

# HELEN GERALDINE BECKON WARREN

**February 26, 1985**

*(Helen writes a letter to her cousin Don)*

Dear Don:

We are nearly as bad off as you are about the family. I can give you our immediate family dates and will write a few little incidents that made an impression on me.

Our Dad's name was Jay William Beckon. He died January 9, 1935 and buried on the 13th. His age was 55.

About our Dad coming out west. It was one thing I had wondered about, but in putting pictures in my album a couple of weeks ago I took time to look through all of them. Right in the front of my first one was a notice of Dad's death and the write up that Mom had put in our local paper. It said he came out West in 1904 as a telegraph operator for the Northern Pacific railroad. He went back to Iowa and married Mom on August 2, 1905. They left that day for the West. They lived in a little town called Lind, Washington, where Mom had her first baby on May 24, 1906. She died in August of the same year. She was named after our Grandmother's Florene (Grandma) Triplett and Susan (Grandma) Beckons name.

They moved to Bellingham, Washington where our oldest brother was born. Frank Harold Beckon, July 1, 1907. He married Lois Warren July 3, 1932. He was drowned in California March, 1942 and his body was never found. They had one son, Frank Beckon born May 9, 1936. He is married and has a son, David Frank Beckon and a daughter Julie, born November 19, 1964.

I'm next, Helen Geraldine Beckon, born Feb. 9, 1909 in Portland. The folks moved to Carson in April, 1909. The little old house still stands although Tipping built their own home in 1911, which is still standing on our old home place. I married Roy Warren on May 27, 1929. We have one son Allen Leroy Warren born, Jan. 31, 1930 in Stevenson. He has two children, William Wayne, born Feb. 25, 1960 and Leslye Melvina, born May 1, 1961.

William has one son, William Wayne, called "Willie," born Oct. 31, 1981. Our granddaughter, Leslye, has one son, Jesse John, born April 28, 1979 and a daughter, Pamela Gayle, born October 3, 1984. Both of Leslye's children carry the name of Warren. She is divorced and took back her maiden name.

Arline Reid was born on January 26, 1911. She has two sons, James B. Reid born Sept. 25, 1934. Married and wife's name is Sheila. They have two

daughters, Jamie, born Sept. 2, 1966 and Jeri Ann, born May 22, 1971. Richard Reid was born June 9, 1938, married; wife's name, Romelle, and they have five children: Scott McIntire Reid, born July 8, 1959; Shawn Christoffer, born August 21, 1960; Shannon Reid, Jan 13, 1962. She married Matthew Hegewald and have a girl named Magdalene Ann, born Feb. 9, 1985, my 76th birthday. A lovely present. Shelly Reid was born Dec. 7, 1964. Shona Reid was born August 23, 1966.

Jay William Beckon was born August 2, 1913. He passed away December 22, 1970 and never married.

Last, but not least, Gladys Romona Beckon. Davey, born Dec. 26, 1916, and has three children: Nola Maxine Davey, born November 24, 1937, husband's name, Robert Meickle. They have three sons, Norman Meickle, born March 25, 1967; Matthew Meickle, October 28, 1969, and Sean Meickle, born October 7, 1974. Howard Davey, born February 25, 1939, died Aug. 2, 1984. He had two children: Cynthia Davey, born March 24, 1962, and Jeffrey Howard, born August 17, 1963.

Charles Davey born October 9, 1945 and had three children: Lisa Marie Davey, born August 16, 1964. Married and has one son, Jack Dempsey, born last summer. Michael James Davey, born Sept. 22, 1967. Veronica Shayne Davey, born Feb. 16, 1969.

I know nothing about the Triplets except they were from the South. I remember Mom talking about being related to George Washington's wife in some way. How I don't know. Am enclosing a piece about Pa Sarber that your Mother sent to us one time. I believe he was Mom's grandfather. You probably know more about that. Our Grandma and your grandmother's Father.

