



TIGER RAG

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



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Editor's Corner



By: Joyce Whittecar Brewer and Beni Brown Wilson

FALL IS HERE! So many holidays coming up, so little time in between. We've already begun to display dried cornstalks, hay bales and a few pumpkins on our front porches here. Remember "The Frost Is On The Pumpkin" we learned in school? Then, there is Halloween to celebrate. It's so much fun to open the front door to little costumed goblins screaming, 'Treat or Treat!' Joyce remembers one saying, "Give me some candy" last year. Her father immediately told her to be nice. She looked at Joyce and said, "Please give me some candy!" When Beni lived in St. Louis, the children were also prompted to be prepared with a riddle...something corny and cute like a Knock-Knock joke.

Now, there's a wonderful Thanksgiving coming up for all us Pilgrims, too. It's a lot of folks' favorite time of year. So, give thanks in November for our culture that has developed in the last couple of hundred years and enjoy your turkey and your family gathering.

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Lastly, there's Hanukkah and Christmas to celebrate. December must be the happiest, busiest time of the year for all of America. There are gifts to give, parties to attend, food to consume, and family to cherish and be near, not to mention the second coming of the turkey! We always celebrate during Christmas with a sparkling tree on Christmas Eve, the family gathered together this night with a lavish sit down dinner of beef tenderloin (all the little boys have grown into big boys and this is the only time we've ever seen them ask for seconds). The English Beefeaters have nothing on America. We also have a gift exchange after dinner in the candle light and tree lights of the evening. There's festive Christmas music and photographs. It's a favorite time of year here in Little Rock. In Miami, the Brewers have their big day on the patio in the sunshine. They have a lighted tree on the bar and friends and family gather for Joyce's great food and drink. They listen to Christmas songs and take a lot of pictures. The gifts are exchanged in 70 degree weather but there is still a feeling of Christmas in the air.

However you celebrate the seasons, just do it with wild abandon and enjoy your family and friends if you stay at home, and if you travel, enjoy it with family and new friends. Let's all be grateful for what we have been given here in America. As a kick off to fall, enjoy your October Tiger Rag, too.

'Happy Halloween'---'Happy Thanksgiving'---'Happy Hanukkah'---'Merry Christmas' to all!



FEATURED ARTICLE

"A SPECIAL MAN"

Donald Dalton

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



Q. When and where were you born?

A. April 10, 1939, St. Louis, Mo. I moved to Little Rock in the second half of the 3rd grade.

Q. Joe Garrison mentioned you in his article, 'The Wooden Mallet,' in the July issue of the 'rag.' He said, "Never, never, never slip up on Don Dalton from behind!" Were you a tough guy?

A. Not at all, closer to a wimp. However, I grew up in a tough neighborhood in St. Louis. My older brother taught me how to take care of myself. One rule was (if you gotta do it) give it all you've got on the first lick because you might not get a second opportunity. If they are bigger than you this is most important. Thanks Joe, you always write great stories.

Continued

Q. We know you were into wrestling and skating during your school years. I believe you were quite competitive and won some medals. Would you share that time of your life with us?

A. I did enjoy applying the tactical maneuvers and planning necessary moves to be a good wrestler. It built strength and character as well as making you humble when the little guys pinned you to the mat. I never carried this very far but it was an enjoyable sport. Skating was a passion from junior high through high school. I was competitive and won several Regional trophies and medals. I also competed in the Nationals twice. The sack full of medals, some gold, comes in handy with my grandchildren. When I give them one of their very own and it makes it to second or third grade, 'show and tell,' everything turns into Olympic proportions. After graduating from high school I developed new interests.

Q. Would you tell us about your family members?

A. A blended family. I'm married to Patricia Lee Murphree of Little Rock. Our family consists of two boys and five girls. All except one live in Arkansas. We have fifteen wonderful grandchildren living in Springdale, Cabot, Sherwood, Conway and North Little Rock. They range in age from 23 down to 2. They keep life very interesting.

Q. Okay, I just have to ask you this question. Did you really crash a plane in Little Rock?

A. Not in Little Rock, it was nearer to Lonoke. I was fortunate to go through U.S. Air Force Pilot training and flew several airplanes during my career. This accident was a mid-air collision involving three B57 twin-engine jets in close formation. My airplane was coming apart rapidly and I ejected; the chute opened and I landed safely in a rice field. The second plane had little damage and landed at Little Rock Air Force Base. Unfortunately the pilot in the third plane did not eject and we lost a very good friend that day.

Q. We know you are retired now but would you share some of your career choices with us?

A. At the time we graduated, most men gave some consideration to the military as an option for a career or at least a short-term experience. I chose the Air National Guard. I was enlisted for four years, got a commission and went through thirteen months of pilot training. I had always wanted to fly airplanes and this was indeed a golden opportunity for me. More about that later.....

I also got married and started attending night school at Little Rock University. Ten years later I graduated with a B.S. in Marketing. After several short-term jobs I went to work for a company that sold feed to the poultry and livestock industry. Arkansas Valley Industries. One of our customers was being reorganized by a primary lender and I was recruited as a buyer for AVI, later changing its name to Valmac Industries. We made several acquisitions, grew rapidly, had over 2,500 employees and became a factor in Poultry distribution. I went on to several management positions and was promoted to VP and General Manager of Valmac's Food Division. Later I was named Senior VP for Corporate Planning. I left the company just before they sold the division to Tyson Foods.

