



TIGER RAG

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



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Editor's Corner

Remember the old song, 'Reunited and It Feels So Good'? That's exactly how many of our classmates and readers are feeling today. As a result of reading the Tiger Rag they have 'reunited with old friends and are feeling so good'. Not only have they reunited with old friends but many have made new friends that were former classmates. 'That's a good thing!'

Over the years, I have had the good fortune to love what I do. My career was rewarding and made me proud. Being the editor of the Tiger Rag has also been rewarding and has made me proud but I realize that it's growing into something that is a little more than I can handle. Since its inception, it has developed into a well received high school newsletter. I want the 'Rag' to continue to improve and offer more interesting news. Therefore, I need a partner that has an eye and passion for this commitment.

I will be sharing the reins of the Tiger Rag with Beni Brown Wilson. Beni and I work so well together and we share the same commitment. We are a 'good team' and we will do our best to bring you an even better newsletter in the future.

Beni has been the associate editor for the past year but we feel we can offer our readers more if we work together as co-editors.

Please welcome Beni to her new role.

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'Welcome to our spring edition, 2009, of the Tiger Rag!'

If ever confidence was shown, it has been with the invitation by Joyce to include me as a co-editor of our publication. I have been involved with the Tiger Rag and enjoyed it all, but now I hope to add even more at Joyce's side as co-editor. Joyce has proven her executive abilities this past year, no doubt about it. Since the 'Rag' has been so successful, we feel it would be better served with two of us sharing the helm.

I look forward to this newest labor of love!

Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

FEATURED ARTICLE



"My Very Special Friend"

By - Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Co-Editor

Beni Brown Wilson and I became friends when we were in the 7th grade at East Side Junior High School. We remained close friends until we graduated from LRCHS in 1957. By that time, Beni was married and I was on my way to Nursing School. We lost contact with each other and didn't reunite until 1998. We are even closer friends now and I'm so glad we have renewed our friendship. It's such a pleasure having her in my life.

Beni is smart, talented, witty and an overall great lady. Beni, as your friend, it's my pleasure to have the opportunity to interview you. I would like to ask you a few questions regarding your life.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. February 12, 1940. I am a native Arkansan.

Q. How did you and your husband, Louie, meet?

A. We met on the swing set in the back yard in 1949! We were children when his aunt and uncle became my family's neighbors and Louie came for summer visits. He says we sat on his aunt's porch swing a lot and I did most of the talking. He has twinkling blue eyes, a 'killer' smile and a tremendous sense of humor.

Q. Your family members?

A. We have 2 daughters and 1 son. When they were teenagers, I began to realize why some specie eat their young. Now that they are delightful adults, however, it's fun to have them around as often as we can. We also have 5 marvelous grandchildren and recently added one great grandson. Louie and I are now known in the family as 'The G-G's' - Great Grandparents.

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We have two dogs we treasure as well. One is a Wire Fox Terrier puppy named Soames – because he's English. The other is Sabine, our female Schnauzer. You've read about her in recent articles. Both are very young, Sabine being over 2 now and Soames is 1 year plus. Also, there's Stella, a feral cat, who wishes to be part of our family....and she can be just as soon as she signs the papers to be spayed and get some necessary inoculations.

Q. Where did you and your family live during your years together?

A. Louie and I met up again as adults in the early 60's here in Little Rock. I was on my own with 2 little girls and he was a swinging bachelor. We always liked each other, knew each other's families well and soon realized we also loved each other and had many common interests including in my little girls, whom he adopted after we married in 1964. Our son was born in 1967. My husband has been asked if any of his kids are adopted and he says, 'yes, but I don't remember which one'. His parents were the same way. I had the perfect in-laws.

My husband was always in the wholesale pharmaceutical business in one capacity or another and we moved around by his company until 1973. We were in Texarkana, Texas, Little Rock, St. Louis, Mo., Kansas City and back to St. Louis til 1995 when he retired. We settled the last 3 years of his career in a condo in St. Louis and a house on the golf course on the gulf coast. After he retired, we remained on the gulf coast for a few years then moved back to Arkansas. Our children were schooled in Missouri and Arkansas at one time or another.

Q. How about your career?

A. I never really had what I'd call a 'career'. When I wasn't exclusively mothering my children, I worked in 3 different states for General Electric as an Inside Sales Assistant for some of the most wonderful young guys I've ever known. Two were electrical engineers and one was a chemist. Finally, in some of our last years in St. Louis, I worked for the St. Louis Post Dispatch Newspaper as a Censor. I saw Joseph Pulitzer nearly every day. His grandfather started The Post Dispatch as an immigrant from Hungary and established the Pulitzer Prizes. There was a small contingent of employees who put out a mighty newspaper. We enjoyed visits from celebrities, politicians, even a king. The truly exciting visits were from writers, in my opinion, but unfortunately we didn't always know who they were because we couldn't recognize them! Once, we had a lovely nostalgic visit from Bill Mauldin. He began his career with the Post Dispatch and became known by many for his 'Willy and Joe' cartoons in the Stars and Stripes Newspapers during WWII. I stopped working altogether in 1982 and became a full time homemaker and toiled at the things we all do to make life pleasant, enjoyable and fun for our families and ourselves.

