
Plain Brown Rapper

News for the Tandy & Grace Brown Family

November, 1999

Salute to Our Veterans

This month I am sending you Military History's from some of members of the Brown Family. As hard as I have tried, I'm sure there are veterans not mentioned here. Please send me your history and picture and I promise you too can be a head liner in the Plain Brown Rapper.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR

The family's United States Military History begins with the Revolutionary War. Edward Nash had come to Virginia from Wales, moved to the Carolinas and served in the North Carolina Militia under General Greene. He was wounded at Guilford Courthouse and was present at Yorktown. After the Revolutionary War, he moved to Laurens County South Carolina.

Edward Nash married Lucinda Bell and they had ten children.

CIVIL WAR (1861 - 1865)

Tandy William Brown, Robert Bolt Nash (Grandson of Edward Nash), William Milton Nash and Thomas Washington Nash all fought for the Confederate Army with the Georgia Militia. James Turner Davis (Mother's Grandfather) was a Doctor during the Civil War and worked in a hospital in Springfield, Missouri. I won't go into their history because you all have copies of "Dear Father" and you can read about them any time. If you don't have a copy of the book, just drop me a note and I'll be sure to get you one.

PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION (1889-1909)

Our Father Tandy Parks Brown was in the Army during the last years of the Philippine Insurrection (1907-1909). His military career has been the focus of my ongoing search for family history and has been presented in several issues of the PBR.

As far as I can tell, no one served during World War I. Some of Dad's brothers did, but I am not including them here.

PEACE TIME SERVICE (1920 - 1940)

Shortly after World War I, Frank Beardslee joined the Army and he was stationed at Fort D. A. Russell. There he met Vivian and they married.---- Wish I had his history!

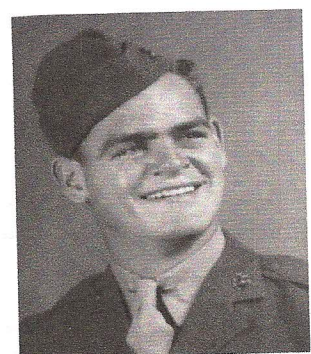
WORLD WAR II (1941-1945)

In 1940, Roy was activated with the 115th Cavalry Band of the Wyoming National Guard. They were sent to Fort Lewis Washington where he served in a Special Services Unit. While he didn't leave the states, his job was extremely important. The Special Services Units served many details, guarding the shore line, entertaining the troops and etc. He played back up for many entertainers who performed for the men in uniform. Jack Benny and Rochester are a couple I remember Roy telling about.

Roy is very modest about his service and seems to think it was not very important, but I will tell you everyone who served in wartime was very important and no job was too small.



Roy, early 1940's



Frank, 1942

In 1942, our brother Frank joined the Marines. Frank wrote this narration:

After graduating from High School, I tried to join the Navy to attend the School of Music, but was turned down and offered a chance to be a sailor. A

buddy and I had gotten the idea we could join the Horse Marines. They had been active in the Central American Wars prior to World War II. The Marine recruiter convinced us they were no longer in existence so we gave that up. Shortly after, 19 year old men were required to register for the draft, I registered, then went over to the Marine recruiter and picked up the enlistment papers. Mom signed them and I received orders to report to Denver for a physical on July 11, 1942. I went a day early and visited Elitch Gardens as a going away present to me. I passed the physical, of course, and was put on a train to San Diego. We actually went to Los Angeles and then transferred to a bus for the trip to the San Diego Marine Corps Base. As we went through the gates to the base, we were greeted with calls of 'You'll be sorry!!' A number of times during Boot Camp I wholeheartedly agreed. I made the rank of Acting Corporal."

"I finally finished boot camp and entered Radio School. After Radio School I was assigned to Company D, 3rd Tank Battalion, of the 3rd Marine Division which was just forming. I was sent to Camp Elliott, then to Camp Pendleton where we trained before going overseas. Before we loaded up for overseas, I was given a short leave and Mother came to see me. We got a room in Los Angeles and spent the rest of my leave sight seeing around Los Angeles. We had a good time and some tears were shed when I took her to the train station for her trip home."

"I reported back and we loaded for New Zealand. I was one of the men who were selected to accompany the tanks on a Liberty Ship. We had a fairly uneventful trip. The cruiser San Francisco, who had been pretty badly mauled in the Battle of Savo Sea accompanied us for about a week then she headed out to rejoin the fleet and we were left all alone. We crossed the Equator with the appropriate ceremonies, a shampoo of raw eggs and sand sticks in my mind, there were some other offerings by the *shellbacks* for us *polywogs*, but I can't recall exactly what they were. Anyhow we survived the initiation, became *shellbacks* and received our signed 'One Dollar Bills' which I lost some where in my travels. We traveled through the Horse latitudes South of the Equator and went through some of the heaviest seas I have ever seen. The seas towered over the bow of the ship

and the prop screws cleared the water when we started down the wave. Luckily everything had been secured and all we had to do was reinforce some of the tie downs. We had 55 gallon drums of high octane fuel for the tanks topside and we held our breath whenever the ship went into one of the waves. Of course, some clown had to make the comment that another Liberty Ship had broken up in heavy seas off the California coast. Here was a bunch of greenhorns who's greatest water adventure had been to sail a canoe on some small inland lake in nice calm weather. We knew how much water was between islands in our vicinity and that water was mighty cold. I volunteered for mess duty after the last of the mess crew became seasick. After a few days in the galley around the grease smells and the sick crew it finally caught up with me. This was the only time I was ever seasick and I sailed over a lot of ocean after that."

"We finally made it to Auckland, New Zealand, had a short liberty, then back to unload, no problems. We took the tanks to our camp north of Auckland. It was in a very pretty area and I enjoyed our stay, I had liberty in Auckland and took some trips around the countryside, my weight went up to 225 pounds which I lost in pretty short order on Guadalcanal. We trained in New Zealand and then loaded up for Guadalcanal. I sailed on a troop transport for this jaunt. I was standing on deck one afternoon when one of my molars began to hurt like mad, I got permission to see the Dentist and he pulled it. No waiting, just sit down, anesthetize and pull.

We landed on Guadalcanal and unloaded. We moved to the coconut grove where the Third Division was stationed. The location was on the edge of the grove where we could keep our tanks and perform maintenance. We trained and for the first time I got to fire the 37mm cannon with live ammunition. I hit the tree I was aiming at. The heat and humidity were terrific, it rained a lot and the mosquitos were hungry all the time. My complexion changed from ruddy to yellow from the Atabrine we were taking to ward off malaria. We used the mosquito netting religiously and learned to keep away from the netting when we slept, if you had your arm or other portion of your anatomy against the net, the mosquitos had a feast."