I spent the next few years doing things I like to do, but mostly renewing my military career. I had the opportunity to participate in several exercises both in the U.S. and overseas. The Guard and the Air Force had always been a major part of my life. After my early years of active duty I spent much of my time, except for some recalls, in the Air Guard. Along with civilian airplanes I flew several Military airplanes including the T37, T33, B57, F101, KC135 and the C130. I was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and, after eight years as Commander of the Arkansas Air National Guard, I retired in 1999.

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One event of interest to the class of '57 happened in the late '60s. I was flying an RF101 from Little Rock to where I was stationed at Itizuke Air Base in Japan. Because of a maintenance delay I was privileged to fly across the pond alone. I was alone except for the occasional KC135 tankers on seven aerial refuelings necessary to hop from Little Rock to Hawaii, Guam and on to Japan. I don't remember exactly when but one of the refueling Boom Operators, knowing where I had originated, started a conversation about Little Rock. Well guess what; that Boom Operator was '57 classmate and friend Richard Almond. That encounter made for a nice day on a long trip. Richard went on to finish a most interesting and distinguished career in the Air Force and is now retired and living in Arkansas.



Reunion picture of Don Dalton & Richard Almond.....2007

I was also fortunate to have flown a couple of times with Greg Robertson, a class of '57 graduate. Greg was killed in an airplane accident several years ago. I believe the accident was in South America.

The last career move came when some Poultry Industry Leaders asked me to head a regional Trade Association located in Atlanta, GA. It was known as "Southeastern Poultry & Egg Association." The goal was to expand its mission and take it to a national level. We renamed it "U.S. Poultry & Egg Association," which changed its image and expanded our role in education, research, and communication. In addition we added specialists to work with issues such as environment, food safety, animal welfare and governmental relations. It was exciting work from which I retired at the end of 2007. Pat and I moved back to Arkansas and built a home on the Arkansas River in River Plantation at Parlar.

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Q. How does it feel being the recipient of so many outstanding awards during your career?

A. I do feel privileged to have received some recognition and an office full of reminders. These things came not because of me but as a result of the most competent and outstanding people I worked with just making me look good.

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

A. The most spectacular thing in which I was involved is a hard question to answer. I was honored to be included in a private lunch with six others and Ronald Reagan. Later I was privileged to introduce him to an audience of about three thousand people. My wife says the dinner with Lee Greenwood was just as exciting. Also the invitations to the Rose Garden by President Bush, dinner with Dick Cheney-- and I will never forget the original Col. Sanders. I can't leave out the lawn party with the President and Bob Hope. I have been very fortunate to have experienced many interesting and happy occasions.



Don & President Reagan
circa 1970's



Don at a luncheon with Pres. Reagan
circa 1970's

Another time I was flying west from Little Rock. It was a very clear sky and the sun had gone just a little below the horizon. The most spectacular event unfolded filling the western sky. It started as a dot and broke into the most brilliant, ever-increasing picture of radiant color. It had a darker center and what appeared to be a shroud with brilliant stars shooting out from the head. I asked my wingman, Dave, if he knew anything about the Rapture. He said, "Not a lot," but just let me say good-bye. What a sight, it only lasted about three minutes. It turns out it was a missile launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base in California. As it broke through the earth's atmosphere the ice crystals began to break off and with the shining on the sharp angles of the ice created an awesome sight.

Q. What are some of your favorite past-time activities?

A. At my age, favorite past-times are fishing, hunting, riding four-wheelers in the Rockies and being with friends and my spoiled dog, Petey.

Q. Is there something few people know about you?

A. I am a 13-year, two-time survivor of cancer. I am a Harvard University Graduate School of Business Administration alumnus.

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Q. What is your favorite vacation destination and why?

A. I have visited twenty foreign countries and Italy four times. My favorite trip without a doubt was a self guided, plan as you go trip to Italy. We loved staying in homes of the Italian people and moving on when we wanted to. I especially enjoyed the history, beautiful countryside, friendly people and ease of travel. The cuisine was fantastic and I do love to eat. I would go again and again.

Q. If you could go back in time, what would you want to do differently?

A. As with many people my age, I would like to have spent more time with my family.

Q. Is there something you would change about yourself?

A. I wish I was more patient and took other people's needs more seriously.

Q. Who would you like to meet?

A. Eve, one question, "What were you thinking?"

Q. Who would you invite to your fantasy dinner party?

A. Pat and I would like to host Marco Polo, Paul (the apostle of Christ), Abraham Lincoln, Dwight Eisenhower and my mother and dad.

Q. One word or phrase to sum you up?

A. "Fortunate." If I had two words, "Most Fortunate."



Brigadier General Donald Dalton
Retired effective April 9, 1999

ARTICLES OF INTEREST



THANK YOU CLASS OF '57

By: Jerry L. Masters - Contributing Editor

I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank all of you that either wrote in or let me know otherwise, how much you enjoyed the article that was so well written in the January 2009 publication of the rather "new," so well assembled, Tiger Rag by Joyce Whittecar Brewer, Joan Sanders Gintella, Beni Brown Wilson, and Charles Humphrey. (Have you all noticed how long all of the ladies' names are now?) It was such a thrill for me to be able to share just a small part of my life with all my classmates in this fashion and it has also opened the door for me to get to know and reacquaint myself with so many of the special people with whom I spent such an important part of my life with until 1957. It seems as if people that I had forgotten about started coming out of the woodwork all of a sudden, and revealing to me such a great quantity and quality of very special people that I must confess I took for granted when I was just a kid. It's like I've been renewed in the past and it has been so exciting and a very special time in my life when I thought the past had more or less passed me by.

