
PLAIN BROWN RAPPER

News for the Tandy & Grace Brown Family

June 1999

HAPPY FATHER'S DAY



Tandy Parks Brown

December 4, 1889 - November 7, 1961

Husband, Father, Grandfather

7 years U. S. Army - 43 years Union Pacific Railroad

This copy of the Plain Brown Rapper is dedicated to our father, Tandy Parks Brown and all the fathers in our family.

You cannot remember Dad without remembering some particular event or remark connected with him. It would be impossible to think of him without remembering those wonderful sparkling eyes and easy smile. He had a terrific sense of humor and you wondered if he was ever serious about anything. Quickly, however, he could dispel that notion when you misbehaved and he looked at you and said, "Now what will they think of Tandy Brown." It was as though you had ruined everything.

Tandy quickly brings back memories of graham crackers and cream, coffee so strong it could stand alone with lots of cream and sugar, cold biscuits, beans or any left overs, and the glass filled with spoons on the table. My children loved to sit at the table with him especially in the morning. He would fix them big bowls with graham crackers broken in pieces, a spoon or two of sugar and real cream. Then he fixed them each a cup of coffee, about 1/4 coffee and 3/4 cream with lots of sugar. They carried on their conversations about who knows what and then were off to play. They truly adored him.

He was not a father in the modern sense. He wasn't the Scout Leader or Baseball coach. He was the bread winner and bill payer. He took his job seriously and did it very well. It was not until his later years when he became affectionate with his children and free with praise. However, if you caught him with his buddies, he bragged about his sons and their accomplishments. He loved hearing Dick on the radio during the University of Wyoming football games and one time when Larry Birleffi didn't put him on during the half time show, Dad confronted him and wanted to know why!!! He had three sons with degrees in Engineering. You would have thought they designed and built the Capitol Building in

Washington, D. C. they were so smart. Roy had his own Funeral Business and on and on. In later years, when I realized he was not lavish with his personal praise, I thought it was a shame, it would have meant a great deal to his sons.

Tandy was born in Rural Georgia. His father was a School Teacher and his mother a homemaker. His Grandfather, Tandy William Brown died when Dad was very small, (4 years old) however he had made his mark in Gwinnett County. He was a farmer and quite a wheeler dealer. Purchasing a large tract of land he built a house, deeded land to the Railroad on the condition they put a station there and began a town. It is now only a wide spot on the highway, but at one point Gloster, Georgia was a thriving community. He died in 1893 from a snake bite.

Dad told tales of skinny dipping in the Yellow River against his Mother's rules. She would slip down to the River and take their clothes. He said it was very tricky scurrying home through the brush without benefit of pants and shirt. He told of going to the railroad station and brushing the hats off the passengers as they rode through town. Well, actually, he didn't tell me, his brother Hines did. I guess it was very hot in the trains and the people would hang their heads out the window to get some fresh air. Who knows, maybe he joined the Army at his mother's suggestion.

Tandy left home at a very early age, we were told because he didn't want to go to school anymore, but I would bet because the town was too small for him and he was ready for an adventure. He toured the country for a while before going to Chicago and joining the Army.

Frank and I have been trying to find exact dates of his military service, however, the records center in St. Louis had a fire and records of service members prior to World War I were destroyed, Frank is now corresponding

with the National Archives and I am looking through old letters and postcards.



This is a picture of Dad at a very young age, perhaps 16 or 17 years old.

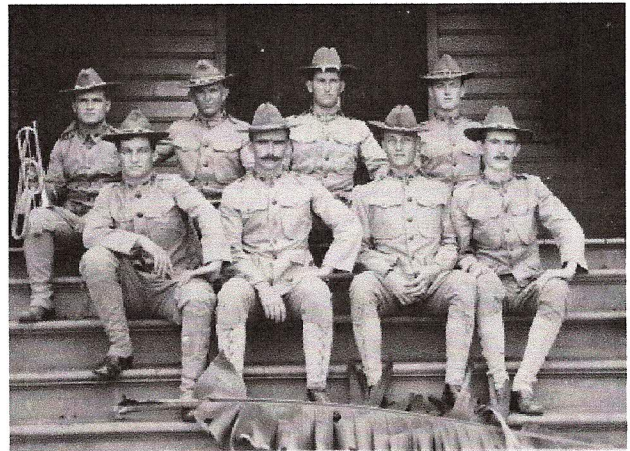
The first reference to his military career in the information I have is April 5, 1907 when he was with Company K, 30th Infantry at Fort Crook, Nebraska. Fort Crook is now Offutt AFB, Omaha, Nebraska. We recently visited Offutt AFB and discovered there was still a large portion of the old Fort Crook. It was built by the 30th Infantry at about the same time as Fort Russell and the buildings and parade ground are very similar as is Fort Myer, Virginia.

