



TIGER RAG

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



Volume II

July, 2009

Number 3

EDITORIAL STAFF

Co-Editors

Joyce Whittecar Brewer
Beni Brown Wilson

Contributing Editors

Tommy Bates (Europe)
Joe Garrison
Joan Sanders Gintella
Sybil Todd Laing
Chaz Cone
Jerry Masters
Linda Razer Orton
Don Payne

Graphic Art Director

Charles Humphrey

Website

www.lrchs57.com



Editor's Corner



WELCOME once again to the Tiger Rag. I can't believe it's July already! Well, actually, as I write this it's just the first of May. Spring is beautiful this year here in Little Rock. We are no longer a Zone 7 but are now pretty much a Zone 8 for planting flowers. I can remember when we were teenagers we wore coats in the winter ALL winter. Now, I can't say how long it's been since I wore a coat. At Easter time, we all got not only a new hat and outfit but a spring coat as well. I've had the ceiling fans on inside and outside much of the time during April. The peonies are blooming, and so are the roses. Speaking of roses, remember the Rose Festivals we used to have? And remember the Rose Queen and princesses? I don't know who judged and deemed these American beauties queens and princesses, but they always chose lovely local girls who were poised, polished and just about perfect. I wish someone who has a better memory than I could fill in the blanks there. Comments are welcome in the Reader's Forum.

We've been involved in a lot of reminiscing lately. Some members of our class (quite a few) have been discussing via e-mails the hang outs we used to haunt for food. Somebody mentioned the Blue Goose, another Zig Zag, yet another has extolled the virtues of Perciful's (my personal favorite), and Mac's. More about all this at another time. I feel an article coming on about all this.

Continued

Meanwhile, it's time to present to you another issue for your reading pleasure and we certainly have some great articles! Mary Alice Arnold Dickens and John Dickens have given us a wonderful Feature interview, not to mention various input from a lot of other classmates in this issue. Enjoy the time with a tall, icy glass of iced tea under your favorite shade tree and in your favorite hammock or chair! AND HAPPY 4TH OF JULY!! Please celebrate and give some thought to the freedoms we all enjoy, thanks to many other Americans!

Joyce Whittecar Brewer & Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editors

FEATURED ARTICLE

"A DYNAMIC DUO"

By Beni Brown Wilson & Joyce Whittecar Brewer – Co-Editors



John Dickens boating on the lake
Hot Springs, 2009



Mary Alice Dickens on the deck
of their lake house, 2009

We are pleased to present our Featured Article for July highlighting the life of not one but two individuals who have graced our lives since childhood, in some cases, and high school! This is a first for the Tiger Rag, interviewing a husband and wife team. This Dynamic Duo is a 'team' on so many levels as you will discover. It has been a pleasure chatting with and renewing acquaintances with Mary Alice Arnold Dickens and John Dickens. We would like to share a slice of their life with you.

Continued



John Dickens – Special Forces
circa 1960's



Mary Alice Dickens
circa 1960's

Q: When and where were you born?

A: John – September 15, 1939 in Little Rock

Mary Alice – October 3, 1939 in Ratcliff, Arkansas

Q: How did you two meet?

A: At West Side Junior High School in Little Rock

Q: Your family members?

A: We have two sons and three granddaughters. They all live in Texas.

Q: Where did you live during your years together?

A: Fort Bragg, N.C., Wichita, Ks., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Dallas, Tx. and Hot Springs, Ar.

Q: John, do you remember your first date with Mary Alice?

A: Yes. We went to the Capitol Theater in Little Rock to see a John Wayne movie. However the most memorable date was in December, 1963. This is the date that led to us getting back together and to our marriage. I remember the time, the place (The Shack), what we ate and what we discussed. Great Date!!

Q: Mary Alice, do you remember when you first realized you had a crush on John?

A: Yes, eighth grade at West Side but we didn't date until our senior year. I moved away in the ninth grade and then returned to Little Rock the summer before our senior year.

Q: How long have you been married?

A: 45 wonderful years.

Continued

Q: In all the places you have lived during your marriage, which was your favorite?

A: John – Hot Springs is definitely my favorite. Our home is on Lake Hamilton and overlooks the water, a mountain range, and some of the taller buildings in the downtown area. Looking out over all this beauty gives me a feeling of peace and tranquility that is hard to describe.

Mary Alice – My favorites are the two places where we currently live. Hot Springs because it is beautiful and fun and Athens, Texas because it is closer to most of our family members.

Q: How about your careers?

A: John – I have been blessed with a great career and associated with some wonderful companies; Acme Brick, Kraft Foods and Maryland Cup Corp. However, the highlight of my career came when Mary Alice and I formed our own company in October, 1976. It has truly been what you might call the American dream. The business was started on a shoestring. Our office was in our home and our delivery vehicle was a van. It took a lot of hard work but soon our customer list grew and we began to sell companies such as Wal-Mart, Coca Cola, Albertsons, Kroger, Safeway, etc. For many years we were in the top ten stretch wrap film distributors in the United States. Our business is now in its 33rd year of operation and has exceeded our wildest dreams.

Mary Alice – While John's background was in marketing and sales, my background was in banking and finance. In forming our own company, we were able to bring different strengths which gave us a good base. Also, we have always had an interest in real estate, so in 1998 we started a development company and created the subdivision where we live in Athens, Texas. We developed an area where people and wild life can live in harmony. It is a very quiet and peaceful area of 125 acres. It has beautiful old trees with a rolling terrain and has only twenty-two home sites.

Q: What are your favorite pastime activities?

A: John – Tennis, golf, cards, boating and my favorite is R & R on my deck in Hot Springs.

Mary Alice – Reading, cards, games of all kinds. John gave me an Iphone for Christmas and I have loved learning all the applications.

Q: What is the most spectacular thing you have ever experienced?

A: John – My first jump from a plane while I was in airborne training at Fort Benning, Ga. When you go to the door and look down, with the sound of the planes engines roaring and the air whipping in your face, it is very exciting. Just as exciting, or maybe even more so, was my first night jump.

Mary Alice – Several years ago I took a course called Leadership Athens. It is a ropes course and teaches many things including trust, etc. I had to be hooked up to a harness type thing and had to climb a tree and walk out onto the branches. Then, I had to cross over to a tower and jump down from forty feet. Believe me, that took a lot of trust that the people with me wouldn't let me fall. I thought it was pretty spectacular that I would even consider doing such a thing!!

Q: Who would be at your fantasy dinner?

A: John – My grandfather, George M. Dickens, Charles Dickens and Ronald Reagan.

Mary Alice – Like John, I would invite President Ronald Reagan and then to liven up the party, I would invite Elvis Presley if he would agree to sing for us.