"One little diversion we had during our stay on Guadalcanal was our nightly visit from Japanese bombers from Bougainville or Rabaul, they would fly over at about the same time each night and drop a couple of bombs on Henderson Field or other occupied places. One night, a couple of P-38 night fighters, who had arrived that day welcomed them, the search lights illuminated the Japanese and the P-38 shot one down on the down pass and shot the other one down on the upward pass. I was especially glad because one night we had an air raid after a rain, the fox hole next to my cot was full of water and I dropped out of the cot into the water. That was about the last air raid we had while we were on the island.

In November, we loaded up and sailed up the slot to Bougainville, our LST pulled up to the beach on about the third day and we unloaded the tanks and headed inland. It was here on November 19, 1943 that our Company was engaged at the battle of Piva Forks and our tank took a shell through the side and I earned my Purple Heart. They pulled me out of the tank, loaded me on a stretcher and carried Anton Maced, our driver, and me back to the Division Aid station. We were treated there and a couple of days later loaded into an LCI and transported to a hospital on Choisel. It was there the CO of the hospital called me in and threatened to have me Court Martialed if I didn't have a letter to Mother written and in his hand by that evening. I had been writing letters for some of the guys who had been wounded and couldn't write and neglected to write my own to let Mom know I was still alive.

(Editor's note: Mother had not heard from Frank or the War Department for several months and she was nearly out of her mind with worry. She finally called her friend, Wyoming Senator Joseph O'Mahoney who contacted the Marines. There is nothing the Military dreads more than a "Congressional," an inquiry from a Senator or Representative. His inquiry no doubt, shook up some Generals and we soon had a letter from Frank. I'm sure the "CO" threatened him with a Court Martial, but was thinking "firing squad!")

I was then moved down to the hospital on Guadalcanal and then to the Naval Hospital on New Caledonia. I finally requested to return to my old company which had returned to Guadalcanal.

I was sent back with "limited duty proviso" until my back had recovered. When I got back, I found the old M-4-A2 Light Tanks had been replaced with the M-3-A1 Mediums with Diesel Engines, a vast improvement over the light tanks which had radial aircraft engines and used airplane fuel. I was assigned to A Company, 3rd Tanks as Reconnaissance, I drove the Captain's Jeep and ran errands for him. I could not act as radioman in the medium tanks because the radioman also loaded the 75 mm cannon in the turret which required mainly using the right arm. We trained on the 'Canal and loaded up for a feint at New Britain, It must have been effective because the Japanese sent 6 or 8 transports loaded with troops toward New Britain, they were caught and sunk by Army B-26's. We returned to the 'Canal and had a practice landing which was not very good, but the lessons learned here made the Guam landing very effective.

We then loaded up for good, sailed for the Marshals and were in reserve for the invasions of Saipan and Tinian. We must have been aboard ship for two months before we got orders to hit Guam, we did get one day off the ship in the Marshall and were given one can of beer and a raw egg. Louis Scopel and I were assigned to the 9th Marines as reconnaissance between the Infantry and Company A, 3rd Tanks. When Saipan was secured the 77th Army Division arrived from Hawaii. We moved to Guam and offloaded to Amphibious Tractors for the assault. We, Louis Scopel and I, went in with the 5th wave of the invasion force. It was a beautiful sunny day on the 21st of July, 1944. We circled and waited for the bombardment to stop, one of the battleships near us fired off a broadside and the water was pushed down into a swell from the blast. My ears were ringing from the noise. Our line straightened out and we headed in, we came over the reefs then onto the beach. We were told to jump off and to move off the beach. We hurried across the level area to the hills ahead and to our right about 600 yards. We were trying to locate Regimental Headquarters of the 9th Marines for tank-infantry liaison. During this time we came under mortar fire and hit the deck. A Marine about 10 feet away was hit. A Corpsman came immediately and took care of him. These Corpsmen were the true heroes of combat.

We were finally told where Regimental Headquarters was located, so we returned near the beach and reported in. We found a place and began to dig a foxhole, the coral was a bit tough so we figured since we were only going to be there for a short time, the shallow depression was enough. A close mortar barrage convinced us we needed a deeper hole! We had come ashore with hand held portable radios, they quit working immediately so we became runners. The Japanese had a gun on Asan Point. It would run out on tracks, fire a round and then pull back to reload. We observed this and got word to a tank which had just come ashore, he sighted on the location and when the gun came out, he nailed it with a high explosive shell. No more artillery fire from that location.

The first night we spent on a flat area of the hills surrounding the beach, an old road bed I believe, and during the night we came under a mortar attack. I heard something hit close by, in the morning I found a large chunk of mortar shell next to my head. After the beaches and ridges near the beach had been secured we moved around Asan Point and Cabras Island and down the coast toward Orote Peninsula. We stopped at a Japanese Supply depot, they had every kind of seafood you could imagine.

A few Marines from the 9th were sitting around cleaning weapons and equipment. I was standing back of them listening to them and occasionally adding to the conversation. One of the Marines had field stripped his Carbine and then released the actuator spring, somehow a round had been left in the chamber and the piece fired, the bullet cut the spine of the Marine sitting next to him. His anguish was terrible to witness. Here is one of the tragedies of war, even to this day I think of him and wonder how he made out. I still pray for him.

The rest of the campaign was spent moving out and waiting, I did not fire a shot during the campaign. The most moving sight of the campaign for me was when we were ordered to return to Company A, 3rd Tanks. We started down a road and when we arrived at Division Headquarters, a tall pole had been set up and "Old Glory" was waving in the bright sunshine, Scopel and I just stood there drinking in the beauty of this sight.

After the island had been declared secure, the 3rd Tank Battalion was moved to a site which

overlooked a Chamorro village. Japanese soldiers who had not surrendered would visit these villages searching for food. We had suspicions they appeared in our chow lines since we also fed a lot of natives. One morning one of the local native boys came running into camp and told us some Japanese soldiers were in the village looking for food. A number of us grabbed our weapons and ran down the hill to the village, all of the Japanese had disappeared except for one soldier who was pointed out hiding between a couple of houses. We made him strip down and we checked his clothing for weapons or grenades. He was given back his clothes, he only had one leg and his crutch had been broken earlier. We sent a call to the company for a truck, I carried the Japanese to the truck. A Chamorro boy about 10 or 11 (I estimate) mounted the truck with us. He interpreted for me when I asked the soldier questions. It turned out the leg had been lost in the pre-invasion shelling and he had been hiding in various caves since our invasion. They only came out to get food. I noticed the Chamorro boy kept adding to the questions I asked and when I questioned him, he said he had told the Japanese soldier I was going to throw him off the truck if he didn't answer.

