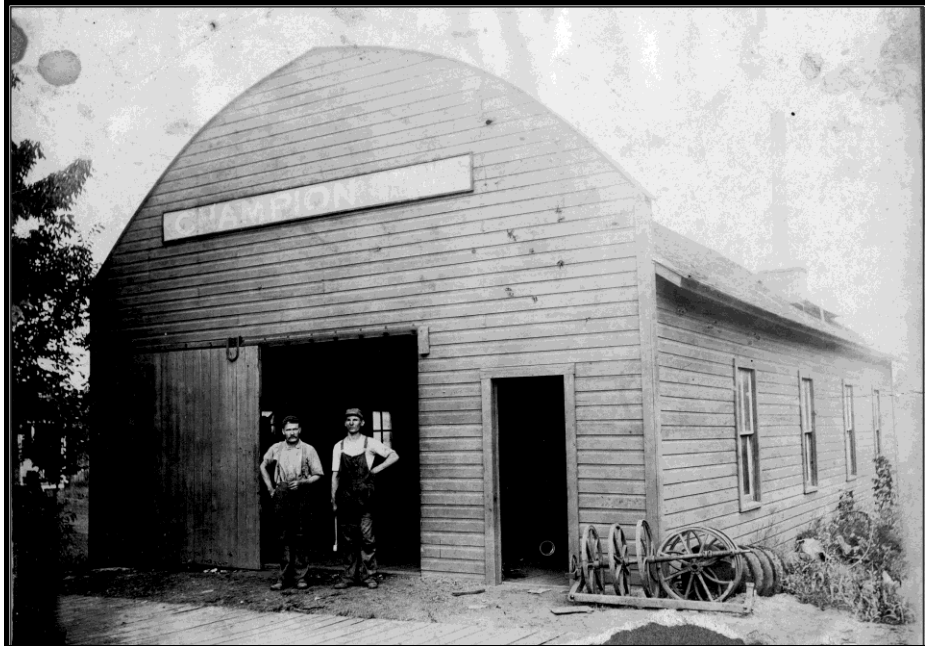


Samuel and Grace Boyer Allen
Samuel and Myrtle Anderson Allen

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Sam Allen (left) and his brother-in-law, Ray Boyer, outside shop in Valley Falls, Kansas, circa 1905.

Chapter 3: Sam Allen

Sam Allen was the sixth child of Richard and Melinda. He was born on August 6, 1870, in Washington County, Kansas, in a house made of sod, which he later described as a dugout. Washington County is located about 125 miles northwest of Kansas City, on the Nebraska border. Sam remembered seeing Indians peeking into the window of the dugout. When Sam was four, the Allens moved to Missouri for one year, then to Jefferson County, Kansas (Valley Falls). After learning the trade of blacksmithing, Sam went into business for himself at the age of 16, opening a shop in Rock Creek, Kansas. A few years later, he was staking a claim for land in Oklahoma and plying his craft there. After some time, he traded the land for a team of horses and headed back to Kansas. [See in Photographs section of this chapter the letter from Sam written in Oklahoma Territory in 1893 to his family in Kansas.] In 1899, Sam Allen was a constable in the Valley Falls township.

Sam and Grace Boyer Allen

Sam married Grace Boyer in 1901, and to them was born Donald Chester on April 29, 1904 and Beth on November 24, 1906. In the 1905 Kansas state census, Samuel Allen was in Valley Falls, Jefferson County, Kansas, a blacksmith who owned his own home without a mortgage. Grace and one-year-old Donald were in the household. Grace died in 1906 following complications of childbirth.

Obituary of Grace Boyer Allen

The Valley Falls New Era
Thursday
December 13, 1906

Obituary.

Grace BOYER was born in Lincoln County, Kansas, near Allamead, on the farm where Yorktown now stands, June 17, 1881, and died at her home in Valley Falls, December 3, 1906, aged 25 years, 5 months, 16 days. When ten years of age, she moved with her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. BOYER, to the town of Lincoln and later to Jefferson County, coming to Valley Falls in 1898. When but a little child she showed a fondness and aptness for study which was apparent throughout her school life and often won for her a teacher's approbation; she was graduated with honors from the Valley Falls High School in 1901.

In 1897 her mother was called from this life, and Grace, being the oldest of her father's family and the only girl, became, besides the faithful daughter, a mother to her younger brothers. When but a young girl she was a willing and competent Bible School worker and on February 23, 1902 she yielded her heart to her Savior and united with the Christian Church, of which she remained a faithful member until her death.

She was married to Samuel ALLEN April 2, 1902. To this union were born three children, the eldest of whom died in infancy; two, with the husband, father and three brothers survive to mourn the loss of mother, wife, daughter and sister. In this sad bereavement they have the sympathy of all.

Mrs. ALLEN was a woman of noble character and fine disposition. Those who knew her best loved her most. Her worth as neighbor, friend, sister, daughter, wife and mother needs no eulogy. As we think of her now it is with the sentiment as expressed by the poet Halleck:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

A very large number of friends and neighbors attended the funeral services at the Christian church conducted by her pastor, I.A. WILSON.

Life in Valley Falls

Old newspaper articles tell something of life in Valley Falls in those days.

The Valley Falls New Era
Thursday
April 11, 1907

The Only Proper Way.
To Sharpen Discs Is With a Disc Roller.

Sam Allen has put in a Disc Roller—a machine that sharpens discs without injuring the temper or cutting away the steel. It rolls the disc to a full true edge, cold, and is recognized as being the very acme of all disc sharpeners.

In Western Kansas where discs are universally used we are told that farmers ship their discs 25 miles to this kind of a machine rather than have them sharpened in any other way.

Be sure to see the machine at Allen's at work.

The Valley Falls New Era
Thursday
November 19, 1908

Passed Away.

Sam Allen was called to Marysville, Monday, by the announcement of the death of his brother Eb's wife, which occurred Sunday morning and was caused by malarial fever. They had been married less than a year, and those who are superstitious about dates recall that Friday the 13th of December was their wedding day.

The Valley Falls New Era
Thursday
July 7, 1910

While planing a felloe rim in his shop Thursday morning, Sam Allen got a blow on his forehead cutting a gash that required several stitches to close. Dr. M.F. Marks who dressed the wound thinks the frontal bone was slightly fractured.

The blow was caused by the rim catching on the saw attached to the same mandrel with the planer. Sam was not knocked down and out though the stroke was a hard one.

The Valley Falls New Era
Thursday
September 8, 1910

Chester Stewart is carrying a lame hand from it coming in contact with a fractured barrel hoop.

Miss Hazel Taggart, after visiting a week with her aunt Mrs. Bert Bradley, returned to her home at

Meriden Tuesday.

Sam Allen returned Tuesday from a week's visit with his brother, Livy, at Ottumwa, Iowa. In some places in Missouri he says the crops were poor, but in Iowa they were good.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilson of Corning, visited their daughter, Mrs. Frank Dornblaser at Valley Falls from Friday until Sunday, giving the young folks a surprise at a late hour Friday night. From here Mr. and Mrs. Wilson visited friends at Dunavant.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Lewis visited friends in Holton Sunday. From there Elmer went to Horton Monday to play in the band for the Labor Day parade. There was no parade on account of the rain and the band of 20 pieces entertained the crowd with concerts. Elmer and his wife returned Tuesday afternoon.

The Valley Falls New Era
Jefferson County
Thursday
October 13, 1910

Married.

People generally were surprised here last Friday morning with the news that Samuel Allen of Valley Falls was married that morning to Mrs. Myrtle B. Waggoner, at Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Waggoner, who has been keeping house for Frank Corkadel the past summer, with some prospects of a match between, left Thursday morning for Springfield, ostensibly to visit sick relatives and met Mr. Allen who preceded her on another train, at Kansas City, and together they went to the place of marriage.

The bride's father, Dr. T.M. Anderson, lives at Mountain View, Mo. After a short honey moon trip and visit in old Missouri the happy couple will be at home to their friends on north Maple Street. Frank is reconciled and congratulations are in order. All's well that ends well.

Note: Frank Corkedel's mother was Elizabeth Hogan Corkedel, daughter of Lydia Reynolds Hogan, who was sister of Sam's mother, Melinda.

The Valley Falls New Era
Thursday
October 21, 1915

In Automobile Accident.

While learning to drive the automobile he had traded for from Sam Allen, Lloyd Spence turned the steering wheel the wrong way and run the car into the ditch of the Union Pacific railway near the crossing half a mile north of town Tuesday afternoon.

The machine was wrecked and both men were severely injured, but they started to town a foot, when they were overtaken by Harry Martin who brought them to town in his buggy taking them to Marks hospital where their injuries were treated.

Lloyd had suffered a fracture of the small bone in his right leg, and some bruises. Dr. Marks took him home in his car.

Sam escaped without any broken bones, but his right hand was severely cut and lacerated on the glass wind shield, and both shins were cut, several stitches being required to close the long gashes.

Sam attended Odd Fellows lodge that night and is out looking after things at his blacksmith shop; but it will be several weeks before the wounds heal up.

After a few days at home, Lloyd no doubt will get out on crutches. Both are thankful that it was no worse.

Sam Remarries to Myrtle Anderson

Sam and his children made their home with his mother Melinda and his brother Eugene until October 7, 1910, when he married Myrtle Blaine Anderson Waggoner, from Mountain View, Missouri, in Springfield, Missouri.

Myrtle had a four-year-old daughter, Berene when she married Sam Allen. Sam and Myrtle had three children who survived infancy: Samuel Clyde born July 31, 1911; Raymond Anderson born July 19, 1918; and Margie Jean born May 19, 1923, the day her brother Don graduated from high school. All of Sam's children, except Raymond, were born on the same street in Valley Falls, but in three different houses. Raymond was born in Mountain View, Missouri. Myrtle went to Mountain View so her father, Dr. Thomas Mitchell Anderson, could deliver Raymond.

Donald, Sam's oldest son, became county attorney for Jefferson County, then parole attorney, and then a state senator before moving to Wichita to become a partner in the law firm of former governor Payne Ratner. Donald married Rose Mary Carver of Valley Falls in October of 1933. To this union were born: Donald Fredolin (Fred) in September of 1935; and Richard Leglar in December of 1939. Donald died in Wichita in May of 1949.

When they were children, Don, Beth, and Samuel Clyde occasionally traveled by a one-car train to Mountain View, Missouri, to visit Myrtle's father, Dr. Thomas Anderson. Myrtle would fix a big lunch of fried chicken and other goodies, which they would have eaten before the train left town.

Beth, Sam's second child, feeling she would not graduate with her class because of a failing grade in physics, quit high school her senior year, one month before graduation. She then proceeded to Newton, Kansas, where she got employment at a Fred Harvey restaurant, a chain of restaurants located only in train stations. As a waitress, Beth lasted one week. She returned to Valley Falls and enrolled in business college in Kansas City, where she studied for a year. After finishing business college, Beth took employment with an oil and gum machine company as a stenographer. She worked there for one year, then left for California where she worked as a stenographer for a paper, rope and paint company.

The Move to Western Kansas

In 1927, Sam Allen took his family from Valley Falls to Hillsboro, Kansas, to work with a German man named Pete Jose. Sam's abrupt departure from Valley Falls was the result of a boycott by the Ku Klux Klan because of his refusal to join. Samuel Clyde remembers the night his father went to a Klan meeting, held at the Masonic Lodge, at the urging of a friend. Clyde saw his father returning home, walking down the dirt road with a man following him. As Sam Allen and the man approached the house, Myrtle approached them. Clyde held four-year-old Margie Jean at his side. Sam Allen turned to the man who was following him and told him he had better leave. Sam explained to his family that after listening to the Klan's presentation, he and one other man had attempted to leave the room. The Klan members barred the door, and Sam and the friend forced their way out. Because he refused the Klan's overtures, Sam's business was boycotted, and he was

forced to move his family from Valley Falls, where he had lived for half a century, to make a living elsewhere.

After a brief stay Hillsboro working for Pete Jose, Sam moved his family to Canton, Kansas, to run the blacksmith shop that Pete Jose owned there. With the Great Depression setting in, Sam's family lived in a four-room house, where the rent was \$10 per month. Unable to pay the rent during the winter months, Sam caught up during the summer when plow season brought more work.

In 1930 Beth came home to Canton from California. The Depression had cost her her job. In Canton, Beth found work doing housework and babysitting for a family. She worked from sunup to sundown for \$2.50 per week, and it was a seven-day workweek. She recalls saving pennies from the grocery money to buy Margie Jean an ice cream cone, which the two sisters shared once they were around the corner from Main Street. Beth and her brother Clyde kept a snipe jar in which they saved the butts from cigarettes so they could roll their own. Margie Jean, trying to be helpful, picked up butts from the street to offer for the snipe jar. As the Depression wore on, Beth went to Mountain View, Missouri, to work for her Aunt Clyde Walker. Later she worked in her brother Don's law office in Oskaloosa, Kansas. Finally she found work for the Forestry Department of the State of Missouri, helping in the office of a title attorney. Her job took her to Van Buren, Missouri, near where her brother Clyde was working for the Civilian Conservation Corps. After several years, Beth returned to Kansas to work in her brother Don's law office in Wichita, where Don was partner in a firm with former governor Payne Rattner. In 1941, Beth took employment at the Hercules Powder Plant in Eudora, Kansas, along with her sisters Berene and Margie Jean and her mother Myrtle. When the plant closed at the end of the War, Beth found a job in New York City in the office of a patent attorney.

Finally Settled in Tonganoxie

In 1935, Sam Allen bought a blacksmith shop in Tonganoxie, Kansas. Sam, Myrtle, Raymond and Margie Jean moved to Tongie that summer. Raymond started his senior year of high school that fall, and Margie Jean was in seventh grade. After finishing high school, Raymond joined the Marines. Finishing a four-year hitch in the Marines, Raymond returned to Tonganoxie, worked for a while at Peterson's Café and then found work at Montgomery Ward in Kansas City. He went to Pittsburgh State College in Pittsburgh, Kansas, for a year and, in 1941, joined the Air Corps when World War II broke out. He served on a B-29 bomber crew in the Pacific war theater. After the war, Raymond became a guard at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary but was soon transferred to Alcatraz. In California he met and married in 1949 an English lady named Billie. In the early 1960s, Raymond was transferred to the federal penitentiary in Safford, Arizona, where he and Billie lived until Billie's death in 1980. In 1982, Raymond married Georgia Harlson; and they reside in Thather, Arizona, until Raymond's death in 1999.

Like his younger brother Raymond, Samuel Clyde had served four years in the Marines before the war began in 1941. He too re-enlisted in the Air Corps where he served for 30 years until his retirement. In 1946, Samuel Clyde married Myrtis Wood. On May 4, 1953, a daughter—Beth Anne (now Mrs. Jim Mercer) was born to them. Samuel Clyde and Myrtis lived in Denver, Japan, and Phoenix before being stationed in Maryville, Tennessee, where they resided until their deaths. Beth Anne for many years was the librarian in Athens, Tennessee.

An article in the Valley Falls Vindicator explains Sam Allen's move to Tonganoxie in 1935:

Business is Good

"I wouldn't say that Tonganoxie was behind the times," said Sam Allen a former Valley Falls boy on a visit here Sunday, "but they still hold on to a lot of horses, mules, buggies and wagons which gives me a lot of profitable work the year round. Out in McPherson County all the work was crowded into four months and then nothing to do—and as for horse-shoeing, I don't know of a shod team in the country." Sam is a good blacksmith and his friends are all glad to know of his good business in our neighboring town.

Sam wrote to one newspaper to correct an error:

'The Goose Hangs High'

Sam Allen of Tonganoxie writes us, enclosing the clipping from the Coffeerville Journal which claims it isn't "the goose hangs high," it is "the goose honks high," as an indication of weather of some kind. Sam says the Journal is wrong. Here is Sam's say about it:

"In the Southwest fifty years ago at fairs, Fourth of July and picnics, men riding to town greeted each other with 'Howda, Jim; how's everything?' The answer was, 'Everything's lovely and the goose hangs high.' And why? Because the goose was there. A wire had been stretched from poles, or trees if there were any, and the goose was hung from the wire, head down, and just high enough that a man on a horse could just reach the goose's head. He must ride under the wire and his horse must go under the wire at a gallop. If he caught the goose by the neck and pulled it from the wire the goose was his goose."

The Tonganoxie Mirror reported in 1940:

Blacksmith Has Birthday

Sam Allen, the local blacksmith, celebrated his 70th birthday August 6th, and is still the village smith, with strong and sineny arms. The spreading chestnut tree, as far as this village is concerned, is a lot of brush, but the anvil rings and the sparks fly with the same momentum as in the days of the poet, Longfellow, when he wrote "The Village Blacksmith." Mr. Allen established his first shop in Rock Creek, Kansas, 54 years ago. He, with Mrs. Allen and his daughter, Margie Jean, has been a resident of Tonganoxie the past 5 years.

