



# TIGER RAG

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



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## *Editor's Corner*

The calendar may say summer is gone, but for me that doesn't mean I'm not going to travel again until next summer. My calendar is open year round for exciting experiences and beautiful memories. I love my home but I know there are places out there just calling my name! My dream has always been to travel and I get antsy when my suitcase sits empty for more than a couple of months. Once this happens, I start thinking about my next destination. I have that strong, persistent urge to travel. I believe it's called, wanderlust.

Over the years, I have had the extraordinary experience of pursuing my passion for travel. My husband and I have immersed ourselves in planning trips. Each trip is another exciting adventure for us. Having so many choices can be a daunting task but it's so rewarding when we make our final decision on our next destination.

I have come to the conclusion that there are four stages of travel.

- **PLANNING.** Sitting down at the computer for long periods of time to find the "perfect" trip can be nerve racking. In the end, you are rewarded with the overall excitement of planning every detail of the trip from A to Z. I keep a detailed notebook with everything in it from airfare to bathroom necessities for foreign countries. That notebook is our Bible. I've learned from years of experience that things don't always go exactly as planned but this is just part of the travel experience.

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- **ANTICIPATION.** For me, this is the fun part. You get that adrenalin flush and the closer the date gets the butterflies start to develop in your stomach. You keep hoping that you haven't forgotten something. You've tried to pack everything you own into one suitcase and one small carry on bag. The worst packing situation I've encountered was packing for a trip to South America. I needed summer clothes, winter clothes, casual clothes, evening clothes AND I was only allowed one suitcase and one small carry on bag. This trip was almost a month in duration. Once you walk out your front door you know you're finally on your way and the adrenalin flush starts to fade and the butterflies disappear. You are as ready as you're ever going to be.
- **EXPERIENCE.** You are on your way! You may be on a plane, ship, car or a bus but you are now on the first leg of your journey. The second leg is the enjoyment of visiting new places and meeting new friends. You might be revisiting a place because you loved it so much the first time. Paris is just the place for me. Plus, I have a few other adventures in my "to return" file. You are right in the midst of your vacation. The third leg is your trip back home. You've had a good time and you've taken way too many pictures, eaten too much food and bought too many souvenirs BUT you are so happy to be on your way home! Home sounds GOOD.
- **REALITY.** Now you're back home and living a normal life again. No one to change the sheets and clean your room each day. No one to prepare your meals. No new experiences. You start to wonder if you really went on that trip! It seems like such a long time ago, was it just a "DREAM"?

"When I travel, I renew myself, I make sense of my life, and I see the patterns of it. I make the connections between where I have been and where I am going. It is through travel that I find my present".

(Author unknown)

Experiences and memories are a wonderful thing to share with others. We would love for you to share some of your memories with us. Send me an email and I'll have you on your way!

*Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Editor*  
Email: joycebapt@gmail.com

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## FEATURED ARTICLE

### TIGER RAG EDITOR

*Beni Brown Wilson, Associate Editor*



Joyce Whittecar Brewer is the editor for our Tiger Rag. She volunteered her help with the Search Committee finding missing classmates for the 50th Reunion. Joyce enjoyed it so much that she accepted the invitation when Charles Humphrey approached her about being our editor. She is a dedicated person who takes her responsibilities seriously. We enjoy her wisdom, grace, intelligence and her sense of humor. Joyce, as your friend, it's my pleasure to interview you. I would like to ask you a few questions regarding your life.

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Q: What is your date and place of birth?

A: July 30, 1939, Baptist Hospital, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Q: How did you and your husband, Gene, meet?

A: We met on a blind date. When he was asked if he would go to a party with me, he said, "Sure, I don't have anything else to do tonight." It was my BEST date ever!! That was December 29, 1957.

Q: Tell us briefly about your family.

A: Gene and I just celebrated our 49<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. We have two beautiful daughters and five fantastic grandchildren – three boys and twin granddaughters. They all live here in Miami.

Q: We understand you have a little menagerie at your house, too. Can you tell us about them?

A: Yes, I am a pet lover! I have a 14 year old long haired Chihuahua who is now blind, two male Yorkies and two feral cats that are now tame. Plus, most of the neighborhood cats, birds and squirrels join us for breakfast and dinner.

Q: We know you are retired now. Tell us something about your career choices beginning with nursing school.

A: I graduated from Baptist Hospital School of Nursing in Little Rock in 1960. I had a fondness for surgery so I worked as an operating nurse in Wichita, Kansas, New Orleans, San Francisco and Cocoa, Florida. In the early 70's I decided I wanted to pursue a career in hospital administration. When we moved to Miami in 1971, I started working toward my career goals. I'm happy to say that I achieved all of my goals and retired as a vice president for Baptist Health System in Miami. I had a wonderfully rewarding career!