I discovered what a talented song writer and musician Mike McGibbony is, when to me all I remembered was him playing center on our football team. I discovered how two of the most beautiful people in the world, inside and out, Sybil and Buddy Laing, can still be so beautiful, successful and active now as they were when they first met in the 7th grade at East Side and realized they were to be eternal soul-mates. Also, I was to find out what a wonderful contribution Joyce Whittecar Brewer, the little girl from the east side, would make to the medical society by climbing the ladder of success, first as a nurse, then not only as an administrator, but Vice President of one of the finest hospitals in the country. I found out what a close friend and running mate, Gaylon Mulkey turned out to be after he left the Navy and that he remains so to this day. I also discovered that Joan Sanders Gintella spent most of her life doing pretty much the same thing I was doing, making a living making music. What a wonderful lady she is now, as well as close friend and grandmother to an entire roomful of young ones. There are so many more I could mention if I had the space but I just used these examples of the new life that was created for me. It was the time in my life when I really needed the past to come alive in me and help me 'keep going' after being released from my job. I received no severance pay, not even a watch, after 24 faithful years with a company that really never cared if I was there or not, even though I contributed to the long lasting success of a record company known as the Last Soul Company. I single-handedly recorded 132 albums and videos without any help whatsoever, except for the cleaning lady, in my final stop of a career that took me from one end of the world to the other. I set two goals for myself in my life and accomplished them both only to find out that true joy and peace comes not from success, but from a relationship and close walk with my Creator.

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In addition to having the good fortune of having my story partially told in the Rag, I have just finished writing a book, My Memoirs, from the time I was five years old and realized that music was what I was supposed to be doing with my life, to the present. It's called, "Let It All Hang Out." The Jerry Masters Story. My journey from the pine tree to the cross. It will be published by Crossover Publications. I want to go on record now and tell the entire world that I simply could not have done this without the help of Joyce Whittecar Brewer. It's a book that I believe you will enjoy, find amusing at times and hopefully, appreciate. It will be in bookstores all over the world probably in late October or early November and I hope if you see a copy you will pick it up, buy it and read it. When you take it to the cashier, be sure to tell them that you were a classmate and friend of mine and they should give you a 10% senior discount since we're all about the same age anyway. I love and appreciate each and every one of you and I want to thank you for being a very important part of my life. I hope to see everyone at the next reunion.



LIFE GOES ON

By: Sherron Sipes Shuffield

It is amazing that so much time has passed since 1957. At our reunions we try to catch up, but we are spread apart by miles and way too many experiences. "Catch me up" is a common request, so I think I'll try, as hard as it may be to stop me once I've gotten started. Believe it or not, I have been going through a lifetime of memorabilia lately...trying to toss but often saving and attempting to organize for yet another look or maybe a hope that my children/grandchildren will one day find all this STUFF a tad interesting.

I started by sending stacks of letters I had saved to some of the people who had written me as I left our Central High campus for Baylor University in Waco, Texas. I'm sad to say that some of those friends are no longer with us, but reviewing life at that point was fun for me and I hope for those I rewarded with old letters they had written in the vernacular of the day, most crazy, silly comments that started way back in Pulaski Heights Jr. High for me. I recall spending the night many times with Roslyn Lander, climbing out her bedroom window and gathering others in the neighborhood to wander the streets nearby. We never gave it a thought that what we were doing might be dangerous. We wouldn't do it today. Would we? Honestly, I don't see how anyone could have had more fun than all of us did in the '50s. Reading some of your own recollections proves my point.

At Baylor, I missed my LRCHS friends and recall visiting Mrs. Metcalf on vacation and complaining about those awful Texas accents. We didn't talk like that! I fussed and fumed in freshman English essays about the fact that our beautiful Central High was being pictured with soldiers and unkind words and unbelievable

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comments that desecrated what I thought to be a perfect place and one of the “top ten” high schools in the country. As I made new friends at Baylor, however, I settled in to having a wonderful college life and met not only lifelong friends but a lifelong husband, as well: Charles Shuffield from Nashville, Arkansas, of all places. Charles and I graduated from Baylor, moved to Memphis, TN for the summer and then to St. Louis, MO. Charles entered the Hospital Administration program at Washington University, and I experienced my first teaching job at Southwest High School, teaching English and sponsoring the cheerleaders. After St. Louis, Charles and I went to Jackson, MS, where Charles became assistant administrator of MS Baptist Hospital. I earned an M.A. in English, and Charles earned a Law degree (at night) from Mississippi College. I then taught senior English at Murrah High School in Jackson and taught for Ole Miss and Mississippi State, too, in their adjunct programs.

Living in Jackson during those days was an eye-opener. I had never experienced Rebel flags and Civil War regalia. It was everywhere. When Murrah became integrated for the first time, I was there and had a calm, easy experience, in spite of White Citizens’ Council schools cropping up, Ross Barnett (then Governor), the First Baptist Church guarding the doors to keep “some people” out. I remember Medgar Evers getting shot in his own driveway (Charles and I went to watch the scene at the courthouse when Byron De Lay Beckwith was charged – and not convicted – of his murder, though in recent years Beckwith WAS convicted), the Three Civil Rights Workers killed in Philadelphia, MS, George Wallace blocking the doorway of the U of AL nearby, when James Meredith tried to enter. All this – and MORE – was going on when we lived in Jackson. When Charles and I took a vacation to the World’s Fair in New York City the summer of 1964, we told the taxi driver we lived in Arkansas. We were afraid to say we lived in Mississippi.

