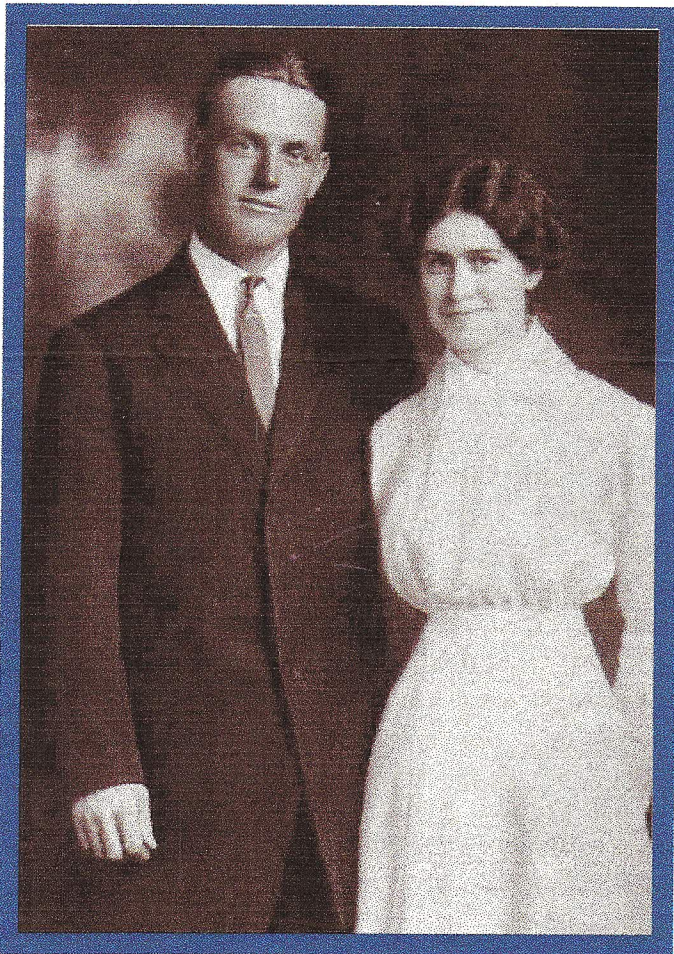

PLAIN BROWN RAPPER

News of the Brown Family

June, 1998



Tandy Parks Brown and Grace Cleo Parker

Married November 16, 1912

First Presbyterian Church

Cheyenne, Wyoming

After Grace and Tandy were married, they lived on Fort D. A. Russell. The City Directory for 1913/1914 lists: Tandy P Brown - "Ft. D A Russell - sergt. - Bat F - 4th Artillery." Dad and Mom lived in tiny brick quarters. There are 6 of those quarters still standing and are now used for guest quarters. They consisted of a kitchen, bedroom and living room and nice porches. The one that Sgt and Mrs Brown lived in is still there. Vivian, Anna and Tandy, Jr. were born

there. It was shortly after Tandy was born that the army informed Dad he had too many children to stay in the service and he had to retire.

From there they moved to 509 West 23rd Street on the West side of Cheyenne. In the 1917/1918 City directory the listing is: "Brown, Tandy P. (Grace) - helper - Kelly Mer.Co. - 509 W 23rd St" Roy was born at that address. The address is on the corner of O'Neil and 23rd Street. It is now a vacant lot and today there was a volleyball net stretched across the yard. It is close to the Capital Building and I'm sure prime real estate.

The family history for this month comes to us from our sister Vivian. Vivian lives in Austin, Texas and has her e-mail address <vbeardslee@juno.com> She is the first born and has offered to share a few stories about early life with the Brown family.

Vivian is one of those rare individuals who is not only a relative, but a very good friend. She has a wonderful sense of humor and a devout belief in God. She plays the piano at her church and if rumor is correct, she also plays a wicked "honky tonk" keyboard. I heard that in her younger days, she used to move the piano player off the bench (actually, she would push him off) if she felt he wasn't playing like she could. Mother said she was such a happy baby and loved to laugh. She would climb up in any ones lap and say "les lafe" and then she would laugh until everyone around her was laughing.

From Vivian we have these memories:

"I don't remember anything until I was about 4 or 5 and we lived at 805 House Street in South Cheyenne. My memories about living there were of mother and the fact she was such a wonderful cook, Someone had put an imprint on our gate to tell anyone coming in from the railroad they could get a good meal where the Browns lived. They had to work for it, but could have a good meal. Mother had lots of wood chopped in her back yard by hungry travelers or hobos. She never turned anyone away. As I said, they had to earn their meal, but she never turned anyone away. When the weather was cold, she would bring them in the house to eat."