Q: You have lived in several states. Would you elaborate on that?

A: My husband worked in aerospace and his company required us to move around a lot. We lived for one year in Wichita, Kansas and I was not as happy there as other places. Then, we lived in New Orleans for four years, San Francisco Bay area for one year and four years in Cocoa Beach, Florida. My husband was involved with the 'man to the moon' project. Once we accomplished this project, aerospace took a downward turn. That's when my husband decided to make a career change. He was offered a job in Columbus, Ohio. He went there for an interview during the winter in his light weight Florida suit and almost froze to death. He declined that offer. He accepted the offer in Miami because it was 'warm'. It ended up being the best choice for us.

Q: How is your life in Miami? What about hurricane season?

A: I love living in Miami. It is a beautiful city with lots of diversity. I enjoy all the things that are available to us. As for hurricanes, well, at least we have time to prepare for them these days. I think I would take a hurricane over tornadoes, floods, earthquakes and fires. I lived in New Orleans during Hurricane Betsy and we encountered four feet of flooding. I thought I was going to die when Hurricane Andrew (a category five storm) hit us in 1992. It was the most terrifying event of my life. There was so much devastation in Miami and surrounding areas. We were lucky in that we only had about \$80,000 in damages to our home. At that time, we didn't have storm shutters on the house. We immediately purchased shutters and now have one of the best Hurricane Plans out there. Several friends have requested a copy of it.

Q: What are you doing to keep life interesting these days?

A: I love to travel. Also, I enjoy entertaining friends.

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Q: Any other favorite pastimes?

A: How about being editor of the Tiger Rag? It is enormous fun and rewarding.

Q: How do you keep yourself informed and what do you like to read?

A: It depends on my mood and my whereabouts. When I travel I enjoy fiction. When I'm home, I'm interested in a wide variety of books. To keep informed, I read two newspapers; the Miami Herald and USA Today. I also read a variety of magazines and I watch a few news programs on TV.

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

A: Have my coffee while reading the newspapers. No noise, please.

Q: If you had a fantasy dinner, who are the people you would invite?

A: Audrey Hepburn, Pavarotti, Quincy Jones, Whoopie Goldberg and Bill Clinton (just kidding folks!).

Q: Why would you select these people for your fantasy dinner?

A: I always loved Audrey Hepburn. She was so unique and such a lady. Pavarotti won my heart over with his magnificent voice. Quincy Jones is another favorite. He's a master of music and I enjoy his songs. Audrey, Pavarotti and Quincy would make interesting dinner guests because they would bring a sense of romance to the table. Whoopie is Whoopie and I love her. She would 'get any party going'.

Q: Is there something few people know about you?

A: Absolutely no idea. I'm a pretty open person.

Q: Is there anything you wish you could do better?

A: Yes.....sing.

Q: Why singing?

A: I love music and I think it would be wonderful to have a beautiful voice. I'm not into rap stuff. I love those old romantic songs....that's why I enjoy Quincy Jones. I always listen to the lyrics. Yes, even Pavarotti!

Q: One word to sum yourself up...

A: "Challenging." Just ask my husband.

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

A: I hope they will remember the good times we shared together. I hope they will remember me as a loving and caring person.

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## ARTICLE OF INTEREST

### OUR FRIEND, Charlie Hall

*Joe Garrison, Contributing Editor*

He was a member of the Key Club, the LR Club, an athlete with an unconquerable spirit, and had a personality much larger than his 5' 8" 145 pound body. This is our friend Charlie Hall, whose life impacted so many of us doing things his own riotous way. One of his quirks surfaced in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade during gym class.

