



the HERD

NUMBER THIRTY FOUR * SUNSET HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES OF '57 AND '58 * FEBRUARY 2002

An Eye Witness to History

By Dorothy Buice ('58) <d_buice@yahoo.com>



On the morning of September 11, I was on the subway on my way to work at Brooklyn Public Library's Central Library. At the Union Street station, we were told that we were being held at the station and that it might be a good while. I decided to get out and walk, since it is only about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to work from there. When I climbed the stairs from the subway, I was at a point from which there is an unobstructed view of lower Manhattan. I was greeted with an amazing sight: the twin towers of the World Trade Center were both on fire! I had no idea what had happened, although I knew it had to be something catastrophic, since both of them were on fire. Images of the movie "The Towering Inferno" popped into my mind. I decided to go on to work. When I got there I found out that planes had crashed into both towers. About 15 minutes after I arrived at work, we were told that the library was closing. I heard that one of the towers had fallen, but I thought surely that was just a rumor. I left with a coworker who lives a block or so from the library. She invited me to come up to her apartment. At first I refused, wanting to just get home. When I got back down to the place where you can see lower Manhattan, all you could see was smoke. Breathing was difficult, as the air was filled with dust and smoke.

The subway wasn't running, so I tried to get a bus. None of the buses were stopping, since they were all completely full. I decided to walk back down to my friend's apartment. On the way I passed by across the street from a parking garage. One of the workers was walking around, saying, "Jesus is dead!" (This is the only example I've seen of anyone rejoicing over the attack, although I live in a neighborhood with many Arab immigrants). I stayed at my coworker's apartment for a couple of hours, glued to the horrific images on the television screen.

About 1:00 I decided to try again to get home. Unfortunately, I had worn sandals that are not uncomfortable but are not designed for long walks. The buses were still full, but finally one stopped to let someone off, and I was able to squeeze in the back door (they weren't collecting fares). The bus was incredibly crowded, and (in contrast to the prevailing helpful mood that day) the riders seemed to be in an ugly mood. Traffic became impossibly heavy when they closed the nearby Gowanus Expressway, and traffic from that artery poured onto the street the bus travels. It took 15 minutes to go from 22nd Street to 23rd Street. Shortly after that, I got off the next time it stopped and walked. I walked nearly a mile and a half and finally stopped at a KFC outlet to rest my feet and get something to tide me over until I got home. By that time traffic had lightened, so I squeezed onto another bus to get the rest of the way home. My ordeal was much less than that of many people. Many who work in Manhattan walked across one of the bridges and then the rest of the way home.

I did not know anyone who was killed in the tragedy, but everyone here feels profoundly affected. One of my coworkers lost a cousin. Another, who lives in a neighborhood with a lot of police and firemen, lost seven neighbors. Perhaps the most heartbreaking thing was walking around and seeing posters up with pictures of missing people, "Last seen on the 104th floor of World Trade Center 1." Every fire station has flowers and candles in front. There are constant reminders. I get on the subway and am greeted with an advertisement for discount admissions to six of the city's popular tourist attractions, one of which is the WTC. I ride the J train to work now, not the R train. It will take six months to clean out the Cortlandt Street station on the R line. It will take 2 years to reopen the #1 and #9 tunnel, which is completely collapsed in two places. Many of my friends worked in that area. Some are still displaced to offices in other parts of town. Those who can get to their offices can't get there in the normal way. Air quality is still a problem in lower Manhattan and nearby areas. For two or three weeks in Brooklyn Heights you could still see the smoke rising up into the empty place in the skyline.

One day last week I went to the area for the first time. You still cannot get within two blocks of Ground Zero. But from behind the barricades you can see the jagged, blackened remains of some of the buildings. Buildings are plastered with messages from school children from all over the country, including Texas. Some stores are still empty and covered with a thick layer of dust. Police and National Guard are everywhere. The smell is omnipresent. Smoke still rises from the place where 50,000 people once worked.



Bisonette Story

Frances Brazelton Dempsey ('57)
<tomfran3@attbi.com>

Ah, sweet memories of our purple and white uniforms above bare, goosebumpy legs. Why oh why weren't panty hose invented before 1955!! Wonder who of us can still get into that uniform. OK, maybe only Carol Stone Crow.

I must begin way back in Greiner when the drill team sponsor refused to let me become one of the Jacketeers. Said I talked too much. Oh really?? Can't be true. So, sadly, I watched and wiggled in the stands as they took the field in their black and gold.

When I tried out for the Bisonettes, and since my personality (mouth) had made NO major revisions, I felt I would experience the same rejection. Sure enough, I was blackballed again for the same reason!! Luckily, Oma Ford seemed to take a liking to me -- mouth and all. Maybe it's because she, too, had a similar trait. She went to bat for me and assured the faculty

that she would assume full responsibility for the problem child. When I was told (warned) about it, I was determined not to let her down. Ouch!