Continued

Q: Is there something few people know about you?

A: John – It is probably the fact that I am related to the author, Charles Dickens.

Mary Alice – Most don't know that I loved to sculpt but had to give it up because the clay was too hard on my hands.



Mary Alice's Sculpture

Q: What is your favorite destination for a vacation and why?

A: John – Mary Alice and I love to travel. We have visited many wonderful places but the two that stand out the most are Florence, Italy and London, England. Since I have been asked to pick one, the nod goes to London. Both are beautiful and have a wonderful history but since my family's roots started in London it has more interest to me.

Mary Alice – For several years, in August, we would go to Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. The weather was cool, sometimes foggy and cold. That was a wonderful relief from the Texas sun. This year we are taking a road trip for three or four weeks with stops in Santa Fe, NM, Angel Fire, NM, Lake Tahoe and Mammoth, California.

Q: Is there something that will never leave you?

A: John – The love and support my mother and father gave to me. My mother was a beautiful person inside and out and gave one hundred percent to anything she undertook. My father was an extremely intelligent man and had the best sense of humor of anyone I have ever known. He made me proud of the Dickens heritage.

Mary Alice – My grandmother's love will never leave me. She didn't die until I was 62 years old so John and I spent many happy hours with her.

Q: Is there something you would change about yourself?

A: John – Yes, I would be less judgmental and more patient.

Mary Alice – Yes, I wish I liked to exercise.

Continued

Q: Would you do it all over again?

A: John – I would do everything I have done all over again except I wouldn't let Mary Alice get away for seven years before we got married.

Mary Alice – Yes, I would do it all over again except for the years between 18 and 25. Those years I would definitely change.

Q: When you look into the mirror, you see.....

A: John – Someone who has been truly blessed.

Mary Alice – A very happy and blessed seventy year old woman!! No magic mirrors for me.

Q: If you could make a change in the world, what would it be?

A: John – I would wipe out cancer. It has affected my family, my friends and, of course, countless others. It is a cruel and in many cases, a painful disease that hopefully will be eradicated someday.

Mary Alice – Of course, I would love to wipe out hunger. But with our economy now in such bad shape, I would also like to help all those who are struggling just to make ends meet. I pray for the future of our country.

Q: Who would you like to meet?

A: John – My grandfather, George Dickens. He died before I knew him. He was a doctor, the Mayor of Leslie, Arkansas and he rode in the Oklahoma land rush. My dad told me many times that he was sad that I never got to know his dad.

Mary Alice – I would like to know my father, Harold Arnold. He died when I was only three years old so I don't have any memories of him.

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

A: John – Just wake up! At this stage of life, every day is a gift.

Mary Alice – Have John bring me coffee in bed.

Q: Anything you wish you could do better?

A: John – I wish I had some type of artistic talent.

Mary Alice – I wish I could sing or play any type of musical instrument. I started piano lessons a few years ago but we started designing and building a new house so I never took time to practice. Finally just gave it up. Many regrets.

Q: One word or phrase to sum you up?

A: John – I have been blessed.

Mary Alice – I cannot improve on what John said. I, too, have been blessed.

Q: What do you want others to remember about you?

A: John – That I am a loving son, husband, father and grandfather who was fair, honest and a hard worker.

Mary Alice – That I love my husband and family above everything. It has been quite a life with many ups and a few downs. I have been truly blessed.

Continued



John & Mary Alice Dickens – Las Vegas, 1972



John & Mary Alice Dickens – Mexico, 1980

Continued



John Dickens & Billy Moore
West Side Junior High (1953)

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

ARKANSAS TRAVELER REMINISCES – 1950's

By Jim Carvell



I am retired from a career in Civil Engineering as a consulting engineer and as a university research engineer. I live in Dallas with Nell, my wife of 45 years. We have two sons who also live in Dallas. My standard response to 'how are the boys?' is: They are both out of college, they both have jobs and neither one lives with us. We have two beautiful red haired granddaughters who live just six blocks away. For about 15 years, I have been in a C&W band with some other engineers. The name

is ToneDef (our name says it all) and we have one CD called 'ToneDef, an Acoustical Train Wreck'. We play for beer and our own entertainment. (Thanks to Mike McGibbony for teaching me my first C chord back in 1956 – too bad I haven't progressed much since then.) I spend my retired time reading, crosswording, fishing, enjoying our grandchildren and once a month driving for Meals on Wheels, manning the intake desk at our church's homeless ministry (The Stewpot), and playing guitar at two nursing homes and at the library for the kids' program. My wife and I are active at First Presbyterian Church in Dallas and teach a young adult church school class. Life is good and we are blessed.

These Arkansas Traveler remembrances are from my West Side Junior High years. I never was much of a baseball player – I was manager of the West Side Bearcats baseball team which meant I kept the scorebook and phoned in results to the Gazette and Democrat (R.I.P.)

These are my memories of the Southern League (Double A) Arkansas Travelers.

The Players I Remember - (Where are they now?)

Catcher – Duke Dolittle. What a great name for a catcher.

First – Ralph Atkins. Looked like a first baseman. Tall, good power.

Second – R. C. Otey. You could always hear him whistle as the pitcher looked in for the sign. It seemed to me, he could catch anything. Every year I thought he would be called up. Later was head groundskeeper.

Short – Clem "Scooter" Koshorek. He did get to the majors. With the Pirates, I think. Named for you know who. (My kids don't know.)

Third – Dave Jaska. Walked on the balls of his feet. My dad always said he looked like his feet hurt.

Left – Hal Simpson. Always thought he would make the big leagues too. Seemed like a kind, gentle man.

Right and Center – Don't remember, Uteley?

Pitcher – Milo Johnson. The only one I remember. Seemed like he pitched every opening game.

Continued

The Right Field Bleachers – That’s where my dad and I sat. Fifty-cent admission. There were regulars there – almost like a little community. The visiting team’s bullpen sat right in front of the stands and the bleacher regulars would ride them unmercifully. Occasionally one would get mad enough to come across the chain link fence at which time a peacemaker usually stepped in. Somehow that doesn’t seem as funny now. And those big Barq’s root beers-I don’t know if there was more root beer but it sure seemed like it. I never caught a foul ball out there – haunts me yet. They let the mental patients from the State Hospital sit in the left field bleachers. When they would march out about 9:00 P.M. someone was sure to yell, ‘Hey, pitcher, don’t miss bed check!’

The Left Field Dump – It was great fun to see an opposing left fielder try and cope with that 30 degree upslope. Hal Simpson played it well – must have had one leg shorter than the other to play it.

