



TIGER RAG

Little Rock Central High School
Class of 1957
Little Rock, Arkansas



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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Joyce Whittecar Brewer

Assoc. Editor

Beni Brown Wilson

Contributing Editors

Tommy Bates (Europe)

Joe Garrison

Joan Sanders Gintella

Sybil Todd Laing

Bob Merritt

Gaylon Mulkey

Linda Razer Orton

Don Payne

Graphic Art Director

Charles Humphrey

Website

www.lrchs57.com



Editor's Corner

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TIGER RAG

It was just a year ago that Charles Humphrey decided to have a newsletter on the LRCHS 57 web site. He wanted to name it, "Tiger Rag". He contacted me and asked if I would be the editor and I told him that it would be a wonderful experience and I would give it a try.

We chose Beni Brown Wilson as the associate editor. She has been a real inspiration and has worked very hard.

We selected Tommy Bates, Joe Garrison, Joan Sanders Gintella, Bob Merritt, Gaylon Mulkey, Linda Razor Orton, Sybil Todd Laing and Don Payne as contributing editors for 2008.

We were pleased to have articles written by Emma Jo Fulton Adcock, Chaz Cone, Robert Kent, Mike McGibbony, the late Jimmy Wood and Carol Reavis Pillet-Will.

We've tried to strike a balance between the past, present and future. We've wanted our readers to have fun and gain a new appreciation of the familiar, and collect memories they'll never forget. It's our writers who have made the difference. Joe Garrison writes about things that have stayed with him throughout the years. Each writer has a different style of writing and we leave it up to them to select their subject matter for their article.

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Many readers have said that after a long day they love to sit back and read the 'RAG' because it brings them back to things that are familiar. Things that make them smile and sometimes laugh. It brings them back to their childhood and teenage years. It brings them back to the 'good ole times' when they enjoyed life every day. We had some writers that shared their life experiences with us. I thank each and every one of them for their participation and contribution in making the 2008 'Tiger Rag' a success.

Now it's time to move on to 2009. We'll try some new things and continue to use some of the old things in the 'Rag'. We hope that you will share your thoughts with us. Our Goal is to please our readers and bring them a newsletter that they will enjoy reading.

Sit back and enjoy another year of reading!



'HAPPY NEW YEAR'



Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Editor

FEATURED ARTICLE

"BEEN THERE, DONE THAT"

Written By – Joyce (Whittecar) Brewer, Joan (Sanders) Gintella & Beni (Brown) Wilson



The Tiger Rag has brought a new friend into my life and I feel so privileged to know JERRY MASTERS. Joan (Sanders) Gintella recommended Jerry for our Featured Article. Joan is working as a contributing editor on this article with me and Beni (Brown) Wilson. We couldn't have done it without her help. Also, Jerry has been a real inspiration and he's provided a lot of information. RISE MUSIC MAGAZINE wrote a two part article and interview on Jerry back in 2006. Much of the information in our article is from the editors of the magazine, Richard Hall and Chuck Fields.

Once in awhile, if you're lucky and all the stars and planets line up just right and you hold your breath just long enough, you may get the chance to meet someone who has been around the music biz long enough to say "been there, done that" to almost any scenario you can dream up.

Jerry was around at the beginning of Muscle Shoals. He's worked with Bob Seger, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Paul Simon, Rod Stewart, Bobby "Blue" Bland and a whole slew of artists that I just don't have the space to name (Google Jerry Masters Engineer, click on Discography and you'll see for yourself). You will find over 300 listings that cover some of his records. Jerry has spent over four decades helping to create some of the best music ever recorded and continues to be a creative force today at the highly respected Malaco Records in Jackson, MS.

Watching Jerry work is in all reality like watching your favorite band perform or watching your favorite dancer dance or your favorite singer sing. Words just don't do him justice. People in the business say they've seen many people work in a studio setting but never anyone with such ease and confidence as Jerry. They say he exudes confidence and experience that can only come from someone having "been there, done that!"

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Jerry has been a part of modern music for a very long time and the biz folks say they have absolutely no doubt that he will be around for a long time to come. Jerry is still engineering music at Malaco Records in Jackson, MS.

Richard Hall, editor, Rise Music Magazine said, "sometimes you can find gems when you least expect them." Such is the case with Jerry Lee Masters. He first saw Jerry playing bass with the worship team at the Vineyard Church in Brandon, MS. Richard thought this was a good place to worship. Little did he know that the man up on that stage playing his 5 string Fender P-Bass was probably one of the most influential people in Rock n Roll. People told him, "Jerry's worked with some really big names" and "Jerry's had hit records." Jerry has worked with such artists as Simon and Garfunkel, Traffic, Rod Stewart, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Bob Seger, Leon Russell, Wilson Pickett, Willie Nelson and even the Osmond's. He has personally engineered and/or mastered songs such as: "Tight Rope" by Leon Russell, "One Bad Apple" by the Osmonds, Clarence Thomas's "Patches", Candi Stanton's "Stand By Your Man" and Rod Stewart's "Tonight's the Night". This is only naming a few songs and artists Jerry has been associated with and this in and of itself is pretty impressive but he did all this after having played with The Hombres, a band that had a national number one hit.

The music biz folks say he is one of the coolest , most down to earth guys they've ever met.

(We thank the editors of Rise Music Magazine for the above information)

Jerry was honorably discharged from the US Army in 1960. After his tour of duty ended, he played bass and toured with various recording artists such as Charlie Rich, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Bill Black Combo (Bill was Elvis Presley's bass player), Ace Cannon, etc. and then he formed his own band, The Hombres, in 1964. The Hombres had a hit record in 1967, entitled "Let It All Hang Out". They had many hit records. The band traveled all over the country doing appearances, concerts and TV shows. In 1968, Jerry realized that he no longer enjoyed being on the road. He wanted to settle down and enjoy his family before his children were grown and gone. He wanted to stay in the music business, so he asked Bill Black if he could use his studio in Memphis to learn how to engineer. It was not too long after he played bass on a big hit entitled "Patches", by Clarence Carter, that he was offered an engineering position in Muscle Shoals. Muscle Shoals is famous for people in the music industry. This was a very special time in Jerry's life and just about everything he worked on went gold or platinum. In 1983 and 1984, he was an instructor at Full Sail Center for the Recording Arts, in Winter Haven, FL. He taught basic and advanced recording techniques, and he lectured on his experience and knowledge of the recording industry.

In 1989, he was invited to join the team at Malaco/Savoy Records as a mixer and recorder. He recorded about 30 live concerts, shot video and recorded live sound to 24 Track Analog. He fixed mistakes on audio, added strings, horns, etc. layed audio over to video, and posted most of the videos. In his spare time, between videos, he also recorded, overdubbed and mixed 122 albums on various artists with no assistance or help. He also set up the studio for sessions, and tore it down when he was finished. Jerry is a "MASTER"!

One time when he was in Miami, working with Joe Cocker at Criteria Studios, The Bee Gees were working right next door and they would call Jerry in occasionally to listen to a mix. They liked his opinion on the stuff they were doing. That day they were working on "Saturday Night Fever". He told them, "You guys might make it someday if you keep this up." Looks like he knew what he was talking about.

It's our pleasure to interview you, Jerry, as our special person in Tiger Rag!

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Q. What is your date and place of birth?

