

------REVIEW - Epitome (must read)------

- * Thanks to the committee and the class for another pleasurable reunion!
- * We know some of you drove a long way (Linda) and we appreciate the time, energy, and effort.
- * We also know **some of us were without our spouses**. For all the reasons they were not here we missed them and thank you folks for the kind words and we hope those ill will get better.
- * A tip of the hat to Don and Carolyn for letting us "come back to the Yeager Ranch"!
- * A tip of the hat to **Dale, JT, and Carolyn** for the spouse help in planning and enabling!
- * We forgot to toast to the next one so Here is to the 65th!



Greeting (and test) on Friday

Sandra Scholl Moore, Adolphine Holt, Yvone Goodin, JoLynne Stanley, Pat Mitchell Garrett, H. Karen Kincheloe, Bobbye Amerson Dudley, Paula Pierce, Sue Carol Mann, and Marion Hanson Sadler, and Sara White Scott.





Paula Sara



Gary and Karen

Speaking of Karen, she brought up the selection below in our discussion about "The Last Ones." My bet, knowing particularly the girls of AHS '56 and with their very positive stand on life AND have stood and fought with the tenacity of a biting sow for their selves, family, and God, this is dedicated to each and everyone of them!

This tells about us and who we are - proud, confident, and existentially from Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Children of the 30s & 40s: "The Last Ones"

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the "last ones." We are the last, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the war itself with fathers and uncles going off. We are the last to remember ration books for everything from sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available. My mother delivered milk in a horse drawn cart.

We are the last to hear Roosevelt's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also remember the parades on August 15, 1945; VJ Day.

We saw the 'boys' home from the war build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the cellar, tar papering it over and living there until they could afford the time and money to build it out.

We are the last who spent childhood without television; instead imagining what we heard on the radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside until the street lights came on." We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little league. The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like. Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreels of the war and the holocaust sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults. We are the last who had to find out for ourselves.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth. The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. In the late 40s and early 50's the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class. Our

parents understandably became absorbed with their own new lives. They were free from the confines of the depression and the war. They threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined. We weren't neglected but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves 'until the street lights came on.' They were busy discovering the post war world.

Most of us had no life plan, but with the unexpected virtue of ignorance and an economic rising tide we simply stepped into the world and went to find out. We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed. Based on our naïve belief that there was more where this came from, we shaped life as we went.

We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future. Of course, just as today, not all Americans shared in this experience. Depression poverty was deep rooted. Polio was still a crippler. The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 50s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks. China became Red China. Eisenhower sent the first 'advisers' to Vietnam. Castro set up camp in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power. We are the last to experience an interlude when there were no existential threats to our homeland. We came of age in the late 40s and early 50s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, climate change, technological upheaval and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease.

Only we can remember both a time of apocalyptic war and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We experienced both.

We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better.

We are the 'last ones.'

Carl D. "Pete" Peterson is a resident of Brookfield

http://www.newstimes.com/news/article/Carl-D-Peterson-Children-of-the-30s-The-6751384.php

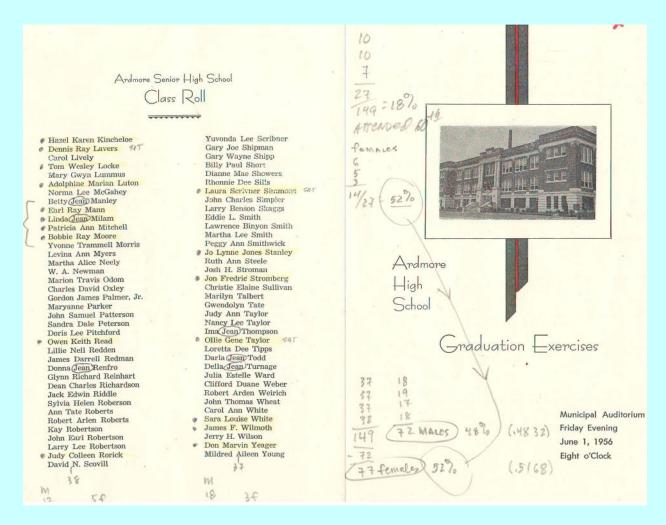
------REFLECTION - Ostentation (good read)------



"Say what?"



"Paula has a pair too!"

