



the HERD

NUMBER FORTY ONE * SUNSET HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES OF '57 & '58 * JULY 2004

HOME, SWEET HOME



By Glen Waggoner

I bought my first six-pack of beer there. And, between 1956 and 1958, I spent part of almost every weekend there. So did many-if not most-of you. "There" was Sivil's, that triangle of heaven on earth where Davis and Fort Worth Cutoff (correct me if I'm wrong here) came together just east of Chalk Hill, the magical place that was the cultural epicenter of many-if not most-of our Sunset lives. Remember your first time? (At Sivil's, I mean.) I don't. And I don't remember my last. What I do remember is night after summer night (was it always summer when we were growing up?), all blurring together into one blissful, never-ending, s-l-o-w cruise around our home away from home. No. Our home, period.

To get to Sivil's, you had to drive. To drive, for teenagers growing up in the 1950's, was to be free. (Maybe it still is. Who knows? Who cares?) A simple

equation, really: Car + Sivil's = Freedom. Grace Simpson or Herman Scruggs or even Edith St. Clair would have given us an A. Did Sivil's have an actual restaurant attached to its immense parking lot? I think so. Did anyone ever actually go into that restaurant? I think not. We drove around. And around. And around. Couples. Groups. Singles. We parked. We swapped rides. We made out (but only in the back rows, right?). We marveled at Johnny Terlingo's yellow banana-mobile (a 1957 Pontiac convertible, if memory serves) and Clayton Cook's 1957 Ford hardtop (of that I am sure). We gave hard looks to foreigners (i.e., people in Adamson jackets). We occasionally stopped to buy a Coke and maybe, if it was a big date, a cheeseburger (hold the onions). We went there to see and be seen. Say what you want about Red Bryan's, and nobody remembers that barbecue palace more fondly than I, but Sivil's was Da Place.

One of the great things about Sivil's, as some of us were quick to discover, was that it sold beer to minors. Oh, I'm sure the burgers were swell, but buying beer without even having to leave your car? Priceless. My first time came when I was 16. I don't remember the group in the car that night, but it probably included Darrell Norris and Dennis Risinger and Duane Fisher. (It usually did.) Anyway, I was designated, as the tallest if not the oldest looking among us, to make the beer buy, so I dropped them off somewhere (probably near Jerry Jackson's car), and eased over to a mid-pack row, equidistant from the bright lights up front and the neckers out back. I sat and I sweated, terrified by the fear of failing-or of succeeding-in my mission.

Things get blurry here, but the next thing I know, a carhop is at the window, and I'm saying, in my deepest voice, "Six pack of Schlitz, please." To my amazement, this goddess of the night (I fall in love on the spot) says "Six of Schlitz? Right away." And walks briskly back away. Why Schlitz, some of you may be wondering right about now. Well, aside from being the beer that made Milwaukee famous (look it up), Schlitz was the beer that helped steer my father (he actually drove himself) into an early grave at age 57. If Schlitz was good enough for him, it was damned well good enough for me. Besides, as a snob-in-embryo, I instinctively held as an article of faith that Schlitz, being brewed up north somewhere, had to be superior to Lone Star and Pearl and Grand Prize and Jax, not to mention Southern Select. Next thing I know, the love of my life (for this night, at least) brings me my six-pack. I pay her: "Here's two bucks. Keep the change." Now what? I collect the guys, and we head off to get knee-walking drunk. Four, maybe five of us-on a six-pack. Who's got a church key? As it turns out, nobody. So we stop off at a 7-11 and buy a can opener. (Or, more likely, shop-lift it. Those were the days, my friends. There was a fine line between many of us and Bobby Vandiver.)

Now we're ready to rock and roll. But we aren't sure how, or where, to do it. I can't speak for the other guys, but beer hadn't passed my lips since I was 7 or 8, cadging sips from my dad's can. So naturally we beeline for a slumber party we knew is coming together at Brenda Baker's house on Burlington. (Is it possible that I remember the exact address? 2904?)

please see HOME on page four

Sunset Memories

By Mike Dodson ('58)
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When the "Bulls" visited Max, a few weeks ago, we each decided to jot down something for the HERD. (EDDIEtor's note: yeah, bulls, remember?) Max and Eddy agreed so here are some of my memories of the great times and years while at Sunset I remember

Wearing my shoes on the wrong feet in Hattie Lee's class and just driving her nuts ... (as did a lot of other guys). She never got it.

