



# the HERD

NUMBER TWENTY SEVEN \* SUNSET HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSES OF '57 AND '58 \* JUNE 1999

## Another EDDIEtorial

OK, Martha, you asked for it. Max Maris has provided articles which have been the backbone of the HERD over the years. I have injected a few EDDIEtorials from time to time but I do not usually put them on the front page. Now there are a few things that I think are important enough that I have broken tradition. The HERD has become so important to us that I am taking moves to diversify some of the responsibilities. It cannot continue as the "Max and Eddie" show. I have designs on accepting a position as "EDDIEtor Emeritus" some day and allowing others to have some of the fun. The HERD is pleased to announce these additions to our staff: Marilyn Harper Bowling ('57) maintains the mailing list for her class. Sharon Wrede Jones ('57) is librarian and Glen Brown ('58) is treasurer. I am also looking for a '57 class member to write an article about twice a year that is specifically for that class. These additions have already benefited the HERD and I know we will be more efficient in handling money and keeping mailing lists up to date. Those two things have been more of a problem for me over the years that publishing the newsletter.

Speaking of money, we received the smallest amount of contributions after the last issue that we have ever received. Not to worry! Thanks to your generosity at the '97 and '98 reunions, we have a few bucks in the bank. I am concerned that we are on a downhill trend. I hope that interest is not waning. Some of you

have volunteered to contribute at a given time and some were on a list to be contacted if we needed funds. Well, that takes me to a different story. My computer crashed recently and I had to erase the hard drive. The only file I salvaged was the HERD mailing list, and that was only because I had sent a back-up to Glen and Max. So I lost all of the names of people who had pledged support. Would you be kind and generous enough to volunteer again? Also lost was my e-mail address book. I have Max's, but I would appreciate it if everybody who reads this would send me mail at <cullum@swbell.net > to make sure that I have your address.

I am so thankful for the opportunity the HERD has given me to bring a little joy to so many people and to renew so many friendships and create new ones. The letters you have sent over the years and the recognition you have given to Max and me at the last two reunions has meant so very much to both of us. I have also had the opportunity to visit with a few of you in your homes. Last summer, I attended a Navy reunion in Pensacola and got to spend a couple of days with Dewitt ('54) and Linda Ray Winfree ('58) Haden in nearby Milton. We had some very nice visits and Linda took me to the Naval Air Museum. I got to speak with her mother, whom all of you Rosemont kids will remember. In January, I visited with Richard Norton ('58) and his wife, Ann, in Corpus Christi. We stopped to visit a few moments with his mother and then had dinner at a fine seafood restaurant. Richard was my next-door neighbor in our

Sunset years. In February, I visited with Michael Schneider ('58) and his wife, Paralee, in Tucson. We had lunch at the country club and Michael gave us a tour of the area that included another air museum. Last month I visited with Maran ('57) and Carolyn Jo Carroll ('58) Doggett at their home in La Jolla, CA. Maran prepared dinner. We had a very (Yes, I said Maran prepared dinner) nice visit. (Yes, *that* Maran).

All of these people invited me into their homes. While I was in La Jolla, I spoke with Bob Hatley ('58), but his schedule didn't permit our paths to cross. I wish I had known Jean Baltzell Riggs ('58) was close to La Jolla. I would have called her. Darla, I will be in Lisle, IL in November! I know that wherever I go I will find classmates and friends. You have so enriched my life. Don't thank me for the hard work I have put into the HERD, for I am the one who has been truly blest.

In old time baseball jargon, a ball hit between two outfielders was called a "tweener". Well, in the year 2000 (aka Y2K) we will be half way between the '58 class 40 year reunion and the '57 class 45 year reunion. So, lets have a get together. Not a reunion - just a tweener. Both classes. A golf scramble on Friday and a get-together Saturday afternoon and evening. No sit down dinner. Less expensive than a reunion. Raise a little money for the HERD. It is just an idea at this point! If you are in favor, let me know by e-mail or US mail. We will decide before the next issue!

