

From our graduates:

Linda McKee is taking a class at Baylor in which she had to write about an experience. She has shared that experience with us:

Draco – A Story
By Linda McKee

Let me begin with my childhood. As a child, I had to take rabies shots in the stomach twice a day, because a playmate was bitten by a rabid dog – and died. My Mother would never let us have an animal, so I grew up afraid of dogs. I would never hurt a dog, but I have no love for them. We’ve never had an inside dog, and only a few outside dogs when the children were growing up.

Now for my story. Draco is a dog! A much hated dog! He is a very large, furry, smelly, untrainable, and very badly behaved dog.

My daughter, who lives next door, inherited (dumped is a better word) Draco from one of her daughters who moved to Arlington. My daughter is raising her two grandchildren alone without help from their Mom, Dad, or any public assistance. She surely does not need the expense or responsibility of the dog.

Draco is the bane of my existence! He won’t stay in his fenced area, has broken every lease every invented, and wants to be in the house (any house) as much as possible. A door left ajar is an open invitation for him to enter. He hides, but of course you know he is there – he really, really smells. He is a very large dog, visits our stock tank daily, and won’t let you give him a bath.

He loves to ride in cars, carts, or anything on wheels. You have to be very fast and diligent to get into your car, or he will be your passenger.

Last week I had several errands to do in town, and as I was getting into my car, I realized that I had not turned off a water sprinkler. I left the car door open and turned off the sprinkler. I returned to my car, and off to town I went. Halfway to town, I started smelling dog. My daughter has been using my car, so I assumed he had been in the car with her. All the way into town, I planned what I was going to say to her.

Finally, I arrived at my first stop, Home Depot. I opened my door and up pops a head from the back seat. Draco! He had not made a sound, and had laid flat on the back seat. What do I do? Take him home or leave him here. It took me about half a second to decide that if he wants to stay, he can. Draco jumps out of the car, and starts running all over the parking lot. I sneak into the store undetected.

As I make my way through the store to the garden center, I hear a loud commotion. Three employees are chasing Draco. A pretty young lady asks me if he is my dog. I looked her straight in the eyes and said “no”. She said, “He thinks you are. He has been following you all over the store”. I shrugged and continued shopping. They put a rope around his neck, led him to the front desk, gave him water, and started trying to find his owner.

Hurriedly, I finished shopping and checked out in the garden center. I’m afraid to go back into the store. Escape was so close! As I open the car door, out bounds Draco and jumps into the car. I have no idea how many people witnessed my departure with the dog, but I’m sure of one thing – they were very happy.

I brought him home, let him out, went in the house, got some deodorizer, and went back to town. Then it dawned on me. Draco has a chip, so he would be traced back to my granddaughter, then daughter, and finally me. I guess I could be fined for trying to “dump” a dog. Now I am very careful whenever I open a car door. No more smelly passengers for me!

Mickey Lavy: Great news. I just realized that 79 is the new 60 and that we are just now approaching upper middle-age. Ain’t that great? The only down-side that I can think of is that part of my body is no longer keeping up with the rest of me. What should I do? Slow down, speed up, or just drink less coffee?

Bev Murphy Wells: Thanks to Judith for the info about Russell's pecans. We had our own pecan trees growing up, the soft shell kind that could be cracked in your palm. Will sure order from Russell's because I

didn't have really good pecans in Indiana nor have I found any in Florida. So sad to see all the classmates we've lost this year. Still praying for Bob Easter and others. Happy Christmas to all!

Updates:

Robert Wilson: Has a new email address: rwilson60waco@gmail.com

Tim Lasseter Latta: Tim had robotic gallbladder surgery on December 6 in Ft Worth, Texas. She had some complications which required more surgery and was in the hospital for about one week. She is looking forward to no more attacks and feeling like a new woman once she can get all the complications behind her.

Babz Wester Musser: Babz and her hubby have moved to Georgetown. Their new address:

902 Rio Grande Loop
Georgetown, Tx 78633
Ph 512-819-1399.

Email: WhoisKDK@yahoo.com

(This is actually Babz's daughter's email address. Her name is Karen Musser-Marrow. Babz and her hubby do not get on computer any more but want to continue getting Town Crier or hearing from friends. You can do this via Karen's email. FYI: Karen's phone number is 254-301-6060.)

Terrell Reagan: "My broken hip has repaired but at my age will never be the same. Just part of being old."

Bob Easter is definitely on the mend. He has been to his garden. Hard to keep a good man down!

January Birthdays:

- 4 Malissa Starnes Baugh
- 10 Betty Luedeker Gatlin
- 12 Nanci Stiteler Felice
- 16 Vince Tusa, Steve Brown
- 17 Ken Lipscomb
- 19 Betty Barrett Reaties
- 25 Bernie Regian, Pat Gabler
- 26 Don Clyde Blackburn

A Neat Idea: Use Shower caddies underneath sinks to organize awkward spaces.



A Good Memory



A few memories of my Holland Grandparents:

Harry Holland and Mary Elizabeth Holland were my paternal grandparents. Papa Holland was born in 1886 and came to Texas from Augusta, Arkansas in late November 1892. Mema Holland was born in 1889 and came to Texas by train from Greenbrier, Arkansas in appx 1895. I remember Papa Holland telling me his family relocated by means of covered wagons. The men and boys walked beside the wagons as the women and little girls rode in the wagons. They settled around Abbott, Texas. Yes, they knew Willie Nelson...in fact my mother taught Willie when he was in appx. the 7th grade in the Abbott school system.

