

Memories

Classmates, events, places, and things remembered from our school days at Pensacola, Florida

Contributed by our classmates and friends in

Pensacola High School's Class of 1958

(And a few other classes as well)



*Collected by
Wayne Tippin*

Send your memory to wayne.tippin@gmail.com

April 1, 2019

These memories, some of which are happy and some not, were contributed by our classmates and friends at Pensacola High School. Contributions were edited just a bit to remove names unless they were complimentary and important to the memory, to correct punctuation, grammar, spelling, clarity, and so forth, but only as was necessary. What is left reveals something about our classmates whom we thought we knew well, but perhaps we didn't. New memories will be added to the end as they arrive. Send your contribution to wayne.tippin@gmail.com Be assured that all memories are strictly confidential and no record of the contributor is kept.

In the 11th grade I failed English so I had to take junior English and senior English in the 12th grade. I was failing English again and I will never forget Miss Harper called me out in the hall and said I guess you know you are not going to graduate don't you, and I said I guess you know you will never see me again. Later I was told to get a cap and gown and be at the auditorium and if they called my name I graduated and if they did not then I didn't. Well they did call my name and I was one happy guy. I made it with a D-. If it had not been for Miss. Harper I would not have a diploma and the success in life that I have had. I owe it all to her. I don't know if she is still alive but if she is, I would like to give her a hug and a big thank you.

We stayed out all night and went to Pensacola Country Club golf course at daylight and played 18 holes with the same clothes we wore at graduation.

I can't watch the Fallen Tiger video without crying. They were such good friends.

I hardly remember anything except the singing of "You'll never walk alone" by the Glee Club. I've walked through a lot of storms in my life, and I always remember that song in the midst of them. I hope they still sing it at the PHS graduations.

I had always liked her but I was afraid to ask her to go on a date. Even today when I look at her picture in the yearbook I think she was the prettiest girl at PHS. One day I was driving home from school when I saw her walking. I stopped and offered her a ride. She smiled at me as she got into my car and I took her home. I fell in love that day.

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Actually I didn't enjoy high school. I felt left out and diminished while there. I was glad to get out and didn't change my memory until I matured somewhat and came to appreciate that it was about being a younger person in need of experience and maturity and reflection. No doubt young and stupid better characterizes the time. I have re-appreciated and reevaluated many other feelings and outlooks from long ago.

Wow what a trip~!!

I just returned from attending our grandson's high school graduation in Houston- and it got me to thinking of our graduation in 1958. I seem to remember a problem with the time as some jurisdictions were on Daylight Savings Time and others not.

A flock of seagulls "bombed" us as we lined up outside on the wharf. Yuk. This is a very pleasant way to remember our high school years ago, GADS!!! Are we really that old~?

We dated for a couple of years. She was a nice girl but it didn't go as we planned. Too bad though because I think she would have been happy with me - a lot happier than the fellow she did marry. As it turned out he didn't do well and wasn't good to her. We could have had a wonderful life together.

We were dropping our robe and cap into a box as we left the auditorium. That was when "it" really hit me. I was out of high school and all the fun I had was coming to an end. I cried that night.

After graduation we were turning in our Honor Society things and Mrs. Raborn said to me... "now go out and set the world on fire." I was really surprised she spoke to me. I never did get that fire started..

I've been a widow now for a long time. On that night in June he and I walked across the stage, got our diplomas and set out together to make a life. I wish he was here with me to go to the next reunion.

We were best friends and then he and I left for college. He came home a week before me and took my girlfriend to the movie and I thought he was trying to take her away from me but he was just being nice to her. I lost my temper and my

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friend when I did a bad thing. I'm ashamed of what I did and I still can't face him because I feel so badly that I can't make it right. I've never been to a reunion and never will go to one because he would be there and I'm too ashamed. What could I say to make up for 50 years of guilt and regret about what I did? He was probably the best friend I ever had and I pushed him away because I was jealous and stupid.

That was such a long time ago and so many of my friends have died. It makes me very sad to remember how happy we were in 1958 but at that time we didn't know what was coming.

Quite a memorable night for the 675 of us who walked that stage.

I dared to look at Fallen Tigers video tonight and was moved to tears. Seeing my much loved wife I could not hold it back. My God, I loved that girl. I learned what it means to adore someone. I have not been worth anything since all the unhappiness began.

Graduation was anticlimactic. No one told me why I was doing it or even that I didn't have to do it. I know that I was really disappointed that my father didn't even bother to come.

What a great life filled with blessings all the way from graduation to now.

That was the first time I saw and used a Coke machine that dispensed drinks into paper cups instead of bottles. Aluminum cans had not yet been introduced. I next encountered soft drink machines that dispensed assorted drinks into cups in 1961 when I began working at the American Cyanamid Pace Plant.

I got married that summer but it went badly. On that night though I thought my future was all bright and happy.

I live in California now but I miss Pensacola so much. I wish I had stayed there.

I remember very well standing in line to march into the auditorium. I was so excited to finally be done with high school and go on to "bigger and better" things. Then about halfway through the ceremony it struck me that I would most likely

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never see again a lot of the people I knew and cared about, and after that it was a bittersweet evening. I was right, too--I've seen only a few of them since then.

I am so looking forward to the reunion. I want to be with my high school friends one more time. I want to talk with my friends about our friends who have died. Just for one night I want to be with my 1958 classmates. I want to remember everything. My life has been wonderful and our graduation was the start of the best part. I miss everyone though. I can't wait until the reunion when I go back to Pensacola, to see my friends possibly for the last time. It makes me so happy and so sad at the same time.

I live out west now but my heart is still in Pensacola and thinking about that graduation night brings tears to my eyes. I miss home and it will be so good to go back for the reunion. All my family is gone from Pensacola now but I wish I could move back. I envy those who stayed in Pensacola.

Everything was in front of us then and now most everything is behind us.

I couldn't wait to get out of there. I was done. I was done with Pensacola, done with provincial thinking, done with Baptist churches, done with evangelicals, done with hypocrisy done with phoniness, done with alcoholics anonymous and not so anonymous. I was just done and ready to be as far away as possible. I left the morning after graduation relieved, and vowed never to return save for short visits to see my parents. I understand that others felt differently but that's the way it was for me. I have mellowed over the years and understand that my response was as much about me and my internal struggle as it was about Pensacola and its narrow-mindedness. I have never looked back and I have no regrets.

After that night I went into the Air Force and went overseas just a few months later.

That was a wonderful night and a great summer. I left for Tallahassee in the fall and a few of our classmates were there too. The next few years were a special time for me.

I went to the gym and sat in the stands just remembering the games and the pep rallies. I felt so bad. The coach saw me and then came and sat with me for a while and I appreciated that. He said everyone felt the same but I would make new

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friends at college and soon forget all about Pensacola High. He was wrong - I did make new friends but I never forgot my time at PHS. When I left the gym that day I knew it was for the last time and that I was losing something I could never replace.

I had my first and last pair of really high heels and I was afraid all evening that I'd fall and break my neck or worse yet, be embarrassed. I was very shy in high school. I remember watching the guys in our class shaking hands with each other at the end of the ceremony. Somehow that signaled to me that we were all grown up and that things would never be the same and I never wore those shoes again!

No one remembers me. I'm certain I was invisible.

It was hot and since we had gotten out of school the week before, many of our classmates had spent much time at the beach and were sporting sunburns. A few were so miserable in caps and gowns that some passed out in the long line waiting to go inside. I was sad to see that the auditorium had been torn down. I ate my first lobster at the restaurant on the bayside of the building.

They dressed us all up and took us to the auditorium for a dress rehearsal. As we were in line waiting to enter the building a flock of seagulls flew over and ruined his mortar board! Other people got hit too, but I remember his disaster because he was standing very close to me at the time and I couldn't believe that I didn't get hit.

I spent the evening out with my fiancé, who is now my husband of 53 years. He had just been let out of the hospital from an appendectomy. He was barely getting around but we did manage a couple of dances, but no jitterbug.

For a while I was miserable at college. All my friends were in Pensacola or at another college and some had gone into the military and I missed them so much. I made some new friends at church and around the campus but I couldn't forget the wonderful time at PHS and the friends I'd had there all the way from the first grade. I don't go to my college reunions but I can't wait until I can go back to Pensacola to be with my high school friends one more time and sadly, perhaps for the last time. I'm counting the days until I can go home again.

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I had just become engaged and for the first time in my life I had no curfew. My fiancée and I were going out on the town to really kick up our heels! However, I guess the excitement of graduation, the ceremony itself, and the adrenaline that had been building up throughout the day got up and went. We were home by 10:30. We just couldn't stay awake! So much for a new curfew!!!

It was our first kiss. We didn't know how to kiss but I'll never forget it. We saw each other at the reunion and perhaps we both were remembering that night.

Graduation night was very sad for me because I didn't pass and I had to go to summer school. That night I drove down to the wharf and I sat in my car a block away and watched my friend's line up in their robes to go in and get their diplomas. The students all looked so happy and I didn't want anyone to see me. After everyone went inside I sat there for a while and then I went home. I finished in summer school but there wasn't much of a ceremony and it didn't really mean anything because all my friends were gone by then. That was a terrible thing to do to a young man. The school should have let us walk across the stage with our friends.

Pensacola proper was on daylight time and the farther out areas were not and there was a time disconnect. Then as we stood outside on the pier a flock of seagulls flew over and bombed us. I remember some of the flat caps caught a bit of seagull "flak". It's a funny thing, memories. At the last reunion, we nurses had our "mini reunion" and what one remembered, the other didn't. Between 6 of us, we were able to put together one story. As I say to my husband as we age - between the two of us we have one good brain.

I'll always be grateful for the Tiger Trans Club. I came to PHS from a little high school in the mid-west. There were 33 in my class there so it was a tremendous shock to enroll in a school as big as PHS. If it hadn't been for the members of the Tiger Trans Club, I don't think I would have made it. They reached out and saved me. I'll always be thankful for their help.

I had looked forward to graduation for such a long time but I didn't realize what leaving really meant. I had left some things at school so I returned the following week to get them. I walked the silent halls, I looked in the classrooms, and I

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missed my friends already. I was so lonely. I sat in my home room chair and cried for a long time, all alone.

I was raised quite restricted and moved several times before graduation at PHS. Once while my father was traveling during my senior year, my mother allowed me to have a slumber party with three friends and though the house was small and mother a light sleeper, I don't know how but we succeeded in a stunt we planned and executed late that night. We left the radio on to create the impression we were still there and then we pushed the car out of the garage and down the street before starting it. We went to Bayview Park with the intention of "skinny dipping" but we compromised on underwear and were in the water when the attendant who lived at Bayview turned on the lights to see what was going on. We escaped and returned home still feeling elated and successful, again pushing the car to the house and into the garage, shutting the door and mother never knew!! That was so daring for us and the times.

I don't think anyone ever had a crush on me because no one ever asked me out. I always felt like "second fiddle" to all the other girls. One fellow and I were the wallflowers so sometime we were each other's date for events like the Noel Dance or other special occasions. A classmate gave me his identification bracelet to wear for a few weeks while he was away at military school. Years later he told me that he had more than one bracelet then so I had been "second fiddle" again~!! I never went steady with anyone until I was engaged to my husband and even then did not marry until I was almost 22. I felt ancient because I was one of the last ones to marry. Apparently God does save you until the right one comes along.

I used to love stopping at the New Firehouse Drive In for a shrimp basket after a long day at the beach. Six of us were there one time and we missed our ride. I don't even remember his name but fortunately he stopped there and was nice enough to take us all home. Him and six girls squeezed into his car. I don't believe we even thanked him for it. We said we'd invite him to our next party, but we never did. I wonder if he remembers that day.

Yes, I remember that day. Six of the prettiest, most popular and active girls at PHS, all in my car and none of my friends saw me~!! I had gone to the beach that Saturday and I saw the girls there and said hello but they ignored me. On the way home I stopped at the Firehouse and they were there, stranded because the boy

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that was going to take them home had gotten upset at one of them and left. I don't think they even knew my name but suddenly they were very friendly to me and asked me to take them home so I drove all over Pensacola, delivering the girls to their houses. They said they'd invite me to their next party but when I drove away each forgot about me. I never did get invited to a party and not one of them ever thanked me for taking them home. I read in Class Memories that they don't even remember who it was that rescued them. I remember them though, that beautiful day, and how pretty they were.

As we walked into the auditorium to "Pomp and Circumstances" my 7 year old niece yelled to me from the balcony, "Hi Aunt Zelma" which caused a lot of laughter.

After his injury he just couldn't go on so he killed himself.

After graduation at the auditorium I had a date to go to big bonfire on the beach but my date disappeared. I saw him walking down the beach with his ex-girlfriend and I was stranded. Some of my fellow club members had rented a house on the beach so I went there and got a ride home.

My best friend who was only 17 was going to run away with her boyfriend and get married! I was SO worried about her that I settled on the screened-in porch to wait for her. Every car that drove up, I ran out to see if it was her. One of them stopped and his date got out and went into her house and I opened his door and he fell on the ground. I realized he had been drinking so I sprayed the hose on him to sober him up. It didn't work so I took him into the water and repeatedly dunked his head until he finally came around. I went back on the porch soaking wet, to get some rest while waiting for my friend to finally come home. She eventually did and they had not gotten married as she was a minor. What a night~!! My first night as a "grown up" was NOT fun.

I saw him at technical school and he called out to me. We talked for a while about PHS, the people we knew, how we missed Pensacola, and how we never thought we'd wind up in the service. I never saw him again but I heard later that he committed some crime and was sentenced to prison. Years after he got out he killed himself.

Oh, I am counting the days until the reunion. There is no way I'd miss going because some of the friends I'll see probably won't be at the next one - and

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perhaps I won't be here either. We can't miss even one opportunity to be with our friends because it could be the very last time we'll be together. I am so looking forward to that airplane circling over Pensacola and landing. I'll be home again, home to Pensacola. Oh how I miss Pensacola and all the wonderful times and friends back there. We'll have lunch in the PHS cafeteria, how wonderful. I'll probably cry but my tears will be tears of joy just knowing I'm home again with my childhood friends.

I wonder if the sand still squeaks. I wonder if the water is blue as I remember it.

We drifted apart and now everything is behind us. I wonder what happened to make it go bad when we had planned it for so long. He went to college and I waited but he never came back.

"Thanks for the memories" - very interesting reading. Some bitter, some sweet, and shades in-between.