In 1941, the year his sons returned to the service of their country, Sam Allen died of a heart attack at his shop in Tonganoxie. Myrtle, Margie Jean, Berene (and Berene's husband Lace Hogan), Beth and Raymond pooled their resources and purchased a home in Kansas City. After the war, Beth returned to Kansas City to work for a law firm. Myrtle died in 1949 and Berene in 1951. The house in Kansas City was sold. Beth took a job with the State of Kansas (Department of Education) in Topeka and moved there.

On August 20, 1943, Margie Jean Allen, Sam's youngest child, married her high school sweetheart, Roy Lee Redding, in Evanston, Illinois, two hours after Roy was commissioned an ensign in the United States Navy. Roy's duty included service as a gunnery officer aboard LST 504 in the D-Day invasion of Normandy in June of 1944. Margie Jean took employment at the Hercules Plant but took leave to meet Roy Lee's ship whenever it came back to the United States. They were together in New Jersey, Boston, New York City, New Orleans, Mobile, and Virginia Beach. In June of 1945, Margie Jean became pregnant and returned to Kansas City to live with her mother. In January of 1946, Roy Lee was released from active duty and joined his wife in Kansas City. On March 12, 1946 their son, Samuel Francis, was born; in July the new family moved to Tonganoxie to live with Roy Lee's father Chant and brother Francis Raymond (Babe). Roy Lee's mother, Quintilla, had died in November of 1943.

Census Records

From 1875 through 1885, Sam Allen was in the Kansas State and Federal censuses in the home of his father. The 1890 Federal census was lost in a fire. Sam Allen does not appear in the 1895 Kansas State census, and was probably in Oklahoma at the time.

1900 Census in Valley Falls, Delaware Township, Jefferson County, Kansas

Melinda Allen, 60, born in Illinois in February of 1840, father in Virginia and mother in Kentucky; Livy H., 35; Frances (wife of Livy), 30; Eugene, 31, farmer; Samuel, 29, blacksmith. Melinda owned her home free of mortgage, and it was a home not a farm.

1905 Kansas State Census, Valley Falls, Jefferson County, Kansas

Samuel Allen, 34, owned home without mortgage, born in Kansas, blacksmith
Grace, 23, born in Kansas
Donald, 1, born in Kansas

1905 Kansas State Census, Valley Falls, Jefferson County, Kansas

[Note: This is Grace's father and brothers. I have not found these Boyers in earlier censuses, nor Grace.]

A. Boyer, 55, farmer, born in West Virginia
Roy Boyer, 21, born in Kansas
Ralph Boyer, 17, born in Kansas
Max Boyer, 19, born in Kansas

1910 Census in Valley Falls, Jefferson County, Kansas

Samuel Allen, 39, blacksmith with his own shop, owned his home free of a mortgage; Donald, 5; Elizabeth, 3; Melinda, 70; Eugene, 41, laborer doing odd jobs.

1920 Census in Valley Falls, Jefferson County, Kansas

Samuel Allen, 49, born in Kansas, both parents in England [sic], a blacksmith who was owner of his shop; Myrtle B., 35, born in Missouri, father in Missouri and mother in Arkansas; Donald C., 15, born in Kansas as were both parents; Beth D., 13, born in Kansas as were both parents; Clyde S., 8, born in Kansas, father in Kansas and mother in Missouri; Raymond A., 6 months, born in Missouri, father in Kansas, mother in Missouri; Berene M. Wagner, 13, step-daughter, born in Missouri, father in Tennessee and mother in Missouri.

1930 Census in Canton, McPherson County, Kansas

Sam Allen, 59, born in Kansas, a blacksmith, father born in England and mother in Illinois; Myrtle B., 45, born in Missouri, father in Missouri and mother in Arkansas; Samuel C., 18, born in Kansas, Raymond A., 11, born in Kansas; Margie J., 6, born in Kansas. All three children in school. Also in home is Laura Britton, 61, mother-in-law, born in Arkansas, father in Tennessee and mother in North Carolina.

Couldn't find Don or Beth in 1930. Don was probably in college in Lawrence then. Beth was in Los Angeles. After leaving high school, she went to a business college, and then to Los Angeles, California.

One possibility, although this is a story I have never heard, is an Elisabeth Allen, born in 1906 in Kansas, both parents born in Kansas, who is an officer and teacher at the Frances De Pauw Spanish Industrial School in Los Angeles. Must also have been a resident to appear in the census, although I am not certain since this is an odd one-page record not attached to the rest of the county census as is usual. This is a one-page entry in the census record. There is a principal, an assistant principal, 11 teachers (who are also listed as officers), a

cook, an assistant cook, and a servant. There are a dozen students, between the age of 15 and 27, all born in Mexico or their parents born in Mexico. Margie Jean thinks Beth was in Orange County and was a stenographer. Methodist missions: 1890 Education for Hispanic children was offered at Harwood School in Albuquerque, New Mexico, Frances DePauw School in Los Angeles and George O. Robinson School in San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Sam Allen's Obituaries

Passing of Sam Allen [from Tonganoxie Mirror]

We first knew Sam Allen when he operated a blacksmith shop across the street from the Vindicator office in Valley Falls. He was an expert workman and highly regarded. Friday morning he died in the family apartment over the Mirror office here [Tonganoxie]. Altho reaching advanced years in the five years he lived here, he still turned out excellent work, and was a craftsman in a vocation learned in boyhood. He was well informed on politics and public affairs and had the faculty of inspiring his children to advance themselves. His son, Don, is now the state's pardon attorney at Topeka, a good lawyer, and has served as county attorney and state senator in Jefferson county. Sam was very proud of this as he had a right to be. The other children likewise have shown aptitude and promise. There is no greater satisfaction than that of a parent observing his progeny make the most of things. Sam had that satisfaction. Many children have watched Sam at his forge--among them the writer. The village blacksmith has been glorified in one of our country's notable poems. To us Sam was a typical one. Now that he has laid down his tools at a mature age--his last job finished--we want to put in a word with old St. Peter in behalf of a firm friend, a first-rate father and a blacksmith who viewed the world at large from his forge with understanding and intelligence.

Obituary of Sam Allen [from Valley Falls Vindicator]

Samuel, son of Richard Allen and Malinda Allen, was born August 6, 1870 in Washington County, Kansas, and died August 8, 1941 at his home in Tonganoxie, Kansas, aged 71 years and 2 days. He went to Missouri with his parents when four years old and after one year there, came with his parents to Jefferson County, Kansas. He lived here until 1928 when he removed with his family to McPherson County, Kansas. He lived there until 1935 when he made his home in Tonganoxie, Kansas.

He was married to Grace Boyer on April 2, 1901, and to this union was born four children, two of whom died in infancy, and Donald C. Allen of Oskaloosa, and Beth Allen of Springfield, Missouri. Grace Allen died December 3, 1906. On October 2, 1910, he was married to Myrtle B. Waggoner and to this union was born Samuel Clyde Allen of Fort Riley, Kansas; Raymond Allen and Margie Jean Allen of the home. These children, together with Myrtle Allen, his widow and Berene Clemmons, a step-daughter, of Mountain View, Missouri, survive him, as do two sisters, Mrs. Irene Hogan and Mrs. Mabel Rose of Valley Falls.

He learned the blacksmith trade at the age of 15 years and followed it all his life, becoming an expert craftsman. On the day he was stricken he was busy as always at his trade.

He was a member of the I.O.O.F. Crescent Lodge No. 86, at Valley Falls, and a member of the Christian church at Valley Falls. Brother Allen was a man of marked intellectual ability. His work in Odd Fellowship was of the highest order and whenever possible, he was in demand to give the lectures of the Order. A true Odd Fellow and a steadfast friend.

Funeral services were held from the Christian church in Valley Falls, of which church he was an Elder for a number of years, on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock by Rev. Kimball. Mrs. Lou Hauck sang "Face to Face," and "Nearer Home," with Mrs. Fred Legler as pianist. The pallbearers were Brother Odd Fellows, Herbert Spencer, Perry Corkadel, Ralph Hull, Bert Scott, Courtney Ford and Emmett Medlock. The Odd Fellow, of which order a large number were present, took charge at the cemetery with Geo. Felber, Noble Grand, and Russel May, Chaplain, giving the beautiful and impressive services for the deceased in a manner that Brother Allen would have appreciated.

He was laid to rest in the Farrar cemetery at Valley Falls. May God rest his soul in peace.

Children of Sam Allen

The children of Sam Allen scattered, as had Richard's and Christopher's. Don settled in Wichita; Beth lived on both coasts before following her sister Margie to Illinois; Samuel Clyde's career in the Air Force took him to Japan, Phoenix, Denver, and finally to Maryville, Tennessee; Raymond worked for years at Alcatraz, living in Pacifica before moving to Safford, Arizona; and Margie Jean left Tonganoxie, where her father and mother had died, and raised her family in Illinois.

I know that I saw my cousin Fred a few times before I was old enough to form memories, but my only childhood recollection of him is from my visit to Wichita with Aunt Beth when I was five. Richard was away at summer camp when I visited Wichita. Sometime in the late 1960s, Freddy, Kathy and their kids spent Thanksgiving with my parents in Towanda, and in the 1990s Fred and I have been together on perhaps six occasions. Richard I have seen three or four times in my life. I know Beth Anne much better, having spent as many as twenty days in my life in her presence.

The Allen cousins I knew best as a child were the children of Dorothy Haas. Dorothy was my mother's first cousin, the daughter of Sam Allen's sister—Irene Hogan. Patty, Phil and Debby Haas—Dorothy and Poss's children—grew up in Valley Falls, and when we lived in nearby Tonganoxie they were the cousins we often visited.

The Allen reunions in Valley Falls, Kansas, in 1994 and 1997 [and more since this writing] were occasions for reuniting and reacquainting the descendents of Richard Allen. But my cousins, brothers and I were brought together also for the 90th birthday of Aunt Beth in 1996 and again, sadly, upon news of the diagnosis of her stomach cancer in 1998.

Obituary of Donald Chester Allen

Word came early Tuesday morning of the death of Donald C. Allen at the Wesley Hospital in Wichita, after an illness of three weeks, following severe heart attacks. He was born at Valley Falls, Kansas, April 29, 1904, the son of Samuel and Grace Boyer Allen, attending the schools here, graduating from high school in 1923. He spent one year at Kansas State College, in 1923-1924, entering Kansas University in 1926. He entered Kansas University Law School in September, 1928 and was graduated from there in June, 1931, being admitted to the bar June 18, 1931.

Mr. Allen first practiced law with the firm of Raines, Glenn and Glenn in Topeka, then established practice for himself at Ottawa, Kansas. He remained there until May 1, 1932, when he entered the race for County Attorney of Jefferson County and was elected to that office two terms and held it until 1937. In 1936 he served as State Senator from Jefferson and Douglas counties and held that office until January, 1941, serving on the legislative council 1939-1941. He was appointed state Pardon and Parole attorney on May 1, 1941 by Gov. Payne H. Ratner and served until January 11, 1943. During the time from May, 1932, to March, 1943, he conducted his private law practice in Oskaloosa, entering into partnership at that time with Mr. Ratner for the practice of law at Wichita. He continued that partnership at the time of his death.

On October 6, 1933, he was married to Miss Rose Carver in Valley Falls and they are the parents of two sons, Fred Allen, aged 13, and Richard Allen, aged 9. He is survived by his wife, two sons and mother-in-law, Mrs. Frieda Carver, of the home at 1443 Linnett, Wichita; a sister, Miss Beth Allen of Kansas City, Kansas; a half sister, Mrs. Margie Jean Redding of Tonganoxie; 2 half-brothers, S. Clyde Allen of Denver, Colo. and Raymond A. Allen of San Francisco, Calif.; a step-sister, Mrs. M. Berene Hogan of Kansas City, Kansas; many other relatives and a host of friends and acquaintances.

Funeral services will be held from the First Methodist church in Wichita, Thursday afternoon, May 19, at 2:30 o'clock and burial will be in a Wichita cemetery.

Obituary of Donald Chester Allen in Tonganoxie Mirror

Donald Allen, age 45, died at a Wichita Hospital Wednesday. He was a son of Mr. And Mrs. Sam Allen, former Tonganoxie residents. He was pardon attorney under Governor Payne Ratner and later became a partner in his law firm at Wichita. He represented the Tonganoxie Building & Loan Ass'n in various matters while practicing at Oskaloosa. He was stricken with a heart attack about ten days ago, and while severe, it was thought he was gaining. The Mirror editor has known the Allen family and Don since he was a boy at Valley Falls. His becoming a lawyer and success in politics and law was a matter of pride to all who knew him. The Allens moved to Kansas City, Kans. several years ago but his sister, Margie Jean Redding lives here. Tonganoxie friends of the family certainly regret Don's untimely death at a time when he was well on his way to the top.

He was reared at Valley Falls, graduated from University of Kansas school of law in 1931, was elected county attorney of Jefferson county in 1932, served two terms. He was State Senator from the Douglas-Jefferson district, in the sessions of 1937 and 1939. Meanwhile he conducted a thriving private practice at Oskaloosa, in 1943 took into partnership Milton P. Beach, who later purchased Mr. Allen's interest, and the latter removed to Wichita to become a law partner of former Gov. Payne Ratner.

On October 6, 1933, he was married to Miss Rose Carver in Valley Falls and they are the parents of two sons, Fred Allen, aged 13, and Richard Allen, aged 9. He is survived by his wife, two sons and mother-in-law, Mrs. Frieda Carver, of the home at 1443 Lieunett, Wichita; a sister, Miss Beth Allen of Kansas City, Kansas; a half sister, Mrs. Margie Jean Redding of Tonganoxie; 2 half-brothers, S. Clyde Allen of Denver, Colo., and Raymond A. Allen of San Francisco, Calif.; a step-sister, Mrs. M. Berene Hogan of Kansas City, Kansas; many other relatives and a host of friends and acquaintances.

Funeral services are being held from the First Methodist church in Wichita, today (Thursday) afternoon, May 19, at 2:30 o'clock with burial in a Wichita cemetery.

Beth Allen

Instructions for Margie Jean, Clyde and Raymond on My Death

(Written by Beth Allen on February 16, 1954, from Kansas City, Kansas, 45 years before her death.)

I

Margie Jean, the first thing you must do when you hear I am dead, if I die in a hospital, is to tell them in the hospital that my eyes are to go to the eye bank. Now before you do another single thing you see that the hospital is told this, because there is only a small margin between the time a person dies and the time their eyes can be removed, so DO NOT FAIL TO DO THIS. No good though, unless I die in a hospital—just a Dr. can't do it But you be sure—this is important—it is the difference between someone being blind or seeing.

II

I will tell you about my insurance—\$1000.00 in case of plain death—\$2000.00 in case of accidental death—\$3000.00 in case of death by accident in a licensed carrier (except an airplane—only accidental death then).

III

Now, no matter how wealthy I leave you (I even might die in an airplane crash with \$25,000.00 to split between you) BURY ME AT THE VERY CHEAPEST BEDROCK PRICE. Never mind about that vault stuff—never mind if the lining of the casket harmonizes with my coloring or harmonized with some dress you drag out of my closet. All you do is just simply get the cheapest funeral that is obtainable. None of these bronze caskets and that stuff—you get the cheapest casket to be found. NOW HEAR THIS—I will surely haunt you if you run amuck and do not do as I say.

IV

I want to be buried at Tonganoxie and I want my funeral to be at the Methodist Church—with Rev. Barton, preferably, officiating. Of course if he is gone, then someone else—but in any event, the Methodist Church.

NOW HEAR THIS: There is to be no talk of full of virtue and helping hands, etc. at my funeral. I have no intention of lying there felling like a hypocrite and if you, or either of you, allow it, then prepare to be haunted.

V

My obituary is to carry the name of “Beth Allen” only – After all these years of lying about my full and complete name, I do not propose to be unhorsed at my funeral.

VI

When I die, tell Mildred—Mrs. C. A. Gendermann, 3900 5th St. Baltimore, Md.

Dated this 16th day of February,
1954, at Kansas City, Kansas.

_____ *Beth Allen* _____

Sam Allen’s youngest three—Raymond, Samuel Clyde, and my mother Margie Jean—survived their sister Beth, sister Berene, and brother Don. With the passing of Aunt Beth, we felt the slipping away of our first source of family history, one that spanned a century and made generations of Allens vivid to us all through stories captured by a perfect memory and retold with wry compassion.

My daughter Becky was especially attentive to her Aunt Beth during the months of Beth’s illness, as were Becky’s husband, Doug, and children, Drew and Ali. Aunt Beth called Becky the “Lady in Charge.” Becky wrote the following eulogy, which my brother, Gary, read at the funeral.