Jackson afforded us some wonderful cultural experiences through the MS ARTS FESTIVAL in those days, though, and after living there for five years, making good friends and having our daughter, Sally, we moved in 1967 to Fort Smith, AR – back near our parents (both sets then lived in Little Rock) and back into our home state. Charles became assistant administrator of Sparks Hospital, now Sparks Health System. He would become President and CEO of Sparks for over 30 years before retiring in 1997. In Fort Smith we had another daughter, Alice, and I became a stay-at-home mom for our two girls until 1979, when I began teaching English part-time at Westark Community College (now U of A Fort Smith). I taught part-time for five years and then was hired as a full-time faculty member in 1984, teaching English and heading the Honors Program. I loved my career at Westark and retired in 1998 to travel and enjoy retirement with Charles. After years of INTENSE volunteer work (for you, Jim Carvell); I enjoyed focusing on my career during my college teaching days. I even enjoyed grading all those English essays.

Our daughters graduated from Vanderbilt and Davidson; they have both had more variety in their lives than we could have ever imagined. One earned a Masters in anthropology from the University of NM, the other a law degree from the University of Virginia. Both have had fascinating work experiences --- in Washington DC, CO, and places in between. Both are extremely musical and have experienced everything from Tanglewood to the Aspen Music Festival to performing together, singing and playing; Sally has three CDs to her credit-all her own original songs. Both are married and living in CO and have blessed us with six grandchildren up to this day (the newest is not quite a month old).

Many of you have talked about your love for travel. This past eleven years-and even before that- we traveled abroad and at home. For awhile, we were hardly at home more than a few days at a time.

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We have backed off of that a little, though as I continue writing my little "letter" to you, we have just returned from a 'Mystery Trip.' Our daughters and their entire families rented a magnificent house in the San Dia mountains above Albuquerque and wound us there through tricks and phone calls to celebrate my 70th birthday. Can you believe that so many of us have reached that milestone? I am sad over the ones who haven't - including Sharon Raney Pallone, whose amazing obituary I read just before we left on our trip. I used to give talks on behalf of SCAN during part of my volunteer efforts in the '70s. I was astounded, too, at how much her picture looked just the way I remember her mother looking. My own mother had dark hair (her own doing) until she died at the age of 90; she might be more than a little upset if she could see my white hair now. My husband likes it though, so that's a good thing.

As I quit writing this "log" to you great friends, I hope we will just keep living our lives to the best of our abilities as long as we are given the GIFT. Life goes on whether we are here or not, but knowing all of you has been one of the best parts of it all. I am so happy when I go through all my scrapbooks and annuals and letters and memories to think of the fun we've had, the lessons we've learned, the friends we've made along the way. "Hail to the old gold; hail to the black; hail alma mater..." Enjoy yourselves. I look forward to getting together again soon.

REMEMBERING WHEN...

By: Emma Jo Fulton Adcock

In following up on the mention in the last issue of 'Tiger Rag' regarding the Rose Festivals (aka Miss City Beautiful) held in Little Rock in the 'good old days,' I found that it meant having to recall memories that seem to not only have escaped me, but also my sister, Joy. You see, our oldest sister, Peggy Fulton Poteet was a Rose Festival Princess in the 1950 Court. Joy did remember the name but not the spelling of the Queen of that particular court who was Deana Schneider. Joy also remembered that each of the five members of the Court received a wardrobe consisting of a white formal, a suit and accessories.

My most vivid memories are of Peggy and her participation in the different levels of competition leading up to the crowning of the Queen. Dan Dailey, movie star of some popularity and fame, was the Master of Ceremony for the final competition. He also had quite a reputation for having a close, intimate relationship with alcohol. I remember sitting in the Robinson Auditorium the evening of the finals, watching Peggy walk out onto the stage dressed in her beautiful white formal. When, instead of offering her lips for Mr. Dailey's kiss, Peggy offered her cheek. I heard the audience's in-take of breath which was their reaction to Peggy's refusal to accept his kiss.

Of course, I thought Peggy to be the most beautiful and perfect candidate for Queen – a role she had always played in my young life and continued to play until her death in 1980.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

When checking into the archives at the Butler Center in Little Rock, I came upon several scrapbooks containing news clippings, photos and other memorabilia regarding the "Clean Up, Paint Up, Fix Up"

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campaigns that stimulated the "Miss City Beautiful" competition among the fairest young ladies in Little Rock from 1950 til 1957. I discovered the Fulton Family produced another Princess of Roses in Emma Jo Fulton in '57! I wonder if two Rose Princesses from the same family ever competed again. When I asked Emma Jo and Joy to relate what they could remember of Peggy, I had no idea there were TWO roses in the Fulton Family!! Laura Hammock, Connie Ellis and Sarah Johnson were also Princesses in Linda Cooke's Court of 1957. I don't know of any lovelier young ladies to represent our school!

Beni Brown Wilson - Co-Editor



Seated Front: Emma Jo Fulton, Linda Cooke, Laura Hammock
Standing: Sarah Johnson, Connie Ellis

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

By: Gaylon Wayne Mulkey

I can never forget my memories of the old haunts and places around Little Rock and North Little Rock, circa 1955 through 1964. So many years have passed now, and the memories are distant, but I'll never forget the 'glory days' and the 'fun nights' during those years. These memories are what I consider the most fun times in my young life.

The memories are gone but never forgotten. We were just 'BOYS BEING BOYS.' We were ordinary guys doing what ordinary guys do during that time in their life. We left our mark on some nights we'll never forget and on some nights we'll always regret. You have to remember that 'boys just have to be boys.' It was a time where I was carefree and experienced some of the best times in my life.

There was a large group of friends in Little Rock, mostly classmates, who were important to me in those days. We hung out together and made our rounds on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. Those were the nights where the traffic was heavier. 'Traffic' meant not only cars but also girls, beer and fast food.