Willie – Willie was an adult ball shagger. A fixture. I always assumed Willie lived at the State Hospital but I don’t know for sure. I heard that when Hal Simpson retired, he bought Willie a uniform. Before that, his only baseball paraphernalia was a cap.

Boys’ Club – Sometimes before the season, the Travelers would send some players down to the Boys’ Club to meet the kids. The questions were never on strategy (When do you pitch out?) or technique (How do you throw a curve ball?) They were like ‘Who’s the best shortstop?’ A chorus of Scooter Koshorecks was sure to follow. Then they would give us a ‘knothole gang’ pass that allowed us to get in free when accompanied by an adult.

The Scorecard – It was small but cheap. You could barely write in “K” or “F9”. I was always sure I would have the lucky number – never came close.

Bennie Craig – The Colonial Breadman. Sat in his little glass cubicle at the bakery and read the ticker. No Gordon McClendon sound effects. Just his bell for homeruns.

The Southern League Teams – Mobile Bears, New Orleans Pelicans, Birmingham Barons, Atlanta Crackers, Nashville Vols, Memphis Chicks, Shreveport Pilots.

Those were simpler times. Going to see the Rangers in my hometown (Dallas) isn’t nearly as satisfying. Besides, the prices are outrageous.



THE WOODEN Mallet

By Joe Garrison, Contributing Editor

Reflecting back on my life, I remember objects and people who have taught valuable lessons which guided my thoughts and actions for a life time. One such object was a wooden mallet used in our Industrial Arts class at West Side during the 7th grade. This

Continued

class taught young men the manly art of wood working (as Home Economics taught cooking and sewing to the young ladies). Yep! We were growing up! The first day of class, Mr. Oakley (as I shall call him) assigned each student to a work bench which had an array of tools including chisels, rasps (wood files), a vise and a wooden mallet. A mallet is a hammer with a large wooden head used to tap chisels through wood, tap pieces of wood together and sundry other uses which I shall divulge later. At the end of the work benches were various machines such as power saws and sanders. This class was going to be fun! No books!

After a thorough 'safety first' talk, Mr. Oakley began to assign projects for us to make. Don Dalton, whose bench was across from mine, was assigned a shelf which was suitable for a kitchen or bathroom. Don would work with the diligence and precision of a cabinet maker through the next six weeks on its fabrication. My impression of him was of a person who was very pleasant, somewhat quiet, tended to his own business and had a friendly smile. He was a guy with whom I could be friends!

A few benches away from me was Bob Bradford whose outgoing personality made communication easy and friendship a natural outcome for a 13 year old boy. Bob would be making a boat paddle which would take him many weeks to finish and he would put everything he had into achieving its completion. And then, there was Lennie (as I shall call him – after the character in Steinbeck's novel 'Of Mice and Men'). Like Steinbeck's Lennie, ours was a head taller than all of us and weighed twice as much as guys like me. He drew attention to himself by pushing, poking, goosing and mouthing off to anyone around him. Because of his obnoxiousness, he would be avoided and shunned which only increased his bothersome behavior. Any show of friendliness to him would be rewarded with a poke and an unwanted arm around your neck along with a silly grin and a 'yuk yuk' laugh. He was, indeed, a sad case. Lennie spent most of his time in class bent over someone else watching them work; a poke or goose could be expected before he left.

For my term project, I rejected the shelves, stools, etc. which Mr. Oakley had assigned, and decided to make an exact replica of a 'Thompson SubMachine Gun'. Yep! We were growing up! I intended to make it look so real that it could fool Al Capone himself. In big Al's world it was known as a 'Chicago Typewriter' and with good craftsmanship on my part, I was certain my mom would let me hang it on our living room wall for all to see. When her Tuesday morning ladies Bible class came to our home, she could proudly show them her son's accomplishment from school. I knew dad would also be impressed with my work. So, with the eagerness of a dog chasing a ball, I began sawing out its shape. I was sad to see the class end that day and could hardly wait until tomorrow. This class was fun!

I was first to get to class the next day and anxious to continue my work on the 'Thompson' but when I reached my bench, it was gone! Had someone stolen it? I searched the classroom over to no avail. Then, on a hunch, I looked in the trash barrel and there it lay in about four broken pieces. As I turned from the trash barrel, Mr. Oakley was standing over me with arms crossed. I was then summoned to his desk where he made it clear to me that 'no gangsterism will be allowed in his class'. He, then, assigned a 'Breadboard' for me to make. When I asked its purpose, he roared it was for slicing bread. I tried to adjust Mr. Oakley's thinking with my 13 year old logic and informed him that all of the bread which my mom purchased was already sliced. He took my rationale as insolence and said that I'd receive my grade based on its outcome. Don's shelf and Bob's paddle seemed exciting compared to my (yawn) breadboard. Nevertheless, I got to work on it.

Continued

Bob's paddle became an item of interest for the entire class. He began with a large slab of cedar wood that was about as tall, as wide and as thick as Bob himself. Mr. Oakley had instructed Bob in the use of a hand plane which removed wood shaving by shaving and one could tell it would take a lot of pushing that plane for a paddle to emerge. An art teacher, when describing how Michaelangelo sculpted the statue of David, said he chipped away from a huge block of marble anything which did not look like David until he was freed from his prison of stone. Bob, like Micky, would have to free his paddle from its wooden prison that it might feel the fresh waters of Arkansas's lakes and streams. Day after day, week after week, the cedar shaving filled the shop floor around Bob's bench as he tirelessly worked to free his paddle. Cedar shavings became so deep on the floor that our loafers became filled with them as we passed by his bench requiring their removal and shaking out prior to leaving the classroom. However, Bob was determined and slowly something resembling a paddle began to appear.

One day, when Mr. Oakley was out of the room, I heard a loud thud which sounded like a sand bag falling from a second story building and hitting the pavement below; but this sound was different. I looked up and saw Don, with a wooden mallet in his hand, standing over Lennie who was on the floor clutching his chest. Don, the pleasant guy, the quiet one, the unflappable gentleman, had just flapped and had hit Lennie squarely in the chest with his mallet! With his jaws clenched tight, he stood ready to deliver a second blow if needed. It wouldn't be necessary! The hammer of Thor had flashed from the heavens and put the giant down! Lennie crawled and staggered to his feet, left the room and made his way down the hall to the restroom. Our mouths were agape and we questioned Don as to what had happened; but he, always the gentleman, refused to say anything and went back to work on his shelf. When Mr. Oakley returned to the room, we quickly returned to our workbenches. However, as I looked up again, I saw a smile on each boy's face; justice had been rendered. Also, each of us had a mallet but after Don's incident it would only have to be used with a chisel and on wood. Don had tamed Lennie once and for all!