A. I was born at Baptist Hospital in Little Rock on December 11, 1939.

Q. Tell us briefly about your family.....

A. My father left my mother when I was eight years old. I had three younger brothers, Terry, Dennis and James Harry, who we called "Jimbo". Jimbo did two tours of duty in Viet Nam. On occasion, he went out on patrol with his squad (8 people) and was the only one to come back alive. After he survived two years in 'Nam', he returned to the USA pretty messed up, physically and mentally. He finally got his life together and was killed in 1975 in an auto accident. It took me years to get over that. As a matter of fact, I never got over it. My mother raised us by herself working 12 to 14 hours a day in a freezing meat market at Safeway until her body finally just couldn't go any more. She died of lung cancer in 1998.

Q. When did you first realize you had a special gift for music?

A. I was 5 years old and I remember it like it was yesterday. There were seven of us living in a small two bedroom house in Little Rock. I was sleeping on a small bed, up against the wall to the living room where on the other side of the wall was an upright piano that I'm sure had never been tuned. My mother could play the keys off it. She often played piano and organ in church, only if it was Baptist of course, and was called on quite often. Ever so often my parents would get together, along with a couple of bottles of bourbon, with friends they had known all their lives. One guy was quiet, very tolerant, and a guitar player who played the best rhythm guitar I had ever heard at that time. I remember it so well. They were playing a song called "Goofus". I never was that crazy about my mother's piano technique because she used her left hand like a bass player and a drummer. I called it "boom-chic-a-boom" playing. But that night, laying there in that bed, listening to that music, I knew I was supposed to be involved in music for my entire life, no matter what. That feeling never left. It's still there today. Music became my life that night on 2016 S. Cedar Street, in Little Rock, Arkansas, my home town.

Q. Were you ever in 'awe' working with those big music celebrities?

A. Not really. They put their pants on every morning just like I did. Most of them were nice, but some were jerks. Success is one of the hardest things in the world to handle.

Q. Did you ever get 'star struck' on yourself?

A. Never, I've always known who I was and what I was.

Q. Were there many 'groupies' hanging out after your performances?

A. Yes, no more comments on that.

Q. Name 3 people that you especially enjoyed working with....

A. Paul Simon. We became good friends and remain good friends even now. Kris Kristofferson, a great guy and a regular guy. He's paid his dues just like everyone else. Burt Reynolds. We did the music for a song that HE actually sang in "Smokey and the Bandits 2." It was called "Let's Do Something Cheap and Superficial." He was scared to death when he came into the studio to record. This was in Miami. I settled him down and encouraged him and we ended up with a pretty fair vocal. He was down to earth, real, genuine and a nice person. He was what I would call a "man's man".

Continued

- Q. Tell us how you started on your musical journey, how you got to be a bass player and take us on a brief tour of your career...
- A. I started going to Kiwanis Boys Camp when I was six years old and I continued going every summer until I was 15 years old. The swimming coach and a doctor had guitars and they let me use one and I was "hooked". I always wanted to be a guitar player. I played in cocktail bars in a little trio band prior to going in to the Army. My mother bought me a guitar and an amplifier so I was set. While stationed at Ft. Divens in Massachusetts I asked a good friend if he would ship my guitar and amplifier to me once I arrived at my overseas base. He said he would ship them to me. I never heard a word from him and I never received my merchandise. When I arrived on base, I asked if they had a guitar that I could use and they told me they only had a bass. Of course, I took it and started teaching myself to play bass. I met a piano player and a drummer and we teamed up as a trio. Special Services liked how we played so they started sending us to play at base clubs, officers clubs etc. Once I got out of the Army I went to Memphis and started playing with Charlie Rich.
- Q. You have worked with some of the best in the business. If you had to do it all over again, who would you like to tour with?
- A. My dream job would be with the Eagles, my favorite band.
- Q. Tell us how you came up with the song "Let It All Hang Out?"
- A. We were driving in Texas and came upon a truck accident that was carrying a load of chickens. There were chickens everywhere. Dead chickens, live chickens and they were running around like nothing you've ever seen. I woke up one of the band members and told him what had happened and he shook his sleepy head and said, "awe, just let it all hang out." I thought, that's it, Let It All Hang Out!
- Q. Were you surprised when "Let It All Hang Out" went so high on the charts?
- A. Not at all. The moment we recorded it and heard the playback the first time, I KNEW it was a hit record, for those times. It had magic. It sat in the can for a year and a half. Afterward, we recorded about ten more songs, which were lame, to say the least. We just weren't happening in the direction they were trying to get us to go in. But I knew "Hang Out" was a smash. We were a much better band than our record perceived us to be. We could play just about anything, and play it well I might add. While I'm at it, I would like for you all to know who the "Hombres" were. Our lead singer, who also played keyboards and guitar and is my dearest friend in the world, B.B. Cunningham, Jr., our drummer was Johnny Hunter, who took his own life in the late 70's and Gary McEwen, guitar player. Our band was a Democracy, we all shared 25% on everything, and we all wrote "Let It All Hang Out".
- Q. "Let It All Hang Out" was such a big hit but do you feel the record companies were unfair to you and your band by ignoring some good music on the album?
- A. Our producer ripped us off from the very beginning. We recorded a second album after "Hang Out", and it still wasn't real good, but it had two good singles on it. It was getting good airplay, but people couldn't find any records in the record stores. Record companies, in general, are not the most honest and have little integrity, never have, never will. Greed always won. Integrity always lost.

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Q. I know you taught yourself engineering. It seemed like you jumped in with both feet. How difficult was that situation?

A. Not a problem at all. Instead of playing just one instrument as a musician, all of a sudden, I was controlling the whole band. I knew what a band was suppose to sound like, so it was a natural for me. There were just so many knobs and I had to figure which one did what. After that, it was a given. There are two kinds of engineers. Musician engineers and technical engineers. You almost MUST be a musician to be a good engineer. I could always find someone to fix the stuff. I learned how to use it by trial and error. After a few years, I could do it in my sleep.

Q. I have seen credits and know that you work with a lot of Christian artists, either recording, producing, or playing bass on the recordings....can you tell us about this particular journey?

A. My mother made us go to church from the moment we were born. Every Sunday and Wednesday night, she would drag us there. When I was eleven, I walked down the aisle one Sunday morning in a Southern Baptist Church in Little Rock, and gave my life to Jesus. At that time I asked if I could play my guitar in church. They said, NO. The enemy said YES. He offered me drugs, alcohol, women, you name it, he had it all. In May of 1982, after a very full life of doing all of the above, I came to the end of my rope, so to speak. Guess Who was waiting at the end of my rope? It was the Lord Jesus Christ. I had been crying for three days and couldn't figure out why. I finally, at the suggestion of my wife, called a friend of mine in Muscle Shoals Horns, named Ronnie Eades, to pray for me. I headed for the studio and when I arrived he was waiting there, in my office, just to talk. He had just been born-again about a year earlier and simply told me what it was like when you totally surrender your life to our Creator. My crying turned into sobs, crying uncontrollably. Inside I was crying out to God to give me hope and a new life with Him. Within ten minutes I was a brand new person. A New Creation, in Christ. I knew it the moment it happened. Jesus put His Spirit in me, and my Spirit was in Him. And He is sitting at the right hand of the Father. Everything changed. I couldn't stop smiling I was flooded with joy and peace I had never experienced anything like that in my life. It was a Supernatural experience because He is a Supernatural God. I was immediately set completely free from alcoholism, drug addiction, I went to sleep that night and woke up with absolutely no withdrawal of any kind. It was a deliverance of great magnitude. I was a brand new person. I had a friend whom I met in Muscle Shoals named Will McFarlane, who was Bonnie Raitt's lead guitar player until he got "knocked off his horse" also, like the Apostle Paul. We toured for five years with a band that was just incredible. We played 150 prisons, all over the country, played in high schools, junior high schools and did concerts in churches. I could go on and on about the things we did, in addition to recording several albums which I engineered and played bass on periodically. I've been doing Gospel albums ever since I went to work for Malaco in 1989. So God has used me in a very special way in the music world. Light always shines the brightest when you're in a dark place.