"In the dining room of this house we had a great big pot bellied stove which heated the whole house. It sat in the corner about two feet away from the wall on both sides. The stove sat on an asbestos pad covered with metal (stove mat) and the pad extended beyond the stove about foot on each side. When the weather was cold the floor behind the stove became a wonderful place to sit. The wall was warm, the floor was warm and it was a cozy corner to read or talk or whatever you wanted to do. Sometimes we kids would get too rambunctious and get to running around the stove trying to catch each other. One day when we were doing this, I tripped on the stove mat, fell against the hot stove, burning my arm badly. Mother was being a good Samaritan (as always) and there was an elderly man she was feeding at the table. When I fell against the stove and started screaming, she was looking around to see what she could do and this elderly man said 'Lady if you've got some linseed oil,' and of course everyone kept linseed oil to thin paint and so forth, 'just put linseed oil on that burn and cover it up lightly and she won't even have a scar.' Mother did what the old man said and sure enough I didn't even have a scar. It was a deep burn because I fell right onto the pot bellied stove, but mother's good deeds always paid off so very, very well because the man was there to be sure I was safe."

"Next door to us on House Avenue was an elderly German lady named Ulrich. (Anna C. Ulrich, widow of Henry, 801 House Avenue) Mrs. Ulrich thought the sun rose and set in mother. She was very elderly, up in her 80's and she could hardly walk, but using a cane she did get out and work in her yard. This was right after World War One and Germans were not treated kindly in our country. Mother was constantly defending Mrs. Ulrich against the other neighbors. I mean she was really good at telling those people not to be unkind to Mrs. Ulrich. Mother never baked anything without sharing with her. If mother baked a cake, Mrs. Ulrich got two pieces of cake, if she baked bread, Mrs. Ulrich got several slices of mother's homemade bread, every time mother baked a pie, Mrs. Ulrich got a piece of pie. I can remember her broken English and I had such a hard time understanding her. She would say, "Ya" and I finally understood what that meant."

"The Fred Gage family lived right across the street from us. (According to the City Directory, both Helen and Fred worked at O'Connell's Grocery) Fred always

brought home donuts for them to have with their breakfast the next morning. Who would find out about that except good old Vivian and I soon learned to get up early in the morning and head for the Gage's house and a donut. I often wonder how Helen Gage put up with me. Mother put a stop to it when she discovered what I was doing. I knew I had found a gold mine of store bought donuts."

"Another memory from the house on House Avenue, mother and dad were friends with a couple named Ed and Carry Lane. They had one daughter Mary. Carry belonged to several civic organizations and women's clubs and she would bring Mary over for mother to watch while she went to her meetings. This is where Anna and I learned to have Tea Parties. Mother would let us have a tea party out on the front porch. We served raw oatmeal and raisins, all we wanted. That's where I learned to love raw oatmeal. Our tea parties were; water, raw oatmeal and raisins. Mary Lane had a good time and she always wanted to stay all night. She was pretty lonely as a child and there were all of us kids. Roy was big enough to get around, he would be in our hair lots of times and June was just a baby."

"--- oh gosh, when I think of all the ornery things we did when we lived on that street. There was a lady who lived on the street above us, 7th Street, she was a cranky old soul raising two of her grand children. Anna and I loved to roller skate up and down the sidewalk in front of her house. If the babies were asleep we would wake them up. The sidewalk was rough wooden planks, there were lots of up and downs on it and of course it made lots of noise. I'm just shocked at what we did to the poor old lady now that I'm away. You know, our greatest joy was seeing how fast we could skate in front of her house and then get away from her before she came out to raise cane with us. Finally, she called mother so much that mother made us go across the street and roller skate on the sidewalk across from her house. We were waking up her grand babies. See how ornery we were when we were little kids?"