I have wondered to this day what caused a quiet and pleasant person like Don to explode and I think I know.

Bob finally finished his paddle and in size, it was smaller than an oar and larger than a ping pong paddle. His Herculean effort on the project, in my opinion, would be like whittling a fence post down to a tooth pick with a pocket knife. After high school, Bob would become sales manager of a container company and later would own his own company. Occasionally, I would see him at the AT&T factory where I worked when he supplied us with boxes for our products. He and I are good friends to this day.

Don would become a pilot of F101 fighter jets for the military and later President of the U.S. Egg and Poultry Association. He and I would bump into each other as we attended UALR. He certainly had the 'right stuff'.

I finished my breadboard, took it home and had to explain its use to my mom. Of course, she heaped praises on my work and it would lay around the kitchen for a few days and eventually disappear.

The lesson of 'The Wooden Mallet'? Are you listening? Never, never, slip up on Don Dalton from behind while he has one in his hand!

I say it was a goose!

MEMORIAL DAY

By Tommy Bates, Contributing Editor

SINCE Memorial Day falls in the quarter of the year just before our July issue, I felt it appropriate to remember those we know and many we don't and honor them for all they've done for the rest of us. The ultimate deed, of course, is giving one's life for one's countrymen. This is about one such soldier, as related by Tom Bates, our classmate, as well as one of his acquaintances in his Army career. The honoree is SSG Vernon Newton who was the Platoon Sergeant of the 175th Assault Helicopter Company, 2d Lift Platoon, "Outlaws". SSG Newton hailed from Detroit, Michigan. He will never be applauded by masses for his heroism, nor will he be remembered by thousands or even hundreds, perhaps, but his sacrifice is felt and appreciated by so many, who didn't even know his name. (Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor).

"In the early morning darkness of 31 January 1968 the Viet Cong launched an attack on the Vinh Long Army Airfield. All around the delta and throughout Vietnam, the NVA and VC were on the offensive. In the hard fought battle for the Vinh Long Airfield, several Americans were killed in action. This included the loss of SSG Vern Newton." This information was related by Tom's dear friend, Jim Baines (James O. Baines..aka 'Job'). Tom says, "We (Tom and Job) have been kicking around together for close to 30 years. I know his 3 different wives and 7 children he will own up to. We have shared some close calls, some good times and some not so good, two more tours in 'Nam and in Bosnia. He often spoke about 'Vern' and some of their escapades. I understood exactly what he was saying although I was the more conservative type. I suppose I have received the highest compliment from a fellow war-dog when he said to me, 'Unca Tom, you be one of the few persons I would have the honor to share a fox-hole with.'...Jim served as my Chief of Operations here in Germany. When I retired in 1999, he returned to Ft. Hood, Texas. Later, he did three tours in Iraq."

WASHINGTON D.C. ROLLING THUNDER XVI, May, 2003

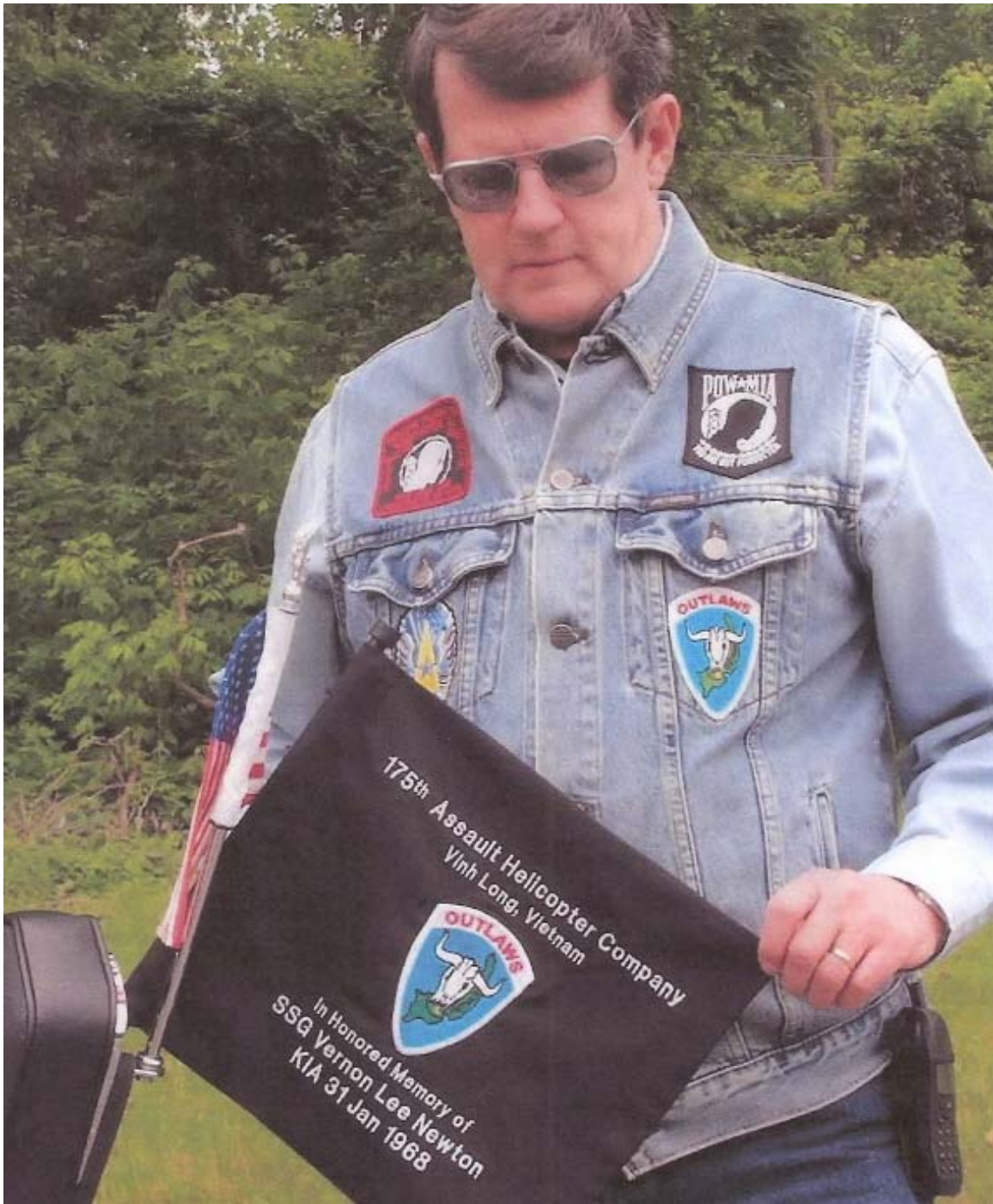
They were there in force, an estimated 300,000 (not a misprint) motorcycles with probably half again that number of riders. They were gathered for their annual Memorial Day ride to keep alive the plight of missing POWs of all wars. They gathered en mass at the Pentagon's North Parking Lot. One of those riding was a retired Army CW3, Jim Baines, who lives in Copperas Cove, Texas. Jim was never an 'Outlaw', but served in their direct support maintenance activity.