Q. One word to sum yourself up?

A. Grateful!

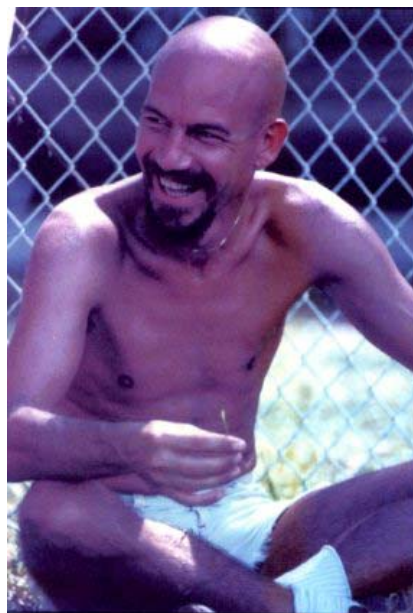
Q. What do you hope people will remember about you?

A. I sincerely believe that God created us to make a difference in this world as His Children. I just hope that I've made a difference in someone's life during my time on this earth.





Above. Jerry is hard at work engineering his music. Below. Jerry is enjoying some R&R time after a hard game of soccer with the Bee Gees in Miami.



ARTICLES OF INTEREST

BRIEF HISTORY ON MILES WHITNAH

Written By – Miles Whitnah



In 1915, the United States government created the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) to conduct research in the field of aircraft aeronautics. This research included not only aerodynamics, but also structural dynamics, and later on thermodynamics, on a variety of aircrafts that were being designed and experimental flown. By 1957, NACA was heavily involved in research studies regarding manned and

in the research studies regarding manned and unmanned flights at high altitudes (50 miles plus) and at supersonic speeds (Mach 10 plus). With the Soviet Union's launch of Sputnik (Oct '57), the President, together with the recommendations of Congress, created the National Aeronautics and Space Agency, formerly NACA, but with a much more financial and broader research charter. The center of NASA's field operations was initially based at the Langley Research Center in Virginia, but in 1962, was transferred to a newly constructed research facility near Houston, Texas. Initially it was designated as NASA's Manned Space Flight Center, but later, renamed to be NASA's Johnson Space Center (JSC).

I went to work for NASA in Houston, on July 22, 1962. Having degrees in aerodynamics and mathematics, I was selected to work in the Engineering Directorate. I was in a group with a number of other guys assigned to a senior lead engineer who assigned us to various tasks in order to explore and develop our engineering capabilities.

Now back in 1961, as a result of the Soviet Union's space activity, the Apollo Program had been officially initiated. Consequently, as a follow up to the Mercury Program, the Gemini Program was laid out to serve as a test bed for the Apollo Program, developing knowledge and experience for in-flight space operations (i.e. maneuverability, docking capability, extra vehicular activity and medical observations).

My first assignment was to become familiar with the performance characteristics of the already designed Apollo Command Module's (CM) abort system. This was a small rocket mounted on top of the Apollo CM, which would, in the event of a catastrophic failure, automatically ignite and separating (abort) the CM free of the booster and carrying it up and away at some safe distance from the booster. The design of the rocket was configured, with vanes, so that on abort, the CM would flip over so that it would be able to jettison the rocket and deploy the parachutes for landing. My task was to re-examine the abort performance characteristics. Incidentally, I'm sure glad that it was never required to be activated since the CM had a tendency to tumble. Anyway, along about this time, one of the other managers happened to see me working with an IBM Card Reader. Learning that I had had some experience in programming, like analog and FORTRAN, he requested that I follow him to another area of the building where a number of ladies were busy using Friedan Calculators to reduce Mercury post-flight data by hand. He asked me if I could write code to support their efforts. Sort of showing off, I said "Sure". Mind you, my major interest was aerodynamics, not programming, not even close, but that remark got me stuck doing all sorts of analytical programming assignments over the next several years. These assignments included supporting a wide variety of theoretically based studies, the post-flight analysis of the Gemini re-entry performance with regard to aerodynamics and the atmospheric density profiles, an analysis of the predicted Apollo CM lunar-return re-

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entry corridor angles, an analysis of the Apollo CM water landing impact loads with regard to surface winds and sea state, and the predicted performance of an Apollo CM pad-abort, etc.

Meanwhile, as the Apollo Program was progressing, NASA/JSC Senior Management had initiated a group of engineers to begin looking at a newly proposed space vehicle concept for future Earth orbit space flights to deploy scientific payloads. At some point during the early design process, I was called over to support their efforts by providing computational information as to the vehicle's capability of doing a one orbit flight around Earth and landing at Andrews AFB in Washington DC. The proposed design of this vehicle, a straight wing aircraft, was such that it had little or no cross range capability. However, by luck, while being in this setting, I happened to be included in a discussion, where one of the senior managers brought up the issue of needing some wind tunnel data to support the predicted aerodynamics performance of this so called straight wing space vehicle. I quickly volunteered my services for this effort and was assigned to a group to conduct wind tunnel tests. Consequently, from 1970 to 1976, I took part in conducting thousands of hours of wind tunnel testing to derive the necessary data to support the design and required performance characteristics for the proposed Space Shuttle vehicle. These tests included aerodynamics, structural dynamics and thermo dynamics over a range of conditions from subsonic to hypersonic regimes.

By 1977, with the wind tunnel testing basically completed and with the initiation of performing flight tests with the Shuttle Enterprise (i.e., Approach and Landing Test Program, whereby the Shuttle was launched off the back of a Boeing 747), I was assigned the Shuttle Aerodynamic Data Base Manager. This entailed taking post-flight empirical data, as provided by the engineers, and updating the aerodynamic data base as used by the various mission planning groups, the ground based flight simulators, the in-flight training aircraft (Gulfstream); and following the flights of Space Shuttle STS-1 and STS-2 re-entries, the Shuttle's onboard re-entry auto guidance and landing system.