## *e-mail to the* **EDDIETor**

"Don C. Herring ('57)"  
<dherring@iona.edu>

Thank you for an excellent newsletter that brings back many wonderful memories ... the 1950's years. Go ahead with the Class of 1999 articles. We need to here from the class of tomorrow.

Dallas, Grand Prairie, Arlington and Fort Worth changed so much in 40 plus years and New York and the World. Will be in Dallas to visit my mother (her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday) on the 18<sup>th</sup> to the 21<sup>st</sup> of March and see Marvin and Jim and family. Must go to work after that good bacon on the roll and coffee.

Still working as the Director of Human Resources with a growing department. College life is good but crazy at times or most of the time.

I have completed my 32nd year in New York. I am married and have one son with wife soon to give birth. My wife is Director of Marketing.

Can you get a story together about the twins in the class of "57"? Remember the picture of the twins - stairs of Sunset.

NEW ADDRESS: 345 East 81<sup>st</sup>  
Street Apt 12B New York, NY  
10028 (212) 249-0549

David Dunnigan  
<rpa@onramp.net>

I finally found you again. I tried to subscribe about five years ago (I even kept the canceled check for \$1.05 until it rotted away) but never

got a single issue. Okay, I'm not a 57 or 58 grad, but I AM a 59 grad. If you don't let kids like me into the club, how come it is that my former relative, Fess Miller gets a copy and he got out in 60!

If you're questioning heritage, I'm a Bison. Even sang the alma mater with Jim White (the KRLD restaurant guy, class of 65 or 66 plus) just a couple of weeks ago. I was born in Oak Cliff. Still live there. I even have a kid who's a third generation Sunset grad. Both parents had Oak Cliff businesses. I even have burial plots at Laurel Land. Surely I qualify. I hope so 'cause I'm having trouble reading Fess' faxed copy.

*[EDDIETor's note: I am out of excuses! That is why the HERD staff is getting larger.*

### **FROM THE BULLETIN BOARD**

*[EDDIETor's note: I originally decided not to publish this message posted by Glen Waggoner, but after considering his letter that follows it, I decided not to act as censor. I have always had a policy of allowing the writer to be responsible for the content, and (within certain limits) that policy will continue.]*

Rutledge was America's secret weapon and best hope for catching up with the Russians after Sputnik. Problem is, as Phil Hughes points out, he (Rutledge, not Phil) needed ten minutes and a cheat sheet to figure out 2 x 2. What Rutledge could do was give out huge, pedagogically useless homework assignments, trying to overwhelm us with make-work because he was so utterly clueless about how to teach anything. One night Jimmy Wagner and I were over at Duane Fisher's house slogging through yet

another Rutledge dumptruck of Trig (or Solid, or whatever). It was late, 2:00 a.m. or something, when Jimmy asks for a telephone directory. Duane, puzzled look on his face, scrounges up a directory and hands it to him. Jimmy doesn't say a word in explanation. He just looks up a number, then picks up the telephone, and dials a number. Duane and I are sitting there, and we're listening as the receiver rings four, five, six times, and suddenly we hear a sleepy voice at the other end say hello. "Rutledge?" says Jimmy, always a person of few words. "Yes," the voice at the other end mumbles. "Rutledge," says Jimmy, "go @\*#! yourself." Anybody know where Jimmy Wagner is these days? I'd like to buy him a drink.

"Waggoner, Glen"

Glen.Waggoner@disney.com

I was having a little fun with the "Sunset Today" idea, but I did read it, as I read every word you publish. And I'll read the next one, too. Plus I'll send along some cash, the next time you tell us we should. You have no more thorough and loyal reader than my own self.

As to my mock outrage about not seeing the Rutledge piece in print, well, I was definitely kidding about the outrage, but I was also definitely serious about wanting to see it printed. Your call, of course, and absolutely no hard feelings if you decide not to. You can't make a living as a writer, as I have for a couple of decades, unless you can take rejection now and then...without taking it personally.