Of all the bikes there that day, Jim's was unique. No, it wasn't a fancy paint job, nor was it the shiny chrome. In fact, it wasn't even the good looking blonde riding behind him. What made his bike stand out from the rest was the black flag that had the 'Outlaws' patch centered on it. The flag was to honor the memory of a lost buddy; a buddy who gave his life on a January morning in 1968 as the VC attacked Vinh Long Airfield – Vern Newton.

Jim said the memorial flag drew a lot of attention. As Jim and his daughter, Kim, rode in a long, noisy, hair raising procession that led to the Lincoln Memorial, his thoughts were not on the noise or the great number of cycles, but rather on his old friend, Vern.

Jim and his daughter, Kim Wallace, of Suffolk, Virginia, have returned the memorial black flag to the Vietnam Wall during Rolling Thunder XVII in May 2004 and Rolling Thunder XX in May, 2007. They never give up plans for another Ride to the Wall.

Continued



James O. Baines
Rolling Thunder
Washington, D.C.

WHAT IS THE ATTRACTION OF GIRLS?

By Bill King

Reprinted from Writers' Rendezvous,
LRCHS 1957

Girls, young or old, tall or stout, lean or fat, rich or poor, are attractive to boys. They're not just a passing-glance attraction, but a 'long, hard stare' attraction. This same attraction can be, and usually is fatal to some poor sucker of the masculine sex.

These creatures of the human race have the ability within their little fingers to make either a Paul Bunyan or a Tom Thumb out of the male they choose. What is this, where does it come from and why don't boys have it too?

As an average, normal boy, I'm puzzled and sometimes amazed at what can be accomplished by a simple bat of the eyelashes. I know that a boy would just look foolish batting his eyelashes, and the little finger crooked would only look like a take off on some tea-at-four-every-afternoon character.

A girl will shriek at a mouse in the presence of a heroic male, but in the presence of other members of the weaker sex, she'll take a rolling pin and start tracking the villain down. It is the same way on a ball field; when it's strictly a hen party, she's a regular Mickey Mantle; but when it's mixed, which end of the stick does she hit with?

There are many ways a girl can hook a man, and many ways she can get his attention and still make him think it was all his own idea. The old drop-the-handkerchief game went out with the horse and buggy. Now it's drop the purse. This keeps a guy scrambling longer. How females even get all that junk in those pint-sized suit cases is beyond me, but they manage.

Then, you have the kind whose mother had an appointment, so 'if it's not too much trouble, you won't mind dropping me off on your way home?' Now, this doesn't sound like an attraction, but believe me it is. Before a man knows it, he is picking her up every morning, taking her home every afternoon and carrying her books half the time, to boot. About now, he begins to wonder how he got into this mess. Since it's such a good looking mess though, he will put up with it for a while.

Next, we have the kind who is so stupid she needs a strong man's help on her homework. 'Just one night for an hour,' she says. A month later he wonders where the ruts between his house and hers came from.

He's trapped, and it can't be helped. Those big, helpless blue eyes are as good as a death warrant. Once a girl puts her sights on some guy, he's had it, there's no way out.

All he can do now is wonder how he got into such a mess without knowing it. After some wondering, he remembers she maneuvered him into this deal, but he can't remember how. How could he help it when she dropped her purse?

MY LOVE AFFAIR

By Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Co-Editor

My 'love affair' began when I was in elementary school. My father would buy me a movie ticket, popcorn and a coke for a Saturday afternoon movie. He would walk me into the theater and set me down in an aisle seat. He gave me strict instructions that I was not to move from my seat and I was not to talk to anyone. He told me what time he would pick me up. I thought I was in heaven. I loved those days.

Those were the days when you could stay and watch the movie as many times as you wanted for the cost of one ticket. I loved the Audrey Hepburn movies and especially the ones that were filmed in Paris. I fell in love with the 'City of Light' when I was about ten years old.

My first 'love affair' was, and still is, with Paris! I knew that someday I was going to go to Paris and I was determined to capture the spirit of the city.

I'll always remember my French teacher, Miss Frances Moore. She was also my homeroom teacher. During her classes she always made me feel like I was actually in the 'City of Light.'

I wasn't a good student in her class because I was more interested in what she was telling us about the city than learning the language. I would always envision myself dancing around the Eiffel Tower and exploring the streets. I wanted to be a Parisian! I wanted to be Audrey Hepburn. I didn't realize just how passionate I would become.

On my first visit to Paris I went to the Eiffel Tower and danced while singing, "Miss Moore, I'm here!" It was one of the most thrilling times in my life. Everything was taking on a rosy glow and I wanted to experience the romance of the city.

Since it was my first trip, I had to see the most famous landmarks but I realized that I wanted more, much more. I wanted to walk the streets of Paris and see the city like a native. I wanted to enjoy myself away from the crowds. I wanted to explore the treasures without the tourists. I was 'taking to the streets' in the most beautiful city in the world.

It's wonderful to wake up, look outside, and instantly know you want to go experience the city that has the sort of places that make hearts pound and lips meet. This city oozes 'amour.' Romance is in the air.

Everything sounds so good in French. I had studied my French phrases and I tried to use my limited amount of the language whenever I could. I found the Parisians to be very nice and helpful. I think they felt sorry for me.

I had read my tourist books prior to the trip but I didn't want to rely on guidebooks alone. I wanted to discover things on my own. I wanted to find those 'secret' places and stroll the streets of my city.

Continued

My husband, Gene, understood my love for this city and he wanted to be a part of my love affair. We walked and walked and walked some more. Paris is a great city for walking. We rode the Metro, wedged our way through blind alleys, ate delicious local food, sat in cafes and watched the people. We ate street food, crepes from street vendors to chic. Spending time at a café is one of the greatest (and cheapest) pleasures of the city. Parisians love their cafes. Nothing beats a city where wine is cheaper than soda. We learned to embrace sidewalk cafes. We learned to sit back, talk a little and just relax.

Paris is a city that worships food. The French meal is an 'event.' We had heard people say they were terrified of the waiters. We discovered them to be somewhat different from what we were used to in the USA but we quickly decided to celebrate the fact that people do things differently and we would try to speak softly, use what little French we knew and enjoy the moment.

