

Plain Brown Rapper

News of the Tandy & Grace Brown Family

September, 1999



Leonard and Orpha During their Norwegian Cruise in 1992. A happy time.

Betty and Leonard

It was my intention to dedicate this month's PBR to our brother Leonard and sister Betty however, I'm still collecting information and pictures and will try for October. These two were a couple of fun people and there must be lots of memories out there. Betty was a beautiful girl, who looked a lot like mother in her younger years. She was thin and dark. Her hair was black and her eyes deep blue. She graduated from Cheyenne High School and attended Hastings College after graduation to work on a Teaching Certificate. After completion of her Teaching Certificate, she taught in a one room school house on the Brownell ranch at Iron Mountain, about 30 NW of Cheyenne. While there she met and married Charlie Sylvester, one of the Brownell's hired hands. Soon Ilene was born and then Sally. When World War II came, Charlie went off to the Army. He landed at D-Day and was wounded three times during his tour of duty in Europe. We always dreaded seeing the Western Union Boy come because it usually meant he had been wounded again.

(Frank and Roy were also serving in World War II and seeing the Western Union was always a difficult time. In this day and age, any information is delivered by an officer in the branch represented.)

After the war, Donna was born and sadly, shortly after her birth Betty passed away. Betty was a kind and generous person, she often went to Girl Scout Camp with us when we didn't have enough counselors. During the war, Betty worked at the Modification Center in Cheyenne and lived at home.

All of us remember having Ilene and Sally living at home during those days. We called Sally a "Gremlin" because she was so busy. Every time we had her dressed and ready for Sunday School, she would go out and wade in the fish pond. This was probably not a problem except shoes could only be obtained by having the necessary ration coupons and at best they were made with as much cardboard as possible. Needless to say, we kept Sally barefoot as much as possible because leather was used in the war effort.

Betty was closest to Leah and June and they have both promised me some memories.

Leonard was a comedian. He kept us laughing all the time. Anyone with memories of Leonard will have funny ones to tell. He could walk into a room and fall flat on his face, just like Dick VanDyke. I don't believe he had a serious bone in his body. At a family dinner one night he stood, put his foot on the chair and pretended the steak was tough to cut. Undaunted, the waitress went into the kitchen and brought out the biggest knife we ever saw. That was one of the few times someone got the best of him.

Leonard could carve beautiful works of art from pieces of wood. I don't know how many of you are privileged to have one of his carvings, but I imagine all of you remember the bars of soap. During the war, soap was sort of rationed and not easy to come by. Mother bought case lots of everything and bar soap was no exception. Leonard would take the bars of Ivory Soap and carve them into all sorts of animals. Mother probably wanted to strangle him.

There are endless fun things to remember about Betty and Leonard and if anyone has pictures of Betty, I would really love to copy them. I know they are out there, I just don't have any. Please send your memories and lets let the rest of the family know about two wonderful people who made an impact on our lives.

That time of year

Fall is coming to the high country. Our cabin is at 9000 ft and the nights are cool.....makes for easy sleeping. The willow trees along the creek have begun to change, the Elderberry bush is almost ripe and there is a bumper crop of wild raspberry. These will soon be picked clean by the birds and little critters.

The migrating birds have gone as have the bats. We miss the bats, they keep the bugs away. There are not as many campers in the forest because school has started and only the hunters staking out their hunting camps are around. As we sat on the edge of a clearing the other evening, a couple of elk emerged from the forest. The grass is high and green, we've had lots of rain and when they first came into sight they held their heads high, looking to be sure all was well before starting to graze. Soon another appeared followed by several more until there was a band of elk in the clearing. There was a large bull, several cows and almost as many calves. It was a magnificent sight.

Just above the cabin the Forest Service has established a wild game habitat and so we are blessed with many sightings; deer, elk, moose an occasional mountain lion and even bear. We have the comical humming birds and noisy jays. It is fun just listening to their chatter.