Q. Favorite pastimes?

A. I have always been a reader of biographies, plenty of fiction and a few books regarding antiques and other things that interest me. Of course, I read a newspaper or two everyday, including the Post Dispatch (online) but mostly the puff pieces and I work a couple of crosswords every day that are published in the newspapers. I also play golf but am resting a shoulder presently so I'm sure my game is rusty. Antiquing and gardening rank high on my list, especially cultivating culinary herbs, as does maintaining our latest nest, a cottage in the Park Hill Historic District, which we bought a couple of years ago. Traveling the world with my sister has been a pastime, too. There's still a couple of places I long to see.....Japan, for one, ever since I read 'Shogun' many years ago.

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Beni Brown Wilson & Socrates in Greece

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Q. Here's a question or two borrowed from a questionnaire running periodically in the Ark. Democrat Gazette. The first one asks, 'who would you invite to a fantasy dinner and why?'

A. I have to confine this to a cozy fantasy dinner? I couldn't have a banquet? Okay... let's see, how about Nevil Shute for one because he's my favorite author. He wrote wonderful books I'm still reading (sometimes more than once). My favorite is 'A Town Like Alice'. The one most people remember when they hear his name is 'On The Beach' which created a lot of controversy when it came out in the fifties but that was a departure from most of his books. He always wrote about ordinary, good people doing extraordinary deeds and his books are breathtakingly exciting! I might include Jacqueline Kennedy at my table, too. I always found what made her tick fascinating. Babe Zaharias would be very interesting to me since she was among the beginning of women in contemporary golf. Of course, as long as I'm fantasizing, I'd be able to say I was a scratch golfer..... and I'm soooo not. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein would be there, too, because their music is so lovely and intelligent in it's simplicity. I would probably choose James Michener and Marilyn Durham, whose writings I also admire. I could never leave out Julia Child or Ina Garten (The Barefoot Contessa) and I'd let both these ladies cook the meal and choose the wines. I'd feel free to 'pick the brain' of all these people at the risk of boring them silly.

Q. Is there something few people know about you?

A. I always wanted to write a book of fiction. I have several scenarios I think might be interesting. This is a terribly difficult undertaking and when one has finished, it's a matter of luck getting it published, no matter how good it is.

Oh, yes. I always wished I had a hairdo like Betty Furness! Go figure.

Q. Every morning, I like to.....

A. Sleep in. I am not a morning person.

Q. Anything you wish you could do better?

A. Oh, many things..... I wish I could draw and paint. I admire those who can immensely, particularly watercolorists.

Q. One word or phrase to sum you up?

A. I'm 'in charge'. Our oldest daughter used to say, as a child, that 'dad was in charge of the whole house, mom was in charge of the furniture and she, Dana, was in charge of the toys.' She said of her little sister, 'Beth, you can just be Beth!' We didn't have our son yet.

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

A. That I loved everyone I knew deeply and prayed for their well being often.



We make a living by what we get, we make a life by what we give.

- Sir Winston Churchill

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

MY OTHER TWIN

By - Joe Garrison, Contributing Editor

I heard a man describe his life as a twin as "growing up with a best friend". Being a twin, I think that is a good description. Even though there's another person walking around having the same color eyes, hair and looks exactly like you, inside each twin lives a different person with their own unique personality, tastes and characteristics. My brother, John, has always been more extroverted and aggressive than me making him quicker to react in any given situation. In my opinion, he'd be more like the 'Fonz' on Happy Days and I would be more like Richie Cunningham. He was much 'cooler' than me and his clothes expressed it.

Competition between us was initiated at an early age (about 6 or 7) by a favorite uncle who frequently showed up in our living room smiling and flipping a nickel. The nickel would flip to the middle of the floor and we'd entertain him for about 15 minutes as we fought for it. Back then, a nickel would buy a Barq's Root Beer or a large Butterfinger and was worth the struggle. The loser would be reduced to begging alms at which time our uncle would place the vanquished one on trial to explain the loss. He'd always come up with another nickel and we loved these episodes.

As early as the first grade at Rightsell elementary, the girls also noticed our different personalities. Because of his being more outgoing, they were more drawn to him (it had to be this since we looked the same). I remember a spring day as we walked home after school with a few kids, that a cute little girl and John were chasing each other and it ended up on her front lawn with her on top of him smothering him with her first grade kisses. There was no struggle from him; he lapped it up like a puppy with a bowl of warm milk. That first grade girl would grow into a beautiful young lady and would be a Central High cheerleader in coming years.

John would be the first to get a paper route, the first to get a job at a service station, and the first to buy a car when we were in the eleventh grade. However, there were at least two occasions in which I did better and that I shall relate to you!

One incident occurred while we were at boot camp in the Marine Corps. During our physical exams as we stood naked before all mankind, an order came for us to fill a pint jar halfway with urine. John had drained his bladder only a few minutes earlier and no amount of straining would coax his bladder to deliver even a drop. As a good brother, I would rescue him and give him half of mine since you don't deny the Marine Corps anything they ask of you. A few years ago, when I was scheduled for a major surgery and needed blood, I called John and reminded him of the half pint of urine I gave up for him and told him it was 'payback time.' He ponyed up and gladly donated the pint of blood. Let's see now....mumble....mumble....mumble that's a pretty good deal for me!

Another incident happened during our senior year at Central High. I mentioned earlier that we worked at service stations in our last year at high school; included pumping gas, changing flats checking and changing oil, etc. all for \$.50/hr. This amount was adequate for us in 1956-1957.

