



TIGER RAG

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



Volume I

April, 2008

Number 2

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Editor's Corner

As I sit down to plan the first issue of the TIGER RAG I feel the weight of the world on my shoulders. I'm proud to have a staff that will be assisting me in this endeavor. This is an exciting new beginning for me as editor. It is a great pleasure to be part of this newsletter.

Welcome to the Tiger Rag. We're going to take a delightful trip down memory lane. We're going to reminisce and share a few "memorable moments".

Fifty years have gone by so fast for me. I've seen and experienced some proud times and a few tough times. I've experienced marriage, children, grandchildren, wonderful rewarding career and now I'm enjoying life as a "retiree". I know one of my tough times was seeing my father cry for the first time. This was at my mother's funeral. My life is full of memories and I cherish each and every one of them.

I love the poem, MEMORIES

Beautiful memories are wonderful things,
They last to the longest day.
They never wear out
They never get lost
And they can never be given away.

--author unknown

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I have some fond flashbacks from my childhood years in Little Rock. I remember so many things that are so different than what we know today.

- Front porches
- Clothes lines
- Staying outside as much as possible
- Going to the movies for 25 cents
- Party phone lines
- Watching the test pattern on the new TV
- Dreaming of that special guy that I had such a crush on

No matter where you live at a particular moment in time, you can immediately be transported back in time. For me, these places include Little Rock. I remember so many things and it's been a rewarding experience for me, to see the changes that have taken place over the past fifty years.

What I hope you take away from this issue is some "memorable memories". Yes, those years are gone but our memories can never be taken away.

Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Editor

FEATURED ARTICLE



"Our Mr. Joel"

On February 22 and 23, 2008, a Tribute Gala Dance Concert honoring Mr. Joel Ruminer was held at UALR Performing Arts Theatre. The proceeds from this special event will benefit the JOEL RUMINER ENDOWMENT FUND FOR DANCE SCHOLARSHIPS AND DANCE PERFORMANCE at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock.

Yes, the world knows him as "Mr. Joel"...no last name...just "Mr. Joel".

Joel Ruminer began his dance training in Little Rock at the age of three at the Dorothy Donelson School of Dance where he continued his formal training. In 1956 he was asked to join their faculty.

When the school closed in 1961, he opened his dance studio, and within a short period of time, Joel's House of Dance became the most popular dance training facility in Little Rock. This enviable reputation continues today.

He has written numerous books and training manuals for dancers and dance teachers, one of which *Boot Scootin-A Guide to Country and Western Dance*, has been used as a textbook by many college and university dance programs. Many of the LP records he once produced are now available on CD's and are used in dance schools and classrooms throughout the world.

We are very proud of "Mr. Joel".

Source: Tribute to Mr. Joel Ruminer Announcement

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

ADVENTURES OF MITZI & SABINE

THE PUPPY SCHOOL.....Mitzi, the Schnauzer puppy and Sabine, the Schnauzer puppy have been enrolled in school. They will emerge, we are told, as lovely ladies who have the very best manners. Sabine gets ready for school and mom drives her to the building which is well equipped to accommodate many puppies, floors are covered in rubber skid proof mats, tables and chairs surround the perimeters with bottles of disinfectant and paper towels, overhead fans whirl quietly to keep the air moving and waste baskets abound. Sabine and mom arrive too early because of an error in the start time. When Sabine walks in, leashed, she is 3 months old, full of fun and devoid of social skills excepting the ones she's born with. Sabine notices right away a 'ring' of big dogs, all very quiet and their leaders standing next to them. They are being taught 'advanced obedience' whatever that is. Sabine immediately takes exception.....She screams as loud as she can and strains on her little leash to join the group and check them ALL out. She doesn't stop. She jumps straight up 40 times like a Jack In The Box.....she gets all sorts of stares, looks, sneers, from moms, dads, and polite, silent dogs alike - it doesn't matter to her - attention is attention, isn't it? When the dogs see her, they go back to their class duties, but Sabine keeps up a shrill bark non stop. To further glean attention, she lowers her backside to the floor, dumps her digested dinner on the floor and her water bowl, too!! Sabine's mom is beside herself. A diplomatic human lady walks over smiling and asks Sabine and mom to try taking a walk in the grass outdoors because Sabine is a 'little' traumatized with the large grouping of dogs and is 'a little' anxious. We say, 'Okay' and mom drags Sabine on her little leash out the door, kicking and screaming all the while. Mom endeavors to hold her head high. When we reach outdoors, we walk in the grass. We sniff the grass, we watch cars full of dogs arrive for their class. We realize, we have been expelled from the building due to bad behavior.....and our first class hasn't even begun yet! More later on Mitzi & Sabine, the Schnauzer Puppies....CLASS BEGINS.....later issue.

