



the HERD

NUMBER THIRTY TWO * SUNSET HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES OF '57 AND '58 * MAY 2001

Sunset Baseball

By Glen Waggoner ('58)

Deputy Editor, ESPN The Magazine

Baseball never counted for much at Sunset. Football was No. 1, of course, just ahead of parking. (As in parking after dark in Keist Park, *not* as in trying to find a parking place before school.) Basketball was No. 3, followed by Red Bryan's, cruising Sivil's, and football pep rallies. (Remember hearing Mr. Johns intone "I-am-the-spirit-of-Sunset" before a baseball game? Neither do I.)

How about a show of hands of everybody who ever went to a baseball game? Thought so. Too bad for you—we were a helluva good team. Sunset football was 7-3, third in the city behind Highland Park and Crozier Tech. Sunset basketball was 9-15. And Sunset baseball? *District Champs!* (If a tree falls in the woods, and nobody's there to hear it, are you still District Champs?)

Before taking you around the horn, I must tip my cap to Coach J.C. "Abe" Barnett. (Remember him? Snow white hair, jet black eyebrows, *really* old—must have been at least 50!) Nicest man at Sunset, and the most proper. If Coach Barnett heard you use the word *s---*, he would invariably say, "I wouldn't want that coming out of *my* mouth." The only time I heard him utter anything off-color was one afternoon when an errant throw caught him smack in what TV announcers daintily call "the groin area." He yelled out, "Damn!"—and was mortified that we'd heard him.

THE LINEUP: Freddy Campbell, LF; David Rhodes, CF; Curtis Mitchell and Jerry Rhome, RF; Kenny Wofford,

3B; Clayton Cook SS; Mike Dotson, 2B; and Roger Reid, 1B.

THE PITCHING STAFF: Pete Stonestreet There were other pitchers—Frank Reiser, Henry Weissenbom, Roger Reid—but Pete, the best hurler in Dallas, pitched most of the time. (How do you think we won District?) That suited me fine. As a career backup catcher, my only prayer of earning a letter jacket was if Pete pitched a lot, because he was also the best *catcher* in Dallas.

Good as Pete was in football and basketball, I always felt his best sport was baseball. He lacked but one essential athletic skill: speed. How slow was he? Put it this way—even *I* could outrun him. (Still can.) And way before Woody Harrelson, Pete was living, breathing proof that White Men Can't Jump.

I spent my first two Sunset seasons catching batting practice and warming up Darrell Norris in the bullpen, the only place old Doc Benders could cop a smoke out of sight of Coach Barnett. But 1958 was going to be *my* year—until sophomore Gary Sharp came along and stole my job. Unfair! What did it matter that he was a much better catcher? I mean, I was a *senior!*

But still a BP-and-bullpen catcher, until the last District game of the year when Coach Barnett won his plaque in my personal Hall of Fame. He sent Pete *and* Sharp to the bench—I had to show Pete where to sit—and let me start.

We'd already clinched the District title—a good thing, because Adamson scorched us, 10-0. I had a strong day at bat—only three strikeouts, including

one promising foul tip, in three appearances. (Hey, I was rusty. I hadn't played in anything but practice games since Greiner.)

But my crowning moment came when a Leopard tried to steal second.. Mike Dotson didn't even raise his glove to snare the rocket I launched from behind the plate; he just looked up to the heavens as my peg sailed 20 feet over his head, took a giant hop in right-center and rolled to the fence. I can still see Kenny Wofford at third, glove over his face, body shaking with spasms of laughter. There wasn't even a play at the plate. (PS: I got my letter jacket. Thanks, Coach.)

Looking at the team picture in the Sundial to prep myself for this trip down memory lane, I was reminded of some mighty good times—and, after a closer look, of something else.

Shortly before the photo was snapped, the guys on the front row (Stonestreet, Campbell, me, Cook, Reiser, Dotson, Ralph McClendon, Wofford, Rhodes) vowed to take advantage of the customary team pic pose—kneel on right knee, left hand on left knee—to extend our left middle fingers in the universal signal for a fastball. Why? To demonstrate our wit and maturity. Doesn't matter. It was a team thing, okay? One for all, all for one.

Not quite. Turns out only one of us stuck to the plan and digitally predicted Sunset's finish in the District race. Yes, the clean-cut young man flashing the bird for posterity is—you guessed it—the Bisons' official BP-and-bullpen catcher.

Memories

by Max Maris



I was recently talking to a friend about our school days. We both pretty much agreed that our grade school days were a time of fun and innocence. Our high school days at Sunset were a whole lot of different things. Things like running for classes, pep rallies, Friday night football games, ROTC, dating, going to dances, Kiest Park, Sivils, drive-in movies, and so on, and so on. But, most importantly, it was a time of becoming a more responsible person; i.e. driving a car, working and earning money, and, hopefully, studying and doing your homework in order to pass the tests and eventually graduate. And finally, for some, there was college. I mainly remember my college days as a whole lot of studying with not enough time or money for much of anything else.

But, you ask, what about Jr. High School? Well, fellow Bisons, I personally refer to those days as a twilight zone somewhere between riding a bicycle and driving a car. Somewhere between drinking milk and drinking a beer, between chaperoned parties and "parking", between long straight skirts and petticoats, between short hair and "ducktails", between blue jeans and "ivy league" pants, between wearing little or no makeup and wearing makeup, and so on, and so on.

We came out of grade school as mere children who were thrust into this pre-high school time zone with a bunch of enthusiastic, wide-eyed, bushy-tailed mixture of kids who didn't, for the most part, know each other. Talk about wild and exciting times! Here we were, going through some major biological changes. The hormones were definitely raging and out of control!! It was like entering this semi-adult world as a sort-of-adult without the tools to be an adult.