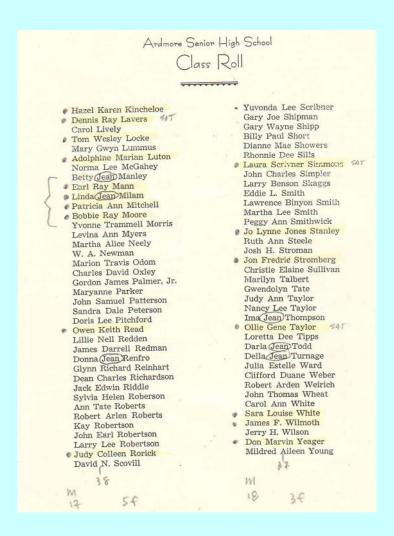


The two pictures of our graduation Class Roll were distributed on arrival and served to help mix the class and get rid of the systemic anxiety of having our 8th '56 Class Reunion. It was also half the text book needed for the Survey/Test given out at the same time (see p. 21).

The dots show those present at our 60th reunion and added up to 27 out of 149 (18%) that graduated on June 1, 1956. Someone said there were more girls than boys so research was done to see what "more" was and the results show 77 girls and 72 boys or 52% and 48%. I have no idea if this is significant or not and wouldn't know how to figure it out but what is interesting is the mix at our 8th reunion. Out of 27 there were 14 girls and 13 boys or 52% and 48%.

Course the next question is "what is the probability of having any group of four consecutive students at the reunion?" My guess is taking stock in the information, probabilities available, and some use of Bayes' Theorem would help but I'll let the likes of Gene Marshall help figure that out...

However look above at Mann, Milam, Mitchell, and Moore...we did have four!



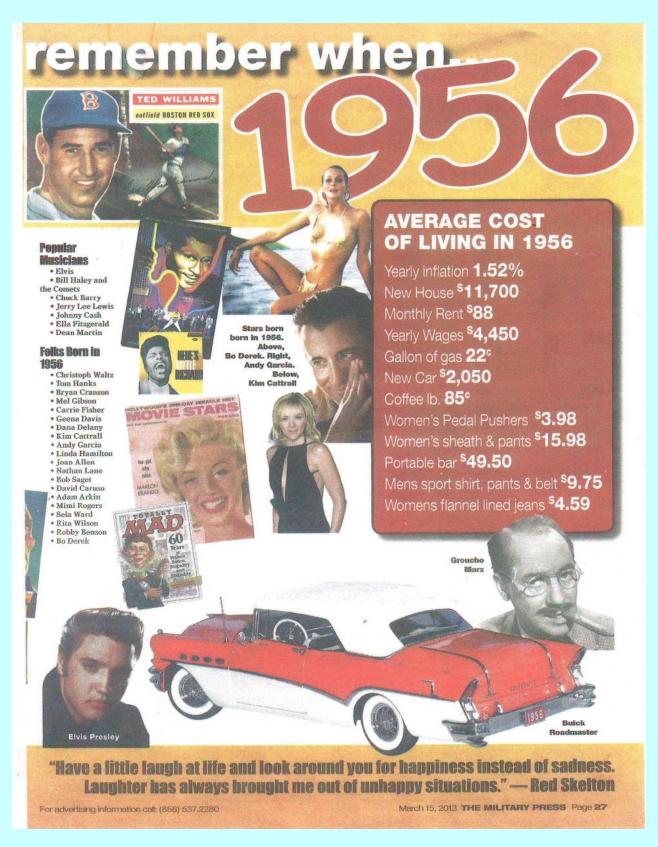
Please help us out with this request:

Take the time to go through the names on our Class Roll above and for everyone you know that has passed (died) please send the information to one of the two emails below with any information you have. This is a project we feel is of utmost importance. Out tip of the hat to Gene Marshall for starting this with his famous 40th Reunion list.

Your help will bring the list up to date. Send to either one below:

Gene Cunningham [gmcunningham@ymail.com]

PAT GARRETT [jtpat@jps.net]



Thanks to Pat Mitchell Garrett



Ole "Hoss" we missed you! (If you could have been here maybe Roger Blount and Josh Stroman could have made it.)



Sara, thank you for giving me this picture of Jeanne and I at our 30th. My girls were thrilled!



Photo by Pat Mitchell Garrett

J.T., on behave of the committee (as reflected on page 3)
we want to thank you for all the good work you have
done helping Pat and the rest of the Ardmore group
enabling this ole class of '56 to have another reunion!

A song of Ardmore and her love so true
Comes wafting over the air
And thrills us through and through.
While the bells of victory do ring,
We'll answer back by rising to sing Hail! Old Ardmore, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our alma mater, thou art loyal, brave, and true;
Her spirit guiding as we journey on,
We'll always wear the red and white for old Ardmore.