I didn't understand his attitude until after I read the book "Liberation - 1944" by Don A. Farrell and learned how the natives had been treated.

We did turn the Japanese over to the MP's. I would like to see the young boy again, he would have to be in his late 50's or early 60's now.

After we had secured the island of Guam and were settling into our "permanent" camps, we knew Japanese stragglers were still moving around the island. Our Company furnished a patrol to scout an area within one day's march of our camp. I took the point on a number of the patrols and met a few groups of natives who were patrolling the same areas we were. On my most memorable patrol, I was point, and we were following a trail through dense growth, we were in a single file. I was 40 to 60 feet ahead of the second man. The trail took an abrupt right turn and I was alone for the time it took for the second man to make the turn. Suddenly in front of me five Japanese materialized. We all froze for an instant, then they dove into the brush at the side of the trail. I was standing there all alone. I backed peddled to the turn, met the second man and

said, "Japs!" I continued back to the platoon leader to report. We all hit the deck. All was silent for a short time, then a Japanese voice said something. I returned with my immortal line, "Come out, come out, whoever you are." Silence, then the crackle of brush as the Japanese took off. We fired at the sounds but a later search showed nothing. My patrol leader gave me the strangest look with no comment. The rest of the Battalion never let me forget and from then on, whenever I walked through an area, someone would yell, "Come out, come out, whoever you are."

We came out of Guam with few casualties and our refitting took very little time. We sailed for Iwo Jima in early February of 1945. We were on LST 477 with our tanks. The Third Division was in reserve for the 4th and 5th Divisions in this operation and sailed slightly behind them. We came under attack by two Kamikazes on February 21, 1945. During the attack, I observed a plane strike an LCT which was mounted on the deck of an LST. The LCT was knocked into the water but landed upright and stayed afloat. Then our ship came under attack. Most of us were on the Port side. I saw a wing with a red ball rise up and turn into us on the starboard side. The plane hit the side at the forward elevator, the wing cartwheeled across the deck and into the water on the port side. The explosion killed three Marines and six Sailors and 14 were wounded or had burns in the fire which followed. The fire was extinguished in short order, the crew and the Marines did a fantastic job. The wounded and burned were treated and temporary repairs were completed. The dead were buried at sea in a moving ceremony on February 22. We were ordered into Iwo Jima since our tanks were needed to replace the heavy losses being sustained by the other two divisions. The 9th and 21st Regiments were also ordered in. Our LST headed into shore, we were ordered to back off and come in at a better angle, some how our anchor cable became entangled with our propeller screw and we had to lay offshore until repairs were made. During this time, we observed the flag going up on Mt. Surabachi. Cheers sounded all along the beachhead as the Marines and Sailors saw the flag.

George Smith, husband of June also served with the United States Army in World War II. He joined the Quartermaster Corps on December 3, 1942 at Fort Warren in Cheyenne. (Now Warren Air Force Base)

(Picture of George in 1942)



George served 26 months in the South Pacific. He drove trucks hauling supplies from docks to warehouses and depots; made repairs; serviced and greased vehicles; and made out trip tickets. He was the Transportation Sergeant for 18 of those months he was overseas. He dispatched trucks to warehouses and depots; kept records of the time the truck left and returned and the cargo they transported. Later when he worked for Salt Creek Freightway, this training came in very handy.

He served on several South Pacific Islands, Guadalcanal, Tinian and others. He always laughed that he was just following Frank around after the Marines landed to make sure they had something to eat and wear.

George was discharged on December 16, 1945 at Fort Douglas, Utah having served 36 months during World War II.

Charlie Sylvester, Betty's husband also served in World War II. There is very little information about his service which is a shame. He landed with the D-Day assault on Utah Beach. Served in France and Italy. Buried Alive for a period of about 8 hours and was wounded 2 other times. Sally said her son-in-law found his picture as part of the first graduation class with the 82nd Airborne. Hope we can find more information about Charlie.

END OF WORLD WAR II AND BEYOND

Charles writes: In February of 1945, Mother accompanied me to the Marine Recruiters in Cheyenne and signed papers so I could enlist in the Marines. She had to sign because I was 17 years

old at the time. On April 25, 1995 I was sworn in at the Denver processing station and left by train for Parris Island, South Carolina. This was about 6 weeks prior to graduation from Cheyenne High School, so Mother had to pick up my Diploma at the ceremony. After 13 weeks of recruit (boot camp) training I received a two week leave and returned home. As it worked out, it was my birthday and Cheyenne Frontier Days at the same time and I could celebrate both events at home.

After leave, I proceeded back to Camp LeJeune, North Carolina for Advanced Infantry Training to prepare for the invasion of the Japanese Mainland scheduled for November, 1945. The Japanese surrendered in late August, 1945, the plans changed and all training was stopped. The Marines began their force reduction and reassignments were put in place. My new assignment was to the Philadelphia Navy Yard for schooling to become a "High Speed Radio Operator" (taking morse code at 60 words per minute, must have been because of Boy Scouts).

After spending a year in school I was transferred to a Marine Amphibious Landing Training Unit at MCRD (Marine Corps Recruit Depot) in San Diego. After 3 months organizing the unit, they sailed up the coast to Olympia, Washington and worked with the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Lewis, training their division in amphibious operations.

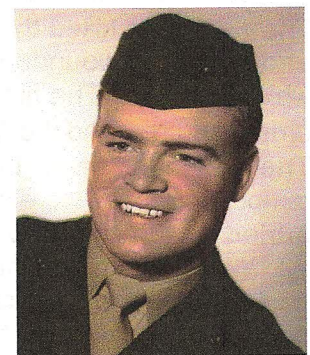
After completing the training, the Division boarded ships and cruised back down the coast making practice landings on the Southern California Coast, ending up at Camp Pendleton, California. Upon completion of that assignment, I was assigned as Replacement for Marines from the 1st Marine Division in North China who were being shipped home for discharge or new assignments.

In December of 1946, I was sent to Treasure Island Naval Station in San Francisco Bay to join other Marines for transfer to China. Spent Christmas Eve in San Francisco, then by air to Hawaii. Three beautiful days in Hawaii and then 34 of us were put on an old Navy Fueling Ship hauling Aviation Fuel to the Small Islands in the Pacific Ocean. We were assigned Navy Crewman duties while aboard ship. After stops at Johnson Island, Guam, and Yokuska, we experienced a Typhoon, sailed across the Japanese Straits to Inchon, and

finally arrived in Tsing Tao China. The two month trip was over! Upon arriving in China, I was assigned to the 1st Marine Division Headquarters in the communication center sending and receiving coded messages to the CIMC Pacific in Hawaii. The Headquarters was located in Tiensen and after 8 months there, the units were moved to Tsingtao because the Communist Armies were defeating the Nationalist Army and moving out of Manchuria on their eventual take over of Mainland China.

