



the HERD

NUMBER FIVE SUNSET HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF '58 SEPTEMBER 1991

Calvin Pope Dead

Calvin Pope died recently after a lengthy illness. Calvin quarterbacked the '58 Sunset football team and was voted most valuable player. He was affectionately nick-named "mellonhead" by his team mates.

He later became a Little All American football player at Sam Houston State in Huntsville, Texas. He was loved by all who knew him, and friendships lasted throughout the years.

Calvin was involved in coaching in Huntsville and in the Bryan - College Station area. In recent years he worked in insurance.



A memorial service was held at Laurel Land in Oak Cliff and was attended by many of his friends and team mates from Sunset.

Calvin's mother later took the time to write us the following letter:

Dear Sir:

I write to you to let you know of my son's death. Calvin Ray Pope, Sr. died on June 11, 1991 in Bryan, Texas. In going through his belongings after his death I came across the May 1991 THE HERD. He was such a loyal Sunset Bison. I saw so many of his Sunset buddies at his funeral in Dallas. To name a few, Bit Chase, Dennis Risinger, Cone Golden, Duane Fisher and his beloved coach Jack Roten.

It was such a sad day for me but I am so grateful to all his wonderful friends in being there to pay their respects.

Sincerely, Mrs. Dorothy Pope Huncovic, 10210 Ivanhoe Trail, Austin,

Former Greiner Principal W. H. Munroe Dead

Mr. W. H. Munroe died on June 3, 1991 at the age of 88. Mr. Munroe was principal to those of our class who attended W. E. Greiner Jr. High. He was the father of our classmate Tom Munroe.

Mr. Munroe was born in Tarpley, Texas in the Hill Country and graduated from North Texas State. Mr. Munroe began his career with the Dallas Independent School District in 1942 as acting principal of Sunset. He later transferred to Greiner before moving to administration. He was assistant superintendent in charge of personnel until his retirement in 1973.



Eula Pearl Smith, 92, died May 28, 1991 from injuries suffered in an automobile accident. She resided in Oak Cliff. Burial was at the Lockhart City Cemetery in Lockhart, Texas.

Ms. Smith was born and raised in Lockhart, just outside of Austin. She was a graduate of the University of Texas and attended graduate school at Columbia in New York. Ms. Smith taught English and retired from Sunset after more than thirty years.



Cecil Jerden died on July 1, 1991. Burial was at Laurel Land Cemetery. He was retired from the Dallas Independent School District and resided in the Cockrell Hill area. Mr. Jerden taught chemistry and was the golf coach at Sunset.

Memories of Coach Herman Scruggs

by Max Maris

For some reason I think of the coach in the movie "The Last Picture Show" whenever I think of Coach Scruggs. You know, the coach who is not exactly the picture of health and unathletic in appearance; i.e. , slightly overweight, pot bellied, horn rimmed glasses and a cigarette smoker.

Herman Scruggs' picture in the annual lists him as a math (geometry) teacher and track coach, but I always felt his main interest was track. As track coach, he consistently fielded some of the best track and field teams in the state. Quoting from the '58 Sundial, "Sunset's reign as king of the cinders stretches over a period of years and is marked by the performance of such greats as Ross Bush, national record holder in the 880, Tom Kelley, high jump champion of the state, Bill Stalter, James Baird and many others. The list would not be complete without the name of Silas Edwards (Eddie) Southern, who is still in the process of re-writing the record books. The hopes are high that the squad will be able to stretch the string of the city championships to 7 straight."

When I ended up in Coach Scruggs class, I knew he knew I was not a jock. I picked up real quick that it might be a plus if I was after noticing that several jocks, including Robert Robinson and Paul Wilson, were in his class.

Well, I couldn't have been more wrong! Coach Scruggs turned out to be very competent in math and fair to all. I recall his kind eyes and quick smile and two of his favorite expressions "That's all there are to it" and "Vicee Vercie."

Duane Fisher and I recently discussed Coach Scruggs, whom Duane remembers fondly. He recalled two expressions he frequently used were "Two Tooty Two" and "Side Angle Side". Also, he recalled how Coach Scruggs would invite the team to his house for a roast beef dinner the night before a meet. He believed this would give the team the energy to win. Coach Scruggs' distinctive whistle could be heard above the crowd the next day urging the team to victory.