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As he was redressing in the locker room we noticed Charlie putting his clothes on in the following pattern: underwear, socks, shoes, shirt, and lastly, jeans. Now, it's not easy to worm your shoes through the legs of a pair of jeans but this was his way. This exercise was made more difficult due to his shoes being lace up wing tips. When we ragged him about his struggles, he'd just laugh us off. He later changed this practice when he began to wear loafers like the rest of us. Then, there was the "Green Monster", as Charlie called it. This was the Hall's family sedan in which we occasionally double dated. He hated it! "I'll never be able to pick up any chicks in this thing", he'd lament. It was a huge, forest green, 1948 Plymouth with four doors, six cylinders, and a manual transmission. It was kind of like the Army staff cars you see in WWII movies. The two doors on each side of the car met in the middle just behind the front seat so that when all four doors were open, an area big as a dance floor appeared in the center of the car. Charlie's head rose about 8 inches above the steering wheel when he was driving. He was right; it was a monster that could swallow a guy up. Never the less, the old car brought us many happy moments. One spring night we even triple dated in it. It was Charlie, Gene Stuart, myself and our dates who went cruising that evening and there was still room for another couple, if needed. We'd decided to get some "good time" girls, go for root beer floats at Weber's, cruise around the town a while, and finalize the evening in a nice quiet parking spot. That was the plan. However, after picking up the girls, Charlie eliminated root beer floats and cruising around and headed the "Green Monster" straight out Hwy 10 into the depths of the wilderness. He was eager to get down to the business at hand. It was a fun night for Gene and me. The young lady with me was cute, witty, had a nice figure, and the conversation between us came easy. Gene and his date also clicked and had a good time. But something happened early on between Charlie and his date as he remained sitting behind the steering wheel and she had plastered herself against the passenger door. In the monster this meant they were hardly within shouting distance of each other. It stayed that way until we left. Charlie, in his crazy way, would laugh and shrug it off. I can assure you readers, the honor, reputation, and virtue of the "good time" girls remained undamaged and intact as we took them home. However, one unforeseen problem did occur in that Gene's date fell in love with him that night. The next day in the girl's gym class she appeared in shorts with his name inked on her thighs and arms. She had tattooed Gene all over her "good time" body. I remember a day when we were 10<sup>th</sup> graders and Charlie asked me what I thought of his teeth. Even though they were a little crooked and had a few chips, I answered, "they look fine to me". Why? He said, "I'm getting the front four replaced with a partial bridge". I told him it was unnecessary but his mind was made up and it was done. The first time I saw Charlie with his new teeth, I was stunned. In all my life, I'd never seen so many white teeth. He was smiling even when he wasn't smiling. He looked good. Kind of like a miniature Clark Gable without a mustache! Shortly afterwards, a few of us loaded up and went to Lake Alneta for a swim. As usual, Charlie was first out of the car, first up the diving tower, and first into the water. When he surfaced, his eyes were big as coffee cups and he was shouting, "help me guys". In the space where those new, white, expensive teeth had resided was a gaping hole not unlike the Grand Canyon. We scoured the bottom of that lake all afternoon for those teeth with no success. Charlie's face was one of desperation. Our buddy's appearance had changed from that of Clark Gable to Jeeter of Tobacco Road! We even borrowed Harvey Boyd's scuba gear to do a better search but all in vain. When the tank's air was close to depletion, Howard Riley wanted to go down one more time. Not a good idea we told him. He went anyway for a last try. Sure enough, Howard ran out of air with a 40 pound tank on his back. The recovery effort for Charlie's teeth turned to getting Howard's flailing body out of the water before he drowned. There have been better days. Charlie took the bad news home to his parents and in a few days he emerged with a new set of teeth laughing, joking, wise cracking, and dominating the scene in his characteristic way. "Clark" was back and our lives could return to normal again. Charlie attended our 30<sup>th</sup> reunion and, like always, raised the tempo of the event to the next level. He was still a riot. This was the last time I saw him. He left us five years later on May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1990. I thank Charlie for all the laughs, jokes, and the crazy good times we had with him. HE IS VERY MISSED AND WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

## ARTICLE OF INTEREST

### "FOLLOW MY DREAM"

*By – Mike McGibbony*

The late, famous comedian George Burns said, "I'd rather be a failure doing something I love, than be a success doing something I don't". That is how I feel about "Following My Dream" of somehow being involved in country music. In my case however, I can't fail because I am just too happy in my journey with no major goals. In addition, and because I haven't really defined success, failure is not possible. Having said that, I must admit I am very serious about what I am doing and I do have a plan.

About three years ago while on one of my regular journeys to Nashville, TN., I got motivated to stop dreaming and talking (as I had been doing since I was 10 years old) and start taking some action. So I came home and began writing country songs. My experiences relative to writing or creating country music is why I was asked to write this article. I believe it is never too late to get involved in something that you love and really want to do....or as I say so often to, "Follow Your Dream". I don't believe I have ever been as happy in my life. About two and one half years ago I was granted an extension of my life following successful open heart, valve replacement surgery. I made my mind up that I was not going to waste the rest of this precious time here on earth.

As of this time, I have written about 70 songs and have learned that song writing (just like writing a book) is a craft and one must study and work hard and often to develop abilities in that craft. I am barely scratching the surface, and songwriting is a lifelong commitment for those who really have the 'want to' is good, but it must be preceded by talent. The successful writers work hard to take advantage of their natural talent. I am not sure about my talent, but I do spend a great deal of time studying, working, thinking, and developing song ideas and structuring songs. And that is just the lyrics. I write the melodies, also.