During these times I attended any number of engineering meetings in support of various flight issues. One such meeting had to do with the problem of the Shuttle landings, burning up the brakes on roll-out. Part of the problem was the design/composite of the brakes. However, the secondary problem was due largely in part to the cross wind effects on the Space Shuttle itself. The side area of the Shuttle is so large that given any magnitude of cross winds, the Shuttle tilts and tries to steer off the runway centerline. The astronauts, using the main gear brakes for steering, were overloading the brakes in an effort to maintain the nose wheel on the center-line of the runway. A major meeting was held to discuss/determine a method by which to evaluate the new braking system. The principle suggestion was to put jet engines on the Shuttle and run it down the runway to see if the brakes would work effectively. Several nights before this, I had seen a Chevy truck advertisement pulling a huge load...so being clever, I made the remark that we should simply lease either a Ford or Chevy truck, as a advertisement, to pull the Shuttle up to some speed, releasing it, and then getting out of it's way. Folks were momentarily amused; however we went on with more serious business of discussing the issue. That evening I got a call from one of the senior managers in the meeting. He recalled my comment and stated that he thought my suggestion might have merit. He therefore assigned me the task to put together a proposal for senior management to review. While organizing this effort, however, a group of engineers came up with the idea of developing/writing an auto nose wheel steering program to control the Shuttle during roll out, thus reducing the braking requirements. This proposed auto-program would require knowing the relationship of the Shuttle bank angle in conjunction with the nose wheel steering reaction. A proposal was put together, sold to management, and we went to Edwards AFB to use the Enterprise Shuttle as our test vehicle. The process was quite simple. First we would lower one side of the Shuttle x-number of inches (by removing fluid from the wing landing gear strut), measure the Shuttle bank angle, and then using a tug tied to the Shuttle, pull the Shuttle forward x-number of feet, and by the Counter-Steering effect,

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measure the turning radius of the nose wheel. Having the necessary correlation data, a nose wheel steering program was formulated and implemented. Later on, a drogue chute was also added to aid the Shuttle in its roll-out.

During the mid 80's, NASA/JSC began looking at designing an Earth orbiting space station. A number of concepts were being analyzed. While this analysis was being done, it was understood that there would also be a requirement to have some sort of an emergency vehicle, docked on the station, to return the crew to Earth in the event of a medical or catastrophic failure. Thus a group of engineers began looking at the design of such a vehicle (basically an Apollo based shaped vehicle with a retro pack attached for de-orbit). Early estimates for the cost of this proposed vehicle were extremely high. It was during this time frame that the United States and Russia relationships had improved to the point that our two governments were having joint communications and that the Russian Space Agency (RSA) was also having meeting with NASA's senior management. Upon RSA learning of NASA's JSC effort in designing a crew rescue vehicle, RSA offered the suggestion of the possibility of NASA purchasing a Soyuz, from RSA, for this task. The price was substantially cheaper than for NASA to design and develop one of our own. Thus a group of JSC engineers began to evaluate the idea of using a Soyuz for the space station emergency crew return vehicle. I became a member of this study group, meeting with our Russian counter parts to learn everything we could about the Soyuz vehicle (i.e., docking apparatus, internal control functionality, pyrotechnics devices, life-time expectances of the onboard fuels, etc.). During this period, NASA/JSC had settled on a space station design and it was called Space Station Freedom (SSF).

The Space Station Freedom (SSF) Program Office was originally set up in Reston, Virginia. And in 1988, I was assigned to be the point man for Soyuz's Crew Rescue Vehicle within this office for the purpose to insure that the utilities and attachment hardware on SSF met the requirements for the Soyuz vehicle. However, in 1992 and 1993 a number of things occurred. First, NASA cancelled the develop of Space Station Freedom (SSF) in favor of the new jointly designed International Space Station (ISS) that included the participation of international partners, namely Russia, but also with Canada, Europe, and Japan. Secondly, the United States and the Russian Federation signed a Joint Statement on Cooperation in Space, in which it detailed a plan for a cosmonaut to fly on the Shuttle and an astronaut to spend time on Mir. Shortly thereafter the agreement was expanded to include and extend the NASA-Mir Program to 10 Shuttle rendezvous docking missions with Mir. Since I had already been working with the Russians, NASA Headquarters' Office of Space Flight assigned me to be a liaison between NASA Headquarters, the JSC's Shuttle-Mir Program Office and with the Russian Space Agency prime contractor, Energia, regarding technical related joint safety issues. In this capacity, I provided oversight to senior management regarding the development of the Shuttle-Mir docking mechanism, associated pyrotechnic issues, technical details as to the onboard failures/corrective actions (i.e., failed oxygen generator, canister fire, cargo vehicle collision, loss of pressurization), the preparedness of the Soyuz and just basically the day-to-day onboard operations. The Shuttle-Mir Program was completed in 1998.

Following this, I continued to support Headquarters' Safety, Reliability and Quality Assurance Office relative to the Space Shuttle launches during the early assembly flights of the International Space Station.

Having worked for NASA 38 years, I retired in 2001.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH HOLTZ QUOTES

Written By – Don Dugan

Lou Holtz was hired at the U of A as the head football coach in December 1976. When our papers, Arkansas Democrat and Arkansas Gazette, began covering his arrival with several of his comments, that were humorous and delightful, it just hit me that he was a possible source for a book. I cut out and saved many of his quotes for several weeks, then called him and proposed my idea for a book. He approved with the condition that it be done right. I began listening to and jotting down his comments that I heard on our television and radio stations and clipping more from our newspapers. I talked to a local company about handling the distribution and Jon Kennedy, editorial artist for the Democrat, about a character of Holtz for the cover. I called Holtz again to arrange a visit to show him sample sheets of the quotes on typing paper arranged in graffiti style as suggested by my wife, Marie. My family and I went to Fayetteville to meet and show Holtz the progress. Marie warned me to not try and be funnier than Holtz when we talked. He liked the sheets but didn't want a distributing company to get a "piece of the pie" and wanted a real photo of him on the cover. We agreed on a 50-50 split with his part going to Cystic Fibrosis, using Parkin Printing and setting up my account with the Jacksonville State Bank.

I had been saving Series E Bonds for several years and signed them over to the Jacksonville State Bank to set up a HOLTZ QUOTES checking account to use for early expenses. I bought a set of invoices for the book stores, rubber stamp of "HOLTZ QUOTES" with the post office box number that I had set up at the Hillcrest station for receiving mail orders, sheets of round peel off stickers for putting the price on the books, boxes of brown envelopes for mailing individual and multiple copies. My wife had other great suggestions like a montage of Holtz photos in the middle of the book and loose leaf sheets with mail order blanks to insert in the books. I went to the Gazette and Orville Henry gave me several black and white photos of Holtz doing various activities for the montage and a photo that we used for the cover. I still have the photos he gave me.

I sorted all the numerous clippings of quotes into categories for chapter headings and pasted them onto sheets of paper in graffiti style. One chapter was "Orange Bowl" when the Hogs beat Oklahoma 31-6 with our backfield suspended and Las Vegas took it off the board. (the book came off the press after this win which was lucky timing for the interest).

It was time to meet again and show him the pages and photos. He called and said to meet him at the airport and take him to the Little Rock Country Club for golf with Orville Henry and others. My '68 Pontiac wagon with 100 K miles and a rebuilt transmission needed a belt for the air conditioning to work; so that was fixed. I was at the bottom of the escalator when he came down. As he was going to the restroom, he told me to order him some tea and that we would go upstairs for him to view what I had. As I was going up the escalator I thought "hot or ice" tea but being a Yankee I hollered down at him "hot" and he said yes. He looked at the color photo for the cover and liked it. As he looked at the black and white photos for the montage, he more than liked them as his comments showed his ego. He gave me a sheet of his quotes on flying. We left and picked up his golf bag and loaded in my wagon. I asked if he wanted the air conditioning turned on and he said okay. So, I punched in the button and the damn thing fell on the floor, but the air worked.