The only thing I know about Triplets is that all by that name were not Mom's relatives. I remember my Dad going to The Dalles, Oregon, across the river and east of us, one time when I was small. He came home and told Mom he had looked up someone by the name of Triplett. He knocked at the door where this woman lived and a colored lady came to the door. My Dad said he was looking for a Mrs. Triplett. She said "I am Mrs. Triplett". I don't know what my Dad said then but I do remember him saying to Mom when he came home that he was never going to look up her relatives again. She was a black woman.

When I was ten Mamma took all five of us kids and went to Gowrie to visit her folks' family. I remember her saying she hadn't seen her folks in 13 years. Grandpa Triplett met the train. It was still dark in the morning. He took us home. There was a little woman looking nearly as young as our Mother, that we were told was Grandma. It was a shock to us. The only Grandma we had ever known was Grandma to everyone in Carson. She was a little old crippled lady that smoked a corncob pipe. We all loved her, so it was a shock to have a young Grandmother that made us mind. Our favorite at that time was our Grandmother

Beckon. When she heard Mom and all of us were coming (she saved buffalo nickles and had a box full of them) so every day Harold, Arline and I went down and got our nickle for an ice cream cone. That to us was a real Grandma. I have “been so glad of that memory as it was the only time we saw her. She broke up her home and left Gowrie for Washington D.C. to be with her daughter, a half-sister of my Father. The same day we left for home. She sent her things, all but clothes, home with us as she was going to make a short visit then come out and live with us. She had a stroke before time to come so she never made it. She wrote us even though she became blind several years before she died. She always had five sticks of gum in her letters. She died in August of 1928.

We had only been in Gowrie a day when your Grandmother, Aunt Ina, came to see Mom and her gang. She invited us kids, again Harold, Arline and myself, down for lunch the next day. Your Mother and Dad, I realize now, must have been married a very short time. Grandma told us how to get there so we took off. We got into the vicinity we knew it should be. Grandma had said they lived on a hill, a big house and a little house painted alike. We never could find the hill. There was a little rise in the ground out there some place so we went to several houses asking for a Mrs. Ina. Didn't know her last name and we were little green kids from a town smaller than Gowrie.

Eventually we started back. Going that direction we still couldn't find a hill but I saw the houses painted alike. By this time Harold and I had chickened out and made Arline go to the door while we hid. It was Aunt Ina that came to the door so we came out of hiding. We had a wonderful day and were there about a month.

We had many other happy days. Uncle Ed and your Dad took us out on the wagon to “bring in the sugar cane” and we, of course, tasted our share of it. Well, when we got back to Grandma's and told her about finding the place because we couldn't find a hill. She told Mom that her kids were dumb.

About three years later Grandma and Grandpa, Auntie Frank, Uncle Gordon and Raymond came West. Auntie and Uncle settled in California. On the way they stopped in Carson and spent some time with us. After Grandma had kissed and loved us all, her next words were an apology to Harold, Arline and I for not being able to find a hill in Gowrie. She didn't know there were hills like we have. We live in the Cascade and are surrounded by beautiful mountains. A few years later Grandma and Grandpa came West and lived with my folks part time and with Auntie Frank and Auntie Fran, who had also come west.

Roy and I were married and lived two miles north of Stevenson at Mill Town. Grandma loved it as we were surrounded by forests and creeks. We did have electricity, but water on the back porch had to be carried in, used and carried out. No bathroom, but an outhouse. She taught us what a beautiful place we lived in. It was all we had ever known so nothing unusual. We walked a lot.

She would walk a little way then stop and look around in all directions, then repeat the process. We never got very far as she had to stop and enjoy it. We always came back to the house with arms full of sticks for our wood stove and grieved over the waste of all that wood, which Iowa didn't have. She was a wonderful person.

