

PLAIN BROWN RAPPER

News for the Tandy and Grace Brown Family

August 1999

HAPPY BIRTHDAY VIVIAN



Vivian Grace Brown Beardslee

On August 20, Vivian will celebrate her 86th birthday and it is my hope we all will wish her the very best of birthdays.

Vivian is the first of Tandy and Grace Brown's children and as I've grown to know her and love her I can only tell you she is a diamond in the crown of life.

She was gone from home, married to Frank Beardslee, by the time I began to grow up which is the reason it was many years before I got to know her. This is true for several of us in the family. There were actually three groups in this family. The older brothers and sisters, the middle ones and us "little kids." Vivian, Anna and Roy were gone before I reached the age of 9. June, Betty, Leah, and Frank were around for most of my early teens. The ones I knew best and was closest to were; Leonard, Charles, Nancy, Dick, Pat and Mike. So the first time Vivian and I became close was when she came to Washington, D.C. in 1983 and again in 1984, while Bob was stationed at the Pentagon.

Her visits were so much fun and we did all the

"tourist" things. At that time, Dick's daughter, Martha and her terrific husband Jerry Wyrsh were in Washington. Martha with Senator Simpson's office and Jerry with Senator Hecht of Nevada. Later Martha returned to Law School and Jerry continued as the Senator's aide. Both are now practicing law in Denver, Colorado.

Also, at that time, Anna's daughter, Joanne Jacka and her children, Jeffrey and Laurie were there. We had fun times with all of them. Joanne now lives in Capitola, California and works as a Real Estate Agent and Appraiser. Jeffrey is in California and Laurie in Georgia.

Jerry arranged our tours. We had a tour of the Capitol Building very few people enjoy. He took us down the halls to see all the art work on the floor, ceiling and walls, and to see the "secret" offices of the Legislators. (Rumored to have provided a place for their little trysts.) Then he took us to lunch in the Senate Dining Room. What a pleasure. He and Martha arranged lots of sights for us to see.

Ambassador and Wyoming's former Senator Gale McGee arranged a private tour of the OAS building. (Organization of American States) On the scheduled day, the United States invaded Grenada and our tour was canceled. We arrived at the building to see the heads of all the South American Countries arriving in big limos. The Chairman of the OAS, the Prime Minister of the Dominican Republic, a lovely woman arrived while we stood there with our mouths open. Because Ambassador McGee was such a well respected gentleman, we were told to come back in a couple of days after things cooled down. We did just that and were treated to a wonderful personal tour of the building. To this day I will always love that particular building.

The Kennedy Center and a World Premiere of the "Vox Humana" performed by the National Symphony Orchestra. The changing of the Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown in Arlington Cemetery. Visits to the monuments at night when the lights make it all so beautiful. Gettysburg, Valley Forge, Shanandoah Valley, the Amish Country (Vivian wasn't sure they didn't have buried cable with electricity so everyone would think they were authentic) and all the other sights we could think of close to Washington, D. C.

Those are just some of our 1983 adventures. When Vivian came in 1984 we took a trip through the New England States and the three Military Academes (Anapolis, West Point, Coast Guard) on the East Coast. Charles had taken her on a tour of the Air Force Academy. Drove along the Atlantic Coastline, looked at the many colorful trees and in general had a fun trip. The reason this all comes to mind is because as I looked for a good picture of Vivian, I came across our scrapbook with all the pictures of her visits and the wonderful memories.

The picture on the front page was taken at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania in front of George Washington's quarters. By the way, did you know that Martha Washington cooked for those troops quartered at Valley Forge. She was considered a hero by those men.



This picture was taken recently at Vivian's Nursing Home. L to R sitting are Stuart (Bill), Vivian and Bob. Standing is Nancy.

And, speaking of heroes, our sister Vivian is one in my book. She married Frank Beardslee while he was a soldier at Fort D.A. Russell, here in Cheyenne. They raised three children, Bob, Stuart and Nancy. There were many hard years and many good years but Vivian never lost her sense of humor and took the good and the bad and worked around everything.

Vivian also told of loving to play "honky tonk" piano, which was all the rage in her early years. If the piano player wasn't doing a good job, she would just scoot him off the bench and take over.