We would make our rounds dragging up and down and north and south on Main Street in several different cars. Joe Owens (class of '56) had a 1960 Ford convertible, Tommy Miller in either his wife's Chevy '55 Super Sport or the light pink custom with 3, 2 barrels carbs-1961 Pontiac GTO, Bobby Holloway (class of '58) in his lowered '59 Ford, Don Sprouse in his lowered white Dodge Cabriolet, Donald Pepper in his '56 Chevy Corvette and Cecil Hill in his '58 Chevy.

We thought we were 'cool'. Some of the guys would race their cars at the drag strip in Carlisle, Arkansas on Sundays. Yes indeed, those were the 'good ole days.' In addition to racing, we would frequent the drive-ins that sold beer which was delivered to you in your car by a 'car hop.' Snappys was OK for driving through to see who was or was not there, but, you didn't want to stay as they didn't serve beer. Once we would drive through Snappy's we would head a few blocks away to the Little Rock Inn, then we would head over to the Bandbox. The Bandbox served beer and had good looking car hops. 'Flo' was popular and she was a great looking buxom blonde. Even after 50 years I still remember her.

Beer was important to us but we also enjoyed eating ice cream at the Sweden Crème on Main Street and we certainly enjoyed eating our fair share of hot dogs at Perciful's which was famous for its hot dogs and for a wonderful car hop by the name of 'Frankie.' My mouth still waters over those Percifuls hot dogs. Percifuls and Mac's had the best hot dogs in the world! I've never found one that even comes close to their 'dogs.'

We loved the drive-ins and the clubs; I can still remember them to this day. We went to The Beverly Gardens which was located on the old Pine Bluff highway about four or five miles out past Sweet Home. In fact, that's where I proposed to my first wife, Annette Harper, on the dance floor very late one night. Those 31 years were the best years of my life. I am a blessed person.

Then, there was the new "Cimmaron" night club, "Wig Wam Club", "Top Hat" and the "Club 71." Now, I probably shouldn't mention this one, but the "Red Rooster" was the place to go for whatever you were

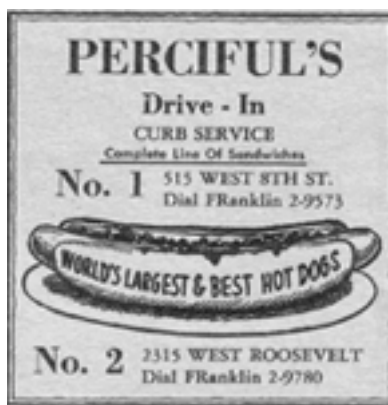
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looking for.....believe me, it was there. This was definitely not the place to take a nice girl you wanted to impress. Now, I'm not saying I actually went there but I did hear about it. If you believe that, I can sell you the Brooklyn Bridge.

We did love our famous drive-ins. We traveled through Lowes, Jimmy's, the Blue Goose, Ship Ahoy, Pecks BBQ, the Pitcher and several others on our week end journeys. There were a few drive-ins in North Little Rock called the "Hog," the "Razorback" and the "Crescent Moon." We never stayed long at those places because if the local North Little Rock boys found out you were from Little Rock they would 'egg' your car, making a hell of a mess as you headed back across the Broadway Bridge and home.

I guess that's why we always referred to NLR as 'dog town.' We had to be very careful when we ventured over to their territory. Their girls were just that, their girls! Their places were just that, their places! The distance between the two cities was 'just over the bridge.'

I want to thank some friends that helped me gather information for this article. Jerry Masters, Donald Pepper, Bill Barnard, Gary McElmurry and Robert Kent. It's been fun remembering those times with my buddies. We were all so young and carefree. We were just "boys being boys."



DON'T ASK UNLESS YOU WANT IT TO HAPPEN

By: Sarah Lee Hood Boone

Never make a promise you don't intend to keep....that's what my Grandmother always said, so, Jim Carvell (and James Nuckolls), you're going to be written about.

Continued

Even though James was in the class of '58, we actually became friends before I knew Jim, as my uncle dated James' aunt prior to getting married at the age of 48 when I was in the ninth grade. Since Jim and James were best buddies, we became three friends! Because we were Presbyterians, we attended many church youth activities together....perhaps the most fun times, however, were just hanging out at the home of one of our favorite youth ministers, Carl Lazenby, who served First Presbyterian Church, downtown for several years. I often wonder how many of us had our first 'cold one' in that back yard.

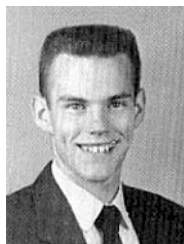
Church camps at Ferncliff were always a great time, especially when we were old enough to be counselors; junior high camp was most challenging as after evening vespers, we had to 'round up' those who went to play 'kissy face' in the bushes. Since poison ivy was in abundance at Ferncliff, some campers got more than just a little kiss! Then after we were 'settled down' in our cabins, we counselors would gather on the deck at the lodge where the ministers stayed and solved the world's problems....hoping we wouldn't return to a bed that had been short-sheeted or filled with cracker crumbs!

Carvell worked for the highway department in the summers and had some really 'tall' tales to tell about life on the road. Suddenly it was time for the three of us to go our separate ways, Jim to Vanderbilt in Nashville, me to TWU in Denton, Texas and James to return to LRCHS for one more year. However, we didn't go out of each other's lives.

For several years our paths seldom crossed. In the late '60s I saw Jim's name in the Dallas paper in an article about the Texas Department of Transportation and tracked him down. Our families met and enjoyed each other's company on several occasions....coincidentally, when he and Nell lived in Bryan-College Station, they lived on the same street my husband and I lived on when we bought our first home prior to moving to the Dallas area.