You may talk about your colleges, fair Harvard and old Yale, And all the universities whose banners brave the gale, The azure flag of Cambridge, and old Oxford's noble blue That fly in far-off England, o'er hearts so brave and true. From the sunny shores of Frisco to the distant Portland, Maine. Away off to the Philippines and away back home again-No college, university, or school can ever show, So brave, so true, so great a crew as students that we know. (Chorus)

For we are jolly students of the Ardmore, Oklahoma, schools, Our colors are red and white, We wear the emblem of our alma mater true-Rah-rah, We're the kind that dare and do.

Homographs

(by Pat Mitchell Garrett)

He could <u>lead</u> if he would get the <u>lead</u> out.

I did not **object** to the **object.**

How can I **intimate** this to my most **intimate** friend?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?

If you have a bunch of odds & ends and get rid of all but one what do you call it?



These folks have made all eight reunions!

Ollie Taylor, Jon Stromberg, Jo Lynne Stanley, Gary Heartsill, Earl Ray Mann, Sue Carol Mann, Gary Clift, Sara White Scott, Nancy Lee Hardy

[So, the question now is "How many of these distinguished '56 graduates were born in Ardmore"? Four, maybe five...]

------REVERSION - Recidivism (serious read) -----

If you will be so kind this is sort of an editorial; for sure, it is a proud editorial as there are probably no more than three in the class that would disagree with 87.4% of what will be said for the last third of this Review. Please bear with me as my major (obviously) is not English but this reunion had some dots connected that took 60 years to get close.

Observe this is a catch all or a finish all - but I do have an ending and whether it is appropriate or not you can tell me at the next reunion (or email...gary@gheart.net).

Observations

We all showed up with the same or similar pains or losses and we all know we will have the last dance - it will be solo and by ourselves. I was taken aback at those of us who have lost a family member and the ones who are taking care of the other spouse...and there was a lot of grief. Kinda the way life is. For sure, looking around even in our tears we are hanging on, giving it our best, and looking forward with a smile on our faces.

Cannot and do not want to cover everyone but there are highlights. If you get a chance look at Marion Sadler's book "*Can a Mother Die of a Broken Heart?*" Look at her journey in her poems. Speaking of Marion I was intrigued (jealous, really) of Al her husband. They were visiting in a group of six or seven in Don's house and I noticed Marion sitting in Al's lap. Now, when was the last time you had your wife sit in your lap? Had to smile - forever kids. Tip of the hat to you both.

Talked to Helen Sealy Ripple who missed our reunion due to her husband Walt having a knee replaced. Both wanted to come but knee and business got in the way.

Ken and Linda Bacon checked in on Friday and missed our reunion as they were out of state.

There were some more that no showed due to whatever the reasons were as it seems cancer, Alzheimer's, strokes, knees, or something is taking us down one at a time.

Still, want to thank the folks, hurting as they were (and as we are) for making the trip.

Learning Issue(s)

Our president Keith said at lunch on Saturday I had figured out I would not make the next reunion because I had picked out a death date in 2020 and would miss the 65th in 2021. Let me explain.

Year or so back he also told me we were in the fourth quarter but didn't know how close we were to the two-minute warning.

Well, I had to do the math, sorry 'bout that, but pulling it out of my right ear I picked my death date at the age of 82 - taken from an old chart I was using in a church class that reflected a time line. I backed off the total of 82 years divided by 60 minutes to get about 1.4 years for each minute, so two minutes of time from my birthday in 2020 has the two minute warning starting about 15 June 2017.

Hang in here with me...don't give up, as there is a reason for the focus and the time.

There are three items to make clear, connect some dots, and then the final story.

- a. When Jeanne died my ole life was changed. It finally came to me I had to get some things done before the other shoe fell and I died. Hence, the reason for at least planning what to do with my estate.
- b. I made a list of things that had to be done before I died and am half-way there with my Scrapbook for my Grandkids complete in March of this year.
- c. The tombstone was done end of summer in 2014.

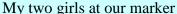
These three issues have been covered in my Web site at http://www.gheart.net/ under Jeanne's folder and my folder under *Monk Work* and *Reminiscences*.

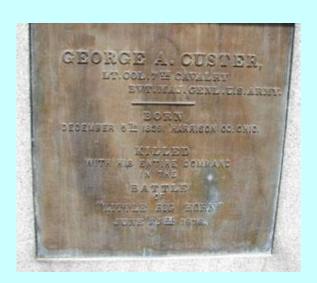
Finally, what to do

On Friday Keith went to Loves Valley near Marietta to look for some family tombstones. On Saturday we drove to Rose Hill in Ardmore with Nancy and "Mandi" to look to see where the Hardy family Block and Lot was and to look at the tombstone for Jeanne and I¹. The point was made in the discussion if we want a particular tombstone we had best get it done before we die. We have time to do a little work toward that end by maybe touting something more than a name and two dates. My bride wanted, for instance, both our names on one tombstone and I ended up doing that and later by adding my girls Kelly and Lisa names on the back. We have time to chisel in stone what we want because we are lucky enough to have some time left. Here are two examples:









George A. Custer's marker

¹ The picture on my Web site at www.gheart.net and is located in the folder Reminiscences pages 273 and especially 312.