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Then one day, about halfway through our senior year, John landed a job at Safeway for \$1.00/hr. This was not surprising to me since he was always the aggressive one. Let's see now.... mumble.... mumble.... mumble.... that's twice what I was earning! Oh well.

John came home one day very excited; Mr. Peters, the store manager had selected him for a special project for the coming Saturday. He'd have to start work a little earlier than normal to get things ready. When I asked him "what kind of project", he didn't know but had to get there early. Saturday morning came and John was gone before I woke up. I mulled over in my mind what type of project he was engaged in for Safeway but felt certain he was Mr. Peter's pet by now.

I was still at home when John came in for lunch; he was quiet, sullen, and seemed a little angry. Even though reluctant, I asked him what was wrong. He exploded! "You know what they've got me doing?" he yelled, "they've dressed me up in a Planter's Peanut suit and I'm passing out cashews." "Not the one we've seen on the sidewalk on Main Street," I said. "Yep, that's it," he replied. I pushed for more information. "Is it the large fiberglass peanut hull with the top hat, wearing a monocle, with black sleeves and trouser, and spats on his shoes?" "Yep, John answered, and "and I'm inside; there's a little screen where his smile is and I'm looking through it." I don't have to tell you that this is not the job for a "cool dude" like my twin brother. I strained with all my might to stifle the laugh building up inside but to no avail. Besides, I was in danger of bursting a vein in my neck or developing a hernia in my lower abdomen so I let loose with a combination of chuckle, snicker, and a groan. A plan quickly developed in my thought for the afternoon; I would call some of his buddies (Gilbert Arnold, Howard Riley and Frank Grant) as well as some of mine (John Dickens, Don Fowles, Charlie Hall and Gene Stuart) and have them show up at Safeway throughout the afternoon and search out the "Peanut Man". I'd have them to try and start a conversation, complain about the sample of cashews, or rap on the peanut hull and say, "who's in there?" This sounds extreme and mean spirited but events like this are what legends are made of and good stories for your future children. I couldn't let an opportunity like this pass.

My fantasy stopped when I noticed John was slowly nibbling and picking at his food. He was in no hurry to get back to work. I mentioned to him that he only had a few minutes to get back to which he replied, "I'm not going back." "I've decided to return to the service station" he said. I couldn't believe he'd give up a \$1.00/hr. job over a peanut suit and told him so. "You go and wear the suit," he said, "but, I'm not!" Now here's where our personalities differ; for the buck per hour I would approach Mr. Peters and ask to become "Ta Da," Mr. Peanut Man. The Fonz wouldn't wear the peanut suit but this is not a problem for Richie Cunningham. So, I left to face the unknown.

A cashier directed me to Mr. Peters who was busy setting up a canned display at one end of an aisle. He was a wiry man about my size with curly salt and pepper hair. As I approached, he lit into me. "Where have you been?" "You're late!". "Can't have this!" were some of the words which greeted me. During my short life, I was accustomed to getting chewed out for something John had done (as well as him being blamed for something I'd done). I raised my hand for Mr. Peters to give me permission to speak and then told him I was John's twin, that John would not be returning, and he had a problem with the peanut suit. However, I would be willing to wear the suit and pass out the cashews if he'd lead me to it. Mr. Peter's countenance changed from anger to laughter and then told me that the peanut promotion was over with and if I wanted to work to put on a store apron and sack groceries. I couldn't believe my luck; \$1.00/hr. and no peanut suit. Cans, sugar, flour, and heavy stuff on the bottom; cookies, chips, and bread on the top was the routine; and double sack ice cream and dairy products. I can learn this! I was a happy sacker for the rest of the day and couldn't wait to tell John what had happened.

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John went back to the service station and I worked at Safeway through the rest of my senior year and on into the fall when I accepted a job with AT&T. I would work there for 32 years, graduate from UALR with a Bachelor of Science degree and progress to third level management for the company. It was a good career. Mr. Peanut? He became president of Pine Bluff National Bank and started Hot Springs Bank and Trust of that city. Today, he is chairman of the board for both. Let's see now.... mumble.... mumble.... mumble.... forget it.

FAVORITE TEEN MEMORIES

By – Joan Sanders Gintella, Contributing Editor

When I went to West Side Junior High and LRCHS, I lived at 15th and Marshall, directly across the street from West Side. It was convenient if I needed to go home, but it also meant it was too close for me to 'skip school'. I didn't do that anyway, because I knew if I skipped school, I would not be alive today to write this article.

I, like many other teenagers, earned my spending money by babysitting. Since we did not have a car, I tried to get jobs close to my house so I could walk. I was very fortunate to have Judith Herbert as a friend because she had a steady baby sitting job for a doctor and his wife. When Judith could not baby sit, she would call me. The doctor was an Anesthesiologist and his wife was his nurse. When he went to the hospital at all hours of the night she went also. That meant they had to have a sitter for their children, who were very small. It was a cool job because I got to stay at their house with the babies, and when the parents got home, they would wake me up so I could walk across the street and try to sleep a couple of hours before I had to go to school. I really loved that job and I learned at an early age how to give bottles to babies, rock them to sleep and how to change diapers. I guess that prepared me in a small way, for my own children.