The rest of 1947 and all of 1948 was spent with the 1st Marines as Platoon Leader for the Battalion Communications Platoon (Radio and Telephone). Finally as the Communist Army kept moving through the mainland, the decision was made in Washington, D. C. to remove all U. S. Forces from China and in December 1948 I was airlifted back to the States for a 30 day leave.

Prior comments in the December 1998 "Rapper" described the difficulty in arriving home during the "Blizzard of 1949." After leave I returned to Camp Pendleton where I served the last 3 months of my enlistment as Supply Sergeant for an Amphibious Training Unit. Discharge took place on April 25, 1949 and I returned home to eventually attend Colorado A & M (now called Colorado State University at Fort Collins, Colorado).



(Left, Charles, 1945 --
Right, Dick, 1950?)

KOREA

From Dick: In July of 1948, feeling the heat of the draft and avoiding the Cheyenne Jail, I joined the Marines. They were offering a unique "One Year Active Duty Plus Six Year Reserve

Obligation." This seemed to fit my needs, so I enlisted, went through Boot Camp, followed by four months of Advanced Infantry Training at Camp Pendleton and a few months guard duty at Port Chicago, California (Ammunition Depot in the Bay Area.)

Was discharged in July of 1949 and decided to work a year before returning to the University of Wyoming. Worked at the Highway Patrol Check Station in Cheyenne.

When the Korean War broke out in 1950 I was recalled to Camp Pendleton where I received more Infantry and Cold Weather Survival Training.

In February 1951, I was shipped to Korea and assigned to Heavy Machine Gun Section, Weapons Co., 2nd Battalion, 1st Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division. After arriving at Taegu, South Korea, we jumped off in a push called "Operation Killer" - an offensive to shove the Chinese and North Koreans back into North Korea. On March 19, 1951 we came under mortar fire and I was slightly wounded — Thus the "Purple Heart!"

In April, 1951 the Chinese began their Spring offensive and on April 25, 1951 we were in the point where they decided to break our lines.

(Editors note: Our brother Dick is very modest about his efforts in this particular event. He would never tell us just why he received the Bronze Star. He always just laughed and said he got it for "pulling a colonel out of a burning cat house.")

On December 22, 1952, a ceremony was held in Cheyenne at Storey Gym between the halves of the Cheyenne-Loveland basketball game to honor Dick and present him with the Bronze Star.

There were all kinds of dignitaries on hand to present the medal, including; Governor Frank A. Barrett, the School Superintendent, the High School Principal, the Marine Corp League Detachment, the Marine Corps Recruiting Detachment and units from the High School ROTC.

His citation read as follows: "For heroic achievement in connection with operations against the enemy while serving with a Marine rifle company in Korea on April 25, 1951. Private First Class Brown was an ammunition carrier in a heavy machine gun squad attached to a rifle company when the enemy launched a savage attack during hours of darkness."

"He repeatedly braved small arms, grenade and machine gun fire to keep his gun supplied with ammunition. When the gunner was seriously wounded he took over the gun, and despite direct small arms fire and grenades thrown by the enemy who had advanced to within scant feed of his position, he remained steadfastly at his post. His accurate and effective fire was directly instrumental in the successful repulse of the enemy attack, and the infliction of heavy casualties upon them."

"Private First Class Brown's courageous actions were an inspiration to all who observed him, and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

I can't imagine anything more terrifying than coming under fire. Both Frank and Dick have down played the importance of their rolls in these conflicts and it seems to me they are both very brave men.)

Dick continues: After several fights all summer 1951, our Regiment went into Reserve for rest and Replenishment (R&R). I was not feeling well in September and went to the Medic's with a bloody nose that wouldn't stop and jaundice. Diagnosis - "Hepatitis."

Shortly I was in a MASH type hospital in Seoul, Korea. A couple of days later on the hospital ship "Hope" in Pusan, Korea, then flown to Japan. I ended up in Yokosuka Naval Hospital flat on my back for two months.

As I look back on it, that Hepatitis probably saved my life. A couple of weeks after I was evacuated, our Regiment was sent back to the front. Our battalion came under heavy attack for several days and my old machine gun section was nearly wiped out. Several of my old pals went thru the Yokosuka Hospital while I was there with awful wounds.

After Yokosuka, I was sent to an R & R Hospital at Otsu, Japan (Southern Honshu Island near Kyoto). There I worked as clerk/typist for the Provost Marshal (Thank God for High School Typing) until May of 1952. I was then transferred to Treasure Island, California (near San Francisco) and discharged.

After returning to Cheyenne, I came down with Malaria and spent several days in the V.A. Hospital there. The irony of that is because of the Malaria, I received 10% Disability and was able to attend

four years of college under the Disability Part of the G I Bill. Quite an advantage.



Bob in 1946

Bob Treadway is also a Veteran of the Korean War, however his service began about the same time as Charles, in 1945. Bob writes: I joined the U S Army in 1945 following my graduation from High School. The war was just ending, but Uncle Sam still needed recruits. I was sent to Ft Leavenworth and then proceeded by troop train through western Nebraska north to Montana and onto the Pacific Northwest to Ft.

Lewis, Washington. My basic training was in Ft. Lewis, and I was assigned to serve as Cadre until my discharge in 1947. The country in Washington was quite beautiful and we did a lot of training in the forested areas. My rank at the time of my discharge was staff sergeant.

Following my discharge I stayed in the reserves. Nancy and I were married in April, 1948 and just settled down in a little house on an acreage we purchased in 1949 (we are still there!!). Things were going smoothly until 1950 when I received "greetings." I was one of the first 10 reservists called from Wyoming for reactivation. Shortly I was notified to report for a physical and was assured my chances of being called for duty were slim. WRONG!! Very soon, the notice arrived directing us to report to Ft. Lewis, Washington for training and shipment to participate in the Korean Conflict, (it seemed like a war to those of us taking part). After a few weeks of training, we were moved to Ft. Lawton to prepare for the boat ride to Korea. Again, I was on advanced party and had to board ship 2 days early. Nancy flew to Seattle and then bussed to Ft. Lawton barely in time to say goodbye. While in Ft. Lawton we had our first experience with TV. It was a little 9 inch black and white, full of snow. About 500 GI's were trying to watch at the same time, I was sure it wouldn't catch on.