Who can forget their first teacher? Mine was Miss Blake at Ensley Elementary who was a very caring and nurturing person which was 180° from the principal, Miss Doyle, and there was Miss McKenzie who had the patience of Job. Of course I had to hear what a great student my older sister was and then "What happened to you?" At Brentwood Junior High there was Mr. Tappan and Coach Showalter who made certain I knew that life is not fair. I use their lesson often in "explaining" the real meaning of life to my children and grandchildren. Other teachers at PHS were very instrumental in shaping my life. Miss Melton brought me into the world of Byron, Keats, Shelley, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Tennyson and William Ernest Henley whose poem Invictus hangs on my wall today. My all-time favorite was Mr. Woodward "Woody" Skinner who instilled in me the love of history, especially that of Florida, but Woody was much more to me. He was a positive influence on my life and I owe much of my success to his caring and guidance. I was also a source of amusement to him as my antics in those days were somewhat legendary but not necessarily career enhancing. We had some heart to heart talks and when I told him I was thinking of joining the service he said I would surely end up in the brig if I continued with my comedic and bullet proof demeanor. I listened to him because as a WWII Marine veteran, he knew of what he spoke. He challenged me to push my personal envelope and reach for a higher plateau. Thank God he threw down that gauntlet and I was bold enough to pick it up. Seven years later after my

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first tour in Vietnam I returned to PHS to show him that not only was I not locked up but had been commissioned as an officer and was sporting "Wings of Gold." Unfortunately, he was not there the day I visited so I never got the opportunity to thank him personally for not giving up on me. I thought I would have another opportunity but it never came. I should have made more of an effort but when we're young we think there will always be a tomorrow but tomorrows turn into yesterdays and yesterdays are gone forever. Graduation in 1958 seems so long ago but to me it was only yesterday.

When I walked across the stage at graduation I knew I wanted to be a doctor but I didn't know if I could make it. Pensacola High School gave me the foundation I needed to get through college and medical school. I believe everything I have accomplished is the result of caring teachers at PHS who encouraged me when even I had doubts about myself. They convinced me it was better to try and fail than to not try. I owe all my success to those teachers.

I try to recall happy thoughts about those years at PHS but uncomfortable ones sneak in. My clothes pretty much consisted of blue jeans and maybe a pair of khakis. The jeans (or were they dungarees?) were not classy. They came from some dime store or thrift store wherever my folks could get the cheapest pair available. Some of them were bibs with a loop on the leg or something to hang a hammer. I remember finally having a part time job and some extra money and being able to go into Tiny's on South Palafox to buy a pair of real Levi's with the red tab on the right rear pocket. I was a Junior when I finally had enough money to go to Ordon's and buy something like an 8 or 10 dollar shirt. I really thought I was something as I was taking the shirt to the cashier until I noticed some fellow PHS students chatting jovially with the cashier. There they were happy with their intended purchases of slacks, ties, shirts, etc. and there I was a complete unknown and outsider with my one shirt for which I had worked so hard to get the money. I was embarrassed so I turned around and put the shirt back and left the store. It took me some time to get over that self-conscious feeling until I could eventually buy clothes at Ordons' on a regular basis. I guess I was just another gawky teenager who let something intimidate me.

It was sad to hear about Alice Blanchard. She was so looking forward to the 55th reunion in April and then she tripped in a parking lot and hit her head. We never know when we're going to be called home - we're all afraid of some terrible disease

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and then it's a simple accident happens that takes us. I'll miss Alice and I'll be remembering her at the reunion. It will be so sad to see her on the Fallen Tigers video but I'm glad she won't be forgotten by our class.

I made my reservation today to fly home. I'm going home to Pensacola, home to my friends, the old places, the beach, the school, my church, and all the wonderful places I remember so fondly. I couldn't wait to graduate PHS and leave Pensacola. I wanted to see the world. Now during our long winter when it snows I sometimes sit at the window to remember Pensacola and the wonderful times. How hot the sand, how blue the water, how bright the day. Dates I went on, boys I went out with, dances, movies at the Sanger Theater, the A&W, cheering at football games, clubs I was in, laughing with my friends and never a thought about leaving them behind. Oh, how I miss those days in Pensacola. Everyone says it's not healthy to live in the past but I don't care because I don't want to forget that most wonderful time of my life. The 55th reunion is coming and I can't believe I'm actually going to have lunch in the PHS cafeteria. Oh, I want to walk those halls and remember my happy times. I am so happy to be going home again probably for the last time, but I'll treasure every minute. What a wonderful reunion this is going to be.

There are ghosts at PHS. Take a walk around the campus and you'll hear them. Visit the empty classrooms and sit awhile. They'll come to you.

I just got off the phone with a classmate who told me she was not going to the 55th reunion because she'd gone to the 50th just five years ago and thought it was "too soon" to have another gathering. I told her that there were several classmates at the 50th who have died already and if we don't attend every gathering we'll miss seeing someone for the last time. She is so wrong - I'm going without her and I don't care what it cost. I already have my reservations and plane ticket and I'm going home and I will find every friend at the reunion and I'm going to hug them and tell them how much I've valued their friendship all my life. I want to visit every place that I remember; drive by our house and see the trees my father planted. I want to go to church and sit where my family sat. I want to eat Sunday dinner at Woerners in Brownsville, and I want to walk in the sand at the beach and feel it between my toes. I want to visit PHS and I want to see if the A&W is still there. I wish I could have lunch at Hopkins' Boarding House but I'll go see the building anyway. I'm going home to Pensacola. I miss it so much. Where I live it's all brown desert and while there's plenty of sand, there is no beach and no water.

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Whoever scheduled the 55th reunion did a wonderful thing for our class. I am so grateful and my friend is going to be sorry she missed it for no reason at all.

The 55th reunion was everything I hoped it would be. I was looking out the window as my plane was landing and there were tears in my eyes. I was home at last. Oh, how I miss Pensacola. I spent that whole day just driving around and visiting places I had remembered for so many years. I went to PHS and they let me walk around by myself and oh, the memories. Another classmate said there are ghosts at PHS and that's true. I could hear the excited voices again, the laughter, and I could feel the crowded hall during class change and just for a little while I was 17 again with my whole life ahead of me. I drove past my old home and tears just rolled down my face. I went to the beach and I walked in the sand. I went downtown and walked Palafox to the Sanger. I stopped and looked at Hopkin's and wished I could have lunch there but instead I went to Oscar's in Brownsville. I spent the whole happy day alone, just enjoying my beautiful hometown filled with so many wonderful memories. That evening I met friends from PHS whom I had not seen since 1958 and we had a great reunion of our own. The next day was Friday and the reception, then the Saturday tour of PHS, and the Saturday reunion that was absolutely perfect. I left Pensacola on Sunday with tears and I was so sad to be leaving friends I may not see again and I may not see Pensacola again but I will never forget the weekend of the 55th anniversary reunion. It was so perfect. Thanks to the committee - they did an outstanding job and our class is so indebted to them.

Dr. Dave Hamon was a very special teacher. He taught all of us pre-med students an extensive course on Human Anatomy and Physiology. Dr. Hamon had always wanted to go to Medical School but had been turned down on his applications so he strongly encouraged many of us to go into Medicine. He was a God given blessing to me and many others. Thank you Dr. Dave Hamon for preparing us so well with your knowledge and dedication! We love you for helping us achieve our goals.

I took her to movies, bowling, to the beach, and one wonderful day we explored Fort Pickens where we had a picnic lunch on the beach. She's gone now but every now and then I visit her grave where I sit on the grass and talk to her like before. Sometimes I take my lunch to sit with her and remember how happy I was at another picnic a very long time ago.

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The classmate who went down to the auditorium to watch us line up for graduation really got to me. He graduated in the summer but how sad that the school administrators didn't allow summer school graduates to walk across the stage.

I really don't remember much except how exciting it was to finish and get on with my life. I thought I would stay in touch forever with my high school friends. I never planned to date any Navy man & fall in love . . . and forget leaving Pensacola!

I had such a good time at PHS and I got married and stayed in Pensacola. My husband and I just never considered living anyplace else and we've never regretted it. I remember walking across that stage at the auditorium and then sitting there while the rest of the class got their diploma. I was wondering where I would be that time next year. Well, I didn't get very far from the auditorium. I went down to see it before they tore it down. It was like saying goodbye to an old friend.

I really enjoyed many aspects of high school, but felt that I was not socially accepted except with a few guys. I loved so many of the teachers who invested so much into me. Math and science skills were great indicators that I could succeed at engineering. The graduation was mostly a non event. I was mainly looking forward; college must be better. My father didn't come to the graduation, but I didn't think much of it until I saw other dads there and then I was really disappointed that he didn't come.

I rode back and forth to Mississippi College with her and I thought she was the sweetest girl in the world. Sometime later I ran into her dad and he told me she had died but he didn't want to talk about it.

He died a while back but I remember hearing he was in prison for grand theft. Seems he scammed a lot of people out of some money and got caught. He was very popular at PHS. I never would have believed such a thing if I had heard it in 1958.

The summer after graduation I had reservations at the Driftwood Restaurant but she broke the date. I was leaving for Auburn and I wanted her to go with me but she wanted me to stay with her and go to PJC. I couldn't because I would lose my seat at Auburn. Without her there was nothing for me in Pensacola so I left with a heavy heart and I never saw her again. I came back in a year to change her mind

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but her mother told me she was married and my heart was broken. She died several years ago.

I don't remember at all what I did after graduation ceremony. I assume I went home to bed

A story of a different nature from our class; some of our class memories bother me. I must have been in a different world because I loved school and my classmates. I thought we had so many people in our class with the nature of an ant. To the Creeks and Cherokees the ant was a mighty creature in Creation. Considered one of the strongest in the animal world because of what they called the tribal mind. The ant was always working, thinking of others first. The ant never ate until food was taken first to the queen and then to the colony, always thinking of the good of the people or the colony. There was also a different facet to the ant's nature that made him a guardian. When threatened or hurt, ants would attack with a vengeance, and in force. They feared nothing, and their sting discouraged much larger creatures. They were also very strong physically, and spiritually. They had several purposes in Creation; to teach us how to live in support of each other; to clean up the messes others left in their path, and they are Part of the food chain that eventually works its way up to support us. I knew so many in our class in whom I saw the gift of service. I am proud to be part of that. I didn't know you well in high school, but you have that nature. For that reason, I think you can understand what I am saying, and even appreciate the native's way of looking at this gift the ant brings.

I loved the video of Fallen Tigers. I was reluctant to view it, but finally did - I had to screw up my courage - I was surprised to see the guys who passed in the 60's. I wonder if it was because of Vietnam. The music was beautiful and so appropriate.

The Fallen Tigers is a special tribute of friends gone but not forgotten.

He had been shot and was paralyzed. I'm not certain but I think it was from the neck down. I don't know if he could use his arms but I do know for sure that he could not walk. I guess he stood it as long as he could and then he took his own life. He was such a nice guy and everyone thought he would have a long and productive life. It was very sad what happened to him.

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You deserve a banana split from the Pensacola Dairy and free dinner from Hopkins Boarding House.

After my father died my mother had to go to work in a department store in town. She had to be there before I got up for school so she would leave the alarm clock on a pie-pan next to my bed. Then at the time the alarm went off, she would call me on the telephone to be sure I woke up. I was alone in the house, and I had to get up, get dressed, and fix my cereal. Then I'd walk from my house to the school which was a bit over two miles, I guess. That was hard for a 10 year old boy, especially in bad weather. I remember the yellow rubber raincoat and hood I wore. When I walked home in the afternoon as the door had locked when I closed it that morning, I had to go to the back of the house and climb in a window and stay home until my mother got back. That was a very lonely and sad time for me. We didn't have any money and life was very hard. Last time I was in Pensacola I thought about walking from where we lived to the school but it's just too far. Those were some sad years for me and it still hurts to remember them.

I had a real spirit of closure for so many of these, my friends in the Fallen Tiger video. The songs were right on.

We went to her funeral and for many of us she was the first friend our age that had died. I last saw her in the stairwell at PHS the week before her accident.

I finally had time to sit down and watch the Fallen Tigers video. That was the most beautiful and heartwarming thing I have ever watched. The music made me so sad and brought tears to my eyes.

I watched the Fallen Tigers video and held the tears back until I saw his picture and then I broke down and cried for a long time. We had such wonderful plans for life and we had "gone steady" since Junior High School. Everyone at PHS thought we were such a perfect couple. I was so much in love and I thought he loved me as much but he went off to college and his visits home became shorter and farther apart until they stopped. He never came back for me and my heart was broken. I went to his funeral and tried to find closure, but it still hurts. Classmates at the reunion will ask but they'll never know how much I was hurt. This is the first time I have ever told anyone how I feel and somehow I feel released from a heavy burden.

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In spite the chorus director, Mr. Hester, having previously bought cocktails for me and a date at the Skylark, I was kicked out of the Honor Society and prevented from participating in our graduation ceremony after being inaccurately accused of giving a drink to a fellow student on a glee club tour!

The Fallen Tigers is a three-Kleenex video and I really appreciated it.

How did the years pass so quickly? I know that I lived them all and I have glimpses of how it was back then and of all my hopes and dreams. But, here it is, the winter of my life and it catches me by surprise. How did I get here so fast? Where did the years go and where did my youth go?

I shall never forget the time, we were about 7 years old, and she cut off my Shirley Temple curls. I don't think my mother ever got over that.

55th Homecoming Reunion of the Pensacola High School Class of 1958

Friday Night

This email is for the classmates that couldn't make it to the 55th reunion - here's a synopsis - just the high spots. Before you wonder, pictures will follow. I have a few and I am hoping for many more and some video as well. I'll post those as soon as they begin to come in.

Those of you who could not make it to the 55th reunion that were missed and many conversations between attendees revolved around those not with us last night. I thought I'd send out a class-wide email just to keep you apprised as to how things are going. First, the weather has cooperated; yesterday and today are beautiful Pensacola days, just like the kind you remember. Classmates drifted in for the 5:00 P.M. opening of the doors and were met in the hallway by Emily Tubb and her staff of greeters before passing Toni Brown who was taking names of those wanting to attend the PHS tour and lunch in our old school cafeteria. Actually, it's not the old cafeteria - they built a new one but as most of our memories are fading, probably no one will notice the difference. The bar opened promptly at 5

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and those who wanted to made good use of the tickets for two drinks. The next thing to open was the buffet line and everyone enjoyed sampling the several kinds of "finger-foods" including stuffed mushrooms, mini-pulled pork sandwiches, Kobe Beef slices on sticks, fruits, dips, and so forth. Larry Manning did a great job as our MC and Earl Trant kept the music down to a conversational level - believe me, I was watching that~!! Last time we got some complaints that the music was too loud to talk with friends but this time, there was no problem at all. The Sanders' Beach reception hall was a great choice. The wide all-glass south side offers a vista of the bay, sailboats, the three-mile bridge, and the island in the distance. Those coming home from out of state really enjoyed that view. The night began at 5 and ended at 11, but there were several, yours truly included, who left around 9. I had to drive back to Fort Walton so I decided to leave a bit early.

Tomorrow is Saturday and we're to meet at PHS for a tour of the facility and lunch which will be barbecued chicken from Sonny's and we'll be sitting in the cafeteria, just like old times. We'll come together again at 5PM for the main event. The food will be a mullet & chicken buffet with all the trimmings and this year we'll have entertainment. Sandra Zelius has been rehearsing her group to revive the old South Pacific play which was presented 55 years ago. Also, Sandra has a solo act that will certainly bring down the house. There'll more on that tomorrow. The 55th reunion is going well. We have about 180 registered and that's a good group. The nametags are big and easy to read, even from a distance, which helps a lot of old tired eyes. Like the poem in "Our Last Reunion" says..."Sanders' is great for this Class of '58" and it should be a good reunion. I'll send out an update tomorrow for tonight's events and hopefully I'll collect a lot of pictures which I'll be putting on the class website very soon.