On June 30th 1907 his company left Fort Crook, headed for the Philippines. The trip by train went from Omaha to San Francisco, via the Rocky Mountains, and then by troop ship to the Philippines.

There is an official accounting of this voyage from San Francisco. They sailed on the U. S. A. T. "Sherman" at noon, July 5, 1907.

This accounting tells of the number of passengers aboard and breaks them down as to Officers, Enlisted, Civilians, Wives, Filipinos, Crew and Colored Servants. The document is 9 pages long and tells the story from departure to their destination. There is a page or two at the end missing and I'm sure it would tell more about their stay in Manilla.

With the sheer volume of cards and pictures he saved and sent home from the Philippines, it is my assumption Dad had never traveled very far from home before. He had his picture taken on numerous occasions and in general had a high old time. The Philippine Insurrection was over and they were, as we would call them today, a "peace keeping force." There are pictures of them on maneuvers, the natives, Dad and etc.



This is a picture of Dad's squad in the Philippines. On the back of the picture it says "First squad. Co. K. 30. Inftry. Name from left to right. Upper row, Musician Dove, Pvts; Sims, Newsom, Brown. Lower row, Pvts; Laubinger, Murray, Littleton, Copl. Gore. Don't you love the hats? They all look about two sizes too small.

In 1909, he returned to the United States and as far as we can tell, he was then sent to Fort D. A. Russell, here in Cheyenne, Wyoming. He became attached to the 4th Field Artillery and

again, through the various post cards we can track his activities.

Researching his Military Career has been lots of fun and enabled me to discover some interesting information. For instance, the 30th Infantry built Fort D. A. Russell in the late 1880's. It is an assumption, but the 4th FA was probably attached to the 30th Infantry and explains why he was sent to Fort Russell when he returned from the Philippines. In previous newsletters, I have told of where he and mother lived on Fort Russell, but while he was there as an unmarried Sergeant, he lived in the very first barracks building on the southeast end (as you enter the base) of Warren Air Force Base. (Fort Russell is now Warren AFB). They have removed the beautiful, big porch and it now houses the headquarters of the 90th Space Wing of the Air Force. Luckily, some historical group got busy and saved the porches on the other old barracks and they have been repaired and preserved.



Dad, taken in 1914 at Texas City, Texas. He was a Sergeant in the 4th Field Artillery.

As I have told you before, Dad's military career ended just before the birth of his third child. Too many children, the Army thought and so he left. He worked for a time at Kelly Mercantile and then for the Union Pacific Railroad.

Dad was a great practical joker, there was one time I can remember when he had acquired a plastic cockroach. He carried it for a very long time and would hide it under a piece of pie in the restaurant in North Platte. Usually to initiate a new waitress.

He walked everywhere he went and had strong, fast legs. Going to town with him was an event because he knew everyone he met and stopped to visit, but, when he did walk you ran as fast as possible to keep up. One time as he walked from the Train Depot past the Plains Hotel he spotted Leah in the bar. She and some of her highschool friends decided to go in and have a drink. They sidled up to the bar, put their foot on the brass rail and ordered. About the time the drink came, Dad saw her (she didn't see him) and came into the bar. He tapped her on the shoulder and said, "don't you think you better go home, girl?" Leah said she nearly died and was sure her life was passing before her eyes. He didn't say another word but walked out the bar with Leah hot on his trail. He walked home, his usual brisk pace, with Leah running as fast as she could, her mind racing with all the horrors of what Mother was going to say or do. She said she went straight to her homework, finished it and got right on her chores. She went to bed when she was supposed to and got up when she was called. All the time waiting for the other shoe to fall. It never did but she worked really hard to be good for a very long time. Just before mother died, they were telling a lot of stories and Leah told that one. Come to find out, Dad hadn't told Mother and Leah had suffered for nothing. She laughs about, even now, not being able to go into a bar and enjoy a drink.