The very first things I bought with the money I earned (when I'd saved up enough) were three albums. One was by Eddy Arnold, and I had to have an album by Lefty Frizzell and Hank Williams. I was a big Hank Williams fan in those days and I literally wore Hank's album out. I was lucky enough to see Hank Williams in person when he played at the home of General Douglas MacArthur. It was an outdoor concert and Hank and his band sat up in the huge pavilion that was directly in front of the mansion. They put chairs all over the grounds for the 'concert goers'. The show was free so there were a lot of people that night. I went to that concert with five or six of my friends from West Side Baptist Church. The driver got all of us in her car somehow, and off we went, silly, giggling, very excited teenagers. We parked the car on the street in front of the mansion and made our way to the chairs. Unfortunately, there were no seats left, so we stood in the center aisle and listened to Hank sing. When he was into his second song, he stopped the music and said, 'Girls, since you have no place to sit, all of you come up here so you can be closer to us.' I thought we were going to drop dead from the excitement of being able to get that close to Hank. We literally ran down that center aisle and sat down in front of the pavilion on the ground. Then he motioned for us to come up to the stage and we sat down on the stairs right in front of the band. I could reach out and touch his shoe. But I didn't, although I wanted to. From that moment on I am not sure if I heard much of the music. All we could do was stare at Hank and move to the beat of the music. And, of course, when each song was finished we would applaud very loudly and scream just like teenage girls did when the Beatles came to the United States. I am quite sure that the adults in the audience found us pretty obnoxious, but we didn't care. We were

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sitting so close to Hank that I could smell the cologne he was using. We felt like we were in Heaven. He wore his signature white suit, white shoes and white hat and he was so handsome! We felt that he was singing only for us and he would look at us and smile and, of course, we were just giddy. Isn't that what teenage girls are supposed to be when you are listening to your favorite musical artist up close and personal?

When the concert was over, he shook our hands, we got to meet the band and then we all floated back to the car. We were so excited that we laughed and giggled all the way home and none of us got any sleep that night.

I will never forget that night as long as I live. The image of us sitting on the steps of that pavilion right in front of Hank Williams is engraved in my mind forever. I have been to many concerts since then, but this one will always be my favorite, and it is a very special memory for me.

CONNYS COLD

By – Tommy Bates, Contributing Editor (Europe)

Opportunities abound to have great talks with our grandchildren. Here's one that began last winter because of a head cold and bad weather.

Yesterday, here in our part of Germany, was a quiet, stay indoors, too cold to go out and watch TV day. Cornelius, my nine year old grandson had been working at having a good cold....he had a little bit of temperature and a stopped up nose...Oma (German for grandma) doctored him and he curled up on the couch next to me. The afternoon's feature was 'HARRY AND THE HENDERSONS'.

Conny was sort of watching out of the corner of his eye...he came up wide awake right after the car bumped ol' Harry....the music got a little scary, too...Conny scooted over a little closer. I looked at him and both eyes were wide open. As the story progressed, he asked questions, 'Opa, have you ever seen Big Foot?' ...then he asked if I had heard of "Sheti"...I said no...the story sort of dragged a little until they had brought Harry to their home....the near destruction of their home....the stuffed animals and much more.

I got up to get coffee and I looked around and Conny was right behind me. He got some tea and we went back to the living room. More questions ensued; he heard this was taking place in California. "Opa have you been to California?" before I could answer, Conny said I must not have been there when "HE" was there...I asked him, "HE WHO?" . Then, Conny really opened up....the reason I had not seen 'HE' was because 'HE' was in Siberia and they call him "Der SHETI"....I asked how he knew all of this and it seems he and his school buddies had been talking about a TV show that was on about 6 weeks ago. As best I can remember it was a National Geographic Documentary called 'The Search for Big Foot'....that in California he is called 'Big Foot', up in Canada he is called 'Sasquatch', and in the Himalayas he is called 'Yeti'.....they showed some of the casts made of foot prints and a general area of Northern California.

There was another intermission, we went to the kitchen, popped some corn and got some tea. I asked Conny if he had seen that program. "No, Opa, but my friend Kevin did." He also offered that Kevin had chose to summarize the documentary and he, Kevin, had even SEEN him!! By this time, the movie was

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getting to the chase and search by the French hunter...Conny was rooting for Harry..."Look out! He has a gun!!"..."Hide behind that tree!!" ... "Zap him with your RayGun!!" I had to calm him down and do a little corrective questioning. Near the end of the story, Conny looked up and smiled. It looked like everything was going to be okay after all. He now knows that this was a story and it is probably not real. Right after the end of the movie was the news and one of the original Tarzan Movies came on.

Conny was 'big eyed' again. In the Tarzan movie, a plane landed, bringing a wealthy 'hunter' who wanted to kill a trophy lion and bring back some apes. The bearers this group hired were a tribe from far away...the local tribe did not like these people....Boy was looking at the plane...the local tribe attacked....all hell broke loose...the hunting party got in the plane and took off...Boy was in the plane. Cheeta saw the whole thing, he ran home, told Tarzan and Jane all about it. They went to find the plane. They went to the Commissioner who told them the plane was headed for America. Now the fun part.....Jane made Tarzan be measured for a suit at Mr. Hong Lee's Tailor Shop. Conny thought that was funny. He asked me if Oma made me get a new suit. I said yes, but I didn't wear it too often. Then, it showed them on the plane, Cheeta had sneaked on and was hiding in the galley. Once they arrived in New York, Jane learned that a circus was in town. Tarzan recognized some of the animals and knew they were from his homeland. He did his famous yell....the animals responded. Boy heard Tarzan and tried to escape from the bad guys...the chase was on! Tarzan proceeded to open all of the cages letting the animals out....suddenly 300 elephants showed up, blocking every exit; one big ape jumped in the car and stopped it. All of the bad guys escaped but Cheeta found Boy and took him to Tarzan and Jane. The animals rounded up the bad guys and took them to Tarzan and by this time, the police had arrived, restoring order.