In Loving Memory of Beth Allen

Beth was born November 24, 1906 in Valley Falls, Kansas. She was the daughter of Sam and Grace Allen, and a sister to Don. Her mother passed away shortly after her birth, so her Grandmother Allen played a special role in caring for young Beth until her father remarried. She gained a step-mother, Myrtle, and a step-sister, Berene.

The Allen family grew: a brother Samuel Clyde, then Raymond, and at the age of 18, Beth helped name her new sister, Margie Jean.

In 1955 Beth followed Margie Jean’s young family to Illinois. She rented a room in Bloomington and began a career working for The Pantagraph as a proofreader. Through the years, her evenings, weekends and vacations revolved around the lives of her nephews and her niece. She read to them and wrote to them, attended their ballgames, plays, and other performances. She was their number one fan.

Beth retired from The Pantagraph in November of 1971. She decided to make her home with Margie Jean and Roy Lee in Towanda. By this time, Beth had become a great-aunt. She didn’t have time to just sit back and relax with her retirement. She remained actively involved in the lives of her nieces and nephews—reminding them to have good posture, introducing them to vitamins and 10-0-6, recommending baby names and hairstyles, and always willing to discuss or argue about current political issues or ballgames.

Her role as a caretaker was enhanced as she became a great-great aunt nearly four years ago. Her arms were always open to rock,

bug and sing to a sleepy baby, and she could often be found walking, swinging and playing in the yard or reading and writing in her favorite big blue chair.

Beth supported her family through marriages, births, baptisms, graduations, career changes, business ventures, and deaths. She was greatly admired and loved by her family and friends.

As Aunt Beth's pallbearers—her nephews John, Tom, Aaron, Jordon, and Doug and Cari's boyfriend (later husband) Nathan—lifted her casket from the hearse to take it into the mausoleum, her two-year-old great, great niece, Ali, said: "Look, my daddy carry Ba in now."

Six weeks later, Becky drove past the mausoleum on her way from her job at the YWCA to her home in Towanda. Drew and Ali were in the back seat, and it was Drew's birthday. Drew rolled down the car window and shouted out: "Ba, it's my birthday. Remember? Tell Jesus. You and Jesus sing 'Happy Birthday' to me. Don't forget!"

In November, eight months after Aunt Beth's death and about the time of her birthday, Becky was again driving her car with the two children in the back seat. Drew said, "Someone is sitting between us, Ali." "Who is it?" Ali asked. "It's Ba the angel, Ali." "Oh," said Ali, matter-of-factly, and Becky thought it quite possible that Ba was there. At Christmastime, Drew wondered whether a Christmas card could be sent to Ba in heaven.

Margie Jean Allen Redding

On October 26, 2009, Margie passed away at home in the arms of her husband of 61 years, Roy Lee. At her funeral, her niece Beth Anne Allen Mercer, read the following eulogy written by Margie's sons, Sam, Rod, and Gary Mel.

Thoughts About Mom, From Her Boys

We grew up knowing that nothing on this earth was more important to our mother than her boys. Except for our dad. And while Dad would tolerate a fair amount of tomfoolery, he would never allow us to be disrespectful to our mother. For us, there was never any doubt—Mom and Dad stuck together. She was our confidante, and we sought her out to talk things over, but she kept no secrets from Dad. When we confessed something to Mom and talked it out with her, we knew what came next: Now you have to tell your dad. No matter what. Whether it was Rod tipping over Mounce's outhouse or Sam turning pigeons loose in the schoolhouse, or Kent bringing home bad grades, first we bared our souls to Mom, and then we confessed to Dad. Notice that Gary Mel never had anything to confess.

The bond between Mom and Dad went way back, long before any of us came on the scene—all the way to Mom's freshman year at Tonganoxie High School. She was a cheerleader, and Dad was the senior quarterback of the football team and captain of the basketball team. Friends called him Remus, and they called her Girlie. After high school, Dad went to college, and then to the Navy. When he finished officer's training in Evanston, Illinois, on August 20, 1943, they got married. Mom and Uncle Babe, Dad's brother, had taken the train from Kansas to Illinois so that Mom and Dad could be married, and they, plus the minister, were the only ones present. Our uncle signed as witness. Since he was only 16, some doubt remains as to whether Mom and Dad were legally married. But that is a technicality.

Dad went to Maryland for advanced training, and three months later, his mother died. Dad was given a leave to go home to Kansas for his mother's funeral, and he stayed through Thanksgiving. Mom was 20 years old, newly married, separated from her husband, then reunited for a funeral, and the Redding family was without their mother for Thanksgiving. So our mom cooked her first big family meal, for all the

Reddings who had just buried Dad's mother. Mom was very nervous, Dad said, but everything she cooked came out perfect. A lifetime of good eating for Dad had just begun.

Dad met his ship, an LST, in Evansville, Indiana, and headed for New Orleans, then the East Coast, and then to England where in June of 1944 he was part of the Normandy invasion. Mom worked in a munitions plant in Kansas, waiting for the war to end.

Mom's nephew Freddie remembers when she was a teenager and he was a tagalong nephew: "She was an incredibly important character in my childhood," he says. "She was my beautiful aunt, who shone as Venus. I loved Margie all my life. My dad adored her as proudly as I." Fred's younger brother, Richard, knew her only in recent years but recalls that "the times I was with Margie Jean I felt awash in her kind and sunny spirit."

Let us back up a bit, lest you think Mom led a charmed life. Her dad was a widower who married her mother, a widow, both bringing children into the marriage. Then Sam and Myrtle had three children of their own, with Mom the youngest, born at home, a child of the Depression. When Mom was four, the Ku Klux Klan boycotted her father's blacksmith shop in Valley Falls, Kansas, forcing the family to leave town. They moved around Western Kansas during the Dust Bowl days, finally lighting in Tonganoxie. We grew up with Mom's stories of the Depression, how she snagged cigarette butts off the street so that her older siblings could salvage the residue and roll their own. How her father gave her sister and her a quarter and told them to go to the store to get groceries for the family. How they tore the stalls out of the carriage house to burn for heat one winter. How cousins stayed with cousins when their parents couldn't afford to feed them. Two of Mom's brothers, finding no jobs in Kansas, joined the Marines, served their hitch, came home where the Depression still offered no work, and re-enlisted in time for the war.

Mom idolized her father. Well past mid-life when she was born, he recited poetry to her, and gently blew smoke in her ear when she cried with an ear ache. He died at his anvil when Mom was still a teenager. Her oldest brother, Don, became a lawyer, state senator, law partner of the former governor, and then died in his early 40s. Within a matter of months, Mom's mother and a sister were also gone. At age 26, Mom had already lost both parents, a brother, and a sister. She had survived the Ku Klux Klan, the Depression, and the War.

And then there was Kent. Kent Allen Redding, our brother, the third son, his middle name was Mom's maiden name. Dark-haired and blue-eyed, always clowning and making us laugh, the best athlete in the family, the kid we called Crow. Kent began stumbling during a Little League game when he was 12, the first symptoms of the nerve degeneration that would slowly consume him until his death at age 44.

From the way Mom and Dad dealt with Kent's long decline, we learned the greatest lesson in life: always *choose* life. Never give up. Live each day to the fullest. Keep your chin up. Care for those around you. Don't put on airs. Especially, don't put on airs. Or, as she might say, "Don't get upitty." Your works will speak for themselves. As the scripture says, Love kindness, seek justice, walk humbly with God.

Something of her Quaker heritage lived in Mom, along with the gritty resolve of the frontier and the self-conscious vulnerability of a Depression child.

So Mom's life contained its share of suffering, and each of us disappointed her and hurt her more than we would like to remember. She could get angry on occasion, but we could handle that. Like the time she got angry when Mel, a kindergartener, was practicing his rhyming words. Mom jammed soap in his mouth somewhere after Buck, Chuck, and Duck. She got over her anger quickly, didn't hold a grudge, and we could look back at these instances and laugh. But we could never forget when we saw disappointment on her face. We always knew she loved us. That was rock solid. But nothing grieved us more than knowing we had let her down.

Mom cooked for the Crippled Children Camp, where she was mother to staff and campers alike. She volunteered for any cause related to kids or disabilities or both. She prepared meals for the sick, made bandages for the wounded, visited hospitals, worked with the Boy Scouts, delivered library books. She cared for her aged aunt in Missouri, she cared for her sister who died in our house, she cared for many people in this room. But we never felt that she didn't have enough caring left for us.

We remember most that Mom was simply always there. She fed us. Dad always got fried eggs for breakfast, and we all had pot roast on Sunday, for the most special meal of the week, after church. She transported us and other kids to ballgames. She was always in the stands, watching us perform. She nursed us. Sam, Rod, and Kent all three had both chicken pox and measles at the same time, and she nursed them. She lanced our boils. She applied Watkins salve to everything. She told us to let a dog lick our wounds because dog saliva was medicinal. Rod remembers that a blister on his foot had turned bad, and he sat in the kitchen soaking it in Epson Salts while Mom's bridge club played cards in the living room. After each hand, Mom would go to the kitchen to check on him and pour in some hot water. Sam remembers her pouring hot water into the galvanized tub when the family took turns bathing in the middle of the kitchen in the early days in Kansas, before their Dad built a bathroom on the house.

Mom reminded us that being poor didn't mean you had to be dirty. That patched pants were no disgrace, and meant that someone cared enough about you to put on the patch. No matter how old we were, or how late we came home, we kissed our mom goodnight. What we did mattered more than what we said.

Mom taught us to be independent and self-reliant, even though Sam was slow to break the apron strings. He remembers that when he was five years old and preparing for a bus trip to Wichita with his Aunt Beth, Mom told him that she would not be going with him, so it was time for him to learn to wipe himself.

Mom collected things. Or hoarded things, depending upon how you looked at it. First there was anything with a violet on it. Then anything with an owl. Then bells and angels. Norman Rockwell plates. Tea cups. Snow globes. Anything you could buy at a fairly small price, one at a time, and accumulate for years was likely to become something she collected. The collections are displayed on every wall of the house, alongside pictures of the family, and some of Mom's needlework, and a needlework made in 1832 by one of her great-great-grandmothers. One wall was reserved for her grandfather's medical school sheepskin. In the family he was known as Papa Doc, and he died before Mom was born. But we heard about him on each trip to Mountain View, Missouri, to visit Mom's Aunt Clyde. Yes, that is *Aunt* Clyde. Mom was one of the few people with both a brother named Clyde and an aunt named Clyde. Strange that none of her children or grandchildren named a daughter Clyde.

On the journeys to the Ozarks to see Aunt Clyde, Sam invariably got car sick as our '37 Chevy chugged up and down the rolling hills to Mountain View. We always stopped at the bridge on Jack's Fork of the Current River, where Papa Doc once had a cabin. We waded in the clear, cold water, and skipped stones across the surface. Mom had lived in Mountain View in first grade, and said she went a whole year without wearing shoes. Dad teased her about her Ozark ways.

Mom and Dad liked to pack the family in a car and go for a ride on a Sunday afternoon. When we ventured very far, Mom packed a picnic basket full of sandwiches. She ground up hot dogs and made weenie salad sandwiches. Anything Mom made tasted good. In 1960, we drove to Tennessee to see Little Beth. We have home movies of the trip. Mom looked like an airline stewardess. Dad looked like Richard Nixon. Later that year, Mom, Dad, four boys, and Ginger the dog packed into Dad's boss's Oldsmobile and drove all the way to California and back. We saw everything. Golden Gate Bridge, Grand Canyon, Painted Desert, Disneyland. We saw it all, staying with relatives most of the way, and spending our first

night ever in a motel. Mom kept a journal of the trip, just as she insisted that we keep minutes of our regular family meetings.

Mom and Dad took their grandkids on great travel adventures as well, always by car, always staying with family, and always having a grand time. Just this August, Mom and Dad took their annual anniversary drive—a few hundred miles over four days seeing central Illinois. Annually they have taken the trek to Texas to see Rod and Mel, and just as often back to Kansas.

Mom was a member of the Christian Church as a child, and was never sure that Dad, a sprinkled Methodist, was really saved. So when he was 50, Dad was baptized right here in this church, and so were Kent, Rod, and Gary Mel. Rod was a deacon here, Sam, who was baptized in Money Creek, preached here in college; and Gary, now a Baptist preacher himself, has returned here to fill the pulpit. We absolutely never missed Sunday School, and when we traveled, Mom and Dad took us to church wherever we might be. Mom made sure we got a note confirming our attendance to take home to our Sunday School teacher.

For years, Mom hosted a houseful of family and friends on Christmas Eve and insisted that someone read the Bible's Christmas story. In the King James version. For even more years, she opened her home on the Fourth of July, Gary's birthday, with the American flag flying in the front yard and food spread across six tables in the house. For 50 years, we celebrated Thanksgiving with the Wagers, the family that had moved here with us from Kansas.

Mom raised an educator, a preacher, and a pilot, and on the day that we earned our degrees or our wings, we would tell you that nothing motivated us more than the desire to make our mother proud.

Mom lives on through her three sons, 10 grandchildren, 13 great-grandchildren, and in the core of our Dad's heart, where she is still the high school cheerleader, cheering for him. We would not dare tell him that we always thought she was cheering for us.

Obituary of Margie Jean Allen Redding

Margie Jean Redding passed away at her home in Towanda on October 26, 2009. The daughter of Sam and Myrtle Allen, Margie was born on May 19, 1923, in Valley Falls, Kansas, where her father was the village blacksmith. She graduated from high school in Tonganoxie, Kansas, and on August 20, 1943, she married Roy Lee Redding in Evanston, Illinois, where Roy had just graduated from Navy officers' training. Roy Lee was soon headed for Europe where he was gunnery officer aboard an LST, landing at Omaha Beach in the Normandy invasion. Margie spent the war years working at the munitions plant in Olathe, Kansas. After the war, Roy Lee and Margie Jean lived for awhile with Margie's mother in Kansas City, Kansas, and then moved to Tonganoxie.

In 1955, Roy Lee became office manager for Barton Construction Company, and the family moved to Towanda, Illinois. Margie Jean and Roy Lee arrived in Illinois with three sons, and a month later a fourth was born. Margie raised her four boys in Towanda, where she was the quintessential '50s mom, Cub Scout den mother, parent-teacher organization volunteer, chauffeur for carloads of boys going to hundreds of ballgames, 4-H meetings, church activities, band practice, play practice, and afternoon swims at Lake Bloomington and Normal pool. She was also the Avon lady, sold Reader's Digest subscriptions, and canned produce from her large garden and orchard.

When the boys were all in school, Margie became a cook for Unit 5 school district, retiring after 20 years in 1987. She also cooked for the Easter Seals Crippled Children Camp at Lake Bloomington for several years, and was an advocate and volunteer for children with disabilities.

Margie was a member of the Towanda Baptist Church and the Daughters of the American Revolution. She contributed to and volunteered for many causes including the women's auxiliary of the Baptist Church, multiple sclerosis, diabetes, and Native Americans. For 12 years, Margie was the First Lady of Towanda, riding in each Fourth of July parade alongside her husband, the mayor. Roy Lee retired from State Farm Insurance in Bloomington in 1985.

Margie Jean Redding was preceded in death by her parents, three brothers, two sisters, and a son, Kent Allen Redding. She is survived by her husband of 66 years, Roy Lee, and three sons: Dr. Sam Redding (Jane) of Lincoln; Lt. Col. Rodney Redding, Air Force Retired (Meredith), Magnolia, Texas; and Dr. Gary Mel Redding (Tonda), Eads, Tennessee. She is also survived by 10 grandchildren: Rebecca Domkuski (Doug), Towanda; John Redding (Tamara), Germantown Hills; Tom Redding (Brittney), Castle Rock, Colorado; Caroline Rohlf (Nathan), Emden; Aaron Redding (Kristin), Tomball, Texas; Jordan Redding (Heather), Grapevine, Texas; Robyn Redding, Woodlands, Texas; Briana Redding, Arlington, Texas; MacKenzie Redding, Eads, Tennessee; and Emily Redding, Eads, Tennessee.

Margie also left behind 13 great-grandchildren: Andrew Domkuski, Alison Domkuski, Alaina Domkuski, Aidan Domkuski, Kylie Redding, Kruse Redding, Kailyn Redding, Emma Redding, Eli Redding, Evan Rohlf, Avery Rohlf, Katheryn Redding, and Kaylei Redding.

Upon her retirement as a cook at Towanda Elementary School, the school presented Margie with a plaque with a poem entitled "Cheerful Presence." The poem ended: "All the children in this place, will bless her for her cheerful face. We want her to know that she is so dear, and that she'll be missed at school next year."