As a part of my plan, last year I became a member of the Nashville Song Writers Association International (NSAI). Based in Nashville, this is the predominant association of its kind in the world. The NSAI literally has something going on all the time, 24/7/365. It may be seminars, workshops, song evaluations, festivals and other opportunities for songwriters. This gives writers a chance to network with people in the industry and like most industries networking is a key to success. Unfortunately, most of this is done in Nashville and I can't be in Nashville as much as I would like. The NSAI does provide a song evaluation service whereby members may submit one song per month for professional evaluation. I do not suggest this for anyone with the slightest twinge of an inferiority complex. Sometimes the response can be somewhat brutal, when you think you have submitted the next No. 1 hit country song, and the pros don't necessarily agree. There is an Arkansas Chapter of NSAI and I attend regularly. It is growing and I enjoy getting to know others who have similar interests and commitment. However, being in Nashville could have its advantages. There are a few writers in the Arkansas Chapter that are in the process of moving to Nashville.

I don't see myself as a regular performer; however, I have had several 'paying gigs' and a few more are booked. It is important to have your songs heard, and again in Nashville there are several venues for songwriters to perform their music. The most famous is the world famous Bluebird Café. This small place in south Nashville is where Garth Brooks started, along with Faith Hill and Kenny Chesney just to mention a few.

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The current stars and successful songwriters play there regularly. Perhaps the most amazing thing that has happened to me is the chance to perform at the Bluebird. I have appeared twice now and while I have not received a writing contract, it is a thrill (even at my age-our age) to perform there. It's where the creators of music sing their music, 'right from their heart'. Google on the Bluebird Café to learn more, it's quite a story. There is a full house for two shows, seven nights a week.

Yes, this is a very special journey that I am continuing on and it has nothing to do with fortune and fame. Rather it has everything to do with the people I meet and get to know in the business and some not in the business, reacquainting with old friends that I haven't seen in years, and the satisfaction of writing songs, and in some cases seeing the look on people's faces when they hear a song or a line in a song that I have written that somehow reaches them.

I have recorded 16 of my songs on two separate CD's and my thanks to so many of you for your interest. If you would like one or both of the CD's please email me [michaelmaac@gmail.com](mailto:michaelmaac@gmail.com) and I will reply as to how you can get a copy(s). By the way, my stage name is Michael Maac.

What warms my heart the very most is the excitement and interest that my dear friends seem to have in my 'late in life' career. Their support means so much to me. I look forward to seeing all of you anytime we have the opportunity to be together. What a special time it was back in 1956-1957 and what a special class we have. Meantime, "Follow Your Dream"!

Finally, and I think I speak for all classmates, a big Tiger Thanks to Charles Humphrey and Joyce Whittecar Brewer for all they do to bring us together.

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## ARTICLE OF INTEREST

### SHOCKING DEVELOPMENTS AT LRCHS - 1956

*By – Chaz Cone '57*

I was *not* a BMOC. Painfully un-athletic, I was a geek before the term was coined. Thank goodness LRCHS made room for all kinds!

When I was fourteen, I became a licensed amateur (ham) radio operator. A neighbor got me interested and I've been active "on the air" for most of the intervening fifty-four years.

In 1956, we resurrected the then-defunct LRCHS Amateur Radio Club and the school gave us a "radio shack" on the fifth floor. It turned out to be an abandoned boys' rest room with the plumbing removed but, hey, we had access through a window to the roof to put up antennas. We were (a handful of) happy boys.

When they chose faculty advisors, Mary Piercey was apparently not at the meeting so she was tapped to be accountable for us. She taught English (as you will remember) and couldn't have been a worse match for radio boys -- but she gamely took us on.

There was a sophomore home room across the hall from our radio room and it was considered great sport for

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those boys to disrupt our “before home room” radio time by crossing the hall in a small mob, yanking open the door and screaming epithets at us. We didn’t know the word “epithet” at the time, but we did know that we didn’t like that much. There was no way to lock the door; something had to be done.

One of our number brought in a spark coil from a Model T Ford and a six-volt battery. This was wired to the metal door handle and to a piece of hardware cloth covering the door sill and reaching into the hall like a metal doormat. The door had a transom over it and someone climbed onto a stool to look out through the transom. His job (as lookout) was to let us know when the boys approached.

They came, right on schedule. The lookout did his job and someone closed the knife switch energizing the spark coil just as one of the boys grabbed the door handle.

Here’s a small reminder from 11<sup>th</sup> grade physics: The Model T spark coil develops about 20,000 volts at practically no current. It would shock you, but wouldn’t do any lasting damage. Any Southern boy who ever was talked into peeing on a running car engine can explain.