From time to time, I have been suggesting to Conny that he should pray that the Lord will comfort and protect him. "Opa, I will have to wait until next week; that's when I have confession with the priest. I carefully told him he could also pray directly and didn't always need to wait for someone else. So I helped him pray and he began to ask favors and prayers for all the birds, bees, then cats and dogs, so I nudged him to pray that when he was afraid he needed love and protection. He looked at me, asking, 'Opa is that all I need to do?' I answered yes then believe He will answer your prayer. I hope he is able to think through what I have said to him.

I began to stand after switching the channel to SpongeBob's Christmas Special. Conny jumped into my lap, locked his arms around my neck and said, 'Opa, I love you. Can I sleep here with you and Oma?' I asked why he wanted to sleep down here with us instead of his own room upstairs. 'Well, Opa, I feel safer down here with you both. Der 'Big Foot' knows you are good people because you don't have any stuffed animals and the bad guys would not dare come in here because they know you were in the Army...' Of course, I said yes, gave him another shot of Nyquil and in 15 minutes he was out for the night.



It has been said that democracy is the worst form of government,
except all the others have been tried.

-- *Sir Winston Churchill*

YOUNG LOVE

By - Sybil Todd Laing, Contributing Editor

David Dodd, Buddy Laing and Sybil Todd started seventh grade together at East Side Junior High. Sybil lived across the street from David, but she did not know Buddy. They were assigned to Mrs. Hodges' English class. Buddy was sitting next to David and he asked, 'Do you know the cute girl in the white sweater?' David's response was, 'Leave her alone! She is a spoiled brat!'

Now, after 50 years (June 28, 1959) of married bliss, Buddy jokingly says, 'If I had only listened to David O. Dodd in the seventh grade!' Buddy still remembers the sweater; white cable stitch with gold buttons down the front!

Submitted by the Laings, happily married since 1959



Sybil & Buddy Laing

DREAMS...PAST...PRESENT...AND THE FUTURE

By – Sarah Lee Hood Boone

Thanks to the 'Tiger Rag', we're able to read the life stories of classmates...what a treat! While my life as a wife, mother, bank marketing executive and now as community activist has been interesting, it's definitely not 'star quality' like many of the Class of '57. What and who we are is due not only to our family's influence but also to the special friends, who are always 'there' for us. So to these friends, this is a special thank you!

My first 'friend' was Helen Hollis, whose mother taught school with mine, and with whom I spent many happy hours as a child...dressing up in the elegant clothes my grandmother made for my mother when she traveled to the Orient to teach the children of Methodist missionaries. Helen's mother was always the gracious Southern lady and her father delighted in helping us find places that her little brother, William, would find us when we played hide and seek in their home.

My 'almost' brother, George Edwards, who teased me unmercifully, even ate the marvelous mud pies I made (then threw up), and ran from the little green garter snakes in our yard...you came into my life just before your third birthday. Even though we always loved to 'fight' like a real brother and sister would, we were there to defend each other whenever needed.

In the first grade, Carolyn Stanfield, who had the curliest hair I'd ever seen, became a dear friend. And, how much fun we had through the years as her 'baby' sister Shelly came along...Presbyterian Church Camp, as campers and then as counselors. Bob Hudson entered her life when we were in high school. I still apologize for sobbing throughout their wedding, tears of joy for both of you. Then how much fun we had during the years she and Bob lived in Dallas during his Parkland residency...Cream Sherry got us through two cold winters!

Another first grade friend, Jane Jernigan, lived on the way to Pulaski Heights Elementary. We had many good times sliding down the big hill at the corner of the junior high practice field on flattened cardboard boxes and then down Colonial when snow fell. Remember the night that several men escaped from the State Hospital while we were sledding? The LR Police came by and told the crowd that was having so much fun to go home and stay there, and we did!

Until 1951, I was the only girl in our Midland Avenue neighborhood. Besides George and Don Rebsamen, (who moved away when we were in elementary school), there was Richard Bell (Class of '55). Brooks Robinson, one of Buddy's best friends, hung out and played street ball with us many times as did Bill Hicks (Class of '58), and Mike McGibbony, one of George's best friends. The youngest member of our neighborhood 'gang' is Retired General Wesley Clark from over on Valentine (so much younger than the rest of us that his class will not be mentioned).

When Carolyn Ferguson (Class of '54) moved in at the north end of the 500 block of Midland Avenue, she became my 'big sister'. All of us enjoyed summertime hide and seek fun, terrorizing the neighborhood as we ran between homes screeching and dodging each other.

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Pulaski Height's Junior High days brought yet another special friend for life. Sherry Mizell. The very first day we bonded because our teacher didn't show up for the 5th period class...actually, it was our lunch hour, only the entire class was not 'in the know' since she wasn't there to tell us to go the cafeteria! So the two munchkins headed to the office and 'demanded' to know why we didn't have a teacher. Someone from the office returned to our classroom with us and led us to the cafeteria.

Another friend for life, Mary Claire Shannon, came into the neighborhood when we were in high school. WE matriculated to Texas Woman's University in the fall of 1957, riding the train together to start our new life in Denton. While we weren't roommates, we shared some great times with our new friends there.