Services will be held at 10 a.m. Thursday, October 29 at Towanda Baptist Church with Pastor Cal Gowen officiating. Visitation will be 30 minutes prior. Entombment will be at East Lawn Memorial Gardens Mausoleum in Bloomington, with family and friends gathering after for a meal at the Redding home in Towanda. East Lawn Funeral Home in Bloomington is in charge of arrangements. The family requests that memorials be given to the Towanda Baptist Church, Box 62, Towanda, IL, 61776. Online condolences may be submitted at www.EastLawn-Bloomington.com

Funeral Program

Margie Jean Redding

May 19, 1923 – October 26, 2009



**Towanda Baptist Church
Towanda, Illinois**

**October 29, 2009
10:00 AM**

Charity suffereth long, and is kind;
charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself,
is not puffed up.

Beareth all things, believeth all things,
hopeth all things; endureth all things.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity,
these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

From the 13th Chapter of
Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians

<i>In the Garden</i> , page 270	Congregation
Welcome	Pastor Cal Gowen
Prayer	Pastor Cal Gowen
<i>How Great Thou Art</i> , page 111 (verses 1 and 4)	Congregation
Eulogy: The Boys Remember Mom	Beth Anne Mercer, niece
<i>What a Friend We Have in Jesus</i> , page 197	Congregation
The Message	Pastor Cal Gowen
<i>Amazing Grace</i> , page 429 (verses 1, 2, and 5)	Congregation
Prayer	Pastor Cal Gowen
Announcements	Pastor Cal Gowen

Entombment at East Lawn Memorial Gardens Mausoleum
in Bloomington

Meal at the Redding home following entombment

Darla Handkins, pianist

**Margie Jean Redding
Memorial Service**

Samuel Clyde Allen

[To be written by his daughter, Beth Anne Mercer]

Raymond Anderson Allen

On the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, 1999, as I was working on this family history toward the deadline of Christmas that I had set for myself, my father arrived at my office in Lincoln with the news that my uncle, Raymond Anderson Allen, had passed away in his sleep during the night. Testifying to the strength of blood attachment, my 79-year-old Dad and 76-year-old Mom left Illinois that evening, driving through the night to arrive at my brother Rod's in Houston, Texas the next afternoon. They spent Thanksgiving with Rod, Meredith and Rod's children, flew that night to Tucson, where they rented a car and drove three hours to Safford for Raymond's funeral. In the year I hoped to finish this short book, I had lost an Allen aunt and an Allen uncle. Two years earlier I lost my brother, Kent Allen Redding, the one Redding who carried the Allen name. I realized I should tarry no longer, and resolved to complete this task even if much family history remained to be unearthed.

At Raymond Allen's funeral service, a neighbor delivered the following eulogy:

Raymond Anderson Allen was born in Mountain View, Missouri on July 19, 1918 to Samuel Allen and Myrtle Anderson Allen. Raymond grew up in Kansas. He attended Pittsburg College in Kansas.

Raymond is a veteran who served our country proudly. He was first in the Marines with the rank of corporal. He later served in the Army Air Corps where he was a sergeant. He was a turret gunner on a B-29.

Raymond earned many honors while serving our country. He has earned the American Defense Service Medal, the American Service Medal, the Asiatic Pacific Service Medal, the Air Medal with one oak leaf cluster, and a Distinguished Unit Citation. He was part of the 676 – B29 Squad Unit, and the 444th Bomb group. He served a total of 8 years for his country. He was a member of the Swift Murphy Post 32.

After Raymond's service in the armed services, he worked for the Postal Service for about two years. He then became a correctional officer at Leavenworth Prison in Kansas. He was there for 6 or 7 years. He then transferred to Alcatraz. While there he met several famous criminals such as: The Bird Man of Alcatraz, Al Capone, and Pretty Boy Floyd. He worked at some well-known prisons and knew some of the "elite" in the criminal world. When Alcatraz was closed down, he transferred to the Safford Federal Prison where he worked until he retired. Working for the prison system gave Raymond and me something in common, as I worked for the State Prison for 26 years.

Moving to Safford proved to be a good thing for Raymond as this is where he met his sweet Georgie. Georgie's sister Cheryl Balentine set them up on a blind date at the American Legion. Their love for each other really blossomed, and they were married on February 6th, 1984. They had a wonderful honeymoon in Hawaii. They had been married 15 years.

Raymond loved playing golf. He loved to go camping. He enjoyed playing cards, especially Bridge. Before his health got too bad, he and Georgie enjoyed going out to dinner. Janie and I saw them at El Charro and other restaurants quite often, especially on Friday nights.

Raymond enjoyed watching T.V. He enjoyed watching sports like football and baseball.

Another strength Raymond had was, he never gave up! The Apostle Paul said: "I have fought a good fight." Each of us has personal battles to fight. Some are more difficult than others, but all are very real.

Georgie has always loved and cared for Raymond. She has always been there for him. It is easy to see how devoted she was to Raymond.

I would like to also pay tribute to Steve and Barbara Haralson, who have given lots of love and dedicated service to Raymond. The last few years when Raymond's health declined they made two trips a day to his home so they could give him his insulin shots.

Raymond passed away peacefully in his sleep on Tuesday, November 23 at the age of 81.

Raymond is preceded in death by his first wife Billy, one brother and two sisters.

Raymond is survived by his wife Georgie Dale Barney. His sister Margie Redding of Towanda, Illinois, and a brother Sam who lives in Tennessee. Two step-sons, Steven Wayne Haralson of Safford and Bradley Scott Haralson of Morenci. Six grandchildren and six great grandchildren whom he loved very much.

Raymond was a good man. He loved a good joke. He enjoyed visiting. He was a good friend and neighbor. Raymond will be missed by all.

Cousins Correspond

The following e-mail correspondence between Freddy, Richard, Beth Anne, and I say a great deal about the depth and quality of our attachment despite the scarcity of our contact with one another over the years. They end just days before Aunt Beth departed, with Beth Anne and my mother near her when her light was low, while Jane and I were in England, eager to return home to report to Aunt Beth that, yes, the field really were divided by hedge rows, not fences. Jane and I arrived from London in Chicago, where our son John met us and drove us directly to the visitation at the funeral home in Bloomington. Fred traveled back to Illinois for the funeral, as did my brothers Rod and Gary Mel.

27 July 1998

Sam,

Thanks. I only got your mom's voice message last night, along with another from Richard. I'll telephone your folks house in a few minutes. Having recently watched my late partner fruitlessly suffer the ravages of both chemotherapy and radiotherapy, I couldn't in conscience encourage Aunt Beth to endure either—certainly not at her age.

If, however, this is adjudged an operable tumor, I hope she'll consent to surgery. I'd guess she could be persuaded to do so -- and, I think should be. Knowing her, such persuasion mayn't be easy. If it's operable, and she's adamant in opposition, I'll fly back immediately to add my hand to collective cajolery -- the weight of numbers could tell.

I'm sorry I'm such a damned poor correspondent. My excuses are both few and flimsy.

Love,

Fred

28 July 1998

Dear Sam,

I heard last night by Myrtis and Sam that Aunt Beth is having a rough time and is in the hospital. I feel so far away. Please let me know what is going on. I am dismally sad to think about Aunt Beth being sick... I am sorry that I have not contacted you before now with my e-mail address. Bmercerc@usit.com Our home connection with AOL crashed years ago. My only communication is through work. I hate to think that I have missed messages from you. Please let me know where Aunt Beth is and how she is doing. I think, of course, now about coming for a visit. What do you advise? with love, your cousin, Beth. Work phone - 423-745-7782 & home- 423-334-4268

30 July 1998

Fred:

The biopsy confirmed the tumor to be malignant. About 3.5 cm. Doctors say stomach cancer progresses rapidly. So operation does not seem advisable (although too many doctors are involved, each offering too little information). Beth is still in good spirits, got up today, showered, walked about, read and talked. She is not what doctors are accustomed to dealing with in a 91 year old. Look forward to seeing you.

Sam

29 July 1998

Sam,

It appears that our dear aunt is about to finish her journey. I've sent her the attached letter express mail and it should reach her tomorrow. In my haste, I neglected to sign it. Please apologize to her for me. I'm attaching it in case there is some urgency. I want her to read it before she goes. Please print it out and show it to her if you think that's necessary. Please keep me informed of her condition. I know Fred is going to make it to Towanda this weekend, but I don't believe I will be able to. I am so grateful for our visit in June. I still can't get our perfect timing when we dropped in. Roy did not let on when I talked to him that there would be such a gathering. We both enjoyed seeing you and Rod and families. Would that we could get together more often.

Dear Aunt Beth,

The envelope holds a letter I started to you after one of our visits over five years ago. Life hasn't changed much for me since then. Harriet is still my favorite companion, and I am still enormously proud of Adabel though her life has taken directions far different than was predicted in my earlier missive. When I got to the painful part, I quit writing and never sent it to you. Sorry.

I'm so sorry to hear of your illness, and I am so proud of the way you are handling it. I want you to know I love you and have always respected and admired your life. Your independence, quest for knowledge, wit and humor, bravery, and good spirit are worthy of emulation. These traits are embedded in very few people, and I'm proud that my closest relative (other than Fred) possesses them so securely.

Adabel was shattered to hear the news from Towanda. She deeply wanted to see you again, and now she fears it will be impossible. I, too, would love to be there this week when so many of your kin gather. Unfortunately, I don't believe I can make it, although this is only Tuesday.

I am so delighted to have seen you late June. It was a great pleasure watching the Cubs game with you. (I'm sorry. I still don't know what happened to the St. Louis Browns.) Baseball is simply the most elegant and intricate sporting contest on the planet. It is strength, speed, agility, acuity, versatility, complexity, and as close to ballet as athletics can get. I compare it with soccer and conclude the rest of the globe is stupid. I will always remember the love of the national pastime and the Cubs that we shared. By the way, Sammy hit his 39th and 40th last night, and won the game with his first grand slam home run ever. I don't believe anyone has hit so many home runs in his career while failing to hit a single grand slam. Cubs are leading the wild card race, and are only 2 1/2 games behind Houston in the division. Maybe this year is next year! I'm sure Harry Caray has something to do with the outstanding performance of the team this year. Perhaps you can confirm that soon. I will miss you terribly. My future trips to Towanda will seem terribly empty. I pray you suffer no pain in your ordeal. You will remain in my memory forever. I love you.

Rick

29 July 1998

Richard:

Thank you. I can't read your letter without weeping--for all of us.

Sam

30 July 1998

Beth Ann:

I hope to see you before you receive this message. And I thought all this time you were snubbing me because of my aggressive cajoling to get you to last year's reunion. Aunt Beth is in good spirit and getting around, but I am not doing so well. I need another 91 years of her.

Sam

3 August 1998

Fred:

I must admit this has been more of an emotional crucible than I might have imagined. When Aunt Beth bravely told me that the doctors had found a tumor, I burst into tears and walked away from her to the window of the hospital room where I sobbed uncontrollably for several minutes. Finally I collected myself and returned to her bedside where we continued the conversation. My conversations with Aunt Beth have been such a staple of my life that I already feel a consuming hollowness knowing that they must end. It is impossible to not see her in every detail of my daily routine. I hear a train whistle and remember her taking me to California when I was five and to Tennessee and to Kansas and to Chicago by train to stay overnight and see the White Sox. I cannot glance at a bookshelf without seeing titles of books Beth and I have discussed into the wee hours of the morning (or books we gave to each other, eager for a reaction.) My desk drawers contain notes she has written me (so many I shamefully left unanswered). No month of my life has passed without seeing her. She was my link to a broader family of aunts and uncles and cousins and grandparents that I otherwise would have known nothing about. My Uncle Don was a beacon for me, although I know him only through my Mom and Aunt Beth. When I was accepted to law school and then did not go, I felt I had betrayed my family. No one made me feel that way, but I had taken upon myself the obligation of fulfilling some of the promise of Allen glory tragically cut short by your father's early death. And of course, Clyde and Raymond were athletes and I was not (much as I tried to be). The image of my mother pretty and popular--the high school cheerleader dating my dad the quarterback--was also a far remove from my own high school persona. Yet Aunt Beth was able to make each of us feel she loved us for what was special in us, so any striving to meet another standard was purely self-imposed. There is something dark and tragic about the Allens that I associate with Aunt Beth's rendering of the Face on the Barroom Floor, which she recited to us when we were boys. The darkness gives proper proportion to life, but also evokes in me a desire to cast light on loved ones who I suspect have endured long shadows. I am sure I have always tried to succeed in order to somehow make Aunt Beth proud or repay her for her attentions, but I have also known always that worldly successes do not impress her so much as simple kindnesses. The other night Mel brought a friend from high school days to the house. Aunt Beth knew him immediately and asked about his children by name. This attests not only to her unparalleled memory but also to her genuine caring for the details of so many people's lives. Can one think of politics without thinking of Aunt Beth? Of poetry? Of music (she taught me to enjoy ballads and Bing when my peers were swooning over Elvis and the Beatles)? Of baseball? Of parapsychology and the mysteries of the unknown ("truth stranger than fiction"). I cannot see a lake without remembering Aunt Beth's annual day at Lake Bloomington; she reserved the Pantagraph's cabin for all of Towanda and, even though she could not swim, served as chief lifeguard, blowing her whistle to keep us in safe water. She is very proud of you, Freddy, and your family. She is most proud, I think, that you are a good Allen--kind and literate and true to your own. I will miss her "Oh, piffle!" and her "What in the Sam Hill?" I will miss the wry curve of her smile. If you haven't guessed, I am not doing well with this event in my life, and I want you to know how much your presence meant to me. When you and Beth Ann and I sat talking with Clyde and Aunt Beth, I realized I was in the room with two-thirds of my cousins on the Allen side. I feel such powerful kinship, even though I have had such little contact with you or Beth Ann. Stay in touch.

Sam

Roy Redding
310 E. Fremont
Towanda, IL 61776
309-728-2612

Roy has a CompuServe e-mail account (probably in my name), but I think he checks it infrequently, and I don't have the address. Beth Ann and Rod have e-mail, and Mel will get it soon. I get messages from Richard occasionally. Maybe we can establish a cousins listserv.

Sam Redding
326 Lincoln Avenue
Lincoln, IL 62656
Home: 217-732-6175
Office: 217-732-6462

9 August 1998

Sam,

I haven't heard from anyone in Towanda for a while. I hope no news is good news and Aunt Beth is doing well. Please let me know.

Rick

9 August 1998

Rick:

Beth was doing fine until she ate two White Castle hamburgers (sliders). That was her first attempt at solid food, and she couldn't digest it (who could?). So she's back to ice tea, custard, and jello. But she is still up and around, despite the doctors' predictions. We are not sure what to expect. I'll let you know if things change.

Sam

Fred:

Thought you would like an update. I was with Aunt Beth in Towanda today. She was eating the whole time I was there--nothing solid, but everything from tapioca to yogurt. She walked in the yard to see the kids swimming and made two trips up the stairs to retrieve pictures for me to include in an Allen family history I am attempting to complete while she is available to assist. She watches baseball religiously, following the home run record pursuit with great interest. I asked her if we should declare her doctors incompetent or petition the Pope to declare a miracle. We got her lab reports which diagnose it stomach cancer, and others have confirmed what the doctors forecast--stomach cancer proceeds very rapidly. But then Aunt Beth defies convention. My spirits are buoyed when I see her well. She does not seem to be in pain.

Sam

Beth Anne:

Thought you would like an update. I was with Aunt Beth in Towanda today. She was eating the whole time I was there--nothing solid, but everything from tapioca to yogurt. She walked in the yard to see the kids

swimming and made two trips up the stairs to retrieve pictures for me to include in an Allen family history I am attempting to complete while she is available to assist. She watches baseball religiously, following the home run record pursuit with great interest. I asked her if we should declare her doctors incompetent or petition the Pope to declare a miracle. We got her lab reports which diagnose it stomach cancer, and others have confirmed what the doctors forecast--stomach cancer proceeds very rapidly. But then Aunt Beth defies convention. My spirits are buoyed when I see her well. She does not seem to be in pain.

Aunt Beth told me today of Clyde's eye condition and that you were travelling to be near him in Memphis. She seems more concerned about her brother than herself, and now you and I have two elder Allens to worry about. Please let us know how he is doing and where we should send cards.

Sam

9 August 1998

Dear Sam,

I am awestruck by your letter's power and beauty, and can say no more.

I know from Beth Anne that Aunt Beth survives on grease sucked off potato chips, juices and jello. My God.

All my love to all there,

Fred

Fred:

I learned only yesterday that Sam (Clyde) had been diagnosed with a melanoma on his eye before his visit here. He is in a hospital in Memphis and will learn tomorrow if the doctor will treat with radiation or surgery. I'll let you know if I hear more.

Sam

7 September 1998

Dear Sam,

Aunt Beth's disease's slow progress comes as little surprise to me. Indeed, I'd have been surprised had it done otherwise.