That first year in Bisonettes, I was in Sandra Thomason (Bozeman)'s line, near the end next to Joan Chandler. Since my dear friend, Joan, was awfully nearsighted and couldn't/wouldn't wear her glasses on the field, Bobbie Love and I had to scream at her where to go, stay in line, go straight, etc. Guess 'the mouth' was needed then!!

At the end of my Junior year when officers were being selected, Mrs. Ford appointed me as captain, along with six squad leaders, Linda Baker, Janet Booker, Joan Chandler, Beth Knoerzer, Sonja Rierson and Carol Stone. Of course, we were all THRILLED!! Could not wait to put on that white Captain's uniform, that ultra-thin purple scarf around my neck along with the cheap, rusty whistle.. and oh yes, the baton... and start swishing! Oh dear, how could I afford a uniform! Darling Barbara Carsey (my predecessor) let me buy hers, but now the worry was, could I get into it??? By some miracle, I did. Even raised the skirt hem to show more leg. Brrrrrrrr.

The first game at the new Sprague Stadium, I marched the whole team into a chain-link fence surrounding the field. Without my whistle directing them to turn, they ran directly into it. I wanted to find a hole and hide! Don't even remember how I got them out of that situation! Maybe video tapes were not around at that time for a reason!

At one of the first games when the Bisonettes were preparing to take the field, I saw that mean old Greiner drill team sponsor perched in the aisle seat of the bleachers. I took full advantage of this opportunity to metaphorically spit in her eye. With baton in hand, I proudly prissed down those concrete steps, pausing just long enough to make sure she saw me in the Captain's uniform and gave her a look and a hip swing that she would L O N G remember. That gave me such pleasure, donchaknow! Of course, the half-time performance nearly caused me to have a double hip replacement!!! My defining

moment!!! I don't know if she stayed to see it and I don't wanna know!

We had some favorite teachers at Sunset, but Oma Ford led the field, inspiring and influencing each of us -- then and for years to come. In MY case, if it were not for her, I'd probably be writing this from the State Prison. We all remember entering the gym for our P.E. period and seeing her with her leg HIGH UP on those wooden bars against the wall. And she wanted US to do that??

Two of the routines I can remember were "GRAND OLD FLAG" (a small American flag in each hand) and "IN THE MOOD," which I think was Oma's favorite. I even recall the first step in each one. Will be glad to demonstrate at our next reunion if you can stand it. But, don't ask me to try on that white uniform, now yellowed by the sands of time but still brilliant in my heart and mind. I cherish those days filled with great memories of my fellow Bisonettes!!!

Join Us for Fun

On **Thursday, February 28th** at **6:30 P.M.** we will meet for dinner and reminiscing at El Fenix Mexican Restaurant located near the intersection of Field and McKinney (just north of downtown Dallas). You remember, this is the El Fenix we went to when we were kids.

These gatherings have provided a means of continued contact for those in the local area as well as for occasional travelers visiting "the ol' stomping grounds". We also will take this opportunity to form plans for future Bison roamings, roundups, and reunions. Please mark your calendar and join us for a delightful evening of memories, good food and great fun. Y'all come!



Memories of H. H. Johns

By Weldon (Gualberto)
Cotton ("Algodon") Chapman ('57)



One of the more memorable teachers I had at Sunset was Mr. H. H. Johns, or, as we knew him in class, Señor Juan. I studied Spanish under him for two years and wish I had had another year. Many I knew who did study under him that long became quite fluent. No one I have known ever had a gift for teaching a language like he possesses. He made it a pleasant experience, too, always with that big smile.

He was very big on the accent, too, and I was once complimented by a Mexican girl for mine; and my sons couldn't believe how I could roll an r (or rr). I am also still very aware that I must pronounce "d" as "th" in Spanish. He often talked about pulling the corners (of the mouth) back, to get the proper accent; told us a story once about a jaw problem he had, and the doctor made him realize that he had to quit pulling the corners back quite so much.

We all very quickly learned of Señor Juan's pet peeve. If, when a student would begin a question with "How come ...?", he would immediately be loudly castigated by the booming voice of Señor Juan: "And it came to pass ...!" That was one idiom he did not like. (Sorry, Señor Juan, but I just checked my Webster's and it's in there, acceptable without qualification.)

Once prior to class as I walked into his downstairs classroom, he smiled and said to me "Gualberto [my

Spanish name en la clase] es un pendejo." After the class bell rang, I innocently asked, in Spanish, "¿Como se dice 'pendejo' en Engles?"

His response: "¡Immoral!" After the class he explained to me a couple of its meanings, neither of which I will repeat here. But it's a word one hears frequently nowadays in R-rated movies with Spanish-speaking bad guys.