Our sophomore year "MC" transferred to TCU where she met Gilbert Rowe and 'disappeared' until our 30th class reunion when she rode the hotel elevator with my husband, gave him a big hug and accused him of not remembering her...which of course, he didn't since he'd never seen her before! She and Gilbert and Rea and I had a great time together that weekend, as did our children who spent Saturday night sailing paper airplanes out of the window of the hotel room trying to get them to go through the bars of the old jail across the street.

SO WHY "THANK" FRIENDS?

As an only child, raised in a household of 'grey-haired old folks' as I once chirped (almost got my mouth washed out with soap by my Grandmother), I was taught by deed, not words, that we're all equal, no matter what our race, creed, color, ethnicity, etc. Those words along with the examples set by my 'ole' friends have led me to new experiences and friends in the five years I've lived on the Texas/Mexico border.

In order to survive the neighborhood "guys", I had to be feisty, independent and somewhat hard headed. From my girl friends, I learned sharing, dreaming, and caring. While our nurturing family environment molds us, our childhood friends really provide the finishing touches for shaping our personalities.

The spring and early summer of 2003 were a difficult time in my life, and mysteriously, both Sherry and Mary Claire and their dear husbands, chose to visit me in Granbury, where they 'swift kicked' and 'jump started' me to get out of the situation I was in and restart my life in Del Rio...proving that your best friends will tell you the truth, no matter how much it hurts at the time and be 100% right with what they're saying!

While my children questioned my sanity in moving to "the border," I've always wanted to experience living in a foreign country, and now I do, except I live in the U.S.A. Being 'the minority' (13%) is an education in itself. From produce we never saw in Arkansas to cuts of meat that one still doesn't see in North Texas to signs in two languages (why did I take French for four years?) to actually staring at Anglo tots in shopping carts because they are such a rarity. This is a different world.

However, it is a cherished experience. Going from organizing Republican Women's Clubs in North Texas to participating in protests against the desecration of our river, the Rio Grande, from Brownsville TX to San Diego, CA has been quite a 'trip!' Those of us who live here know that the Department of Homeland Security's "wall" is not going to prevent terrorists, only slow down those who seek an opportunity for a better life in the USA by walking across the desert in freezing cold and/or blazing hot weather. (Current economic conditions in the U.S. will do more to slow the flow of undocumented immigrants than any \$7 million dollars a mile wall could ever do.)

Continued

Fortunately, we now have a new DHS Secretary, Janet Napolitano, who is from the border and understands this part of the world. Paraphrasing what our late classmate, Jimmy Wood, expressed to me at our 50th Reunion....those who make the laws rarely know what they're doing, they only rely on what special interest groups are saying and 'paying' them to do. (Jimmy was a successful attorney in Washington, DC.)

I love living where North and South America converge in an awesome blending of cultures. Tejano music in Del Rio in the "Mexican" United States and George Strait, et al, in Acuna in "American Mexico". This is a culture where we get along...where we are true friends...where we work together for the betterment of both communities...where we resent having a physical barrier to separate families, some of whom live 'north' of the river while others live 'south' of the river. Anyone think a wall between Little Rock and North Little Rock would have been a good idea to keep "them" on their side of the river when we were growing up?

Yes, there are problems here as there are problems everywhere and until and unless Americans stop running guns to Mexico and buying 'illegal' drugs in our heartland, deep-south, west coast, and up-north, these problems will not go away. What can we do about it?

Demand that our U.S. Representatives and Senators stand up and speak up for additional law enforcement and the best possible technology to nab those here in the U.S., who prosper from these crimes. Also, ask legislators to create a fair, responsible law to allow citizenship so they can continue to do the work that we don't want our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren to do. (fact of life)

What better legacy could the LRCHS Class of '57 have than to stand together to build a better future for the "poor, tired and hungry," who come to America filled with the same hopes and dreams as our ancestors had?

EDITOR'S NOTE:

I understand Sarah's sentiments because I live in Miami, Florida. This city has so much diversity. I love the different cultures! Some of my very best friends are from Trinidad, Columbia, Puerto Rico and Cuba. My friends struggled to get here and they are wonderful people and I appreciate having them in my life. The fathers of my five grandchildren are from Cuba and I couldn't ask for better men in my family!

Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Co-Editor

KNIT WITS

By – Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

Some time ago, a few of us LRCHS ladies decided we wanted to see each other more often. We always have had many common interests, which have survived from junior high school. We decided we needed a knitting party. Christened 'The Knit Wits' by one friend, who just happened to ask if we were meeting one night, it stuck. This get together happens once a month and we wouldn't miss it! We four, Betty Irvin McKnight, Julia Morris Brooks, Sandy Parker Bradford (Class of '58) and I have been knitting together for five years. We rotate homes each month - the date being the prerogative of the hostess that month. We have dinner together before arriving or bring a sandwich, then go to the designated home and knit the night away. The hostess serves beverages and a dessert. Sometimes the hostess serves a light, easy meal if she wishes.

Continued

We are a very relaxed group. Sandy has been knitting since she was a young girl, taught by her grandmother, Julia has been knitting a long time and both are accomplished. Betty is a relative novice, but turning into an expert, also. I, well, er, uh....I like to talk.....alot. No matter how good you are, you still have to rip out sometimes and begin over. With this thought, there must be hope for me.