So, 20,000 volts made its way quickly to and through the small mob of annoying sophomore boys causing them to find themselves slammed up against the opposite wall of the hall.

Vengeance is ours! 1956-version of high-fives all around! Well, for a little while...

Their homeroom teacher called the Vice-Principal and he called Miss Piercey. She climbed three flights of stairs like an angry juggernaut. She plowed through the students gathered to see what would happen – and grabbed the door handle.

Sadly, we’d forgotten to turn the switch on the spark coil to (as flight attendants say, the “off” position).

Yes, that’s right. Mrs. Piercey landed on the floor as well.

Here’s something I didn’t know. If you shock a woman, she will lose control of her bladder. Unfortunately she was wearing a light blue dress. Oh, dear.

Shortly thereafter, the LRCHS Amateur Radio Club was disbanded. I graduated in 1957 and perhaps it returned again thereafter but I’m not sure.

I was called back into service when we had the famous student exchange with Manitowoc, Wisconsin. I was asked to bring in my radio and let the students talk back and forth with their parents (for free, one of the nice things about ham radio). Here’s a photo that was in the paper:





## ARTICLE OF INTEREST



### LIVING IN SWITZERLAND

*By : Carol Reavis Pillet-Will*

When first asked to describe living in Switzerland, I thought it's not that different from any developed country and asked myself "What is really different?" That initial inability to see the difference is based on two factors: I've been living in a French-speaking country most of the last three decades, so the culture has come to seem normal, but paradoxically the United States has also become closer with the developments in cable TV, e-mail and internet news. When I first moved to France in the 1970's, I thought it strange that the French media gave hardly any coverage to American affairs (not the case today!) and I felt genuinely far away from friends and family. Europe has so changed since then –McDonalds in the smallest towns (one several hundred yards from my home) - and I am thoroughly immersed in U.S. business and political events thanks to global communications.

All this being true, what is unique about Switzerland? Quite a lot actually. If one looks at a map of the European Union, right in the middle of a sea of blue European countries is an island - staunchly independent Switzerland. With a population of about 6 million, this essentially mountaineering people have made a federal system of four language groups (German, French, Italian and a small number of Romanche speakers) into a cohesive entity, which is one of the most democratic countries on the planet. Referendums are held every year either federally or in the cantons, where the people decide just about everything : drug policy, tax policy, health care policy, entry into Europe (always no) and anything else that 110,000 petitioners want to put to the vote. As a foreigner I can't vote, but I do admire seeing the Swiss take matters into their own hands.

I think the mountains create this individualism. There are still so many valleys and high Alpine pastures where farmers and shepherds tend their herds in peace, protected by subsidies and safe from EC rules. Unlike the other two countries where I have lived (Belgium and France) this isolation has resulted in true and living country traditions that are authentic links with the past, so unlike the folk dancing and costumed festivals put on for tourists in other parts of Europe.

Less than an hour's drive from our home we have enjoyed two of the most loved Swiss traditions – both centered round what should be the Swiss national animal – the cow!

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In the spring and fall there is the “transhumance” when the herds are walked and trucked to the higher pastures in the mountains and then in the fall, most walk down in a festival. One October we went to the descent in the nearby village of St-Cergue. These massive animals – much larger than anything I remember from the Arkansas Livestock Show – need to have giant necks to support the thick leather collars and heavy cow bells at least 8 or 9 inches wide. It was touching to see their heads all decorated with lovingly-fashioned tiaras of fresh wildflowers. And even more touching to see the owners accompanying their animals with long staffs and traditional dress. These farmers with tan leathery faces were clearly not in costumes but in their own well-worn outfits handed down from year to year – black embroidered jackets with silver buttons and large-brimmed black hats.

The second traditional event, which is my favourite, is the Combat des Reines or Battle of the Queens, held every spring in the canton Valais. The “Queens” are cows not bulls weighing in at over 1200 pounds. These brownish black giants of the Herens breed are naturally aggressive ladies, locking horns in the pastures. Their fighting nature has been channelled into a series of contests culminating in the finals in May, when The Queen is crowned. Last spring we attended one of the trials in the village of Sembrancher with hundreds of other fans. Some professionals in Geneva – lawyers and bankers – have formed syndicates to invest in certain of the promising combatants. I must admit that the fighting is very prolonged. It starts with some ten or twelve couples locked in combat, who push and push until one of them has had enough and walks away. It’s not violent. By elimination two are left standing and keep at it until one becomes tired of the whole thing. Past winners have had coquettish names like “Tina”, “Sapphire” or “Fauvette”, which sound like French poodles rather than 600 kilograms of power muscle. The most famous and three-time winner was called “Souris” or Mouse, who was so beloved and mourned on her untimely death that 40,000 francs were raised to have her stuffed and put in a local museum.