I still have a goal of really mastering Spanish. I can get by in a conversation, but I have difficulty in understanding; and I need a lot more verbs and nouns. And I think I'll be able to make good progress, because of the great foundation laid down by one of the favorite teachers of my life, Señor Juan, even if it were over forty years ago. Wish me luck. If I fail, Señor Juan will want to know 'how come'.

Trivia Quiz

1. What was the first Elvis Song played on the radio? (A) Good Rockin' Tonight (B) That's Alright Mama (C) Mystery Train (D) Love me tender

2. Which of these 1953 season TV shows lasted the longest? (A) Red Skelton Show (B) The Life of Riley (C) Life with Father (D) Make Room for Daddy

3. All but one of these pictures won a best picture Academy award during the 1950's. Which one did not? (A) Ben Hur (B) Bridge on the River Kwai (C) Around the World in 80 Days (D) The Greatest Show on Earth

4. In what year did most car models change from two headlights to four? (A) 1955 (B) 1956 (C) 1957 (D) 1958

5. Which one of these singles of 1958 did Conway Twitty sing? (A) All I have to do is dream (B) It's only

Make Believe (C) It's all in the Game (D) April Love

6. Only one of these songs was NOT a 1950's hit. Which one? (A) Heat Wave (B) Stagger Lee (C) Maybellene (D) Earth Angel

7. What year did Chevy introduce its small block V8 Engine? (same year that "Rock n Roll" became a new word) (A) 1952 (B) 1953 (C) 1954 (D) 1955

8. Three of these events occurred in 1953. Which one occurred in 1955? (A) Dodge provides the Hemi V8 engine (B) Power Flite is Chrysler's new automatic transmission (C) Corvettes roll off the production line (D) Thunderbird is introduced

9. Which of the following TV shows starting in the 50's lasted the longest? (A) Ozzie and Harriet (B) Leave it to Beaver (C) I Love Lucy (D) The Donna Reed Show

10. Three of these events occurred in 1954. Which one occurred 2 years later? (A) McDonalds sells its first hamburger (B) Elvis buys his 1st pink Cadillac (C) Spinner hubcaps become the rage (D) Regular color TV broadcasts begin

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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.



Bison News by Max Maris (‘58)

Congratulations to Sunset football Coach Radford Taylor for being named the Dallas Morning News' All-Area 2001 Coach of the Year. His Bison team went to the State 4-A Semifinal game. Also congratulations to the following Bisons for being named to the Dallas Morning News' All-District 12-4A Team: RB Harold Knight; OL Chris Ybarra; WR Chris Parker; K Ricardo Sanchez; DE Ricardo Curillo; and CB Donald Douglas

Many thanks to Sharon Wrede Jones '57, our librarian, for assembling a book of all the original *HERDs* dating back to 1990. She will donate it to Sunset when completed. Sharon also has put copies of all the *HERDs* at Bobby Edwards' booth at the Love Field Antique Mall across from the Love Field entrance to help raise money for the *HERD*.

Bill Melton, Sunset Class of '58, announced he will not run for re-election for Dallas County Treasurer in 2002. Bill will have served 24 years in office when he retires. His record, while in office, has been superlative, saving Dallas County taxpayers millions of dollars during his tenure that began in 1978. He plans to enter business in the private sector after his retirement. Best wishes to Bill!

Myra Nicol Williams (Sunset '59, SMU '64, Yale '68) was recently honored with the SMU 2001 Distinguished Alumni Award. Myra has been active in the pharmaceutical and bioinformatics fields both in the United States and abroad. Following her bachelor's degree in physics and mathematics at SMU, she became the first woman lab instructor for engineering nuclear physics students at SMU. After earning her doctorate in molecular biophysics from Yale, she worked on rational drug design, becoming more involved in research and development and information

technology. She led the development of software that enabled the use of computational approaches to accelerate drug discovery and programs for computer-aided gene and protein function prediction. Although Myra retired in 1999, she continues to serve the Princeton, New Jersey community as a high school science and math tutor and board of education member.

Remember, Tupinambas has moved from Juan's to El Fenix Restaurant at Field and Woodall Rogers Fwy (just north of downtown Dallas) on Thursday, February 28, starting at 6:30PM. So mark your calendars now and we'll see ya there.

Memories

by Max Maris

Dear friends and fellow Bisons, it seems to me that as the years go by, the memories of *yesterday* have become more and more important and meaningful *today*. Especially since the breakdown in family values and now the September 11th attack.

Looking back to those days at Sunset, we all had friends, some with many friends, some with only a few. But we all had a single goal in common, and that was to *get through high school and move on to the next chapter of our lives*. Little did we know that as the years would race by and our lives would go through all it's twists and turns, those days and memories at Sunset would become so very precious. So precious that they would create a common bond between us that has made us not only a family, but also a family of friends.