After the troopship landed in Japan, we loaded on the train to proceed across Japan. We boarded another troop ship for the crossing in Inchon, Korea. We landed ready for battle. I was assigned to the Rangers. We arrived 11 October, 1950 and were in combat Thanksgiving Day. I was part of the 25th Division, 35th Infantry Regiment, Company B and was a platoon sergeant with the rank of Tech Sergeant. Thanksgiving dinner was interesting, by the time food arrived on the line, it was frozen solid. The army didn't have the winter gear available for us and we got pretty cold. The temperature got to 40 below and we were on the line for three months wearing the same underwear we started in. Later I was assigned to supply.

On April 25th, our 3rd wedding anniversary, the Red Chinese and North Koreans decided to begin their air campaign. They flew a piper cub type plane and pushed bombs out the door, they were so low we could see them and watch what they were doing. Our platoon was sure we wouldn't be around on the 26th. The hardships on the little children was very upsetting, they didn't have warm clothing or sufficient food to eat. Many times we warmed ourselves by the fire of the homes destroyed by war. Our company was in three major battles and many, many skirmishes. There were a few lighter moments in the midst of the mayhem, we found a large vat of beer made by the Koreans and had the Engineers test it. They found it fit to drink, so naturally we did. After the vat was emptied they found a dead Korean in the bottom, as far as I know, no one suffered ill effects.

I had hoped to contact Dick while we were both in Korea, but our units were never at the same place at the same time. By the time my tour was ending, they were offering R & R to Japan, but I opted to ship home. Actually, I feel fortunate to have survived that war with my badly frostbitten hands and feet, and hearing loss. Many of my friends didn't make it home at all, or arrived in a box..... The ship ride home was a long one, and the USA looked really good to me. I just hope my grandchildren will never have to experience the horror those little Korean children lived through.

I rode the Union Pacific Railroad to Cheyenne and was really glad to see Nancy and my Mom and Dad.



Bob in 1955

Bob VanAlyne joined the Wyoming Army National Guard in April of 1950. He started as the Company Clerk and worked his way up to become the ranking NCO in the Wyoming Army National Guard. In 1969 he became the first Wyoming Guardsman to be a Command Sergeant Major. He always wished his unit would have been called to active duty and three times the orders came down and

three times they were withdrawn. Didn't bother me, but it always was a thorn in his side.

What he did here was important too. He was a full time employee for the guard and was called out many times to fight forest fires, search and rescue missions and whenever there was a blizzard, he and his fellow guardsmen spent their days finding travelers marooned in the snow and carrying food and medicine to people who couldn't get to town.

I'm not sure if the guard knows this or not and with the scandal going on now I'm not sure I should even tell, but his first priority in any snow storm was mother and before he did anything else he would go to her house, plow through her driveway, make sure she didn't need groceries and take the kids to school. Of course he was well rewarded for his work, a slice of pie or hot biscuits and homemade jelly were his very favorite.

In 1981, he was called to active duty and served seven years at the Pentagon on both the Department of Army Staff and the Department of Defense Staff for which he was awarded the Department of Army Staff ID Badge and the Department of Defense Staff ID Badge plus two Meritorious Service Medals. He graduated from the Army Sergeants Major Academy at Ft. Bliss, Texas in July of 1985. We thoroughly enjoyed our time in Washington, D.C. and took part in as much of the life there as we could.

He finished up his service at Fort Carson in Colorado Springs and retired in April of 1991. While not as colorful as other careers, it has certainly made life in retirement much easier for us.

Bill Beardslee writes: "My life as a GI." "Bob and I entered the Air Force together and went to Lackland AFB in San Antonio, Texas on January 4, 1954. Because of my stint at Texas A&M, I was made a squad leader during basic training. Following basic training, I was sent to Keesler AFB for training in Airborn Radar repair service. At the completion of training at Keesler AFB, I was sent to Hickam AFB in Hawaii. What a great place to do a tour. I was with the 3383d Air Transport Wing, Part of the 13th Air Force. While there, I played right guard on the 13th Air Force Team. We went through the season undefeated and I was selected to play on the all-star squad. We were supposed to go to Johnson AFB in Tokyo, Japan but the plans were canceled by an unexpected SAC support mission. We never got the chance to find out just how good we really were. We had our own opinion about it though. Had a good tour of duty there and hated to leave but after 16 months, I was rotated to Randolph AFB back in San Antonio again and I hated it. Too much Training Command so I accepted an early out and became a civilian again in October 1997."

"Being in the military is an experience I would not change for anything. I left the service as an A1/C, "Buck Sergeant."



1. Bill Beardslee, 1954 with Nancy and Frank Beardslee



r. Bob Beardslee, 1981 at retirement ceremony.

Bob Beardslee retired from the Air Force on November 1, 1981, having served nearly 28 years on active duty. Bob and Bill enlisted together and went through basic training together but were separated 14 weeks later, Bill went to Communications School and Bob to Jet Engine

School. Bob retired at the highest Air Force rank an NCO can attain, Chief Master Sergeant.

His service overseas was in England, Lybia and Okinawa. He was in England when the Berlin Wall went up and spent nearly a month on the runway in an alert status. He said they had nuclear weapons ready for instant launch. He was in an underground missile launch control command post in Okinawa in 1964 when the destroyer the C. Turner Joy came under attack by North Vietnam Gunboats, which set up the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution that was the official start of the Vietnam War. These two are his most vivid memories and I'm sure he could write many, many more. He was polite not to mention "Frontier Days" when he was attending a school in Denver at Lowry AFB and came to Cheyenne for a visit. That was a vivid memory in my mind. (How about you Mike and VanAlyne?)

Bob's wife, Carolyn accompanied him to England and Okinawa. Their oldest daughter, Cindy was conceived and born in England. (Does this make her a subject of the British?)

Bob was very modest in his narration of his military career. I hope he will let us know about his many awards and decorations and other fun memories. He has a bunch!



MEMORIES FROM MIKE

I don't remember a time when I didn't know I was going to be a Marine. I'm sure it was from seeing Frank, Charles and Dick come home in their uniforms and hearing their war stories. In early 1958, when I turned 17 and was eligible to join the Marine Reserves, my buddy

Dennis Rooney and I took the plunge. The Cheyenne unit was part of a Colorado artillery battalion (we crewed 155mm self-propelled howitzers). We made our weekly drills, weekend firing practices at Fort Carson, Colorado, and a two week summer camp at 29 Palms, California. Things were on schedule for me to finish high

school and go off to boot camp during the Summer of 1959. The plan was short circuited, though, when Mom lost her patience with my antics and arranged for a Marine recruiter to be waiting with her when I came home from school. This was early January and on the 10th I was on my way to San Diego for boot camp.