These are the more colourful aspects of life in Switzerland. Every day living has much in common with other places – supermarkets, traffic jams, movie theatres with no films for adults. However, concerning transportation we do have trains that are clean, on time and go literally everywhere. If we don’t feel like driving to Geneva, there’s a train every twenty minutes, which takes a half hour to get there. In rush hours the trains are packed, but in between almost empty. As for driving, when I hear all the moaning about \$4.00 a gallon for gas, all I can say is that the Swiss feel fortunate because they pay “only” \$7.44 a gallon, which is much cheaper than the French or British (\$9 a gallon!) or how about the Dutch or Norwegians (\$10 a gallon)! Half or more of these prices is usually tax.

Yes, it is very expensive here. It’s best not to translate prices into dollars. After all these years I’ve found that certain qualitative notions of value just are never learned. I still have to calculate monetary values, temperatures, kilometres, and ask my husband about the relative vulgarity of certain words that one hears. These matters of value and judgment are difficult to gauge.

Speaking of temperatures, I am writing this on an August afternoon. It’s about 72 or 74 degrees outside, a bit cooler than the usual 78 or 80. We do have heat waves, which here means high 80’s or 90, but usually not more than two weeks in the summer. A little fan is enough for sleeping. No one has an air-conditioned house. To cool off one can always take a dip in Lake Geneva, which is crystal clear, but a chilly 68 degrees at best.

The lake does provide one of the best Swiss institutions, the century-old paddle wheel boats, which ply the coasts from Geneva to Montreux. Every summer we take the evening cruise from the nearby village of St-Prex across the lake to the French town Yvoire and back. One of the benefits of Swiss independence from

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Europe is the unspoiled lakeshore, still preserved from over-development. As you may have guessed, I am happy to be living outside the centralized bureaucracy that some Europeans are trying to promote, usually against the will of the people as evidenced by their votes, too rarely given to them. It is a pleasure to live in a country that is quite modern and advanced, but has not lost its special character and individuality.

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## ARTICLE OF INTEREST

### OUR ENERGY COST

*Written By: Tommy Bates / Germany*

All of us are affected and concerned about the prices we pay and our dependence on oil. We have always taken for granted our mobility, that we can jump in our car and go where we like and not think a second thought about it. The biggest awakening for the USA was the price of gasoline at \$4.00 per gallon or more. There are several reasons and no short term solutions. Over here in Germany and many European countries we are paying over \$8.00 per gallon. Last month in London it reached \$9.00 per gallon.

We are looking to buy a new car that will run on gasoline but can be switched over to 'Auto-Gas', this is a mix of propane & butane. This is a "Green Car" since the CO2 emissions are below 120 pm. I prefer the 'Auto-Gas' alternative to the CNG (compressed natural gas). With the CNG there are some restrictions, no parking in an underground garage, no driving through long tunnels and not as many outlets for CNG. The fuel tanks look like those big oxygen bottles. They are heavy and mounted under the car. Auto-Gas has a small tank that fits in the spare tire well. It contains about 11 gallons. With both CNG and Auto-Gas the range is reduced about 9% and power is reduced 2.5%. That's OK with us as we don't drive as much now. The engine runs quieter and the oil is much cleaner. At 15,000 miles it looked like it was fresh out of the can.

One factor that not many Americans are aware of is this; the oil is priced in US dollars. The whole world buys their oil in US dollars. I know that our money does not go as far as before. One example is heating oil. Last year I bought 6400 liters to fill our tanks (1024) gallons. The cost was \$1944. This year to fill our new double wall tanks with 4000 liters (690), the cost was \$3027. Not quite doubled.

Living high on that hawg. Tom and Heidi Bates, Hauswurz, Germany

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Don't count the days, make the days count

---- Lou Holtz

## ARTICLE OF INTEREST

### EPISODE 3: ADVENTURES OF MITZI AND SABINE

*By : Beni Brown Wilson  
Associate Editor*



It's Graduation Day!! Yippee!! Both little ladies have done a super job of socializing and learning to be good girls these past few weeks. It's been touch and go some of the time, but there's not a lot of last minute testing going on either. Everybody is here in their best humor along with mamas and dads ready to play games and show off skills. First, though, we have our social hour, as usual, handing out tidbits of goodies to each other. Katy, our great big Newfoundland pup, puts mama's whole hand in her mouth when she takes a treat! Two leggers must be very trusting to feed Katy; she turns out to be very gentle. Sabine and Mitzi are so happy to see each other and everyone else. They all sniff each other, take a treat from the parents and repeat the scene with everyone they meet. No more wetting the floor and no more smelly gas. Everybody seems to be as comfortable as if they were at home now. It's been a long eight weeks, but we've made it.