When Eddie and I started the *HERD* eleven years ago, we had no idea how it would be accepted. My Junior and Senior years at Sunset were, to say the least, more involved with dating, cars, and fun stuff rather than academics and activities. I was basically shy at Sunset and definitely not your overachiever, so how could I contribute to our newsletter? Well, kids, I soon found out that I could not only contribute, but I could also have a

great time recalling and writing stories about those wonderful days of growing up in Oak Cliff in the '50s. And as an added bonus, I've got to meet, talk and make close friends with so many fellow Bisons. I soon found out that you never meet a stranger who went to Sunset. My fear of acceptance was totally unfounded and your support of the *HERD* has been overwhelming. What a true blessing!

A *friend* is defined as "someone whom you know, like, and trust." My good friend, Richard Webb '58, recently sent me a poem that, I feel, says how we are bound as one by those "kinder and gentler days":

Friendship

Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Oak Cliff Today and Yesterday

by Max Maris

The Jefferson Tower office building, vacant since 1991, has undergone a \$6 million makeover and has unveiled its new look. Well, not exactly a new look. When the renovation was completed in October, the eight-story building looks just as it did when it opened more than 70 years ago. Built in 1929, Jefferson Tower recalls an era when Oak Cliff was establishing its own commercial center and identity. Located at 351 W. Jefferson Blvd., it is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Jefferson Tower started as a medical and dental building and was constructed just after the nearby Methodist Hospital. Two years after it opened, the building was purchased by Republic National Life Insurance and renamed after its owner.

It changed hands and names

several more times. Most memorable and aesthetically forgettable was the building's remodeling in the 1970s. At the time, "historic" was out and "contemporary" was in. The building's art deco facade was completely covered up with gold aluminum panels and the structure was renamed Carter Towers. In 1984, the siding was peeled away, revealing that the old art deco facade was intact. Unique features include terrazzo floors throughout the building. That was for cleanliness in a medical building. The lobby has a decorative ceiling that was cleaned and restored with paints and glazes. The building also has windows on all four sides. The nearly 350 original cypress, double-hung windows were preserved and restored.

The building opened in January 2002. The top floor is occupied by the Southern Dallas Development Corp. SDDC, a nonprofit organization, acquired the building in 1996 and raised the funds necessary to revive and reopen Jefferson Tower. Jim Reid, president of SDDC, said the group's first foray into real estate has been a success. "There were a lot of raised eyebrows when we started out," Mr. Reid said. SDDC makes loans, does business training and promotes investments south of the Trinity River. However, Mr. Reid said, he hopes to continue in real estate development as well. Now the group is ready to welcome up to 12 additional tenants to Jefferson Tower. There are five more floors available for rent. The building has been gutted, so prospective tenants will be responsible for finishing their spaces. "This is the best thing that's happened to Jefferson Boulevard in 40 years," Mr. Reid said.

Part of the construction included an addition at the back of the building to make sure the building complied with the Americans with Disabilities Act and fire codes. The building is now handicapped accessible. It also has new heating and cooling systems, new elevators and ample parking on five surface lots.

Mistletoe Shoe Shop closed its doors January 1, 2002. The Oak Cliff Landmark, located at Jefferson and 7th

St., was in business for 55 years at that location. The owner, D.R. "Dugie" Askins, now in failing health, said the old building was unsafe and needed to be updated to meet City Codes. The business will move to Grand Saline in East Texas, hometown of Mr. Askins. Used to be if you needed Cowboy boots or belts, Mistletoe's was the place to go. Gone, but not forgotten!

There are 2 good websites on the Internet that tell the history of Oak Cliff. They are <<http://www.alanelliott.com/oakcliff/>> and <<http://www.clifftop.com/history.html>>. Both are short stories and easy to read.

I have been putting some pictures of Oak Cliff taken in the last year on theherd.net website and thought those of you who are not into computers might enjoy seeing them.



Davis and Edgefield



Vogue Theatre



Kessler Theatre



Kiest Park Club House



Kiest Park Picnic Pavilion



Aunt Stelle's Sno Cone Stand
At Clarendon and Marlborough

Trivia Answers

1. (B) That's Alright Mama
2. (A) Red Skelton Show
3. (A) Ben Hur
4. (D) 1958
5. (B) It's only Make Believe
6. (A) Heat Wave
7. (D) 1955
8. (D) Thunderbird introduced
9. (A) Ozzie and Harriet
10. (B) Elvis buys his 1st pink Cadillac

Sunset—24 South Oak Cliff—0

by Dave Stubblefield
(57)



A special "Friday Night Lights" happened for two Bison alumni on Friday, November 16. These two die-hard football fans made the drive

from Plano through the back streets (to avoid traffic) of Oak Cliff to Sprague Field for a 4-A play-off game between Sunset and South Oak Cliff, two rivals that go back many years. All of the sports writers had unanimously picked South Oak Cliff to run away with the game as they were champions in their conference, while Sunset was 3-3 and coming off an 0-20 record over the past two years.

