

August 2007

# Halloway Family Herald

## UPCOMING

**Sep:** Prudence Jane

**Oct:** Judith Pauline

**Nov:** Carol Ann

**Dec:** Henry Dale

**Jan:** Iris Elizabeth

**Feb:** Ralph Thomas

**Mar:** Leslie Dudley

**Apr:** Julia Lynne

## Alan Claire Halloway 4<sup>th</sup> Child of Dale and Pauline Halloway



## I REMEMBER

I remember Uncle Al coming to our house on Taladay Road in Willis, Michigan. I believe he rode his motorcycle there (whichever happened to be the flavor of the month!) and I couldn't have been more than 2 or 3 years old.

Well, Uncle Al had a can of raw oysters, and wouldn't you know it, he was going to eat them! So, with a couple of saltine crackers and more than likely a bottle of beer, he downed those slimy oysters! All I remember thinking is how GROSS that was!

I also remember coming to see him and Sally when they lived in Traverse City. They lived right on East Bay. You could go outside and watch the swans come up to the edge. I was very impressed and even more so now that I live up here, because you couldn't touch a real estate lot on East Bay if you didn't have millions of dollars now! - *Rachel Brady*

We used to take walks on the old Bridle Path in Eu Clair, WI (this was a horse path that was used in those days, however, lots of people walked it, too) and one time I saw what I thought was a spider. Al bent down and picked it up, and to our surprise, it was a tiny little toad! I took that toad home and kept it in a small box on the porch for quite some time – mother would never let me bring it in the house, of course. Well, that stinker Al came out one day with a straight pin, and stuck it right through that toad's back! I was horrified! - *Tootie Barnebei*.

## Children, Grandchildren, and *Great Grandchildren* of Alan Claire

<b>Donna Kay Midkiff Halloway</b>	<b>Debra Ann Halloway</b>	<b>John Edward (Skip) Halloway</b>
Robert Scott Sullivan	Frederick McKinley Bevins	Colleen Nicole Halloway
Cari Ann Plummer	Sara Ann Bevins	Renee Halloway
Samantha Lee Plummer		John Dudley Halloway
Lena Kay Plummer		

<b>Alan Claire Halloway, Jr.</b>	<b>Connie Jo Halloway</b>	<b>Alana Clare Halloway</b>	<b>Debra Jean Pascoe (stepdaughter)</b>
Alan Bradley Halloway	Adam Henry Maier	Samantha Lynn Belcourt	Trisha Inman
Andrea Marie Halloway	Cameron Maier	David Claire Hamilton	Kenneth Inman
Justin Alan Halloway		Stephanie Lee Belcourt	
Erin Lee Halloway		Derek James Hamilton	
		Laurel JuliAnne Belcourt	
		Lyllian Elyzabyth Belcourt	



Sally, Alana, and Al Sr.



Back Row: Joan & Al Jr., Connie & Al Sr.  
Front Row: Donna, Debbie, and Skip

With the birth of Alan Claire, the family seemed complete – two girls and two boys. Alan was born on October 18, 1930 – the height of the great depression, and while his mother was recovering from dreaded polio. Mildred was the ‘nanny’ at the time, but was soon after fired for her ‘promiscuous’ behavior. One year later, the “Star Spangled Banner” officially became the national anthem.

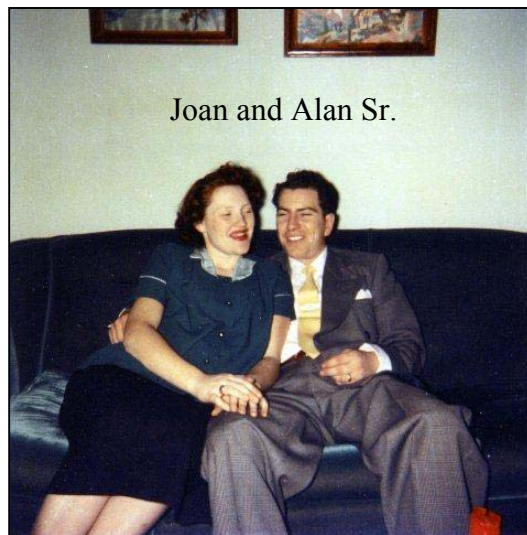
Alan was party to playing in Cedar Creek – some of the children’s fondest memories. He and Gordy spent many summer days playing in that creek and catching the crawdads that lived there. They took turns carrying buckets of water up the ravine that summer, so the family could bath and wash clothes.

The boys spent time fishing for catfish with Grandpa Dudley in the good ole’ muddy Mississippi River. On occasion, they spent the night, and in the cold Iowa evenings, Alan would stay nice and toasty under the horsehair blanket with Grandpa Dudley.

