

Thursday, January 13, 1983

The story of the flagpole at the B.C. Hospital and Bill Allen

By Teddy Fenton

This story is being written 10 years after Bill Allen, for whom the flagpole was donated to the Boulder City Hospital in 1972.

Bill Allen will be immortalized in another way. Just as the year of 1982 ended the family of this narrator donated \$50.00 to the B.C.M.H.A. memorial. We decided that for the first time we would share with our readers the way it was at the Idyllic Retreats at 663 Ave. D from Oct. 2, 1966 until May, 1972 at which time Bill died of cancer.

One bright sunny day, while I was waiting for Anna Wartman to pick me up so we could go campaigning for her friend Paul Laxalt, here came Gordon Anderson with a stone mason contractor named Bill Allen. The date will be engraved forever on my memory, Oct. 2, 1966.

In those days we dared not call the unique Fenton Apts a name as colorful and perfect as the Idyllic Retreats..(tongue in cheek of course).

We called them Noah's Ark without the gondola. We also insulted them by calling them The Anthill. Because of the lack of what they now possess (atmosphere) we did not attract the tenants that now proudly live in them. Steve Springer added immeasurably to the continuing improvements.

The properties were being managed by a wonderful friend. Her name was Norma Pendlebury. She died on Oct. 19, 1966, just 3 weeks after she rented a room to Bill Allen. I wish she could see the properties now for it was his handiwork and unselfish devotion to the cause of making the owners dream come true. Every vision I had for them came true in the short 5 years we worked together.

I do want to thank George Day for suggesting the flag pole at the B.C. Hospital. It was installed in 1972. At its base a simple brass plaque states that it was placed there in memory to Bill Allen stone mason. Together with Gordon Anderson and several Anderson

brothers he had contracted masonry. Much of the rock work at the Lakeview Trailer Park was Bill's work. He and Gordon Anderson poured the first slabs when the park was begun. There are many residents of that lovely haven by Lake Mead that remember Bill Allen to this day.

Rock work was his highest skill. He took a look at great piles of rock from our desert and with his unerring flair for placing the right rock where it looked the best he could veneer a house in an afternoon.

Examples of his work can be seen at 668 Calif. St. Not the wall on the outer fence but the veneer on the house itself. That wall is particularly outstanding because so many large copper stones were given to us from a mine in Searchlight.

At the time Bill created at my side he would seem to prophesy his early death at age 59. He would say, "Landlady, you will have this to remember me by." His death ended one of the rarest adventures in this life and to him I publicly say thank you Bill Allen.

We remember Bill Allen as we walk up the black wrought iron steps to Apt. Jus 150. (named after an old license plate).

We remember as we water the flower beds at four of the Six Companie's house where his rock work incloses perhaps 50 flower beds.

We remember as we look at the aprons leading into the driveways to all five of the properties we then owned and worked on. Bill always said that an apron in a driveway showed pride in ownership.

I want to salute all people who have not let the memory of a loved friend or relative die because they build a monument in one way or another, so that always, there is a way to remember.

A stained glass window in a church, a room at a hospital, a plaque at the Boulder City Library, hundreds of memorials including books donated to the library.

Tell us about yours. Especially those at the B.C. Hospital.