Her statement, "I'm getting too old and tired to try to straighten you out, but I know someone that can.", turned out to be very true. Drill Instructors have a real knack for making sure you do not screw up more than once. One morning, about 8 weeks into boot camp, the DI called me to the duty hut. He told me, very quizzically, that I was to report to headquarters to see the Base Executive Officer. He, and certainly not I, had any idea what it was all about - and I was scared. When I arrived, I was escorted into the office and introduced to Col. George Fowler. He turned out to be an old family friend (one that I didn't know) and it was like meeting a long lost uncle. We visited for quite a while, then I returned to my platoon. My DI was waiting, and immediately hauled me into the hut to find out what was going on. I explained that Col. Fowler was a friend of my parents and brother, Dick, and wanted to meet me. This was not what he wanted to hear because this was in the days shortly after a DI at Parris Island had run his platoon into a swamp during a late night "training/discipline" session, and several recruits drowned. Since then, both boot camps had been under intense scrutiny with "spies" everywhere (at least that is what was believed). Therefore, anyone with "political influence" was suspect. The XO's friendship with our family was soon forgotten, but there were a few days when things were a little tense.

After 13 weeks of boot camp I went to Camp Pendleton for a month of infantry training. While there I received word that I had been selected for Field Music School - I was destined to become a bugler. The training was fun and I had my first opportunity to be part of a drum and bugle corps. What I didn't know was that buglers normally end up in Military Police units and I would soon become a cop. My first assignment was to a Navy air station in Japan. We Marines were responsible for all of the security on the base. It was great fun and very educational. One of our posts was an ammunition dump near the airstrip. Every week, late at night, a

strange looking plane would be pulled out of a hanger, started up and then flown off - going almost straight up. The whole process took less than a few minutes from the time the hanger door opened until the plane was out of sight. This went on for several months, but no one could find out what was going on until Gary Powers was shot down in his U2 over Russia. When the pictures of the plane were released we quickly learned we had been witnessing a U2 heading out to take pictures of China. Unfortunately, the Japanese also found out and they were mad. They planned a rally outside the base to protest having a spy plane in their country. We immediately went on alert and began preparing to defend the base in case things got out of hand. When the rally day arrived a crowd, estimated at 50,000, gathered on the road leading to and around the base. I was assigned to a remote pedestrian gate on the back side of the base. My only company was a Japanese rent-a-cop. Fortunately I knew him and was confident he was on our side. We later learned that most of the crowd was too, they were just out to see what was going on. The rally lasted a few hours until someone had the idea to send off an old unmarked weather plane. Everyone assumed that it was the U2 leaving Japan so the party was over. The U2, however, made no more flights from Atsugi and was probably moved to another base in Japan.

My tour in Japan was a great experience, made even better by having Anna and her family close by in Korea. The memories of those 20 months would fill a book. Many centered around the tours our drum & bugle corps took around the country putting on concerts for orphanages, small towns and other groups. It was a great way to meet the people and learn about their culture. Other memories, of course, centered around the many buddies I had and our outrageous adventures. The only sad times were when Mom died a few months after I had arrived in Japan, and Dad's death a year and a half later. Those were two very long flights from Tachikawa to Cheyenne. Since Dad's death came so close to the scheduled end of my tour in Japan, I was given 30 days leave so orders could be prepared for my new assignment. This gave me time to figure out that I wanted to marry Nanette and do it. Things happened very quickly, but with a lot of luck and effort we pulled the wedding off.

We took a short honeymoon trip to Denver and then returned to begin preparing to move to Yuma, Arizona.

Our trip to Yuma became our real honeymoon and Nanette's first chance to meet several of her new in-laws. We first went to Colorado Springs to see Charles and Barbara. From there we drove to Austin to see Vivian and Frank. Our last leg took us West to Safford, Arizona, to see Leonard and Orpha, and finally to Yuma. It was a long, slow trip but time flies when you're in love. Each stop brought a whole new batch of "Brown" hospitality and Nanette quickly fell in love with all of the family. When we arrived in Yuma we found a small apartment and set up housekeeping. With our trip, rent and deposit, and our first trip to the store we quickly found ourselves short of cash. I kept being assured by the pay office that my records would soon show up, and I would be getting my back pay and travel reimbursement - the old "the check's in the mail" routine. Leonard and Orpha invited us back to Safford to spend Christmas with them and Anna's family. We took our last few dollars, filled the car with gas, and headed out (when you're young you are bullet proof and have no fear). When we arrived we learned that Leonard's house was full so he had made us motel reservations. Now we were panicked. We had enough money for gas, but not for a room. We sweated all through our stay trying to figure how we would pay (I was hoping we could wash dishes, but no restaurant, so cleaning toilets looked like our only hope). As it turned out, Leonard had already paid the bill and our panic was for nothing. However, our adventure was not over. When we returned to Yuma, Anna and Norman were close behind and planning to have dinner with us (we lived in a 500 square foot, one bedroom apartment, so there was no place for them sleep). When they arrived Anna looked in the refrigerator and found it about empty. Without saying a word she headed to the store and returned with enough food to keep us going for a month. We have never forgotten the total generosity that Leonard, Orpha, Anna and Norman showed us during a time when we needed help the most. It was given completely unsolicited and without question.

My pay finally arrived, Nanette found a great job, and we soon settled into a very comfortable

and happy life. We took a trip to Southern California to meet Anna and Norman for the Rose Bowl Parade and Game. On the way back we visited Disneyland, stopped in San Diego to see where I went to boot camp, and toured Tijuana where we had the opportunity to get remarried or divorced - our choice. Life was very good. My job was 8 to 5, not the normal day on - day off that goes with being an MP. We had money to eat out, take trips and do other fun stuff. As we neared my discharge date things were going smoothly. We had made some great friends, moved to a larger house and were enjoying life. Then in October, 1962, a cloud appeared. Russia had moved missiles to Cuba and John Kennedy decided to take them on. When I first saw his now famous news conference I did not know what affect it would have on us, but I soon learned. The next day I was informed that my (and everyone else's) enlistment had been extended a year. Also, our outfit was to be one of the first backups for the Marines at Guantanamo Bay. We were told to have our bags packed and be ready to move out on 12 hours' notice. Nanette was very worried, she was on the verge of finding herself alone a long way from home with her husband heading in harm's way. I was just trying to figure out where Cuba was and what I had done with my mess kit. Once again, things turned in our favor and the crisis ended. My enlistment extension was canceled and I was able to get discharged on time. The only downside was that I was in limbo for about 90 days and ended up on permanent mess duty scrubbing pots and pans. Not very glamorous for a gung ho Marine.

Vietnam

One of the tragic times in our Country's history has come from the involvement in the Vietnam War. There were four people in our family who served (at least, ones I know of).