These get togethers provide us with many perquisites....we can exercise bragging rights on our kids and grandchildren when we want to, our spouses and ourselves! Life is not always happy so we have commiserated over the loss of loved ones and pets as well. We are each other's biggest fans and grandest cheerleaders. In December, we have a small gift exchange, invite our guys to join us and have a wonderful time along with canapes and Christmas cheer and not a knitting needle in sight. The fellows seem to enjoy this as much as we girls.

There is always room to discuss the latest recipe - I've noticed if one is super easy, elegant sounding and looks beautiful it always wins approval. Then, there's time to review the latest book somebody has read, the movie someone else saw recently and we catch up on the health and welfare of mutual friends. Of late, we have even been the last word in wedding attire - not for the bride but for the grandmother of the bride.

The Knit Wits liken our meetings to therapy sessions. Besides, it keeps us off barstools! Some of us actually complete wonderful knitting projects. Knit four, purl three, knit.....uh, oh! Have to rip out a couple of rows here.....HELP!!!



PICTURES FROM OUR GROUP



Mitzi McKnight Supervising Knitter



Betty Irvin McKnight

Continued



Sandy Parker Bradford ('58)



Julia Morris Brooks

THIS & THAT

LUNCH AT LUBY'S

By – Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

HELLO! We spoke with Gary McElmurry yesterday about how the lunches are going at Luby's. Seems several class members are interested in this get together. You'll be seeing more about this in future issues of "Tiger Rag" along with some pictures. We should all get our calendars out for the new year and circle the second Thursday of each month. Many people find this an interesting time and place to catch up on news with old friends from school. It's a great idea to in touch with old friends. As Gary said, "You gotta eat, anyway." Often as not, there are the Class of '56 visiting as well. If any of you are visiting in Little Rock on the day of lunches, please feel free to join us. Attendance has it's ups and downs in winter months, but Spring is here so lets all remember Luby's for Lunch in April!

Here's your invitation:

LUBY'S - 11:00 AM
12501 West Markham
Little Rock, Arkansas
Class of '57

Thursday, April 9th, 2009

SEE YOU THERE!

LRCHS CLASS OF 1957 WEBSITE DONATIONS

By – Charles Humphrey, Webmaster

We want to Thank You for the overwhelming response we received in donations for year, 2009. You can go to the website and look at the contributors. We certainly appreciate your assistance. However, many classmates have not made a contribution and we need support from them to keep the website going. Also make a note that if you do not make a donation of at least \$5.00, by March 31, each year, you will not get email updates from us for that year. This was a suggestion by the Reunion Committee, if you have any questions; please contact David Siebert, Reunion Treasurer. d.siebert@sbcglobal.net

The DONATIONS are not meant specifically for the Tiger Rag. The money is used to support and maintain the entire website. Some of you wrote 'For the Tiger Rag' on your checks.

Thanks again, for your continued support!

THE TWO WOLVES

Submitted By – Beni Brown Wilson

One evening an old Cherokee told his grandson about a battle that goes on inside people. He said, "My son, the battle is between two 'wolves' inside us all.

One is Evil. It is anger, envy, jealousy, sorrow, regret, greed, arrogance, self pity, guilt, resentment, inferiority, lies, false pride, superiority and ego.

The other one is Good. It is joy, peace, love, hope, serenity, humility, kindness, benevolence, empathy, generosity, truth, compassion and faith.

The grandson thought about it for a minute and then asked his grandfather, "Which wolf wins?"

The old Cherokee simply replied, "The one you feed."

MY TWO CENTS...

By – Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

We, the co editors of the Tiger Rag, thought it might be interesting to form a small section of the paper to review movies and books from time to time. If any readers would be interested in adding to this section, please feel free to do so. We welcome your input. Please notify us with your review and we'll contact you in return. It doesn't have to be a new book or movie – but please share your experience.

bbwilsontiger@comcast.net, joycebapt@gmail.com

Continued

"AUSTRALIA": We saw this film in January in Little Rock. `Australia` is a long movie and the plot is just a cut above an old Saturday morning Gene Autry movie. Nevertheless, with it's nearly transparent plot, it held our interests. The cinematography is lovely, Nicole Kidman's costumes are beautiful, as is she. The aborigine boy who is a central character and the narrator is a scene stealer. And, ladies, Hugh Jackman isn't difficult to watch on screen either!! You may remember him from 'Someone Like You', a movie with Ashley Judd or 'Kate and Leopold' with Meg Ryan.

This movie takes place prior to and during World War II in northern Australia. Nicole Kidman's character is a member of the peerage out from England to attend her recently departed husband's real estate holdings and Hugh Jackman's character is an Australian drover. The two characters meet, then clash, and form a tale of life, love, suspense, heartache and recovery.

Reviewed by Beni Brown Wilson

"EVENING" – by Susan Minot. The style in which this novel is written is reminiscent of William Faulkner's – 'As I Lay Dying'. In this scenario, it is written through the thoughts and dreams of a dying woman reviewing catches of her life through the haze and fog of morphine. Primarily she thinks of a love in the '50's era, friends of the same time, and now and then, her adult children who keep a vigil nearby. The core of the story is the largest section of the book dealing with a friend's wedding and her part in it. It's a smoothly written book, delightful to read and captures the time very well. I recommend it.

Reviewed by Beni Brown Wilson

HIGH SCHOOL 1957 – 2009

Scenario 1:

Johnny and Mark get into a fist fight after school.

