



From Our Graduates:

Hal Johnson: “Hope everyone is going to have a Safe, Healthy and Great New Year.

How good are you planning ahead for the inevitable? At the time, many, many years ago my parents did plan for the inevitable by purchasing plots in Waco Memorial Park. Today I have 1 plot for sale in section F Garden of Devotion. Today's value is \$3,600.00 plus a transfer fee of \$375.00 (I will cover that cost.)

I can be reached halj6466@gmail.com

Again, stay safe, and healthy in 2025”

Hal

Clara Sue Griffis Arnsdorff: “ I mourn with all of our graduates at the passing of those we knew and always say a prayer for those families.

This has been a challenging January here in Nebraska—we finally warmed up to above freezing, and today it was 42- - a heatwave. I didn't go out of the house for 3 days as our high temps were under 10 degrees, and we had one low of a minus -10. We haven't had temps like that in several years. I was again “dripping the faucets” as we did in Waco when I was a kid. Hopefully spring will come someday —but I fear our climate is changing and we have some changeable years ahead.”

Carolyn Belcher Elliott: “Question: I do not ever recall any mention of the service clubs or who were members in any of the newsletters. I seem to remember that there were 5 different clubs named after significant persons associated with WHS.

Genheimer,

Darden,

Forsgard,

Berry

?

Would be interesting to know what memories members may have had about their participation in the Service Clubs.

I do recall that there was a friendly competition as to which club contributed the most community service hours throughout school year. Cannot recall if membership was by application or invitation. End of year “formal banquet” was held.

Be safe, Carolyn”

From the editor to Carolyn: *“There were only the 4 service clubs that you mentioned to my knowledge. I can include a picture of each 1960 service club in the following issues. My memory (as limited as it is) seems like we were assigned a service club. I was in Genheimer. About the only memory I have is making things for the elderly people in different nursing homes and visiting with them. Maybe writing letters for some, or reading to them, or just sitting and visiting with them to let them recall some of their experiences. Regarding making things for them- I vaguely remember making some kind of favor for special days- like Valentine's, St. Patrick's Day, Easter, etc., -- maybe baking cupcakes. My memory is not too good with all that. Some of those elderly people probably only had few visitors, and some, most likely, never had any visitors. I do remember it made me sad to see some of the residents there. And, here we are now,.....WE are those elderly folks.*

Does anyone else have any memories to tell? Your recall might be better than mine (65 years ago). I do not remember any formal banquet but that is surely not to say there was not one.” – jeanne

Regarding Tommy Stroud:

Pat Payne: My Tommy Stroud Story:

"It's a Thursday afternoon in 1957 and the powerful West Jr High football ball team is smashing another opponent. Scrubs Ralph Klatt and Pat Payne are sitting next to each other on the bench. Our goal is to play enough quarters to earn a letter jacket. That was pretty much a prerequisite to attract a girlfriend. Late in the 4th quarter coach Knipper sends me in. Wearing #44, still my favorite number, I trotted onto the field and joined the team huddle. QB Tommy Carter looked at me and asked did the coach send in a play. My eyes widened, the coach did say something but I can't remember. Still an issue in 2025! Carter says never mind. Then John Thomas Davis, our star running back wearing #1, looks at Carter and nods toward me. Tommy then calls play "left 24". WOW that's a running play for me behind the left tackle, Tommy Stroud. Just as the huddle broke Stroud looks at me and says, "keep an eye on me. I'll either tap my right or left leg signaling which way I'll block the opposing player in front of me." I ran through the huge hole Tommy blocked, made a cut to the right gaining about 5 yards when I was tackled and fumbled the ball. Yes, Tommy Stroud recovered it. Several plays later we scored a touchdown. In those days the teams ran for the extra point and once again "Left 24" was called. I took the handoff and made the extra point once again behind Stroud's block.

So wonderful to learn that Tommy lived a wonderful and admirable life."

Bev Murphy Wells: "It's always sad to hear of another loss. Sincere sympathy for Tom's family, friends, and church family."

David Dibb: "Wow! not sure how old that photo is, but if it's recent, Tommy sure didn't age much in 60+ years."

UPDATES

After hearing from you regarding the new Town Crier lists, there have been a few changes in graduates' email addresses, phone numbers, etc. Please make a note of these changes in your directory. David Dibb will be bringing our master directory list up-to-date and then Elizabeth Bentley will post it on our website. Again, Pat Payne makes it financially possible for us to have a website. It is a great website so be sure to use it!! These are the current changes you need to make:

David Pettus: email: dspettus0@gmail.com

Pat Gabler Kemper: email patakemper@yahoo.com ph 817-938-5352

Mike Tansey- mtansey@iu.edu

Rita Coates Burnett..... correct email: burnett.rita@gmail.com (there is a dot after burnett) Her birthday is Jan. 30th.

John Mullen- jmiii3@hotmail.com (he has his iii lower case, it is upper case in directory.)

!!! Remember, YOU MUST let me know if you want to remain on the Town Crier List. I am making new lists for Town Crier and if I do not hear from you, your name will be dropped. So far, I have heard from 96 folks out of 147. Respond to: bjharman@hot.rr.com The new lists should be completed soon, so please let me know asap.

Thank you. *Jh*



My Lucky Day- *by David Dibb*

“As a struggling sophomore at Texas Tech, neither my grades nor my finances were in very good shape. But the Textile Engineering Dept was doing all it could to attract students from the more glamorous fields (Chem, Elec, Mech, IE), and they offered me a \$500 assistance from Monsanto. It was a lot of help at that time, and I just wanted to personally thank someone at Monsanto for their generosity. The only Monsanto rep on campus was the guy recruiting graduating seniors. For their synthetic fiber plants, they recruited all the engineering disciplines.