55th Homecoming Reunion of the Pensacola High School Class of 1958

PHS Tour

The Saturday events of our 55th anniversary began at an 11:00 AM gathering on the front sidewalk of PHS for picture-taking. We were delighted to discover that the entire PHS cheerleading team had turned out in uniform (!) to act as our hosts for this wonderful event. They performed several of their cheers and even made one of those towers with one of the girls pretty high off the ground.

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We gathered all our classmates in a row on the sidewalk with PHS in the background and the cheerleaders crouching or sitting along the front row. There were more than a few comments about how those young girls fairly leaped up from the ground (without help) and never considered how difficult it is for old geezers (like us) to get up once down. Throughout the tour it was also amusing to notice that the girls stationed themselves along every stairway, step, curb, dip, or edge "in case one of the old people fell." They even pointed out something that PHS did not have when we were there - an elevator - in case some of us "couldn't make it up the stairs to the second floor~!! Smart alecky kids~!! Just wait; someday they'll be the ones being escorted around the school. The main building of PHS has changed very little since "our day" of roaming the halls. In fact, it looks exactly the same as it did in 1958~!! There is still a plaque at the front door commemorating our class officers, the trophy cases are still there, the lockers are the same and not much has changed but the contents of the rooms. Remember, in 1958 our most sophisticated room was the one with the 30 typewriters. Now the typewriters have all been replaced with computer workstations. I was discussing that with several of the cheerleaders and one of them actually said "that she had once seen a typewriter" in a thrift shop~!! Another girl said she'd really like to have one "to play with." I usually feel "old" when I'm around kids but right there in the halls of PHS, I felt absolutely ancient~!! There are a lot of new buildings at PHS. The new basketball court is great and there is actually a weight room next to it. One thing very amusing happened as we went into the gym. The cheerleaders just walked in and out to the center of the court while every 1958 classmate stayed by the edge, on the rubber mats. The cheerleaders were greatly amused when they heard why we were reluctant to step on the floor. Coach Sneed was probably rolling over in his grave when our class, encouraged by the cheerleaders finally moved off the rubber mats onto the floor. Another event that brought astonishment to the cheerleaders was when we told them that back in 1958 there was actually a smoking area behind the cafeteria~!! They were amazed that anyone, much less students, could smoke on campus. When I told them that several of the boys would actually go there for a quick chew of their "Redman Chewing Tobacco" they were speechless~!! Times have changed, and for the better I think. What used to be the east side parking area is now covered by a really large wood shop and an engineering section. The library that was once on the second floor is now in a separate building, there are buildings that are "career oriented" such as one for those interested in medical (with beds & equipment), legal (with an actual courtroom complete with bench and jury section), laboratories with microscopes,

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computers, and very sophisticated equipment. PHS has changed, again for the better. We met in the cafeteria for lunch and it was like the old days. Well, the long tables have changed to eight-person round tables, there is a buffet line, a specialty-food window, and that old candy counter where we bought ding dongs, ho ho's, and candy bars is gone. Also gone are the coke machines. Now they have healthy drinks and I imagine the food has gotten a lot better. I wonder if they still have sloppy joe's?

The tour of PHS was outstanding and the class owes Zelma Eldridge a debt of gratitude for setting it up. The cheerleaders were outstanding, they made posters for us that we took away when we left, and everything was just wonderful. The tour of PHS was a highlight of our 55th anniversary reunion.

55th Homecoming Reunion of the Pensacola High School Class of 1958

Saturday Night

The classmates began arriving at 5:00 PM at Sanders' Beach for the main event. Right away we could tell that there were a lot more people on Saturday than had attended on Friday. After check in and the expected greetings of old friends coming together again, we began to go through the buffet line where there was coleslaw, beans, fried mullet and fried chicken, boiled shrimp, hush puppies and a variety of desserts. Each attendee had received two tickets for drinks and the next hour was spent enjoying that excellent buffet, especially by the classmates who live far from Pensacola now. There is agreement that nowhere in America can a person find fried mullet like what is available in Pensacola. By golly, they knew they were home again with that mullet on their plate~!! Earl Trant ensured there was music of the 50's playing the whole time and that it was kept to a level that did not interfere with conversation. There has already been several compliments regarding the selection (and level) of the music. Ed Siegel was there on the piano and led the class in several songs and he accompanied (and assumed a part) in a not-to-be-forgotten rendition of South Pacific. The actors, who will be named when the pictures come out, were better than excellent. The sight of several of our male classmates in long hair, and dresses was a sight not to be forgotten. There's just something about a man with a moustache that does not go well with him wearing a dress. Sandra Zelius did an excellent solo lip-syncing to Patsy Cline's "He's Got You" as she (Sandra/Patsy) pulled various items out of her "bodice"

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(haven't heard that word in a while, have you?) and tossed them aside as the song progressed. We have video of her performance and hopefully it'll be available soon for all to see. Sandra's performance brought a standing ovation. After the entertainment and dinner there was dancing, conversation, and renewing old friendships - until about 9:30 when people began drifting homeward. We just can't stay up like we used to.

I believe we are going to hear that this was our best reunion yet. Sanders' Beach was better than good. The windows offered a wide vista of Pensacola Bay, the kitchen and food service was all inside, there was a stage, there were rooms available for Ed Siegel and I.G. Hughes to present their books, the sound system was excellent, parking easy, the grounds were beautiful, and it was a building filled with friends; old friends, lifetime friends, special friends.

Only 1,825 days to go until our 60th reunion and I'm counting every one of them~!! I can hardly wait.

Please find the cost for extending the class website through 2019. It appears the 55th went so well that everyone wants a 60th. We need the website to continue.

Procedures to extend our class website through 2019 have begun. We will continue it through the 60th Anniversary.

He was in our class and she was a class or two behind us. I believe they could see Sanders' Beach from their house and they still didn't come to the reunion. I wonder if they walked down to Sanders' that night to have a look. I don't understand why a classmate could refuse to attend, even after they were called several times and they had friends who were going to be there. It's very sad how some people just seem to have drifted away. There really are Lost Tigers, I guess.

He said he had attended an earlier reunion. He and his wife sat at a table and no one talked with them and they felt like intruders so even though they live nearby, they say they won't go to another reunion. He was called several times and encouraged to attend but he wouldn't change his mind. A bit childish, I think.

How could someone live so close and not attend our reunion. How sad for them, and for us.

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Just wanted to send the reunion committee a big THANK YOU for everything, what a wonderful reunion! It was even better than the 50th, I do believe. The entertainment was absolutely wonderful and hilarious. Sandra Zeilus did a magnificent job of giving us a hilarious evening! I'm happy that we'll still have our Web site for the next five years and that we'll gather again when we're REALLY old!! Big hugs go to everyone.

Many thanks to the reunion team for making our reunion so much fun. Everything was wonderful~!!!

Everything was fantastic. I had the best time ever. It seems that the last gathering is always the best ever but it always seems to get better each time, if that is even possible. I hope to see you ALL of you again. Thanks again to the reunion committee, without you this would not have been. Love you all.

Thanks so much for the reunion review. I really appreciate it as I'm way out here in California and miss being there so much. I'll be looking forward to Saturday night's review.

Thanks so much for the description of the 55th reunion, especially of the tour of PHS! As I was reading, the tears started to roll down my cheeks -- I don't know why, just did. It sounded like everyone had a "blast"!!! I can't wait to see the video and photos

I looked at the clock every 30 minutes or so last night and wondered who's at the 55h reunion, what they look like now, and how much I wanted to be there. I miss Pensacola and my "Happy Days" friends and the thought crossed my mind that I might just move back when my life starts again. I hope everyone has a good time. Any of you East-siders remember when I was the cook at Wally Williams "Famous Drive In"~?? I think it was at the corner of Jackson and Davis Highway. I remember it being close to that bridge that crossed the railroad. Wouldn't it be great to have a Giant 12" hamburger from the drive in out at the circle. I wonder if there is anyone there that remembers selling watermelons on the back of a truck for her father. I know she's there.

Thanks for the review of the Friday night event. I felt almost as if I was there and I knew I was missing a really good time.

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The committee did an outstanding job. Sanders' Beach is gorgeous and the staff and food so good. Good job, but the reunion team always does that. Heartfelt thanks for all their time and ideas.

I enjoyed this reunion the BEST. The food and place were definitely among the best. Did I say the food was super??? PHS has survived other high schools in Pensacola that have come and gone. What could we have done with the academies, IB program? PHS in this location is over 60 years old. What a good idea it was to put a weight room and a therapy room in the Field House~!! I commend the committee for their time and dedication. The one-minute applause for the website communications was an idea for the times. Everyone pleasant and visiting, South Pacific, Sandra's Patsy Cline takeoff, and Eddie Segal's sing-along were one blast after another. I appreciate greatly the Reunion Team's efforts and will attend future reunions. This weekend was so pleasant; did I say I enjoyed it a lot???

I'm sorry I didn't go to the Reunion. It sounds like y'all had a wonderful time and that it was well organized! Wow! The pictures are great.

I know some of the names in the 55th reunion pictures but I don't "recognize" anyone!! I told you I was a wallflower~!! Even though I knew a lot of names I'm still a wallflower.

Good work, the website is super~!! It's probably the reason for the success of the whole reunion and the class coming together.

We did have a great time, didn't we? Thanks to all of you for making this the best reunion ever! I especially want to compliment Zelma for getting those cheerleaders to "lead" us around the school. They were like a breath of fresh air. Thanks Zelma. Were we ever that energetic? The food was delicious, the setting magnificent, the music perfect and everyone looked so young and beautiful and handsome and happy! It really was an "enchanted" evening. What a bonus working with each of you. I certainly will never forget our 55th! Go Tigers Go!

I cannot believe that a week ago tonight was the first night of our reunion! I want to let y'all know how much I enjoyed working, talking, laughing, etc. It was fun!

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You sure know how to make an old curmudgeon like me become a bleary eyed sentimentalist. The Fallen Tiger video is touching and beautiful. I could not attend the 55th and you have reminded me that I missed out on something very, very special. I wanted to be there but I had to be elsewhere and it was a conflict that I just couldn't resolve in favor of the reunion. I hope there is a next time for all of us.

Asking classmates to take pictures and send them in was a great idea~!! It kept the ticket price down and the pictures are very professional. Putting them on the website for all to enjoy is outstanding~!! Our 55th reunion was the best yet and I look forward to the 60th. I'm counting the days. I cannot express my thanks for the website - that one thing has brought our class together like nothing else. There is no other class at PHS that is as close as we are, and we owe it to the website. I was so happy when I heard it is going to be extended. Everything was great. Our 55th reunion was just perfect. When I left on Monday there were tears in my eyes. I saw so many of my friends and I had such a good time. I'll treasure the memory of those two wonderful days.

Thanks for a wonderful reunion. It was so special and I know it was lots of work for all of you. It paid off by being the very best reunion ever. Our class reunions far exceed any other reunion I have ever heard of. My sister and I both enjoyed it so much. Sanders Beach was a perfect location. The new hall was excellent, especially with the beautiful view. The food was delicious and the music just right. We enjoyed seeing so many friends and classmates; some we had not seen since graduation. The pictures and emails have been excellent. We hope we will have a 60th reunion.

Why was there nothing remembering our deceased classmates? There wasn't even a list of their names posted on the wall. Have we forgotten our friends?

It was a great reunion. Those who didn't or couldn't attend really missed something. I had a great time seeing my old friends and I'm so glad I could see them once again.

I enjoy reading and watching the class videos and reading the Who's Who and Memories over and over again. Even though I didn't talk to that many people at the reunion, I enjoy knowing what has happened in their lives. Thanks so much.

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They were such wonderful evenings with a wonderful group. The reunion was well planned, organized and managed. It was great to re-visit Very Special Friends once again. Thanks to the Reunion Committee for keeping us on track and for the PHS 1958 website.

All the posted pictures are so good. We will all enjoy them for a long time. The Reunion Committee deserves many thanks to all of their hard work. Sanders' Beach was a perfect location with a beautiful view. The food was delicious and so nicely presented. The nice, soft music was great. It was so special to visit with our friends and classmates.

I'm so sorry she didn't come to the reunion; I tried my best to tell her she shouldn't miss it.

She was missed. I was thinking about her during the 55th, wishing she had come.

Several friends urged me to attend but I thought the 55th was just an "off year" reunion and wouldn't amount to much. From what I've been told and read in the Class Memories Collection, everyone who attended think it was the best reunion of any the Class has held. I made a mistake by not going and now I'm afraid that some of my friends or perhaps even I will not be here for the 60th anniversary. I'm sorry that I didn't attend the 55th. I should have been there.

Long after we left PHS he became my most special friend and I want him to know how much I admire him and value his friendship. I wish I had found the courage to talk with him when we were at PHS.

I really screwed that up. I was called twice asking if I was going to attend and I said I'd think about it. I decided not to go because it was "just" the 55th, and that was a mistake. I see now how wonderful the reunion was and I missed something special. I'm afraid now that I or some of my friends won't be here for the 60th. Gosh, I hope we're all here - I won't miss another reunion.

I'm too old to have memories that go back to PHS.

In 10th grade my first class of the day was world history and for the first time I had a male teacher, Coach Gordy. I was intimidated from the very start! That

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first morning he said he wanted me to sit at the desk by the door and I had no idea why I was relegated to that seat. Did he want me as far from his desk as possible? I learned the reason the next day. Coach called me to his desk, gave me a nickel and told me to go get him a coke. I moved at a legal speed but was tempted to run! Returning I handed him the coke and he drank it down with several aspirins. I eventually learned he had a war injury and suffered from bad headaches. I made many coke runs. Then he started giving me notes for another coach who taught Biology downstairs. I forget his name. Sometimes it was verbal but more often written. They were always about football. It seems I had been chosen to be Coach Gordy's "Gopher" and the first seat was reserved for that student. One morning he had a message for the downstairs coach and off I went. This day I made a fateful decision. I always obeyed the rules...always, boring but safe. However, I determined that it would be quicker to get to the biology class if I went down the upstairs instead of taking the longer way by going down the downstairs. I saw no harm since everyone was in class. So I headed down the upstairs. To my utter dismay, at the bottom of the stairs, stood Mrs. Freeman~!! She asked what I was doing and I told her that I was delivering a message for Coach Gordy. Before I could think of a better answer she said, "You should know you never go down the up-stairs!" I'm sure my face turned two shades of red and I just said yes ma'am. Then she told me to march up the up-stairs and use the down-stairs. I crept by my classroom door, hoping Coach Gordy didn't see me. I hurried down the stairs and found Mrs. Freeman waiting for me. She watched me until I delivered the message and went back up the up-stairs. Only one thought was going through my mind as I climbed those steps...how am I ever going to survive high school~?