The picture on the front is one of the last of Dad in his Conductor Uniform. This is the way we all remember him with his great smile.

I owe a deep debt of gratitude to all of you loaning me your post cards or copying them so I could get the dates and places from them. Charles and Frank have been especially helpful and I thank them very much!!!

letters to the editor:

From Marty Brown,

"I want to say a few things about your Mom! She truly was a very special Lady! And I loved her dearly. I believe her love, kindness and sincerity has left its' mark on all the Brown children.

I remember so well when our twins were three months old and in Cheyenne Memorial Hospital with pneumonia. We were all very worried about them and since I couldn't sleep, I went to see how they were. It was about 4 a.m. I walked into their room and there was Grace, just sitting in a rocking chair and listening to them breath. It touched me so deeply as I knew her anxiety was as deeply felt as ours.

She told me once, "I couldn't give my children material wealth, but I gave them what I think is the best for them." These three things:

1. *A pride in yourself*
2. *A pride in your family*
3. *A desire for education*

I think there are no finer qualities anyone could instill in their children.

I truly believe her unselfish love and guidance of her family has made the Brown children what you all are today. She didn't judge others, she simply accepted them and found the best qualities in us all. I hope our children will have as deep a love and respect for us, as we have for your Mom."

From Bill Beardslee:

"Grandma's influence on her children ...that they attend church was very evident in our home. No matter where we lived, mom always had us in church. As you know, dad was never much of one to go, but he never stood in mom's way. We were all very surprised and very happy when he accepted Jesus Christ as his savior and became involved in church with mom and it was a very happy day for mom because she now had someone to share in her

faith. It was that faith that gave her the strength to carry on when dad was so sick with Alzheimer Disease. She was very much like Grandma Brown in her loving outreach to other people.. Especially her great-grand children whom she raised when their dad was not there. Mom was also one to make you go and cut the switch that she would use to whip you with, don't cut it too small because the back of the hands were her optional place of punishment."

(I think we were all raised to respect the willow tree)

A message from the editor

To my brothers and sisters, let me say I am deeply sorry if I offended any of you with my tribute to mother. She was one of my dearest friends and I would not for an instant write anything I felt would hurt her. From a genealogy aspect, I wrote what I felt was important to help you understand her passion for life as well as her philosophy, which was, you took what was handed to you and made the very best of it. She did just that, she took what life dealt her and made it beautiful. Even in dying she was gracious and loving. Mother was sure she was given the burden to bear because God had something far greater in mind for her. I'm sure she was right and she is up there bossing around heaven.

As for the last four months of her life, I used six letters she had written to Dad's sisters Lee and Lucille.

In January she wrote to Lee about the house being quiet and it was and it was unusual not to have some of the grandchildren in the house. She wrote that Donna had gone to Laramie to spend the weekend with Ilene (she was attending Univ. Of Wyo) and Sally had spent the night with a girl friend. She spoke of Mike leaving (he had been home on leave) for San Francisco and he would soon be leaving for Atsugi, Japan. She also says Tandy is fine and makes a wonderful nurse and housekeeper. She was worried about him not getting to enjoy his retirement because of her health.

In February in a letter to Lucille she wrote :Tandy is fine and busy as can be. This business of being a housekeeper, nurse and mother to our two youngest granddaughters (they are really a comfort to us) keeps him busy. She brags about Ilene's good grades and her scholarships. Tells of Mike sailing for Japan on January 28 and he turned 19 on January 20.