Games are played, some competitive some are not; some require the cooperation between mama and puppy and some just rely on puppy's remembrance of what she's learned. Mitzi and Sabine reign supreme. They enjoy the games and do as well as some and better than most.

They don't play "Pomp and Circumstance" and the pups don't march into the room in formation, but they are handed a lovely certificate of graduation with their names beautifully engraved in the center blank spot. They are so proud. Mamas are prouder!

School is over at the end of the hour. Everybody begins to trickle away with a sigh of satisfaction and relief. Some chat, others pet each other's puppies and chat some more. Everybody thanks the animal behaviorist, of course. A beautiful Brittany Spaniel walks over with her owner to say hello to the puppies. Sabine growls, snaps and yells her head off at the Spaniel. Although Mitzi does not growl or snap, she certainly stands in solidarity with Sabine. This all takes place in a nano second and right under the nose of the A.B. Both Schnauzers wear their hearts on their sleeve....always. The A.B. whirls around and turns to Sabine, assesses quickly the goings on, and says, 'She needs to return to class, I'm afraid. This is not good!' She takes one look at Mitzi and points and further says, 'Her, too!' The mamas look at each other in disbelief and burst out

Continued

laughing. When they recover their senses, they realize maybe they've got two little girls who are still a bit 'willful' and an extra go 'round couldn't hurt.

Yep, you guessed it....they got their diploma but they failed the school.

Both girls did return for another 8 week course. This second time around was a piece of cake for these two and they were awarded a second certificate of graduation. When it was all over, a Staffordshire Terrier came to visit and was greeted by Sabine and Mitzi as gracefully as any accomplished little princesses!

Practice makes perfect. Mitzi and Sabine are just about perfect.

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## TRAVEL

Joe Garrison and wife, Barbara Vermillion Garrison, celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary on a cruise to Alaska.

Sharon Laessig Protzman and husband, Pete, traveled to Italy for a nice vacation.

Betty Sue Irvin McKnight joined her family in Orange City, Alabama, for a big family reunion.

Buddy Laing and wife, Sybil Todd Laing, visited their daughter in Utah.

Charles Humphrey spent a couple of weeks in Little Rock visiting friends and relatives. Shortly after Charles returned home he and wife, Pat Crownrich Humphrey, had to evacuate due to Hurricane Gustav so they made a trip back to Arkansas. They stayed with Pat's sister in Cabot.

We would love to hear about your travel experiences. We are not getting much feedback for this section of Tiger Rag and we have many readers that want to hear about what their classmates are doing.

Please email me with your travel news.  
joycebapt@gmail.com

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## THIS & THAT

LRCHS57 Classmate Talents:

Carol Reavis Pillet-Will has published a book. Divided Affections, The Extraordinary Life of Maria Cosway, Celebrity Artist and Thomas Jefferson's Impossible Love. Carol lives in Switzerland.

You can go to our website [www.lrchs57.com](http://www.lrchs57.com) and click on Classmate Talents. Please read about Joan Sanders Gintella, Anne Fewell, Don Dugan, Jerry Masters, George Wittenberg and Mike McGibbony. We would love to have more names on this link.

Continued

## REFLECTIONS

Young girl when did you go away  
Why did you disappear  
When I see my reflection  
You are no longer there

Why did you leave me  
I really need to know  
Are you still out there  
Where did you go

The person in my mirror  
Whose image I now see  
Is not who I remember  
As she's looking back at me

I search in every corner  
For the girl I used to know  
I call-see doesn't answer  
Tell me, where did she go

I know she's out there somewhere  
Patiently waiting just for me  
So I'll keep looking in my mirror  
Her reflection for to see

*Written by Joan Sanders Gintella  
2008*

I think we can all relate to Joan's poem.

## COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES

Look for some more SURPRISES.

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## CLASSMATE UPDATE

### Deaths:

Sandra Evans James passed away on July 10, 2008. Please go to our website [www.lrchs57.com](http://www.lrchs57.com) for additional information.



Sandra Evans James

### Sickness:

Eleanor Hawley Jones had surgery and we are happy to report that she is doing well. Jack Tucker is also recovering from an illness.

### Classmate Missing List:

We still have approximately 70 classmates on the list. Please go to our website [www.lrchs57.com](http://www.lrchs57.com) and review the names. We would appreciate any information you might have regarding their whereabouts.