In the 70's, Frank was stricken with Alzheimer's and Vivian was his caretaker. During those years, the disease had not reached any type of recognition and there weren't any Adult Day Care

Facilities or home nursing provided. She cared for him by herself. For eight long and tortuous years, she was his soul caretaker, 24 hours a day. Vivian is responsible for an Alzheimer's Organization in the Austin Texas area and she fought hard for legislation to help the patients and the care givers. What Vivian has done in her lifetime could fill a novel and by rights she could have rested, but no that's not her style. She plays the piano and organ at her church, volunteers at the hospital on Saturdays, helped with the reading program at a nearby elementary school, took care of great grandchildren and this lovely lady has asked not for recognition, just for the love of her family. For a long time, she rode her lawn tractor, pruned her trees and planted all the flowers in her yard. Even now, as she goes through this painful process to regain the use of her legs and back, she still entertains the other residents in the nursing home by playing the piano so they can sing.

She told us she learned to play the piano at a very early age. Grandma Eidam payed for her lessons so she could play at the local theater. (Grandma Eidam thought they could win a little money or dishes or whatever the prize was) She said it was such fun, she doesn't remember winning any of the contests, but she loved getting up on the stage to play. They bought her a very fancy white dress and she had a great time.

She has my love and I'm sure the love of all her brothers, sisters, in-laws, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Send Vivian your birthday wishes for August 20, either to her home address (9007 Chisholm Lane, Austin, TX 78748) or via e-mail to Nancy Eckdall or Bob Beardslee. You can find their e-mail addresses in the directory at the end of the newsletter. Her phone number is 512-587-3797.

FROM STUART BEARDSLEE

I guess as I remember my childhood, Dad was always the dominate personality but Mom was always the quiet stabilizing influence in the house. She was always ready to shepherd us kids around when Dad was at work. Sometimes, when Bob and I has newspaper routes, the winter snow and cold would keep from riding our bikes, Mom would get the sled and put the papers on it, then walk the route with us.

Mom was never prejudiced. I can remember when Dad and Mom bought Bob and I the '40 chevy sedan to take to school. We were just a couple of blocks from school one day when a college student ran a stop sign and broadsided us. Dad worked with a black man who did body work and worked out a deal for him to repair the car. While he was at the house working on the car, mom would not hear of him eating in the basement by himself, he sat with us at the table.

One of her favorite sayings was "Life is too short to hold a grudge, forgive and let it go." She would never allow herself to be drawn into a neighborhood argument involving the children because she knew the children would have everything settled long before the parent could.

Mom didn't quote scripture, but lived her life and tried her best to get her children to live their lives according to the bible. She was long on patience but would not tolerate our mis-behaving in public and never said, "just wait until your father gets home." In today's world she would probably be charged with child abuse, she believed in a sound spanking when the occasion arose.

She was most famous for her spit baths before we ever got out of a car!!!!

Above all, she was a devoted and loving mother and I would not be what I am today if it was not for her positive influence on my life.

Happy Birthday, Mom, I love you very much,
Stuart

UPDATE

Quick update, received an e-mail from Bob Beardslee and he reports Vivian is out of the hospital and back in the nursing home on her regular schedule of twice a day therapy. She is working very hard to get home for her birthday. She can now receive phone calls and the 512-587-3797 number is good. It goes directly to her cell phone. She enjoys hearing from everyone so keep those cards and letters coming. Also, if you have any books you think she might enjoy, she would like "happy" stuff (you know Erma Bombeck and etc) and you can send it along. And, most important of all, keep those prayers coming.

ANNA'S MEMORIAL

Recently I received these two tributes to Anna from her daughters Nicki and Kathi. It is my

pleasure to add them to the August newsletter and let you know how much Anna and Norman were loved by her daughters.

FROM KATHI:

Thank you for the PBR in memory of Mom, but I guess I just have to add some thoughts. Here is my "rest of the story....." I remember a Mom who loved her daughters, all 3, with a passion and who would do anything within her power to make sure we were safe and secure. True, you might say that of any mother, but Mom was not just any mother. She loved all children and I imagine not being able to have her own was her greatest pain. Think about the choice she made and the opportunities she forfeited in order to keep a promise to a dying friend to raise her baby. For six years she devoted herself to loving & raising this baby - practically alone. Daddy's work even then took him away from home for days at a time. True, I wasn't there, but a lifetime of stories from Mom & Dad give me some idea of their life then. Perhaps June or Orpha or others of her sisters and brothers who were around then can fill in the details. In '45 they chose Nicki and barely a year later I was the lucky baby to be chosen by these wonderful people.