And on top of all this, other things were happening all around us that added even more to the confusion and pressures. For instance, let's take 1955, my 9th grade year at Greiner. On TV,

there was American Bandstand, the Ed Sullivan Show, I Love Lucy, and the \$64,000 Question. In movies there was Rebel Without a Cause, Blackboard Jungle, Picnic, East of Eden, and The Seven-Year Itch. In music, there was Maybelline by Chuck Berry, Tuti Fruti by Little Richard, I've Got a Woman by Ray Charles, Devil or Angel and Blue Velvet by the Clovers, Only You by The Platters, Sixteen Tons by Tennessee Earnie Ford, and Witchcraft by the Spiders, just to name a few.

And, of course, there were those fantastic '55 cars; the Chevy hardtop and convertible, Corvette, Ford Crown Victoria, and Thunderbird, and so many, many more. The '55 autos, if you remember, were all 1st year new models and were very beautiful and very fast. Oh yes, and if that weren't enough, there was Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, Kim Novak, Natalie Wood, Elvis Presley, and others we could fantasize about.

Now with all this stuff happening around us, you would think the pressure would have been too much to bear. Well, think again. We did survive and make it to Sunset and eventually make it to the real world. I suspect many of you have seen either your own or other kids go through this same tumultuous time. It's a tough, scary time for all involved, but it has to be done. We, though, were truly blessed to have had all those caring teachers, family values, and to have grown up in Oak Cliff during those fabulous 50's. Who could have asked for more!

Bison News

by Max Maris



Linda Sue Mauldin Cotton, Sunset class of '58, passed away on April 5, 2001 in Palestine, Texas. Her husband of 42 years, P.W. Cotton, son Gary

Cotton, and 3 grandchildren survive her. After Sunset, Linda attended Draughn's Business College where she met P.W. Linda and P.W. lived in North Carolina for the past seven years until his retirement last year.



Hubert Lee Pollard, Sunset class of '57, passed away April 15, 2001 in Houston after a courageous battle with colon cancer.

"Hubie" was an all-district guard on the 1957 district championship basketball team. He played basketball at Navarro Junior College and graduated from North Texas State University with a Bachelors Degree in Business Administration. In 1978, Hubie and his wife formed Pollard Insurance Agency in Houston. His wife of 25 years, Barbara, one daughter, three sons, and three grandchildren survive him. Hubie loved the outdoors and was an accomplished golfer.



Nancy Shoemake Bilbrey, Sunset class of '57, passed away January 21, 2001 in Mesquite. She attended Abilene Christian

College and retired from IBM after 30 years of service. She was loved by all that knew her. Her mother, Edwina Shumake, one son, one daughter, nine grandchildren, and one great grandchild survive Nancy.

The HERD is published 3 times per year for the members and friends of Dallas Sunset High School's graduating classes of 1957 and 1958. We also maintain a web site at <theHerd.net>. We are supported by voluntary contributions.

Your financial support is appreciated.

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We urge you to submit items of general interest for publication. The EDDIETor reserves the right to edit all material for length and content.

NOTE: Smokin' Oldies CDs are GONE. We hope you enjoy them.

In the Shade of the Old A&P

By Mike Schneider, Tucson, AZ ('58)
and Bill Hedderman, College Station,
TX ('57)

After more than 40 years since high school graduation it is normal to reflect upon the personalities, institutions and events that help shape our lives, hopefully for the better. We have read with interest our classmates' testimonials to the teachers and administrators of Late-Fifties Sunset High School who made a difference in their lives. In almost all instances, we have agreed with the writers about the significant influence of these remarkably selfless mentors of that time. However, for a number of us, there was an institution and other mentors that helped to influence our lives during high school and long thereafter. That was the workplace and in our case, it was A&P Number 9 located in the Heights Shopping Center on Falls Drive. It was Manager Bill Pierce, Assistant Manager Homer Butts and all the other full-time staff at the store who taught us, chided us and lived with our pranks, horseplay and other manifestations of teen-aged boys attempting to grow-up on the job in the Fifties. We and our fellow corps of part-time bagboys and checkers owe those patient stalwarts a debt of gratitude for enduring our often less than professional performances and for teaching us that there is a reason and reward for hard work, professionalism and service to the customer.

Mike Schneider's story

I was hired as a bagboy by Bill Pierce in the summer of 1955. If you know my birthday and can subtract you will note that a little white lie was necessary for me to meet the minimum age of 16 to be hired. Fortunately, my family had known Mr. Pierce since the days when he managed the store's predecessor in Jim-Town on Hampton Road near Clarendon before it relocated to the spanking new Heights Shopping

Center on Falls Drive. Because of an early growth streak, I was tall enough to be at least 16, even if the rest of my growth -- weight and maturity -- lagged behind a bit.

Starting at 75¢ an hour, I quickly learned that the local patrons of A&P Number N9 seldom tipped the bagboy but nonetheless were merciless critics of his sacking technique and car-loading skills. One learned to bite his tongue and render the "thank you for your business" while envying the lucky guy who actually got a ten or fifteen cent tip from a customer. It wasn't long until by dint of dedicated service, or perhaps by the process of elimination, the erstwhile bagboy became a trusted checker, often manning the number one checkstand during the dreaded Friday Night and Saturday after-payday grocery rush when the strongest heart would quake at the sight of a \$20.00-load filling two shopping baskets to the brim.

Our hourly pay went up in 5¢ increments to a top part-time wage of \$1.00 per hour and duties were expanded to encompass the prestigious position of "marker" of the stacks of boxed-items which filled the backroom after the three-times-a-week truckload of grocery replacements were unloaded. Being both a Friday/Saturday checker and a designated "marker" was to my eyes so prestigious as to rank right up there with bank president, preacher or even school principal. I worked at the A&P until after graduation from Sunset while also throwing a "Dallas Morning News" paper route during part of the time and playing basketball after a fashion.

