



Allan S. Kraft

December 3, 1924 - January 4, 2016

A memorial visitation for Allan S. Kraft will be from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m., Sunday, January 17, 2016 at Hayhurst Funeral Home.

On January 4, 2016, the patriarch and visionary of our family went to spend eternity with his beloved wife of 55 years. Allan Stratton Kraft was born "Baby Boy" Kraft on December 3, 1924 in Newark, New Jersey to Louis and Minnie Kraft, Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine who already had two daughters and were ecstatic to have a son. As the youngest and a boy, Abraham, as he was named, became a carefree and charismatic bon vivant in his family and community. Everyone loved Abie. He grew up in the Jewish neighborhood of Newark on Wycott Terrace and worked with his father, Louis, in Louis' salvage yard on Livingston Street in Newark. Allan always said it was Livingston Street where he learned about people. He graduated from Weequahic High School in Newark in 1941, and shortly thereafter received a letter from his Uncle Sam.

Dad always loved to tell about his letter from the Army shortly after World War II started. It began, "Greetings", . . . you are in the army now. Following aptitude testing, he was identified as having potential and enrolled in a program designed to cultivate officers with the expectation that many officers would be lost as the war progressed. After basic training, he was sent to Virginia Tech. University for specialized training, to Miami, Florida, and to Salt

Lake City, Utah, after which, the Army determined it wouldn't need as many officers as previously thought, but it needed infantry. Dad was sent to Camp Howze outside Gainesville, Texas as a Private, first class. He was on the rifle range at Camp Howze when word came of the invasion of Europe at Normandy. By September, Dad, and the rest of the 103d Infantry division landed in Marseilles in the south of France, but before shipping out of Fort Dix, New Jersey, he arranged with his friends in the neighborhood to pick him up in a planned AWOL trip to see his family one last time before leaving for Europe. It was the last time he saw his mother. She died of cancer while he was overseas.

After the war, Allan changed his name from Abraham, because he thought the movie actor, Alan Ladd was particularly debonaire and cut a dashing figure. He also met and married my mother, Donna Pommell in Dallas, Texas where he was working as a very successful traveling salesman for Maidenform. The new couple were offered an opportunity in Tulsa and packed up their 1953 Buick and 1956 Oldsmobile with all their belongings to arrive in Tulsa in 1957 with \$5.00 to their names. They had no money, but were dripping with capability, enthusiasm, high expectations, and enchantment with one another. Together, Allan and Donna Kraft built a ladies clothing business called, Femme Fashions, which grew to four stores; and a travel company, Kraftours, which operated for 56 years in Tulsa taking travelers in groups and individually to all the corners of the Earth.

Despite witnessing all the horrors of war first hand (Dad used to say, his Uncle Sam gave him a rifle and put him up front so he wouldn't miss anything), Allan developed a wanderlust that stayed with him all the rest of his life. In 1961, he walked past a travel agency in Tulsa and stopped to book a trip to Europe for himself, his beautiful young wife and one year old son. He wanted to show his growing family where he won the war in Europe. It was this fly now, pay later trip to Europe that set Allan on the path of being in the travel business. After

his family, his great thrill was to show people who hadn't been out of Oklahoma that a whole, wide world is available to them.

In addition to multiple businesses, Allan and Donna Kraft had two children, Michael in 1960 and Susan, three years later. Together, the MADS, as Dad called us, explored the world during summer and winter breaks from school. It was an educational experience like none other, for the whole family.

Allan's army group, Company D of the 409th Infantry Regiment of the 103d Infantry division met annually in different parts of the country. In 1984, the group met in Tulsa and Dad convinced the organization that a trip to Europe was a good idea. He organized a trip for the autumn of 1985 when a bus load of veterans, and their families retraced the steps of their adventures in Europe, creating new adventures all the while. It was the fortieth anniversary of the end of the war.

When Allan couldn't travel, for whatever reason, he journeyed in his own mind to distant places and times in books. Often, these stories, real and imagined, inspired Allan to design great trips for his family. Together, we traveled as a family to, Australia, Japan and Hong Kong, South America, the Middle East, and to Europe, several times. In 1971, while in England, Dad became enchanted by the black London cabs. A few days later, we were driving to the port of Dover in a second-hand cab which carried us all over the continent that summer, Dad driving, Mom in a folding lawn chair in the front baggage compartment and two kids in the back. The cab was shipped back to Tulsa from Lisbon, Portugal.

After retirement in 2008, Allan and Donna lived a quiet life together until Donna passed in December, 2010. Under the ever-present care from a dedicated team consisting of my sister, Dr. Susan Kraft, Mrs. Lina Zamora,

and Mr. Bernardo Zamora, Allan received 24 hour care at home. In the final years of his life vascular dementia robbed Allan of his memories and his vivacious personality. He will be forever missed and loved by many.

Allan was preceded in death by his parents, and two older sisters, Rose Kraft Steinberg, and Ethel (Eugenie) Kraft Rawitz. He is survived by his two children, Michael and Susan.

In loving memory, by Michael A. Kraft

Previous Events

Memorial Visitation

JAN 17. 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM (CT)

Hayhurst Funeral Home

1660 South Elm Place

Broken Arrow, OK 74012

(918) 258-9623

hayhurstfuneralhome@gmail.com

Tribute Wall



“ *Allan S. Kraft*

October 23, 2023 at 01:21 AM



“ *Very sorry for your loss, Michael and Sue. Your dad was a one-of-kind person. You've written a beautiful tribute. You forgot to say what a great singer he was! I remember him singing so many little ditties, to entertain others, and sometimes seemingly to entertain himself.*

*Love,
Janna*

Janna Wilson - January 08, 2016 at 08:31 AM



“ *3 files added to the album Memories Album*



Hayhurst Funeral Home - January 05, 2016 at 11:46 AM