I last spoke to her about three weeks ago -- the second time Beth Ann was there.

On my visit she'd said she hoped to make it 'til some event of Drew's. It had passed the day before I called. I congratulated her on being there for it. Soon I said, "Aunt Beth, I think you sound stronger than when I was there." She paused some time before replying, "Freddy, I believe I am."

I thought it meet to give her another matter to wait for -- I asked, "Do you think you'll be able to visit with me If I come back about the end of September?" Another, and longer, pause. She followed it by saying, with a unique inflection you'd know well, but that I can't describe, "You know, Freddy, I think I will."

About ten days ago I got her latest letter. It told of Tommy's bout with the ladder and other matters more quotidian. But, she closed with, "I'll see you September 30th." And so she will -- so she will.

My love to all, Sam,

Fred

12 September 1998

Dear Sam,

How like old Clyde (cum Sam), given the purpose of his trip, not to reveal his condition when we saw him. Did Beth Ann know of it then? Probably not. Did Aunt Beth? Your mom? Were you and I the last to learn? How about Raymond? Richard?

I know no word more dread than "melanoma." Such a tumor took a dear friend of ours in her thirty-seventh year. It seemed monstrously unjust. No less so now, to me, would it be for Sam at eight-eight. I deeply hope he can buy out at no more than the price of an eye -- as dear as that might seem. His mind is too clear to contemplate leaving, just yet.

Truly, Sam was my childhood's perfect hero. He, my Phoebus and your mother my Phoebe. My own Golden Olympians.

Sam, I wrote the above when I got your message. It was late and I fatigued -- I broke off without finishing. Since, I've informed Richard. Having heard no more, I've persuaded myself Clyde's medicos hold hope for some yet unapplied modality, so there's no real news.

There's something about Sam I've never told anyone. Only because I just remembered it in the last couple of days, thinking upon him. I don't know just how old I was, but I was still a child -- not quite yet graduated to boyhood. My familial world's adults were still demigods and demigoddesses, especially our grandfather, Sam. One day that gentle patriarch, after explaining that this little poem was about him and Uncle Clyde, recited it to me.

I'm old Sam Allen,
You're young Sam Allen,
You'll be old Sam Allen,
When old Sam Allen is gone.

I'm sure my memory of it is inexact. For one thing, the last word may have been "dead," not "gone." Grandpa (so I called him) seemed to chuckle on the last line. That he not think me unmanly, so did I. But I grasped fully the poem's grave augury. Once safely out of Grandpa's view, alone in a bedroom at the back of the apartment over the print shop, I stared out on the street below and, as quietly as I could, I cried.

The matter of which I've never spoken is this. How genuinely distressed I was when the adults started calling Clyde, Sam. I thought it was more than dishonoring two of my eminencies. It was nothing short of tampering with the natural order of life. I resolved I'd have none of this sacrilege, forever.

Now, comfortably fettered in adulthood, my freshly-remembered resolution brings only a smile at how young minds really work. But there is this: Aunt Beth, it seems, remains as resolved in the matter as early Freddy. Telling us what? Courage, Sam,

My love to all,

Freddy
12 September 1998

Fred:

Thank you for the wonderful letter (e-mail) which tells me so much good about you and about my family. When I was in high school, my English teacher gave us the standard assignment of writing a paper and delivering a speech on the person we admired most. I wrote and spoke about a man I never knew--my grandfather Sam Allen. He was in some ways a vivid figure to me, but also a distant figure in time. I am pleasantly reminded that you actually knew him, and I crave your anecdotes. Thank you.

The word from Clyde is that he underwent a laser procedure which left him able to read within hours with no loss to his vision. He will return to the doctor in a week or so for further tests to see if the procedure was successful in removing what I understand to be a tiny spot on his cornea. I have e-mailed Beth Anne but not heard back from here. I do not know if Aunt Beth and Mom knew of Clyde's problem when he was here, but I am sure that Clyde and Beth Anne were aware.

I'll convey information as I receive it.

Sam

19 September 1998

Dear Sam,

I'll leave Seattle before 7:00 AM on October 2nd for St. Louis and thence to Towanda by car. I should arrive before sundown. I'll ring you ere reaching Lincoln.

I appreciate your kind words for my last letter. I've a picture of grandparents Sam and Grace under the protective glass on my dresser. I go long without seeing it in any real sense. Indeed, I rarely think of grandpa, and when I do it's hardly ever in association with any remembered occasion.

But, every now and then, when I'm thinking about something or someone else, grandpa will intrude -- as he did recently when I turned my thoughts to Clyde. These intrusions almost always bring forward some long forgotten episode; inevitably, I am the better for it.

In 1969 or '70, I began travelling in my work. One of my first regular destinations was the town of Maysville, Kentucky, where I was to help computerize aspects of a local manufacturing operation. After a couple of weeks in Maysville, I started thinking of grandpa. I was prompted to do so by the knowledge that he'd traveled so little, and how different was that and what seemed before me. In short, I was considering the contrast of our lives.

Grandpa had told me he'd been out of Kansas just once, and that for a couple of days in Oklahoma. He seemed to enjoy telling me that. I had no notion why. It made me sad to think he'd seen so little. I thought he should be sad too. Decades later I realized that he was ribbing himself over his land rush adventure. In fact, his tale was slightly hyperbolic -- I believe that he'd been to Missouri more than once.

Hang on, there's a point in here somewhere. In Maysville I ate in the same Italian restaurant every evening. One night, it was wickedly hot, but the restaurant was air conditioned and almost empty. For hours I sat there in the coolness writing a long letter to my little children -- Sam and Deirdre. They were too young to read, but I tried to cast the letter so their mother could read it to them and they'd listen. I don't remember whether she did. Deirdre would say today I can't cast one an adult can read, let alone a child.

I think much of that letter, the one I wrote that hot night in Maysville, dealt with my memories of grandpa. (They were thirty years fresher than now.) When I read your last letter, I wished I'd taken pains to keep my old one. I'll think about it to try to stir my brain. While I do, give my,

Love to all,

Freddy

20 September 1998

Fred:

Aunt Beth continues to thrive, eating everything mushy and liquid that the ice box holds. I look forward to seeing you on October 2 or thereabouts.

Sam

P.S. Beth Anne has a desire to research and write up the Valley Falls Ku Klux Klan saga. I don't know if she will do it on her own, but someday when all our lives slow down a bit, it would be a great project for us cousins to team up on.

20 September 1998

Freddy:

Mom and Dad were here this afternoon and I told them the date of your arrival--one day after Dad's 78th birthday. I just received a letter from a distant Allen cousin in Ohio--one of the Quakers. She said that another cousin in NC has a plate brought to America by Christopher and Amelia Allen ca. 1840 from England. She is trying to get a picture for me. I have corresponded with some of the Ohio Allens to have them critique my Chapter 1 on the Allens--the Christopher generation. They have been very helpful. More later.

Sam

20 September 1998

Dear Sam,

Given Beth Ann's wishes, I second your notion of cousinly joint research when, as you say, "all our lives slow down a bit." Hey, I find the prospect exciting. Well, not of our lives slowing -- but of their foci changing.

I hope you've told Aunt Beth and your folks of my travel plans. I'll see you soon,

Love,

Fred

4 November 1998

Beth Anne,

I just got back from a quick trip to Western Pennsylvania, where the hills (they may call them mountains)

were beautiful. In Illinois it was 27 degrees today and nasty. Aunt Beth is, well . . . just like she has been for the past 30 or 40 years. She says that if she is still alive on January 1 (I see no reason she shouldn't be) she will resume her former life, move back to her upstairs room, and feel very embarrassed. Hope M & S are in the fence painting mode and doing well. Good to hear from you.

Sam

4 November 1998

Dear Sam,

Unbeknownst to you, I was very happy to receive your e-mail with attachment back in September. I let out great whoops when the screen filled with my people and forced my library staff to admire and appreciate appropriately. I do think that is a great picture, don't you? Particularly of our grandfather—well actually everyone. Thanks so much for your kind letter and for sending the picture. I'm sorry that I'm so slow to respond. Work sucks me in sometimes and I postpone responding thinking that I'll have longer saner times to write. WRONG! So I am going to learn to practice brief communications. Of course, Aunt Beth has me spoiled - she will write me 5 letters to every one of mine. How is Aunt Beth? and all? Keep me posted. I'm headed to Maryville right now to check on M & S. Between doctor visits, they paint fences, rake leaves, watch football, and see friends. Love to my cousin, Beth Anne

8 February 1999

Sam,

Hello. We need ordering information on School Community Journal -

Talked to Margie Jean and Aunt Beth yesterday. All seemed well. I recommended CHARMING BILLY by McDermott to her for you in a letter. She thinks she might like it - at first, she thought it was about Bill Clinton - it's not- I'm not sure she'd like it - it looks back on a man's life through the lenses of his many friends and cousins. loved but trailed by drinking bouts all his days - irish american in nyc. language beautiful.

I hear you and Janie are headed to England. How wonderful. Have you seen the movie Shakespeare in Love. We loved it. will you be going to Scotland?

Must go. brief note to retrieve info on School Community Journal. I'm at work. have to keep buzzing on stuff...Beth.

8 February 1999

Beth Anne:

I received e-mail messages from both you and Freddy today. It must be Cousins Day. Your library can send the \$35 library rate to School Community Journal, 121 N. Kickapoo Street, Lincoln, IL 62656, and we'll sign you up. If you need more, I'll try to send you a copy of the journal and subscription form.

Jane and I will arrive in London and spend a day or two there, but I want to get to Manchester to search out Allen sites. Also, I have an ambition to follow (by car and foot) the Wordsworth Trail in the Lake District. Our other goal is an outing to Plymouth (where Roy shipped out on D-Day) and Land's End. Do you recommend other sites? Aunt Beth wants us to find a few famous or mythical pubs she has listed, to see if fields are really bordered by hedges rather than fences, and to check out the animals in Yorkshire. All this in 6 days.

Aunt Beth is now eating hard boiled eggs and other solid foods. I'm afraid to learn more about her medical condition because she is defying all the doctors' prognostications (is that a word?). Last fall we were canceling all our weekend plans and hovering over the telephone, sure of her imminent demise. Now we are nearly back to life as usual (although I have vowed not to let a week pass without seeing her).

I have finished the Allen book and added a few gems we garnered from your father on his visit here. I say finished, but now I am holding off printing it until my trip to England. Also, I just found information about Papa Doc's mother--Letha Forqueran Anderson, daughter of Peter Forqueran, of a line of French Huguenots who settled in Virginia in 1701, arriving on the good ship Naussau from England where they gathered to depart for the New World and settle in a 10,000 acre piece of land donated by the King of England to encourage immigration of French protestants. Do you want to know more? I doubt it. But it is ironic that Laura Ellen and her worthy daughter, Aunt Clyde, made much of their aristocratic French roots (the de Granades, you know) and seemed uninterested in the Andersons. Well the Granades (I have not confirmed this for sure, but have some evidence) may in fact have been Palatinate Germans. The real French were in the Anderson line, along with the accomplished English Harrisons and the Andersons themselves, whom I assume were Scottish but can trace only to Kentucky. My genealogy is like someone else's vacation slide show: far more interesting to me than to anyone else.

Hope the new library is as wonderful as you hoped. Becky is now a member of the library board in Towanda. Hope your folks are well. Let's meet in Mountain View some day. Jim can white water down Jack's fork and we can see Papa Doc's office. Jane and I stopped there last spring. Pretty area, but poor.

Take a break again sometime and send another letter (e-mail).

Sam

15 February 1999

Sam,

Attached is an MSWord document bearing an April 1994 satellite photo of Towanda. I thought maybe Aunt Beth and your folks might find it interesting.

I think I'll come March 5th and return the 8th. I intend bringing Kathleen, she being now at leisure. I don't think there's great damage she can do in this season.

I'm glad you're going to England. Is it for pleasure only, or have you business? I hope the former. "Ah, to be in England when the (I've forgotten what)'s in bloom..." I enjoy it more than I do the continental countries, whose language problem fatigues me (I'm loathe to admit). My bride, on the other hand, is untroubled by the natives' perversely foreign tongue and succumbs to shameless Francophilia. I weaken when I reflect upon the fact that they've 345 cheeses. I mean, really, how wicked can they be?

I'm sending Beth Ann a copy, so she'll know what she's missed. I'll see you soon. Give my love to all,

Fred

3 March 1999

Fred:

We are looking forward to seeing you in a few days. Aunt Beth has had a bout with nausea and has lost weight to 85 pounds. Still alert and able to move about, but keeping nearly nothing in her system. She is thinking she is drifting away. Spirits are good and she wants not to disrupt my trip to England so I hope that gives her the next goal to strive for. Then we can establish another goal. But I dread seeing her shrink and pray she is spared fear and pain.

Sam

16 March 1999

Fred:

I thought you should know that Aunt Beth has had a very bad few days. She was not eating and had bad color, so Mom took her to the doctor last week. She refuses an IV or feeding tube. The doctor gave her a prescription of a small dose of morphine. She had pain on Saturday and took the morphine. But afternoon she was hallucinating and was too weak to take even liquid. We all gathered around her. She became lucid and was convinced she was dying--engaging in a good deal of dark humor. Mom and Becky stayed at her side through the night. We expected she would not be with us in the morning. But she arose stronger on Sunday (the morphine must have worn off) and began taking small amounts of liquid, which we took turns giving her.

She resists sleep--I think she is sure she will not waken. But finally she slept, with Mom at her side all night. On Monday she was stronger yet, and took broth. Today she is about the same, but lapsed into a few spells of fuzzy-mindedness. It seems that one crisis has passed, but without more nourishment she has little left to give up. It doesn't seem that her major organs or systems have been affected--strong heart and lungs. But perhaps this disease works less directly, taking her at last by slow increments.

It was good to see you and Kathy; Aunt Beth is still finding ways to reunite her scattered family and help us create binding memories among ourselves. Rod and Meredith will be here to see her tomorrow and Thursday (I will be out of town). I wish I had better news. We have not yet heard from Sam, but Myrtis expects word about the success of his procedure tomorrow.

Sam

22 March 1999

Beth Anne,

I was at Mom and Dad's today when they talked with Sam and Myrtis. The news sounds good. We conveyed the message to Aunt Beth as best we could and I think she was relieved. I know you have had enough on your mind with your dad's surgery, but this has been a tough week for Aunt Beth. A week ago we gathered around her, sure she was in her last hours. She has had nothing but water for days and her mind comes and goes. When lucid, she always tells us to tell Beth Anne that her duty is to be concerned with her father and not with her. I was immensely blessed tonight by finding that Aunt Beth, after not recognizing me for a couple days, had several hours of awareness, during which I was able to say the things to her that I have never said directly, thought always felt she knew. I held her and cried and she cheered me with bits of her unique humor and stories of my childhood and portions of poetry. I opened the book of America's Best Loved Poems, which was given to her by Clyde in 1946 (the year I was born). You have seen the book, and I think you found a copy for yourself. Aunt Beth's lists all her favorites (although "The Face on the Barroom Floor" and a few other choice ballads are not in the book. Jane and I are going to England next week, and Aunt Beth made me promise we would go no matter what. If I keep the promise, we are staying at a B&B at Wenlock Edge, where Chris writes of strolling along the Severn as a boy. Also, we plan a day in Manchester.

Maybe someday I can put all these Allen pieces together and understand why this family intrigues me so. I one of her dozens of "last words" over the past week, Aunt Beth said to remember that Allens always tell the truth. (Of course she prefaced this with the indictment that Reddings are liars—a pronouncement I did not pass on to my father.) I hope this note is not cathartic for me and burdensome for you. Freddie and Kathy were here a week or so ago. Take care.

Sam

22 March 1999

Dear Sam,

Thank you so much for your letter and for sharing your time with Aunt Beth with me. She has been in my thoughts each day and I have felt stymied for what I should do or how to do it. I spent all weekend with S & M, getting them groceries, fixing food, medicating Sam's eye, keeping Sam from too many domestic duties . . . Upon arrival at home, he headed to the earthen basement to check the workings of the furnace. If you don't watch him, he will be on the roof. But he is unable to drive for approximately 2 weeks and is to go to a doctor in Knoxville on Wednesday for a followup to his surgery. As far as we know, all went well in Memphis. He received excellent and kind care and they both were lucky to have friends and family checking in on them.

On Saturday night after supper, Sam and I lingered at the kitchen table, drinking the last smidgen of wine left in the bottle, and read poetry. We started with "Snowbound" . . . "ah brother, only I and thou are left of all that circle now, the dear home faces where upon the fitful firelight paled and shone . . ." we pulled 2 or 3 books off the shelf and read to one another. We were with you and Aunt Beth in spirit—their sharing of poetry is one of my treasured memories.

I must take Sam on Wed., but I am going to look into a flight to St. Louis on Thursday to see if I can't be with Aunt Beth one more time. Thank you for writing and give my love to all, especially Aunt Beth.