Those days at A&P taught me the importance of coming to work, of being on time and of doing a useful job as well as I could, no matter what outside factors clouded my mind -- I also had to learn to tie a necktie as tie and white shirt was required dress for the store workers. The dedicated, dogged manager, Bill Pierce, patiently taught me the importance of reliability, honesty and customer-relations. I often claimed the title of "the fastest checker in the store," then and now. This claim was and is disputed by my fellow ex-part-timer, Bill Hedderman, '57, but believe, I was the fastest checker in the West or at least at A&P Number 9.

Bill Hedderman's story

I arrived in Dallas with my family from Houston in the summer of 1956 and was looking at a senior year at Sunset in a strange school filled with strange fellow students. Having already put in two years of part-time work at Barnett's Supermarket in Houston, I was hired at the A&P without problem by Mr. Pierce and was paid somewhat more than the normal beginning salary of 75¢ an hour. Like Mike I soon became a responsible checker as well as a trusted "marker" and thus occupied the top-tier of the part-timers' hierarchy at the store. Being a part of the society of A&P part-timers greatly eased the transition from Houston to Dallas, and to Sunset, and I made friends among those rogues who remain today some of my best friends.

Contrary to Mike's claims, "I" was truly the "fastest checker in the store" and while my title was never officially proven, I nonetheless was consistently assigned to the challenging "Express Lane," a relatively new concept in those days. "Express Lane" customers had no patience for slow checkers, and we, of course, had no mark-sense barcodes, so we had to manually punch in each price and slam the large register button for each item. A checker had better know most of the item prices without looking because you didn't have time to read each price during those Friday Evening/Saturday crushes. Woe be to the hapless checker who made an error, as the local housewives were merciless in their penny-pinching scrutiny.

Fun-time came in the backroom while performing the prestigious stock-marking function. When the full-time staff were absent, cans and boxes would fly, contests for throwing boxes of toilet paper up to the mezzanine storage bin would be held and rotten produce would somehow materialize as missiles aimed at the busy markers. The other part-timers would come up with all kinds of excuses to leave the public front of the store for the exciting back storeroom where the action was and where the plans for after work activity were usually hatched.

I'll always remember the friends from my A&P days and I'll always remember the valuable lessons

of life that Mr. Pierce and his staff attempted to impart to us. I like to believe that whatever successes I may have enjoyed later at college and in my professional life owed a debt to the experience and guidance I received on Falls Drive.

Other Bagboy Notables

Charles Ledford used his earnings to help purchase the famous black, 1946 Plymouth that opened the jungle road southwest of Kiest Park. Already famed as the former holder of the "Posture King" title for the sixth grade at Leila P. Cowart elementary school, Charles became a noted social organizer for the part-timers of A&P, often arranging for after work forays to the hinterlands where beer, vienna sausages and canned pears were consumed in company with whatever female companions he could charm into accompanying us.

David Steel also served his time as an A&P part-timer. Constrained to an extent by his status as the son of a well-known teacher in the neighborhood, David nonetheless was able to accompany the crew in many of the after-work socials. Small in those days, David was nonetheless renowned for his strength and agility, able to hurl heavy, awkward toilet-paper cases up to the 8-foot mezzanine storage with aplomb. No doubt his later success in the Marine Corps owes a bit to the "grocery combat" at the old A&P.

We were honored to have in our midst Lenore Smith -- athlete, popular classmate, All-American boy and lowly bagboy at the A&P. Because of his heavy beard, mature look and pressure under fire, Lenore was the buyer of choice for the beverages we enjoyed after work. While most of us had difficulty purchasing beverages across the river with even the most persuasive fake IDs, Lenore never seemed to have any problem. For this alone, he was one of the most valuable players in the bagboy line-up. Lenore and Mike made and saved enough money in the Spring and Summer of 1957 to make their legendary trip across the Texas panhandle to Carlsbad cavern, thence to El Paso (and Juarez) and to California -- managing to burn three motors out of the '51 Nash Ambassador

which provided their transportation most of the way.

No story of those A&P days would be complete without mention of Eddie Reasoner, '57. Witty, sunny and high-spirited, Eddie was one of the favorites of both his fellow part-timers and of the full time staff. He achieved the remarkable position of manager of the coffee and tobacco counter while still a part-timer -- an unheard of accomplishment in those days. Choirboy on Sundays, Eddie was a constant instigator and participant in the hi-jinks that made A&P Number 9 a memorable place to work.

There were many more in the corps of bagboys -- those nameless new guys who fell prey to requests for "shelf-stretchers" or who were set to counting bottle tops after hours so the store would have an "accurate" inventory of bottle drink sales. Who can forget the chain of teen-aged boys unloading watermelons, occasionally dropping one which, of course, they then had to eat; writing "help I'm being held prisoner" notes and putting them in pickle jars; occasionally sleeping off a wild night in the tow-sack bin, covered by smelly produce sacks; or spending a few minutes in the meat deep freeze room to recover from carrying groceries out into a heated parking lot.

We remember the good times and the bad, and we are better men for the experience. We owe a debt of gratitude to Bill Pierce and his staff for their patience, guidance and support. Whenever we smell roasted coffee, see a line of impatient shoppers at a supermarket or hear the dreaded call for a price check, our thoughts go back to the halcyon days of yore at A&P Number 9.

"Package out, please!"

Memories of Oak Cliff

Gerald Langle ('57) of Lincoln, CA
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Over a year ago I wrote a short letter to you. I believe it got published. You might be pleased to know that my wife read some of the issues and was inspired to start a newsletter for her high

school class (1959, Norte Del Rio, Sacramento, CA). She sent you a letter about that.

Over the past couple of years, as I read through the various letters and e-mails in The Herd, it made me recall that I knew a very small percentage of the total student population while I was at Sunset. Of those I knew, there are not very many sending in letters or articles. In hopes that I can motivate some of my old friends and classmates to start contributing articles, I thought I would write to talk a little about my Sunset experience.