Jim and James were the 'brothers' I never had as we shared heartaches and joys and our hopes for our futures and the future of mankind. Since they also were only children, I think I was their 'sister' and if so, how privileged I was to be that to them!

And to dear 'forever girlfriends' from pre-school days like Sylvia Swaim, Ann Trieschmann, Jan Walker, Julie Saeler, Ann Strawn, Phyllis Alexander, Glenda Fleming (and the rest of the Brownie Troop), how can one ever stop thinking about those with whom you grew up in a true age of innocence?



BURNED BISCUITS

By: Tom Bates – Contributing Editor

Continued

When I was a 'wee' tyke, my mom liked to make breakfast food for dinner every now and then. And I remember one night in particular when she made breakfast after a long, hard day at work.

On that evening so long ago, my mom placed a plate of eggs, sausage and extremely burned biscuits in front of my dad. I remember waiting to see if anyone noticed. Yet all my dad did was reach for his biscuit, smile at my mom and ask me how my day was at school. I don't remember what I told him that night, but I do remember watching him smear butter and jelly on that biscuit and eat every bite!

When I got up from the table that evening, I remember hearing my mom apologize to my dad for burning the biscuits. I'll never forget what he said, "Baby, I love burned biscuits." Later that night, I went to kiss daddy goodnight and I asked him if he really liked his biscuits burned. He wrapped me in his arms and said, "Your momma put in a hard day at work today and she's real tired. Besides, a little burnt biscuit never hurt anyone."

You know, life is full of imperfect things.....and imperfect people.

What I've learned over the years is that accepting each other's faults – and choosing to celebrate each other's differences is one of the most important keys to creating a healthy, growing and lasting relationship. That's my prayer for you today...that you learn to take the good, the bad and the ugly parts of your life and be certain you have a relationship with others where a burned biscuit isn't a deal-breaker!



DAVID O. DODD, A HERO OF THE CONFEDERACY

*excerpted from Arkansas history and
submitted by Beni Brown Wilson*

A few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of speaking to David O. Dodd, one of our classmates, regarding his family history involving the tragic events of the first David O. Dodd's demise during the War Between the States. He told me that the young David Owen Dodd of that period in our history was unmarried, and the present day David's great-great-great-grandfather was the first David's father's brother. There is much written regarding the sad story of this young fellow. Of all the war heroes in Arkansas history, this is the one with the most monuments in the state – even more than Douglas MacArthur. During the Civil War, 17 year old Dodd, in southern territory, went to Federally occupied Little Rock on a business errand for his dad. On his way back to South Arkansas, troops at a federal checkpoint found a notebook in his shoe which contained in Morse Code, in Dodd's own handwriting, a thorough, detailed and perfectly accurate list of all the Union forces in Little Rock.

Continued

Ten days later he was hanged as a spy. The heroic part is that he never divulged the source of his information or the name of his spymaster. He was hanged on January 8, 1864 on the grounds of St. John's College adjacent to the old Little Rock Arsenal – the present day site of MacArthur Park. Dodd was buried in Mount Holly Cemetery.

THIS & THAT

TEXAS OUTHOUSES

By: Beni Brown Wilson - Co-Editor



It's a good idea to add a bit of culture to our lives from time to time. We here at Tiger Rag decided this was just the ticket!

Above are several artfully decorated outhouses worthy of the museum of fine artsomewhere in this world.

ESJH REUNION 2009

By: Beni Brown Wilson - Co-Editor

We all enjoyed ourselves at the East Side Junior High get together on Saturday, September 12 at Murray Park in Little Rock. There was quite a turnout. We met new friends and saw old ones. The weather was balmy and overcast and, frankly, just right.

A 1963 East Side graduate masterminded the picnic by simply putting an ad in the Classified Section of the newspaper. We enjoyed seeing people whose school days dated back to 1939, and forward. We all hope to do this again soon. Three cheers to Phil Johnston, Class of '63.

If you'd care to see photos, go to the Junior High School links, click on ESJH and you'll see what fun we had.

Luby's Luncheon – September 10, 2009

By: Beni Brown Wilson – Co-Editor



Betty Irvin McKnight & Emma Jo Fulton Adcock

Emma Jo Fulton Adcock and Betty Irvin McKnight smiled for our camera after a wonderful lunch! Please join us every second Thursday of each month, Luby's Cafeteria, Little Rock at 11:00 am! Look forward to seeing you.

WOMAN OF KENT

*By: Judy Venable
reprinted from Writers' Rendezvous 1957*

There was a young woman of Kent,
Whose nose was most awfully bent,
It led her astray
One nice sunny day
And no one knows which way she went.

VITAMINS

*By: Charles Harper
reprinted from Writers' Rendezvous, 1957*

Vitamin pills are vital stuff;
The ads all tell us so.
Those little pearls are packed with
worlds
Of wonderful get up and go!

If you are bothered with lazy days,
If you lack the driving zeal,
Just gulp a few, or one might do,
And how vigorous you will feel.

With zip and zest you'll tackle your
work
And feel as fresh as ever.
There's magic within each gelatin
skin
And drive for each new endeavor.

It'd sure be nice to go through life
With a headfull of steam 'neath the
throttle;
But it's not for me—nor never could
be—
You see, I can't open the bottle!

CHRISTMAS BACK HOME

*By: Jimmy Butler
Reprinted from Writers' Rendezvous, 1957*

It was a gay time – red and gold, green and silver –it was Christmas time. The faint tinkle of sleigh bells and shouts of laughter were muffled by the snow, reaching his listening ears only faintly. The large white house threw a warm and welcoming yellow glow on the silent mounds of snow piled high around its foundations. He took a deep breath of the clean cold air. The stars glittered icy fire; and far away one seemed brightest of all, as the first Christmas star might have been.