The two alumni still made the trip, with plans to stay through the first half, maybe see a few alumni and give their support to a team and school trying to maintain some kind of athletic program. The night turned out to be one of those "one moments in time" when David steps up and slays Goliath in the face of overwhelming odds. In warm ups you could see the size, speed and confidence of the South Cliff players, but over in the Sunset ranks there appeared to be a very focused group of kids decked out in all purple uniforms with much encouragement from their new coach.

The rest of the night was a real happening. From the first play that the Bison defense tackled the SOC runner for a loss, through the fourth quarter, the Bisons pulled together, out manned, and upset the Golden Bears 24-0. A no-huddle offense with gadget plays and long passes combined with a swarming defense kept the 1,000 or so students, parents, teachers and alumni on their feet, not believing what they were seeing. It was the most perfect example

of an undermanned, overachieving, never-give-up team giving everything they had to win the game that you could see.

As the final seconds ticked off and the small Bison band of about 30 kids was playing the fight song, the Sunset side of the stadium was something to behold; with parents crying, teachers hugging each other, the coaches being drenched with Gator Aid and the kids just clustering at mid-field to savor the moment. It was only one of many 4A play-off games in the state, just a dot on the map, but it was a huge moment in Sunset athletics. It had been 1992 since Sunset had played in a post-conference game and three decades since the team had experienced a post-season victory. And the reward; a chance to play a game in Texas stadium. That game may not produce a victory, as the Bisons go up against a 10-0 team from Denton, but this team has brought much credit and renewed attention to the Spirit of Sunset. They will give it everything they have in that next game.

As the two alumni headed back to Plano and a stop at the local IHOP they talked about how lucky they were to have shared a great moment in history with their school. Here's hoping some other alumni made it out to Texas Stadium the next Friday to enjoy "Friday Night Lights" with the Sunset Bison football team. Look for Linda Baker Stubblefield and Dave Stubblefield to be there-maybe another Bison miracle will take place.

Denton Ryan—39 Sunset—21

by Eddie
Cullum ('58)



1 if by land; 2 if by air; 3 if by interception return; 4 if by fumble return; 5 if by field goal; 6 if by safety. Those are the only

ways Denton Ryan (12-0) could find to score in running up a 39-0 half-time lead against a very undisciplined Sunset team (6-6) in the class 4-A quarter-final play-off game at Texas Stadium on Friday, November 24th.

The first half was played on only half the field, the other half being used only for Ryan to have a place to kick off. Sunset had -21 yards in offense at the half. Sunset used all three time-outs in the first quarter. During the entire game sunset was flagged for false starts and illegal procedures mixed in with a couple of late hits and an ejection for the remainder of the first half for unsportsmanlike conduct; 12 penalties totaling 100 yards.

The half time show featured the Purple and White band, a flag team and a small but well prepared squad of Bisonettes. When the teams returned from the locker room, the outcome was no longer in doubt. The only question in my mind was whether or not this team would completely fold. After all, this was the first Bison team to reach the quarter-finals in 31 years.

In the finest Sunset tradition, the team came out, not ready to quit, but ready to play some football. Still undisciplined, the second half time outs were burned up in the third quarter. But the blocking was much improved, the receivers found open spots, the passing game improved, the runners found holes, and the team erupted with that good ole' Bison spirit which quickly spread through the Sunset side of the stadium. Sunset scored three unanswered touchdowns in the second half, albeit against some Ryan substitutes, to post a respectable final score of 39-21.

This old buffalo was proud to stand and sing the Alma Mater after the game in tribute to a fine football season. The HERD congratulates coach Radford Taylor and the 2001 Sunset Bison Football Team.

Denton Ryan went on to become State Champions.

Saving Charles McCullough

By Bob Bozman ('56)



McCullough

After high school...he just disappeared...our revered President just disappeared like a Jimmy Hoffa story. No forwarding address given!



Bozman

At each of our six reunions since graduation, I have emceed our celebration. I would step to the microphone for my welcoming address at each reunion and would say to my fellow Bisons, "Welcome home Bisons, I am Charles McCullough, your Class President." This reunion opening became a tradition for our Class of '56. We all had a laugh at Charlie's expense. And although we poked fun at the mysterious absence of our leader for decades, we seriously wondered, "How could this talented classmate vanish like a vapor in the air?"

Whether you were Class of 56, 57 or 58, if you were a student at Sunset High School in 1956 you knew of Charles McCullough. Charlie was everywhere. He was active in student government as his Class President. You saw him on weekends as he was a Cheerleader his junior and senior years. You saw him perform at every talent show as a classical pianist. He had the whitest teeth. A beautiful shock of blond hair framed a handsome face. Charlie was the man, instantly likeable. All of a sudden...Charlie vanished.