Glen Waggoner's "throws" to second base (extremely airborne).

The Buddy Boycers and the D.O.A's.

Mike Hicks' customized Chevrolet convertible. My '52 Chrysler convertible with a steering wheel as large as the tires.

The Moosehead at Red Bryans's Smoke House with the toothpick sticking out of it's mouth. (I still laugh when I think about that.)

Red Bryan's jukebox with all the new Elvis Records.

Sivil's Drive-in Was not "cool" to eat inside.

All the theaters downtown

Street cars

Ice cream sandwiches in the cafeteria

Danny Smithey doing his "Tasmanian Devil" thing at the Fort Worth Turnpike tollbooth.

Getting someone to buy is CC Malt Liquor at Wolfe's Liquor on Ross Avenue. (a \$1.00 six pack, I might add).

Ivy League clothes, Hardy's Shoe Store, white bucks, sweater vests.

Dorothy Brock (I think every guy at Sunset fantasized about her).

Drinking beer in Frank Reiser's yard.

The talent shows in the auditorium

Spinner hubcaps

Melting down the front springs of your car to get the "Dago" look.

Smithey mufflers and Lake plugs

Yello Belly Drag Strip

American Legion baseball in the summer.

Abe Barnett throwing batting practice.

Patti Drew's parties

My locker that never opened

Our singing group as the opening act for Gene Vincent and the Blue Caps at Yello Belly dragstrip.

Drive-In movies

Getting a "G" from Mrs. St. Clair in trig. She announced it to the whole class. Just couldn't learn from that woman.

The Jefferson Blvd. Strip, Henry J's, Crosley cars and Vespas

Taking your date to the "haunted" Rock Castle and the house on Hampton (Peacock Farm) and honking your horn to "make all the imprisoned women scream"

LouAnns, Sloe gin and 7 up.

Getting in the Dixie Club downtown.

Trips to Lake Murray and many, many more.

Some I cannot mention and others that will come to me. When they do, I'll jot them down and share again.

June DeVore Parks ('58)
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I have a new address. We have moved on Oakridge Golf Course in Garland. As you know, Jerry, my husband, is a custom home builder so we decided to build a new home on the course. It has a beautiful view of a double fairway and creek and lake.

I am also enclosing a check for the HERD. We really enjoyed the reunion and seeing everyone. Be sure and give Al Yeargan my new phone number. He is so faithful in calling about El Fenix get together.

David Crum ('57)

We have bought a new home and my new address is 4714 Wild Bluebonnet Way, Houston, Texas 77084-2266. My current e-mail address is ddcrum1@sbcglobal.net.

We love getting the HERD. It is a great way of keeping in touch.

Linda Denney Wilson ('58)

For 30+ years I have lived at the same address and had the same telephone number. Most of my children's growing up years were spent at 312 High Brook in Richardson. I married the most wonderful man at that same address 27+ years ago. Now we are moving on to our new retirement (whenever that comes for me) home.

We wanted to let each of you know our new address, telephone number and email. We will send more later

about our wonderful home.

Thanks for always being our friends and family and remember to pray for us in this new endeavor.

Bud & Linda Wilson, 1348 Hide-a-Way Lane West, Lindale, TX. 75771

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We hope to get settled in in about a month and would love for you to call or come by when you are in the neighborhood. Call ahead and we will leave your name at the gate for admission.

*From
The HERD
Website*

*What a
Cool School!*

Jeff Huckaba
jeffhuckaba@hotmail.com

Hello Sunset Alumni, I am currently a teacher at Sunset High School and a Coach with the Football team. I just want to let you know how proud I am to be a part of Sunset High School and the tradition that preceded me. While the demographics of the school and neighborhood have changed, I think you would be happy to know that there are great kids working hard to carry on the Sunset tradition. I Thank you for the tradition you started and I hope and pray that we can continue them well into the future. Thank you for letting me be a part of Sunset High.