But let me argue a moment about the principle that seems to underlie your decision, i.e. that to be 100% true and accurate but critical would

somehow undermine pleasant memories. I disagree. To me, pleasant memories become even more pleasant once I establish, from some distance, that they are solidly grounded in reality. There were good things about Sunset in the '50s, there were bad things about Sunset in the '50s. I think the pleasant memories of the good things are enhanced by recognition of the bad things we all managed to overcome.

We are all grownups now. (God, are we!) We can handle the fact that Frank Guzick was a sadistic brute who had no business in an educational institution, and not some big gruff Teddy Bear who just happened to get off on beating the bejesus out of young boys. We can handle the fact that Byron Rhome "taught" biology (or was it history?) and that Rufus Moore "taught" math and that Cecil Jerden "taught" chemistry—hey, coaches had to teach something, didn't they? And we can handle the fact that Rutledge was a bad joke, the epitome of what was bad, really bad, about the education we were supposed to be getting. You can say about a Sara Dinsmore that maybe she had been competent to teach English once upon a time (she was not a young woman when my older brother had in her in Sunset's first-ever graduating class, 1934 or something). But there is no such defense to be made of a Rutledge.

When I recounted the Rutledge story (it's still posted on the WebSite, as I'm sure you know, as "Rutledge and Sputnik") to Duane Fisher at the reunion, he recalled it vividly—and laughed. Phil Hughes countered with a couple of Rutledge stories of his own. Every time the old bastard's name came, somebody would mention the time Junior Ingram (we all think he was the

hero) left a sack of \$%\* in Rutledge's supply closet .afternoon.

I believe that people's fond memories of GOOD teachers we had at Sunset are strengthened by reminders of the truly BAD ones we had. Everybody, I suspect, has a Rutledge or two knocking around in their trunk of fading memories.

As I said, your call. You do great work. If nothing else, The Herd keeps me posted on which of my former classmates have turned into religious zealots, which have figured out a way to retire, and which are still alive.

Glen

P.S.: If you ever want to get into the 100% true and accurate but critical business, let me refreshen people's memories about why Oak Cliff lost Sivil's and Red Bryan's, two institutions of our youth that richly deserve the warm feelings we all have for them. (Sivil's is where, at age 16, I bought my first six-pack. It is also, we know in our hearts, the real prototype for American Graffiti.)

Both were driven out of business—and Oak Cliff itself was driven into a depression from which it has never recovered — by an unholy alliance of Wallace Bassett of the Cliff Temple Baptist Church, Somebody Shackelford (I think) of Tyler St. Methodist Church, and a cabal of North Dallas - Highland Park businessmen and financiers who owned a bunch of worthless land way north of the city proper ... in Richardson, Plano, et. al. The two preachers rode point, the money quietly fueled the campaign, and Oak Cliff was voted dry—and, as we all agree, virtually destroyed.

We should keep that little episode in mind the next time someone waxes poetic about Sivil's or Red

Bryan's or the Torch or Pappy's Showland. It is 100% true and accurate—and probably worth a book as a case study of how Money used Religion to make More Money...and how in the process an entire community, our Oak Cliff, got @\*#!ed.

"Secret Chandler"

dallascowboy@worldnet.att.net

I am one of the Lost Bisons that just found the herd. I received your letter and also a copy of the herd. I will return the letter but I wanted to send you an e-mail to ask you if there is a list of e-mail addresses for the people in the class of 58. I only attended Sunset my senior year, moving there from Waco. I have an e-mail address as you can see from the heading but here it is dallascowboy@worldnet.att.net I also would like to be able to get the herd from the internet. Thank you for the copy of the herd and it is good to see about the class of 58

"Sylvia Bingham"

Sbingham@ftmortgage.com

I got your letter last week. Yes, I am the Sylvia BONE that graduated in 1958.