My 7th grade class transferred to Sunset directly from L.O. Donald Elementary School. We were junior high school students forced into a high school environment. The fit wasn't all that good! We had to compete with the regular high school students for space and for money for textbooks, etc. Our sports programs were nearly non-existent. Coach Rhome in particular tried to accommodate us into his football program but, in retrospect, I think he was just overwhelmed and wasn't given an adequate budget to do much for us. I remember after football try-outs he told me that I had made second-string, but all the uniforms and equipment had to be given to junior high players who were transferring into Sunset, and that I could play only if my parents would pay for my uniform and equipment.

Somehow we all got absorbed into the curriculum. Had I stayed in school I would have been a member of the 1957 class. As it was, I dropped out in the 10th grade, then joined the Navy and went off to see the world. I met my wife Sondra in Fresno, California. If you have seen "American Graffiti", that is what I was doing in Fresno on weekends during the summer of 1959. We married in Dallas in 1962, lived there until 1964 and then moved to Sacramento, California.

Like the guy in the television commercial that ran a few years ago, I'm the guy who dropped out of high school, then later went to college and eventually to law school, and in 1972 I received my *Juris Doctor* degree. I passed the California bar exam in 1972. I have been in private practice as a trial attorney ever since. Sondra and I reside in Lincoln, California which is near

Sacramento. Some of my old high school friends will most likely be surprised to learn that I became a lawyer. Many of my friends and I did a little "walking on the wild side" and moving ahead into a profession, especially the legal profession, just didn't seem like an option at that time.

So, with that bit of background, let me share who and what I remember about our high school days. Some guys I remember are Tommy Blair, Ray Thompson, Ronnie Miller, James Baird, Bobby Kildow, Dickie Kildow, Jim McPherson, Tim McPherson, Jerry Moses, James Donohoe, Mickey Mauzy, Donald Scoggins, Jim Shanks, Bubba Mitcheltree, Roy Lee Mitcheltree, Kenneth Kidwill, Jimmy Wright, Barry Howard, Dexter Stroud, L.A. Teague, Glen Sivils, Gene McGlonathin (sic), Harold "Cowboy" Boatman, Charley Sitton, Jimmy Dalla, Charles Padgett, Charles Jackson, Walter & James Hagerty, Kenny & John Holcombe, Tommy Blanton and my cousin Don Reeves. I am still in touch regularly with Tommy Blair, Don Reeves, Jim McPherson, Ray Thompson and Cowboy.

Random memories that come to mind are ...walking up Andrews St. about a mile or so to catch the bus to school, sometimes hitchhiking out Illinois Avenue to Hampton Road and then down Hampton Road to school, smoking behind the gym, going to the Boundary Pharmacy for cokes, sometimes going to the small hamburger place just past the Boundary (was it Rockefeller?), sitting in a school assembly one day in 1955 and hearing that a movie actress, Linda Darnell, had been a student there 20 years before and wondering where I would be 20 years from then, lining up to block Dexter Stroud during football tryouts and thinking I might not survive the experience, having a crush on Mrs. Brock, having Glen Ray Sivils show me how to tie a necktie when I joined R.O.T.C., bonfire rallies at Kiest Park when we were getting ready to play Adamson, driving in a caravan of cars over to Adamson High one night after a rally to soap some windows and that kind of stuff only to find a whole bunch of Adamson guys lined up around the school (all the Sunset guys demonstrated their superior intelligence

and never stopped), going to Charles Jackson's house and drinking banana whiskey and listening to him talk about his dad who was playing country music with Porter Wagoner, Kenneth Kidwill always goofing around in study hall, Gene McGlonathin (sic) buying a 1951 Ford with the money he earned from his sno-cone stand, walking down McAdams one day and seeing my first 1955 Chevrolet (it was a red and white Bel Air hardtop that belonged to the father of a classmate named Pat who was driving it at the time) and just being thrilled by the sight of such a beautiful car, going to Sivils drive-in a couple of nights each week and looking at all the hot rods that gathered there, going to Skillerns each fall and buying school supplies so I could get a free hamburger and shake, watching James Holston drive up in what seemed like another brand new car every two or three weeks (I believe his first one was a 1955 Ford, white and pink) and wondering what that would be like, working weekends as a busboy at Luby's Cafeteria on Jefferson Boulevard, the thrill of buying my first car (a 1948 Ford), buying 50-cents worth of gas and it lasting a day or more, going to Caddo Mills to watch drag races, the time all the hot rod clubs met with Dallas City Officials and negotiated a deal that resulted in the Yello Belly dragstrip being built, going to Fair Park on Saturday nights to hear Sonny James when he was just starting out, going to the Saturday Night Hayride downtown, going to Rhythm & Blues Shows, working as a Coke vendor some weekends at Pappy's Showland and meeting Ray Gunkle and some of the other wrestlers that were on TV, going to the Texas State Fair each year all jazzed up about getting to see what new design magic Detroit had come up with that year and going to Halbert's riding stables to rent horses. Sometimes Glen Ray Sivils would ride his Palomino out toward Halberts and we would ride together.

For the L.O. Donald kids, about all I remember from 7th grade is a dinosaur exhibit in the hallway that I thought was just terrific and looking up the guy who made it (that is how I met Ray Thompson), having to take square dance lessons in the gym from Mrs. Ford, and right toward the end of the year having a kid, who I think was

called "Smitty", transfer in from somewhere in Africa where his military family had been stationed. Smitty was probably 13 or 14 but he seemed like he was about five years older than us because he was already shaving. I think quite a few 7th grade girls had an instant crush on Smitty.

I don't have many memories of Sunset itself or of my teachers or classes. I remember going to class and doing my homework and taking my tests and that is about it.