Our life overseas was exciting and full of opportunities, but for us, it was just life. Nicki & I were young enough that we grew up with that as 'normal'. I'm afraid we didn't fully appreciate all of it until we were grown and looking back. Now I understand what Mom went through to make life 'normal' for us. In all of those moves, I only remember once when Daddy traveled with us; and that time he conveniently broke his arm 2 weeks before we left so was unable to carry any bags. Every time, from the first trip to Jordan in '52 until the last child was packed off to college, Mom did it alone. Imagine the packing & shopping for 2 years worth of necessities for a family of 5. TP and toothpaste, Jell-O and baking powder, underwear and shoes. You get the picture. Wherever we lived most of the women had cooks, but not Mom. She would do all the cooking and daily baking for her family to make sure the food was safe. As a result we were always very healthy despite the most difficult circumstances. While in Jordan I contracted polio, but we didn't know this until our physical exams when we returned to the states. How I hated doing my exercises and wearing

corrective shoes and a night brace, but Mom, like mothers everywhere, knew that sometimes the future is worth it. Over all the years we had to get a myriad of shots every six months to keep our vaccinations current. I was such a brat about it that the only way to give me shots was for Mom to bring the vaccine home and do it herself.

In Jordan I remember "Sheik Ali Day" quite vividly. It was probably 40 years before I could eat rice without gagging! It also happened to be on or very near Nicki's birthday, so she was treated as a guest of honor. We were all sitting around this huge communal platter of rice with a lamb, head and all, in the center. Being the guest of honor gave her the 'privilege' of receiving the eyeball of the lamb to eat! Nicki was always a good sport and a diplomat, even at 7. I, on the other hand, cried and had a fit over everything. Mom let me know in no uncertain terms that we were guests and the pride of America would stand or fall based entirely on my behavior. Nicki was given a camel on that day and we were promised that Sheik Ali would take care of him for us until our return - someday. The Sheik felt regret for his dear friend, Norman, because he had no sons, so he generously offered him a wife to remedy that situation. He, on the other hand, greatly admired blondes, and wondered if a trade would be in order. Daddy politely declined. Another incident that stands out for me was in Cairo, Egypt when we were traveling from Korea to Nigeria. We had a one day layover so decided to go see the pyramids again. Mom had been the nurse who was responsible for shots and shot records in Korea, so we were all up to date and all records were accurate - all except hers. Someone else had to do her records. This was in January of 1961, but this other nurse had forgotten the new year and put January 1960 on Moms' record. The authorities in Cairo would not believe us and they put Mom under armed guard in quarantine for the day. She made Daddy take us sightseeing without her so that we would not sit around worrying about her. When they finally let us board our plane to leave, the armed guards escorted her onto the plane and stayed there until time for takeoff. Yes, Mom was always organized and picky about details, but many is the time our lives depended on her skills.

In all our travels Mom missed her family terribly. I don't know if any of you ever truly realized how much she loved you all and how very

proud she was of her family. She tried to make up for the lack of family by always 'adopting' a large one. Whether GI's in Korea or Peace Corps volunteers in Nigeria & Pakistan, we always had a house full of young people. There was never a Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner for less than 12-20. In Korea especially, we never knew how many would show up. The MP's would stop in for a quick turkey sandwich while on their rounds. We never knew when we would come home from school who would be asleep on the living room floor! Many of these young people became lifelong friends.

Yes, Mom & Dad were strict and expected the best behavior from us. Yes, we got spanked - often - and grounded - often - but we usually deserved it. Mom taught us to be compassionate, generous, tolerant of different cultures and religions. She had a wonderful sense of humor and a curiosity about life that kept our lives 'normal' in the midst of dirt, disease, scorpions, cockroaches and lizards on the bedroom ceiling. She wanted us to be independent women, involved in the world and our communities; educated and caring about what goes on in the world and able to take care of ourselves and our children without being dependent on anyone else. We, on the other hand, just wanted to have fun.

She was a wonderful mother and a great friend and I miss her terribly. We would go out of town to go shopping, and invariably got lost because we were so busy talking that we would miss our turnoff. Her greatest pleasure was holding a baby - any baby; but, especially her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. My greatest regret is that this next generation will not know Mom & Dad and not be able to help her in the kitchen and Daddy in the garden. Not hear her stories of growing up in a big family and snowstorms in Wyoming, or hear Daddy's train whistle and laugh at him taking out his teeth. We 3 were truly blessed with good fortune at the loving couple that chose to make us their family. These two wonderful people grew to truly love and cherish each other and especially their patchwork family. Caring for each other is what kept them going as long as they did, against all odds.