One time I remember was when the Coach had his feet propped up on the desk (as he usually did) and was leaning back in his chair with the textbook open on his lap. He coughed frequently, from smoking I suspect. This partic-



ular time he began coughing and couldn't stop. As the coughs became more violent, he leaned farther back in his chair until he flipped over backwards behind his desk. No one laughed or said a thing. Almost immediately he bounced up and hardly missed a beat as he continued the lesson. Only at Sunset!

Melton Receives Honor



The following article is re-printed from a news release and article published by CITY & STATE Magazine of Chicago, Illinois.

Dallas County Treasurer Bill Melton has been named by City & State Magazine as the 1991 "Most Valuable Public Official" for County Government in the United States. The award was presented September 12, 1991, in Washington, D. C., during the 7th Annual "Most Valuable Public Official" Awards Dinner.

City & State publisher Dan Miller stated, "We are particularly impressed by several aspects of Bill Melton's career: the leadership shown at the national and local level on financial as well as general public policy issues; professionalism introduced and maintained in the office; a superb record on cash management and investments, which would put to shame many Wall Street firms; and his on-going popularity with voters, as evidenced in his unopposed 1990 re-election.

Mr. Melton, appointed to a vacancy in the Dallas County Treasurer's Office in 1977, elected in 1978 and re-elected three more times since, is a savvy financial director who professionalized what had been a green-eyeshade office.

Mr. Melton is a sophisticated cash manager whose policies have generated tens of millions of dollars for Dallas County taxpayers (more than all previous County Treasurers combined in the previous 131 year history of Dallas County.

Mr. Melton has served on numerous committees for the Government Finance Officers Association, the National Association of County Treasurers and Finance Officers, the Texas Association of Counties, and the National Association of Counties.

*Letters
to the
EDDIEtor*

The mailbag is the really fun part of this newsletter. Send a letter for the next edition

Dear Ed,

The mention of Hattie Lee Hornbeak brought back a rather exciting memory for me: One morning while waiting on the grounds for the bell to ring so I could attend my first morning English class, with Hattie Lee Hornbeak as teacher, I spied a small garden snake in the bushes. I picked it up and put it in Hattie's top desk drawer where she kept all her pencils.

Well, she came in and started going through all her pencils, as she did each morning and she picked up the little snake and tossed it up on the desk, as if it were a pencil. Then she realized it was a snake and let out a giant scream! After she settled down, she proceeded to go down each row to each person's desk and ask them if they did it. When she came to me, she looked me in the eye and said: "No, you wouldn't do such a thing". She never did find out I put the snake there. I can tell this tale now that the poor soul is gone. She was a great teacher.

Tim Hollingsworth
2211 Norfolk
Houston TX 77098

Dear Eddie & Max:

As you stated in your latest issue of "The Herd", "The best time to sit down and write is today". It's today, and I'm writing to say a big thanks for your work, dedication and thoughtfulness to keep the class of '58 in touch.

Since I'm in Oak Cliff more than once a week to see my mom or shop for her or business, I have numerous opportunities to see the "old town" and remember how it once

was. Although now it seems more applicable to "habla Español" than in the past, and "mi adictamente con comida Mexicana" is more prevalent than ever; I still "through the magic eyes of memory" see the stores, parks, theaters and restaurants as they were in the 50's and 60's.

Oak Cliff may have changed a lot, but the simple fact remains that "Old Oak Cliff", friends and delicious memories of eating at Red Bryan's or the Griddle System; seeing movies at the Vogue, Rosewin, Texas or Midway theaters; riding street cars down Jefferson and across the wooden trestle to downtown; or going to that gigantic swimming pool at Lake Cliff; football games at Dal-Hi Stadium; and "parking" in Kiest park (upper or lower) all come alive again in my memories as I travel the streets of Oak Cliff today.

For me, there's a certain "pride" in telling others I'm from Oak Cliff. I still believe in the "special spirit" that was and still is Oak Cliff. It's true for me and for others I hope, that the spirit of Oak Cliff, Sunset and special friends still live in our hearts and minds. We all have a common bond - Oak Cliff and Sunset High School.