Now Al was very fond of his younger sister, Tootie and took very good care of her. They used to go down to the railroad tracks quite often and play on the boxcars. Why, they even went to the Hobo camp (where their mother told them NOT to be) and had many interesting conversations with those old Hobos!

Tootie remembers Al taking her to the old gravel pit just after a good rain. The pit wasn’t very deep, however, there was enough water that the two kids made a makeshift raft out of some old boards that were hanging around and rode that raft into the middle of the pit. When Tootie turned 16 and was allowed to go places, Al would follow her around and keep an eye on her, much to Tootie’s dismay.

Growing up, Al used to hang out with two of his buddies – Herbie Nagle (the older brother of one of Tootie’s friends) and Bob Hartman, whose family lived down the road. At the State Fair one time, Al bet Herbie and Bob 25 cents that he could get Tootie to drink some beer. Al lost that bet.



Alan quit school in the 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup> grade and went to work for Tom Kurtley’s Auto Body in Ypsilanti. Alan worked for Tom off and on several years.

It was in 1951 that he married Joan Kay Wilkerson Midkiff, and adopted her daughter, Donna Kay. Al and Joan had 4 more children together– Debbie, Skip, Alan, and Connie.

Alan was drafted into the Korean War in 1953, however, his superiors kept him off the front lines because he had learned to type in school, and was quickly promoted to Sergeant Typist. He served most of his two-years as a typist in Japan. Alan was disgruntled that he never got to fight in the war.



Around 1969, Alan had a body shop in Ypsilanti. There were many people that believed Alan was the best auto body man around, and he did very well working on cars and motorcycles.

Al met his second wife, Sally at that body shop – she was always (conveniently) wrecking her car. She had a Plymouth Fury III convertible. It was canary yellow with black interior, and it had a 440 police interceptor on board, baby! They were married in 1969. One time in Sally's convertible, Al was driving his mother up to Michigan's UP, and got pulled over doing 140! When the cop finally got him pulled over, he didn't give him a ticket – just said he wanted to know what he had under the hood!!

Sally and Al were married on July 3<sup>rd</sup>. Al wanted to be married on the 4<sup>th</sup>, so the entire nation could celebrate with them! But couldn't find anyone to marry them that day. They were married in Minnesota and were living in Churdan, Iowa at the time.



Al made friends easily – just about everyone he came in

contact with became his friend. He had a few police friends amongst them. At that time, he had a dog that didn't care for uniforms – when the cops stopped by to visit, they were surprised to be greeted by the not-so-friendly dog, which only made Al laugh hysterically, because he knew the dog wouldn't hurt them.

Al always wore Old Spice and smoked cigarettes. This combination, along with the smell of the auto garage, brings memories flooding back into his children's memories! Along with Morel mushroom hunting, pig roasts, and playing cards. He spoke fondly of his parents and always had stories to tell at the dinner table. Such as the Mexican Olive Stuffer – *"a special job it was to stick the pimentos in the olives"* – he would go on and on, and the details would become more and more elaborate and outrageous, as his listeners looked on with eager intent.

Cooking was also something Al did very well. He was a master griller – he could grill anything and make it taste yummy! When his youngest daughter, Alana, turned 2, he took her downstairs around 4 in the morning, and made her a birthday cake, just for her! When Sally finally came downstairs, she just couldn't be

mad because there was Alana, with cake all over her face, and her proud father, standing next to her.



OUT-OF-STATE HUNTING VENTURES provided handsome rewards for several Ypsilanti hunters recently. Showing 17 pheasants which they bagged in one day while on a trip to Wakarusa, S. Dak. (left) are Bill Martin, 777 Hemphill Rd.;

Charles Martin of Sallis; and Al Hallaway, 1019 Bu birds during its entire target for (right) Gene



ard Carter, 412 Woodlawn Ave., ve. The group shot more than 40 in South Dakota. Moose was the s 414 Maple Ave., Harold Reed,

883 DeSoto Ave., and Norm Barron, 1028 Brick Ave. on their trip to Hawk Junction, Canada, 250 miles northwest of Sault Ste. Marie. Reed, along with Gary Peters of Flint, bagged a 1,000-pound 10-point bull moose and an 800-pound cow.

Alan Hallaway's life was cut short when the doctors discovered he had lymph node cancer that was already spread throughout his body. Alana was only a year and a half old. The doctors, with Al's permission, tried several different treatments. Al allowed himself to be guinea pig, so that he could buy himself just a little more time.

Al passed away on May 27, 1978, before he reached 48 years old, the year his youngest daughter started Kindergarten. The photos in this document represent a good part of what Alan Claire Hallaway was all about. His family, his friends, hunting, motorcycles, and always with a smile on his face.