1957---Crowd gathers. Mark wins. Johnny and Mark shake hands and end up buddies.

2009---Police are called and SWAT team arrives---they arrest both Johnny and Mark. They are both expelled even though Johnny started the fight.

Scenario 2:

Mark gets a headache and takes some aspirin to school.

1957---Mark shares his aspirin with the Principal out on the smoking deck.

2009---The police are called and Mark is expelled from school for drug violations. His car is then searched for drugs and weapons.

Scenario 3:

Johnny falls while running during recess and scrapes his knee. He is found crying by his teacher. His teacher gives him a hug and tries to comfort him.

Continued

1957---In a short time, Johnny feels better and goes on playing.

2009---The teacher is accused of being a sexual predator and loses her job. She faces 3 years in State Prison. Johnny has to undergo 5 years of therapy.

Readers Forum

- 'Featured Article' on Jerry Masters. I agree with everyone that the way the entire article was put together was a real feather in your cap, along with Beni, and Joanie. Not just my article either, the entire publication was very professionally done. I take much pride in just being a small part of such a great accomplishment.

Jerry Masters

- Great issue.....loved Jerry Master's 'story' as I remember a conversation with him at one of our reunions and how proud I was of all he has accomplished!

Sarah Lee Hood Boone

- What an incredible issue this year. You both did a wonderful job and the articles were great. How fortunate we are to have you both to put out the Tiger Rag (of course with some help from others). But you guys are the brains of this outfit. The article on Jerry Masters was really wonderful and I am so glad that we did this article. You did a masterful editing job.

Joan Sanders Gintella

- I want to thank YOU for the Tiger Rag!

Chaz (Charles) Cone

- Enjoyed the Tiger Rag. Jerry Masters is my cousin.

James Hays husband of Nora (Lewis) Hays

- I have only gotten through reading the article about my old friend, Jerry Masters and I am so impressed that I want to contact him and tell him how much I enjoyed his article. Congratulations on another HOME RUN!

Mike McGibbony

- I read the Tiger Rag last night. It was Great!!! I loved reading the article on Jerry Masters....so interesting. I also loved reading about Don Fowles and Judy Brown.

Sybil Todd Laing

Continued

- I am so pleased that you both have worked so hard on the Tiger Rag. Joyce, I do believe this is the best one yet. The personal stories had just the right touch and they were so interesting.

Tommy Bates

- I loved reading the Tiger Rag for January 2009. I don't know some of the people, but some of the names are familiar. I do remember the Masters boys. Great testimony by Jerry. You're doing a great job. Wish someone would do the same for the Class of 58!

Marcille Huffman

- Thanks for your stories in this edition. They are great. Maybe we can keep the contact and class interest up as we head towards the 55th reunion.

Don Payne

- It is interesting for me that the articles are fun to read in spite of the distance and time. High school was such a formative stage in our lives and those short three years stand out among the others.

Don Fowles

[This is a very 'special' note from Betty Sue Irvin McKnight](#)

- My friend, Joicie that lives in Greenwood, AR. has been staying with me while her daughter is at UAMS being treated. She spent the night with me on Saturday and was leaving the next day to go back home. I told her to get me up when she got up since she is used to getting up earlier than me. Instead, she got a cup of coffee and got the Tiger Rag and started to read. She read the whole thing and loved it. She was so excited about the story of Jerry Masters and cried when she tried to read it to me later that morning. She is music major and a Christian and loves any kind of music. She said, "I just can't read it to you-you need to read it for yourself." She just enjoyed the whole edition and has beaten me in reading everything. The 'Rag' just seems to get better and better and Joicie was so impressed with what you all had done. She copied the website so that she can keep up with every edition while she is at home. She didn't even attend LRCHS. I think this really speaks highly of what you are doing.

Betty Sue Irvin McKnight



We are extremely proud to receive your compliments and we appreciate them more than you will ever know. Your comments are the driving force for us to continue working for you on each edition of the TIGER RAG.

We have decided to change the name of this section to READERS FORUM. This will give you the opportunity to express your opinions. We ask that you be sensitive of other people's feelings and refrain from any opinions regarding politics and religion.

Continued

The favorite sections of the Tiger Rag are the Featured Article and the Articles of Interests. Our readers enjoy hearing about their classmates. Would you like to write an article for the 'Rag?' Please give it some thought. We would love to hear from you. Just email us and we'll help you out!

Email addresses: joycebapt@gmail.com beniwilsonsontiger@comcast.net

CLASSMATE UPDATE



Buddy Laing had knee replacement surgery in January and is recovering well at home now. He had his other knee replacement surgery done last year. Now, Buddy should have 'two brand new knees.' We wish him well!

Please keep us informed if you know anyone that has been ill.



YOUR
WEBMASTER
CHARLES C HUMPHREY

As your Webmaster and Graphics Art Editor for the "TIGER RAG". I want to thank all of you for your support. When I was approached by Ralph Erwin to do the website for the Little Rock Central High School of 1957, I was not sure what would be involved in making a website that would be interesting to all of our classmates. But now after these few years of working together with the "TIGER RAG" staff, I have met many wonderful people who have encouraged me. It has been my pleasure serving as your webmaster.

If there is anything that you would like to see on the website, please let me know.

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Remember, happiness doesn't depend upon who you are or what you have,
it depends solely upon what you think.

-- Dale Carnegie

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