I much prefer e-mail to snail mail, so, I found you on Bigfoot. My home e-mail is dezimax@swbell.net. but, most of my computer time is at work.

I am married to Glenn E. Bingham and live @ 3110 Eagles Nest Ct., Midlothian, TX.

We recently sold our plane and bought an RV, so, we plan on moving to North Grand Prairie, near one set of grandchildren and start building on our retirement home at Lake Whitney this year. 1999 will be a year chocked full of new places, new addresses and change.

## Oak Cliff Today and Yesterday

by Max Maris

John Youngblood, of Youngblood's Fried Chicken fame, passed away at his home near Waco on April 23, 1999. He was 87. The funeral and burial was in Waco on April 26. Mr. Youngblood started out as a tenant farmer near Dallas in the '30s and opened one of the first chicken hatcheries in this area in 1942. In 1944 he opened the first Youngblood's Fried Chicken. Mr. Youngblood eventually owned 14 restaurants in a five-state area that he sold in 1959.

And speaking of Youngblood's, remember the take-out area on the east side of the building on Colorado? You could order a box of chicken with an ear of corn, onion rings to die for, cole slaw, plus a slice of Texas toast to boot. To this day, I don't think anyone has even come close their goood chicken!. Naler's was good, but Youngblood's was the best. Remember how you could order Youngblood's Fried chicken at the State Fair? They were in the rock building near the midway that later was the Borden's Milk building with a live Elsie, the cow.

Congratulations to Vernon Moore on winning the Oak Cliff Optimist' Chili Cookoff at Wynnewood Village on February 13. Mr. Moore was the owner of Moore's Grocery across from Rosemont Elementary School. He was teamed with the Windjammer Restaurant (formerly Youngblood's Fried Chicken). Mr. Moore, who has 70 years of experience as a butcher and cook, had been in the meat business in Oak Cliff since the 1920s until his recent retirement.

Oak Cliff's Methodist Hospital recently opened it's 34,000 sq. ft emergency department. Methodist's emergency department is one of only three in Dallas that provides emergency services to the most severe trauma victims. The \$18.9 million project began in 1997.

The Dallas Zoo's new \$4.5 million Endangered Tiger Habitat officially opened May 8. The exhibit, considered the best in the country, offers the zoo the opportunity to breed the remarkably beautiful Sumatran Tigers. For the first time in it's 111-year history, the Zoo can do something significant in the way of tiger survival.

## Bison News

by Max Maris

The Sunset High School Scholarship Fund committee presented a \$1500 scholarship for 1999 to Sunset senior Veretta N. Jacobs on May 4, 1999. Veretta was selected from several candidates based on her outstanding scholastic and academic accomplishments. The Committee for 1999 are Nita Ford ('50), Randy Roten ('57), Tom Kelly ('54), Juanita Presson Naylor (teacher/counselor at Sunset during the '50s), and Belva Ashford Becker ('55, chairman). For 1999, the scholarship was dedicated in honor of C. C. Miller, Principal, Sunset High School 1951 through 1959. Contributions can be made to Sunset Scholarship Fund and sent to Dr. Lee Smith, Trustee, 2300 Grayson, #212, Grapevine, Texas 76051.

Sunset class of '60 has started planning their 40 year reunion to be held in June, 2000. They are trying to locate all '60 classmates. If you know of any, please contact Rolinda Pelt Click by e-mail at <RolindaC@aol.com> or Tel 972-624-0040.

Sunset class of 1959 will have their 40 year reunion at the Oak Cliff Country Club on Saturday, August 14, 1999. Contact Becky Burden Kauffman at 972-938-8170 for details.

Sunset class of 1954 will have a 45 year reunion on August 6 & 7, 1999 at the HOLIDAY INN SELECT HOTEL at LBJ and Jupiter Road. They are still looking for "missing" members of the 1954 class. Contact Thad Woodruff for mo.