By Beni Brown Wilson

Owner of Sabine is Beni Brown Wilson

Owner of Mitzi is Betty Sue Irvin McKnight

A VERY SPECIAL WOMAN

I inherited a great lady through marriage, my husband's aunt, Sister Mary. She joined the convent after high school and her life path was made - doing the will of God.

I got to meet Sister Mary when we moved to Jersey. A few months later she went to Ethiopia to open up a school. Why would she leave the comforts of home to go to a third world country? Because that was her calling.

Her first stop was Rome, to learn Italian and the language of Ethiopia. A year later her school was built. Mary's letters told stories of how they only had hand tools for digging wells and building the school. Children came for food and shelter, but stayed for security, love and education. They were taught academics, but learned about God. Times were tough - no electricity, running water, crowded conditions, but

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they were doing God's will. Children were emaciated but once fed, they started getting well. God provided the school with whatever they needed to heal sick children. Mary and the sisters took in hungry children when parents could not care for them. The school soon filled up and Mary's cup ran over, as she could not turn away a single child.

Meat was a rarity and most of their meals were vegetables, grains and roots. Mary had been feeding a pigeon from her window and one day Mother Superior caught it and that was the evening meal. God had provided.

She would come to the states and load up on running shoes, as her mode of transportation was "foot power." The roads were hard and treacherous. Most of her travels were by foot but sometimes she could get a cart and a donkey to get supplies.

The school was in the middle of two warring factions, and soldiers came and took supplies, food, medicines, furniture. No one was harmed - Mary said God was taking care of them.

She called us six months ago saying missionaries were ordered out of Ethiopia as another war was possible. She was in Rome waiting for her assignment. I asked her where she would go next and she said, "God will provide a place."

She e-mailed me, stating she was going back to Rome and then back to Ethiopia. I asked her if it was safe for her to go back. She replied, "Safe, I don't know, but God will take care of me."

She may have to build another school if the soldiers have commandeered that one, but Mary prays and knows God is in control. Her faith is real and deep and she trusts God for everything. I don't have that kind of faith.

She keeps asking us to visit Ethiopia. I wish I could, but my faith is not that strong when it comes to my comfort and safety. Shallow - yes. Selfish - yes - normal thinking - probably. But I pray for Mary, her "children" and her school and only wish I could be like her.

By Joan Sanders Gintella

WHAT IT'S LIKE FOR AN AMERICAN LIVING IN GERMANY

Q: How did you feel about your decision to live in Germany?

A: I was stationed here in the US Army. I met my wife, Heidi, and we fell in love and decided to marry. After much discussion and weighing pros and cons, we convinced ourselves to retire here.

Q: How do the Germans feel about foreigners living there?

A: Soon after we moved to Hauswurz and got to know our neighbors, I stopped being a curiosity. Our neighbor's brother is a Meister Florist and worked with Heidi and her folks in their flower business. Another family soon learned that Heidi is related to a man whose family took them in when they escaped from East Germany. Heidi's mother and others brought clothes, food, furniture, etc. to set up a home.

After living here for a short time, our family became involved in the community - the grand kids immediately became part of the Red Cross, Maltese Cross and so on. Heidi was shanghai'd into a ladies gymnastik group (Die Montag Trimmers) - The Monday Trimmers. I got busy with kindergarten since our grandsons, Andre and Conny, were enrolled there. I found several broken toys, trikes, scooters and various equipment in need of repair.....in a few months I had saved them over \$6500 by repairing what they had so they didn't have to

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buy new replacements. Heidi bruised herself helping our neighbor ladies with flower arrangements for alters that are set up around our village. Our town is 99% Catholic although we are Protestant. At the beginning of the second year we were selected as New Comers of the Year and presented a commemorative plaque for our service.

There has been a smattering of minor activities from some kids who call themselves 'Neo Nazis'. One of the girls spoke with Heidi about "All of the Auslanders should leave".....I was in the garage repairing her brother's bike at the time. Heidi let her speak, then mentioned, 'Opa Tom is an Auslander' (a foreigner). The girl spoke up, shocked, and said, 'Oh no, Heidi, this is not true!' Heidi answered, 'Yes, he is....' Karen said, 'Well he's OUR Auslander!' The next day several of them dropped by to assure us they didn't mean any harm, and that their attention was directed towards the lazy ones who came to the west looking for a handout.