As the 45th Bison Reunion approached in 2001, event organizers Travis Patterson, Ron Harris and I made a pact...we would locate and bring to the podium our lost brother. We set out, as did Tom Hanks, to *Save Charlie McCullough!* Where in the world was Charlie McCullough? We last heard he was somewhere in Europe. The adventure began...

Ron, our computer guru, spent the next few months on the internet. Week after week—no results. Requests to Charlie's colleges, to former

addresses, calls to many old friends, all drew blanks. This brother of so many talents of yesteryear, where could he be?

As anticipation waned, we got an anonymous tip. Ron returned to the computer. It couldn't be true. A listing in Garland, Texas...C. H. McCullough. Travis wrote an urgent note asking, "Are you the George Peabody, W. E. Greiner, Sunset Charles McCullough? Grand Winner of the 1955 State Fair of Texas Talent Competition and the 1960 G. B. Dealy Award (won the year before by Van Cliburn)? If you are... please call home, Charlie." One month passes, no answer.

Then one day in May, 2001, Travis received a mystery call to his office. The caller left a key voice mail clue: "Hello, mate. It's Bubba calling." Travis knew immediately, Bubba was Charlie's childhood nickname. Would our brother call back? Weeks passed, nothing. Then it happened...Charlie connected. Travis quickly organized a small dinner party. An anxious crowd arrived early. No Charlie. Was this a set up? And then it happened. Our brother Charlie burst through the private room door. The blond shock of hair was gone. Several new pounds on the once lean frame threw us off guard. But the McCullough trademark was there. The sparkling, contagious Hollywood smile of 45 years earlier appeared. A strong British accent filled the room. We all knew Bubba was back. We closed the restaurant down that night many hours after midnight.

Charlie's entertaining journey is fodder for a great best-seller for sure. He enrolled at SMU, quit, left to join the U. S. Air Force band in California, received a Fulbright scholarship, toured London, Germany and other destinations in Europe competing in international musical contests, married a British lass, and quietly returned to the States to teach and complete his Masters Degree in Music.

Probably no Bison in history roamed among the rich and famous, and did it so humbly and so unpublicized, as our Charlie. In the mid 80s, Charlie was recruited to teach in Wales at the Atlantic College

International Education Center, housed in a 1,000 year-old medieval castle. There Charlie honed the musical skills of children of royalty. He enhanced the musical talents of famous princesses, sons of kings and queens, and relatives of European royalty. The international musical elite sat at Charlie's feet for career guidance and direction. Here was our Bison brother, right in the center of the action. And no one knew it.

Needing a sabbatical from years of intense stress, Charlie quietly returned to Texas. His life's work took its toll on Charlie. Open heart surgery, a multiple bypass, saved his life in 1999. Seeking a serene atmosphere, Charlie found his peace of mind at St. Paul the Apostle Church in Richardson where he currently is Director of Music and teaches in the school's music department. Father of daughters Melissa, 39, and Francesca, 26, and son Timothy (a popular member of the University of Texas Band), 22, Charlie is an oil painter, a gourmet cook, a rock-climbing enthusiast, and loves wood-working.

What about the 45th Bison Reunion? I hid Charlie from all publicity until reunion day on October 20th. Only my brothers Travis and Ron knew of Charlie's return to Texas. As I stood at the podium on Reunion evening at Austin's Ranch, Charlie was closeted in a private room until his unveiling. On cue, he appeared on stage in a janitor's outfit, complete with baseball cap and dark glasses. Our Bisons present thought a drunk Austin Ranch employee was interfering with our program. When we unveiled our 45-year lost Class President to his classmates, everyone stood and applauded. Many shed tears of joy. Others ganged Charlie like a rock star.

As quietly and unassuming as his lifestyle had evolved, Charlie strolled over to the piano on stage and had a seat. For the next 30 minutes, Charles McCullough held his classmates spellbound as he soared to classical music heights...taking all of us with him.

And suddenly, there we were again, back in the old Sunset Auditorium, suspended in time by the music of one of our own. Charles H. McCullough had been saved!

What am I going to do for an opening line in 2006?

The Bravest Man I Ever Met

By David P. Lowman ('57)



Pollard

true friendship began in the seventies after Hubert moved to Houston where I was living.



Lowman

precious *Cookie* Pollard had started their own insurance agency and they carried our insurance from then on and she still does. He and I grew closer than brothers. I miss him everyday.

Prior to meeting *Cookie*, Hubert was married to another women and they had two beautiful boys, Adam and Matthew. Upon divorce Hubert took custody of them both. Matthew and Adam are autistic.

Adam, the oldest, is able to function on a limited scale and is capable of work in only the most menial jobs. Matthew is in a world of his own.

In the late eighties Hubert purchased approximately thirty two acres in the far northwest portion of greater Houston and built a spacious house that also contains the insurance offices, guest rooms and permanent residences for Adam and Matthew.