Class of 1949 will have their 50 year reunion Friday and Saturday, October 15 & 16, 1999. It will be on the 16th at Austin Ranch, Grapevine, Texas. Time from 6:30 to 11:30. Call Sue Neeley Kimmel 972 239-3210 or Virginia Meanor Walls 214 337-2522.

We received notice of the death of Gary Wayne Sjerven ('57). Gary was a long time surveyor for Kauffman County. He was diagnosed with lung cancer in December and died January 11, 1999. Gary was born in S. Dakota and spent his early years in California. He moved to Dallas in 1952. He graduated from Sunset and attended Tyler Jr. College.

We received word that Max Lacy ('59) passed away November 29, 1998 in Dallas. He is survived by two sons, a granddaughter, 6 sisters, and 1 brother. He was a lifelong Dallas resident and attended Arlington State College.

We have also been notified that Jerry Don Jennings ('58) passed away on December 1<sup>st</sup> of 1997

Thanks to our EDDIEtor, several of '58's missing have been found! They include Nancy Buchanan, Secrest Chandler, Fred Clements, Alice Coates, Glenda Sartain, Sue Graves, Sylvia Bone, Ronny Matheidas,

Glenna Mae Smith, and Jerry Simmons. Possible finds include Eddie Sue Lewis and Junior Ingram; '57 found include Bernard Golden Neeland, Sue Coats. Total '58 missing now down to 70. Check our website theHERD.net for '56, '57 and '58 missing lists; Also, the website now has all 26 issues of the HERD dating back to June, 1990.

The HERD is pleased to announce the addition of a new volunteer member to our staff, Sharon Wrede Jones ('57). Sharon is married to John Jones ('57) and lives in Richardson. They have two married children Doug (29) and Kelly (31). Sharon graduated from Baylor-Belton and John graduated from UT Austin. She was a homemaker and is now involved in genealogy. John is a mechanical engineer and private consultant.

Sharon's mother still lives in Oak Cliff in the same house where she grew up. Sharon will be our librarian and will have back issues in stock for anyone who wants hard copies. Sharon's love and knowledge of Sunset and Oak Cliff has been an invaluable information source for the HERD. Her e-mail address is <jrjswt@flash.net>. Thanks, Sharon

Best wishes to newlyweds Nathan and Faye Lynn King Dodge (both '58). They were married May, 7 in Midlothian. Faye Lynn is a professor at Northwood University in Midlothian and Nathan is retired from TI and teaches at UT Dallas in Richardson. They will reside in Duncanville.

Our get-together at Tupinambas in April was great, once again. Ms. Ferguson, God love her, is doing better and drove in from Gainesville by herself and spent the night in Dallas before going back the next day. Her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday is July 13th, by the way. Many thanks to Carole

Christie for inviting my old boy scout buddy, B. L. Grady, who I had not seen in about 50 years. B. L. and I were in Troop 12 at Tyler Street Methodist Church. We had a great visit talking about the Boy Scout's Camp Constantin, smoking grapevine, and other fun boy's stuff. B. L. went to Winnetka Elementary and graduated from Adamson in 1958. So, if you missed this one, lets make the next one even greater. I know it's early, but mark your calendar for Tupinambas on Thursday, October 7 right now so you won't forget. See 'ya there!

Congratulations to Sunset Bison Bob Folsom ('44) on being named "Humanitarian of the Year" by Oak Cliff Lions Club Chairman Bill Melton ('58) and Club President John Dodd ('58). Bob was an outstanding athlete at Sunset and played on the 1944 basketball team that was the only basketball team in Sunset history to win the state championship. After Sunset, he played football at SMU for 4 years with Doak Walker followed by 2 more years of football at West Point. Bob also served as Mayor of Dallas from 1976-1978 where he was the driving force in the development of Dallas' Reunion Arena and The West End.

Hope you're feeling better to Creighton Escoe ('58) after his heart bypass surgery in April at Medical City Dallas.