We discovered we loved lingering over our drinks and meals without being bothered by a waiter coming to our table numerous times. The French take their meals seriously and I think they've 'got it right.' We learned how to eat and how to savor the flavors of the food. We were eating with the locals and that's exactly what we wanted to do.

The Parisians love their dogs and you will see dogs sitting on a chair in the finest restaurants. Actually you will see more dogs than children. They are walked on the streets and they do their 'business' on the streets. Their owners are trying to improve when it comes to, 'if you poop, scoop it up.' The city does an outstanding job of keeping the streets clean but occasionally you might find yourself with a little poop on the sole of your shoe.

The city is full of artists and the arts. We went into the Opera House and sat in one of the expensive seats and just looked around. The stage is so large and I could just imagine what it would be like to sit there and see a performance. Unfortunately, we were doing a little 'self guided tour.'

We had a few experiences that occurred because of our lack of the language. I went into a small neighborhood street market hoping to buy an avocado. My husband had the feeling I was going to get myself in trouble so he decided to stand outside the door and watch.

I found the avocados and picked up, what I thought, was a nice one. No more did I have it in my hand when an elderly man approached me and quickly took the avocado from my hand. He was speaking to me in French and I had no idea what he was saying but I understood that something was wrong, very wrong. After several minutes, they found someone that spoke English and she came to my rescue.

She told me the gentleman wanted to know when I planned to eat the avocado so HE could pick out the perfect one for me. He smiled at me and I leaned over and gave him a big hug. I was able to say, 'merci beaucoup.' Every time he saw me walking down the street he would wave to me. We were friends!

Gene thought my encounter with the avocado was hilarious. He decided he wanted to buy some 'goodies' to eat in our hotel room. We were standing in front of a store that sold a large assortment of cheeses. He said we could stop at the bakery and buy a baguette but we needed to buy some cheese to go with it. I said, "no

Continued

way, big boy, it's your turn to try and buy something." Being a man, he stood tall and took his place in line while I waited outside the door and watched him. He came out with a big smile on his face and he was so proud of his purchase.

When we got back to our room he tasted the cheese and said it was so smooth and I was going to love it. He placed the cheese on a slice of bread and put it in my mouth. I said, "This is as smooth as butter, because, it is BUTTER." We laughed and laughed about our butter but we enjoyed it tremendously.

We were still determined to take the challenge and follow the locals. We were 'explorers.' We were going to 'live the moment.' 'Vins du moment.' We had no options, we felt like a Parisian and we were on our way.

We discovered picturesque little parks. 'Parc Monceau' and 'Bois de Boulogne' were beautiful and are popular with the locals. You won't find many tourists here. We buzzed with the city that buzzes with activity six days a week. Sunday is a day of 'rest and relaxation' for the Parisian. We enjoyed the outdoor markets and bought picnic food. We didn't drink soft drinks. Parisians rarely drink them. We didn't ask for bottled water. We ordered 'un carafe l'eau.' We usually had to ask twice. We tipped like a local. Waiters receive a real salary, not like the USA. Locals leave no more than 1-2 euros per person for a typical lunch. We learned to have change handy.

27 million people visit Paris each year. We weren't the average visitor. We followed our heart and let it become entwined with the most beautiful and romantic city in the world.

Yes, we've returned to Paris and we will return again. I hope to rent a charming apartment there someday and continue 'My Love Affair.'

"ONE NEVER SEES PARIS FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONE ALWAYS SEES IT AGAIN"



This picture captures the feeling of 'romance is in the air.' I saw this young couple and I knew I wanted to capture the 'moment.' They were sitting in the park adjacent to the Eiffel Tower and I could feel their moment of love.

ANNUAL ROAD TRIP

By Sybil Todd Laing, Contributing Editor



Sybil Todd Laing, Gail Bosson Baum, Katherine Anne Bond Stewart, Phyllis Alexander Kaplan, Janet Rowland Evans

Six years ago, Ellen Hawbecker Moore got together a group of LRCHS graduates for a trip to San Antonio. We had a blast visiting the missions, strolling down the River Walk, touring the Alamo, eating lots of Tex Mex and talking about our high school days. We all had such a good time that we decided to make an annual trip.

The next year (2005), we went to Galveston, Texas. Sadly, this was Ellen's last trip with our group. She died in the fall.

In 2006, we cruised down the coast of Mexico. One day we had 15 foot waves. Several of us happily played Canasta while a few in the group turned green and stayed in bed all day. Most of us went shopping in Cozumel for silver jewelry. Gail (Bosson) Baum swam with the dolphins and Connie Ellis took Pilates classes. She put the rest of the group to shame!

Continued



Back Row: Katherine Anne Bond Stewart, Phyllis Alexander Kaplan
 Middle Row: Sybil Todd Laing, Connie Ellis, Janet Rowland Evans, Nona Proctor Dumas
 Front Row: Anne Strawn Sorrells, Gail Bosson Baum



Anne Strawn Sorrells, Janet Rowland Evans, Gail Bosson Baum, Phyllis Alexander Kaplan,
 Connie Ellis, Katherine Anne Bond Stewart

Continued

Next year it was off to the races in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Mary Alice and John Dickens treated us all to a lovely dinner at their lake home. Gwynne and Hammond Satterfield, Barbara and Joe Garrison, Mike McGibbony, Calvin Moore and Buddy Laing joined us that night.

Naples, Florida was our destination in 2008. Spending time on the beach, visiting Naples Museum of Art, eating lots of good seafood, and, of course, shopping filled our days.

We went to Grapevine, Texas this spring. We stayed at a fabulous resort there. Several of us hit the outlet mall and cashed in (or out) at Chico's. We visited a winery and watched a spectacular exhibit of glass blowing art. Five of us ventured on to Ft. Worth to see the Stockyards. The bull riders are Sybil (Todd) Laing, Gail (Bosson) Baum, Katherine Anne (Bond) Stewart, Phyllis (Alexander) Kaplan and Janet (Rowland) Evans.

For every trip, Janet decorated hats and t-shirts for everyone. Each year we wore them one time: to have a photo shot!

Janet is our leader. Who knows what adventure she will plan for us in 2010?



Nona Proctor Dumas, Sybil Todd Laing, Janet Roland Evans, Katherine Anne Bond Stewart, Anne Strawn Sorrells

Continued



Standing: Nona Proctor Dumas, Janet Rowland Evans, Sybil Todd Laing, Gail Bosson Baum, Phyllis Alexander Kaplan
Seated: Anne Strawn Sorrells, Connie Ellis, Katherine Anne Bond Stewart

THIS & THAT

THE BOTTLE TREE

By Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

Some of you may have heard about the bottle trees cropping up again recently.