Continued

Christmas smells of spice and turkey filled the house from the plush wine-colored carpets to the top of the long white staircase. The gaudy Christmas tree seemed to smile at their happiness as the lights on the tinsel made its branches shimmer. Holly and pine and Christmas stockings hung everywhere. The children giggled and romped, full of anticipation for 'Santa comes tonight' and in their play they nearly upset Granny as she bustled about setting the table, trimming the turkey - - so busy.

From the hall doors hung the mistletoe, and standing demurely under it was his girl, brown-eyed and laughing.

He dropped his upturned head, but the muted sleigh bells were only the distant rumble of gun fire; the laughter, cries of the wounded. He kicked the mud from his shoes and trudged on closer to the front. All about him were cold night and muddy snow. Above, the stars glittered icy fire; and far away one seemed brightest of all, as the first Christmas star might have been.

PET STORY

Submitted by Jerry Masters

For those of you who have pets, this is a true story. For those who don't, it is a true story.

The following was found posted (very low) on a refrigerator door:

Dear Dogs and Cats: The dishes with the paw prints are yours and contain your food. The other dishes are mine and contain my food. Placing a paw print in the middle of my plate and food does not stake a claim for it becoming your food and dish, nor do I find that aesthetically pleasing in the slightest.

The stairway was not designed by NASCAR and is not a racetrack. Racing me to the bottom is not the object. Tripping me doesn't help because I fall faster than you can run.

I cannot buy anything bigger than a king sized bed. I am very sorry about this. Do not think I will continue sleeping on the couch to ensure your comfort, however. Dogs and cats can actually curl up in a ball when they sleep. It is not necessary to sleep perpendicular to each other, stretched out to the fullest extent possible. I also know that sticking tails straight out and having tongues hanging out on the other end to maximize space is nothing but sarcasm.

For the last time, there is no secret exit from the bathroom! If, by some miracle, I beat you there and manage to get the door shut, it is not necessary to claw, whine, meow, try to turn the knob or get your paw under the edge in an attempt to open the door. I must exit through the same door I entered. Also, I have been using the bathroom for years – canine/feline attendance is not required.

The proper order for kissing is: Kiss me first, then go smell the other dog or cat's butt. I cannot stress this enough.

Continued

Finally, in fairness, dear pets, I have posted the following message on the front door:

TO ALL NON-PET OWNERS WHO VISIT AND LIKE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT OUR PETS:

- (1) They live here. You don't.
- (2) If you don't want their hair on your clothes, stay off the furniture. That's why they call it 'fur'-niture.
- (3) I like my pets a lot better than I like most people.
- (4) To you, they are animals. To me, they are adopted sons/daughters who are short, hairy, walk on all fours and don't speak clearly.

REMEMBER, dogs and cats are better than kids because they:

- (1) eat less,
- (2) don't ask for money all the time,
- (3) are easier to train,
- (4) never ask to drive the car,
- (5) don't need a gazillion dollars for college
- (6) don't hang with unsavory people,
- (7) don't drink or smoke,
- (8) don't want to wear your clothes,
- (9) and if they get pregnant, it's okay to sell their children.

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA

By: Somerset Maugham – 1933

DEATH SPEAKS:

There was a merchant in Bagdad who sent his servant to market to buy provisions and in a little while the servant came back, white and trembling, and said, Master, just now when I was in the marketplace I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death who jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture. Now, lend me your horse, and I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there Death will not find me. The merchant lent him his horse, and the

Continued

servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs in its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop he went. Then the merchant went down to the marketplace and he saw me standing in the crowd and he came to me and said, why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning? That was not a threatening gesture, I said, it was only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra.

CLASSMATE UPDATE



Sharon Raney Pallone



Norris Guinn



Howard Riley

Sharon Raney Pallone, Norris Guinn and Howard Riley – Sorry to report that we have lost Sharon, Norris and Howard. There is a full obituary of each, reprinted on our class website under the “In Memoriam” section. They will be missed.

Sandra Evans James – We had a wonderful conversation with Mary Alice Dickens a few weeks ago. She, as well as others, were in attendance at Sandra’s memorial service. Sandra passed on a year ago. The lunch was well planned by her surviving children and Mary Alice shared with us the turn of events in Dallas. There was a luncheon in a large, light, airy room and was attended by many, including Mary Alice and John Dickens, Don Payne and Don Fowles. Judy Herbert was also present. The children created a wonderful slide show of Sandra’s life in pictures. Everybody enjoyed seeing each other and remembering happier times with Sandra and her family members.

FOUR THINGS YOU CANNOT RECOVER:

The Stone	~	Once it’s thrown.....
The Word	~	After it’s said.....
The Occasion	~	After it’s missed.....
The Time	~	Once it’s gone.....



Tiger Rag Announcements

NEW TO OUR WEBSITE

By: Charles Humphrey, Webmaster

New items on our website!

1. TABLE OF CONTENTS: List of the general links on the website to help you navigate the site.
2. CHANGE LOG: Area to go to and see what has changed in the last 90 days.
3. LRCHS BULLETIN BOARD: Please e-mail your announcements to us at the website.
4. MY FAVORITE TEACHER: Please e-mail your favorite teacher.

LRCHS '57 WEBSITE

AUGUST, 2009! – JOYCE WHITTECAR BREWER TO WEBMASTER:

I was on the website several times this afternoon and the speed was outstanding. SWISH, SWISH.....and it's there!