Another funny thing that happened while we lived in the house on House Avenue, mother had bought a piano and both Anna and I were taking piano lessons. The piano was my pride and joy, I loved taking piano lessons, the teacher was Mrs. Jones and she lived a couple of blocks away from us. Anna did not like the

piano, she did not want to sit down and practice. We each had an hour to practice and when I got done it was Anna's turn. Once when mother didn't hear the piano or she heard funny noises coming from the piano, she came into the living room and there was Anna sitting on top of the piano, playing the piano with her toes. Mother decided it was too much of a hassle to make Anna learn to play the piano, she just wasn't interested, so Grandmother Eidam bought her a violin and gave her violin lessons. She was pretty good but she still did not want to practice. Well, June was born and Betty was born and mother either had a new baby or was expecting a baby and she was tired and there was this eternal fight to get Anna to practice. One day Dad came home off a run and he was tired, he'd worked all night I think and he wanted to lie down, this was about 7 o'clock in the evening. Mother was just raising cane with Anna because she hadn't practiced her hour. Remember in those days we didn't have radio or TV and those were things you did when you came home from school, you did your homework and practiced. Well, Mother was tired and Dad was tired and they got into an argument. Dad said, 'to hell with it, let her quit, why do you want to make her practice when she really doesn't want to?' And Mother said, 'no sir, by gosh she was going to learn to play that violin.' Finally, the funniest thing happened, mother completely lost her cool, she grabbed that violin out of Anna's hand and whacked Dad right across the top of his head with it. It was so funny, I can remember it to this day, he was standing there, a surprised look on his face with both sides of the violin hanging down on his shoulders only the strings were keeping it on his head. It had broken right in half. He looked at her, took that violin off his head and said, 'as far as he was concerned, he was through! As far as he was concerned she didn't have to do anything like this if she didn't want to.' I still laugh when I think about this, he was always so dignified and there he was, standing with that dopey violin hanging down around his shoulders with just the strings keeping it on his head."

"Of course, that wasn't the end of the violin lessons, Grandmother Eidam bought Anna another violin, she was determined Anna was going to learn to play the violin. We learned to play duets and the old "Princess" Theater in Cheyenne had an amateur night. It was a Tuesday night or a Thursday night and the locals performed on Amateur Night. Some sang and some

danced, but Grandmother Eidam's hotel was right down there close to the Princess Theater and she was determined Anna and I were going to perform on that stage. We were going to perform for Amateur Night. The name of the song she bought for us was "Memories." We learned to play the song because, boy, that sounded real uptown to us. Anna and I were going to play a duet on the stage at the theater and we thought we could win a new set of dishes, pots and pans or whatever they were giving away. For Amateur Night, Grandmother Eidam bought me a brand new white dress. I don't remember if she bought Anna one or not, I just remember she bought me a white dress. I felt really grownup. So, we played on the stage of the Princess Theater, we didn't win anything, but it was quite an experience."

"Another thing that happened while we lived on House Avenue, the house we lived in was not big enough and Dad decided he was going to build a room on the back. So, he decided to send Mother and us (Vivian, Anna, Roy, June, Betty, Leah and Frank was the baby) all to Arkansas to visit Grandma and Grandpa Davis and spend some time with the Aunts and Uncles living there. While we were gone, he would get at it and build that room on the back of the house. I tell you what, that old saying 'the best laid plans of mice and men' applies here. We got on the train and traveled as far as Joplin Missouri. We had all come down with Whooping Cough. The conductor made us move to the back of the car and when we got to Joplin, Missouri, he put us off the train. We were quarantined in the train station for two days and two nights. Mother was allowed to get food for us and the Red Cross had a booth set up to help travelers. They made sure we had food and we could go to the bathroom. They would check and be sure there wasn't anyone in there and then mother took us in to give us spit baths. I'm not sure, but I think a Doctor came to the station and gave mother some medicine so we could get back on the train and continue our trip to Arkansas."

"We finally got to Arkansas, hadn't been there five days until mother came down with Typhoid Fever. She was very sick. Frank was still nursing and all of us were staying with Aunt Lily. There was nothing we could do but call Dad, he hadn't broken any ground for the room at that time, so he came to get us and take us back home. Mother was kept in the hospital in Eureka

Springs, Arkansas for two weeks before she was able to travel. I became Frank's mama because I was the only one he would take a bottle from. He had been used to nursing and didn't like the bottle. The journey back was not a pleasant one, all of us little kids and Frank was crying all the time. In the mean time, on the way home, Anna came down with Typhoid Fever. She had bruised her foot on a stone at Aunt Lily's house, it swelled up and she began running a fever. We thought it was a stone bruise on her foot, but when we got her off the train and home, Dr. Johnston came to the house and told Dad she had Typhoid Fever. They put her under quarantine in the hospital. None of the rest of us came down with it, but that was a very hectic time."

"At that time, Anna and I had long hair, Mother would never let Dad cut it. She kept it braided or curled all the time, but let me tell you something, while Mother was in the hospital and Dad was doing all the cooking and making sure the washing and ironing was done, that was the first thing he did. He got out those old shears and it was really a relief because it seemed like it was a real problem to take care of our hair."