Beth Anne

Margie Jean Writes to Her Son

Wednesday, December 28, 1999

Dear Sam,

This morning Dad left for Lincoln and I walked out into the sun (or toy) room and the sun was shining in so brightly and it was so warm that I picked up the Allen book and took it out there to read. I wanted to read all about my Pop and that part of the book. It did bring tears and memories, memories only I have. My Pop always referred to me as the Baby, even when I was in high school. Pop could answer any question I could ask him—whether it was from my history book, the Bible or the newspaper. He always helped Georgina and me with history. Whenever I was in a play at school (I was in a lot, really), Pop would read the whole play and almost memorize the whole thing—always the part I had. Then he and Mom would come to the plays, and he couldn't hear any of it but he could follow along with it.

When I was a sophomore in high school our class gave one of the young teachers a very hard time, so badly that she resigned. When I was telling Pop about it, he let me have it—about this being a young teacher and needed our cooperation and that I should remember this some day when I would be out in the world and would want to be treated right. I don't remember all, but I left the shop feeling very low and not nearly as smart.

Pop was a drinker in his early years but when Mama was pregnant with Raymond he quit drinking and it wasn't until we moved to Tonganoxie that he started drinking beer at the local pool hall—only on Saturday night. He would stop on the way home and drink a few bottles. I remember his dog would always sit at the back door of the pool hall and wait for him. I could always know when he had a few beers because he was very talkative. One night we were sitting in the porch swing on the back porch of the Mirror apartment. Papa started telling me how pretty Mom's eyes were and how pretty she was. He said her eyes were violet, and when he first saw her get off the train she was a beautiful sight. He always said her eyes were violet (they were really hazel). He also said to me, "Now you are a pretty girl but you will never be as pretty as your mother." That night he also asked me for a cigarette (I didn't think he knew I smoked). He said, "It's kinda bad bumming a cigarette off the baby." I think he was testing me to catch me, and it worked. I gave him one. He never mentioned it again.

Pop and Mom always went to all the boys' baseball games out in dirty old dusty pastures, and I was always with them in the back seat ducking the tobacco juice Pop would spit out the front window. I can still feel how I felt in the back seat with the dust—choking.

When I had whooping cough (I was very sick with it) and they gave me some medicine to take and every time it was time for me to take it I would cry and throw such a fit that I can still hear Mom say, "Sam I can't get Margie to take her medicine that Dr. Jones left for her." Pop came into the room and said, "Here Myrtle, let me have that," and he took a big swig of it and said, "Don't give her anymore." But I survived it. When I broke my arm (I imagine it was what you call a green break), Pop fixed it by covering a piece of chicken wire with cotton and making a brace out of it for me. Mom made a sling out of a dish towel; we didn't have money for a doctor. Although when I was sick with whooping cough the doctor came to the house.

I can only remember Papa ever giving me a spanking one time. Raymond and I were in our beds and were supposed to go to sleep. We were laughing and making a lot of noise when all of a sudden Pop appeared, turned up my gown and gave me a couple of swats on the bottom and left the room. I imagine Raymond got it too—Raymond got a spanking every other day. I'm sure Mom told Pop we were making all that noise. I don't think Pop could hear it.

Pop went to all the school events that we were in. I graduated the May before he died and he was there with Mom, Rose and Don.

Sunday before Pop died, your Dad and I took Pop and Mom for a long ride in the '37 Chevy—all around the countryside around Tongie. We didn't have a car then, so Pop really enjoyed it.

The day some man walked up the stairs with Pop, Mom went running to the door so upset and Pop turned to her and said, "Myrtle you know when the fruit is ripe it will fall." That's the last he ever said and died a couple days later.

I doubt if you are interested in all this. But without Beth I don't really have anybody to tell my thoughts about all this. I'm so proud of all the work that you have done on the "Allen Book," Sam. Dad and I are so proud of you boys, and I can hear my Pop say, "Job well done Margie Jean."

Thanks to you and to Janie both for giving us such a nice Christmas and making us part of your Christmas celebration.

Love you and love to all of you,

Mom [Margie Jean]

The Anderson Family

Myrtle Blaine Anderson was born on February 10, 1884 in Bakersfield (Ozark County), Missouri. Her middle name came from James G. Blaine, the Republican Senator from Maine who lost his race for President in 1884. Blaine was a political hero of Myrtle's father, Thomas Mitchell Anderson, a physician. Myrtle's mother was Laura Ellen Granade Anderson, and her only sibling was her sister—Clyde Ethel Anderson—who married Lynn Walker and served for years as post mistress in Mountain View, Missouri. Clyde was named for the river Clyde in Scotland, testament, perhaps, to her father's Scottish heritage and allegiance to the Scottish Rite of the Masonic Lodge.

John and Ann Anderson

Thomas Mitchell Anderson's great-grandfather was John Anderson from Bedford County, Virginia, a Revolutionary War veteran who married the widow Ann Butler on June 22, 1772 in Bedford County. He may have been the son of Nelson Anderson. Ann may have been the widow of Philip Butler and the mother of Elizabeth Butler Dunn. John Hook gave the surety for the marriage of John Anderson and Ann Butler.

By 1787 John Anderson was in Madison County, Kentucky. In his will dated May 11, 1803, proven October 7, 1811, in Madison County, he named as his children:

1. James (possibly born 1776; died April 24, 1824; possibly married Margaret Willis Alcorn (born 10/28/1781; died Aug. 1, 1860); Marriage for James Anderson & Margaret M. Alcorn in Garrard Co. They were married on 6 Jan 1801 (bond date, return date not listed), Bondsman: William Hill, no one listed for consent.
2. William: possibly married Polly, sister of Margaret Alcorn; William Anderson and & Polly Alcorn, bond date 6 Mar 1792, return date 15 Mar 1792, bondsman: John Alcorn, no consent listing.
3. Robert (born November 23, 1765 [note: this is before his father married Ann Butler so could be in error] in Bedford County, Virginia). Married on June 17, 1790 [probably Madison County, KY] to Clara Woodruff who was born in Amherst County, Virginia, on June 30, 1765).

Children of Robert:

1. Elizabeth Anderson was born in Madison County, state of Kentucky, on the 31st day of May, 1791. Married to Gilbert Hodges in Madison County, state of Kentucky, on the 30th day of August, 1814.
2. Mary Anderson was born in Madison County, state of Kentucky, on the 12th day of February, 1793. Married to Daniel Brown in St. Louis County, territory of Missouri, on the 26th day of March, 1818.
3. John Anderson was born in Montgomery County, state of Kentucky on the 6th day of January, 1795. Married to Jane Ward [or Word] in Franklin County, territory of Missouri, on the 23rd day of April, 1830. [Note: March 1, 1832, John Anderson sold land, bequeathed to him by Robert, to Edmund Anderson in Franklin County, MO. Franklin Co., Mo., deed book "B" p 181—John Anderson and wife Jane, 1 Mar 1832, To Edmond Anderson for \$250, 102 ac., Northwest corner of Robert Anderson's track. Release of dower 15 Jun 1833.]
4. David Anderson was born in Montgomery County, state of Kentucky, 23rd day of January, 1797. Married to Polly Price in St. Louis County, territory of Missouri, on the 7th day of May, 1818.

5. James Anderson was born in Madison County, state of Kentucky, on the 9th day of March, 1799.
6. Levina [or Lovina] Anderson was born in Madison County, state of Kentucky on the 22nd day of February, 1801. Married to John Hinton in Franklin County, territory of Missouri, on Thursday the 20th day of January, A. D., 1820.
7. Joshua Anderson was born in Madison County, state of Kentucky, on the 17th day of August, 1804.
8. Ann Anderson was born in Madison County, state of Kentucky, on the 3rd day of October, 1806, and departed this life on the 21st day of December, 1810.

Rev. Robert Anderson departed this life in Dubaugh, Franklin County, Missouri territory, on the 27th day of August, 1820, in the 55th year of his age. His remains were interred on the next day and a solemn discourse delivered at the grave on Rev. 22 & 14 by his friend, the Rev. John Clark.

Note: Jack Clark was one of the first Protestant ministers west of the Mississippi and a very interesting character. He's buried at the Coldwater Cemetery in St. Louis. This cemetery has a website with a short history about Jack Clark. (<http://www.rootsweb.com/~modarcwc/>) Notice the name Gilbert Hodges in this write up. Gilbert was Robert Anderson's son-in-law. The church that Jack Clark and Gilbert organized eventually evolved into a rather unique church named the Baptized Church of Christ, Friends of Humanity. Their beliefs were basically the same as Baptist except they did not believe in slavery. The church is credited with being part of the early abolitionist movement in Missouri. Alfred Hodges, believed to be Gilbert's son by his first marriage, was married at this church in 1830. So the Hodges may have maintained some association with this church after they moved to Franklin Co.

4. Susanna
5. Lavina (born about 1763 [which would be before John and Ann married], married Benjamin Morton of Madison Co., KY. Died 1841-4, per Madison Co., KY Circuit Court papers. Benjamin Morton was born 1760-65, based upon a review of the 1810 and 1830 Madison Co., KY census records. He died in Feb. 1839 per Circuit Court records.
6. Charles (later cited as half-brother of Elizabeth Butler Dunn, so must have been son of Ann Butler and John Anderson; Elizabeth daughter of Ann Butler and Philip Butler.)
7. Edmond (born about 1778 in Kentucky) See below.

Edmond and Anna Parr Boulware Anderson

Thomas Mitchell Anderson's grandfather, Edmond, was born, probably in Madison County, Kentucky (although one family record has it as Bowling Green, Kentucky), about 1778. He appeared in the Madison County tax lists in 1801 and 1802. Edmond was in Gasconade and Franklin counties in Missouri by 1811. Edmond was appointed justice of the peace of Labbadie township in St. Louis County by the Governor of Territory of Missouri on April 1, 1813, and again in 1815. Edmond married Anna Parr Boulware, and their known children were: Thomas (born in Franklin County on May 22, 1816), James, and Jane Eleanor.

1830 Census, Franklin Co., MO p 134: Edmond Anderson: 2 males 10 to 15; 1 male 50 to 60; 1 female 5 to 10; 1 female 50 to 60; no slaves.

Franklin Co., Mo., deed book "B" p 181: John Anderson and wife Jane, 1 Mar 1832, To Edmond Anderson for \$250, 102 ac., Northwest corner of Robert Anderson's track. Release of dower 15 Jun 1833.

Franklin Co., Mo., deed book "B" p 188, 27 Jun 1833: Edmond Anderson purchases from Robert Boles and wife, 123ac on the waters of the Dubois Creek, bounded by Jacob Cole, Samuel Wilson, Harison & James Vaughan and on the south by Alexander McCourtney's original Spanish Land Grant. Land conveyed to James Anderson by will of Robert Anderson.

Notes:

Jacob Cole: This was husband of Sarah Jane Harrison Forqueran, mother of Letha Forqueran, Thomas Anderson's (Edmond's son) wife. Sarah Jane was first married to Peter Forqueran and had three daughters—Mary Ann, Sarah Elizabeth, and Letha—and a son John Harrison. Some sources do not include Mary Ann.

Samuel Wilson: administrator of Edmond Anderson's estate upon his death; Edmond's son Thomas named his second son Wilson Clark Anderson and another son Samuel Harrison (Samuel was also the name of an Anderson in Madison County, KY). See Jack Clark above for possible source of Wilson Clark Anderson's middle name.

Harrison and James Vaughan: Perhaps the "Harrison" is another Vaughan, but Harrison was also Letha Forqueran Anderson's mother's maiden name (Sarah Jane Harrison). Sarah Jane had first married Peter Forqueran and had three (or two) daughters and a son; then was married to Jacob Cole and had more children by him.

Franklin Co., Mo., deed book "B", p 346, 6 Sep 1834, recorded 20 May 1835, Edmond Anderson and wife, Nancy(??), sell to Thomas Groff.

Edmond Anderson died January 19, 1835. Franklin Co., Mo. will book "A" p 106: Edmond Anderson died leaving no will; Samuel Wilson appointed administrator; Recorded Date: 16th day of Feb., 1835.

The Boulware and Parr Families

Anna (or Anne) Parr Boulware came from old Virginia families. The Boulware and Parr families were of English descent, and the Gaines family in their line was a Virginia family of Welsh descent.

James Boulware was born about 1641 in England, the son of Thomas and Tabitha Edlow Boulware (daughter of Matthew and Tabitha Underwood Edlow), and married Marjory Gray, the daughter of William Gray, in Rappahannock, Virginia, about 1665. James's will, probated February 17, 1718-19 in Essex County, Virginia, named as heirs his second wife Elizabeth, sons James, Mark, Benjamin, John, and William, daughters Mary and Grace, and unnamed children assumed under the phrase, "as for the rest of my estate, my children which are at home . . ." Family histories show Elizabeth and Sarah as additional children.

William Boulware, son of James (presumed to be the son of Marjory Gray and named for his grandfather) was born about 1689 in St. Anne's Parish, Essex County, Virginia, and married Judith Ann Parr (born 1703 in Virginia), daughter of Phillip Parr and Judith Allaman, in Essex County, Virginia. William died in Essex County on March 17, 1795 [if true, he was 106 years old]. Judith Ann Parr was born in 1703 in Essex County, Virginia, the daughter of Phillip Parr (born 1662 in Essex, Virginia, son of Robert Parr) and Judith Allaman (born 1665 in Essex, Virginia, the daughter of Thomas Allaman, born 1630 in Essex, Virginia).

Thomas Boulware was a son of William and Judith Ann Parr Boulware. He was born before 1736 in Essex County, Virginia, and married Eleanor Gaines before April 27, 1757. Eleanor, born about 1735, was the daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth Jamieson Gaines. Daniel Gaines was born in 1696 in Old Rappahannock,

Virginia, and died there on August 18, 1782. He was the son of Bernard Gaines (born 1670 in Old Rappahannock (Caroline), Virginia, and died there in 1747) and Martha Taylor. Bernard was the son of Daniel Gaines (born 1614 in Aberdeen, Breconshire, Wales, and died in 1682 in Virginia) and Margaret Bernard. Martha Taylor was born in 1670 in Caroline, Virginia, the daughter of George Taylor, and died March 18, 1747, in Richmond, Virginia.

Thomas Boulware's will was proved on April 18, 1788 in Essex County, Virginia, by his son Obadiah and named six children and also provided for his wife and other unnamed children. The children of Thomas and Eleanor were: Mary, Grace, Daniel James, Obadiah, Rachel, John H., Thomas, Betty, Anna Parr, and Phillip Parr. Anna Parr Boulware is thought to have been a daughter of Thomas and Eleanor Gaines Boulware and one of the small children unnamed in Thomas's will.

Anna Parr Boulware born about 1780 in Virginia. She probably moved west with her brother, Phillip, about 1810. Phillip Parr Boulware and his family went through Illinois (see St. Clair County) where some of his older children married. By 1819 they were in the Franklin County, Missouri, tax list. Anna married Edmund Anderson in Franklin County, Missouri, and had three known children—Thomas (born in Franklin County in 1816), James, and Jane Eleanor. Edmund Anderson died on January 19, 1835.

Thomas and Letha Forqueran Anderson

Thomas Anderson was born on May 22, 1816, son of Edmond and Anna, and was the first school teacher in Pulaski County, Missouri, and later a judge there. He was also a farmer, as per the 1870 census in Pulaski County. He married Letha Narcissa Forqueran on December 6, 1838.

Records of Pulaski County, Missouri, reference meetings of commissioners and courts held in the home of Thomas Anderson near present-day Vienna in Maries County.

The children of Thomas and Letha Anderson were:

Margaret Ann
Mary Ellen
James Edward
Wilson Clark
Victoria Jane
Peter Forqueran
Thomas Mitchell
Pierce Butler (born 1853 in Franklin County, Missouri)
Millard Fillmore
Samuel Harrison
Virginia Elizabeth

In 1880, Thomas Anderson was in Tavern Township, Pulaski County, Missouri, 64, a farmer born in Missouri, his father in Kentucky and his mother in Virginia, with Letty N., 62, born in Virginia, her father in Virginia and her mother in Pennsylvania (?). Children were T.M., 29, a doctor, M.F., 25, a farmer, Jennie E., 21. Note that Sarah Jane Harrison (Forqueran/Cole) listed her birthplace as Virginia, not Pennsylvania.

In the U. S. Census of 1900, Thomas Anderson was listed as living with Jacob V. Parker (a telegrapher) and his wife, Virginia Anderson Parker (a school mistress). It noted that he was a widower; that his father was born in Kentucky, his mother born in Virginia, and that he was a farmer.

Letha Forqueran Anderson died in Crocker, Missouri, on October 18, 1880.