I do remember having to go to the Vice Principal's office a couple of times and having to bend over to be swatted with that big wooden paddle with the holes in it, Tommy Blair and some of his buddies getting suspended for a few days for having the audacity to wear Bermuda shorts to school and getting out of class early so that we could go home and watch the World Series. In closing I do want to add one thought. I heard that Glen Ray Sivils has talked about making a movie based on Sivil's Drive-In. Hey, Glen Ray, I recently took a nine month screenwriting course at the University of California and would be thrilled to work with you on a script if you ever decide to do the movie.

I hope all of this is of some interest to all of you. To all my old buddies who read The Herd but haven't contributed as yet, I sure hope you will share some of your high school memories. In the perspective that the passage of time gives us, I truly believe that the 1950's was a unique time to be a teenager and to grow up in America. I am so glad that I was part of it.

Juan's, Si

We will meet again at Juan's Cantina for dinner and reminiscing. The date is June 14th. The time is 6:30 p.m. (give or take).

Juan's is located in the Southwest quadrant of the intersection of Central Expressway and Belt Line Road in Richardson.

Memories of ROTC

By Jim Lawrence of De Soto, TX
<Lawrence@starrunner.net>

Recently, my wife Nancy and I spent two nights at Mineral Wells State Park. This is a very nice place to visit. Just to the west of the park is a place many Bisons will remember as one of the hottest places in the world, Camp Dallas. And it had more tarantulas than anyone had ever seen. Located on Fort Wolters, this was the place to go for all good ROTC cadets from North Texas. Every June the army facility was the home for a month for those who wished to be a part of the army world and play soldier. 'Playing soldier' was not a minimizing term at all for those of us who spent our preschool days with fathers, uncles, friends etc. being away, doing their part to keep the world free from tyranny. Camp Dallas was a blast. (Do you remember who hit the target with a bounce shot from a 60mm mortar?). The storms were so bad in 1955 that all attendees were given a black ribbon for survival. I only went in 1956 and really enjoyed it. Sgt. Lawrence even authorized ice water for some of the troops.

Fort Wolters is no longer. There is an industrial development underway which is not progressing very well at that site. The hill where our tents were placed is the entrance to a housing development which is slightly successful. The Texas State Rifle Association is now the caretaker of an excellent shooting facility there.

ROTC taught us a lot, in my eyes. Discipline of course was a big part. Being told to do something was a big moment for many of us. This was even more evident when I entered the real military of Uncle Sam's Navy. Many of those I met in San Diego had never been told to do anything. Much less having to actually do it. Some of the recruits from Kentucky had never been told to brush their teeth.

The high school ROTC experience was a great primer to the real world. Keeping the brass and the shoes shined exactly right gave meaning to respect. Doing something just because you were told to meant something.

Respect meant many things to many people. Especially respect for our country, the flag and the office of the commander-in-chief. Whatever your views on the holder of the office, the office itself demands respect. The flag flies frequently at my house and I hope it does at yours. Sometimes, I wonder about how young people learn respect now when the role models really are not what we recall.

I treasure the time I spent on the rifle range at Sunset. The basement was the place to grow friendships to last many years. Sgt. Tremble was a quiet sole but one that could impress the student with their own ability to compete in silence and win without fanfare. The Sunset rifle team did win collectively and individually against the Fourth Army ROTC units and the local high schools.

I am proud to have done very well among those friends. We had a ball. I still shoot some today and thoroughly enjoy it. Of course we did some things then that you simply cannot do today. We carried guns in and out of school. Actually any rifle team member could check out a 22 target rifle and a carton of ammunition for the weekend. We simply walked out of the building with the Winchester in full view and brought it back on Monday. Can you imagine that happening today?

I seriously don't believe that any of us ever got into any traumatic experience later in life that was caused by this activity. The only incident I recall was when three of us got tickets at the quarry near the Duncanville high school. We were discharging firearms in the city limits. Just a ticket, no arrest, no big problem. It cost ten bucks. We didn't do it again.

The military ball every year was a big deal at the time. Personally, I didn't go to many dances but the military ball was a *must attend*. The proper uniform with all of the proper ribbons and such was a 'neat' way to put on the 'Ritz'. I still have my ribbons and insignia in a coffee can somewhere. The ROTC experience was truly one that I can say has stayed with me from Sunset. Some of the teachers and subjects have dimmed with time. But the love of country, the camaraderie and the usefulness of the training will be with me for many more years to come.

Other e-mail to the EDDIEtor

Rogers Henderson ('57)
Whitney, TX
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I just discovered the web site today after visiting with Nandel and Janice Gorman Brunson ('56 graduates). I think it is great and I really appreciate you guys developing and maintaining it. I know it must take a lot of work. I've looked at all the pictures and especially enjoyed the picture of the streetcar at Edgefield and Kings Highway as I lived only a block away.

I am retired from IBM after 35 years of service and live at a place called White Bluff which is on Lake Whitney. I'd give up 5 years of my life if I could be back in Oak Cliff in the '50s for just one day so I could watch the streetcars go down Jefferson, eat a Griddle System hamburger, get a double dip at the Polar Bear, get a flat top hair cut, play one more basketball game with the great '57 team, go to a movie at the Vogue Theatre, order a Cherry Coke at Murray's Pharmacy at the corner of Davis and Edgefield. I think you get the idea how much fun it would be to be back for just one day.

Just in case they should read this I would like to say hello to some of Robert's (my twin brother) and my best friends: Mike Tharpe, Jerry Cobb, Donald Kirkham, Jimmy Paduch, Don Brooks, George Mills, Sandra Tippet and Robert Gilliam.

Thanks for giving me a chance to be a little nostalgic. Keep up the good work.

Jack DeWeese
JCDew@aol.com

Read the article about Richard McFadden in the #31 issue of The Herd. I lived out in Cockrell Hill so I did not know McFadden except to see him. I remember him being called or referred to as "Hands" because they were so large compared to everyone else, but then so was he. His wife, Pat Brown was a friend of mine for many years before getting to Sunset. Very good article. Nice to see something positive

about someone when there is nothing to gain by writing it. Hope you know what I mean.