He was gay and couldn't resolve his feelings so he killed himself.

I enjoyed once again reading the Class Memories. How many of us at PHS felt like shy, unimportant wallflowers had broken hearts, big disappointments, or admired others who seemed to "have it all together"? Yet we developed into adults to live, love, laugh, and contribute positively to life. I sit in church or other places including and especially our 55th reunion (first one I've attended), watching other adults and thinking that they too went through adolescence but also came successfully to the other side. I am truly proud of all our classmates.

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I have often wondered how many of us still have a special place in our memories and hearts for our First Love. It's a secret I keep even though I would like to communicate it because a love that special needs to be shared. However, sharing it might hurt people who don't deserve to be hurt. I'll probably die with the dim hope that there will be a storybook ending to it all.

The Fallen Tigers video is the most wonderful thing. I've watched it many times and I can't get past my husband's picture without pausing. I remember the day that picture was taken and I cry when I see so many friends on the video. Those were such happy days. I miss him so much - I thought we'd grow old together but now I'm old and to me he will always be the young man in that picture. I was so sorry that there was no Fallen Tiger presentation at the 55th reunion because I wanted to feel that my husband was there with me. I hope he was in spirit. I remember they showed the pictures at the 50th but not this time and I don't know why they didn't. We must not forget our friends who are no longer with us. If we do forget them, then they will truly be gone.

Thanks to the Reunion Team for a wonderful 55th reunion. It was so special and I know it was lots of work for all of you. It paid off by being the very best reunion ever. Our class reunions far exceed any other reunions I have ever heard of. My sister and I both enjoyed it so much. Sanders Beach was a perfect location. The new hall was excellent; especially with the beautiful view. The food was delicious and the music just right. We enjoyed seeing so many friends and classmates; some we had not seen since graduation. We hope we will have a 60th reunion.

The 55th Reunion video brings back great memories of "the way we were." Wonderful, fun, carefree memories that I never want to fade away! The message here is about real, solid friendships that have endured through more than a half-century!! We actually care about each other. What a blessing these friendships are~!! When we all get together, we just pick up where we left off ~ friends forever! I believe that we need to "keep on keeping up" with all of our classmates and our website is very conducive to this end.

I loved the 55th Reunion Video. I've watched it for the past two nights. It brings back lots of beautiful memories and happy carefree days of growing up in Pensacola. Seems the times were so simple then. The opening was so nice. The musical selections were very appropriate and perfect for the occasion. I enjoyed

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seeing the PHS luncheon pictures. My sister and I hosted our annual family reunion that day and were unable to attend the luncheon. I saw some classmates on the video that I did not get to visit with; it was sad not to be able to visit with everyone. We did enjoy our time with some classmates we had not seen since we graduated. It was two very special nights. The skit and Sandra's Patsy Cline's routine were hilarious. We really do appreciate your commitment to the reunion and website. The Fallen Tigers website is a beautiful tribute to our classmates who are no longer with us. I loved the song selection "You'll never walk alone" with it.

I hope we don't drift apart between reunions. So many of our classmates are dying and we're getting so old. Some people say that 75 is the new 45 but that's not true for everyone. I enjoyed seeing old friends at the reunion and I hope we all return for the 60th but I'm afraid of what is happening to our class. Everyone thought that 10 year reunions were enough but this last one proved that it's time for 5 year reunions and perhaps even 2 year mini-reunions. We don't have time to wait and time goes by faster and faster now.

The website has provided an immeasurable source of inspiration and rebirth of some of the feelings of achievement for each of us as we look back and appreciate where we came from and how we survived our personal challenges. Those that could have attended the reunions but did not deprived themselves of witnessing the wonderful, loving display of friendship our classmates have demonstrated. I am very thankful that my circumstances have allowed me to witness this display of cheerful sincerity. We grew up at a great time for human childhood and we were fortunate to have been students at Pensacola High School.

I cried when the notice of Sandra DeLapp's death arrived. She was such a wonderful friend and I will always miss her. She did so much for our class and was always so upbeat and happy. I wish I could have gone home to her funeral. I'll miss her phone calls. She was my friend all the way back when we were just a couple of young girls excited about going to High School. Now she's gone but I look forward to the day when I see her again.

These days we know what "bullies" are but when we were at PHS society had not become concerned with them. Unfortunate because I think was one of the most bullied students as I wasn't really good at anything, especially sports. Once when I

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was forced to play touch football at PE I was on the line and one of the bullies was facing me on the other side. He warned me to let him pass or "I'd be sorry." Well the ball was "hiked" and he rushed toward me and I accidentally caught him in the forehead with my elbow. That knocked him senseless to the ground and he almost passed out from the pain. The coach came running over and began screaming at me, thinking I had elbowed the guy on purpose which I had not. Just a lucky shot, I guess. Nothing came of it except that never again did I have to play football at PE.

I loved Pensacola and wanted to go to PHS more than anything. However, my family moved to Kentucky and I had no choice. Fortunately, the high school I went to in Louisville was a wonderful school but I have missed my Blount Junior High friends for all these years. Please give my best regards to them and I wish all graduates of PHS good health and great happiness.

High school was a terrible period in my life. All I have are painful, tormenting regrets.

The Fallen Tigers Video allows us a few minutes for reflection on classmates we knew. I couldn't help but notice in the Fallen Tigers video how each person looked different but at the same time, they all looked alike. Each face seemed to reflect not only their youth, but a sense of excitement of what the future may hold - not quite ready for it - but looking forward to the opportunity. We set out on our journey and experienced all of the emotions of happiness, fulfillment, joy and sometimes sadness. I'm reminded of the quote from the philosopher, Kierkegaard, "Life is lived forward but understood backward". Thanks for allowing us to look back and remember a simple, innocent time in our life.

We went to a reunion, the 25th I think, but no one talked with us. We stayed a while and ate and then left. We decided then not to go to another reunion. Everyone there was a stranger to us and we didn't feel welcome. Reading the Memories collection it seems people may have changed. We'll think about the 60th when the time comes.

She was one of my first friends after we moved to Pensacola and she lived up the street from me when we went to Allie Yniestra. Several years later she went with me by train to my brother's graduation for his Masters Degree. She had never been out of Pensacola and got to meet all my relatives who fell in love with her big

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smile and enthusiasm. My aunt remembered her fondly for climbing the peach tree to get the biggest peaches! I was shy with boys but she wasn't. After she married we hardly saw each other and it was with great sadness I learned of her death while I was away at college. The fact it happened just a few doors from Mom and Dad's on the street behind their house hit then hard. They didn't know she was living there and when they learned more about her situation and that she had taken her own life, Mom couldn't believe it. She was a sweet child to Mom who felt even sadder for my friend who always seemed to have a big smile. My mother never forgot her and neither did my relatives who met her that summer. There was much sorrow when we told them how she had died. Her beautiful picture is in the Fallen Tigers video now. She was too young and full of life to be gone so young.

I really enjoy reading these memories of PHS grads because of all that was going on when I was in high school. I had a pretty dim view of my fellow students - superiority sentiments on my part based on attitudes bred in me despite the onslaught of denigration of which I was the victim at home. If that sounds crazy and contradictory, yes it was, but it was just that - home to me was a hothouse of mental and emotional illness, what one novelist in fact termed a "wilderness of mirrors." I very much appreciate the opportunity presented by the Memories collection to help me revise the opinions and attitudes in which I was steeped during those years. Thanks to all for helping me clean up the furnishings inside my head.

You know that tall water tower at Pensacola Beach, the one that looks like a golf ball on a tee? One day a classmate and I were out there and we noticed that someone had left the door open at the bottom. Now, what would a couple 17 year old boys be expected to do? Yep, we looked inside and there was a ladder up the middle, all the way to the top where we could see light shining through the opening. Oh yeah, we did it, we climbed all the way up that thing with no safety belt or anything and certainly no sense. It took a while but we got there and were sitting on the top looking at the view when we heard someone yelling from the bottom. It was the maintenance crew and they were not happy. There was nothing else to do but climb down again and take the punishment. Not much to it though, they just yelled at us and told us to get out of there.

I had no idea that anybody kept records of the Class of 1958 happenings. I guess I had forgotten a lot, but thanks to your information I now remember so much. I'm

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71 years old and have lived an interesting life. I saw a picture of A. V. Clubbs that has me right in the center. Thanks - through the videos, the Who's Who and the Class Memories, we can remember and relive our days at Pensacola High School.

We've lost three classmates in the past two months and it's happening more often now. I'm so afraid that we're going to lose many more before the reunion in 2018 and there are some that I desperately want to see one more time, assuming I'm here to attend. This afternoon I was sitting by the window watching the snow come down and my mind turned to Pensacola and those happy days so long ago and so far away. Oh, how I can remember walking across the white sand to the water's edge. The sky was so blue and the sand so white it hurt our eyes. What a wonderful time it was and I miss those days and my friends so much. I am so scared that when the reunion finally comes that I won't be here or my dear friends will be gone. I want to see them so much. My husband doesn't understand because he's not from there but I am so homesick for Pensacola - I want to go home.

She was at that reunion but I was not. I wish I had been there because perhaps I could have found the courage to tell her how much I regretted what happened.

As an outsider and an old guy from the Class of 54, I want everyone to know how much I enjoyed reading these class memories and then share a thought or two. Even though my memory is getting dim regarding my high school days I am amazed at how many of the '58 class memories echo some of mine; experiences both good and bad, inspirational teachers, dreams never fulfilled, acts of poor judgment, realizations of life-changing events, friendships both fleeting and lasting, crushes, hurt feelings ignored, and alas...those regrets. However, somehow we have made it this far. We, by pure luck of birthright, grew up in a great, less complicated and stressful era. I just pray that my grandchildren can look back in 60 years and feel the same. I have been so blessed to have shared all the benefits of my wife's PHS '58 friends; meetings, never-ending phone calls, and reunions. I have never felt like an outsider and what great memories I now have of those events. All you and others do and have done to keep the '58 class spirit alive is commendable. I have attended at least five reunions and your 55th was by far the best. I am so glad that my wife was involved and had the opportunity to attend. It was a one of "life's high points" for her. I feel sorry for those of your class who chose not to attend. As you have always wisely said, "Don't wait too long".

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When I asked that she be found I never thought you could do it. I so much wanted to talk with her again but now I'm afraid to. She lives only a few hours from me and I thought about driving to see her but I cannot. Too much time has gone by - actually I never thought you could find her. When you did, I lost my courage. I loved her so much but we're not the same people we were in 1958 and I don't want to lose those memories of her back then.

He was my best friend at Blount and before we could drive we rode our bicycles everywhere. People might not believe this but he and I pedaled our bicycles across the three-mile bay bridge to Gulf Breeze and then we turned around and pedaled back across the bridge to Pensacola. There wasn't much room so when a big truck came by, we'd stop and hug the railing. I guess we were lucky that no police came by. Another time we actually rode our bicycles all the way from Cervantes Street to Scenic Highway and followed it north until it came to the big bridge over the river. From there we turned left on Davis Highway and headed back to Pensacola. It took us all day and it was long after dark when we got home. These days' people ride bicycles long distances all the time but they're on multi-speed lightweights. What my friend and I had were one-speed normal boy's bicycles. When I drive Scenic Highway now I am amazed that we did that and glad we never did it again.

I proudly clicked the reunion survey on the class website as the 15th person who plans to attend. I am copying the two classmates and friends that I stay in touch with. I value their friendship. I hope they will be there too.

I remember going to the 25th reunion. We were all so young and our life was ahead of us. But now I agree, the 60th will probably be the last formal reunion for the Class of 1958. Who would have guessed at the 25th that we'd be approaching the 60th? We're all 75 this year, we're retired, careers are behind us, children are grown and gone, we don't like to be away from home so much, and going back to Pensacola cost a lot; airplane, hotel, food, reunion fee, car, and other expenses. But then again, my friends will be there and we might never see each other again. We had a great run, didn't we? Our classmates are all over America but we're still one class and friends forever. No other PHS class has come together as much as the Class of 1958. The reunion committee and website are the shining stars of our class. What a blessing they have been to us. This morning I was sitting on our balcony looking out at the mountains, thinking about Pensacola. I know the sun is shining there, the waves are crashing onto the beach, Worner's is serving hotcakes

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in Brownsville, stores are open on Palafox street, and PHS is filled with kids who think life goes on forever. As they are now, we once were and as we are now, they will be. If I'm still here, I will be at the 60th - I wouldn't miss the last one for anything.

I was just thinking about my PHS days before I get any older and have to depend on cue cards. I remember fondly my same lunch purchased in the cafeteria five days a week for three years...a "baloney" sandwich with a thin slice of pickle and just the right amount of mayonnaise and milk to drink - brain food for sure. Freezing at a home football game but my date had hand warmers - I knew he would go far in life and he did! Wrapping two pennies with tinfoil and putting them in my oxfords - dimes were for spending in those days. I remember double dating and triple dating. There was the night a girlfriend drove 12 of us to a drive-in movie in her dad's station wagon. It was dollar night. The ticket taker groaned when we drove up. We also brought a huge box of popcorn and a tub of ice cold cokes. We weren't supposed to bring in food. I was the one who had to sit on the tub. I fondly remember Miss Burrows and two years of Latin and I would like to forget typing class. PE had its moments too and I was shocked when I was invited to be a member of Girls Sports Club. Algebra, geometry, and trigonometry classes were really hard. I forgot all I learned in those classes shortly after graduation. Those three years of my life weren't "Happy Days" but there were good times. There were friends, good teachers, challenges to do your best, pride in being a Tiger, some tears, much laughter, and way too much homework. It was Pensacola High School and I feel blessed to have been part of it.

I was in 10th grade at PHS when Miss Millicent Beck and her two sisters moved into a new house two or three blocks from where I lived. They were interesting and educated, from Indiana, and came from a big family where everyone loved poetry, probably because their father wrote poetry but also had a good job with an insurance company. They grew up in Lafayette, Indiana, where Purdue University is located. I had a garden and cultivated chrysanthemums. Chrysanthemum plants reproduce, so I had too many and asked Miss Beck if she would like some of them. The sisters' new house was only three blocks from my house at 9th Avenue and Torres in a subdivision called Granada. I brought the extra plants over in a box of dirt. The box was a good, sturdy liquor box, and that, surprisingly proved a problem for Miss Beck. One of her close friends was Miss Lelia Abercrombie, her former landlady. "Miss Lelia" was an Old Maid and a rabid Temperance fanatic

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["Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"] and Millicent told me she had to get rid of that liquor box right away because "Miss Lelia" would have a stroke if she visited them and saw it in the Becks' garage.

There was a place in Gulf Breeze that I used to take dates and not tell them what was coming. It was called "thrill hill" because it was a paved road that was so steep that when you parked at the top you couldn't see the road in front or behind you. I'd get up to about 25 mph and go up that hill and the girls would start screaming when we went over the top. It was great fun until the night when I came over the crest and the Highway Patrol car was on the other side with his lights flashing~!! I recently drove over there to see if it was still the thrill it used to be but I found that the hill had been graded to a more reasonable slope. That's a good thing but it sure was fun back then.