## SUNSET TODAY

The Sunset High School Student Council recently dedicated a new Bison Shield, inlaid in the front (Jefferson) lobby in front of the trophy case. The terrazzo shield was added in preparation of Sunset's 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary next year. Funding for

the project came from profits earned from the Homecoming Dance last fall.

## Memories

by Max Maris

I've just got to say it once again. Lord, thank you so much for letting me grow up in such a special place and time. A time, I believe, that will be looked back on as the best of times. With all the bad stuff that has happened around us in the last year, those memories of Oak Cliff, Sunset, and the '50s seems even more innocent and special today. Now let's get on with some good stuff!

For the last 6 months or so, my son Mark and I have worked diligently on what I thought would be a 2-3 week project. Since Eddie and I now put the newsletter together via the computer, it's very easy to put new issues of the HERD on the website. So why not have all 26 issues of the HERD on the website? What started out to be a lot of work, we thought, actually turned out to be a lot of fun. Let me tell you, gang, re-reading each of those old issues was actually better the second time around! I laughed, I cried, I got so emotionally involved reading them again that my "batteries" got a full charge for our next issue. Those stories about Hattie Lee, Otto Michaels, Frank Guzick, Herman Scruggs, and others, and the wonderful letters are great reading!

### Trivia Questions

1. Who played James Dean's father in "Rebel Without a Cause"?
2. Who played James Dean's father in "East of Eden"?
3. What was the name of Ford's station wagon with the wood grain trim in the '50s?
4. What was the name of the Hawaiian-type restaurant at Love Field in the late '50s and early '60s?

In the last issue of the HERD, I asked for stories about the old house on Plymouth Rd., just north of Colorado Blvd. The following e-mail was sent to me by Ed Harrison ('58):

"Max: You mentioned in your last writing that others might have had experiences that they remembered about the haunted house next to Steven's Park golf course. The following is my recollection of just such an event. It was March or April of 1958, when a group of guys decided we had nothing better to do at 10:30 on a Friday night than to go visit the house that we had always heard was haunted. As I remember, there were about nine guys who shall remain nameless to protect their reputations from their children and grandchildren. Like I said, it was a spur of the moment idea that had we thought better of it, it should never have happened.

Pulling up next to the golf course on Plymouth Road in four cars, we all piled out and approached the property. It was very hard to see the old two-story house in the daylight, and at that time of night it was totally hidden among the trees. There was a broken down metal fence all grown over with weeds and brambles to add to the inaccessibility. As far as we knew nobody lived in the house as it was in complete disrepair. It looked like it had not had a paint job in about 30 years.

Somehow I ended up in the lead as we approached the house, tripping over all the vines and branches that were in the front yard. Anyone could hear us coming from a mile away, which may have been our plan to scare away any ghost that were lurking about. None of us had a flashlight, so the only light that filtered through the trees was a lone street light that was behind us. Reaching the porch, I went forward

over boards that would give and squeak under me as if the whole structure would cave in. Seeing the front door open, except for a rusted screen door, I reached out and pulled it open. To my very great surprise, right in front of me was this little woman of about 75 years of age who could not have weighed over 90 pounds, with at the time a very BIG rifle. Hearing all my cohorts beating a fast retreat back to the weeds and fence, I could think of nothing to do but grab the barrel of the rifle (turned out to be a .22 Cal.) and hold it away from my body, but I could not get that rifle away from her without hurting her and that was not what I wanted to do.

The lady asked me what I was doing here, and I told her that I was here to deliver a telegram. Real dumb but it was the best thing I could think of in a BAD situation. She said she believed we were there to break out her windows, and I said I was the only one here. She was yelling at me and I am sure I was talking rather loud so that all could hear, from a distance behind me which is where I wanted to be also. I knew if I let go of that rifle barrel I would be shot on the spot.