I talked to a typesetting company and Parkin to see what needed to be done to get it printed and

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copyrighted (Parkin did the paper work for this). I picked up the large sheets from the typesetter with four pages per sheet including the black and white photos and color photo of the cover and delivered them to Parkin, who also did the mail order sheets to be inserted in the back of the books. I ordered 5,000 for the first printing. During the printing I checked out a directory of all newspapers in the US and prepared an address list of the sports editors to receive a complimentary copy. I picked up the boxes, about thirty, containing all 5,000 and the box of mail order sheets and took them home to our modest three bed room home and lined the wall from the foyer to the master bedroom, leaving space to enter the bathroom, of course. I placed an ad in our papers and Arkansas Times magazine for mail orders. The ad in the Arkansas Times was my first mistake since it was in color and expensive and didn't produce many orders; first mistake was not charging enough for the book.

Joe Gergen with Newsday in New York called me after receiving the book and interviewed me. My two children, Louise age 12 and Donald age 9, were busy at our dining room table writing the price on the stickers and placing them on the books, inserting the order blanks in the back of the book, and stamping the mailing envelopes with the return address. I paid them a minimal amount and recorded that in the expense column of my accounting ledger book along with previous expenses incurred up to this point. I kept very detailed records of expenses and book orders. I went by numerous book stores in the Little Rock and North Little Rock area and asked if they wanted to carry the book as consignment for 20 percent and all agreed but one (which is no longer in business) that insisted on 40 percent; I left them copies and filled out the invoices. The mail orders were beginning to pour in from individuals and book stores and others across the State. Our dining room was busy as we filled orders and mailed copies at the "book rate" to the addresses provided. It was time to let Holtz know the book was off the press.

I called him and he was coming to the Central Arkansas Flying Service in Little Rock. I met him and showed him the book. He was very pleased and wanted some more for him to give to his assistants and others. So I made another trip to Fayetteville with "complimentary" copies; He did autograph a copy to me and my wife, which of course I still have. While there, I went by his wife Beth's tennis store to see if she wanted to carry the book and understandably she didn't think it was appropriate.

I was getting calls from book stores in Little Rock and North Little Rock requesting additional copies, so since my wagon was now a secondary storage I would leave work and deliver the books. The one I remember the best was carrying that large box with maybe 150 books up to second floor at the North Little Rock mall to Waldenbooks. I did sign for leave when returning to work. Many other establishments in the State were requested copies or additional copies if they had received some previously. Holtz's mother in Ohio ordered several.

Joe Gergen, of Newsday in New York, mailed me a copy of his article with his picture he printed after his interview with me via telephone. I thought it was great and mailed Holtz a copy. I took the article to Orville Henry at the Gazette. He loved it; replacing Joe's photo with mine, he printed it in our paper (I have copy of this article which was cleverly done). I had already ordered another 5,000 copies at this time. After Holtz received the copy of the article I had mailed him, he called me at the office and was furious to say the least; he thought a good product would sell itself and didn't need advertising. Hell, he didn't put up any front money and I had signed over all my Series E bonds to do this. I wanted to get that back as soon as possible. I didn't argue since the advertising was already done. I'm not sure I told him that the second 5,000 copies were ordered.

Continued

Some personal appearances were developing such as the early morning show on KATV, book signings in a department store in Benton, fancy gift store in the Heights on Sunday during the Christmas season, and a speaking engagement at a noon civic organization's meeting in southwest Arkansas.

The book sales reached the break-even point during the second printing, so I gave a "break-even" lunch of cold cuts in the office for my thirty branch co-workers at the Corps of Engineers. Holtz was making national news in the sporting and entertainment world that came to a peak after we beat Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl with our starting backfield suspended. He made a guest appearance on the Johnny Carson show when he did a magic trick and was great with his humor. If the book had been mentioned on the show the sales would have gone out of sight but it wasn't. Before leaving on a family vacation to south Texas I ordered another 5,000 copies. We stopped off at Austin, Texas, and I went by the campus book store and left a few copies on consignment for the hell of it and to see what would happen; they never reordered. After returning home, I got a call again from Holtz at the office who wanted to know how things were going and I told him great and I had ordered another 5,000 copies last week. He blew his second fuse and told me he wanted to be part of any decisions like this and if he needed to get his lawyer to get this point across to me he would. Again, I didn't argue. This was the last printing and all were sold. He was in Little Rock for a special Arkansas sporting event so I went to his suite at the hotel and gave him a check for his 50-percent as agreed. He said don't print anymore, since those out there would become more valuable (what an ego and guy he was). If he only knew that a few years later I heard that a friend of mine found one at a carport sale for 50 cents.

I really enjoyed the experiences of marketing, advertising and meeting people I'd never known before to promote a product that I believed was well done. I wish that I had discussed with Holtz my initial financial investment and efforts to get the book out to his fans. Maybe he would have had been more appreciative and understanding.

"MISS MINEFIELD"

Written By – Joe Garrison

The transition from Garland Elementary to West Side Junior High was a major change in my educational process. One teacher who taught us all subjects (the three R's) was changed to six different teachers who specialized in various subjects. I had never had a man for a teacher until junior high nor one as young and beautiful as Miss Minefield (shall I call her).

It was the start of the eighth grade when I found myself assigned to her class and was pleased to have this young, blue-eyed, dark haired and shapely teacher standing before me. How was I, a fourteen year old boy whose hormones were beginning to spike, be able to keep my mind on school work. This was going to be a very difficult year! However, she would be one of my best teachers, knew her subject extremely well, and taught it accordingly. She was all business in the classroom. Nevertheless, those big blue eyes, snug fitting blouses, and skirts which emphasized her small waist and shapely hips would occupy my mind far above the subject which she so diligently taught. It was particularly stressful for me when she reached toward the top of the black board and began writing with a piece of chalk. She was, in my opinion, the perfect teacher: smart, a good communicator, dedicated, and beautiful. What else could an eighth grader ask for?

Continued

Then one day Eddie Haskell, (from Leave It To Beaver fame as I shall call him), came to a group of us guys prior to the morning bell with some hot, scurrilous news. The night before, he had been prowling the streets down at Markham and Louisiana, had gone into the Marion Hotel, and had seen Miss Minefield in the bar on top of one of the tables "dancing to the music".

Impossible, I thought; not this teacher whom I worshipped! The group of guys wanted to know more details; describe the dancing? Was she stripping? (naturally, someone would ask that questions), was she drunk? Old Eddie began to back pedal; "guys that's all I'm going to say. "

The thought of her upon that table "dancing to the music" became imprinted upon my pubescent brain. Don Fowles, who was with us that morning, asked me what I was smiling about? I told him it was the smile I would give to Miss Minefield the next time I saw her in class.

But that ominous occurrence prior to the next class would take all of the jocularly out of the event and make me as sober as Ebenezer Scrooge on Christmas Eve. It happened that same morning. A special assembly for the entire school had been called immediately after home room and like cattle being herded to the feed pens, we filled the halls heading to the auditorium. Don Fowles, my brother John, and I always sat together and as we moved shoulder to shoulder with the rest of the herd, our trek took us past Miss Minefield's room. Her door was open and she was working at her desk with head down; probably preparing for the days lessons.

Then it HAPPENED! Don Fowles, my pal, my buddy, said at the top of his voice, "Let's all go to the Marion Hotel." Miss Minefield's head immediately snapped up and those big blue eyes showed shock, terror, anger, and they were looking straight at me. "Don," I said, "You just got me killed; I'm dead." Don laughed and said, "Joe you sweat too much." Easy for him to say; he didn't have her for a class and he breezed through every subject. At that moment I just knew I'd be flunked! My teen age imagination kicked into overdrive as to what would happen tomorrow. I felt certain I'd be called into the principal's office and required to explain why I had damaged the character of one of West Side's best teachers; and what if the Democrat and Gazette newspapers picked up on the story of how a group of unruly teens had smeared an outstanding educator. My parents would no longer show their faces in church because of the embarrassment their rascally son had brought upon them. Worst of all, I had to face her at the next class. The next 24 hours were agony. Don was right; I do sweat too much.