Fall means its time to think about closing the cabin. The Aspen trees will turn gold and there is a chill in the air. During the winter the cabin is covered with lots of snow and each spring we hope the roof has held. However, for these few short weeks, we can enjoy the solitude of being alone, watching a little Kit Fox slip by the cabin on his way to hunt for food. The wily Marten peeks his head from the rock pile to see if any unsuspecting mice are about and squirrels make a thousand trips up and down the pine trees gathering nuts for the winter. We laugh at the antics of the Blue Jays chasing the squirrels out of their trees. Fall, an end to summer, but the beginning of storing supplies for winter.

It is my hope wherever you are you can take time from your busy lives and drive up into the forest to see the colors as Mother Nature turns them into show pieces. Our family living in the Eastern part of the states have the bright oranges, reds, bronzes and purples. Through the Rockies we have the Aspen turning the mountains into gold. On the west coast they have some exciting Red Maples and Cedars.

Everywhere, there is color you can enjoy, no matter where you are.

Preparing for Y2K

Hope you are all prepared for Y2K. Quite frankly I'm not sure why those printers couldn't have taken care of everything themselves. It is a real pain in the neck to have to take every calendar in the house and change all the Y's to K's and I think Januark and Februark are really dumb!!!!

(just a joke)

Some memories from Charles

As I was driving up to Casper in June for June's 80th Birthday Party, I was reminded of the trips I took with Frank Beardslee when he was going to a lumber mill at the foot of Laramie Peak, Northwest of Wheatland, Wyoming. I think I was 13 or 14 at the time. We would leave early in the morning in his 2 ton Chevy truck and arrive at the mill about midmorning. We would load up with as many "slabs" (side cuts from logs) as the truck would hold. When we finished loading, we had lunches we brought with us and then headed for Cheyenne.

The best part of the trip was traveling old highway US 87 (now I-25) through downtown Wheatland. Frank always stopped at a drugstore with a fountain and treated me to an ice cream sundae. I remember I always ordered a butterscotch sundae, still do today.

I don't remember what was done with the load, but I do remember cutting up a bunch of them for Mom's wood stove.

Another time I remember was in the Spring of 1949, after my discharge from the Marines. I went to their farm near Buckeye, Colorado and helped with the farm chores. I recall how hard they worked that farm, Frank irrigating sugar beets and alfalfa day and night, and Vivian cooking great meals for us. I particularly remember the fried chicken we had for breakfast. It really hit the spot before a long day in the field.

(Be my bet there were biscuits and gravy with the chicken. Charles loves biscuits and gravy.)

There was an old International tractor with a plow on the back. Seemed like it took an eternity plowing the fields. Then there was the "hay baler....." I'm sure it was the first one ever made. Took the whole family to operate. One to drive the tractor, one to pitch the alfalfa into the hopper, two to feed the baling wire into the bale section, then one to catch the wood blocks

that separate the bales and pass it back for the next bale. I guess the most memorable part of that job was the "chafe" from the alfalfa getting down my sweaty back and creating an itchy situation. Thinking back, I gained a great respect for a hard working family; Vivian, Frank, Bob, Bill and Nancy.

Another fond memory I have is of Anna and Norman. It was the same year (1949) after I left the farm and went to Casper to visit for a couple of weeks in June. Norman had started to hand dig a new well for their place on Alcova Road so I decided I would help him. The well was about 6 feet in diameter and we finally finished about 8 feet deep. We dug through some of the hardest clay I had ever seen. We chipped away with picks and bars then loaded the dirt in buckets and pulled it to the surface. I don't remember if we ever hit water, but I do remember how hot it can get in Casper in the summer. I had to leave after the middle of June to start a job with Read Construction Company on a highway job between Mountain Home, Wyoming and Cowdrey, Colorado.

Editors note: Want to thank Charles for his memories. I, too, can remember the huge stack of slabs in the yard. Mother thought she was in heaven with all that nice wood to burn. And, I can remember helping one time ("one" being the operative word) on the baler and having to run along behind to pick up the blocks. We had a great time and then we went to the irrigation ditch to take a bath. We did more playing than anything else and lost the soap, Vivian was not a happy camper. I don't know how Norman's well turned out, maybe Joanne can remember.