Q: Is there a language barrier?

A: Absolutely no problem with language. I speak, read and write German. Every child begins learning English in 3rd Grade. A lot of the kids come by our home to practice their English on Heidi or me. We have some fun during these sessions. Heidi has forbidden me to help grandson Conny with his reading lessons for fear he will learn to pronounce words with a southern accent!

Q: What about differences in cultures?

A: Generally, there is not a real big difference between them. The Germans tend to be a bit more formal, but this stems from the language and ancient days. I remember back when I went to church in America and someone would read from the Bible....I remember all those 'Thee's and Thou's'... the 'Begats'. Heidi has always spoken Hock Deutsch...some of you would call this High German with very little dialect or slang, the language still has 3rd person part...'wouldest thee have a cup of coffee?' (Wollen Sie ein tasse kaffee?) After you have been formally introduced then you should ask 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' Some of the younger ones have a difficult time speaking to an older person and using the word "Du" (direct 1st person for the word YOU). The German language is alive with sex....a large chair would be male as in a man's favorite chair "Der Sessel".....feminine is expressed as "Die" which means plural.....eg: Die stuhl or die stuhl, then comes the neuter word "Das" meaning 'it' eg....das radio...the kids sing a song called "Der Die Das" and it is the intro for a German Sesame Strasse...pronounced 'SEEsam Strah-uh'.

Q: What do you miss about the USA?

A: I am a hobby cook and there are some spices that I always stock up on when I am back there visiting. I swear by Morton's Nature's Seasons...contains no MSG. Every now and then I will hit Wal-Mart when I'm there and buy a new pair of bib overalls...Dickies or Big Mac...they are so comfortable but mine keep wearing out on my belly.

Q: What do you love about Germany/Europe (Other than Heidi)?

A: The German mindset is more like what I was looking for in my younger life. The family is the CORE unit. There is a dominant person, either an Oma or Opa (Grandmother or Grandfather), aunt or uncle, the pecking order is an established and orderly sequence. Our little town is still quaint in many ways. I fit right in with that. Germany has recently emerged from the 'dark ages' and stores are open from 8 AM til 8 PM every day except Sunday, when they are closed. I do enjoy a slower pace of living.

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Q: How did your decision to reside in Europe affect your stateside family members?

A: In January, 1985, my two kids from a previous marriage came to Germany to live with us. Brad, 16 years old, decided he would not like Heidi, being a typical teen. That lasted about 30 seconds. Tiffani, was slow to warm to either of us; she would soon be 13, a difficult time. Heidi soon won them over. Eventually, Tiffani decided she had to go back to the States because there were more school activities in Texas. When I was promoted and had to move closer to Frankfurt, Brad wanted to stay with Heidi in Fulda. She helped him through his high school years and we had a good time with Brad and his friends. Tiffani returned to us soon after. Our relatives visit from time to time. The consensus, among the family stateside, is that Heidi is a keeper and I am lucky to have her as my wife. The kids think so, too!

Q: How do you maintain contact with family and friends in the states?

A: We have an excellent flat rate telephone and DSL for the computer. The computer doesn't cost anything as I use a free email called GMX. I also have an e-mail account with Google and it is also free.

Q: How is Heidi and family doing with an American husband, step-father and grandfather?

A: We have been together since 1984; I helped raise Heidi's son and daughter. Thomas is now 44 yrs. old and Petra is 40. Both expressed that their father's name is Paul but that Tom is their dad. With the grandkids, I am the only Opa they know. We helped raise Petra's kids - Nicole is now 18, Andre is 13 and Conny is 10. The kids know where they can always get a bite to eat or a ride home. I am very strict with 2 rules: no disrespect and no lying. When reprimanding, Heidi will sometimes say, "Shall I tell Opa?" Of course, they don't want to disappoint me. She gets a lot of help with errands and tidying the house. Nicole had an event at church and she asked me to stand in as her dad. We are there with the boys during parent teacher meetings and for award ceremonies. They still ask me to fix their bikes, and their friends' bikes.

Life Is Good!

Tom Bates
Contributing Editor, Europe

Beni Brown Wilson
Associate Editor

WHAT'S THAT OI' BOB MERRITT UP TO?