One of my memories was riding the bus to a football game. I think it was in Mississippi. I seem to remember a picture of us in the bus in the yearbook. Man, what a good time that was.

Blount was certainly a thrill for me. They left my name off the graduating list. But did I did somehow graduate. I loved Blount.

Just think . . . 57 years ago today, the Class of 1958 was getting ready for the big "Pomp and Circumstance" march at the auditorium. I remember that I wore my first (and last) pair of three-inch heels, worrying the whole time that I'd fall and break my neck and even worse than that, be ever so much embarrassed. I remember shedding tears when I saw the young men in our class turning around and shaking hands. That to me indicated that we were entering a new world. I really don't remember what we girls did. Happy 57th Anniversary, PHS Class of 1958.

I remember Blount graduation day very well. I sang in the ladies' chorus at the ceremony. My mother and I picked up a fellow classmate, Eloise Hall Williams and her mother to travel to the event.

We had such a large class with over 600 life stories. I'm glad you were the one to learn so many of them. Your heartfelt sympathy for not just Becky, but all those who are no longer names on a roster but human beings with weaknesses and painful memories is a credit to you. I sincerely believe you were meant to take on this task and you are doing it well.

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How wonderful to see this video of old friends from Warrington Jr. High. You've delivered fond memories of a far less complex time in my life.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" [Hamlet] are part of life." Unless a miracle happens in the near future, I'll have to move out of my house and into one of those "warehouses for penniless elders" where the food tastes like cardboard and is not nutritionally geared to extending life but rather to easing the slide down into oblivion before death. Of course, I am quite shaken up about this, so I would like everyone's prayers to get me through what lies ahead without "cracking up." I have two beloved felines who are as close as I ever wanted to get to motherhood and I am naturally concerned about their welfare, emotional and physical. I need them for my own emotional stability as I have always been a rather solitary individual. They need each other too, so I can't bear the thought of separating them. People foolishly think cats are indifferent and independent emotionally but that's only if they're not given a lot of affection and nurturing. I worked hard all my life, but had several rather long periods of serious illness that served as roadblocks to accumulating enough money to provide for myself in lengthy old age. Thank God I have my religious faith and one close friend to strengthen and support me in more ways than one. Please keep me in your good prayers. I keep you and all my brothers and sisters at PHS in my own daily prayers. I became a Catholic in California when I was 21 and that has provided me with the support I have needed during my past years of desperation. Although I have to admit to being a lot more high strung still than I would like to be, I have become a lot better off mentally than I was in high school. I had jobs until budget cuts had to go into effect where I was last employed. When my mother died she had one of those pre-arranged funerals and burial plots so my sister and I decided on investing in that for each of us. It was, I think, the best idea my mother ever passed on to us."

I remember the Junior Navy League meeting at 6:00 A.M. on the steps of the downtown post office. We boarded the bus and it took us to the Naval Air Station where we went aboard the aircraft carrier Lexington for a whole day cruising in the Gulf. What a wonderful experience. We had a great time.

We were in the hallway by the gym and some classmate had really upset Coach Sneed. I remember the coach was yelling at the guy and pulled him by his shirt which tore. I guess that scared the coach because he apologized and took out some money right then and paid the classmate for the shirt.

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My mother did everything possible to ensure I was out of the house and in school as early as possible. She couldn't afford a sitter and she needed to work. It's always nice to be the youngest at some time in your life. Now I seem to be one of the oldest but it's still better than the alternative....not being at all~!!

Zelma died peacefully tonight.

We have indeed lost a dear, loyal, and courageous classmate. We knew she was struggling but she never complained. What a kind and generous soul and trouper. She'll remain an inspiration.

This is so very sad. I have her daughter and the rest of her family in my thoughts and prayers. She was a Goodwill Ambassador for Pensacola High School. May her positive spirit always remain with us.

I am so sorry to hear the news of Zelma's passing.

I am very saddened to hear of Zelma's passing. God love her and comfort her devoted family friends.

Zelma's passing is a tremendous loss for all of us. For me Zelma was a major icon for the PHS class of 1958 right up there with pep rallies, ragtop cars and 45 rpm "rock 'n' roll" records.

Zelma looked so happy and healthy at our Carrabba's luncheon.

Losing Zelma is so sad. She was a shining light on our class and so dedicated to the reunions. We will surely miss her.

My last time with Zelma was Sunday, May 21st, Memorial Day weekend. Zelma came to a church celebration and ate dinner with us. After we finished eating she was sitting by herself just watching, and appeared to be lost in thought. I went and sat with her and we talked more that day than ever before. We talked until everyone was gone and the doors were locked. I didn't know how sick she was, but I know she wanted to talk about growing up, her neighbors, all of our friends from junior high and high school. We both heard stories from each other that we did not know and repeated many we both remembered. The memories were good, and the people we reflected on were well remembered, and kindly so. We both enjoyed our school

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days, and cherished the friends we had. She will be missed. Thank you for keeping such times alive in our hearts.

What a good person Zelma was. It started in High School and never changed. If you needed someone to talk to that would listen and make you feel understood, it was Zelma. What a great friend.

Zelma she told me not to worry about a surgery I was facing. She said that everything would be alright, that she'd be waiting to see me when I came home and we'd have lunch. That was the last time I saw her. I told Zelma I'd give her a call when I got home from the hospital but by then it was too late and I lost a dear friend. We never know when we part from a loved one if that's the last time we'll ever see them so we should always let them know how much they mean to us.

What heartbreaking news on our special tiger. I was sure the prayers would pull her through. I believe had she recovered her life would not have been one of quality. God in his mercy took her home.

Zelma's warmth transcended boundaries and groups.

The world is not as bright without Zelma in it.

I moved to Pensacola in the summer of 1956 from a high school in Washington, DC. Things were very different in Pensacola - I had a difficult time to adjust to this beautiful new school. Acceptance came slowly, but Zelma was one of the first to make me feel welcome. I had been dumped from the French language class because after living in France for a couple of years the teacher was intimidated, so I went to Spanish. There Zelma helped me get past a late entry to the class. As time went on I saw Zelma as more a mentor than as a friend. I cherish her friendship. I am certain that her leadership skills were used to benefit many people.

In memory of my beloved, precious, lifelong friend who lives forever in my heart. So many wonderful times we shared, I hold most dear. Words can't express how much I will miss Zelma. My heart is heavy but full of love for the dearest friend of all.

Zelma was not only a true blue Tiger she was also a very, very special person. I consider it a real privilege to be called a friend by her. I'll love and miss her always.

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I walked her out to the car that Saturday night, concerned about her poor health. A month after being back home I sent Zee a package on health with a card and note included. I said "you are the Angie Dickinson of the class of 58, a lady who is also one of the boys". What a huge loss this is for the 58 tigers. Time may heal all wounds, but the scar tissue from this loss will run wide and deep.

I just watched the Fallen Tiger video. I did alright until I saw Zelma's picture while the bagpipes were playing Amazing Grace. Then I lost it and started tearing up. Too many people have passed through my life and now are gone.

The Fallen Tiger video is a fabulous piece of work. What a heart wrenching video to watch. So many died way too young and the time has gone by way too fast.

The Class of '54 sends accolades for the "Fallen Tigers" video.

From the Class of '54: The Class of '58's Fallen Tiger video is the most amazingly done video I have seen in a long time. It is worthy of Pulitzer Prize if there was one for this sort of production. There are so many familiar faces, some passing so young. We Tigers should feel blessed and saddened at the same time to know so many are indeed gone. May they all "rest in peace".

Thank you so much for the Fallen Tiger video. I had no idea so many of our classmates had died. It really brought memories of friends some of whom I did not know had died. You have given us a real gift. I'm looking forward to the next reunion.

Looking back at the different points of time in the lives of Class of '58 alumnae I remember during many of those periods I was in Southeast Asia in combat. At that time I could not have cared less about being "au current" to our high school as it was just something I had left behind long ago. High School was an important time and merely a way-stop for most people in route to their real, ultimate, or envisioned lives. I am very glad you celebrate our time at PHS to remind us of whence we came to the important things we need to care about in our lives. You do good service for so many who may not always want to look back, but you always remind us. Keep up the good work.

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I found upon moving to Pensacola that there were cliques bounded by where you lived, went to school, or who your friends were, etc. I was coming from Washington, DC, so I had none of those things. My father wanted to register me for high school in August 1956 while we built our home on Bayou Texar. He was told to drive up A Street and he'd see the high school. We saw the school and went in to Washington HS. The principal was very polite and informed my father that this was the black HS. We had come from a system that had integrated two years earlier, so were not overly surprised that the principal (a PHD) was black! We did find the school we sought at the end of the street. The first morning at PHS my home room was in a trailer (upon which I later helped paint "The Casual Class of '58"). As each student was asked to introduce him/her self, one classmate stood up and said he was from Selma, Alabama and someone yelled "Throw the damn yankee out!" Taken aback, I said I was from Panama in the Canal Zone, figuring you couldn't get much further south than that! Then came the process of becoming "Pensacolionized." I met and came to know a many very nice people to become part of a new fabric.

I wish I could join you old geezers at our 75th birthday party. When I first moved to Pensacola with my parents in 1956, we stayed at a motel on Palafox. I guess there was a reunion going on at the old PHS that weekend and I was aghast at the really elderly who were sure they were having a good old time. Trader Jon related to my father that bar sales were pitiful that weekend! I hope you 58'ers discredit that old vision I have stored in the attic of my feeble brain. Hoist one for me!! I look forward to the 60th.

I just finished looking at the reunion page in the class website. I had not even considered that the 60th reunion in 2018 will most probably be our last official gathering. I guess it's true though as we'll be approaching our 78th birthday then. I doubt anyone would be able to attend the 70th reunion because by then we'll be 88 years old and probably too frail to travel. I was undecided about whether or not I would attend the 60th as I live so far away now and I've no family to stay with in Pensacola anymore. Then I watched "Remembering Pensacola" and my heart ached for home. Now that I understand the next reunion will probably be the last, I will definitely be there. It will be the last time I can see many of my friends and I cannot let that opportunity pass by. It's decided - I'm going home to Pensacola for our Last Reunion.

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It sounds like David Dunn had a passion for life - it's the best we can say of our classmates that pass on.

Thank you for the wonderful trip to the past in "Remembering Pensacola." Here are a few things I would share;

- The Old Fire House Drive-In set the standard for fried shrimp which remains to this day unchallenged.*
- I remember dragging Palafox with Norman DeWeese in his parent's new Ford. When the challenge was made, Norm took off like a "scalded dog" away from the Convention Center and left the Chevy Impala still spinning its wheels.*
- I remember double dating with Billy Spain and Corrine Johnson and to eat watermelon in the park before the Bay Bridge.*
- I remember my first driving experience on the Bay Bridge. The Buick was bigger than anything I had ever driven and I just knew I was finished as going to have an accident.*
- I remember Miss Rabun passing out the achievement test scores. She said something like, Fred, I'm' surprised in you. (It was a good score).*
- I remember Mr. Scoggins throwing a dictionary to at me saying "look it up".*
- I remember Mr. Holsten and many band practices with great fondness. I've tried many times to play like that again, but, sadly, to no avail.*
- I remember so many people who I called "friend" and who, I think, would do the same today.*
- I was a "Tiger Transient", but I always and to this day feel at home at Pensacola High School. I was never treated like an outsider.*
- Thank you for this trip. I will save "Remembering Pensacola" and revisit it often.*

There could not have been a better community to grow up in than East Pensacola Heights. The "Heights," as the natives called it, is a peninsula, surrounded by

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Pensacola Bay to the south, Escambia Bay to the east, and Bayou Texar to the west. It's not clear as to who were the first families to live in the "Heights," but many agree they would include such family names as, Brosnaham, Hyers, Joseph, Merritt, McCaskill, Thompson, Briggs and Walker. Many of the families that lived there back when only a few roads were paved are still there, and most of them are in the same houses. Many of their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren have settled in the "Heights" with their own families. East Pensacola Heights has really grown, like most areas, and the newer residents are just as proud of the "Heights" as are the older residents. East Pensacola Heights was a fisherman's paradise, and most of the natives reached proficiency with a cast net, a gig and a scoop net at an early age. Throwing a cast net correctly was an art, acquired only after weeks, and sometimes months, of practice. The guys judged each other on how well they could spread their net. Most guys wouldn't admit it then, and probably not even today, that some gals could throw a cast net just as well as they could. The center of daily activity was around Pfeiffer's, Thompson's and Shedd's grocery stores, and Russell's Drug Store. By the time Bob Joseph opened Joseph's IGA, all the smaller stores had disappeared. One central gathering spot was the Community House, which was built by the men who lived in the Heights. Over the years, there were all types of meetings and functions that took place at the Community House. To assure success at the fund raisers, such as the school plays from A. K. Suter School, and political rallies, many of the ladies served their favorite seafood recipes, which always drew a crowd. A popular location for the fishermen was Walker's Boathouse, now the site of the Mariner Oyster Barn Restaurant. The boathouse was built in the early 1900s by Mr. Willie Walker, patriarch of a large family of commercial fishermen, prominent in the seafood industry throughout northwest Florida and south Alabama. Walker's Boathouse was a favorite hangout for the kids, who often earned pocket change by bailing out the boats and "heading" shrimp. For the kids, living in East Pensacola Heights meant spending the summers either in or on Bayou Texar. The "ole swimming hole" for most of them was Black's Wharf, but they often swam across the bayou to Bayview Park, where there was always a large crowd. On Saturday nights, large groups of kids, and some adults, walked across the bridge and along the shore of the bayou to Bayview Park to watch the free outdoor movies provided by the City of Pensacola. The older kids had access to boats and kayaks, and it was a familiar sight to see a skiff full of kids rowing across the bayou to Bayview Park or up the bayou to the 12th Avenue Bridge. All kayaks in those days were home made. In the days of unpaved streets, many families owned horses, cows and chickens. It was

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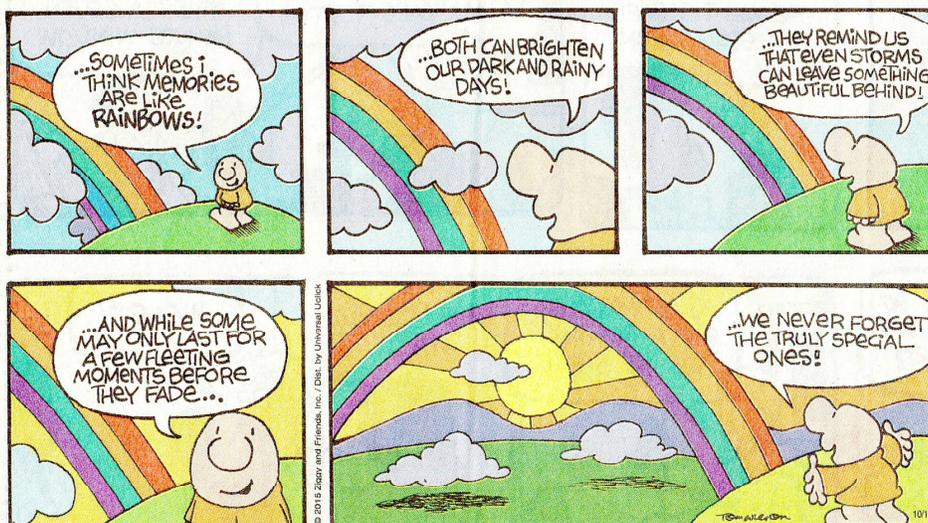
like living in the country, not far from town. In the 1940s, the Buchanan and Bonifay families each had stables and folks came from all over to rent their horses. There were many popular businesses in the Heights, such as Philpots Cottages, Chicken in the Rough, and Jerry's Bar B. Q., the Scenic Terrace, Nob Hill, Brooks Taylor's Service Station, and many others. They have all disappeared, except Jerry's Bar B. Q. and it's still a favorite place for folks from miles around. Today, East Pensacola Heights is a part of the City of Pensacola, and all the streets were paved years ago. Annie K. Suter School is still the center of education, and all the woods, such as "Monkey's Camp" and "The Gulley's" are now solid subdivisions. It's where the best restaurants are located, real estate values have soared, and most former residents wished they still lived there.