Judge Thomas Anderson Dead

Died Monday, October 14 (1901) at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. J.V. Parker of Crocker, Judge Thomas Anderson, aged 85 years. He was born May 22, 1816 in Franklin County, Missouri. December 6, 1838, he married Miss Letha U. Forqueran. To them twelve children were born, three of whom died in infancy and four others dying later. Four sons and one daughter are living: Dr. T.M., P.B., M.F., S.H. and Mrs. J.V. Parker; besides, there are 42 grandchildren and 34 great-grandchildren. Judge Anderson moved to Pulaski county in 1851, and has resided here since that time. He served as judge of the County court with Judges Rayl and Pickering, and has served officially in other positions. He lived a Christian many years.

June 15, 1899, knowing his days were numbered, he wrote instructions for his burial in which he gave the reasons for the faith that was in him. This was read at the funeral service.

Judge Anderson was a model citizen, a loving husband, a kind father and a righteous man.

The remains were interred north of Crocker by the side of his wife, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

The Forqueran and Harrison Families

Letha Narcissa Forqueran Anderson was the daughter of Peter and Sarah Jane Harrison Forqueran. Peter and Sarah Jane were married in 1813 in Kanahwa County, Virginia (now West Virginia) and had four children: Mary Ann (1814), John Harrison (1816), Letha (February 26, 1818), and Sarah Elizabeth (1820). Some sources do not include Mary Ann. Peter must have died about 1820, because Sarah Jane was later married to Jacob Cole in Missouri.

The Forquerans (sometimes spelled Fourquerean or Anglicized to Forcuron or in the French ffaurqueran) were French Huguenots who came into Henrico County, Virginia in 1701 on the ship Nassau. The progenitor, Jean Forqueran, was born in Castel Moron, Gascony, Guyenne, France.

Register Containing the Baptisms made in the Church of the French Refugees at Mannakintown in Virginia, in the Parish of King William. In the Year of our Lord, 1721, the 25th of March.

The 15th of March, 1735, was born Jean Forqueran, son of Moyse Forqueran and of Susanne, his wife; had for godfather, Pierre Forqueran; for godmother, Janne Dupe. [This Janne (Jane) Dupre was the widow of John Dupre, not the mother of Moyse and Pierre.]

Pierre (Peter) Forqueran (born 1712 in Manakin, Virginia) was the brother of Moyse (Moses), and both were sons of Jean (John) Forqueran and (probably) Jane Dupre (daughter of Jean Dupre). Mannakintown is Manakin Township, Virginia, near Richmond, which was a ten thousand acre refuge for Huguenots on the southern bank of the James River, donated by King William, III in 1700.

Peter Forqueran married a woman named Joyce (or Joicy) about 1738. In 1748, Peter is recorded to have sold 200 acres in Henrico County (now Chesterfield) outside the French territory but along the French road. The property was part of a 17,000 acre patent by John Tullit, and Peter's wife Joyce relinquished her dower in it.

Peter and Joyce Forqueran had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married a Mastin. Probably the same Peter Forqueran, Sr. is listed as serving with the Virginia Militia (Virginia Militia in the Revolutionary War, Part V, page 271) and being from Bourbon County, Kentucky, where he died in 1798.

Peter and Joyce Forqueran also had two sons—Peter (born 1748 in Bedford County, Virginia, and died in 1835 in Kentucky) and John (born 1752 in Louisa County, Virginia). Peter married Grace Burton Hall (born

1751, daughter of Leonard Hall and Johanna Letton) on March 2, 1770 in Bedford County, Virginia. Peter and Grace had children John, Peter, Ruth, and Dickson.

Peter Forqueran (born 1778, possibly the son of Peter and Grace Burton Hall Forqueran) married Sarah Jane Harrison in Kanawha County, Virginia (now West Virginia) in 1813. Note: Some sources have Peter as the son of John and Mary Guthrie Forqueran (daughter of Henry and Penelope Johnson Guthrie, both of Scots lineage) rather than Peter and Grace Burton Hall Forqueran. John and Mary Guthrie Forqueran were in records in Kanawha County. Also, Peter and Sarah named their son John.

BEDFORD County, Virginia

1787 Census of VA: Property List

Peter, Sr. Forqueran 0/5/5/2/10

Peter, Jr. Forqueran 0/0/0/1/15

John Forqueran 0/1/5/1/4

(numbers represent: white males above 16 and under 21; blacks above 16; blacks under 16; horses, mares, colts and mules; cattle.

Sarah Jane Harrison was born in Virginia of a family descended from Isaiah Harrison who immigrated to Oyster Bay, Long Island in 1687 and was the son of Thomas Harrison (born 1633, in Yorkshire), a Congregational minister who married Catherine Bradshaw in St. Peter's Parish, Chester, Cheshire, England in 1660), and died in Dublin, Ireland.

Isaiah Harrison was born about 1660 in Cheshire, England, and married Elizabeth Wright (born 1668 the daughter of Gideon and Elizabeth Townsend Wright) in 1688 in Oyster Bay, New York.

Isaiah and Elizabeth Harrison had several children, and after Elizabeth's death in 1696 Isaiah married Abigail Smith and had several more. John Harrison was a son of Isaiah and Elizabeth, born in 1691 in Oyster Bay, New York. John married a woman named Phoebe on Long Island, New York, in 1720. Of their six children, a son Reuben was born in Lewes, Delaware, in 1731.

Reuben Harrison moved to Rockingham County, Virginia, and married Lydia Donnell Harrison (born 1735 in Augusta County, Virginia, probably the daughter of Jeremiah and Catherine Adams Donnell, Jeremiah the son of Isaiah and Abigail Smith Harrison) about 1756 in Rockingham. Reuben and Lydia had 11 children, including Josiah. One source says that Reuben married a second time, to Mary McDonald, and that Josiah may have been her son instead of Lydia's. Mary died in Christian County, Kentucky.

Josiah Harrison was born in 1763 in Rockingham County, Virginia. He married Mary Cravens (born 1760, daughter of Robert Cravens). The History of Rockingham County (by John W. Wayland) reports that Josiah was sworn in as a captain of the militia in Rockingham County in 1780. The county history includes Josiah Harrison, Zebulon Harrison Gideon Harrison, Ezekiel Harrison, Robert Cravens, Mary Cravens, and Margaret Cravens for rendering service during the Revolution. It states that Josiah, Ezekiel, and Reuben had been born in the county, served as soldiers in the Revolution, and were removing to Georgia.

Josiah and Mary's children were Lethe, John B., Josiah, Elizabeth, and Sarah Jane. Sarah Jane was born in 1796 in Virginia. Her mother Mary died about 1801. Her father Josiah died in Franklin County, Missouri, after 1827.

Sarah Jane's father Josiah was born in Virginia in 1763 (possibly earlier) and was in Franklin County, Missouri, before 1827. Sarah married Peter Forqueran in Kanawha County, Virginia, in 1813, and must have

moved with the Harrisons to Missouri a few years later where she married Jacob Cole in Franklin County in 1829; Jacob was born in 1797 in Madison County, Kentucky. Sarah and Jacob had children Jane, Amanda, William, and Lydia.

Sarah Harrison and Peter Forqueran had four (or three) children—Mary Ann (born 1814; not in all family records), John Harrison (born 1816) and Letha (or Lethe) Narcissa (born 1818), and Sarah Elizabeth (1820). Sarah Harrison Forqueran later married Jacob Cole, and she died in 1870. Letha, daughter of Peter and Sarah Jane Harrison Forqueran, married Thomas Anderson on December 6, 1838, in Dixon, Pulaski County, Missouri.



Sarah Harrison Forqueran, also known as Sallie



Thomas Mitchell and Laura Ellen Granade Anderson

Thomas Mitchell Anderson, son of Thomas and Letha, was born on August 8, 1850 in Franklin County, Missouri. In 1882, Thomas Mitchell Anderson married Laura Ellen Granade, who had been born in Greenway, Arkansas (Fulton County) in 1863. They were married in Gansville, Missouri.

Thomas Mitchell Anderson, known to his family as "Papa Doc," received his degree in medicine from the medical college in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1881. He later studied at St. Louis University. He was a Master Mason for 50 years and a member of the Abou Ben Adam Shrine in Springfield, Missouri. He practiced medicine for many years in Mountain View, Missouri, where he died on November 2, 1922.

In the 1900 census, Thomas's daughters, Myrtle (16) and Clyde (14), were both boarders in a home in Goldsberry Township (Mountain View), Howell County, Missouri. Another boarder, Laura Winghamam [?], 37, probably their mother, was a dressmaker born in Arkansas, her father in Tennessee and her mother in North Carolina. Thomas was a boarder in a separate household, born in 1850, a physician, born in Missouri, his father in Kentucky and his mother in Virginia.

In 1910, Thomas was in his own household in Howell County (Mountain View), Missouri, 60, a family doctor, born in Missouri, his father in Kentucky and his mother in West Virginia. Also in his household was Myrtle Waggoner, his daughter, 25, and her daughter, Berene, 2. In a separate household was Clyde Walker, 23, with her husband Lynn Walker, 34; he was a druggist in a drugstore and she a sales lady in a drugstore. Laura Brittain was in Joplin, Missouri, 47, widow, a lodger in a hotel where she worked.

In 1920, T. M. Anderson was in his own household, which he owned, in Mountain View, Missouri, 67, a physician. Lynn and Clyde Walker were also in Mountain View, where he was the postmaster and she the assistant postmaster. Myrtle Allen was in the household of her husband, Sam, in Jefferson County, Kansas; he was 49 and she 35. Their children were Donald C., Beth D., Clyde S., and Raymond A., with step-daughter Berene M. Wagner. Sam was a blacksmith. Laura Britton, 50, was a renter in her own household in Springfield, Missouri, working in a rooming house. In 1930, Laura Britton was in the home of her daughter, Myrtle Allen, in Canton, Kansas.

The Granade Family

Laura Ellen Granade was the daughter of Hervey Wynne Granade and Susan Green Lloyd. We trace the Granade line to a John Granade (or Granad) who arrived in New Bern, North Carolina, in 1710 as part of a group of Palatine Germans, Swiss, and French Huguenots settled there by the Swiss nobleman Christoph de Graffenried. A 1749 list of Palatines and their descendants who arrived in North Carolina around 1709 is mentioned in an article in the Colonial Records of North Carolina, Volume 4, page 967. The list, however, has not been found. The article attempts a compilation of the 1710 immigrants who arrived with de Graffenried and their descendants. In all, according to the article, about one hundred Swiss and six hundred Palatines left Europe for New Bern. Nearly all the Swiss survived the journey, but only half the Palatines. Of the some four hundred who arrived and settled around New Bern, a large number were killed during the Tuscarora Wars of 1712-1715. The names listed at the end of the article were gleaned from various sources and chosen because of their Germanic sounding names or association with Swiss and Palatine families.

John Granade's children included a second John Granade, a Captain on the side of the colonies in the Revolutionary War who died in 1788. This John Granade was born about 1715, married Ann Ward, and owned a plantation in Jones County (originally Craven County), North Carolina. The children of John and Ann Ward Granade were John Adam (born 1775), Elizabeth (born 1767), Anna, and Huldah.

Elizabeth Granade married James Sanderson in 1784 and had 14 children. By 1812 the Sandersons were in Alabama. In 1790, John Granade's estate was settled, and the plantation was left to John Adam Granade. In 1798, John Adam Granade moved to Sumner County, Tennessee, with his brother-in-law (Sanderson?).

John Adam Granade married Polly Wynne who was born in Wilson County, Tennessee. They were the parents of Hervey Wynne Granade, Laura Ellen's father.

A book, **Early Times of Middle Tennessee**, published in 1857, includes a chapter about John Adam Granade, written by J.B. McFerrin of Nashville.

At the beginning of the present century [19th] there sprang up, and soon passed away, one of the most extraordinary men ever known to this country, and as I was intimately acquainted with him, it is proper I should give a brief sketch of his life. I allude to John A. Granade, the poet of the backwoods settlement, and a preacher of strange power, though called by many "the wild man."

Granade was a native of North Carolina. He embraced religion and joined the Methodists in the country of his nativity. It was deeply impressed upon his mind that he was called to preach the Gospel, but rejecting the call, he lost all religious enjoyment.

In the fall of 1798 he removed, with his brother-in-law, to Tennessee and settled a few miles from the place where I lived on Goose Creek in Sumner (now Wilson) County, and there I became acquainted with him.

He learned there was Circuit preaching in the neighborhood, and made his appearance at a meeting shortly after his arrival in the country. At that time he was the most pitiable human being upon whom I ever rested my eyes. His agony of soul was so intense that he seldom took food enough to support nature, and the effects of his abstinence told plainly upon his health and physical condition in general. He was not deranged, but in a state of desperation about his soul. He said that once he had enjoyed religion, but he feared mercy for him had clean gone forever. Nevertheless, he constantly pleaded with God for mercy through Jesus Christ.

Days, weeks and months together, he spent in the wild woods, crying for mercy, mercy, mercy. In roaming, his Bible was his companion always. His horse, which he sometimes rode to meetings, seemed to almost understand his situation. I have met him after he had started to meeting, when his horse was feeding by the roadside, while he sat with head upturned and hands raised toward Heaven, praying to God to have mercy upon him, and all the while he seemed unconscious he was on horse back.

The chapter goes on to describe Granade's preaching, describing him as eccentric.

But with all these wild and curious movements, Granade was one of the most devoted and useful men. Well versed in the Scriptures, particularly the Prophecies, into which he could go deeper than any one I ever heard, and gifted in language and voice, he was one of the most extraordinary preachers of his day.

He traveled and preached for three years, I believe, in East Tennessee and Virginia, and then returned to middle Tennessee, completely broken down so that he could speak only in a low tone of voice. Soon after his return I saw him at a camp meeting, where I heard him talk a sermon in a feeble way, as to manner, though in matter, it was a stream of divinity. He was entirely cured of his wild ways; his hands and feet were motionless, and indeed, his sermon was unattended by the slightest bodily agitation.

Not long afterwards he married in Wilson County, Tennessee, where having settled, he entered upon the practice of medicine, but died in a few years.

John Adam Granade wrote the lyrics of several hymns in the Shape Note tradition common to the American South and is included in anthologies of these hymns.

In 1805 John Adam Granade married Polly Wynne (daughter of John K. and Polly Lewis Wynne). To them was born John Adam Granade, Jr. in 1806. On December 6, 1807, John Adam Granade died in Sumner County, Tennessee, five months before a second son, Hervey Wynne Granade was born on May 1, 1808 in Wilson County, Tennessee. Polly Wynne Granade may have died a few years later (about 1810). Hervey Wynne Granade may have lived for a time with his uncle, Devereaux Wynne, in Madison or Fayette County, Tennessee. Hervey was educated in New Orleans, Louisiana, for the Methodist ministry. He never served as a practicing minister.

In 1831, Hervey married Nancy C. Vaughn (born in 1813 in Tennessee), daughter of Isaac Swann. Nancy Vaughn Granade died in 1851 giving birth to their tenth child. In the 1850 census, Hervey (spelled Grenade) and Nancy were in the Shelby County, Tennessee census. Hervey was a farmer and he and Nancy were both born in Tennessee. Children in the home were: Eliza, Mary, Martha, Hervey, William, Amanda, John, Alice, and Daniel, all born in Tennessee. William, who was born in 1840 in Fayette County, Tennessee, died on April 7, 1862 at the Battle of Shiloh (154th Sr. Tennessee Regiment, Company K). Hervey, born about 1840, was in the census in Fort Smith, Arkansas, in 1880 as a minister, born in Tennessee, 40, with wife Anna, 37, born in Virginia, and daughter Anna, 15, born in Arkansas. John Granade, born 1841, was in the 1880 census in Springfield, Greene County, Missouri, a carpenter, born in Tennessee, his father in Virginia and his mother no place of birth (these are probably errors), with Saluda, 32, born in Georgia, her parents in North Carolina, with children Hardy (12, born in Tennessee), Leila (5, born in Missouri), and Otto (3, born in Missouri).

On December 18, 1859, Hervey Wynne Granade married Susan Green Lloyd. Susan Lloyd, born August 10, 1832 (or 1830 according to 1870 census) in North Carolina, was the daughter of William and Mary Williams Lloyd (spelled Loyd), married in Granville County, North Carolina on September 30, 1829. William Loyd was in the 1830 census in Granville County with a wife, he between 20 and 30 and she between 15 and 20. In 1840, William had 4 children—a boy under 5, a boy between 5 and 10, a girl under 5, and a girl between 5 and 10. Mary Williams Lloyd was in turn the daughter of Mary Turner Williams, who was probably born in North Carolina about 1790. [See the stitchery made by Mary Turner Williams in 1835 in photos below.] In the 1842 Granville School Censuses, William Loyd is listed having Samuel Loyd (16), **Susan Loyd (12)**, John Loyd (8) and James Loyd (5) in Henderson.