Although I've been back in Dallas less than three years, Oak Cliff and Sunset have always gone with me around the country. Much like my family roots go back to 1832 in Texas, so my own roots go back to Oak Cliff; to values, friends, concepts and traditions that bring many good and positive memories that have stayed with me and for all of you also. Doubt my own children will ever have as much fun growing up in U.P as I did in Oak Cliff.

Max, enjoyed your article. Am reminded as I read your story of the following by Thomas Edison, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going". Good luck with your bowling tournament. Regardless of the

final score, for me (and others) you're already a winner!

Just a couple of housekeeping details. Was at Jim Underwoods funeral and am proud to say so were many, many others. Jim's daughter, Laurie Slach, is a member of our association (ABC) and is a wonderful person just as Jim was. Jim was and is an inspiration to us who knew him personally and professionally. Jim was a real gentleman and friend.

If anyone knows how to contact Rachel (Kirk) Yeats let me know. Have tried to locate Rachel after hearing about Dave, but have been unsuccessful.

(Rachel Kirk Yeats, 100 Siverwood, Red Oak Tx 75154 (214) 515-0826)

Risinger, can't you keep up with anything?

Keep up the good work on behalf of the class of '58. Hope this small donation helps to keep your work going. Let's get together and Party! Party! Party!

Blessings and Warm Thoughts

Donald Gene Autrey
8403 Manderville Lane # 1082
Dallas, Texas 75231
(214) 891-0617 or 257-0700

Dear Eddie:

Here is my 1991 contribution to "The Herd". You and Max continue to do an outstanding job. Thank you!

I have two ideas for the class's consideration, both stemming from having watched the video tape of the 30th reunion.

Wherever the 35th is held, please include the part where each class member makes a few remarks while his/her photo is projected. This was clearly the high point of the 30th reunion and the part I've watched a dozen times and, God willing, will watch dozens of more times.

The second suggestion is similar. How about encouraging each graduate to write a "mini-autobiography" for the Herd. All submitted could also be printed together for a pre-reunion hand-out. This would be very interesting for all of use, plus give us conversation topics for '93.

In any event keep up the good work.

Regards,

Bill Clark
758 Roualt
Las Cruces NM 88005

P.S. I'll make photo copies of the '58 Sundial for Dennis Rinsinger.

(EDDIEtor's note: There was a lot of interest expressed in such an autobiographical directory for the 1988 reunion. No-one volunteered the time to do it. I now have the publishing capability to do it and I suppose I would entertain the idea of working on it IF there is strong interest and IF I get some typing help.)

Dear Max n' Eddie

Here is a modest contribution toward the perpetuity of the HERD. I also wish to share one of my more vivid memories of our senior year. This is probably more memorable to us male members of the class, but how many of us remember when most of the senior boys agreed to wear blue jeans, white t-shirts, and tennis shoes one Friday? Remember how angry Mr. Miller was and how he announced over the PA system for Mr. Guzick to give five detentions to any boy wearing either blue jeans, a t-shirt, or tennis shoes, Mr. Guzick called us all down to the auditorium and gave us the choice of either serving five detentions or "working them off" by allowing him to lead us in two hours of exercise. To this day I can still feel the agony of the morning after--an agony that must have been ex-

perienced by all the whimpier of us-- although I do recall a couple of the jock types among us complaining of being aware of some previously unstretched muscles. What has always impressed me was the fact that we were led by Mr. Guzick in those push-ups, sit-ups, wind sprints, and duck-walks up and down the gym not merely ordered to do them.

One thing I've always felt bad about, however, is the fact there were a few underclassman herded into the auditorium who were guilty of nothing more than being different or less fortunate than others (inasmuch as they were unfortunate enough to be wearing either jeans, a t-shirt, or tennis shoes on that fateful Friday). I have heard that this particular incident resulted in a new tradition at Sunset, Tacky Day. Is this true and is the tradition still going on?

Health and best wishes to all.