I worked at the Pensacola Diary while going to school. I worked in the ice cream department, and we could eat all we wanted. I still like ice cream. Every time I watch "Remembering Pensacola" and see the old milk bottle on the building I am reminded of the good times we all had. All of the old locations you showed in your video are a reminder of a wonderful time in our lives. It was our age of innocence.

I love Pensacola but I didn't even grow up here. The first time I was stationed here I really liked the place and its people, and knew this is where I wanted to live when I retired. Then I met Sandra, fell in love, and the rest is wonderful history.

ZIGGY

BY TOM WILSON



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Were you born in 1940? In the early 40's the world was a different place. "I'll Never Smile Again" topped the charts. Do you remember on a late summer afternoon there was a kid outside, shouting and playing with friends? That kid was you and it was getting dark but the child in you didn't care about time because you knew that time goes on forever. Lightning bugs were coming out and you had one ear listening for Mom to call to call you home for suppertime. You were once that child but how could you have been happy? Your pet dog was a mutt and you ran around barefoot. There was no computer in your home, school, or office. In fact, the words computer and internet weren't even in the vocabulary. There were no air-conditioned homes or cars, no television, no remote control, no microwave in the kitchen. The telephone sat on a living room table and it was probably a party-line. There were no cell phones, no digital clocks, no Tupperware, no barbecue sets on the back porch, and no ballpoint pens. There was no Disney World; Orlando was just another town and vacations were spent at home. No one went on long trips to other states. There were no condos, no cruise ships, there were no Hondas or Yamahas, and foreign cars came from Europe. There were no automatic transmissions, no expressways, the dentist used Novocain and his drill was driven by a rubber band. Old people had cataracts and couldn't see because micro sutures and ocular lenses were decades away. There were no heart transplants, bypasses, or stents so people died of "hardening of the arteries." There were no replaced knees or hips and no such thing as AIDS. Every kid had a father and a mother, the family went to church on Sunday and again on Wednesday night and schools, movies, restaurants and other businesses were segregated. Kids caught polio; we all knew what an iron lung was and the Salk vaccine was years away. Smallpox was a threat; most kids caught chicken pox, measles, and whooping cough. Women died in childbirth and there were no McDonalds or Burger King. Krispy Kreme had not yet arrived and there were no jet planes and no interstate highway. Gasoline was 18 cents a gallon, a new car cost \$800 and a house was about \$6,000. Bread was 8 cents a loaf, milk 34 cents a gallon, a stamp cost 3 cents. The minimum wage was 30 cents an hour, and the average annual wage was \$1,900. Germany invaded Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg and the world went to war. Winston Churchill became Prime Minister and the London Blitz began. "You can't go Home Again" was recorded and the helicopter made its first flight. America was divided; get into the war or stay out of it. What should we do? In 1940 the top selling movie was "Pinocchio" and there were no DVDs or VHS recorders. People were watching movies but in the cinema, not at home. Do you remember the packed seats, the laughter, the excitement, and the intermission when the projectionist

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had to change the film reels? It was a good time to go to the bathroom or visit the concession stand. In 1940, books were still read on paper, not on digital tablets, and the bestseller was "How Green Was My Valley." Oh, that was such a long time ago. In 1940 Tom and Jerry made their debut in "Puss Gets the Boot." The Faroe Islands were occupied by British troops following the invasion of Denmark by Germany. "Take it or Leave it" made its debut on CBS Radio and Canada declared war on Italy. Manuel Ávila Camacho took office as President of Mexico. Mahatma Gandhi, Indian spiritual non-violence leader wrote his second letter to Adolf Hitler addressing him "My friend", requesting him to stop the war Germany had begun. The French government fled to Bordeaux, Paris fell under German occupation and the Olympic Games were suspended. In 1941 Pearl Harbor was attacked and America went to war. Blackout curtains went up; ration cards for gasoline, tires, and food were passed out and enthusiastically supported. Your mother saved bacon grease and metal cans for the war effort. Everyone was terrified of a telegram arriving with bad news about their son, husband, or a neighbor who was in the Army. Everyone bought bonds and you bought bond stamps at school and the atomic bomb was exploded. That was the world you were born into. Since then you and others have changed but it didn't stop the planet from spinning on and on, year by year. Time passed in which you would grow bigger, older, smarter, perhaps wiser, and in which you also lost some things. Possessions got misplaced and memories faded. Friends and classmates parted and relatives died. Do you ever think of your friends who are gone now? Do you think of your parents, their friends and your relatives? Do you remember the "grownups" that came to your home to visit your parents? The nights at home listening to The Grand Old Opry, the Inner Sanctum, and Saturday mornings listening to "No School Today" - "...If you go down in the woods today, you better not go alone because today's the day the teddy bears have their picnic.' 'Thump your magic twanger Froggy because there's no school today!" The 1940s were indeed a special decade. The war in Europe was affecting people everywhere. The postwar world encouraged decolonization, new states and governments emerged and others declared independence, often not without bloodshed. The dystopian novel Nineteen Eighty-Four was published picturing a totalitarian Big Brother regime controlling its citizens. NATO was created and Iceland declared independence from Denmark. Mao Zedong's Chinese Communist Party was victorious in their Civil War. Ballistic missiles were developed. Do you still remember "Mr. Sandman" and the day our classmate was singing it at the Blount assembly? She enthralled our entire class and her identity has been lost to time but some of us still remember how quiet the

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auditorium got while she performed. She brought magic to Blount that day. More time passed and we went on to Pensacola High School, to college, to the military, to work. We got married and built our own family. Time is passing faster now and there is more life behind us than in front but at long last we have the time to sit, to reflect, to remember, and to think about friends long gone, places visited, triumphs and failures, loves gained and hearts broken, delights and regrets; all the things that were, never were, but might have been. There is time left for the Class of 1958 but not as much as before and there is so much to remember and so much to be thankful for.

That nailed it for me!! I'm a Yankee transplant, but an ardent ambassador of Pensacola. I have more or less morphed (with help) into a 1950's era native. I can watch "Remembering Pensacola" and almost imagine growing up here. Of course, my life growing up was during the same time period, and things were somewhat the same (music, dress, cars, etc.), however, the landscape and climate were quite different. Corn fields and snow vs. white sand beaches and sunshine. For good measure, add one girl named Sandra. Wow!!



Charlie Stokes former PHS offensive coordinator under Jim Scoggins, passed away. Coach Stokes was probably better known as Superintendent of Escambia County Schools. He also served as head football coach at Pensacola Tech High School and was the first head coach at the new Woodham High School in 1965. Coach Stokes played football at the University of Tennessee and was considered one of the best single-wing coaches in the country. As stated in the Florida's Oldest High School Football Team, Coach Stokes stepped in during the darkest days at PHS and saved the program from neglect. He was instrumental in having Leo Carvalis hired and seeing that resources were provided to the Tigers creating

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a chance to be competitive. For example, he made sure PHS got a weight room. He was one of my favorites and I enjoyed visiting with him at various get-togethers of old Tigers. He will be sorely missed. Rest in Peace, Coach Stokes.

I had kept in touch with Peggy Brock for many years. She married a service man who was badly injured in a plane crash and when he left the service they moved to Vernon, Florida where I believe they farmed. Miss Doris Gilbert who taught at Blount also ended up in the very small town of Vernon after marriage. For the last two years I didn't hear from either of them at Christmas and this year Peggy's card was returned so I checked the internet where I sadly found her obituary. I haven't been able to locate Miss Gilbert (Mrs. Veston Newsom). She was my 8th grade science and math teacher at Blount Junior High. She wrote me in 1969 from Vernon when she saw my Dad's obit in the Pensacola News Journal and we kept in regular touch after that. I'm sorry to lose yet another friend from our PHS days but I'm grateful for the sweet memories. Thanks for working so hard to keep those memories alive.

I found a Mrs. Veston Newsom who is 90 years old living in Vernon. That must be Miss Gilbert and she appears to be still living. Her mother taught at Brownsville Grade school. Miss Gilbert asked me if I would help her close up her classroom for the summer. I lived just a few blocks from the school. It was hard work but I did get to eat in the lunchroom with all the teachers. I was a bit nervous about the whole thing but I remember we had flounder which I had never eaten before. Mrs. Gilbert seemed quite old to me then and I think she lived into her 90's.

Peggy Brock was a kind and lovely person. I never knew her to say anything against anyone. She was a PHS treasure that took all her goodness into the rest of her life.

Regarding the closing of N.B Cook elementary school; its sad news, but I have fond memories. Graham (Homer) and I used to eat red peppers from the nursery across the street while on crossing guard duty. We used to get out of school to watch the World Series at Harry and Donny Carroll's house. Jerry Struck and I would have archery practice after school. Sometimes, after school I would go Bill and Kay Jones' house to watch their brother, Charlie practice pole vaulting. Those were fun times.

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Pat Thames passing was strikingly hard news for me as I was a close friend of Pat's in high school and PJC. However I had very bad news last August when my dearest friend Zelma also passed and it seems that we are losing all of our friends now. I have not been able to cope well with Zelma's death and now hearing about Pat has deepened my sadness and left an even bigger hole in my heart. If it were not for you I would have probably never have known about Pat's passing and I just want for you to know how grateful I am that you take the time to post these things on line. I do appreciate that you still had me on your email list. I would love to go to her memorial service but this sad news has come a bit at the last minute and I do not think it possible to be there. If you do go, please give my condolences to her sister Bettye as she was very kind to me when Pat and I were very young.

I have been a "cliff dweller" for years and have had no regrets.

Our dear friends and classmates are more frequently joining the Roll Call. Just today I received the notice regarding Pat Thames and that hurt. I remember her well back at PHS. She was popular, liked by everyone and a good friend to me.

I still have fond memories of Pat. She was a class act

Thank you so much for sharing and keeping in touch with everyone to allow me to learn about Pat Thames passing. She was a friend of mine and invited me to join her in New Orleans for my first trip on an airplane when she was Miss Northwest Florida. As I recall, some girl that was dating Elvis Presley won the competition in New Orleans and we met her in the elevator and she had dirty crinolines slips on! Oh, the memories. Pat was a lovely person and we will miss her.

I didn't know about Sandra DeLapp. When did she pass? I spoke to her on the telephone just before the last reunion which i could not attend and she seemed fine. I am so sorry to hear about her as well. How many of us are left do you think? I am assuming that Pat died of cancer but do you know how her daughter died? I did not know that either but her daughter was born the same time as my oldest son and I do remember the day that she was born. I am not coping well with the news of my friends passing away but I suppose that at our age it is to be expected. I know that so many others have passed but none that I knew so well and some I do not even remember but all of these years just flew by in a blink did they not? So much of it seems like yesterday.

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Your message touched my heart. It does take courage to grow old and try to stay as healthy as one can in order to enjoy what time we have left. I will be your age next month, so I know of what you speak. We too moved into a condo and at times even it seems too much to handle. Give yourself time and you will start to enjoy not having to do all those things you left behind. My husband really enjoys not having to mow, trim bushes, and clear the snow from driveway and sidewalk! So, his "hobby" now is to do the laundry, which I will gladly hand over to him. At least we feel free to travel (our window of opportunity is closing with every passing day), read, go out with friends and neighbors, and work with wonderful people in our local Optimist Club. It has been fun to watch our grandkids grow up. One is in college and one is headed to USMC come August. I'm trying to lose some weight, but it's much harder than it used to be. At times, I wonder, what's the use of worrying as I enjoy eating good food and even an occasional glass of wine with my friends! You are not alone when you look in the mirror and see someone else. Our mirrors are unkind to us, but it is what it is. All of us "of a certain age" feel the same way you do. I, like you missed a lot during my teenage years. How wonderful to go back to 1956 and enjoy those three years in high school as its meant to be. But it's not meant to be, so....let's make the most of it. Don't be sad. ENJOY LIFE!!

I still have fond memories of Pat. She was a class act. Your story reminds me of the old truism: "Growing old is not for sissies."

We're all in the same boat.....getting old, BUT still mentally feeling like we are still teenagers. It annoys me when folks that look a lot younger say: "yes mam" to me!

You know, it takes real courage to get old. It's not for the faint of heart. I want to be young again. There are things I missed doing!

Wanting to be young again reminds me of George Burns, who always talked about wanting to make it to 100. In his late 90's he performed at a benefit and sang a ditty "I want to be 14 again". Me too, I want to be 14 again, that was a good time in my life.

My 86 year old cousin told me a few years ago "Growing old isn't for sissies." I now know exactly what she meant! It seems when I get one pain under control another pops up! It's a challenge but I lean on God for strength and to keep a positive attitude. I have much to be thankful for. One day at a time seems to

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work best for me. I can't see what the future holds but can cherish memories of the past. Thanks to you and all your hard work, PHS is still alive and well in my memory bank.

I'll be 76 Saturday and children and grandchildren are coming to town to celebrate it. There will be 18 of us enjoying seafood at a local restaurant and I'm just going to soak it all in and look forward to what another year brings.

Several months after my father died an elementary school classmate came up to me and told me that his father had just died too. He said "we're in the same boat now" but I don't remember who the boy was. It was hard to be that young without a father as in those days divorce was rare and every child had a father. Every child that is, except me and the other boy. I remember once the class had a father-son lunch. They served "Sloppy Joe's" and teacher sent the other boy and me to eat with another class as we were the only two without a father. They should have had a stand-in for us. Sending us to another table just made it hurt more. I wonder who that boy was. I cannot remember his name.