Charles and LaVena on his July, 1999 birthday cruise to Alaska aboard the "Viking of the Seas." Another happy time.

An Anniversary of Sorts

Forty years ago, August of 1959 there was an earthquake in Yellowstone National Park. We were there, driving on all those ill fated roads the day before the quake occurred. A family, whose daughter I taught piano lessons, invited us to join them at the "Dude for a Day" Ranch close to Moran Junction, Wyoming. They lived in Chugwater and every Saturday morning I would travel there, teach about 10 students and return home. Everyone in Chugwater was nice and this particular family was no exception. She worked at the bank and he was a farmer and hunting guide. They had leased the Dude Ranch for his hunting guide business and the rest of the time, used it as a vacation retreat.

They had called to invited us to join them and when Bob and I weren't home, they called mother's house and she talked to them. Mother loved Jackson Hole and Yellowstone more than all the world so she accepted the invitation for us and invited herself along.

Mom, Bob and I, our children Bobby, Barbara and Roger and I think Donna came along too, all went to Jackson Hole, spent several great days (mother always caught the largest fish) and then journeyed into Yellowstone before coming home. We left the Park going as far as Casper where we descended (all 7 of us) on June and George. The next morning when we woke up, we were greeted with the news about the earthquake. The awful part was, we didn't have enough sense to be grateful to have left the Park the day before and not go through all the trauma of an earthquake, we were just disappointed at not being able to see what happened.

This was mother's last trip to Yellowstone. I'm sure she would love to have seen the changes in the landscape made by the quake and the fire of '88. We were there again this summer. It is so fascinating to see the recovery of the park in the 11 years since those devastating fires. The wild flowers are breath taking. And the Buffalo are obnoxious.

There has been more seismic activity in Yellowstone this summer. Old Faithful is very unpredictable and erupts at odd intervals. They try to predict the next showing with a 45 minute leeway. Who knows what is in the future. Maybe more changes and even more spectacular sights. Dolfe

The Family Vacation

It is impossible to think about traveling with mother not to remember our first family vacation. In July of 1958, we went to California. There was Mom, Bob and I, Bobby (6), Barbara (5) and Roger (15 months).

Mom had \$120, We had \$120 and a Standard Oil Credit Card plus. This was a major event in our lives and to put things in perspective, gas was about 20 cents a gallon and a motel room was \$3 or \$5 a night, depending on how picky you were.

We had a 1956 Nash Rambler Station Wagon with imitation cowhide seats which all laid down to make a bed. (Very new, in '56, Nash was the only one making lay down seats) I had purchased every clothing item in the Spiegel Catalog so we would be dressed beautifully and our luggage was two huge footlockers. We also carried a tent, sleeping bags, cooking utensils, food and, of course, mothers luggage. We had the back full as well as the luggage rack on top. We must have looked like the Clampetts.

On the departure day, Bob carefully packed the car and we went to pick up mother. Mother had Bob unpack the car and pack it to her specifications. Bob stood there looking dazed, but did it none the less. I should have realized what the future held, but I didn't care, I just wanted to go on a trip.

At that point in our life, Bob thought a trip meant going from point A to point B without any side trips. Mother's idea of a trip meant going from point A to point B with as many side trips as possible and changing plans all along the way.

At each stop, when mother was out of ear shot, Bob would say, "You tell your mother....." and I would say, "not me, you tell her if you want her to know!" The trip was a riot. This is only humorous if you remember Mother and what kind of person she was. She was in charge and there wasn't any questioning. We not only stopped in Salt Lake City, we toured the Temple and the Great Salt Lake. We side tripped to Zion, because it was only 30 miles off the road, zoomed through Las Vegas as though it had the plague (she did not allow stopping at that den of inequity) and went to Hoover Dam because it was only 20 miles off the road.

We finally reached our destination and had a great time. We went to Disneyland (at that time, you used coupons for each ride) and when mother would tire, she would take her railroad pass and ride the train. Since Dad was a conductor for the Union Pacific and the train at Disneyland was Union Pacific, you could

do just that. Roger had a cast from his toes to his knee, he had fallen off a slide and had a hairline fracture on his foot, so mother would take him on the train with her and the two of them had a great time.