Best Regards,

Jeff Mullins
2009 Cedar Grove Land,
Bedford, Texas 76021

(EDDIEtor's note: I have no knowledge of the Tacky Day tradition. Maybe someone will know about it and drop me a line. As I recall, the idea of Tacky Day was originated by some of the young ladies in our class. I can't remember any names but the real criminals may come forward in the next issue. For some reason the initials B.B. and N.N. come to mind. The reason Mr. Miller and Mr. Guzick were so angry was that there were visiting foreign dignitaries sent to Sunset by the school administration to see our wonderful school. I think Mr. Miller thought that we got wind of it and dressed that way to embarrass him and the school district. It was really just a coincidence. REALLY, Frank.)

I wore bib overalls and tennis shoes. Mr Guzick gave me the

opportunity to go home and change and be back in 30 minutes to avoid prosecution. When I returned in a suit and tie, I thought he was going to hit me. But by then I believe he was coming to realize that we thought this was just a little harmless fun.

Dear Eddie,

Thinking back on my high-school years, not many events cross my mind. I was one of the not-so-popular groups. After reading the letter from Beverly (Cawthon) Lineberger, I was inspired to write. I too was one of those people who would never in a thousand years have enough courage to audition for the A Cappella choir. Mrs Stuckey also gave me an invitation to join. I guess the memories of the choir are the only really "warm fuzzy" feelings I have of my school years. I was one who was always looking for an excuse to stay at home. It was this act of love that pushed me over the edge of my shyness. I have continued to sing in choirs all these years.

Another memory I have is of Mr. Hefner. I was in his biology class and for the final exam he gave four of us a different test than the rest of the class. Everyone else got a "multiple-choice-true-false" test. We four had to trace the nutrients of a hamburger thorough all the systems of a pregnant woman. Not only was I angry, I was scared to death. I walked out the classroom in tears. He followed right behind me. He was gentle and words of love and wisdom came out of his mouth. I can't remember what he said but I calmed down and went back into the room and made an A+ on the exam. I shall always be thankful for those two people. They did a lot to boost my self-image and worth.

I am happily married (31 years) to a wonderful, loving man from North Dakota. He is a supervisor for Philips Lighting

in Paris, Texas. We have three children and four grandchildren. Our oldest son is a banker in Greenville, Texas. Our daughter is married and living in Georgia. And our youngest son is a watchmaker in Houston.

My hobby is oil painting and art work. I work in an art gallery in Paris. For fifteen years I was a swimming instructor for the Red Cross. Three of those years I was an instructor-trainer before I gave it all up because of health reasons.

I have enjoyed reading the Herd and encourage you to continue your work.

By the way, my mother, dad, and sister were among the few people taking pictures during the Kennedy assassination. Their pictures are included in the JFK memorial archives in Dallas. Their name is Towner. They are still living outside of Greenville and my sister resides in Dallas.

Thank you and best of luck with the Herd.

Sincerely,

Patsy Towner Bailey
Route 1
Hopewell TX 75486

Dear Max,

Thanks again for another great issue of "THE HERD". It really brings back warm memories. Here is my check for another year.

One teacher at Sunset who influenced my life without knowing it, was Mae Venable, our Spanish I teacher. Her love for Mexico and its people caused me to travel there at every opportunity. Over the years, I have made more than one hundred trips to most parts of Mexico. For the past nine years, my husband and I have had a house about 30 miles south of Cancun. The Spanish I learned in Ms Venable's classes has carried me through all these years.

If anyone can tell me how to find her, I would like to visit her and thank her for being such an excellent teacher.

I am so sorry that I missed our 30th reunion ... but I was in Mexico. Do you have a mailing list available of our classmates? If so, I would like to have one.

Thank you,

Karolyn Harris Milson
1230 N. Cedar Hill Road
Cedar Hill, Texas 75104
(214) 291-4448

(EDDIEtor's note: I will mail you a mailing list as soon as I get it up-dated. It changes weekly. If anyone else would like one please drop me a line and give me plenty of time to prepare it.)

Dear Max:

Enclosed is a check for a subscription to the Herd. I really think you two are doing a great job.

Each issue brings back a lot of good memories.

Thanks again - Keep the Herd moving.

James Potter
1620 Daywood Ln
Irving TX 75061

Dear Eddie & Max:

I enjoyed Max's article about Hattie Lee Hornbeak in the May issue.