Again in February she wrote to Lee. Tandy was painting a bedroom. He was trying to get all the cleaning done before the yard work started. *"He keeps well and busy. Since I am almost completely helpless, he and the little girls (Sally and Donna) have all the work to do. Ilene is doing so well at the University her grades are so good."* No word from Mike, she doesn't know how long it takes to go by troop ship

In March she wrote to Lee: *"Tandy keeps well and is so wonderful and kind to me. I have lots of nurses and they are the best kind. They are my own precious daughters. Dolfe comes in the morning and bathes me and changes my bed. Leah comes at night and rubs my back and straightens my bed and puts me to bed. The other girls come in all during the day and help with whatever there is to be done. It's so wonderful to have so much love and devotion when you need it most."*

On April 6th she wrote to Lee, mostly about the babies in the family. *"Dick has four little girls, first twins in the family, and the cutest things you ever saw. Dolfe and Patty have 5 between them making nine little ones in Cheyenne."* She tells of using the hospital bed and oxygen. Mostly just small talk.

At Easter she sent a card to Lee with a brief message on the back. Leonard had come home and she was happy that he looked to wonderful.

These are the only letters I have which describe her last few months. As you can tell, she spent very little time on self pity. She mostly told of happy events. To see someone

you love die a little at a time is difficult at best and to write about it is also a sad task. Please know, I loved her a great deal and owe her even more. I would never want to sully her memory. Dolfe

A TRIBUTE TO A LOVELY LADY

On June 29, 1999 our sister June Smith will celebrate her 80th birthday. I would like to tell you just a tiny bit about June and how much she means to me.

When Pat and I were much younger, she did endless wonderful things for us. At Easter every year she bought us new dresses, shoes, socks, underwear and had our hair done. In fact, she bought us wonderful things all the time and it was like having Santa come all year long.

She paid for our piano lessons and I appreciate the endless hours of enjoyment I've gained from my music.

When she and George lived in Casper, Pat and I would get a railroad pass, ride up there and attend a ball game. They would meet us at the station, feed us supper, take us to the Basketball or Football Game and pick us up after. George would slip us each a couple of dollars (To put that in perspective, in those days, you could get a hamburger, fries and coke for 50 cents, this was a kings ransom!) Breakfast the next morning and back to Cheyenne. It was lots of fun.

There is much more, an endless litany of nice things she did for us and knowing there isn't anyway I could tell it all, would just like to say to a very special lady.....**HAPPY BIRTHDAY and THANKS FOR BEING YOU!!!**

Dolfe

To send a Birthday Card to this lovely lady, mail it to June Smith, 2030 South Poplar, Casper, WY 82601.

BIRTHDAYS

Dolfe VanAlyne	June 28 th
June Smith	June 29 th
Charles Brown	July 27 th

ANNIVERSARY

Dick and Marty Brown	June 11 th
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PRAYER LIST

Vivian has returned to the South Austin Hospital for more tests. They are having a devil of a time trying to get her back on her feet. Please keep her in your hearts and prayers. Send any cards to Vivian Beardslee, 9007 Chisholm Lane, Austin, TX 78748. Bob will take them to her at the hospital. Her phone number is 512- 462-8455 Room 455.

We need to keep Rick Brown and Bill Brown in our hearts and prayers. Both young men need our love.

NEW BABY

Vivian has a brand new great grandson. Stuart and Emily's daughter, Amanda and her husband Jon McCarra are the proud parents little Jonah Blair McCarra. Jonah weighed in at 7 lbs. 15 oz. and is 20 inches long. He can be seen at the web site: www/springhillmemorial.com/hs/babypage/birthdate.html

CONGRATULATIONS AMANDA & JON!!!**JULY'S PLAIN BROWN RAPPER**

Because of Anna's passing, I will be dedicating the July issue to her. Please send me any of your memories and tributes and I'll print them.

The sooner the better, I like to have it all done by the 20th of the month. Thanks, Dolfe

Anna's Daughters Addresses:

Joanne Jacka, 717 Oak Drive, Capitola, CA 95010

Nicki Schumacher, 3205 N. Kensington,

Winnamucca, NV 89445

Kathi Yenney, 54043 Matthews Lane, Milton-

Freewater, OR 97862

Charles' Web Page

WWW.CHUCKBROWN.ORG

Mike Wheelless's Web Page

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E-mail addresses:

WELCOME TO NEW E-MAIL USERS:

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There are several corrected and new e-mail addresses. Be sure to check yours.