When it became time to leave Long Beach, mother decided we should go up to Oregon and see Roy and Alice. Well, we still had plenty of vacation time and of course, I was game, I had never been to Oregon. However, it wasn't as simple as that, we must go to the Sequoia National Forest and camp in a tent. (The ants there are as big as dogs) From there we went to Sacramento to see Aunt Lena (where mother warned us not to eat the vegetables because Lena didn't wash them properly) and on up the coastal highway into the Redwoods and Oregon. It was absolutely the most beautiful trip in the world.

From there we went to Roy's where we spent a few days. He and Alice had the grandest house. It was a beautiful two story house with a screened in sleeping porch and bedrooms galore. It was wonderful. I had never seen such big, colorful dahlias in my life. After we were there a while the decision was made (by mother) to add Denny and Rosemary to our journey home. We took about a ton of luggage to the train and shipped it home on mother's Union Pacific Pass, added Denny and Rosemary to our little Nash Rambler with the imitation cowhide seats and away we went.

Later, Alice confided to me she just wasn't sure it was the safest thing to be sending her two precious children with this crew that looked very much like The Grapes of Wrath. But, I was an optimist, Mother was determined and by this time Bob knew it would be better just to keep quiet, accept his fate and hope for the best.

Nothing would do, but we must go through Montana and down into Yellowstone. We saw a moose grazing in a pasture and mother wanted to get a closer look. We left the road, hit a rock and punctured a hold in the gas tank. We didn't realize it for quite a while and finally in Dubois, Wyoming, a kindly Gas Station Attendant used a bar of soap to plug the hole for us until we could get home. Don't ask, I don't know why, I just know it worked.

We made it home. None the worse for wear. Bob swears it was this trip that gave him all his stomach problems and this is why he has to take "tums." "Nonsense," I say, "this was a learning experience."

As we drove into mother's yard, the right rear tire let out all its air. We had so much stuff in the car (and people) that we wore out the rim and it just expired. Why did it wait until we got home instead of on the

road? Who knows! Why didn't anything bad happen to us in that 3 week, 3500 mile trip? Who knows! What's the saying about God watching out for drunks and damn fools? Well, we didn't drink in those days.

Bob and I are still married, this year we will celebrate 48 years. We often laugh at that trip. He is sure he learned all his travel tips from mother, and I believe he is right. We travel a great deal and when we see a road that leads to...who knows where, we often take it and laugh about it only being "30 miles" out of the way. (Mother's favorite line.) We have discovered some beautiful places and experienced happenings we would never have encountered if we hadn't take a road or two and gotten lost a time or two. We always wish Mother was along to share these places with us. If we hadn't been lost we would never have found the wonderful restaurant out on Cedar Point in Sandusky, Ohio or the Sky Chalet Inn in the Shanandoah Mountains or Hemmingway's on the Chesapeake Bay or on and on. We always thank God at the end of our journeys and then add a little nod for mother because we are sure she is up there ramroding the trip, telling us where to go next.

Dolfe

Speaking of Mother

In May, Bob and I traveled (see what I told you) to Arkansas to see if we could find any information about Mother's family. We had a great trip and many humorous moments.

If you want to trace your Indian Heritage, don't bother to go to the Cherokee Headquarters. When we were there they were having an election and couldn't be bothered with us. However, we do know, if someone left Oklahoma, they are no longer carried on the rolls and not considered Indian.

From there we went to a place called Kansas, Oklahoma which is the last address I have of Will Parker, Grandma Eidam's first husband, step-father for Grace and father of Edna. He is buried in Jay, Oklahoma and his wife's name was Eve.

From there, we went to Eureka Springs, Arkansas. On the map it says there are 1900 people in Eureka Springs, well, don't you believe it, there are that many motels. It is a beautiful place right in the center of the Ozarks and there were flowers everywhere. I can see why mother loved the area.