The next day as I entered Miss Minefield's classroom, I kept several students between her and me, went to my desk, opened my book, and kept my head down. But she was exceptionally cheerful as she began the lesson and delivered it in her usual proficient manner. I waited for the hammer to fall but amazingly it didn't. That was it!!! Nothing else happened !!! Throughout the rest of the school year, the incident faded into the past and I was treated no different from anyone else; and I passed. She was a Pro!

As I reflect back to the incident, I believe the Marion Hotel had a private dining area for certain members, entertained with a live band, had some ballroom dancing and served wine with their meals. I choose to believe Eddie Haskell had greatly exaggerated the whole event and in so doing risked jeopardizing the reputation of a truly great teacher. Later, she would become a professor at a major university.

However, when I think of her, I still picture her on top of that table "dancing to the music." Hmmm? When I go to church this Sunday, I will sing louder, put a little more into the collection plate, pray harder, and seek forgiveness of my sinful ways. I may have to ask Jack Singleton for some come counseling.

Who is Miss Minefield? She was a top notch teacher!

1959 – 2004 MY JUNIOR YEAR ABROAD

Written By – Judy-Brown Lawson

I guess it started when my family sold their house in Little Rock in the spring of 1959 and moved to Teheran, leaving me virtually homeless. Mr. Dougherty, the French professor at Lindenwood College, presented me with a D+ and advised me to consider either a year in France or a failing grade.

I booked passage on a steamship from New York to Le Havre where I arrived early in September, with a steamer trunk of clothes as my only possession and a small monthly stipend to see me through the year. I took the Wagon-Lit train (first class!) down to the south of France and set foot in the town of Aix en Provence on a sunny morning, eager and fearless as usual.

The France of 1959 was wildly foreign and exciting: the Nouvelle Vague was in full swing - Brigitte Bardot had been discovered at Cannes the year before. A war was raging in Algeria, literally an hour's ferry ride from the Old Port in Marseille. We students were 19 years old and cut adrift from all we had ever known. Those were heady times, and we made the most of it.

A year later, I found myself married to a young student I barely knew and expecting a child. My parents, horrified by my lack of discretion, cut me off completely. From 1960 until 1966 I only saw my American family intermittently. We lived without a telephone and with little money. We found a crumbling old house to rent for a pittance in the village of Montesson, a distant suburb of Paris. My husband was hired by a company called IBM and began what was to become a stellar career in the world of computers. We had a second child, another girl. I worked as a secretary to the boss of an American company in Paris, the children stayed with their "*nou-nou*". I was "the American" but my life was completely French.

France embraced the advent of new technologies with frenzy and, in the space of a decade, went from a largely rural population to a world leader in high-tech. Just about that time, an isolated group of students at the University of Nanterre plotted to rise up against the government of Charles de Gaulle, and the Happenings of May 1968 exploded. I spent those weeks barricaded in our plush offices on Avenue George V from where we could see riot police marching in lockstep down the Champs-Elysees. We were cut off from the world except for telex machines. Gas ran out; thousands of abandoned vehicles littered the streets of Paris. Our entire office staff devoted days to plotting where to walk to for lunch.

But all good things come to an end, and the Happenings were over by June. Air France and British Airways sailed the Concorde, that lovely dinosaur, into the air where she flew gorgeously and unprofitably for 30 years. Even today, we miss her.

By this time, in the 70's, my marriage had disintegrated and I was alone with two teenagers and a comfortable source of income. I went back to complete my degree (at the U. of Nanterre, no less!).

I began a career in Direct Marketing which lasted for nearly 15 years. I had been in France for twenty years, and everyone said I would never "go back". I bought a new car and a horse, and settled into what I thought was the rest of my life.

Continued

But things change, as usual. Some years later I was married again and living in the countryside in a rambling 19th century farmhouse about an hour outside of Paris. My friendships were now nearly 30 years old, I had lived most of my adult life as an "*apatrid*" - a person without a country. My father had died some years before and my connections with the United States became less and less tangible.

My life at La Rolanderie was delightful. I retired from the business world and sat for certification as an ESL teacher. I owned a magnificent pony that I rode daily across the gentle countryside. I played golf. My two daughters now had children of their own, and I embraced granny-hood. The seasons came and went. It seemed to all intents and purposes that my life as a "*dame bourgeoise*" was to be forever.

But fate loves a good joke, and on a flight from New York to Paris I shared a couple of New Yorker magazines with a courtly gentleman who gave me his card. He told me he worked in the artificial heart business and lived in Versailles. I told him I was retired and rode horses. We decided to have lunch the following week.

Within months we were completely, furiously in love and we decided against all odds to cast our lots together. Once again, my family was aghast and dismayed, as was his. I ran away from La Rolanderie, taking only my passport, leaving everything – even my dog! We bought a tiny cottage in an extraordinarily rural village in the heart of "La France Profonde" where I lived for several years. John travelled all over Europe for his business, and I was often alone. But I got my dog back finally, with a puppy to boot. Within two years I got the pony back as well, and life tumbled along. In 1997 we sold the cottage in Lys St. George and moved to the south of France.

John and I rented a most magnificent stone house that was in fact a re-furbished 18th century barn, on 50 acres of wooded land fed by natural springs. We froze in the winters but reveled in the springs and summers, surrounded by masses of willows and blankets of wildflowers that dotted the estate. We rang in the 21st century by sitting on a hillside and watching a torch-lit night march of hooded '*penitentes*' climb the walls of the ancient village of Les Baux de Provence.

I had had a dream at the age of seven that I lived in New Mexico and had a pony. I told John about that dream, and he said that he would make it come true. In 2002 we were married in the tiny village of Chimayo. We decided to leave France and to return to the U.S.

On December 3rd 2004, a Fokker turbo-jet lifted off from the airport in Marseille, and circled lazily over the achingly beautiful countryside of Aix en Provence with its mythical mountain, *La Sainte Victoire*. I sat back in my seat and watched the landscapes disappear for the last time. It had been forty-five years almost to the day since I had stepped off the train in Aix, with only a steamer trunk and unbridled curiosity for baggage. I was leaving behind children, grand-children, friends of four decades, a lifetime of work and experience.

I closed my eyes and thought it had gone fairly well, all considered.

MY LIFE SINCE 1957

Written By – Don Fowles

In 1957 I left Central for MIT and Boston. Thinking I wanted to be an electrical engineer, MIT became my

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dream in the 9th grade when my Latin teacher told us about her daughters, all of whom married MIT grads. It motivated me to keep my grades up in order to win a necessary scholarship, and I was fortunate to receive one. MIT was everything I had hoped it would be and I loved my four years there. Freshman year was, nevertheless, my first experience (academically) of the “Peter Principle”—being promoted to one’s level of incompetence: all my 800 classmates were extremely bright and my only way of doing well in classes was to study harder than they did. It was a humbling experience (perhaps never a bad thing). I even gave up dating (!) toward the end of October so that I could study on Saturday evenings. The pressure did not prevent my making a trip to NYC for the long-awaited chance to converge with some of our classmates in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel the evening before Thanksgiving. It was an exciting, nostalgic event to see so many friends when we all were homesick. It helped keep me going until Christmas break in Little Rock, a similarly emotional time: boarding the train to return to Boston was one of the most painful events of my life.