**THANKS!!
to
TIGER RAG EDITORIAL STAFFERS**

We are so very grateful to all of you who have worked so diligently from day one helping us get the 'Tiger Rag' together! This is a big bouquet of compliments from your Co-Editors to all of you who help us day in and day out put the 'Rag' together. Everybody on our staff has gone above and beyond the call of duty to help – from those of you who suggest and then encourage others to write articles for us, to those of you who actually write articles for us and sometimes do double duty by writing articles as well as proof reading. We editors always get the praise, but everyone should know it's a team effort from the get go, so to:

Continued

Charles Humphrey – Our beloved Webmaster – who puts up with the requests of two female editors and our whimsical ideas from day to day. Charles puts in long, long hours for us. THANK YOU!!

Don Payne - Don's our 'Go-To' guy when we need information on how to put together our pictures and he does it cheerfully. THANK YOU!!

Sybil Todd Laing - Sybil's our resident Bird Dog (and such a pretty one doesn't hurt) – she can sniff out a possible story faster than anybody and talk someone into doing it for us quick as a wink. THANK YOU!!

Chaz Cone & Jerry Masters – both these fellows are excellent at proof reading and suggesting a better way to do things, not to mention they have delivered some wonderful stories for us. And they do this with a smile....always. THANK YOU!!

Joe Garrison – Joe, being our resident Burton Hillis, has claimed the throne for the most prolific writer on our staff, not to mention among the most popular. Joe knows how to make all of us smile easily. THANK YOU!!

Tom Bates (Europe) & Joan Gintella – You two have proved invaluable. We recall so many fun stories, and poignant ones as well – not to mention a lot of researching for us when needed. It wouldn't be the same without the two of you. THANK YOU!!

Linda Razer Orton – has been extremely helpful in pointing Beni in the right direction for information on a story a time or two as well. THANK YOU!!

With our sincerest appreciation of your special talents.

Joyce Whittecar Brewer & Beni Brown Wilson,
Co-Editors of 'Tiger Rag' LRCHS '57

Readers Forum

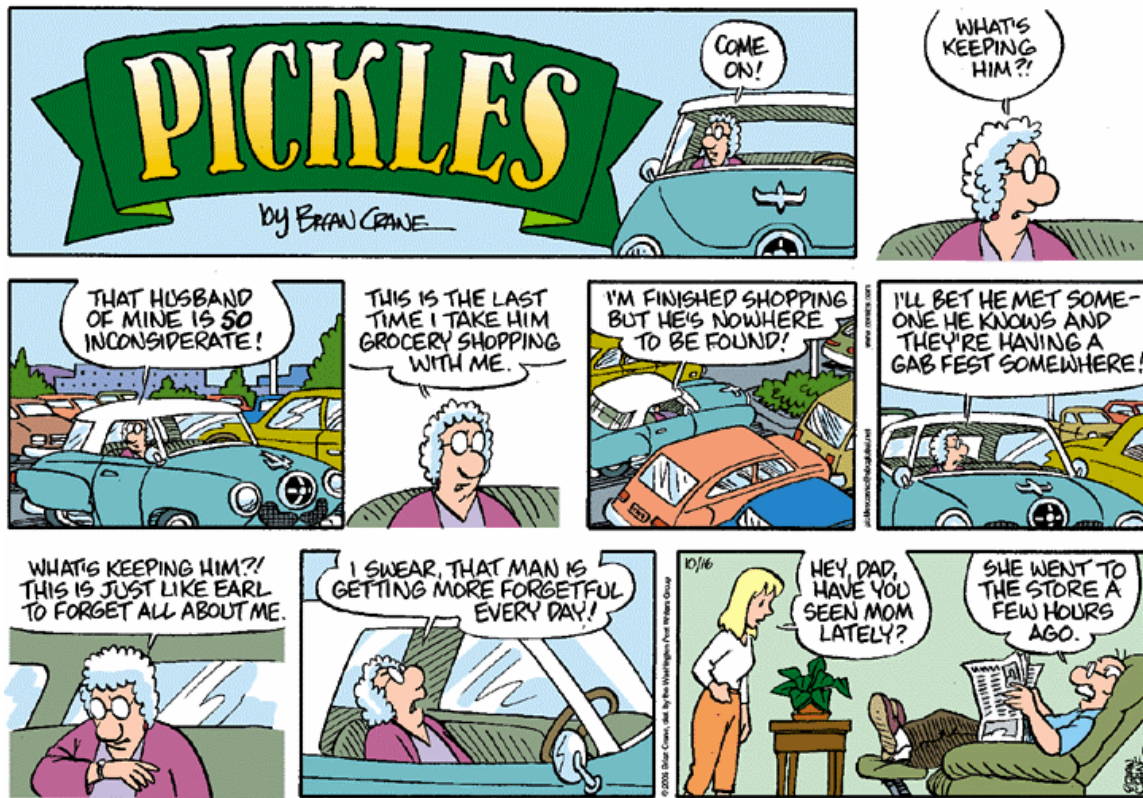
Every time we publish anew, we are complimented right and left and we can't say how much your words mean to us! We have been encouraged by so many it astonishes us at times. Here's a blanket 'Thank You' from all us staffers on the Tiger Rag for your enthusiasm and interest!

Readers are always welcome to send e-mails to us regarding their thoughts and feelings, on most any subject. We would enjoy hearing your views and perhaps publishing them. The only rule is to be sensitive to other's views as well.

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TIGER RAG CARTOONS





PLEASE COME BACK
FOR FUTURE ISSUES
OF TIGER RAG

YOUR TIGER RAG STAFF

"DREAMS DON'T RETIRE!"

