



## Phebe R. Tallman

November 7, 1909 - January 16, 2008

Burial Services will be private in New City, New York

# Tribute Wall



“ Hello.  
:) *The natural photo of the new arrival, taken by Emma Tallulah's dad,*  
*Bye.##imported-begin##Clailazoceese##imported-end##*

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October 16, 2008 at 07:05 AM



“ Hi!  
*My name is Jessika!##imported-begin##Tilaveriediek##imported-end##*

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October 12, 2008 at 01:34 PM



“ To the Family of Phebe Tallman:

*I am grieved to learn of Mrs. Tallman's passing. I knew her only as Mrs. Tallman, but she had a significant impact on my life. She was my high school girlfriend's mother. I think she liked me and as long as I was going to be hanging around with her daughter, Bee Ann, she may have thought it prudent to help me make something of myself...just in case we developed a more permanent relationship. I believe it was she that helped me go to college. At that time in my life I was on a track toward the U.S. Army like my dad who had served during WW II. She and Mr. Tallman informed me that their daughter was not going to be allowed to date a soldier. I didn't know I had any other options, but Mrs. Tallman did. She arranged through my shop teacher, Mr. Grossman, that I should apply to Oswego and become an Industrial Arts teacher like him. The college was small then, and a teacher in the field could nominate a worthy student to the Industrial Arts program. Both Mr. Grossman and Mrs. Tallman convinced me that it was possible. The side benefit was that I could continue my relationship with her daughter. I applied just to get them off my back. The surprise was Oswego accepted me and it positioned me on a path that brought me to a wonderfully successful 34 years as a teacher in Lowville, NY. Without her my life would certainly taken a different road and I believe would not have been so rewarding. For that I truly owe Mrs. Tallman my grateful thanks. Mrs. Tallman was kind of quirky in a way that endeared her to me. I never had salad with meals before eating at her house. Saturday evening meals were often franks and beans (I always called them hot dogs). I think it was a treat or family tradition for the Tallmans - for my family it was standard fare. I loved her house and barn in the country and am saddened it is now gone. Christmas was foreign to me at Mrs. Tallman's home. You could only open presents 1 per hour. It was respectful of the gift and agony for someone whose family "ripped and teared" on that special holiday. She loved to garden and I can remember pole beans. The Tallman family spent summers at their seaside home in Ocean Grove NJ. It was there I first choked on ocean salt. I never swam in*

*anything but freshwater creeks and ponds before and the mouthful of salt on that first dive was a shock. I remember the sundays there which were so peaceful since no vehicles were allowed in the village on that day. We walked down the middle of the roads! At the beach I often chuckled at Mrs. Tallman's "old lady" bathing suit as she bobbed in the surf for hours. She spent so much time in the sun that it defies today's recommendation to avoid unprotected sun exposure. I saw her apply sun tan lotion but in those days there was no SPF. She got brown to be sure and living to be 100 stands in contradiction to today's dermatologist foreboding.*

*I kept in touch with her over the years by sending home made Christmas cards. It was only in the last few years that she didn't return one to me, so I knew something was wrong. I tried to find out what was going on, but I didn't know how to reach Bee Ann or Phebe Sue. The good old internet solved the problem, since I found Bee Ann and she told me about Mrs. Tallman's time in the nursing home and most recently of her passing. I do hope she got my last Christmas card and that she is in heavenly peace now released from Alzheimer's grip.*

*Mark Bennett##imported-begin##Mark Bennett##imported-end##*

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January 19, 2008 at 02:34 PM



“ Dearest Grandma, you were my hero and I am so grateful that God gave me the opportunity to tell you that before your alzheimers got bad. You gave life to life-just being around you was therapy to my soul. You were never fearful and always protective. I'll never forget and always treasure all our moments we spent together. I have so many beautiful memories to pass on to my kids and hope that I can be atleast half the loving and positive person that you were. You really enjoyed living and I can't even imagine how your enjoying living in heaven. You always said you'd live until your 100 and never wanted to let anyone know your age so you'll feel younger. Congradulations - you were working on your 100th year!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I love you and will miss you, "your favorite granddaughter" ----Phebe A. Hendrix, Phebe L. Hendrix and Andy Hendrix.##imported-begin##Phebe A. Hendrix##imported-end##

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January 18, 2008 at 12:58 PM



“ We all love you and miss you. You will be in our lives forever.##imported-begin##Jerry Ward##imported-end##

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January 18, 2008 at 09:18 AM