In my second year I decided to pursue a pre-med curriculum with biology-chemistry supplemented by literature and psychology courses. In the end, I decided I would rather get a PhD in psychology and do research and teaching than to be a psychiatrist and do clinical work (I was naïve in not realizing that physicians could do research). So I pursued a PhD at Harvard to study psychopathology.

For a while in graduate school I was unsure of my specific interests. That changed when I audited my advisor’s course in “The somatic bases of behavior and its pathology,” which brought together my undergraduate background in biology with my interests in psychopathology. That started me on my career-long interest in biobehavioral theories of temperament and psychopathology with an emphasis on emotional-motivational systems. My research specialty was psychophysiology—the field that assesses physiological responses to psychological events (it also picked up on my earlier interest in electricity). In my dissertation I recorded pupillary responses, heart rate, and the electrical changes associated with palmar sweat gland activity—called electrodermal activity or EDA—which are responsive to psychological stimuli.

I was awarded an NIMH postdoctoral fellowship to study for two years with Peter Venables at the U of London. He and I decided that it would make sense for me to study the underlying physiological mechanism that produces the varied electrical changes associated with palmar sweat gland activity. That effort filled the two years, at the end of which I had become one of the few experts on that arcane topic. A colleague later commented (correctly) that I would be a lot better off if I knew as much about pathology (e.g., the cardiovascular system) that is life-threatening. Focusing on EDA paralleled the earlier decision to forego medical school as perhaps reflecting a lack of street-wise smarts, but I don’t regret either decision, as I have enjoyed the career that followed.

Let me step back in time to talk about other aspects of my life. One of the great experiences at Harvard was living in an undergraduate dorm as a resident tutor during my third through fifth years of graduate school. On the financial side, it provided some relief from the extreme frugality of living only on scholarships or teaching assistantships, because it came with free room and board. It also provided a great exposure to the “real” Harvard of undergraduate life and to resident tutors in other departments. One of those was Barney Frank (now the Congressman from Massachusetts who has been front and center since September regarding the “bailout” of our financial system), whose dinner table conversation was always educational and entertaining.

In early April of my last year in Boston (1966), through a classmate I met the woman who is, surprisingly, my

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current wife. I say surprisingly, because Dorothy and I were the yin and yang of attitudes. I was a southern populist Democrat by background morphed into a Harvard liberal who had given up religion. In contrast, she was a Goldwater Republican and the religious daughter of a third-generation Missouri Synod Lutheran minister. Probably it was good fortune that, because I was to leave for the London postdoc, we both felt dating was just a convenient filling of time with no future. That way, we did not have to worry about our apparent differences. But fate intervened.

Dorothy had won the state high school science competition and had gone to Northwestern on a scholarship to study chemistry. The males in her chemistry labs pretty much savaged her projects, and she (being very broadly talented) switched to a major in art and design. At the end of her senior year, she decided to go for a “practice” job interview with TWA, knowing that she was too tall at 5’ 10” to be a flight attendant. She knew wrong, and they offered a job. Having no clear career plans, she took the job as a temporizing move. A year later she went to Cornell University for a two-year master’s program in interior design, holding on to her contact with TWA by flying during the summer peak season. When she graduated, she discovered that universities wanted a PhD degree and industry wanted a more practicum oriented background. Consequently, when TWA offered her a position as supervisor, she accepted and ended up for a year in Boston, where we met. To our surprise, in the summer of 1966 TWA moved her to NYC to supervise flight attendants flying trans-Atlantic. She was able to fly to London about three times per month for the entire two years. To make a long story short, we became engaged after a year and were married in August 1968 as I returned to the U.S. for my first job at the U of Oklahoma. She was not able to easily work for TWA from Norman, Oklahoma and had to resign her job. Religion has never been a problem between us, and I have been fortunate to have a wife who is smart in all the ways I am not (a long list) and who is so frugal that I have to urge her to spend money.

In 1970 we moved to the University of Iowa in Iowa City, which has a strong Dept of Psychology and clinical program—a happy home for me for 38 years. Dorothy’s academic and design career began that summer with a “walk-on” part-time hire in Home Economics to cover a course on Clothing Design and Selection and our decision to invest modestly in a failing furniture store. The latter came with a client in need of a designer and a store designer’s pass to the Merchandise Mart in Chicago—the coin of the realm for a practicing designer. A year later the furniture store failed but she had gained enough design practice experience to credential herself and the design fees pretty much covered our loss. Also, she was appointed full time to teach interior design in Home Economics, beginning her academic career. She also had a few design jobs in the next few years.

Dorothy still needed a PhD. She entered one of the few PhD programs in the country for interior design—at the U of Columbia-Missouri. They allowed her to take a lot of courses at the U of Iowa and to establish residence by living there one spring term and one summer term. She finished her degree in 1979—one of about 25 interior designers in the country with a PhD at the time. Because the interior design program in Iowa City was viewed as a “step-child” in a liberal arts college, we decided to look for other positions for her that would permit a commuting marriage. In 1980 she started to commute to Iowa State U in Ames (about 2 hours drive away) to be director of the interior design program. ISU had had the largest interior design program in the country and it had recently moved from the College of Home Economics to the newly established College of Design with architecture, graphic design, art, landscape architecture, urban planning, etc.—a wonderful context for teaching interior design.

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Dorothy's career soared after the move. Over the years she was elected President of her professional organization IDEC (Interior Designers Educators Council), was appointed editor of the only academic journal in interior design, won national awards for her design work, initiated continuing education for designers, was awarded fellow status in all three national design organizations—including American Society of Interior Design (ASID), which is for professional (as opposed to academic) designers—served as a site visitor for interior design accreditation reviews, was appointed to a small group of designers who teach workshops (called STEP workshops) to prepare designers to take the exam required for membership in ASID and (in many states) for licensure, and (recently) passed the exam to become a certified Lighting Designer.

Meanwhile, I was doing research on electrodermal activity and teaching adult psychopathology. My interest in biobehavioral theories of psychopathology was struggling for lack of a good basic biobehavioral theory. In the spring of 1977 I came across recent papers by the British psychologist Jeffrey Gray and immediately saw that he provided that missing theory. I visited him at Oxford University for an intensive tutorial and in 1980 published a theoretical paper using his theory to account for findings concerning electrodermal and heart rate responses in the antisocial individuals called psychopaths. Later I applied Gray's model to other forms of psychopathology, arguing that it provides a general theoretical framework for understanding much of psychopathology. Of course, our conceptualization changes as knowledge evolves. But this overall perspective has been the theoretical passion of my career, and I continue to find it to be a fascinating challenge. In 1995, I began teaching child psychopathology in order to gain a better understanding of the causal development of psychopathy and have found a rich literature that further advances this general model. Along the way, I have been editor or associate editor of three journals, served on NIMH grant review committees, served as president of several scientific societies, helped to found an organization promoting a scientific approach to clinical psychology, and have had many outstanding graduate students.

Dorothy and I retired last summer, her 28 years of commuting from ISU finally coming to an end. We bought a larger house (built in 1994) to handle the merger of our two homes and two offices. We had the house extensively remodeled (it took a year) based on Dorothy's design, and we are living together once again in our new home.