Kathi

From the editor: Kathi was Anna's caretaker for a very long time and will always treasure her time with Anna and Norman. Thanks Kathi!!!

AND, FROM NICKI:

Here's a little note for the "Rapper" of my memories of Mom.

I remember Anna Mary Brown French (Mom) as a generous caring loving person. Mom worked hard at being the best at all she tried to do. She wanted the best for her family. Her sisters and brothers were the benefactors of gifts from exotic places and always a helping hand whenever Mom knew of problems. She worked hard at raising three sometimes very difficult daughters always wanting the best for us though sometimes our goals did not agree, we felt the support for our decisions. Mom made the best of some very hard places to live always making a beautiful and welcoming home, no matter where. I remember Mom making a home away from home for dozens of homesick G.I.'s and Peace Corps volunteers. Every holiday was shared with many new faces that Mom took under her wing. Many of them called her "Mom" too. I remember her baking extra bread in Jordan so that when the destitute Palestinians in the camps of tents and caves came begging she would have something to give them.

Once a small girl came to the house with her Mother begging for food and I gave her my favorite doll because Mom told me that "there but for the grace of God go thee". We were taught the rewards of sharing from a very sharing Mom. She always encouraged us to do our best at what ever we tried. Mom was very proud of her family and very protective of us all too. The story I remember her telling of the boy in Cheyenne that hit her little brother, Stuart, on the head is the best illustration. She chased him all the way into his own house to give him the thrashing he deserved.

Mom always stood up for us even though many times she didn't agree. I remember Mom always made the distinction between the terms "housewife" and "homemaker". She was always a "homemaker". She spent endless hours in the kitchen cooking the most delicious meals. My husband once asked me why I didn't cook like my mom. I don't think anyone could. To this day I love tuna casserole even though many stick their noses up at the suggestion. Mom made a great home for all of us and we miss her wonderful care and dry sense of humor every day. I know that she and Dad are back together watching over us all, sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews, daughters,

grandchildren and great grandchildren. We are so lucky having our memories. They can't be taken from us.

Nicki

Thank you ladies for your contributions to the PBR, I hope many more will contribute their thoughts and memories of Anna, Vivian or any body else.

You are right, she was one of the best cooks in the world and if you complimented her on any of her meals, she always said, "it was nothing special!" even though it was the best. Not only was she terrific, she was humble. She also loved babies. All babies, any babies. She and Norman had put in to adopt two little boys and the paper work was about to be accomplished when Norman was sent to Jordan. They wouldn't let them have the children if they were leaving the country. Anna was sure she could try again when they returned. This was not to be, but by the time they were done with their overseas travel, she began to have grand-children. So, she had new babies to spoil.

Bob and I just returned from Yellowstone National Park. We love going there and enjoying nature at it's best (and humanity at it dumbest!) The trip brought to mind the first time I visited the park. I was only six, so only the most traumatic of events are vivid in my mind: being car sick and getting washed off with snow along the side of the road, getting lost in the camper cabin area, finding the obsidian rocks, "Old Faithful", and the petrified tree. The trip was made because Anna had a nurses conference in the park. She loaded us up in her old Ford (Mom, June, Pat, baby Sandy and myself) and took us along. Mother would always go at the drop of a hat. Yellowstone was her all time favorite destination. Anna and Norman shared her love of the Park and went there whenever possible. A visit to Yellowstone is never complete without the memories of my first trip with Anna.

FROM MIKE

For whatever reason, Anna's and my paths crossed many times over the past 40 years. I vaguely remember visiting Casper when she and her family lived there, and some of their early visits to Cheyenne, but my first real memories start in the early 1960's when I was shipped to Japan with the Marines. Anna, Norman, Nicky and Kathy were

living in Korea at the time so we had 3 or 4 occasions to get together, usually in Japan but once in Korea. At one of our first reunions we were having drinks before dinner at an officer's club. I was 19 and had barely graduated from 3.2 beer in Colorado, but I had heard of scotch and how it was the drink of sophisticates. I ordered a scotch and 7UP....OOPS!!! I was immediately informed only a heathen would ruin good scotch with a flavored mix - straight, on the rocks, with water or with soda were the only acceptable options for scotch (and for that matter, any other good whiskey). To this day, I have never disobeyed the rule.