About that time, I heard shuffling feet coming from behind the woman, and she said "Shoot him, Margaret, shoot him!" With that, I yelled, "Dooon't Shoot, Margaret, Don't Shoot!" and swung the barrel down and ran off the porch, missing all three steps and covered the front yard, brambles, and fence in what must have been a great 50 yard dash. Finding all my friends laughing and grinning out by the curb we piled into our cars and took off glad to be away from the deserted haunted house that turned out not to be so deserted. Of course that story was retold to others over the next few months prior to graduation, and "Dooon't shoot, Margaret, don't

shoot!" was a salutation I received often. -- "Call Home!" E T "

Thanks Ed for that great story. By the way, I was very familiar with that old house, also. My wife, Jan, and I lived at the Brookwood Apartments next door. Our apartment had a great view of hole #4 on Stevens Park Golf Course, downtown Dallas, and also the backside of the "haunted" house. One day I wandered over and knocked on the door. This little old lady answered the door and I asked if it was okay to come in. She invited me in and showed me around the house. It was everything Ed said it was, and more. You could tell the old house had not been maintained in years and was about to fall down. The floor was rotten and full of holes, the furniture was very old and worn, you could see holes in the ceiling that was covered with linoleum on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor so rainwater would not get to the 1<sup>st</sup> floor. They had no electricity, no running water, no utilities. This little old lady, whose name was Margaret, I guess, said she lived there with her sister. I've been told that the sisters last name was Middlebrooks and they had plenty of money but preferred living there as they did.

Several years later, as I was driving down Plymouth Rd., I glanced over to get a look at the old house, but all I saw was a pile of burned rubble. I found out that one of the sisters had died and the other had moved out of the house before it burned. Some time later, a beautiful condominium complex was built on the property that is now appropriately named The Middlebrooks Condominiums.

#### *Trivia Answers*

1. Jim Baccus
2. Raymond Massey
3. Country Squire
4. Luau Room

## Letters to the EDDIETor

Patricia Basse Jobe ('57), 3403  
Bonnie Rd., Austin, TX 78703

It is time for me to write again and tell you how much I have enjoyed your work. Every time a newsletter arrives I finish my other mail as quickly as possible so that I can settle down and read the letters and memories, always experiencing a twinge of nostalgia. This time I especially enjoyed news of the newest Sunset students, Erica Martinez, and the eldest, H. H. Johns. For years I have wanted to know if Mr. Johns was still with us because, as a foreign language teacher, I continue to be impressed by Mr. Johns' skills, and I invoke his memory when I want to encourage my students. For some 25 years I have had the good fortune to train people from all over the world in better usage of English. I of course learn as much or more that they do every day of the week. That is not because I am such a poor teacher but because our multi-cultural classes provide such a rich environment for learning different perspectives on *any* subject.

Please keep up the good work if you can. And now three items of business: (1) I have moved again (new address above); (2) My email address is pbjobe@mindspring.com ; and (3) If you have Mr. Johns' address, I would really appreciate receiving it. [sent via e-mail]

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Michael Mauzy, RR2 Box 187-A,  
Hillsboro, TX 76645

I wrote to the above address at least 60 days ago and asked for a reply, specifically to begin receiving the HERD publication. Since then,

Patricia Allen, Rt 2 Box 118, Hillsboro, TX 76645 has received another. What is wrong? I mentioned in my letter to you I am willing to pay. Your immediate response will be greatly appreciated.

*[EDDIETor's note: You just can't get good help. Sorry for the delay. But "immediate" is a word that has been deleted from my vocabulary. I am just to damned old to get in a hurry about anything.]*

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Darla Morrow Baccus ('58) 1332  
W Bryn Mawr #1, Chicago, IL  
60660

The February '99 HERD was wonderful. Erica's letter brought back such memories. Congratulations to Faye Lynn and Nathan. Richard is a true romantic, quoting poetry and playing cupid. It all points to one fact, that our greatest blessings are our health, someone to love, and memories.