Earl Bullock ('58)
 Eastland, TX
 <eandc@eastland.net>

I Found your article "McFadden" very interesting and brought back many memories. When I moved to Oak Cliff in 1951, I was filled with great apprehension until I ran into Richard. His cousin and I lived next door to each other in the Kiest Park area. Richard was a frequent visitor at his cousin's house as his family was very close until his parents' divorce.

You could count on Richard through thick and thin. He had a love of life that was infectious to everyone around him. I could relate to you many times we had and many I wouldn't want to repeat. How many of you can remember the Oak Cliff Racing Team (OCRT)? Richard was probably the first member. At Cedar Hill drag strip, he was known as "Cheater". Best I can remember, everyone was cheating at the races. It was lots of fun because of Richard. He wouldn't have had it any other way.

I met my wife of 41 years through him. She is related to one of his former girlfriends.

I lost touch with him and others as I moved from Dallas quite a while back. When I have a chance, I travel the 120 miles to Oak Cliff to drive around and remember many good times. You do an excellent job of bringing those memories back to us.

I was shaken to hear of the death of Lowell Bishop through your newsletter. Lowell and I were neighbors and worked together through high school. A true friend that I had lost touch with. I hope this points out just how important your newsletter has become to many of us Sunset alumni.

Steve Bonner ('61)
 Dallas, TX
 <stevebon@swbell.net>

I loved your McFadden story. There were still McFadden stories circulating around when I was at Sunset. What I remember the most is the one when McFadden was in Frank Guzick's

office being given licks with Mr. Guzick's "board of education". McFadden turned around to him and said "Mr. Guzick, my grandmother can hit harder than that".

Bob Cline wrote:

I really enjoyed your article about Richard McFadden. I new Richard very well. I graduated from Sunset in 1955. I believe his car was a 1951 Mercury. I owned a 1950 black Mercury with leaded hood/trunk and rolled and pleated leather. I can remember many times when we would leave Sivils Drive Inn and head over to Jefferson to find someone to "drag race". Many times I would find Richard waiting to race someone. Many may remember my car. I owned my car before "Rebel Without A Cause", came out. After that movie, everyone wanted one. Richard was a great guy and will be missed by many.

Gary D. Gilleland
 g4gill@att.net

What a pleasure to roam back to slower times. I was one of the class of 1956 who graduated at mid term. Probable the only complete group to graduate at mid term. My name is Gary Gilleland and my brother was Ronald, a member of 1957 Sunset Graduate. I had lost track of all the class members until recently. I located Howell Farnsworth, a semi-retired Minister and called him Sunday. He lives in Waco, I live in NW Missouri. We had a great time talking about what occurred 45 years. I also found several 1957 grads on a classmate.com web site. Please accept my appreciation for your work and dedication in keeping these memories alive.

Loretta Smith Randolph ('58)
 Raleigh, North Carolina 27613
 palorand@mindspring.com

The reunion photos were a delight! I was thrilled to see so many familiar faces. When I saw Jack Schell's, I was reminded of the semester/year I sat in front of him in either Miss Lake's or Miss Bate's art class at Greiner. While it was a required course for everyone, art was what I lived for. However, the memorable

thing was listening to Jack trying out his "off-and-on" bass voice softly behind me. Those really low "bum-bum-bum-bums" intrigued him far more than the art lectures. Adolescence... wow, it seems like yesterday!!

Julia Kay Shaw Craddock ('57)
 Winnsboro, Tx 75494
 craddockjk@aol.com

I just received my Herd and immediately sat down and read all of it. I love getting it and am sending another donation by "snail mail" to help with the expenses. As you can see by this address I am now on aol. I have a new computer with supposedly the capability of receiving the Herd via internet, BUT, I don't yet know how to use it, so please keep me on the snail mail list for now.

Speaking of teachers, I remember Eula Pearl Smith who was "so old" when I was in her class (and she was probably younger then than I am now!) and she had taught my step-father, George Hawpe, who was in the very first class to go all the way through Sunset -class of '31. He told me that, but I have never verified those "facts", but he also said that Eula Pearl was the same in '31 that she was in '57. I was one of the few students who would argue with her about Edgar Allen Poe and I think she loved it. I also remember several sets of twins in the school, but I believe 5 were in our class of '57. If my memory serves me and of course it doesn't always, there were Don and Marvin Herring, James/Julia Vaughn, Linda/Norma Graham, Carolyn/Marilyn Bee, and I think Jerry & Johnny Nash. Someone correct me if I'm wrong.

For those of you reading this from my class or acquaintance, I would like to hear from you. I live in the very small town of Winnsboro in NE Texas. I am a widow now and I work for the Tx Dept of Criminal Justice at a Substance Abuse Facility in Winnsboro. I am the office administrator of the maintenance department and usually it is a very interesting and fun job. Most of my brothers and sisters live in the Dallas-Ft Worth area and I am in the area several times a year. We were a yours, mine, and ours family of 8 children and all of us graduated from Sunset except the youngest, Johnny Hawpe, who was

"bussed" to Adamson and so rather than bear the "shame" of attending our worst rival, he quit school, got his GED, and is a very successful businessman today living in Haslet. The other 6 of us were, Ronnie Hawpe '53, Kennedale; Tim Hawpe '58, Denver Colorado; Truman Shaw '59, killed in motorcycle accident in '83; Mike Hawpe '62 (I think), Ft. Worth; Mary Lynn Hawpe '68, DeSoto-Red Oak; Suzanne Hawpe '71, Forney. I do so enjoy your walks down memory lane. When our class had our 40th reunion in '97, I drove back to look at a house we lived in on Waverly and it has been restored and looks beautiful. I took a picture so I could show it to the rest of the family. The house next door, however, had been boarded up and was in awful shape. I'm glad to hear in this copy of the Herd that there is other restoration going on in Oak Cliff.