Hubert told me that he would have a compound suitable for his business, his residence and a place for the boys for the rest of their lives. As far as I know there was never any consideration of institutions, hospitals or homes – no – he never spoke of any other option but that his sons would be with

him and they were until the end of his life.

I will always admire the courage and dedication that it took to build and environment around their needs and concurrently build a good life with a loving wife and a successful business. I don't believe I could have done it – I believe that it would have been too much for the average person. It took the bravest man I ever met.

While I am on the subject of bravery those boys are still in that home with only mother either one has ever known. Barbara Pollard took over the agency and is maintaining the compound that she and Hubert built. That's a pretty brave, special courageous lady in her own right.

Letters to the EDDIETor

Clark Middleton ('57)

2097 MC 8041, Peel, AR 72668

Just a quick note with a check (long overdue) and an address change. Madeline has retired for the second time from teaching and I'm taking my SS at age 62 (Nov), so we have moved to Peel, Arkansas. I'm sure everyone knows where Peel is.... We're one mile from Bull Shoals Lake, 45 miles from Branson, MO. Don't know how my son and daughter both ended up in this little remote neck of the woods, but it is so peaceful up here (and cooler!).

My son Scott, son-in-law L.P. and I are building our house. We put on the sub-floor today so we have a little ways to go. Our web server can't be accessed up here, so I'll update my email address at a later date.

Thad J Woodruff

539 Regentview Drive

Houston, TX 77079

Email: WOODRUFFTJ@aol.com

The Herd #33 came today and it was wonderful, as always. It was very good therapy at this difficult time in the history of our great nation.

I especially enjoyed reading

about Eula Pearl Smith. She was definitely my most memorable teacher at Sunset from 1951 to 1954. I recall seeing her at Sunset in 1974 during the 50 year anniversary celebration and she immediately called me by name, despite the fact that she had not seen me in 20 years. Also, several of us went to her house to visit during our 35 year reunion in 1989. She was very sharp and seemed to remember all of us.

Enclosed is a contribution to help with publication of The Herd. Also, a special thanks to both of you for all of your help in finding missing members of the class of 1954. We now know the whereabouts of about 400 members of the January/June class of 1954.

Pat McFadden

Thanks to Jack DeWeese, he called me and saw the paper. He mailed me a paper.

Max, thank you for your story about "Mc". I hope that people enjoyed reading it as Jack and I. My girls were proud of the story, also.

I guess either J.D. White or Billy Austin sent the picture as "Mc" was in their weddings.

It's hard for me to write with this stroke, but I hope you will give me a call if I can help you.

Rosie (Slape) Wallin ('58)

Thanks for tracking me down. Have been neglecting sending thanks and a little for printing and postage.

I know The Herd must be a labor of love for you & Max. Thank you both and just got #33.

Beverly (Boyd) Bompert ('57)

2233 McCormick Highway

Lincolnton, Georgia 30817

Thanks to Gail (Henry) Jones for asking about me in Issue #31. I have intended to write a letter since I received my first issue of the HERD, but kept putting it off. I was so sorry to read about Jack Ahlfinger's passing. Jack and I began first grade at Margaret B. Henderson Elementary School together, and he was a GREAT guy. I was also

saddened to read about Judy Day Borders' death. Judy and I grew up together at Calvary Baptist Church. I remember her to be a fine Christian teenager whose outside beauty was only a reflection of her inward beauty.

Bill ('52) and I have been married for forty-four years, having married a week after my graduation from Sunset. We have three grown daughters and two grandsons. We left Texas in 1967 and moved to Augusta, Georgia where Bill became a mathematics professor at Augusta College. I completed my degree in elementary education at Augusta College in 1969. Miss Ferguson inspired me to want to become a teacher and to make learning fun as she always had done. I completed a minor in Spanish at the University of Texas before moving to Georgia. Although Mr. Johns instilled in me a love for the language, I was never able to teach Spanish in Georgia as I had intended to do.

Bill is now Vice President for Academic Affairs at Augusta State University (formerly Augusta College). I retired from public school education after thirty years, having been a classroom teacher, supervisor of remedial math teachers for Title I, school psychologist, and assistant principal. But God was not through with me as an educator and had saved the "best" for the last years of my career. After retiring in June, 1999, I was offered the job of principal at a private school, Hillcrest Baptist School, in Augusta in August of 1999, where I am currently serving. I plan to retire again in another year or two.

Thanks for the memories and keep up the good work. It is great to receive news about my friends from "the good ole days".

Gary Gilleland
Lee's Summit, MO.

Thanks to your hard work and dedication I was able to reconnect with several classmates at the 45th reunion of the 1956 Sunset High graduates. The program was very entertaining and well planned. The reunion committee is to be commended for their work.