In a fitting ending for our reunion on Saturday, Pat told of her and JT taking her father to his 75th high school reunion in Alabama where he recited from memory the poem below. Of the 16 that graduated in his class 13 of them showed up for the 75th...

Pat, with some encouragement from Keith, read this poem.

"Steadfast Heart" (author unknown)

I've dreamed many dreams that never came true, I've seen them vanish at dawn, But, I've realized enough of my dreams, thank God, to make me want to dream on

I've prayed many prayers when no answer came, though I waited, patient and long But answers have come to enough of my prayers, to keep me praying on

I've trusted many a friend that failed and left me to weep alone But I've found enough of my friends true blue, to make me keep trusting on

I've sown many seeds that fell by the way for the birds to feed upon But I've held enough golden sheaves in my hand to make me keep sowing on

I've drained the cup of disappointment and pain and gone many ways without a song But I've sipped enough nectar from the roses of life that makes me want to live on

(Daddy's addition)

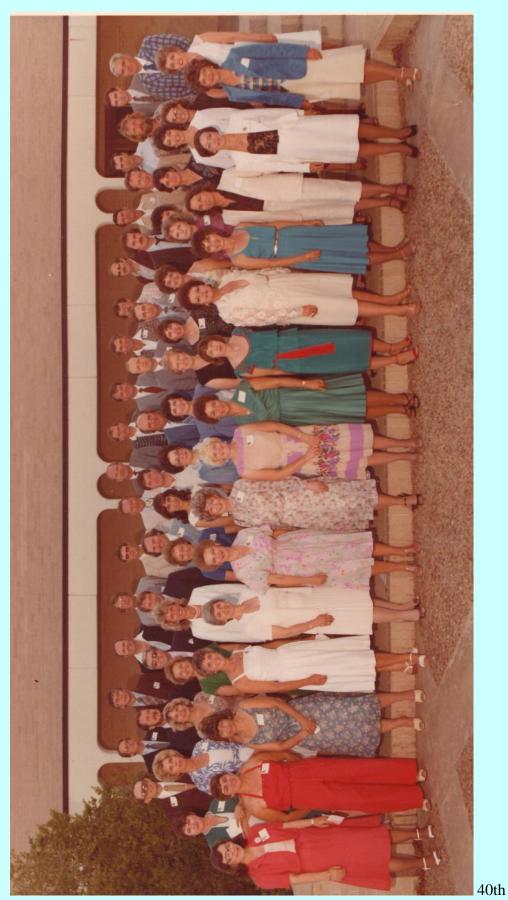
Now that I've reached over 4 score and 10, the end of my journey is nigh I will continue to praise the good Lord until it's time for goodbyes

(Pat's addition)

None of us know what tomorrow will bring,
but being here with you Has brightened my life
and helped me to see old friends
are INDEED tried and true!



35th





April 15/16, 20	016	'56 AHS 60th Reunion	Name:		
1. Our date of graduation was					
2. Third student to graduate?				Number of grand children	
3. Fourth to last to graduate?				Number of great-grand	
4. Graduation address given by				children	
5. Who graduated either side of you? &					
6. What is the Latin on the <i>Criterion</i> crest?					
7. Football jersey #21 is					
8. Girl Honor Students in the Ford Victoria are & (Who is in the back seat?)					
9. *BONUS* Where in Ardmore was Nancy Crockett born?					
10. Name one '56 lady tennis player					
11. Basketball #55 is					
12. Circle each year you were in Ardmore schools: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12					
13. Circle grade school attended Lincoln Franklin Jefferson Washington					
14. Did you have a hall locker in Junior High? yes no can't remember					
15. Circle each of the reunions you have attended:					
1981	25th	At Pat Flood's with Julia Sparger			
1986	30th	Don Yeager's - with air show. Silvia Ro	oberson' s		
1991	35th	Lake north of Dornick Hills - about 42	attended.		
1996	40th	Gene Cunningham's Criterion - at new high school - about 70 attended.			
2001	45th Dolman's play, Roy Trout, Adolphine's home - Chickasha Lake.				
2006	2006 50th Lake Murray floating dock - tour of the old high school.				
2011	2011 55th Hotel, Stromberg's at lake Ardmore, We got hailed on!				
Comments?					