50 Years Ago

by Eddie Cullum

50 years ago, that would be 1954. Most of us were at Greiner or Stockard or Sunset. Here are a few other things that happened that year:

BIRTHS: Oprah Winfrey (January 29th), John Travolta (February 18th), Ron Howard (March 1st), Reba McEntire (March 24th), Walter Payton, (July 25th) and Cris Evert (December 21st)

MOVIES: On The Waterfront won best picture and best actor (Marlon Brando). Grace Kelly won best actress for The Country Girl. Other movies were Rear Window, The Caine Mutiny, Sabrina, White Christmas and Seven Brides for Seven Brothers

MUSIC: Elvis releases first commercial recording, That's All Right. Rosmary Cloony released Hey There, This Old House and Mambo Italiano. Other hits were Little Things Mean a Lot, Sh-Boom, Three Coins in the Fountain, Mister Sandman and Shake Rattle and Roll, Till Then, Goodnight Sweetheart Goodnight, Make Love to Me, The Happy Wanderer, and so many more. Some of these were earlier recorded by black performers. There was also a non-musical record released called What it Was Was Football by "Deacon" Andy Griffith

TELEVISION SHOWS: New shows like Jack Benny Show, Father Knows Best, Lassie, Tonight Show (Steve Allen) joined I Love Lucy, The Loretta Young Show, The Nelsons, Our Miss Brooks, Dragnet and Victory at Sea.

WORLD NEWS: USSR launches Sputnik, United States tests a Hydrogen Bomb at Bikini Atoll, Gamal Abdel Nasser assumes

power in Egypt as British end their 72nd year of occupation there. Indochina truce signed by France. Salk Polio Vaccine given to children. Roger Bannister runs first 4-minute mile.

SPORTS: Allan (the Horse) Ameche of Wisconsin wins the Heisman Trophy. The New York Giants (now of San Francisco) win the World Series. Cleveland Browns (now the Baltimore Ravens) are champions of pro football and the Minneapolis Lakers (now of Los Angeles) are the pro basketball champions. Sports Illustrated is Born. The U S amateur golf champion is Arnold Palmer. Rocky Marciano is boxing's heavyweight champion

NATIONAL NEWS: Supreme Court orders school integration (Brown vs. the Board of Education). The first atomic-powered submarine, The Nautilus (SSN-571) was commissioned. First flight of the B-52 Stratofortress, Joe DiMaggio marries Marilyn Monroe. Eisenhower proposes Interstate Highway System. Boeing introduced the 707 jetliner. General Motors produces 50 millionth car. Senate condemns McCarthy. First annual Newport Jazz Festival held. Plans to build Disneyland announced. Hudson and Nash-Kelvinator merge to become American Motors. The first Burger King opens. Ellis Island closed.

STOCK MARKET: Dow Jones Industrial Average - 279.87 to 404.39

PRICES: First Class Postage \$.03 (Air Mail was \$.07), Loaf of Bread \$.17, Gallon of Gas \$.22, Gallon of Milk \$.92 - The average income was \$3960, a new car was \$1700 and a new house was \$10,250. Gold was \$35 per oz. (by law), silver was \$.90 and the minimum wage was six bits.

I wish I could remember yesterday as



The Bison Bulls visit Max

On a recent occasion, some of the Bison Bulls visited Max Maris. Left to right, David Steel, Alan Walker, Mike Dodson, Gene Autrey, Eddie Cullum, Richard Webb and Al Yeargan. You know by the bottle of wine that Jim Climer is not far away. In this case, he is taking the picture.

Jim Climer ('58)

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Max Maris and I are still sharing an occasional bottle of wine. This is something we wanted to do during our days at Sunset but our mothers wouldn't permit it. We don't claim connoisseur status yet but we've found that we like Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Gregio and Shiraz and.....well.....hell, we like it all!

I mentioned to Max that in THE HERD's last issue the EDDIEtor made a derisive remark about boozing. Max's *exact* words were, "I feel sorry for old Bisons who have a drinking problem and/or a religious aversion to the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Think about it; when they get up in the morning, that's as good as they're going to feel the rest of the day. And if they take issue with us having a nip or two, perhaps they should stick their rusty unused corkscrews in a dark place."