There wasn't any information in the town of Eureka Springs, only a lot of people who either don't like their

jobs or the people they work with. They were big time grouchy.

We traveled on a bit to Berryville, Arkansas the County Seat of Carroll County and there we found very nice people and a very good Historical Society with lots of information.

Charles might find it interesting to note that Carroll County Arkansas has two county seats. Berryville and Eureka Springs. They each have all the elected officials and etc. Since they were so tense in Eureka Springs I didn't ask why, however, the answer might be another story.

Probably most important and of course the only part of the family we could research was Grandma Eidam. She was born Mary Elizabeth (Mollie) Davis, oldest daughter of James Blackburn Davis and Caroline Caldonia Hall. Caldonia or Callie as she was called, was a midwife and evidently delivered around 500 babies. I'm unable to find out what James' occupation was, probably a farmer or a miller. There isn't any reference.

James' father was James Turner Davis, referred to as Turner Davis. He was an Herb Doctor receiving his training in Tennessee. He practiced medicine at a Springfield, Missouri hospital during the Civil War. There is some dispute as to his allegiance, one report says he was a Confederate Doctor and one says he was a Union Doctor. If I can find out for sure, I'll let you know at a later time.

Turner Davis married Caroline Prince Jackson and she claimed to be the first cousin of Stonewall Jackson. This also needs to be confirmed before we can say for sure. I have the Stonewall Jackson Lineage, however, until I find out who her father was, I can't be sure.

Callie's father was Thomas Hall. He was a saloon keeper and mother's recollection of him was of a man with many scars from brawls in his saloon. I don't think she was terribly fond of him.

Callie's mother was Lonigry and I do not have her maiden name or any information about her.

The people at the Carroll County Historical Society were just wonderful. I would love to go there again. I am currently corresponding with a Charles Davis in California. He seems to be the family genealogist and promises more help. Stay tuned for the next chapter.

Vivian's Birthday

Understand Vivian had a great birthday party at the Nursing home. Cake and Ice Cream and about a jillion cards. Her progress is slow and sometimes she feels like its going nowhere but she loves our cards and letters and I hope you will keep them coming.

Congratulations Kerry

Kerry Smith, (June's son) has just received an appointment as Principal of the Rawlins, Wyoming Middle School. Congratulations Kerry, those students are lucky to have such a talented educator to help them through their 6th-7th & 8th grade years.

Also

Kirk and Terry Smith are busy building a cabin. It is closed in now and they can start working on the inside. How about some pictures? We would all love to share your progress.

You saw it here first!!!

What would you say if a movie company knocked on your door and said Melissa Gilbert and Rosanna Arquette would like to use your house to make a movie? Well, Denny and Marty Brown said "come on in."

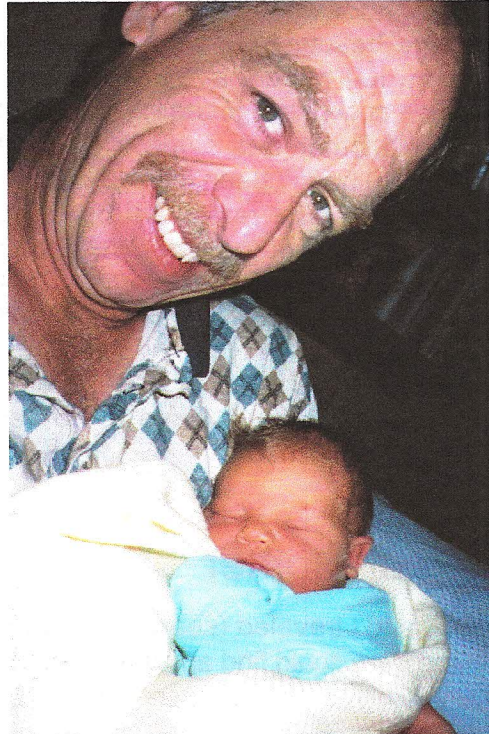
Denny and Marty own a beautiful home in Newburg, Oregon. Much like the one Alice and Roy had in 1958 when we were there. It is all the more beautiful because these two talented people have done so many great projects around the house and you will be very impressed when you see it on TV.