What has happened to our class? I remember the excitement of finding lost classmates, getting lots of notices, and classmates responding, but in the past couple of years it seems to have all died away. You did a great job in pulling the class together but it looks to me like we're all drifting apart again. It cannot be our age because I see the pictures you send from the other classes who are having meetings, luncheons, and mini-reunions. If they can do it, why can't we? What is wrong with our class? Have we lost our spirit? I certainly hope not. I am hoping there will be a 60th reunion in 2018 because I really want to go home one more time. I want to see my friends again, probably for the last time. I want to walk on the beach and feel the sand in my toes. I want to drive by Hopkins Boarding House and I'll have lunch at Worners' Restaurant in Brownsville. Oh, I hope our class is alright. I live so far away now and I have no relatives in Pensacola anymore so I don't get home except for our reunions. I miss my friends and Pensacola so much. It's all brown desert here and I long for the white sand and blue water of Pensacola Beach. I want to go home so badly.

Being the "perfectionist" that you are, I can only say that your restoration makes this photo a "real keeper" for me!!!! Mom and Dad prized the commemoration of my first haircut, so it meant a lot to them. When you consider that Mom would not

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let them cut my curls until I was over 3 years old, nearly 4, that was a milestone day for them, and, therefore, for me. Remarkable the stuff from our childhood that is meaningful and memorable, but this was one of theirs, and therefore one of mine. MANY, MANY thanks!

I'm saddened to hear of the passing of David Gilchrist. He was a gentle soul.

That's too bad. I remember David Gilchrist well at PHS.

The "A Crabby Old Woman" video is beautiful! Touching! Sad!

Oh my goodness, how "A Crabby Old Woman" touched my heart. You have no idea what this meant to me. I watched my mother disappear slowly with Alzheimer's and then my mother in law. The video is beautiful. Thank you for your talent, and for sharing!

Thanks! "A Crabby Old Woman" is very poignant and well done. I can still remember the first time I saw my mother sitting in a wheelchair by the nurses' station. I didn't even recognize her at first. And, I wasn't sure she knew me. The usual twinkle in her eyes was gone. I felt terrible! And, it wasn't over for her yet. Once, she looked up at me and said very stoically "Don't worry, I can handle this." I have often thought about why people no longer go to visit their aging parents in nursing homes even though they may have promised to do so more often. Besides living so far away from her, I think in my case it was several factors. The eventual loss of recognition, the inability to converse, loss of responsiveness, and how personally disturbed it made me feel to see her fading away. The latter was a selfish feeling on my part which also brought on feelings of guilt. I just hope I do not wind up in one of those wheelchairs and put my family through all that heartbreak. I couldn't help remembering when I got the call two January's ago around 5:00 PM. My Aunt (Dad's sister) called me with some news at the time I could not understand. Both my Aunt/Uncle and Mom/Dad lived in a nice gated community. My Aunt and Uncle bought the 'other half' of a duplex with my Mom and Dad. While I last visited Mom and Dad at Thanksgiving the news just seemed so distant and cold, this happens to other people I thought. A few months ago, we all were having a great time. My Aunt told me that my Mom didn't recognize my Dad. It was one of those moments that "younger" kids do today, but this time I was serious and really couldn't understand and said, "Whaaaat?", in a in increasing

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pitch, more so, not wanting to believe what I heard. It was true; Mom had no recollection of my Dad. Yet, when I talked to my Mom that day, she knew who I was, who my wife was, my children, my sister, my Dad's sister, neighbors, I could go on but you get the point. But looking at my Dad there was nothing. After 66 years of wonderful marriage and a number of years dating, waiting for her Love to return from the War, there was nothing. Dad was beside himself. Not knowing how insidious this disease was, I tried to 'rationalize' with my Mom. Odd thing about Alzheimer's, your mind is taken back to a younger time. So Mom knew who she was talking to and knew many stories about me. I asked Dad if he showed pictures of him and her, his driver's license, photo albums - all in the affirmative. Mom knew she was married to him but couldn't remember what happened to him. Mom recognized her as a "younger woman" and even recognized my father in his younger and handsome youth, but could not bridge the difference between a driver's license who showed an older man with his name. She could not remember him as her handsome, youthful husband. Dementia is a terrible disease. Mom even remembered that her husband had a tattoo that he and his brother got while they were in the Navy. Among other images, it was an anchor, and his date of service. I tried to trick Mom by saying it was on his right arm, but she corrected me saying that it was on his left arm. Thinking I had her now, the pieces were so close and my crafty story was carefully being put together, how could she not remember Dad now? I asked for Mom to ask the "man" to show her his left arm. Over the phone I heard Mom say, "Hey, let me see your left arm." There was a small pause, I thought, yes, the memory made the connection, but to my horror, Mom said, "I don't know how he did that (Mom recognized the tattoo), but that man is not my husband." So began, her slippery slide to the end, and yet, it was always a love story even to the end for both. Mom had moments of lucidness and remembering Dad. Dad understood everything, but confided with me that it hurts his heart when "his love" doesn't remember him. Still, they'd hold hands on Saturday evening watching the Lawrence Welk Show. While most of the people on the show have passed or are as old as Mom and Dad, Mom would tell me the history of who was married to whom, their children and other details too minute to remember as if she was watching the show 40 years ago. It was a beautiful love story. During that short time between my Mom's memory loss and her passing, I got to visit her about every other week. My sister and I found a memory care facility in that had an assisted living in another wing. With the many years, Dad got so dependent on Mom to pay the bills, plan for dinner, buy groceries and make doctor's appointments that Dad ended up not knowing how to do the basic life skills. He was

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capable, strong, (somewhat) healthy, but couldn't look after himself. His wish to my sister and I was to do everything we can to keep him and Mom together (a true love story). With the memory care wing, the facility had many "couple-patients" in the same situation and Mom and Dad lived together at the memory care facility. Not ideal, but tolerable as we looked for a similar set-up near where my sister lives in Hilton Head. I flew back to visit them about every other week and spend about a week there. We would go on picnics, go out to lunch, dinner, church a few doctor's appointments. I got to know my parents very well. I also got to know so many "crabby old women" that I soon found that it was a treat sitting down and talking with them. While a hideous disease, there is what I see a humorous side to this disease. As I sit down and talk to the "crabby old woman", they were more than happy to talk to me. I was just a kind stranger who took some time to say hi. In the beginning, our discussions were rather thin and sketchy. I mostly listened and tried to make some connections to what the "crabby old woman" was talking about. However, each time, I got to know a little more and more about the "crabby old woman". Soon, after a number of visits, (they would never remember our earlier meetings), our conversations were becoming more and more enriched. Soon, I knew a lot about their family, what they did in their youth, about their husband, what service they served (one was a plank owner for the USS Enterprise). Funny, I never knew what a plank owner was, it was a big deal, and the "crabby old woman" would with a gleam in her eye would tell me all about it. The next day, week, whenever, I would have a fantastic conversation, back in her own time, but I was with her, reliving her life. You wouldn't believe how many times we would laugh when I would bring up a story she told me before as she then added a little more to it as she recalled it as if it happened yesterday. Almost as an old friend who was there living the story with her. Often Mom and Dad would be there when I visited these "crabby old woman". Dad understood what was happening as I learned a little more and more of their life. Mom often asked how I knew these "crabby old woman"? Other times, Mom would thank me for sitting down and talking with them as if Mom knew what I was doing and what those "crabby old woman" were going through. In the end, things were happening very fast. We finally got Dad moved up near us and my sister. My sister and I were there as they opened the ambulance door; we were all standing around and were the first thing Dad saw. His face was just glowing and so happy to see us all there together. Mom on the other hand had a stroke down at the nursing home and was more in a coma with no prognosis of recovery. We had her driven up separately. We told Dad that Mom was on her way, but she had a stroke and was in a coma. He knew that was bad. We told Dad

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that Mom will look like she is sleeping, but maybe she can hear, but cannot respond. Dad started to show his age and was rapidly declining. Dad was 88 and Mom was 86. My sister got to see them daily; I went down about every other week. At some point, Mom stopped swallowing. The doctors still gave no hope of recovery and we made the most heart wrenching but loving decision anyone ever needs to make. We told the doctor no life support and that meant no water no food. It was the hardest thing I've ever done. Dad became worse and worse. Yet, he told my sister and me that he appreciated all we did for them, keeping them together until the end. He told me he knew his days were numbered and would be going soon. Dad passed away first, nearly two months after that dreaded call in January. Mom passed away four days later. Theirs was a love story to the very end. I think I'll need to find some more "crabby old women" and get to know them. I think this is some of our responsibilities we owe our elders. If they aren't our parents, they are someone else's and after a "few" visits, we'll be talking and laughing as if we were old friends. Thanks for the "A Crabby old Woman" video. It brought good memories back to me.

Yes, I got teary. "A Crabby Old Woman" hits too close to home. I'm going to go hug my wife.

I didn't realize it until a couple of days later, but the September 2016 luncheon at the Pensacola Yacht Club was actually the Class of 1958's 58th Anniversary Reunion~!!

The luncheon at the Pensacola Yacht Club was great~!! I had a chance to see several old friends but I missed some who were not there. Hopefully they'll all be at the 60th in 2018. The luncheon was a great idea and whoever planned it deserves all of our thanks. I hope there's another one next year and then comes the big one the year after. I look forward to seeing all of my friends then. Great write up on Jim Flynn. I and my myrtle grove buddies spent many enjoyable times at the Elbow Room. Even our dates liked it there. We'll miss you Jim.

Last night in Dothan Alabama, Shelby Gene Lawrence passed away. She was always a pleasure and a treasure. I'll miss her jokes and infectious laughs. I'm blessed to have known her.

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I remember Shelby very well from high school. She was a beautiful and intelligent woman.

The older we get the faster our friends are leaving. Thanks for keeping those of us who are still here informed.

I'm scared each time I see a Fallen Tiger announcement on my email. We're losing so many of our dear friends and it's going to happen more frequently now that we're getting older. Some don't like to admit that we're approaching the last time for so many things. You've said several times this may be our last formal reunion and you're probably right. We're just getting too old to travel across the country like that. Pensacola is so far away but I think of it often. I miss home so much and I miss my friends back there. Oh how I'd like to spend another day at the beach with them as I did so many years ago. It seems like a dream. Some say it's not good to live in the past but I'm not living there, I'm remembering it. We settled far out west because of work but I'm alone now. My children and grandchildren are here so I can't really leave but I want to go home again. I want to go home, back to Pensacola. I miss Pensacola so much. Those that stayed there made a good choice. I envy them.

He was always known as Claude Woody. His sister was Babs. We live just a few blocks from each other in Lakewood. Claude was a good friend and had a smile for everybody. He helped me get my first paper route and also got me into the band crew at PHS. That got us out of class when the team and the band had to travel out of the area. We had to load and unload and carry instruments and gear, but it got us out of school and made for some interesting road trips. Even though he was a year older we were still the best of friends back then. Gee whiz, is anyone left? We are losing too many too quickly. I hope you have a happy St. Patrick's Day. Isn't Tippin Irish? I wonder which county. John Coyle has relatives over in the old sod. Anyway, I've rambled enough. Take care.

I met Ross Mudge at Clubbs Junior High School as seventh graders when we both sang tenor in the glee club, sort of like meeting you in PHS Glee Club. At one of the assembly programs I sang a couple solo songs and Ross accompanied me on the piano. Funniest thing I remember about that performance is that after I took a bow I started to run off the stage and ran into the piano~!! Embarrassing but Ross

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just smiled at me and made light of it. It was good talking with him at the 55th Reunion. I'm sorry I can't be there for his memorial service.

I was very sorry to hear of Ross Mudge passing. I had just gotten to know him at our 55th reunion. He was an interesting and very talented guy, a great piano player and entertainer. It was the same with Shelby Lawrence. I sat with her at the 55th and discovered she was really an amusing character that I would like to have known better. Then of course there's Zelma. We did stay in contact often but neither of us took the next step to go forward although we cared for each other a lot. Through our reunions I have become friends with many that I barely knew if at all during our days at Pensacola High. I pray that we can keep the reunions going. As you so aptly put it.... "Don't wait too long."

Boy, that news article about Blount Junior High property being developed brought back memories~!! I attended Blount for my 7th & 8th grades but the school board sent me to Brownsville Junior High for my 9th grade. I had many good times at Blount and I had my first girlfriend there, but she didn't know it. I was too bashful to tell her then.

At assembly in the auditorium she stood in front of the class and sang "Mr. Sandman, Send Me a Dream." She was outstanding and the class was enthralled. I've forgotten who the singer was but I've never forgotten how well she sang and how quiet the class became. Even at that age we knew we were hearing something special that we'd never experience again.

There was a science demonstration at Blount every night for a week. I remember the final act was some guy standing on a large battery and electricity passing through him to a terminal. That was very exciting in those days.

I remember once at Blount I and another guy were sent to the principal's office for something we had done. I forget what it was but he smacked us both on the butt with a large paddle he kept there. I guess they can't do that anymore.

At our graduation ceremony at Blount Junior High School in 1955 I remember being scared silly as I had to give the valedictorian speech Mrs. McClesky had written which I memorized, and I still have my copy of that speech. She told me not to look at the audience but to look at the clock on the back wall. After the

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ceremony we drove over to Pensacola High School on Palafox Street and my dad took pictures of me in front of the school steps in my new dress and corsage. Later we picked up my best friend and her father dropped us off at the movie to see "The Creature from the Black Lagoon". She could hardly watch scary movies but she always was ready to go to the next one. Whenever the movie got really spooky, she would leave her seat and not return until it was "safe" again. I remember when we went to see "War of the Worlds" it had her in a real tizzy. Whenever she heard the sounds of the machines coming, she was headed to the front lobby. Those were the days! Thanks for bringing back memories.