You tell 'em, Max.
Cheers, buddy.

Jim Lawrence ('58)

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nancy@troylawrence.com

Maybe many of you know about this but I just stumbled on it last Fall. While taking one of my excursions just roaming around back roads to see what is there, I spotted a herd of really odd looking animals. They just did not look quite right. As I got closer I was pleasantly surprised to see a herd of about 50+ bison. I have since been back by there and they really do exist. This is a great place to just look for and to show off to your kids and grandkids that bison are for real.

Take highway 67 south from Cedar Hill. Go past Midlothian and look quickly for Venus. You all remember that Venus is there but may not have ever been there. Turn left at the stop light (hwy 157) and proceed through the town, staying on the main road as it takes a couple of wiggles.

Proceed south about 2-3 miles and look on both sides of the road. There are several large pastures here. Check out the big sign at the ranch entrance with the big diagram

Home Sweet Home

Continued from page one

God help me.) Carolyn Jo Carroll is there, and B. J. Bushman, and Lecann Barton. Probably. Maybe. Who knows, because by now, thanks to Sivil's, I'm roaring drunk. Or pretending to be. On half a can of Schlitz. Pretending is the wrong word. Trying to be, wanting to be-that's more like it. Problem is, it was all I could do to get a swallow of the stuff down. It tasted, if memory serves, like cold piss, only more metallic. So this was what growing up was all about? Fortunately, I overcame that initial distaste for beer. Unfortunately, Sivil's was all too soon not around to sell me another six-pack. The moral czars of Oak Cliff, Lewis Stuckey of Tyler Street Methodist Church and Wallace Bassett of Cliff Temple Baptist, decided to save Oak Cliff from sin (and ruin it for economic development) by taking us dry. Aided and funded by the R. L. Thorntons and Bobby Folsoms and Avery Mays (yes, Jerry's dad) of the city, who owned vast stretches of otherwise worthless ranchland north of Dallas (hello, Addison; hello, Richardson), and wanted to see it make them richer and Oak Cliff poorer, Pastors Stuckey and Bassett succeeded in their mission to gut Oak Cliff for three generations. (How many of you still live in Oak Cliff? I thought so.) And so, soon thereafter, Sivil's died. But it lives on, in fond memory.

Bill Riley ('58)

Please change my email address to bill@rileys.ws on the web page. Also, Barbara Barbee (59) would like to be added to The Herd mailing list. She is back in Oak Cliff. Her address is 303 North Barnett Avenue, Dallas, TX 75211

My wife, Ginger, is in an organization called Friends of Oak Cliff Parks. She just finished a project at Kidd Spring's Park where they put in a butterfly garden (plants that butterflies like). They also have redone the water gardens at Keist Park and it looks great.

Robert Roddy ('58)
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Eddie, I got this from my cousin that graduated from Sunset in 1948. I thought you might be interested in how the The Herd gets around.

This article is from the *Sunset Stampede* and the year is 1930. Cannot understand how North Dallas beat Sunset, but what is interesting is how many fans were at the new Fair Park Stadium, aka The Cotton Bowl. 45,000 people at a High School Game in 1930!!! SMU probably wasn't drawing that many people back then. My guess is that the Great Depression had something to do with it.

Many of the ones receiving this will remember that we always played one game at the Cotton Bowl during the State Fair. As a matter of fact, we even played there in Jr. High.

Fred Nelson

North Dallas 7, Sunset 6

On October 11th, Opening Day at the State Fair, Sunset played her first nocturnal football game. The purple-clad warriors played their biggest game up to date, but the Bulldog had its day (or night). The contest was featured by the runs of Captain Woodward of Sunset and Capt. Sam Brown of North Dallas. "Curly" Woodward was at his best while skirting the ends.

The game was played before the largest crowd ever to witness a football game in the Southwest. The new Fair Park Stadium was filled almost to capacity with 45,000 people. Night football was declared a huge success by both players and spectators.