"Those are some of my memories from 805 House Avenue. I'll never forget Joplin, Missouri and that conductor. He allowed us to have, I think it was, five rows of seats, but we weren't allowed to move from that area.

(While they lived at 805 House Avenue, June, Betty, Leah, Frank and Leonard were born. The three houses; 801, 805 and 810 are still there. They look like, except for the upkeep, they probably haven't changed. There are paved streets and concrete sidewalks and in the 70's all the houses on the south side were given money to replace the siding. Other than that, they look like they would have in 1920-1925.)

"Then we moved to Pershing Heights in North Cheyenne, close to the airport. The house wasn't big enough when we moved in, dad turned the garage into a bedroom and they put in three beds. There was a steep driveway leading to the street (7th Avenue). Mother would put Frankie down for a nap, when he got up, and he was probably wet, he would take off his diaper and head for the outside. He had a little red wagon he just loved and he would go outside, get his wagon and run up and down the driveway before mother even realized he was up from his nap. He would run out into the middle of the street and many, many times a driver had to honk

and honk and honk before mother realized Frank was out in the middle of the street, bare naked, enjoying his little red wagon."

"Another time I remember Dad's train threw a brake under a car load of beets and it rolled over. He was penalized (laid off) for a month and couldn't make any runs. He didn't get paid during the layoff and things got kinda tough for a while. By this time Gage's had their own grocery store so Mother bought 100 pound bags of flour and sugar and proceeded to set up shop to make donuts. I can remember on Saturday morning when school was out, Anna and I had to help her. We helped cut-out the donuts, she fried them and we helped roll them in powdered sugar. She would fix two baskets, lining them with snow white napkins. Mother always made everything so white when she did her wash. She would put these white napkins in the bottom of these two baskets and fill them with four dozen donuts plus a 13th donut. (A baker's dozen) She put in the 13th donut for us to use if, as we went to the door they were a little reluctant about buying, we could give them a donut to taste to see how good it was. Usually that's all it took to sell a dozen donuts. I can't remember how much we charged for them, but Anna and I got out and sold donuts. We would make, I don't know how many trips, five or six, back to the house. Mother would be standing over the hot stove in the kitchen making donuts and we would get our baskets refilled. She began baking pies about the same time and together, with the donuts, she made extra money to fill in while dad was laid off."

"I often think of these things she did. Even after Dad got back on the road, she continued to make donuts because there was such an established clientele for her fresh homemade donuts on Saturday mornings. I was eleven, Anna was ten, we learned how to make change and that was our job. We always took change with us and I'm surprised some smart aleck kid didn't try to knock us down with his bicycle and take away our donuts. But, we were never bothered, we extended our neighborhood walks quite a ways and we had a lot of regular customers. Mother continued to have babies and there were many interruptions in that time. "

(Editors note: I'm sure all you have to do is close your eyes and imagine the smell and taste to bring those donuts to life for you. If you go with Charles up to the top of Pikes Peak, he will treat you to a donut

there that tastes just like the ones mother made. While Bob and I were back East, we found a little place on old highway 51 called, "The Apple House." They made donuts while you watched and you could buy them hot. When the trees turned in the fall we would make several trips over there on the pretext of seeing the fall foliage but I do believe our real motive was to buy a dozen of those wonderful donuts to remind of a time when we were much younger.)

"Another thing I remember about living up there at that time, we were close to the airport and Roy loved airplanes. He was really fascinated by them. There were no houses between us and the airport, we could see the planes take off and land. There weren't very many of them, but Roy would run away to the airport every chance he had and talk to the pilots and they would give him rides. When Roy came up missing, we always knew where he was, at the airport. I was always sure he would become a pilot or work on airplane or something in aviation."

(Roy said that after riding one day in an airplane with a stunt pilot, he came home white as a sheet. Mother knew where he'd been and she raised cane with him. That about put an end to his flying days.)

"Mother and Grandmother, between them were determined that Roy was going to learn to play a musical instrument. Roy played in Karl Whye's band, the school band and the National Guard Band, even though he was only 14."

(The house at 223 East 7th Avenue is no longer there. It would have been on the corner of Evans and 7th Avenue. There is a lovely home there now that faces Evans Avenue.)