This was only one of many lessons I learned from Anna about etiquette, and the "what's and how's" of acceptable behavior in a "high class" setting. However, she was not above having fun with some of the stuffy protocols she encountered. When I was in Seoul, she took me to a party at a friend's home. Anna took me around, introducing me to everyone as "my brother, a Marine stationed in Japan." I was immediately accepted and brought into the conversations. Things were going well until I was in a group with some Colonels, Generals, Navy Captains and Admirals, and was asked my rank. I answered Lance Corporal - which was just being reintroduced in the Marines. There was a moment of quiet, then I was asked what a Lance Corporal was. I naively explained it was an E3. I very quickly found myself standing along. Anna thought this was hilarious and began taking every opportunity she found to set up the stuffier officers when she introduced me. I was a long way from my base and its officers, drinking scotch and water, so I didn't care. This joke reached its pinnacle when we met in Japan for the last time. They took me to dinner in a club for Colonels and up (Norman's civilian rank was equal to a full colonel). Things would have been fine except I was in uniform and nearly caused the other patrons to suffer apoplexy. I'm sure things have changed over the last 40 years and our own Colonel (Vivian's grandson Bob Beardslee) would be more than happy to socialize with a poor Marine Lance Corporal.

During my trip to Korea we had a great time. One day we drove up to Panmunjom to see the site of the peace talks. It was exciting and a bit troubling seeing North Korean soldiers everywhere. The DMZ with opposing troops on each side ready

to fight at the slightest provocation and the actual building and table where the talks took place.

Nicky and Kathy enjoyed having Uncle Mike there and took great pleasure in setting me up when the occasion arose. We were going to a movie at another part of the American compound. To get there we had to leave one section, drive across the street and enter the other section. There was (and probably still is) a great tradition where Korean women, called "Moose," patrolled outside the gates of military installations in hopes of enticing young, male Americans to purchase their wares (I'm trying to be graceful here). I was not forewarned, of course, and as I drove out of the gate the girls immediately ducked down and became invisible. The car was quickly engulfed in a sea of "Moose" displaying various body parts and telling me what I could expect if I would pay a small price. The giggles from the back let me know I had been had. I later learned you don't have to be alone to get approached. Anna and I drove out on another occasion and the same scene developed. Anna, of course, acted very shocked but deep down thought it was hilarious.



Mike, Anna, Kathi, Nicki, Easter 1960, Korea

My most poignant memory was our call to Mom on Easter of 1960. It was the first time I realized how seriously ill she was. She died shortly after our call and I have always been glad Anna was in Japan and made the call, otherwise I probably would have waited until Mothers Day which would have been too late.

Nanette first met Anna and Norman in December of 1961. We had just married and moved to Yuma, Arizona. Leonard and Orpha invited us to Safford for Christmas, Nanette's first one away from home. Anna and Norman stayed in Safford a few more days, then came to Yuma on

their way to California. In a typical military fashion, my pay and travel reimbursement was working their way through channels, and we were flat broke. As I remember, we had about \$5 cash and a lot of promises about the checks being in the mail. When they arrived, Anna saw our cupboards were bare. Without a word, she went to the store and loaded up on food - much more than we needed to fix them dinner. It was done without question, just pure generosity. She and Norman immediately owned a large piece of Nanette's heart and an increased part of mine. A few days later we met in Pasadena where they had arranged Rose Bowl tickets for us.

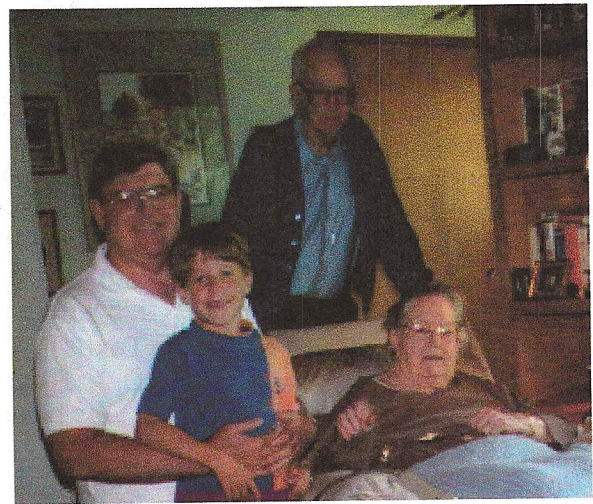
Later in the 60's we again crossed paths. I was attending the University of Wyoming, as were Nicki and Kathi and Anna and Norman decided to make Laramie their home. There is one story Nanette like to tell (and embellish) about the aftermath of an excursion train trip from Laramie to Fox Park and back. I was very "tired" and fell asleep in the bathroom (our only bathroom). Nanette was a little upset because she and the kids couldn't get in, so she called Anna and Norman for help. Anna thought it was hilarious and told Nanette to leave me lay, but with urging she roused me and got me out. They surely saved me from a horrible fate at the hands of an irate spouse.