Sue Coates ('57)
scoates@cox-internet.com

Have I told you I moved again? I went from California to Alaska and am in Arkansas now. With two cross-country moves last year, I'm still way behind on getting back in touch with people. Hope you're doing okay. Please pass this along to whoever is keeping the records: mailing address: 1003 East Mill St., Malvern Arkansas 72104, home phone: 501/337-4472 - e-mail: scoates@cox-internet.com

I'm still working, same type of job as what I did in California and Alaska but in a better organization. Bought a house here and am settled in, not getting rich but enough to live on with no debts.

I'm only a couple of hours from Texarkana and will probably drive to Dallas for a visit with old friends one of these days. So, I'm watching your site for events.

My sister Alice ('58) came to visit for several days last month and we had a wonderful time. She's doing well but slowing down a little, as are we all. I hear from my brother Tom ('54) frequently and he's doing well also.

The town I live in has an annual festival which is going on this weekend. It's called Brickfest because the biggest American brick factory is located here. They had a very impressive antique car exhibit, at least 60 or 70 vehicles, including a beautiful '56 Chevy BelAire, a couple of '51 Chevy coupes, and a '51 Plymouth; also lots of pickups and motorcycles. Sure brought back memories! Of course, anything that's not as old as we are certainly is not an antique, but these youngsters don't know the difference.

I love browsing theHERD. Thanks for all your effort.

Marilyn Harper Bowling ('57)

Just a quick note to let you know that I am finally retiring. My last day at Southwest Airlines will be July 30. That means my email address will change from marilyn.bowling@wnco.com to my home email at osoranch@earthlink.net. My home phone number is still the same at 972-962-8255. Please make a note of this in the next Herd so anyone having a change of address can let me know.

I am finally out of my neck brace and ready for some Mexican food. Hope you all are well.

What do you hear from Max? I feel so badly that I haven't been out to see him. My life to date seems to be running away from me in the fast lane. Hope my retirement lets me slow down some.

After four years of planning, we just got back from a two week vacation to Italy. We traveled from Rome down to Pompeii, back up through Tuscany to Pisa and Florence. From there we went to Venice, Murano and Burano Islands, Verona, and on to Milan. By the time we got home, we were pooped and broke. What fun!

Bison Roundup ***Thursday, August 19th*** ***at 6:30***

It's time again for us to convene at El Fenix Mexican Restaurant on McKinney Ave. in downtown Dallas. The '57 and '58 classes invite all Bison classes and faculty members to join us for a delightful evening of visiting, reminiscing, and dining enjoyment. A special menu and separate checks are provided.

If you don't show up, we're gonna talk about 'ya, so you'd best be there to defend yourself....**Y'all Come!**

Pickin' up the Slack

Another EDDIEtorial

Max Maris is doing about the same. He always appreciates a visit, so if you can, go by. He is at Senior Care Center, 106 N Belt Line, Garland TX 75040. On weekends check with Jan at 972 231-9956 to make sure he is not home for a visit.

As you know, Max was a continuous source of material for this publication. He wrote three articles for every issue – Oak Cliff Yesterday and Today, Bison News and Memories. He also wrote most of the trivia Q&A's.

Well, Max is no longer able to contribute as much. We still collaborate on ideas, so he is in the loop, but doesn't have the resources to do research or type the articles. So the HERD needs new material to publish. All of you have memories. I don't care if they aren't even accurate. All of you can help keep the HERD in you mail box three times a year by sending me your memories. Mike Dodson and Glen Waggoner con-

tributed theirs to this issue. You can keep us informed about what is happening in your life like several others have in this issue. You can call our attention to items of general interest like Jim Lawrence did.

Some of you have at some time in the past, committed to writing articles for the HERD. It would be greatly appreciated if you would follow through on those. "After all, a promise is a promise." I prefer to receive articles by e-mail so I don't have to re-type them but I will take anything. Even a bar napkin.

Then there is the money situation. Your generosity at the last reunions put us in good financial shape. However, the well has run dry and we have received less than \$300 since then. For your information, it costs nearly \$1000 for each edition of the HERD. We mail over 1000 copies and postage alone runs \$407. So I would appreciate a few bucks if you can spare them. I have been doing this since 1990 and want to continue many more years.

You have come through in the past. I am confident you will do so in the future.

the HERD #41

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