Tandy Brown (Frank's son) joined the Navy and served from 1961-1971. He was tall for a sailor but met the requirements. He served as a Radar Man with Navy Intelligence aboard the USS Guam, an LPH9.

After enlisting, Tandy kept growing and he laughed about always hitting his head on the

bulkhead. He can laugh now, but I'll bet it wasn't funny then. Evidently he made many trips to the Infirmary and as many suggestions were made to alleviate the situation. Aspirin, Steel Helmet and etc. Finally one Doctor just said, you need to get out of the Navy and Tandy did. His discharge says, "Reason for Discharge, Too Tall" Pretty funny?!

He said, after getting out of the service he kinda hung around the house until Frank gave him a bus ticket to where ever he wanted to go. He chose Denver and wound up in Estes Park where we go to his restaurant, the Dunraven Inn, when we want a really great meal.

Our son-in-law, Walt Nash also served during that time, here in Cheyenne at Warren Air Force Base. He promised to get me his bio, but hasn't so I will just add what I know. He worked in Helicopter Maintenance. Walt's home is in Colorado, his parents live in Canon City. He has always been a magician regarding anything mechanical I'm sure the Air Force was sorry to see him get out.

Walt and Barbara live in Pueblo, Colorado where he works for Oregon Steel in their Water Department. He operates and maintains their huge drag lines, graders and other big machinery.



Bob Jr. was also in the service. He joined here in Cheyenne and after Basic Training was sent to Fort Devons, Massachusetts for Cryptography School. He belonged to the Army Security Agency and spent 1971-1972 in Vietnam.

After returning to the states, he was sent to Ft. Huachuca, Arizona and told us of the time he and his team did a triangulation to try to save a young man who was sending out distress signals. The young man said his father's plane had crashed and they were in the mountains and on and on. The team got right on it to find out where it was and found the young man right in his home, sending out false signals on his father's short wave radio.

After discharge, Bob went into Law Enforcement and lost his life in August of 1985 when Cheyenne had the flood. He was carried away by a surge of water while trying to rescue a family whose car had become trapped in Dry Creek. He loved his work and died a "hero." He is buried at Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia. (Washington, D.C.)

While at Huachuca he met and married Janette Fishgrab. She had joined the Army after High School Graduation for the education benefits and served during the Vietnam years. After marriage, she joined the Army National Guard and then the Army Reserve and served in Saudi Arabia during Desert Storm. She served as a Ward Master in the British Hospital at Riyadh.

Jan is a LPN and currently the Kemo Manager for Cheyenne Medical Specialists.

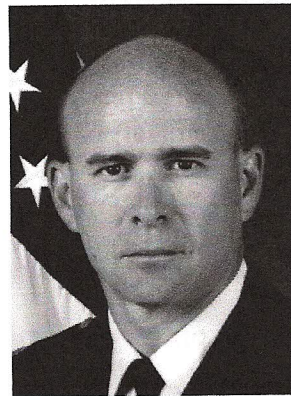
Kathi French's husband, Bob Yenney served with the Wyoming Army National Guard while they were at the University of Wyoming. Upon graduation from college he returned to Washington State where he began farming with his father.

Jayne Shriver's husband, Mike Clark was a member of the Wyoming National Guard for many years. His expertise was in marksmanship and he fired Expert. He was on the Rifle team and won several trophies for his efforts. He is very modest and doesn't want to send us any information. This much is public record however, and he was a real asset to the Wyoming National Guard.



Gordy and Nicki (French) Schumacher's son Garrett served in the United States Army. He was with the 82nd Airborne at Fort Campbell, Kentucky.

CURRENT MILITARY MEMBERS



Air Force, Lt. Col Robert A. Beardslee, son of Bob and Caroline Beardslee is stationed at Malmstrom Air Force Base in Montana. He is Commander of the Weapons and Tactics Flight of the 341st Operations Support Squadron which is part of the 341st Missile Wing.

While he didn't list his actual date of enlistment, it must have been sometime around 1980. He received his commission as a 2nd Lt. through the Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corp when he graduated from Southwest Texas State University in May of 1982. His career has taken him many places. First to Vandenberg AFB, California (Missile Combat Crew Initial Qualification Training) then to the 341st Strategic Missile Wing at Malmstrom AFB, Montana. (His team won the SAC Missile Combat Competition and brought the "Best Missile Operations Team" honors to the 341st and was instrumental in bringing the "Blanchard" Trophy back to the 341st.) If you don't live close to an AFB, you might not be aware of the importance of this trophy, but let me tell you it sits right up there next to a Nobel Peace Prize on your resume.

He returned to Vandenberg AFB with the 4315th Combat Crew Training as a Minuteman II Command Data Buffer operations instructor. These are the guys who teach the Airmen how to run the Minuteman weapon systems. Pretty important stuff.

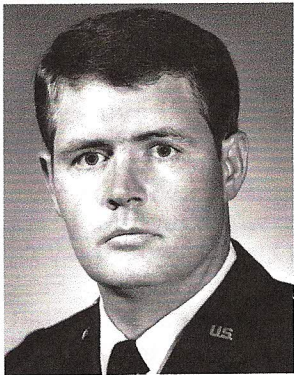
He was assigned to Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota in 1991 as the Chief, EWO Training in the 321st Operations Support Squadron and earned the Air Combat Command's "ICBM Instructor/Evaluator of the Year, 1992" and was selected as the Wing Executive Officer and served in that position until 1994.

Next was the Headquarters, United States Strategic Command as an Emergency Action Procedures officer in the Command Control Division, Operations and Logistics Directorate. This base is Offutt AFB, Omaha Nebraska. During his

time there, he came to Cheyenne (Warren AFB) and we got to have dinner with Bob a few times.

Now he is back at Malmstrom, AFB and the 341st Missile Wing where he received his Lt. Col rank and Command duty. He anticipates his next tour of duty will be at Grand Forks AFB in North Dakota.

Bob and his wife Kim have two sons, Robert and Jason.



Our son Roger VanAlyne is with the Nevada Air National Guard and sends this: I entered military service in June 1985, just before my final year at the University of Wyoming. At the time, the Air Force was actively recruiting architects and architectural engineers.

They offered my wife and I a prime rib dinner if we'd listen to their sales pitch. As we were poor college student, we took their offer. The pitch wasn't all that good, but the offer of E-3 wages for the last year of college and the opportunity to do architectural work was appealing. I competed for a slot and was fortunate to be selected. My toughest challenge was telling my Dad. His response was mostly unintelligible, but the gist of the message was "when they read my will, don't bother showing up." (Dad's since mellowed and accepted the fact that his son joined another branch of service.) I graduated from UW in May of 1986 and entered Officer Training School in June.