I'm still very active in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) and do a lot of traveling for the Southwest Region (Tex & New Mexico) of the Church. I am currently serving as president elect for the Department of Church Women for 2001/2002 and then president 2003/2004. I plan on retiring in 2002 if my accountant says I can and then I hope to do some more traveling. I was Julia Shaw, but when I married, my husband Jerry could not pronounce Julia, so I became Julie, but I use both names now because the state job requires you use your social security name. Anyway, thanks again for all you two do and I look forward to the next Herd.

Judy (Shug) Culpepper ('58)
Canton, TX
grjapepp@gte.net

Thanks for the recent HERD. Both of us have read it from cover to cover. G.R. really enjoyed the article about Richard McFadden. G.R. had known Richard through Richard's wrecker service when he was on the police department.

Rachel Kirk Yeats, Marcia Reasor Miller, Janice Starkey McClendon, Connie Mitchell LeMaster and I met for dinner recently. We are planning a trip to Fredericksburg in the spring. We have such fun together. The constant laughter always draws looks from those around us. Wonder if they

see us as 18 year olds as we do!! Hmmm!

I work with Rachel. A few months ago while sitting at her desk, she let out a scream. I yelled back and asked is she was okay. She yelled back, "Good grief, Judy, we have known each other for over 50 years!" A shattering glance at reality.

For 911 purposes our address has changed to: 1857 VZCR (Van Zandt County Road) 2404, Canton, Texas 75103.

Mike Miller '57 living in Tulsa.
millerw99@hotmail.com

A great surprize in the mail today, when I recieved the news letter and found out about the web site. The reading of the letter and this web site brought back a lot of memories.

I look forward to receiving these on a regular basis as well as a regular check of this site.

Thanks for taking the time to keep us posted.

LETTERS to the EDDIETor

Joy Collard (Tidwell) ('57)
Now Joy Graff
4826 Cobb Valley
San Antonio, TX 78219

Have really enjoyed reading the Herd and some of the classmates. My sister-in-law has been sending me the last two copies, and I can't wait for the rest. You do a wonderful job and love the memories.

Kenneth D. Campbell ('59)
P.O. Box 4088
Soldotna, Alaska 99669

I am enclosing a check and would like to order one set of the "Smokin Oldies" CD's. Any amount left over is a donation to the great work you and Max Maris have done and are doing. I cannot tell you the extent of my joy when I discovered the website and the treasure trove of information in it. I was so totally blown away by it all that I could not control my emotions and tears flooded my eyes. Thank you, thank

you, thank you!! You and Max deserve a BIG medal of some kind for what you have done.

For so long, I have wondered why my class had never had a class reunion. I always thought the school would send something to the last known address and since my mother still lives at that address, I knew I would get the information. Have since learned, that is not the way it is done, and regret missing out on previous reunions. I graduated from Sunset in the Class of 59. I believe there were 573 Bisons in my graduating class. I am so hoping that the class of 59 will be added. I found myself on the "missing list" and have emailed Kay Preddy a couple of times, and then I received the email from you through the "ClassMates" website about being on the "missing list". I am sure I will be "found" as soon as an update is made.

For records, my mailing address is above and my email address at work is: kcamp@borough.kenai.ak.us and my home email is k.Campbell@gci.net. I have been in Alaska since 1963, and recently learned that Jerry Rhome's sister, Joann, also lives in Soldotna, just a few miles from me. Haven't visited her yet, but plan to. We have communicated via email. The world really is a small place at times!

It is so good to see the names and read the messages from so many Bisons that I knew and loved so much. I have wondered so many times what happened to this one or that one, where they were now and what they were doing. The deceased list was very hard to read, but I am glad you have it on there. None of us like to think about it, but we will all be on there at some point in time. I am so looking forward to the next get together. I plan to be there for sure!

Thanks again and keep up the great work! You and Max are very much appreciated.

Phyllis (Terwilliger) Bradshaw ('58)
736 Springhill Dr.
Hurst, TX 76054
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What a thrill every time I receive The Herd! What a labor of love! Thank you so much. You'll never know how elated I was to receive my 1st

issue, and every one since then. Bless you both and all who participated.

I imagine there are few, if any, who remember me. I only went to Sunset my senior year, but what a thrill it was for me! The very first day I walked into Sunset, there was such an air of electricity and excitement. I knew right away that I was in the presence of kids excited to be alive and looking forward to a future. Just coming out of the foster care system, and especially living in a huge orphanage, run by the nuns, where we went to church, school and everything, right inside the walls of the convent, well you can imagine the impact the school and the entire student body had on me. I feel honored to have been able to be a part of that. That school spirit was never contained in that "Spirit Jug". It reverberated through the whole school, and even in "the Herd" you put out today. That's why everyone is so pleased to receive the newsletter, it's that old school spirit.

It sure doesn't seem possible so many years have passed. I have four children, four stepchildren, seventeen grandchildren and one great-grandchild. I certainly got my wish for a large family. Naturally, I have a terrific husband. We raised our children together with a very big dining table. We've maintained a thriving business and build a lot of commercial buildings in and around the metroplex. Four of our children are in the business with us and one has a huge masonry business in Belton, TX. There is never a dull moment, and always lots of work to do. I've truly been blessed. I've had a lot of pleasure in my past accomplishments as a western artist, and I love to do this, but the demands of the job has a way of keeping it from me. I also enjoy any type of handy work especially crocheting. I've finished a blanket for each adult and most of the children. Still a few to go.

It was wonderful reading all the letters that everyone writes in. Especially the letters from Jim Cron as I remember him so well. Jim, what an exciting profession you went into! I've read John Douglas' books and really find it an exciting line of work. I've often wondered about you, Hal & Claudia. Guess I'll never forget that prom night!

Thank you, fellow students, for that one wonderful year. I am proud and honored, even privileged to have been a part of the student body, the Bison and that "Ole Spirit Jug"! Lord, I thought the walls would disintegrate!