Since 1993, Bob and his wife Linda have been involved in the creation and publishing of two magazines that cover the whole of North Georgia and parts of North Carolina. They created *The North Georgia Star* in 1993 as a "good news" newspaper. After six successful years, they sold it and retired. After three years RVing across the western United States, they agreed to return to Georgia to help their daughter Beth Snider and a friend start a new magazine. "Our offer of three days a week for six months" has turned into five years. Linda became one of the owners, while Bob took charge of the advertising sales and became a staff writer. "With so

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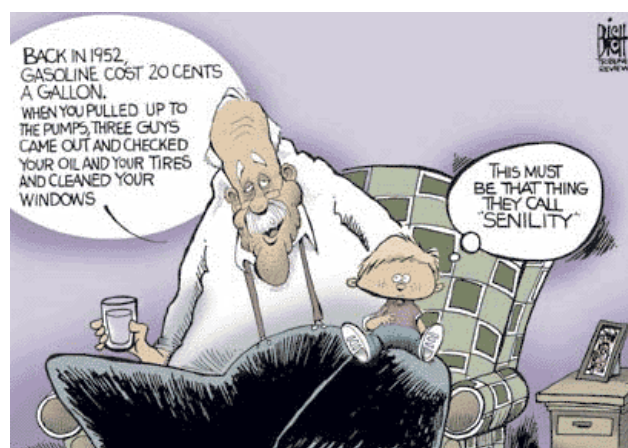
much good to write about, why deal with the negative?" With so many festivals going on, their *400 Edition* continues to report on current and upcoming events. If you want to know what's going on in the mountain area, look in *400 Edition*.

The creation of *400 Edition* gave Bob and Linda a chance to explore the God-given talents they possessed, and recreate the legacy they thought they had lost with the sale of *The North Georgia Star*. "Our past experience in publications, sales, and publishing found us rested and primed to return to the calling God has for us." Linda is also involved in advertising sales, yet she manages to keep the content of the magazine focused. Bob is having the time of his life writing about the people, the places, and the events of North Georgia. Bob and Linda live on their farm in Dahlonega, Georgia, and invite you to keep up with them by visiting their web site created by their daughter. The web site is www.400edition.com. You are welcome to e-mail the Merritts at bob@400edition.com. Who would have ever thought Bob would have ever been up to this? Maybe Miss Middlebrook.

By Clifford Donald "BOB" Merritt

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

We were students from East Side, West Side and Pulaski Heights coming together on a hot September day in 1954....do you remember that first day? It seemed like there were miles and miles of hallways and stairs and thousands of students trying to make it to their classroom on time.....it was a frightening experience for many of us. I don't think I found a restroom for a week and I know I had a hard time finding the cafeteria. I think I recognized about ten students on that first day.....however, it was fun "checking out" those other kids....we were so young and vulnerable...but after a couple of weeks we started to mingle with those strangers and friendships started to develop.....over the next three years we gained some maturity, but most of all, we gained friendships. I lost contact with so many of my friends over the years but I am so grateful that we've found each other again.....it's good to know that you were not forgotten.... it seems like time stood still... we're just kids again. Look up some of those folks and rekindle those old friendships of days gone by.



By Joyce Whittecar Brewer
Editor

TRAVEL

"The world is a book and those who do not travel
read only one page."

--- St. Augustine



PARIS THE SUMMER of '07

Although my wife and I had been to Paris, we had never been there together, and our ten year old daughter had never been to The City of Light. So we used mileage for the air tickets, and rented an apartment in the Marais for two weeks from some neighbors in Washington. We were located about 12 minutes by foot from the Place des Vosges and about the same walk to the Ile de la Cite. I'm a left bank kind of guy, but the Marais is more left bank than right in spite of its geographic location – and it is 16th century Paris.

To prep for sightseeing we used the green Michelin along with some other guide books, and had no intention of doing anything but play tourist, i.e., see a lot of interesting sights, eat some good food and drink some decent wine and maybe do a little shopping. Given the value of the dollar we weren't planning on eating at any Michelin 3 stars or shopping at Hermes.

The first thing our daughter wanted to do was visit the Eiffel Tower, which we got to by getting 3 day tickets on the Bateau Bus, which travels along the Seine and stops at 8 main tourist attractions. For breakfast we, of course, had croissants or brioches almost every morning. And yes, we did sometimes add a little butter and jam. For lunch and dinner we mostly went to bistros, although we occasionally ate in our apartment which had a small kitchen.