Although my life has wandered far from Central High and Little Rock, there are events that really take me back. The serious illness a few years ago of my "adopted sister" and lifelong friend Gwynne McGee-Satterfield was one (along with her visit with Hammond to Iowa for our 40th anniversary/retirement party this past August). A second was the death this year of my other life-long friend Sandra Evans-James. Fortunately, I was able to visit her last March, when we spent much of an entire day reminiscing about our time in Little Rock. Then I attended her funeral in July, which again brought back fond memories of Little Rock and Central High. Attachments transcend time and distance.

Nobody gets to live life backwards. Look ahead, that is where your future lies.

--- *Ann Landers*

TRAVEL

La Vera Wilson Shoup and husband, Whitney, visited Ann Williams (57) and Roy Spradlin while on a trip to Arkansas. They went to Oklahoma for the birth of their first grandson. Now their granddaughter has a little brother. Congratulations!

Buddy Laing and Sybil Todd Laing are frequent travelers. They spent a week enjoying the food in New Orleans. Later, they spent a week on the beach in Pompano Beach, Florida. They ended up spending an additional few days with Joyce Whittecar Brewer and her husband, Gene, in Miami, Fl. They had a wonderful time and an enjoyable visit.

Mike McGibbony made a few trips to Nashville, TN. Mike is pursuing his dream in the music biz.

THIS & THAT

WILSON'S TIGERS

Written By – Charles Humphrey

Back in the early part of the year, I was asked to design a website for the “[Wilson's Tigers](#).” This website is in memory of [Wilson Matthews](#), the Legendary Coach of Little Rock (Central) High School, from 1947-1957 and the Players & Managers during his time at Little Rock (Central) High School.

I encourage you to take a look at the website, www.wilsonstigers.org I believe it will be interesting and it will bring back some wonderful memories.

We are the ‘[best of the best](#).’ We are the “[Wilson's Tigers](#).”



DONATIONS are needed for our website, www.lrchs57.com We only received three donations for the year, 2008. We're hoping that more of our readers will make a contribution during this year, 2009. You can take a look at the previous contributions on the website. Please take a few minutes and write a check.....any amount will be greatly appreciated. The information is on the website. Scroll down the right hand side of the Main Page. All individuals who participate in making this a wonderful website are VOLUNTEERS.



The tree's that were donated by the Class of 1957 are growing beautifully on the front campus of LRCHS. If you're in the Little Rock area you might want to drive by to see how well they are growing.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

Life was so simple when we were young
We would be with our friends all day
Hopscotch, jump rope, ball and jacks
Were the games we used to play

In the summer time when it was hot
Sold lemonade on the street
Hearing the bells on the ice cream truck
Made us chase it to buy a treat

I miss the dear friends of my younger days
We played all day, and played hard
No theme parks, sea worlds or water parks
We had fun in our own back yard

If it snowed, we got a card board box
And used it for a sled
No video games were in our homes
We made up games inside our heads

Before television, there was the radio
No car.....we had to walk
The phone was on a party line
Sometimes the wait was long, if we wished to talk

We walked to the movies with our friends
Watched our heroes and cheered them on
Lone Ranger, Roy Rogers and Gene Autry
But now, they all are gone

Sometimes I miss the days gone by
But sweet memories are in my mind
Of a time when life was simple
And of the friends we left behind.

Joan (Sanders) Gintella
Contributing Editor

CLASSMATE UPDATE



Whitney & La Vera Shoup

[A NOTE FROM LA VERA \(WILSON\) SHOUP:](#)

My husband, Whitney, and I were married at the Gaines Street Church in Little Rock, Arkansas, one June 20th, 1958. We decided that living in New Mexico for a while might be a great adventure. After moving to Silver City we found that we liked the climate and the culture so we bought the independent Sav-On Drug Store which we operated and managed for 32 years. My husband, Whitney, is a graduate of the University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences in Little Rock where he earned a Bachelor of Science & a Doctor of Pharmacy degrees. During our years in Silver City we served as officers in several civic, community and volunteer organizations. My husband is presently a board member of the WNMU Foundation and I am active in the GRMC Auxiliary and the Town & Country Garden Club. We both belong to the Native Plant Society, Community Concerts and are members of the first United Methodist Church. We enjoy cruising and celebrated our 50th Anniversary on a cruise.

We have three children and two grandchildren. Son David in Roswell, son Steve in Albuquerque and daughter Suzanne Albers lives in Titusville, Fl. Grandchildren, Sophia and Gabriel live in Florida.



[Note from the Editor:](#)

Please send any items you have for future newsletters to me at my New E-Mail Address:
joycebapt@gmail.com

Joyce (Whittecarr) Brewer, Editor

In Memoriam

Wayman Coulter passed away on September 13, 2008. Please go to our website www.lrchs57.com for additional information.



Wayman Coulter

COMPLIMENTS FROM READERS

Thoroughly enjoyed Joe Garrison's article regarding our buddy, Charlie Hall. We had some great times together. Charlie was special and is missed. Thanks Joe for your comment concerning the honor, reputation and virtue of the 'good time' girls remaining undamaged. Congratulations to you and Barbara on your 50th anniversary.

Gene Stuart

Joyce, y'all are doing a great job. I know it must take quite amount of time and effort. I've enjoyed every issue. It's a great vehicle to keep track of old friends and classmates.

My best,

Gene Stuart



Joyce, what a wonderful publication. I thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it and am just sitting back and thinking how lucky we all are to have you, Charles, Beni and others who put so much time into the Tiger Rag. I know for a fact so many people have reconnected with high school friends specifically because of what you all are doing. It's not just a bunch of words; rather it's presented in such a professional way and is very entertaining.

Thank you very much for everything. And Oh....I enjoyed the article about this Michael Maac guy. I am getting MY SPACE page soon and will let you know when it is up and running. Congratulations, you guys are the talk of our classmates and it is all real good.

Mike McGibboney



Good issue, Charles. Thanks. Any idea how to buy Carol Reavis Pillet-Wills' book? I checked Amazon and they don't have it. [Editors Comment: Please refer to www.lrchs57.com website "Classmates Talents"]

Mary Claire Shannon Rowe

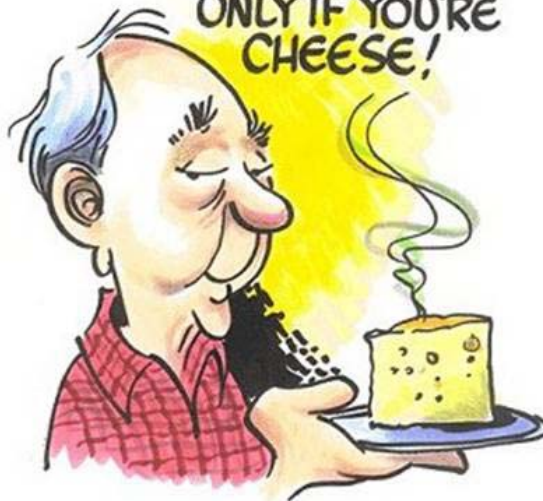
TIGER RAG CARTOONS

YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLD
WHEN YOUR BANK SENDS YOU
THEIR FREE CALENDAR...



ONE MONTH AT A TIME!

AGE IS IMPORTANT...
ONLY IF YOU'RE
CHEESE!





PLEASE COME BACK
FOR FUTURE ISSUES
OF TIGER RAG

YOUR TIGER RAG STAFF