Below is a photo of one. They are a beautiful, interesting sight. Some are made from posts drilled with dowels inserted, some are made from rebar with an assortment of different colored bottles and some simply swing from live trees, tied with strings. We have one near a dining area on our back lawn which my husband and I put together this past spring. It is red and so are all the bottles. When the sun shines down on it, it sparkles. It towers over 4 mature raspberry colored Azalea plants. When the shrubs are blooming, the contrast is striking. This is a pretty addition to our cottage garden. I could also envision a bottle tree on

Continued

the edge of a pond or lake among other places. The history of these trees has been recorded in Eudora Welty's novels as well as her photo collection. Even Eugene Field wrote a poem about bottle trees for children. This reminds us that bottle trees have had a diverse following over the years.

The bottle trees exist because the slaves brought the tradition with them from Africa to the southern plantations long ago. They became popular along the Natchez Trace which was used by merchants traveling north, having sold their wares to the south in the 19th century and into the 20th century. A blue color was primarily the main hue used and consequently, many times, bottle trees are seen with a cobalt blue color. Milk of Magnesia bottles were often used. In fact, "Haint Blue" is THE color used initially on many things primitive. In my collecting of American primitive furniture, I have seen this lovely paint color many times over. It's not the dark blue color seen in bottles but rather a much lighter tone. The haint, also referred to as The Evil Spirit, is tricked into entering these bottles at night-sometimes helped by greasing the necks of bottles. When the sun comes up, they find themselves trapped inside the bottles and the sunlight destroys them. During the outbreak of yellow fever in 1878 many people employed bottle trees to prevent the outbreak from entering their homes. With these supposed powers, the house and its inhabitants remain safe for another day! Clever, don't you think? When I look at our bottle tree, I feel I nearly own a piece of Dale Chihuly's work....maybe a poor man's version, but charming just the same.



The Bottle Tree

LUBY'S MONTHLY LUNCHEON

By Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

I had the pleasure of attending the luncheon in April. There were about ten people there and it was fun just visiting and enjoying each other's company.

This luncheon is held on the second Thursday of each month at Luby's Cafeteria located on West Markham Street in Little Rock. You can refer to the LRCHS57 website for more details.

Below are some pictures that were taken at the April luncheon.



Shirley (White) Clark & Bobby Chandler



Sybil (Todd) Laing & Buddy Laing



Sylvia (Swaim) McWilliams, Gary & Camille McElmurry



Syd & Linda (Razer) Orton

JERRY LEE MASTERS MEMOIRS

By Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Co-Editor

Jerry Lee Masters was the 'Featured Article' in the January, 2009, issue of the Tiger Rag. We received many comments regarding his article and as you know he really has lived up to the title, "BEEN THERE DONE THAT."

I am pleased to inform you that Jerry is in the process of writing his Memoirs. He is working many hours each day on this endeavor and I'm sure we'll enjoy reading it once it's published.

He has a publisher and he hopes to complete his Memoirs in a couple of months.

A LIMERICK

By Hanna Woods, deceased 1963

Reprinted from Writer's Rendezvous
Circa 1957

A gifted young girl from Peru
Made an excellent crocodile stew,
It pleased all the grandees
From Costa to Andes
(Although it upset quite a few.)

"LIFE IS TOO SHORT"

Break The Rules, Forgive Quickly,
Kiss Slowly, Love Truly,
Laugh Uncontrollably,
And Never Regret Anything
That Made You Smile.
Life May Not Be The Party
You Hoped For,
But While We're Here, We Should Dance.
(author unknown)

FIVE BALD CYPRESS TREES

By Beni Brown Wilson, Co-Editor

In May, I made a visit to the LRCHS Campus and visited briefly with the Principal, Nancy Rousseau. We had a nice visit and she pointed me to the right direction so I could photograph our donation to the grounds of the school. Below are pictured the Bald Cypress trees. As you can see, they are growing and are healthy and greening up nicely. Ms. Rousseau has tried very hard to spruce up the grounds, and I believe she's succeeding. Groundskeepers were there the day I was and were busily grooming the growing shrubs, grass, trees, etc. Gradually, the school is being returned to its former beauty just as the Architect, John Almand, had envisioned. Many strides have been taken under the direction of Ms. Rousseau. They've done some sandblasting on the building, removing far too many coats of paint, restored the pond with an idea of adding a fountain later, and I noticed the grass was thicker than the last time I saw it. It's heartwarming to know so many feel as we do; it's truly the most beautiful school in the South.



Bald Cypress Trees on LRCHS Campus





We have three classmates who are recovering very well from orthopedic joint surgery.

Emma Jo Fulton Adcock
Betty Jo Muncrief Buchanan
Mary Ann Lee



We are very sorry to hear that two of our classmates have passed away since our last issue.

Jack Tucker passed away on April 5, 2009. Jack lived in Memphis, Tennessee.
There was also a Memorial Service held in Little Rock on May 1, 2009.

Frances Spann Wood passed away on April 27, 2009. Frances lived in Memphis, Tennessee.



Mr. & Mrs. Edwin J. Etheridge, the former Deanna Gayle Adair, of Little Rock celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary April 19 with a family dinner and reception.

Mr. & Mrs. Gene W. Brewer, the former Joyce Whittecar, of Miami, Florida, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary June 29. They took a two week cruise to the southern Caribbean.

Mr. & Mrs. Nelson Laing, the former Sybil Todd, of Hot Springs celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary June 28 with a family dinner.

"Please email us if you are celebrating a 50th wedding anniversary"
joycebapt@gmail.com or bbwilsontiger@comcast.net

TRAVEL



Our Travel Section needs some help from our readers. Your classmates would love to know what you are doing.

Email to: bbwilsontiger@comcast.net and joycebapt@gmail.com

FROM YOUR CRUISE DIVA

By Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Co-Editor

I feel like I could be a Cruise Critic since I've just completed my 43rd cruise! My husband, Gene, and I enjoyed a nice 14 night cruise in the southern Caribbean aboard the Grand Princess. We experienced some beautiful weather and calm seas.

Gene is convinced that the ship goes out to sea at night and returns to the same island the following morning. He says, "all they do is change the name of the WELCOME TO..... sign." He might have a point.

All joking aside, we did see some beautiful islands on this cruise. I especially enjoyed Curacao, Grenada and the Turks & Caicos.

I would say that at least 75% of the passengers were from the United Kingdom and Canada. We learned to 'queue' instead of 'line up' and we went to the 'loo' instead of the 'john!'



Joyce (Whittecar) Brewer



Gene Brewer

Continued

Buddy and Sybil Todd Laing are spending a lot of time in the state of Florida these days. They enjoyed a nice drive to the east coast of central Florida during the spring and had a wonderful time.