It's very difficult to locate the female classmates when we don't know their married names. If you have that information please share it with us.

Email to Joyce Whittecar Brewer and she will forward all information to the LRCHS57 Search Committee. [joycebapt@gmail.com](mailto:joycebapt@gmail.com).

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Keep in mind that our community is not composed of those who are already saints, but of those who are trying to become saints. Therefore let us be extremely patient with each other's faults and failures.

---- *Mother Teresa*



## COMPLIMENTS FROM READERS

### 'KUDOS FROM OUR READERS'

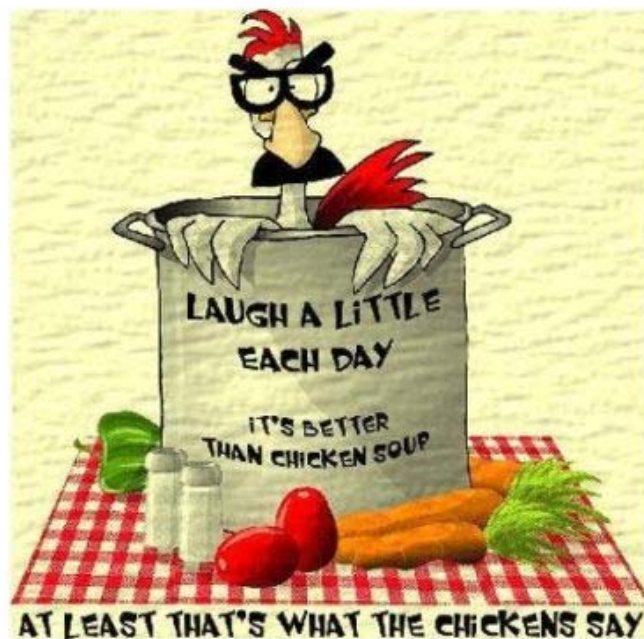
- Your 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of Tiger Rag was very enjoyable. Ralph Brodie (Class of 58)
- Y'all are doing a great job.....those of us who aren't in the 'loop' still enjoy reading it. Sarah Hood Boone
- I loved, loved, loved every page of this Tiger Rag. Sybil Todd Laing
- Good! Glad to find out we're enjoying ourselves! Emma Jo Fulton Adcock
- Great job! Sharon Laessig Protzman
- Great fun. Thanks a million. Sherron Sipes Shuffield
- I just got through reading (twice) the latest and current edition of the Tiger Rag. I thoroughly enjoyed it and its content from beginning to end. Wayne Mulkey
- Thanks for your efforts with the Tiger Rag. I enjoyed every word and the pictures. I particularly enjoyed Gaylon Wayne Mulkey's mention of his home at 1219 Dennison. He may have forgotten, but his family rented it to my family while I was in the 11<sup>th</sup> grade, so it was my home also for a while. Like Gaylon, I am an alumnus of Centennial and West Side, as well as LRCHS. Jerry Gardner
- This was good reading! Please tell the "staff" that they are doing a wonderful job.

Folks might be interested in knowing that in 2008, and for the second year in a row, students from Central won the national Fed Challenge championship. This is highly competitive and begins at the regional level in St. Louis, for our region. Regional winners go on to DC where they advise members of the Federal Reserve on pertinent issues. The competition began in the 1990's and last year was central's first time even to enter. The school, the students and the faculty, coach all receive monetary rewards.

CENTRAL - a fine school in '57, still outstanding in '08. Frances Mitchell Ross

- Charles, what a wonderful effort. I'm a web designer, too, and what you've done is exemplary. Good Job! Please pass along my congratulations to the editorial staff. This is a terrific newsletter. Chaz (Charles) Cone.
- Tonight, I was so tired but I decided to check my emails anyway. How exciting it was to find this Tiger Rag. It makes me want to talk to all our old friends. I loved the reunion and now a lot of us are together again. Keep this going and thanks to all of you for all you are doing to make this a great success. Georgiana Lange Gunn.
- I enjoyed this Tiger Rag more this time than the first time. They both were great but I seemed to get into this one more. I loved Joe's article about his first dinner at Barbara's house. I could just see the potatoes flying in the air and hitting her mom. All the stories were so good. Betty Sue Irvin McKnight
- The Tiger Rag is absolutely amazing. You have done a tremendous job with this publication and I look forward to more news from our classmates. Joan Sanders Gintella
- I really enjoyed reading the RAG. As with any new endeavor there will be some adjustments and growing pains. To me it is right on target. You done good girl.... Tom Bates, Germany

## TIGER RAG CARTOONS





For Future Issues of

**TIGER RAG**