"Then, I remember we moved from Pershing Heights to the house on Alexander Avenue...1717 Alexander." (The City Directory from 1931-1932 lists Tandy P. Brown at 1717 Alexander, Brakeman, UPRR) When I look back and think about mother I realize she was a born mother, making each of us feel special. She had to get on us a lot, which was normal, but she made us feel loved and like we could do anything in the world we wanted. She sewed beautifully and made everything for us kids, our underwear was made from feed sacks. She watched sales from J. C. Penneys for fabric and Grandma Eidam would go to the Salvation Army to find coats that were in good shape. They would take them all apart, wash the material and mother would cut them

down to make coats and hats for all of us. She made us "Tam O'Shanters" for cold weather. She canned and preserved. She was a good cook and when she cooked, she made plenty. She knew how to season food, dining at her house was a great feast and she was always feeding someone. Mother was clever, making all our clothes, feeding us on a very low budget, giving us a loving home. As the older children were growing up we had a wonderful life. She loved each and everyone of us."

"Those are just some of the wonderful things I remember....."

My sincere thanks to Vivian for sharing her memories with us. She put them on a cassette tape and I transcribed them for the "PBR". I hope the rest of you will consider doing this, if not for the "PBR", for your children. They need to know your history and this is a painless way. This is priceless information, who can resist laughing at Anna sitting on top of a piano. She is such a lady!

ANNIVERSARIES

Dick and Marty will be celebrating their 43rd on June 11th.

BIRTHDAYS

Dolfe, June 28th and June, June 29th

IN THE NEWS-----

FROM THE BUSINESS JOURNAL/WOMEN IN BUSINESS, comes this article titled:

"Twenty-five women who have made Portland a better place to live."

Mary Brown Ruble, daughter of Dick and Marty is listed as: Senior vice president of the U.S. Bank. She is involved as the Chair of the Regional Arts and Cultural Council. Board and executive committee member of the Oregon Chapter of Nature Conservancy. Founder and committee chair for Art and Soul, a fund raising group for Self Enhancement, Inc. Her accomplishments in her own words, "Very proud of the work I've done in

the arts and the corporate support from U.S. Bank over my 17 years with the bank that has enabled me to do this. I'm proud of how much this community has gained from having a really strong arts community." And, in the Wisdom category, "Take a strategic view of things. Very important to be flexible and willing to change. Very important to prioritize what's important to you. For me, my family always comes first. It is also important that I'm having fun with the things I'm doing."

Mary and her husband Craig have one daughter, Maggie, 7 years old and a 1st grader. They live in Lake Oswego, Oregon. Congratulations Mary!!!

From Orpha, we learn that Stuart and three of his fellow engineers have formed a new company involved with Environmental Engineering. This new company is called "Edgewater Group" and you can look for them on the Fortune Five Hundred List in no time at all.

Our young son, Roger was featured in the Wyo. Dept. Of Trans. news magazine, "Interchange." Under the title "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD" they wrote about his job with the Nevada Dept. Of Trans. Roger is currently an Assistant Construction Engineer, one of two, and he oversees all state highway construction activities in northern Nevada. He is a Major in the Nevada Air National Guard and currently the CO for the 152nd Services Flight. Roger and his wife Susan live in Gardnerville, Nevada, just south of Carson City and 20 minutes from Lake Tahoe. They have two sons Devon and Drew that are both avid roller hockey players and good students at Douglas County High School.

Editor's note: Please share with me your "good news" so I might include them in the news.

DON'T FORGET FATHERS DAY, JUNE 21ST

MOTHER'S DONUT RECIPE

3 eggs
1 cup sugar

Beat til thick and lemon colored

2 tablespoon cream & fill cup with sour cream to make 1 cup

4 cups flour (approximately)*

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon baking powder

1 teaspoon soda

1 teaspoon nutmeg

Add the dry ingredients and cream alternately to the egg and sugar mixture. Mix well. Roll out, cut and fry in deep fat.

*The secret to this recipe is not to add too much flour. Keep in mind that you will have to roll the dough in flour and if there is too much, the donuts will be tough. The dough before it was rolled out feels like bread dough without enough flour. It is kind of sticky.

INFORMATION

Bill Brown has made a move back to Denver and would like you to have his new address. 2205 W 29th Avenue, #327, Denver, Colorado 80211. Phone # 303-455-4905

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Send e-mail addresses you might want the family to have and their address if your children want to receive this newsletter.

Just a footnote. Thank to all of you for your cards and calls wishing Bob "Get Well Wishes." He is doing very well, goes to Cardiac Rehab three times a week and we feel like we have a lot to be thankful for.

Also, I'm enclosing a copy of the article the paper used for Law Enforcement Day. Nice article and great picture taken the day before the article appeared, so you can see what we look like now. (Hang it in the Pantry and you won't have mice!)