They will be returning for another visit in the fall.



Tiger Rag Announcements

Our LRCHS57 Website continues to improve and Charles has added several new Links. Please go to the Website and take a look at the new Links.

We've made a few changes in our July issue of the TIGER RAG. We've inserted several pictures and have increased the number of pages. Charles Humphrey has done a wonderful job with this issue and we appreciate his 'time and effort' working with all those pictures. He had some 'stressful' moments BUT he did it. Thank you, Charles.

Our goal is to keep the Website active until the next reunion in 2012. We cannot do this without your help. Please continue to send in your contributions so we can keep it 'up and running.'

You can go to the Website and review the list of donations. We sincerely appreciate your participation in this endeavor. We, thank you.

Don Payne has done an outstanding job as the KEEPER OF THE LIST. He needs your help in keeping the information on the List current. Please keep him informed of any changes in your data and any changes you know of for other classmates. Go to the LRCHS57 Website and click on the Link..... 'Update LRCHS Records'. You will find all the necessary information there.

Charles has also added a new Link for 'LRCHS Auction.' Go to the Website and take a look at the items up for bid. Follow the instructions. We hope you enjoy this Link.

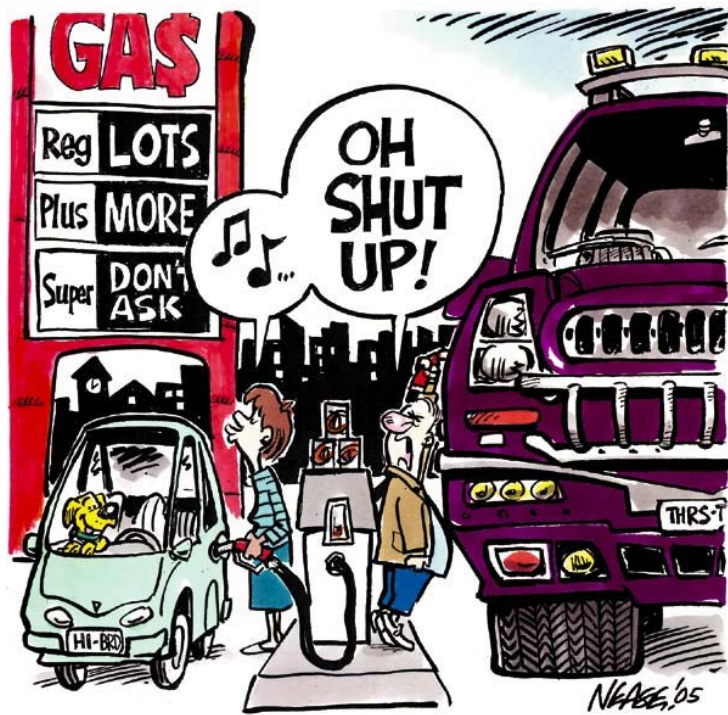
Please email us if you would like to have any information posted in the Announcement Section of the Tiger Rag.

Joycebapt@gmail.com or bwilsontiger@comcast.net

"Some men see things as they are and say, 'Why'? I dream of things that never were and say, 'Why not?'"

---- Robert Kennedy

TIGER RAG CARTOONS



Readers Forum

We want the READERS FORUM to be inter-active. Please send us your comments, opinions, etc.

Email to: joycebapt@gmail.com or bbwilsontiger@comcast.net

I have just enjoyed a cloudy, cold afternoon reading the TIGER RAG. What a pleasure to read articles by fellow classmates. I discovered that I missed the last Tiger Rag and then re-read the ones before that. I am so proud of our class of '57 and of our dear school that means so much to all of us. Thank you all.

Sherron Sipes Shuffield

I loved the Tiger Rag so much that I just had to pick up the phone and call Beni Brown Wilson and Joyce Whittecar Brewer to thank them for their efforts on making the Rag such a wonderful newsletter.

Sybil Todd Laing

It always makes my day when I get to read the "Rag," and I just finished reading the most recent one. As always it's just such a pleasure to be involved with our wonderful classmates through the magic of cyber space.

Congratulations to Beni for becoming more involved. I know her obvious talents will be most welcomed and tell Sarah Lee Hood Boone that she did not tell the 'punch line' of her story of growing up in the neighborhood. The bottom line is...she was the boss. And she still is to this day. Everyone ultimately did exactly what Sarah Lee told us to do. I saw her at our 50th Reunion and she said, "Mike sit down and let's talk." And without hesitation, I sat down and talked and listened. I might add I enjoyed every minute of our time visiting.

Thanks so much to all of you,

Mike McGibbony

First, what a wonderfully delightful issue of the Tiger Rag! Joe Garrison's 'confessions of a twin' was better the third time I read it than it was the first!

However, we have a serious problem, as I am in big trouble with the one person I intentionally left out of my 'article'...Jim Carvell...who really was my best friend, even over Sherry, in high school. I left him out because no one but the two of us really knew what good friends we were....

Well, about an hour ago the phone rang and it was Jim, wanting to know why he wasn't included....I told him it was because he was going to have his own article....along with mention of Jim Nuckolls our other 'cohort' and some other people too...

I would love to write a 'sequel', may I?

Sarah Lee Hood Boone

"And yes, we would love for you to write a 'sequel' for us." Joyce & Beni (Co-Editors)

Continued

Beni, you should have been an Editor in that other life....and it's certainly not too late to get "that" book written so we can all read it. I enjoyed the articles and your interview. Keep up the good work.

Royce Gary, class of '58 (we are sad to inform you that Royce passed away in May, 2009)

I have been reading the Tiger Rag and absolutely love the variety of topics, different writing styles but always the love, humor and humanity in their stories. Both Editors deserve a standing ovation for the quality and dedication to making this happen for the entire class of '57. Beni, you are talented in so many areas, you amaze me. Thanks for counting me among your friends. I should write Joyce Whittecar Brewer a note of appreciation as well. Do you think she would even remember me? I remember her from ESJH days (cheerleading & office, if memory serves me correctly)

Jo Nell Kelly Kocisko, class of '58

Jo Nell, of course I remember you! Joyce

Jim Carvell volunteers in several areas of his community and he thought it was a good idea to ask how many of us are giving back to our corner of the world. We would like to hear from those of you who use some of your spare time for volunteering. Jim feels that helping other people in life is one way of giving yourself a 'gift.'

Please let us know how you aide your neighbors, friends and even strangers from time to time.

Send your emails to: bbwilsontiger@comcast.net and joycebapt@gmail.com



PLEASE COME BACK
FOR FUTURE ISSUES
OF TIGER RAG