In 1990, Nanette and I made the trip to Oregon to help celebrate Anna and Norman's 50th wedding anniversary. What an interesting and educational trip! Many friends from the years Norman was in foreign service attended. The stories flew like confetti in the wind and the feelings of love and camaraderie abounded. I had seen some of this in Korea, but nothing like we found at this get together. It is hard to believe how different their lives had been because of the places they lived and work they did.



Anna and Norman's 50th. I to r: Anna, Leah, Norman, Willis, Vivian, June, Nanette, Mike, Alice and Roy.

The last time we saw Anna and Norman was in June of 1996 in Milton-Freewater. Nanette, our grandson Michael, and I were in Oregon to meet our new granddaughter, Rebecca. We took a side trip to Western Oregon to spend the day with them. Anna was in a wheelchair, but doing okay, and Norman seemed to be fine. As you would expect, Norman and 7 year old Michael bonded immediately. They toured the garden and the roses, and Michael learned a great deal about everything grown in the yard. We spend the afternoon visiting and the subject turned to Norman's adventures in Africa. He began telling the story of the lion who was lurking around their camp one evening. As the tale unfolded and became more exciting, Michael hung on every word. When it ended he sat silent for a moment, then, looked Norman in the eye and said, "Yeah, right!!" Even the great ones have their skeptics.



This picture was taken when in 1996. I to r: Mike, Grandson Michael, Norman and Anna

Anna and Norman were very special to Nanette and me, and will always have a place in our hearts. We had the opportunity to see a warm, humorous side of Anna many missed. Their generosity and genuine concern for our well being was always evident, and greatly appreciated. I have been blessed with a wonderful family — wife, children, grandchildren, parents, brothers, sisters and in-laws. Anna and Norman stand tall in this illustrious group.

Thanks for your contributions, Kathi, Nicki and Mike. September will be Leonard and Betty.

New information regarding Dad's Military Career

Dad was born in Grayson, Georgia, Dec. 4, 1889. (Not Gloster like I've been telling you, his family lived in Gloster at some point after the children were born.) On March 18, 1907 he joined the US Army at Chicago, Illinois. He listed his age as 20 years and 3 months, even though he was actually 17 years and 3 months, a difference of three years. He was sent directly to Columbus Barracks, Ohio where he was assigned to Company K, 30th Infantry. His physical description was blue eyes, lt. Brown hair, ruddy complexion, 5'9" tall. He was single and his occupation: Tinner.

From Columbus Barracks he was sent to Fort Crook, Nebraska (now Offutt AFB at Omaha) and began his training for the Philippines. (In the June PBR, I put in the dates and etc for the Philippines.) He returned from the Philippines in 1909. He qualified as a Sharp Shooter on April 3, 1909.

I don't know where he was during 1910 but he was discharged from Co. I, 20th Infantry on March 21, 1910. His character was listed as "Excellent."

Then again on March 4, 1911 he re-enlisted in Atlanta, Georgia. He must have forgotten what age he used because this time he said he was 25 years and 3 months, a difference of four years. He was assigned to Battery F, 4th Field Artillery and again sent to Columbus Barracks, Ohio where he began training to go to San Antonio, Texas.

At what point he was sent to Fort D. A. Russell is not recorded however, we know he was here in 1912.

Physical descriptions are listed on the enlistment records. At some point he grew an inch, his height was listed as 5'9" on the first and 5'10" on the second. The first enlistment lists various scars and the second enlistment records all the tattoos he had done in the Philippines. The "Eagle with Manilla P.I. 1907," "Eagle with Manilla P.I. 1908," "Dragons Head," and "Dagger." He had a story to go with each of those tattoos and as the years went by, the story got a little more vivid.

I hope Frank knows how much I appreciate his help with my research. He obtained this information from the National Archives. Thanks Frank, this is great!!!

August Birthdays

Alice Brown — 4th

Bob VanAlyne — 18th

Vivian Beardslee — 20th

September Birthdays

Nancy Treadway — 9th

Bob Treadway — 21st

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