The content of the website the

Herd covers every aspect of Sunset and brings back a lot of good memories. I left Dallas a short time after graduation and haven't lived there since. We visit at least once every two years but never knew about class reunions until this year. Your website makes a definite difference. Keep up the good work and accept my thanks.

Karen Martin Parks ('58)

My brother, David Martin, Sunset class of 1963, gave me this newspaper from the resort community near Hawkins (Wood County). Holly Lake Ranch is 35 miles north of Tyler.

The publisher of *The Gazette* is '56 grad Wilson Crabtree. I thought you would want to send a copy of the HERD to Wilson at *The Gazette*.

My brother, who also lives at Holly Lake, would appreciate getting the HERD.

Reprinted from the August 10, 2001 edition of The Holly Lake Ranch Gazette.

Dallas Sunset "Grads" Move East

Winnsboro, TX August 6, 2001
Tommy Owens is seated behind his desk at Winnsboro Motors talking about the old days at Sunset High School on Oak Cliff. He's rattling off names of alumni who have moved in this direction. His partner, Nate Hight is out of town and missed the picture. Sorry 'bout that Nate.

Here is a list with graduation year and current location: Tommy Owens '58 Lake Fork, LeRae Robertson Hight '58, Lake Fork, Don Kirkham '57 Lake Fork, Robert Henderson '57 Winnsboro, Gwen Knight Henderson, Winnsboro, Robert Knight '61, Winnsboro, Cone Golden '58 Lake Fork, Don Burden '57 Lake Fork, Maxine Patton Burden '58 Lake Fork, Wilson Crabtree '57, Holly Lake Ranch, Judy Crabtree Underwood Johnson '61 Holly Lake Ranch, Barbara Dry Formby '58 near Sulfur Springs, Yvonne Lanier '58 near Canton.

Selected Messages from TheHERD.net

Patsy Warren ('58)
wufflewoman@earthlink.net

Wanted to let you know that I have spent probably 5 hours tonite, off and on, going thru theherd.net. I am so very impressed. I loved to see all the old pictures. I wish there had been a picture of Miss Ferguson in the reunion shots. She was my favorite teacher

Margaret Stahl Price ('58)
scottyp@EVI.net

News from Houston! In November I received an invitation to attend a Christmas Brunch from some Sunset Alumn in the Houston area. I eagerly accepted the invitation. Upon arriving at the San Francisco Steak house on this Saturday, my husband Scott and I were so surprised that the Bisons their were from the classes of 1943 and upwards to 1954. We were the "youngest" Bisons there!! It was wonderful - the Sprit Thrives here in Houston. They also have a rally in the Spring at Elkins Lake a community at Huntsville.

Brenda Joyce McNabb ('58)
bjmcnabb@cowtown.net

This was my first visit to the web site. It has brought back some wonderful memories and I want to thank you for all the time and effort put into it. Today I received my second copy of The Herd and am so glad I have been found. Didn't know I was lost

Gil Williams ('57)
gil_wil@swbell.net

I look forward to recieving the latest edition of The Head everytime it arrives. My wife also looks forward to reading it even though she graduated from the dreaded Adamson in 1958.

Continued on page 10

Martha Perkins Clark ('57)
DocsGranny@aol.com

I love this site and love seeing the old pictures and everything else. One of these days I hope to write a note to The Herd. With love and best wishes. Keep up the good work!

Robert G. (Bob) Copeland (Jan '57)
bgcopel@home.com

The newsletters are great! I look forward to getting them every 4 months. I would love to hear from some of my classmates.

Ken Boyd ('57)
ken@aaminsur.com

My best "mail box" trips are those that result in an issue of the Herd. Eddie, you and Max have done an outstanding job. As I travel and discuss old times

with business associates I have found no one as fortunate as those of us from the Sunset classes of '57 and '58 who can continue to be well informed regarding our school mates.

Beverly McLarty Wiedeman ('58)
jbobweed@msn.com

Received my Herd this week and was saddened (once again)to read of classmates who have passed away. But also excited to see email addresses for friends that I haven't seen in a very long time-- Jeanie Vickery (we go back to grade school), Brenda Crabtree & Gwen Stuart. It's always a treat to read what others are doing, where they are, etc. I always read the Herd from cover to cover as everyone else does, I'm sure.

Another EDDIEtorial by Eddie Cullum

Don Kirkham ('57) had a stroke on New Year's Eve. As of the time this edition went to the printer (Jan. 18th), Don could not use his right arm or leg and was having difficulty with his speech. He will be in rehab for a few weeks at HealthSouth at 3131 Troup Hwy, Tyler, TX 75701. He can use your prayers. A humerous card would help.

Following the September 11 attacks, contributions to the HERD ceased. We didn't even cover the cost of postage. If you have a few bucks to spare, we could certainly use it. Contributions also pay for the web site at <theHerd.net>.

the HERD #34

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