"Hattie Lee" presented England/Great Britain in her literature classes in a most exciting way for me -- so exciting that I went on to do my graduate studies at Oxford University. As I traveled and researched throughout Great Britain, "Hattie Lee's" recitations and often agonizing memorization lessons took on new life: the misty mornings at Tintern Abbey, the Shakespeare performances at Stratford-on-Avon, Mossy headstones in old churchyards, the

original manuscripts in the Bodleian Library, musty smells of fourteenth century buildings. While she knew of my interest in English literature and history, she did not live to know how much she eventually influenced my education & life.

I was deeply moved at the loss of a childhood friend, Jerry Formby, which I learned of in the January issue. I regret that I did not know of his sorrow earlier. As a parent of son Mark age 29 and daughter Jill age 25, I know how much of our lives is lived through our children. I treasure the memories Jerry and I shared as children --he will always be remembered as a bright, handsome, gentle young man.

Thank you for providing recollections of a special time and place and keeping us aware of our peers successes, trials, joys and sorrows. My contribution to support the efforts is enclosed.

Sincerely,

Loretta Smith-Randolph
2604 Westridge Drive
Plano, Texas 75075

P.S. Husband, Paul, and I celebrate 33 years of marriage this summer. Many of the class were married by Paul's father, the Rev G.C. Randolph of the Methodist church.

New Addresses Needed

Allen, Garland
Almond, Sarah Deana
Barnett, John
Beaupre, Richard
Bergoon, Tommie Blalack
Clements, Fred Mills
Davis, Linda Jones
Evans, Barbara Kennedy
Hardin, Lois Richter
Landrum, Jimmy
Langhart, Caterina Agerlid
Matheidas, Ronnie
Mayo, Patty Drew
Milliken, Diane Sockwell
Napier, James
Richards, Robert
Spano, Carol Anne Paullus
Stogner, Elizabeth
Wofford, Marilyn Tennant

an EDDIEtorial

I was reluctant to make the front page of this edition an obituary column, but I decided that these people were a part of us and had a significant impact on our lives. Their deaths are meaningful to us as were their lives. We are all saddened by these events but are a little better for having shared a part of our lives with them.

Again I thoroughly enjoyed the letters in this edition. I hope those of you who have not written will share your thoughts with us. That is what has made this such a well received publication. Without a continuing supply of new material, you will see more and more of Max and Eddie; and we will all get tired of that soon.

I am sure you have noticed the pictures in this edition. Max blew fifty bucks of your money for an optical scanner that I am still learning how to use. The quality isn't the greatest in the world, but we think it adds a lot to THE HERD. If you don't like it, blame Max.

Speaking of your money, we need more of it. So far we have received enough contributions to keep afloat, but after this issue we will be back to even. This project is meaningful only if it goes to as many classmates as we can find. Therefore I cannot set a subscription price. It is financed by your voluntary sponsorships. Please help keep this alive.

Thanks to Paul Reddy and Tim Hollingsworth I am considering changing the name from THE HERD to BISON CONFESSIONS. I hope we can get several more stories like these. I am trying to get up enough nerve to admit to some of my escapades.

The death of Mr. Jerden brought back memories of chemistry class. Mr. Jerden referred to Frank Nance and me as "boy Edisions". We were always doing our own experiments. We became experts in the manufacturing of hydrogen sulfide gas. Those of you in the study hall next door may remember it as "rotten egg gas". We also verified the text book's claim that certain met-

als would explode when lobbed across the lab into a sink of water.

But I take the fifth amendment about having any knowledge of who tied the cord around the neck of the distilled water bottle, lowered it out the window, closed the window, then cut off the end of the cord. But I do believe that the guilty party forgot about the east entrance to the school directly below.

It was a warm day when Mr. Jerden entered the classroom and went straight to open the window. When the bottle shattered all over the side steps, Mr. Jerden looked out the window to see Mr. Miller returning from lunch slightly wet.

THE HERD is published about four times a year for members and friends of Sunset High School class of 1958. It is published at Plano, Texas by Max Maris and Eddie Cullum and is financed by voluntary contributions from class members. Please submit your memories of Sunset, Oak Cliff and the fifties to the return address below.

the HERD

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