There were two museums 10 minutes from our apartment: the Carnavalet and the Picasso. Besides these we went to the Louvre/Tulleries, the D'Orsay, Sainte Chappelle and saw Monet's water lilies. We also went to my old favorite - the Cluny. But my new favorite is a museum I had never been to - the Guimet, which houses Asian art. I have never seen such collections in Beijing, Shanghai, Tokyo – or anywhere.

One day we took the train to Giverny to see Monet's garden, and another day went to Chantilly. And, of course, we did a great deal of walking along grand boulevards and quaint streets, admiring the architecture with each step and strolled through beautiful parks. We did too many things to tell about in such a short article. It was a wonderful family vacation. One we will never forget but probably reprise.

By Jimmy Wood



THIS & THAT

Did you know that Buddy & Sybil Todd Laing love the National Enquirer news rag? While visiting Joyce Whittecar Brewer & husband Gene in Miami, Sybil discovered a National Enquirer in a basket in the bathroom. Sybil rushed out of the bath-room with a big smile on her face! She told Buddy what she had found. They were in "heaven" and they did love to spend time in that bathroom.

More men help around the house. In a recent study it found that American men are doing more household chores. A psychologist said the benefit could be a happier marriage ----- and more sex. Watch those guys do those chores.

A balding firefighter named John Breck helped make the shampoo business a success in America. He developed a number of hair treatments with the hope of stopping his receding hairline. His shampoo became a best seller, but he never was able to stop his hair loss.

Linda Razer Orton and husband, Sidney, left to go on a camping trip after the big snow fall in Arkansas. She said she was worried about freezing to death because they would be camping in a tent.



Sybil Todd Laing & Buddy Laing will be leaving on a seven day cruise out of San Diego the last week of April. They will be spending some additional days in San Diego.



Joyce Whittecar Brewer & husband Gene, will be going on a fourteen night transatlantic cruise leaving March 30.



We will be hearing about their trips in our next TIGER RAG issue.



OPINIONS

This is our first issue of the "TIGER RAG". The newsletter is for you! Please share your "opinions". We would appreciate hearing from you. Send your opinions to Joyce Whittecar Brewer.

E-mail address: joycebapt@aol.com

CLASSMATE UPDATE



We have two classmates with health problems.....

- Sandra Evans
- Jack Tucker

Please keep them in your thoughts and prayers.



We are very sorry to hear that Gail Bosson Baum's husband, Jim Baum, passed away.

We are very sorry to hear that Tommy Webb's wife, Loretta, passed away.

"Ability is what you're capable of doing. Motivation determines what you do. Attitude determines how well you do it."

- Lou Holtz

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Continue visiting our website for information and memories...www.lrchs57.com

We would like to keep this website up and running. In order to do this, we need your help. You can do this by making a contribution. A list of classmates that have made a contribution is on the website.

Any amount would be greatly appreciated!

PLEASE SEND CONTRIBUTIONS

Charles C. Humphrey
LRCHS CLASS of 1957
Webmaster

Make checks payable to:

Advanced Consumer Enterprises
P. O. Box 20462
Beaumont, TX 77720-0462

Make a notation on the check: "LRCHS Website"

Next issue of the "TIGER RAG" will be July, 2008

COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES

"Some Good Surprises"!

Who Are We?

We lived in the age of innocence
A time of hope and joy
Went cruising Main Street with our friends
Just being a girl or a boy

We ate at the Shack and the Green Stripe
Piled our friends up in our cars
Drank our Cokes and Root Beer floats
And gazed at the glistening stars

We went to football games and cheered
For our team to always win
Our boys were young, bold and strong
And they were turning into men

We had an unforgettable spirit
For our colors of black and gold
Youth and time were on our side
No thoughts of getting old

We danced all night at Campus Inn
Wore our pink and charcoal gray
Cut our hair in duck tails
And laughed our cares away

Some friends are lost forever
And that's the saddest part
They will be in our thoughts and memories
And forever in our hearts.

We look back now on 50 years
Knowing we are not old
We're the Fighting Tigers of Central High
Cheering for our Black and Gold

*Written by Joan Sanders Gintella
"For the Class of 1957"*

TIGER RAG CARTOONS



"It's Alice Kramden!"





For Future Issues of

TIGER RAG