This will be a "made for TV" movie by CBS. It is based on a true story of two babies switched at birth. The title and the release date have yet to be announced. As soon as I get any information, I will put it in the PBR. SEE IT HERE FIRST!!!

Denny and Marty are going to write a story for the PBR about what it is like to have a filming company come in and use your house just as soon as she can pry Denny away from watching the movie stars. We'll all find out if they are as beautiful in real life as on the screen. Its my understanding they are very nice.

Alice, who has been directing the film (just kidding) said the people are really nice. She has been to the set to watch the filming and says its lots of fun. Roy says its boring and all they do is say "quiet" and put you behind a tree so you can't get in the way. Whatever happens, we'll all be anxious to see the star of the movie "Marty and Denny's house" on TV.

Babies, beautiful babies



Tandy and his first grandson, Nathaniel Tandy Brown

Grandfathers are worse by far than Grandmothers as far as bragging goes.

Tandy announces the birth of his first Grandson, Nathaniel Tandy Brown who arrived in August, weighed in at 8 pounds and is 21 Inches long. He is not only handsome, smart and wonderful, he can count to 100, say the alphabet and sing the Star Spangled Banner. (Just kidding, the Star Spangled Banner is too hard for a tiny baby) Little Tandy is one of the lucky ones to arrive into the arms of such a loving family. Congratulations Jenny! And good luck with your dad!!!!

Frank & Marilyn are coming to town so we will go down to Tandy's Restaurant, The Dunraven Inn, in

Estes Park on Saturday the 4th of September.

Pictures and stories in the October PRB

TRY THESE WEB PAGES

WWW.CHUCKBROWN.ORG - Charles

WWW.PRIVATEINFO.COM - Mike Wheelless

E-mail addresses:

WELCOME TO NEW E-MAIL USERS:

Ken Brown ken.brown@som.com

Nancy Beardslee Ekdahl nancyek@fbg.net
 Stuart Beardslee sbeards@ibm.net
 Bob Beardslee beard1@flash.net
 Bill Beardslee bbeards@flash.net
 Mike Wheelless michael@privateinfo.com
 Joanne Jacka jojacka@cruzio.com
 Nicky Schumacher Schumach@desertlinc.com
 Kathy Yenney Yenney@bmi.net
 Denny Brown makbrown01@aol.com
 Jim & Terry Smith turbines@pacbell.net
 Gregg Smith gregg_a_smith@email.msn.com
 Kerry Smith kbsmith@trib.com
 Kirk & Terry Smith KTM22@Juno.com
Frank Fbrown6940@aol.com
 Stuart Brown RavelloLMB@aol.com
Charles Chuck_Brown@co.el-paso.co.us
 Ken Brown ken.brown@som.com
 Cindy Brown cindy@kolmar.com
 Natalie Brown brownat@juno.com
Nancy ntreadway@sisna.com
 Mary Mauderer Mauderer@swbell.net
 Martha Wyrsch gjwyrsch@xplorenet.com
Dolfe dolfe96@aol.com
 Roger VanAlyne rogr66pony@aol.com
 Rodney VanAlyne vanalyne@plix.com
 Jan VanAlyne nrsmom665@aol.com
Mike MikeBrown@realtor.com
 Amy Johnston sjohns8317@aol.com
Sally viersenx2@uswest.net
 Jenny Petrella rand1@flash.net
 Jimmy Viersen mstngfan@hotmail.com

The Family Album

Please remember the Family Album for release in early 2000. (Will family be spelled familk in Y2K?)

There are three pictures in this months PBR and you can use them as an example of what I'm looking for. Photographs, Christmas photos or even commercial ones (since I'm not selling anything its OK) will be great. Also a little bio to go along. I'll send a sample page in October so you can see what I'm looking for. Now that summer is over maybe there is a special photo you could share with the family. Hope so.

Thanks - dolfe

PS Send along your memories. We love having them to pass on to the family. They love reading them.

send your e-mail address. It's proving to be an effective communication tool.