At that point in my college career, graduation was distant and problematic, and my job was at a popular drive-in hamburger joint on nights and weekends. But I went by to see the Recruiter and shake his hand and thank Monsanto for the help. To my surprise, he began telling me about their summer engineer/intern program, and would I like for them to pay my way to Pensacola, FL, and back, and work for a salary 2 or 3 times my burger job rate? Would I???!!

The pay from that job made it possible for me to continue school. The experience from that job got me serious about my studies, and my grades were never again in the doldrums. And at a small church near where I was staying that summer, I not only "found Jesus", I also found the girl I would be married to for 58 years. So that day at the recruiter's may have been the "luckiest day" of my life, but was it really luck or God's guiding Hand?”

!!! Bill Alexander will tell us about his lucky day in the March issue. The Crier wants to know--WHEN WAS YOUR LUCKY DAY? Let us hear from you!

February Birthdays:

1	Don McClellan
4	Al Ctvrtlik
9	John Davis
10	Tommye Ruth Blair Toler
25	Jeanne Holland Harman



EATING IN THE FIFTIES

Pasta had not been invented. It was macaroni or spaghetti.
Curry was a surname.
A take-away was a mathematical problem.
Pizza? Sounds like a leaning tower somewhere.
Bananas and oranges only appeared at Christmas time.
All chips were plain.
Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green.
Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.
Chickens didn't have fingers in those days.
None of us had ever heard of yogurt.
Healthy food consisted of anything edible.
Cooking outside was called camping.
Seaweed was not a recognized food.
'Kebab' was not even a word, never mind a food.
Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold.
Prunes were medicinal.
Surprisingly muesli was readily available. It was called cattle feed.
Pineapples came in chunks in a tin; we had only ever seen a picture of a real one.
Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it, they would have become a laughing stock.
The one thing that we never ever had on/at our table in the fifties ... was *elbows, hats and cell phones*.

**** Some of Howard Dudgeon's trivia on famous quotes:**

Casey Stengel, New York Yankee manager: "I try to keep those that hate me away from those that are undecided."

Woody Allen: "I had a car wreck one time. I got out of my car and told the other driver to be fruitful and multiply, but not in those exact words."

Joe Theisman: "Nobody in football should be called a genius. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein."

Abe Lemons, basketball coach: "Finish last in your league and they call you idiot. Finish last in medical school and they call you doctor."

Ronald Reagan: "Politics is the second oldest profession, but it's very close to the first one."

Harry Truman: "My choice in early life was to be either a piano player in a whorehouse or a politician. And to tell the truth there's hardly any difference."

*** "We all have begun to declutter some as we age, downsize, spring clean, or think of making things easier on our families when we leave this earth. I read an article by a lady who regretted getting rid of some things. Her list of regretted items:

Grandmother's quilt, Childhood toy box, First edition books
Old vinyl records, Handwritten letters, Antique jewelry pieces
Vintage camera collection, Family Scrapbooks, Classic Board games
Heirloom furniture (the craftsmanship/link to the past)

It gives me second thought as I begin to declutter this year. I do remember three things I regret getting rid of when I moved to Waco 28 years ago: a set of 8 different-colored pastel champagne glasses with twisted stems (now \$40 a stem), an old 78 RPM record album, and a floral hand-painted metal serving tray. Have you gotten rid of anything you regret?"-jeanne

PICTURES:

Hal Johnson: "My Oldest grandson as he finishes TT. My wife Kay, of 58 years who, by the way, is still in training even though her warranty has run out."



Bev Murphy Wells at Christmas holding Mia who is 9 months old.



Blast from the Past: Rodger Kuhl moved to Waco in the 4th grade and attended Dean Highland Elementary. He then attended North Jr. High before moving to San Antonio in the 10th grade. Rodge has been coming to our quarterly luncheons when he is in Texas as he spends several months each year in Nebraska and Colorado. Rodge ran across this picture of Ken Lipscombe and himself that was taken in about the 8th or 9th grade. Rodge and Ken met at Herring Ave Meth. Church but Rodge said they became good friends although they were from different Jr. high schools and played football and track against each other. Rodge said they did not let that bother their friendship. Love these 'blasts from the past'!! Thanks, Rodge!



HUMORHumor:

My wife and I got stuck in an elevator and when we got home, we told the story to our kids. They just looked at us and said,

"Soooo.....
...did ya get out?"

My wife and I looked at each other and made a pact to go ahead and start drinking away their college fund.

**THAT FEELING WHEN
YOU DON'T WANT TO
GO TO PEE BECAUSE
YOU'RE COMFY,
BUT YOU CAN'T
SLEEP BECAUSE YOU
NEED TO PEE.**

**Once you understand
why the pizza is made
round,
Packed in a square
box,
And eaten as a
triangle..
Then you will
understand women**

**Managing your weight
around the holidays just
requires a little planning..

For example, I took the
batteries out of my scale on
Wednesday.**

**My wife and I decided
to never go to bed
angry at each other.
We've been awake
since Thursday.**



**Whoever came up
with the phrase
"The freaks come
out at night" has
clearly never
been to Walmart
during the day.**

**I WENT TO THE
PAINT STORE TO
GET THINNER...
IT DIDN'T WORK.**

My wife wanted to
disgrace me in the
presence of her
friends, she said I
wasn't good in bed.
She was shocked
when they all
disagreed with her.

www.whs60.org/wp