Please send me the "Smokin Oldies", and am looking forward to them! Keep the rest to use however you see fit and a big thank you for all your hard work. Recording those songs was a huge undertaking! Love and prayers for your wellness

Ann (Kellum) Collier
1700 Prestonwood
Arlington, TX 76012

You bring joy to so many people! Thanks for all the effort you put forth each day on our behalf. The latest "Herd" came last week & I read it cover to cover & started over! Glad to know I can still get the Smokin' Oldies. Enclosed is my check.

Jan (Ervine) Lathan '57
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jan_lathan@netzero.net

The last Herd (#31) had a letter from Kay Murphree ('58) I know how blessed she feels! I, too, was diagnosed from my most recent mammogram with breast cancer. My lumpectomy surgery was on January 30, 2001 however I am already back to work because we caught it in its very early stage. The sentinel lymph node biopsy was negative but the pathology report indicated that I had a very fast growing cancer. My doctors were not able to feel the growth and I didn't have any soreness or changes. So please everyone be sure and get your yearly mammograms!

I retired in January 1995, but have continued working part time and have enjoyed volunteering to keep active. That consists of taking people 60 and over to their doctor appointments and helping them run their errands.

Most people will not remember me, but they do remember my "handsome" brother and my mother (Mrs. Ervine) who taught at Greiner. My aunt also taught at Greiner (Mrs. Houston). My mother passed away on

4/5/93 and my aunt in 1988. My brother is well and happy in Corinth.

My only child has given me 4 granddaughters, 1 grandson and another one on its way. My time is full with working, volunteering, and being a grandmother.

Please accept this small donation to the Herd and keep them coming. I really enjoy reading them.

Andrew & Kay (Robinson) Miller '64
16 Juniper Ridge Rd.
Exeter, NH 03833
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warrens@nh.ultranet.com

I cannot tell you how much we enjoy getting the Herd. We read it cover to cover immediately upon receiving it. Boy, does it bring back memories. I was really glad to read the National Honor Society article in the last issue and we will gladly send in a donation.

Andy and I have lived in New Hampshire now for 22 years but I miss Texas everyday. Our youngest son moved to Austin a year and half ago and is a Texan now for sure.

Keep up the good work. It is a wonderful thing you do for all Bisons old and new.

[EDDIETOR's Note: National Honor Society sponsor Jodi Grimes reports that '38, '39, '40, '49, '57, '58, '61, '64, '69, and 2000 classes have all contributed to this project, but much broader support is still needed. Update next edition.]

A Short **EDDIETORIAL**

There are now just twelve missing members of the 1958 class.

Please review this list and tell me anything you know about these people (married name, names of parents, siblings, spouses, ex-spouses, city, etc.):

Kirk Deutschman Allen; Walter Frederic Campbell; Elizabeth Gean Holland; Larry Lee Justice; Linda Jo yce McGough; Nelda Jean Moores; Rosamae Slape; Elizabeth Joyce (Betty) Smith; Elizabeth Ann Swaim; Wayne Turner; Ann Wynn Jacqueline Wilder and Martha Ann Wynn.

Oak Cliff Today and Yesterday

by Max Maris

• If anyone is thinking about moving back to dear ol' Oak Cliff, better check the price of homes there, particularly in the Kessler/Stevens Park and Winnetka Heights areas. My mother and brother both live in Winnetka Heights and the word I get is the price of homes have skyrocketed. It's hard to find anything under \$150,000 in Winnetka Heights and \$250,00 in Kessler/Stevens.

• A new gift shop, Starbucks Coffee Shop, consumer health library, vending area, and offices for the Senior ACCESS program will be featured in the main lobby of Methodist Hospital when renovations are completed in the fall of 2001. In addition, a historical gallery highlighting the hospital's more than 70 years of service to Oak Cliff will also be displayed.

• The Pinnacle Park industrial site in far northwest Oak Cliff continues

to be developed. The area is bounded by Interstate 30 on the north, Davis St. on the south, Westmoreland Ave. on the east, and the newly extended Cockrell Hill Rd. on the west. About half of the 5 square mile tract is hilly and wooded while the other half is flat exposed limestone, once being part of the huge Portland Cement plant. Several huge warehouses are already finished and occupied. Tenants include Neiman Marcus, Tandy Brands, Lady Primrose, SBC communications, SW Bell, to name a few. The latest tenant of Pinnacle Park will be the official Mexico Trade Center, the first in the United States. More streets and utilities are presently being laid out. The history of this area goes back to 1844 when Enoch Horton and L.G. Coombs arrived and established several large farms and a gristmill. In 1855, some 200 Swiss, Belgian, and French immigrants arrived by oxen drawn wagons and established a socialist colony called La Reunion. The settlement didn't last long, mainly due to farming inexperience and bad weather conditions. In 1907, William Foster Cowham came from Michigan and purchased several large tracts of the

limestone laden rich land along the Trinity River basin. He and investors founded Trinity Portland Cement and built two company towns, one for "whites" and one for Mexicans which was known as Eagle Ford. Portland closed its doors in the 1970s.

• The Oak Cliff Country Club is undergoing \$2.5 million in renovations and improvements. It is expected to be completed in September, 2001.

• Lamar and Smith Funeral Home, 800 W. Jefferson, closed its doors February 4, 2001 after 89 years of business in Oak Cliff. The landmark, next door to Reed Florist, started out in the days of horse-drawn hearses. Clyde B. Lamar and Joe B. Smith opened the funeral home in 1912 and at one time had more than 18 purple ambulances. The large stucco building, which has 5 apartments and a small dormitory, was designed for the days when funeral homes also operated ambulances and drivers and morticians slept upstairs. Lamar and Smith also provided one of their purple hearses, driven by Mr. Smith himself, for Sunset's "tacky day" event.

The HERD #32

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