I have been in Chicago almost a year now. After 34 years of marriage, I found myself alone, my four children scattered across the globe, and myself broke. To make a long story short, my job search landed me here. I do love it. The people are diverse and very receptive to me and my "soft southern twang". My largest electric bill was \$48 and the raw material for snowmen is abundant. Of course, there is a job. I work to live and not live to work, so I am very envious of all you who have retired.

If there are any Bisons in the Chicago land area, give me a call at 773-878-8130 or 888-324-6639. I commend all who contribute to the publication of the HERD. Keep up the good work.

Gene Autrey, 552 Bell Drive,  
Allen, TX 75002

Thanks for letting us know about our friends who have passed on recently. I especially took note of Duane Fisher's article about Bobby Ellis. I am proud to say that Bobby and I were at Winnetka together; then on to Greiner and Sunset.

Bobby was one of the easiest, likable and friendly persons I have ever had the pleasure of knowing and calling a friend. Like so many of us in our old neighborhood, we all came from working families and took pride in what we had, little though it may have been, and in just enjoying simple things and events.

There are not any major recollections of Bobby as the "standout" of the crowd, but he was a nice guy and easy to know and appreciate. At Greiner, Bobby did play football, which I tried but didn't get very far in my career on the field. My remembrances of Bobby is just the average guy who went about his own business and didn't try to be a star, but a friend and fellow human being.

When I think about it, there were numerous people like Bobby Ellis. Basically, we're talking down to earth folks with values and good common sense. They went about their daily tasks, in school or out, with determination and spunk. As I look at it today, kids should have the same values and determination.

In regards to other items most recently, I had an opportunity to see Jim Ockles in Garland just this past fall. We ran into each other at a place, looked at each other and I said, "Your name is Jim and you went to Sunset, right?" He said yes and said he knew me but couldn't remember my name. Our visit was

brief, but I am glad we had this chance meeting, especially now that Jim is no longer with us. He was another quiet guy who was there, no spectacular events, just a fellow Bison and Oak Cliffite.

Let me say that there are many of us out there, doing our daily tasks, raising our families, visiting those in need and just living life that says to those we know "here I am", let me be your friend or do something for you. What greater value can we be than to be a "friend", a helper, a giver, a provider, offering ourselves to others not in subjugation to anyone, only sacrificing our time and selves to those who need us.

"Dicky" Webb, you little Cupid, you! Dick, don't downplay your role in getting Nathan to take some action. That was probably one of the best moves you've ever made, except for the moves you put on, oh, what's her name? Way to go Richard. Let's do lunch soon.

## *Louise Stuckey*

*1904-1999*

Louise Stuckey, who taught music at Sunset, died on April 24 of heart disease at a nursing home in Justin Texas. She was 94. Mrs. Stuckey was preceded in death by her husband Reverend Dr. Lewis Stuckey, who died in 1976. She is survived by her stepson, Lewis Stuckey Jr. ('53) of Boulder Colorado, stepdaughter Patricia Stuckey O'Block ('55) of Inverness, Florida, 11 grandchildren, and 17 great grandchildren. A memorial service will be held at Restland Funeral Home in Dallas the weekend of July 4.

Born on November 9, 1904, in Henrietta, Texas, Mrs. Stuckey was orphaned at 16 during an influenza epidemic. She moved to Denton and graduated from the College of

Industrial Arts, now Texas Women's University, in 1927 with a degree in music. A gifted singer, Mrs. Stuckey was told that she could become an opera singer, but chose a career in education. During her distinguished career of nearly 40 years in the Dallas Independent School District, she won many awards for teaching excellence.

Mrs. Stuckey, whose maiden name was Allen, was a music teacher at Sunset when she was introduced by Patricia Stuckey to Dr. Lewis Stuckey, the senior pastor at Tyler Street Methodist Church in Oak Cliff. Patricia, 16, decided that the music teacher known as Miss Allen would be a good match for her widowed father. They were married in 1953.

One thing she took particular pride in was sponsoring the award winning A Cappella Choir while at Sunset. Mrs. Stuckey retired from Sunset in 1964.

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