark on it...I left it there in '46. Your Dad was with me."I guess what's important is not so much the things he said, or the things he did. What's important is what he was about. The man had nothing to give but gave everything he had. He valued family first, everything else came after that. The world has lost a man of great pride and individualism. He did not "go with the crowd"- his mind was so sharp.I'll miss his philosophy greatly- as I would pay cash money to bear witness to a conversation between our Uncle Hoyt and Aristotle. Aristotle wouldn't stand a chance. My money is on Hoyt.Hoyt paved his own roads. It is these roads that I'll miss most about him.Uncle Hoyt we will miss you, but will see you again as we pave our own roads, eventually leading to the road side worm stand once again.Until we see you again... Your family

January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *My sympathy and prayers go out to the Ellis family.Sue Barber*

January 07, 2008 at 12:00 AM