To Hervey and Susan were born two children: Laura Ellen (later Anderson, born January 8, 1863 in Fulton County, Arkansas; died May 21, 1946 in Mountain View, Missouri) and Homer Wynne. Hervey Wynne Granade died of apoplexy in March of 1870 in Greene County, Arkansas. Susan Green Lloyd Granade died on March 24, 1883 in County Line, Arkansas.

In the 1870 census, Susan G. Granade was in the census in Concord Township, Greene County, Arkansas, 40

years old, a widow, keeping house, born in North Carolina, with Laura E., 8 and Homer W., 6, born in Arkansas. Susan's real estate was valued at \$2,500. Also in Greene County, Arkansas, in 1870 were John Granade, son of Hervey and Nancy, 28, a carpenter born in Tennessee, with his wife Saluda, 23, born in Georgia, and John H., 2, born in Tennessee, and Thomas, 6 months, born in Arkansas, and Alice Cochran, 11, an orphan born in Arkansas. This indicates that John, and perhaps all of the Granades, moved to Arkansas only about 1868 or 1869, shortly before Hervey died there. An L.D. Granade, male, 22, born in Tennessee, was also in Greene County, single, a carpenter in the 1870 census. This may be Daniel.

1910: Homer W. Granade was in St. Louis, Missouri, 44, a foreman for Western Union, born in Arkansas and his parents in Georgia (?), with wife Lizzie, 40, born in Indiana, and children: Homer W. (18), Harry (16), and Fred (14). In 1920, Homer W. Granade was still in St. Louis, 53, born in Arkansas, his father in Tennessee and his mother in Georgia, with Lizzie, Fred, and a three-year-old granddaughter, Margaret. In 1930, Homer is listed as Harry Granade in St. Louis County, 64, born in Missouri (sic), father in Tennessee, and mother in Georgia. He is still with Western Union. Lizzie (now Eliza) is 61, born in Indiana, and Margaret (14) and Dorothy (12) are in the home, their father born in Missouri and their mother in Illinois. It should be noted that Laura Ellen Granade, Homer's sister, always listed her mother's place of birth as North Carolina, as did her mother Susan. Homer W. Granade listed his mother as being born in Georgia.

Other Loyd/Lloyd/Williams/Turner

1814

According to Johnson Loyd's Pension Records (Old War WF-#12140), Johnson Loyd and Edward White of Wake County, N.C. were drafted at the same time in 1814 and went to Norfolk, Virginia together under Capt. John Green commanded by Col. McDaniel. Edward and Johnson served together for about three months and ten days after which Johnson died in Norfolk of disease contracted while in service. An affidavit in the pension files lists the following as children of Johnson Loyd and his widow Elizabeth Langford Loyd: Mary Loyd, Elizabeth Loyd, Isaac Loyd, John Loyd, Henry Loyd, Turner Loyd, Joshua Loyd, Mariah Loyd and Julia Loyd.

1830 Franklin Will Book

Turner Loyd and Isaac Crowder are buyers in the February 18, 1830 estate sale for Benjamin Morgan.

1842 Granville School Censuses

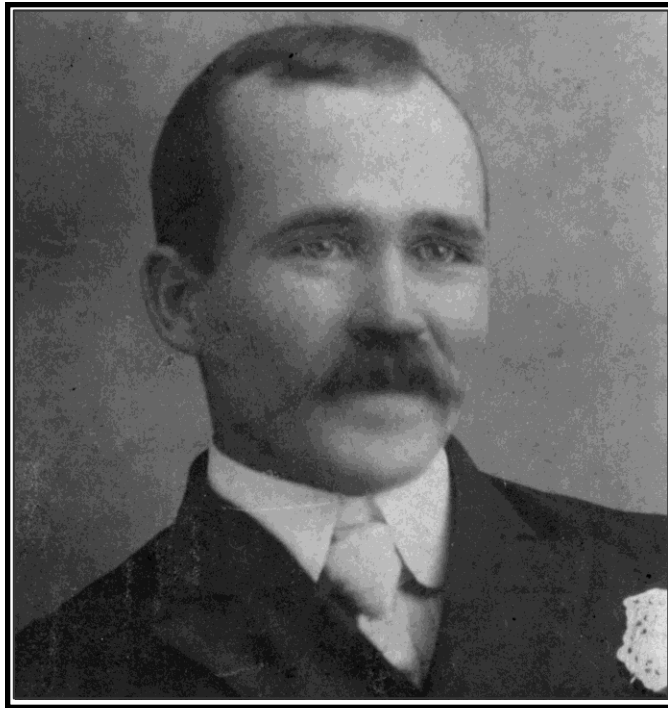
John Loyd listed having Eliza Loyd, James Loyd and William Loyd in Beaverdam.

William Loyd is listed having Samuel Loyd (16), **Susan Loyd (12)**, John Loyd (8) and James Loyd (5) in Henderson.

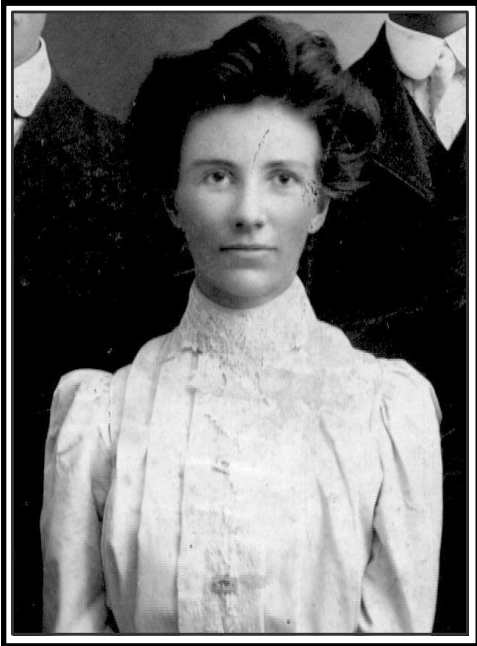
Lewis Loyd is listed having Marth Ann Loyd (5), Thomas (14), Lucy (11), Sally (10), Martha (8), John B. (7), Damsel (5), Mary E. Wiggins (15) in Henderson.

William Loyd is listed having Mary Loyd (10), James Loyd (8), Alexander Loyd (6), **James Green (18)**, William (12), Eliza (17), Emily (16), Zacharia (8) in Henderson (others assumed to be Greens)

Photographs



Sam Allen about 35 years of age.



Grace Boyer Allen



Myrtle Blaine Anderson Allen



*Berene, Don (back), Samuel
Clyde, Beth.*



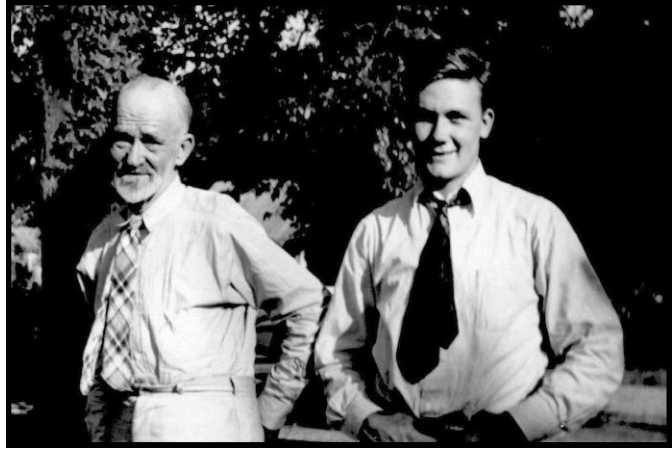
Sam, Don and Freddy.



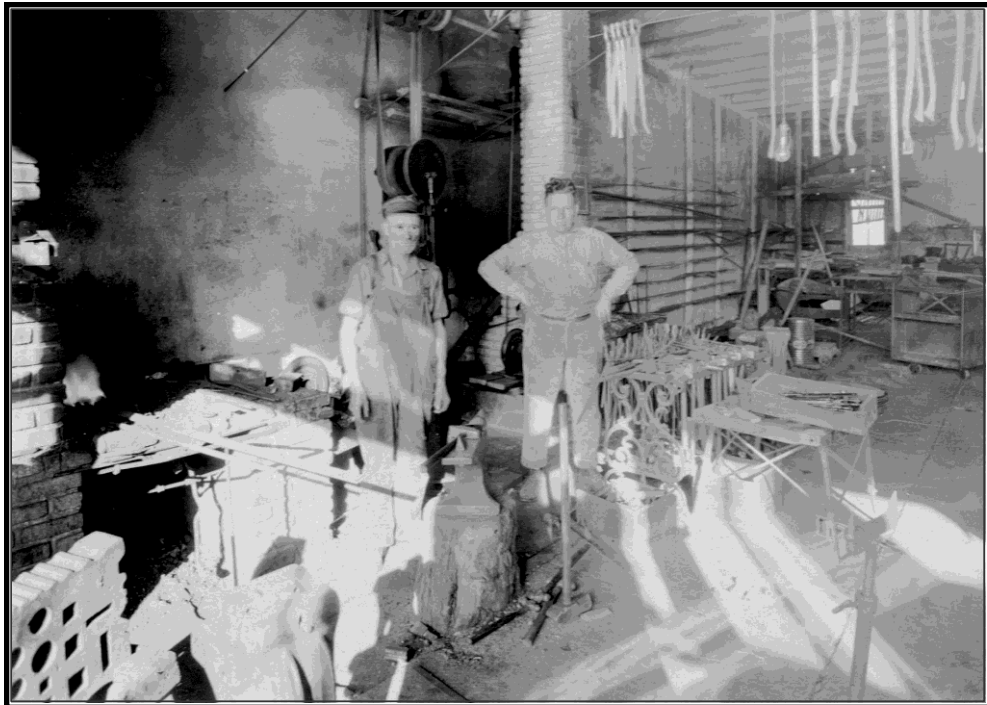
Beth, Samuel Clyde, Raymond, Margie Jean, and "Pop"



Myrtle Anderson Allen about age 20.



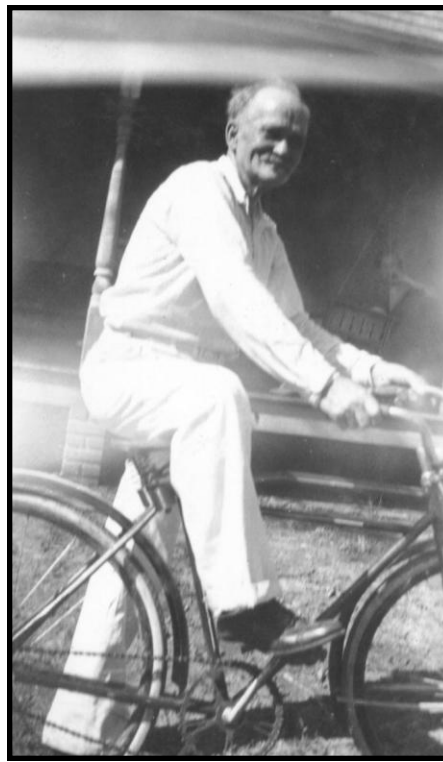
Sam and Raymond Allen.



Sam Allen and Pete Jose in blacksmith shop in Hillsboro, Kansas, circa 1928.



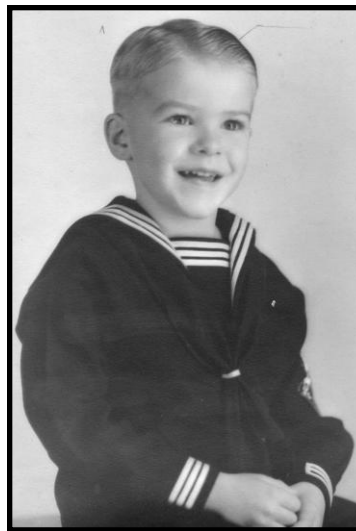
A very pregnant Myrtle Allen, just before the birth of Samuel Clyde in 1911.



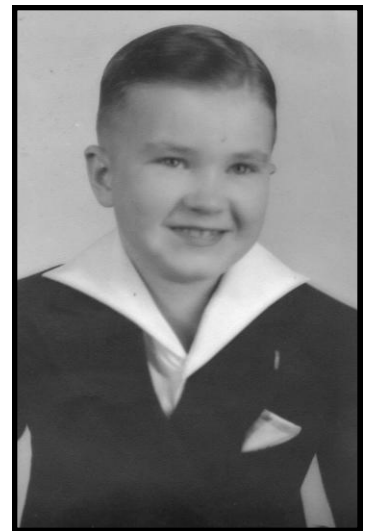
Sam Allen, c. 1940.



Myrtle and Margie Jean.



Richard L. Allen, son of Don and Rose.



D. Fredolin Allen, son of Don and Rose.



Rose, Freddy and Don Allen, 1936.



Edmond, Ok. T. Jan 16 1895

Dear Father

and all.

Well I received
your letter some time
ago but I have been so
busy that I have not
had time to answer;
that is, I have been

~~very busy doing nothing.~~
I told you in my
last letter that I
had rented a R.S. Shop
here in Edmond, I am
right in the center
of town, next door

~~to the post office~~
There is five shops
in this place and they
all have been here
longer than I have
but I get more work
than any one shop in
town

You folks coming down
at the opening of the new
country if you do
Edmund is the best place
to come to
and you could come
and stay with me
for

I say I have quite
chewing tobacco and
smoking too
and I don't drink
a drop now. I have
~~it~~ quite that also.
Now I am not lying
about this it is
true.
Well I must
close.
write soon
with love to all

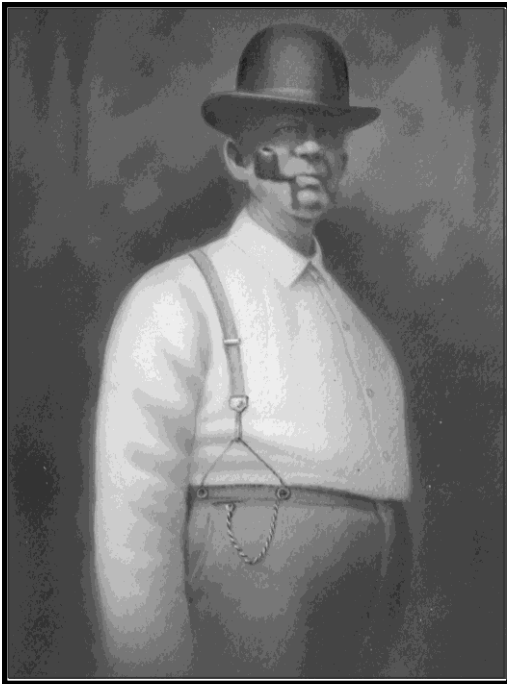
Sam Allen



Thomas Mitchell "Papa Doc" Anderson.



Laura Ellen Granade Anderson.



Papa Doc in later years.



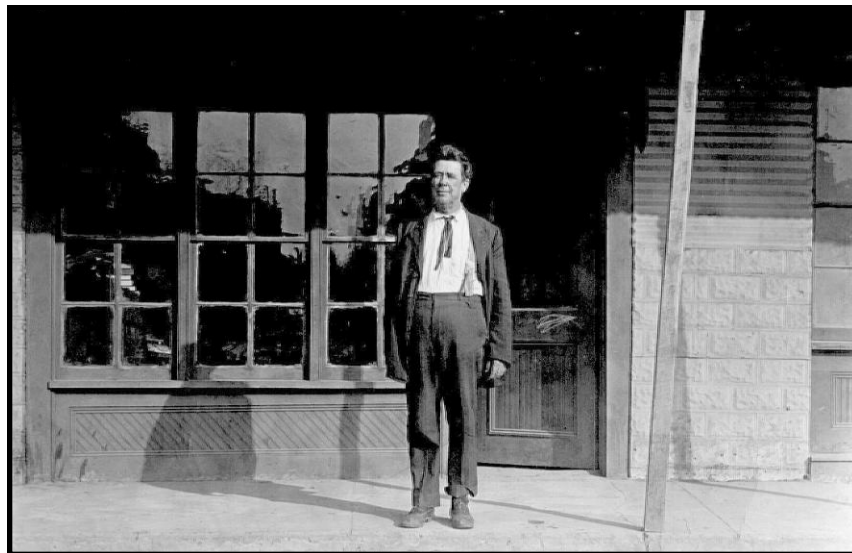
Clyde Ethel Anderson Walker, 1917.



Young Doc Anderson with medicine bottles.



Thomas Mitchell Anderson in full Masonic regalia, 1922.



Papa Doc outside his office the year of his death, 1922.



May I govern my passions with absolute sway and grow wiser and better as life wears away.

Needlework by Mary Turner Williams

1835

Granville, North Carolina

Mary Turner Williams was the grandmother of Susan Green Lloyd