OTS was mentally and physically challenging, but I was ready, having been the son of an Army Command Sergeant Major. San Antonio is beautiful, but very hot and humid in the summer. I was commissioned in September 1986, and reported to my first duty station, Nellis Air Force Base (Las Vegas), Nevada, and the 820th RED HORSE Civil Engineering Squadron.

RED HORSE (Rapid Engineer Deployable Heavy Operations Repair Squadron Engineers) is the Air Force's combat engineers, similar to the Navy's Sea Bees. At that time, it was designated

as a combat unit and women weren't allowed (RED HORSE was opened to women in 1989). A RED HORSE assignment is the best possible place for a young Lieutenant, ready to make a mark on the world. RH officers do the design work, then go to the field and build those designs. One of my favorite construction projects was at Bergstrom Air Force Base in Austin, Texas. I spent July of 1988 there, spending some pleasant time with Aunt Vivian and Cousin Bob Beardslee (Retired Chief Master Sergeant). They made my time away from my family more bearable (a great big THANKS to you - get well Aunt Vivian!!!).

RH had me traveling the country and the globe. I spent 67 days in Pusan, Korea, in 1989 and 60 days in Jamastran, Honduras, in 1990. Pusan is designated "K-1" as it was the corner of the Korean peninsula the North Koreans pushed everyone to when they attacked in 1950, and thus it was the "jumping off" point to retake the country (anybody out there know anything about that little police action?). We participated in Team Spirit '89, and constructed a tent city to support 1200 airmen. Jamastran was the site of Nicaragua's invasion of Honduras in 1989. We were there in the Spring of 1990, reconstructing a runway and parking apron.

I left active duty in the Fall of 1990, laying low until the Nevada Air National Guard called in the early summer of 1991. They had an opening in their Prime Base Engineer Expeditionary Force (Prime BEEF) unit, and they thought my RED HORSE experience might be useful. In just a few months, I found myself in Savannah, Georgia, with 50 airmen, building facilities there. I continued with the Engineers in various positions until January of 1995, when I was made Commander of the 152nd Services Flight.

I was familiar with Services from my time with RED HORSE (we had our own Services technicians), so it wasn't a difficult transition. I arrived during the unit's inspection for the prestigious Air National Guard Food Service Excellence Award. We won that year, and I accepted the award at the National Restaurant Association's annual banquet in Chicago. (We've since been a finalist for the Food Service Excellence Award four of the last six years.)

Services has seven major functions in a contingency: food service, lodging, field laundry,

field exchange, fitness and recreation, troop support, and mortuary affairs. We touch the lives of every airman who goes anywhere in the world to defend our country. It's not a high profile, glory job - but it's a pleasure to perform these crucial tasks.

I currently hold the rank of Major, but Dad still refuses to call me Sir, imagine that! In the Spring of 2000, I'll become the President of the Air National Guard Services Association. It's a marvelous opportunity to work issues at the national level.

We're very excited that the rich family tradition of military service continues as our oldest son, Devon, who left for Navy Basic Training on October 27th. Currently at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center, he enters Nuclear Training in Charleston, South Carolina, in the new year. The best part of this deal is my Dad can finally win a bet on any Army football game.



*Scott Receiving
His trophy*

Mike's son-in-law, (and Amy's husband), Scott Johnston is currently assigned to Hill Air Force Base, Ogden, Utah as the Superintendent of the Installation Formal Training Office. Scott enlisted in the Air Force in June of 1982 and a Security Forces Specialist (a cop) and was trained at Lackland AFB, San Antonio, Texas. From there he was sent to Mather

AFB, Sacramento, California and then on to Shemya AFB in the Aleutian Islands. Finally relieved (his words), he was sent back to Beale AFB in Maryville, California. From there he was assigned to Royal Air Force Station Akrotire, Cyprus in the Eastern Mediteranian and on to the Naval Air Station at Keflavik, Iceland and finally wound up at Warren AFB in Cheyenne where he met and married Amy.

Scott participated in the Grenada invasion, Hill Air Force Base Personnel Manager of the Year (1998), NCO of the Year (1997), Tactical Air Command Security Police NCO of the Year in

(1989) and Honor Graduate for NCO Leadership School in 1986.

This is the last of the ones who have sent in their histories to the Plain Brown Rapper. I know there are more. Jared Kessler, Jim Viersen, Jenny's Viersen's husband and others. Its never too late.

There is one more person I would like to honor as we reach Veterans Day. He is our wonderful brother Leonard. I don't know how many of you know how many times and how very hard Leonard tried to join the service. He tried every possible branch and in every possible city he could find. He worked at the Modification Center here in Cheyenne. They put the "Nordin Bomb Sights" into the B-17's and it was critical, highly secret work.

As I told you before, Leonard did serve for a short, joyful time in the Wyoming National Guard before they discovered his lung condition and he would have served for all of his life if they would let him. In future issues, we will have lots of fun memories of Leonard. He was such a warm and loving individual and his memories are so great!!!

God Bless you Leonard, the Military missed the chance to have one of the best!!!

IN MEMORY

June's son, Gregg Smith passed away in Bakersfield, California on October 3rd. Gregg was born in Casper on June 18, 1953 and attended Natrona County Schools. He attended Casper College and earned his BS in Mathematics at the University of Wyoming. Gregg worked in oil production in California. We all remember this warm and loving man who played a great game of baseball and was held in high esteem by his classmates. Gregg will be missed by his son, Gabriel who lives in Bakersfield, California. Our deepest sympathy goes to June, Gregg's brothers and his son Gabe. God Rest His Soul.

GET WELL WISHES

Please send your get well wishes and prayers to a lady I consider one of life's treasures. Sue Myers cheerfully makes our odd size quilt templates for us, cuts our picture frame glass, arranges for our windshield replacements and never asks for any thing in return. She is now in a fight for her life and needs all our positive prayers to go her way. Please send Sue your love and good wishes.

Her address is, Sue Myers, 3416 Whitney Road, Cheyenne, WY 82001.

Vivian is still in the nursing home and has a good phone number you can call her at 512-448-2399. Keep her always in your heart.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Mike for being promoted to Office Manager of Century 21 Bell Real Estate. He is also the Overall Top Salesman for the September Listing and Sales. Good Job!!!

Birthdays & Anniversaries

Nanette Brown November 19
 Willis Shriver December 18
 Leah & Willis November 23 (59 yrs)
 Bob & Dolfe November 24 (48 yrs)
 Mike & Nan November 25 (38 yrs)

TRY THESE WEB PAGES

WWW.CHUCKBROWN.ORG - Charles

WWW.PRIVATEINFO.COM - Mike Wheelless

WELCOME TO NEW E-MAIL USERS:

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