The Holland family was one of the first families of Hill County as they settled in Hill County within the first 50 years of its establishment. Papa and his family were farmers....They had a lot of land around Abbott. I remember Papa telling me when he was a little boy working out in the fields one day, he uncovered a silver dollar. To a little boy this was a lot of money and an exciting find! He was showing off his discovery when some woman walked up and said it was hers (that she had lost it) so he sadly turned it over to her. Such a trusting little boy but it really made an impression on him because he told me the story when he was an old man in his 90's.

I do not know how my grandparents met but they were married on Christmas Eve in 1905. Papa was 19 years of age and Mema was 16. The first piece of furniture they bought was a treadle Singer sewing machine in January 1906. Papa said he paid \$95 for it- \$5 down, with a little each month until the crops came in when he would have the funds to pay it off. I possess that sewing machine. My father remembered playing on the treadle when he was a little boy. I remember Papa Holland always had a "hot toddy" (as he called it) before going to bed. The old saying – "***go to bed with the chickens and get up with the roosters***" described my grandfather's sleeping habits perfectly.

My grandparents had 5 children- 4 boys and one girl. For a short period of time, my grandparents had all 4 sons in WWII. One of those sons was killed in Italy in 1943 in the Battle of San Pietro. Guess that is why one of my favorite movies is **Saving Private Ryan**. Growing up during dinner time in their family taught sharing and fairness among the siblings. In order to keep peace, if someone had the chore of cutting a piece of anything to share with someone else, whoever did the cutting—the other person had first choice of the pieces. This was to ensure that things were cut as equally as possible, which in turn cut down on any disputes among those who thought they might have been slighted. Another funny memory I recall is: my grandmother sent my father to school when he was only 5 years of age but the teacher did not agree, so she sent Daddy back home again. Daddy said it was a 2 mile trek by foot each way. The next day, my grandmother sent my daddy back to school, and so on. This went on for about one week or so until the teacher gave up and let daddy attend first grade even though he was not quite "of age". My grandmother's reasoning was- the preacher's boy went to school at age five; therefore, my daddy should be able to go, too. Daddy said his first grade teacher never did like him.

My grandparents were wonderful, hard-working, honest people who raised good Christian children. They were married for 74 years and were recognized on Paul Harvey's Tournament of Roses in 1979 before my grandmother died in 1980. Mema lived to be 91 years old and Papa lived to be 96 years of age. In the last days of his life while in the hospital, my grandfather said he "***just wanted to go home because he wanted his feet on the ground***". My sister and I still own some of that "ground" which is being farmed to this day.

Ah, so many good memories! Glad I got to share a few of them with others. -***Jeanne Holland Harman***

Some things your parents had in their house that you never see today:



Shag carpet, retro tv's, sunken living rooms, video tapes, striped wallpaper, wall clocks, floral sofas, Rotary phones, porcelain collectables, toilet rugs, ash trays, rolodexes, typewriters, perfume trays, Plastic flowers, candy dishes, record player, doilies, rabbit ears, handkerchiefs, jewelry boxes, crocheted blankets, fondue pots, canopy beds, encyclopedias, waterbeds.

Pictures:

Babz Wester Musser celebrated her 80th birthday in November. Her daughter told me that Babz is an artist and the painting behind her is one of her creations. We surely had a lot of artists in our class!



Gary Roberts and Carol Adams Scarborough celebrate Christmas 2021





David and Anita Dibb picking apples in VA

David and Anita picking oranges and grapefruit at his sister-in-law's in Pensacola . FL.
(I am jealous....it all looks so delicious!)



Humor

Every box of raisins is a tragic tale of grapes that could have been wine.

Theme parks can snap a crystal-clear picture of you on a roller coaster going 70 mph, but bank cameras can't get a clear shot of a robber standing still.

The more I get to know people, the more I realize why Noah let only animals on the boat.

Covid-19 Fact: 87% of gym members don't even know their gym is closed.

My train of thought derailed. There were no survivors.

I know it's time to clean out my purse when my car assumes it's an extra passenger who isn't wearing a seat belt.

Dr. Oz says rubbing coffee grounds on your naked body will get rid of cellulite. Apparently you can't do this in Starbucks. And now the cops are here.

Do not vaccinate health care workers first. If it fails, we're all in trouble. Vaccinate the politicians first. If we lose a few of them, it won't matter.

Some people seem to have aged like fine wine. I aged like milk- I got sour and chunky.

I still have a full deck... I just shuffle slower.

QUOTES from Will Rogers:

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN DEATH
AND TAXES IS THAT
DEATH DOESN'T GET
WORSE EVERY TIME
CONGRESS MEETS.

WILL ROGERS

"THE SHORT
MEMORIES OF
AMERICAN
VOTERS IS
WHAT KEEPS
OUR
POLITICIANS
IN OFFICE."

WILL ROGERS

THE INCOME TAX
HAS MADE LIARS
OUT OF MORE
AMERICANS THAN
GOLF.

Never miss a good
chance to shut up.

- Will Rogers

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