Then later when Roy and I traveled around we really realized what Grandma meant. Whenever the Aunties or Aunt Ina, even your folks, came out we would wonder what we could do to entertain them. Each said in their turn just to sit on our front porch and look at the mountains, trees and rivers, was all they could ask for. The year your folks visited Roy and I had built our home and hadn't lived in it too long. I had just finished putting the skirting around it and was busy digging a ditch from house to the garden to lay drain tile. I never could make a straight line and your Dad laughed at my ditch and wondered how I could lay tile straight in it. But I did, but not while they were here. He always kidded me about it. We visited them a couple times and did so enjoy ourselves. First time in Feb. 1957 - I think. We left Mom there and Roy and I went to Wisconsin to visit an Aunt and Uncle of his. They gave us the tour of Chicago. Roy and I then vent from there to Bay City, Michigan to visit very dear friends. Went from there up North. Followed the icebreakers across Lake Superior and then visited in Duluth, Minn. Then back to Gowrie. We met your sister Shirley. She hadn't been married very long. We had several nice visits with her and then saw her again a couple years later when we visited your folks again. I had told Roy when we went to Iowa the first time that it was as flat as a pancake, but when we got there found rolling hills, but at 10 they didn't look like much. Our memories of your folks have been pleasant ones and as Mom got to where she couldn't write Arline, and I and also Lois have kept up correspondence at least a couple times a year.

I had no idea how old you were and was surprised to find you are just three years older than my son. Also, your daughter is just a year older than my Grandson, who will be 25 later this month.

Roy and I will be married 56 years in May. My health is wonderful but Roy's isn't the best, but it is his forgetfulness that is hardest to cope with. I've never been the world's most patient person. Sickness I know how to cope with. This other is much harder and I have my days. Keep trying though.

In thinking back there is one other little incident. When we visited Grandma when I was 10, a Wild West show came to Gowrie and Grandma was so excited about taking us to see it. It was a real show and a revelation to us kids. We had never seen anything like it but Grandma thought it was an ever-day occurrence there. Had been at one time but that was before our time.

We did have part Indian friends and we all grew up together and we never knew they were any different color. In fact, Arline and Gladys both married

cousins that were part Indian. The famous St. Martin Hot Springs were discovered in Carson and a hotel built there, which still stands and is used, was discovered by a part Canadian Indian. Mr. St. Martin and his wife were part Indian. My sister's husbands were descendants of them.

My Dad was a great man for education and some of my earliest memories are of him. He was always out getting money to buy shoes for kids in the winter so they could go to school. Even with five of his own to shoe he was always helping sick neighbors, even some with T.B. He was scared to death of it but if they had no one he was there to help.

Mom was just "Mom", always more work to do than the ordinary person could do in a week. A little bitty person that never weighed 100 lbs. Just under five ft. tall, yet managed to keep everything and everyone going and still have time for some of the pleasures of life. As teenagers we always had kids in our home. Mom never knew on Sunday morning whether she was going to have just five or a dozen kids, but always cooked a big breakfast for all. We never had a lot in those days but we were far happier in those days with our home parties and get-togethers, an old phonograph to dance by, than the kids are now days with everything.

Mom spent the last two years of her life in a nursing home hospital. She always knew us but that was about all. She was so sweet they all loved her and so good to her. She was a lovely person, never a word of complaint as she had a hard life and lots of sorrow. Grandma died in August, Uncle Earl died in December. Aunt Ina about the same time, and our brother Harold in March. That just about did her up for awhile. He was very special to her as our Brother Jay was retarded and was in a state home from 16 years old until he died. Today he would never be classed as retarded. He was not born that way. It was the shock of several surgery; when he was 2 or 3 years old. A very loving boy. He came home for two weeks twice a year and traveled alone and had the care of bringing a boy home that couldn't make it on his own, who lived about 20 miles from us. The day before he was to come home for his Christmas visit he went to work in the kitchen, hung up his coat and as he put his arms down, dropped dead of a massive heart attack. He had his bus ticket in his pocket. He came home on the expected day but this time to stay.