**WELCOMING ADDRESS
BY
MARILYN BERRY**

**BLOUNT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA
MAY 24, 1955**

PLATFORM GUESTS, FACULTY, PARENTS, FRIENDS, AND FELLOW CLASSMATES; IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO EXTEND TO YOU IN BEHALF OF THE GRADUATING CLASS A GRACIOUS WELCOME. IT IS BOTH A PRIVILEGE AND AN HONOR TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN THIS TIME TO SPEAK TO YOU. WE ARE PROUD TO HAVE YOU WITH US TO HELP US TO COMMERATE ONE OF OUR HAPPIEST MOMENTS. GRADUATION TIME, LIKE SPRING, HAS A HINT OF SADNESS. ONE IS REMINDED OF THE POETIC WORDS "APRIL, APRIL, LAUGH THY GIRLISH LAUGHTER, AND THE MOMENTS AFTER, WEEP THY GIRLISH TEARS." WHILE WE, THROUGH YOUR GRACIOUSNESS, HOLD THE CENTER OF THE STATE, THIS AFTERNOON IS AS MUCH A TRIUMPH FOR OUR PARENTS AS FOR US. FOR FOURTEEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS YOU HAVE BEEN TRAINING US FOR THIS DAY, FOR THIS COMMENCEMENT OF OUR ADULT LIFE. YOU HAVE SPARED NEITHER YOUR EFFORTS NOR YOUR PRAYERS. THOUGH OUR YOUTHFUL MINDS CANNOT FULLY COMPREHEND YOUR LOYALTY, WE KNOW IN OUR HEART WHAT YOU HAVE MEANT TO US, WHAT YOU WILL ALWAYS MEAN TO US. TO OUR PRINCIPAL AND TEACHERS, TODAY MEANS REASSURANCE AS WELL AS TRIUMPH. HOW MANY TIMES MUST YOU, AS YOU DEALT WITH US IN OUR IGNORANCE AND FOOLISHNESS, HAVE WONDERED WHAT THE OUTCOME WOULD BE? ONLY A TEACHER CAN KNOW HOW MUCH COURAGE, HOW MUCH WISDOM, HOW MUCH HONEST HARD WORK IT TAKES TO BE A TEACHER. ONLY A STUDENT CAN KNOW HOW MUCH IT MEANS TO HAVE SUCH TEACHERS. THIS DAY CLOSES A CHAPTER IN OUR LIVES, MAYBE THE MOST IMPORTANT PERIOD WE HAVE YET KNOWN, AND HAS A VERY VALUABLE BEARING ON OUR FUTURE. WE ARE LOOKING TO THE FUTURE WHICH PROMISES

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US MANY WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS; SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE BUT WE SHALL ALWAYS LOOK BACK WITH PLEASURE UPON THE HAPPY DAYS SPENT AT DEAR OLD BLOUNT JUNIOR HIGH. AS WE LEAVE THIS SCHOOL, WE TRUST THAT WE MAY EVER BRING HONOR TO HER NAME. IN CLOSING, I WANT TO SAY AGAIN HOW GLAD WE ARE TO HAVE ALL OF YOU WITH US. WE SHOULD NOT HAVE ENJOYED OUR GRADUATION DAY HAD YOU NOT COME. AGAIN, I SAY WELCOME, AND I THANK YOU.

Maribyn Berry

Without all your efforts, many memories would have been tucked away and long forgotten. Thanks for being a great classmate and friend.

I was sad to see that Oscar's Restaurant in Brownsville has closed. My husband and his brother worked at the Brownsville restaurant in their teens and my husband continued during his PJC days. Ted Bundy was arrested behind Oscar's sitting in a VW~!! A local restaurateur bought the business but couldn't make a go of it and I think now it's going to be a seafood place. I read some time ago that Felton's Bowling Alley also had closed. I used to go there on dates long, long ago.

My husband went to Allie Yneistra but for some reason in 1939 his younger brother went to Brownsville Elementary. Perhaps the school zones changed. They lived on Gadsden, just a few blocks from Brownsville. At the time we lived near Blount and "O" Street and I went to Allie Yniestra in the sixth grade. When I was 14 we bought a small house on Brainard Street between "X" and "Y" streets, I think not far from Brownsville Elementary School. I caught the bus to Blount and PHS near Denny's (was that the name?) on Strong. I attended Brownsville Baptist Church on Strong and "T". We always told our Kentucky relatives we lived in Pensacola but it was more like we actually lived in Brownsville. Coming from a small town, Brownsville always seemed more comfortable to us but we did shop in downtown Pensacola.

After my father died my mother had to go to work so the only way I could get to school was by walking which I guess was about two miles. Mom used to leave the alarm clock on a pie pan next to my bed and then she'd call at the same time to ensure I woke up and got dressed for school. There was no school bus at the time so I had to do the long walk and I remember how tired I was after getting to

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school and home as those were very long miles, especially when it was raining and our street was still unpaved red clay. There were long stretches where the road went through fields of blackjacks and weeds and there is no way a 10 year old kid would be allowed to do that walk these days. I had one of those yellow slicker raincoats with rubber boots and a yellow hood and I remember walking through the rain - actually that was kind of fun at the time. There were other kids living along the way but no parent ever offered me a ride yet they'd wave when they drove past. I've often wondered about why they didn't offer me a ride. I don't think I could have passed up a little kid walking in the rain. In the afternoon when I got home my mother was still at work so I had to go to the rear of the house and enter through an unlocked window as I didn't have a key. Those were some hard times but I survived.

Shelby Jean was a sweet lady. As I recall, she and I were majorettes at Clubbs which is where we met.

What a full, beautiful, joyful and inspiring life Mrs. Parker had. May she be joining the angel choir in Heaven.

We both knew Mrs. Martha Parker, and I had her for 10th Grade Chorus. I wanted so many times to go see her and even heard that she asked about me a couple of years ago! God, I wished I would have just gone to the assisted living place on Wright Street just to see her.

I kept up with him over the years as he worked at Monsanto and I would see him there every now and then and later at the Monsanto retiree outings. I tried my best to get him to come to our PHS reunions but he wouldn't. I called him about our 55th but he still refused. I sent him a copy of the DVD of it and told him to plan to be at the 60th. I don't know if he would have come or not but as you often say, "Don't Wait Too Long".

He was a good friend of my wife but dropped off our radar several years ago. Last time we saw him was the occasion of his birthday. We met him at the Wisteria for a celebratory cold beer. I hope by now they have met up again in Heaven and are renewing their friendship. Coincidentally, he passed away on the same date as my wife, but three years later. Time does slip away!

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Enclosed is my May 24, 1955 valedictorian speech to the graduating class at Blount Junior High and a clipping from the newspaper regarding our Pensacola High graduation. I went through my storage bin of school memorabilia and really didn't find anything I thought would be of general interest. I did come across a small paper from Allie Yniestra - it had been rolled up and tied with a ribbon once and was our graduation diploma. I thought I had lost it so I was glad to find it. I included a picture of my friend and me. She lived in Brownsville and had a TV long before my family got one. I would go over and watch Red Foley's show and some scary movie with her and her younger sisters. We popped popcorn and one night burned it. We tried to air out the house before her mom got home. She worked late and my friend was in charge until she came in or her older brother got off from his job. She took the responsibility very seriously. She didn't go on to PHS. She did marry and moved to California. We kept in touch for a few years and I'll always think of her as my best friend in those Allie Yniestra and Blount days. I'm so glad we have our memories. Some make us laugh out loud or cringe from embarrassment. Others make us feel a little sad for what was or might have been but all in all, they keep on going day to day as we continue to make new memories.

Thanks for keeping in touch and keeping me up to date. I wish that we had been in touch years ago. I lost two very good friends during the last couple of years.

I concur in your wisdom for downsizing your life before it is too late. My wife and I were soon to be faced with that decision and daunting task, but sadly fate put the matter solely in my hands. After her passing, I could soon see that I needed to downsize and relocate. My decision was twofold. First, I no longer needed such a big house & yard and could no longer care for it properly. Secondly, I wanted to make the downsizing and my future care easier for my daughter and her husband. As you well know, it was not an easy task, but I'm so glad that I have put that job behind me. While it may have been easier with my wife's help, I'm thankful that she was not faced with doing the downsizing alone. Truly, one never knows what tomorrow may bring.

The Class of 1958 is a wonderful group - you have had a chance to know and love and work with better than me - I'm jealous. It's a sad fact to know that this life is near its end. We have to be thankful for the good times, all the wonderful memories, the genuine accomplishments we achieved and as we both know, we are so fortunate to have lived, worked and loved in America. We have to be amongst

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the most fortunate people who ever lived. These are some of the thoughts I carry every day. I know and have lived the difference between not having a place and having a home. I never thought I would be married and by golly, my wife has evolved into my special Trophy Wife. She has been so wonderful in so many ways. I plan to be at the 60th Reunion. It will be a testament to all the surviving members of a persistent blessing and good intentions to still be here amongst the group. I think we have been extremely fortunate. So be there and celebrate and be thankful that all of us have survived what life and our experiences have thrown at us. We can and must recognize that we are the offspring of the Greatest Generation of Americans. They gave us a blessing and encouraged us to go forth.

With a lump in my throat I have just finished watching the Fallen Tiger video for the class of '58 and want to commend you on a wonderful presentation of these classmates and the song selections that accompanied your pictures was very touching. I was the class of '59 so knew many of those familiar faces and couldn't believe when I saw their faces appear. Oh how I wish someone from my class would have taken the time to do this and present it in a way that will be treasured. I do think at the 50th class reunion we had a bulletin board with classmate's pictures and know we have lost several since the 50th reunion but there is no one who has done what you have done.

When the complainers check out from this earth and maybe their soul meanders to another galaxy or wherever, they would likely hope that classmates will take the time to look at the updated Fallen Tiger video which at that time would then include them~!!

I have just spent the past 27 minutes of this Sunday night watching "Fallen Tigers" this wonderful tribute you have put together and I was unexpectedly emotionally touched by seeing and thinking back about so many old friends. I commend and thank you for this impressive undertaking.

Half of us don't give a crap about all your "let's stay in touch crap." Besides, at 76 who really cares about staying in touch with a bunch of high school kids? Really, you need to get a hobby - this crap is ridiculous.

We now live in the fast paced internet age. Funny, many of the senior relatives of our youth seemed to have much more time than we do

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today. Well, we realize that we have less time now and even that little time is in short supply. Nonetheless, I tend to ignore such comments. There is time to do the right thing and to give our old friends the appropriate time required for our thoughts of them. So many thoughts and memories flood our minds as we review the slides. The thoughtful and respectful among us will be very thankful for the time spent making the slides and the precious moments that flood our minds as we view the slides again and again.

I watched *The Fallen Tigers* with tears in my eyes. I am from another class and it was an emotional experience. I feel especially sorry for those who died so young. I am 81 years old and have enjoyed my life to the fullest and I weep for those who were not so fortunate.

There's just so much emotion involved - they were good friends to many and will be with us only for as long as they are remembered. Nice work on the video and it was a lot of work, I'm sure. The results are good and you continue to warm our hearts!

I salute Ramon White for his kindness and his smile during our high school days.

It's hard to accept that John Coyle has gone on to that higher reunion you talk about. He was such a nice man, always smiling and happy. He was so proud of his "Irish Acres" and as he became more ill, not being able to get out on his tractor and cut the grass was something he really missed. He was a special friend and I remember him well at PHS. I hope his memory will be honored at the 60th because he would have been there in flesh but now I'm confident he will be present in spirit.

John encouraged me to come see "Irish Acres" several times but I didn't, and I missed his barbecue. I'm sorry now that I didn't try harder. The fault is mine.

A sad note is that John Coyle and I were in email contact not too long ago about his health and him perhaps not making it to the 60th. I wanted all his phone numbers so we could talk about getting him there no matter what. He said he doubted he would make it as the medical problem was pretty bad and he was "heading to the last roundup." That is how he expressed it. That was over a weekend and I put off calling him for a day or two and then you posted the announcement that he died

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early in the week just after he and I had spoken. It was pretty sad for me and I miss him. I regret not calling him right away. You are right, "don't wait too long."

When I read your original email I didn't "click" on who your grandmother was~!! I remember her quite well in high school - our "home rooms" were alphabetical so she and I usually were in the same room during first period. I've always been a sucker for blondes and her smile was beautiful. She was a very pretty girl. It was very sad and hard to believe what happened to her - terrible. I wish she were here in body to attend the reunion with the rest of her class but I believe she will be there in spirit. I do remember her, though as a 17 year old girl. The last time I saw her was at graduation when we all walked across the stage at the Pensacola auditorium. Your grandmother will be remembered and missed at the 60th reunion of her high school class.

I really appreciate your recent email concerning your "Memories" Booklet, and your comments on my personal account of the first time I ever crossed the Pensacola Beach Bridge in 1953 after moving from Atlanta to Pensacola when I was 16 years old. Feel free to include my story, with names included, in your "Memories" Booklet, Sue Hogue Higdon Martin; I watched the videos and loved the one on remembering Pensacola. I'll never forget the first time I drove across the two-lane bridge to the beach in my Dad's beloved Lincoln Town Car, glued to the steering wheel and praying all the way. At the beach I pulled over into the sand and got Dad's car stuck. It scared me so badly that I thought I would have a heart attack. I was by myself but fortunately two young men pulled over and rescued me by putting a bunch of sticks under the tires. I never asked my father to loan me his car again! As for the video, I cried all the way through it, it brought back so many GOOD memories! I was 16 and in my junior year of high school in Atlanta when our family moved to Pensacola where I graduated Pensacola High School in 1954. We had a two-story white house on Davis Highway, across from Schubert Lane and just south of Burgess Road which was called Ferry Pass then. Since I was in PHS only a year and a half, I don't know a lot of the folks in the classes that came after me. However, my cousins were the Pfeiffer kids, Ginger, Aden, and Freddy. Ginger Pfeiffer Werhan Is in your class, Aden Pfeiffer was in my class, and Freddy was the oldest. Aden (Bud) and Freddy (Sonny) had a wonderful orchestra. When I watched your video on the Class of 58, I was very touched at the scenes at Sanders Beach, since their orchestra played there for a long time. I married Jerry Higdon, Sr. in 1957. He was in the PHS Class of 1951. Jim

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Gaither, also in that class of '51, introduced me to Jerry. Jerry and I were married 42 years until he died of a heart attack in 2000. I knew a lot of folks who went to PHS between 1954 and 1951. Nine years after Jerry died, I miraculously saw my old High-School sweetheart on TV. We had dated when I lived in Atlanta and I was only 15. That's why I now live in Lawrenceville, Georgia - we married in 2012 and we are writing a book called "The Ballad of Sue and Ray". However, I miss Pensacola, my old PHS friends, and my two children so much that we are going to move back there sometime this year~!! I would love to come to Class of 1958's reunion but I don't know if we will be too busy packing then. I imagine my cousin, Ginger Pfeiffer will be there. She came to my wedding at Vogel State Park in North Georgia, in 2012. We had not seen each other since the fifties and I was thrilled to see her and meet her husband, Ken and her family. I would love to hear from some of our classmates sometime. I showed your video, "Remembering Pensacola", to my "new husband", Ray Martin, who was my old high school sweetheart at Northside High School in Atlanta, back in 1950 and 1951. He really enjoyed the video and, it brought back memories of his visits to see me in Pensacola after I moved there. We remembered lying in the sand on the edge of the water at Pensacola Beach, with the waves rushing in. When he stood up, his bathing suit almost fell off because it had filled full of sand. That event reminded us of the movie, "From Here to Eternity"--the first movie that was ever made showing a very romantic kissing scene on a beach. Ray's nickname was "Toe", because he was tow-headed, and, he took my picture writing "Toe" in the sand with my big toe. That was in 1953. We have some wonderful memories of that last summer that we ever saw each other--until 56 years later. He was going into the army in 1956 during the end of the Korean War. So, he wrote me when I was 20 and asked me to marry him. Unknown to us both, my mother burned his letter, because she wanted me to stay in Pensacola to take care of her when she got old. So, we both married other people, thinking neither of us cared about one another. I was widowed in 2000 and did not know if Ray was still alive until 2009, when God put us together with a series of miraculous events. That is why we are writing the book, "The Ballad of Sue and Ray". We still marvel over what God can do. We are looking forward to seeing more of your artistic accomplishments about our classmates. I know it must take a lot of your time and effort to keep the "Old Tiger Tales" going. Sue Hogue Higdon Martin, PHS Class of 1954.

A friend and classmate from PHS 1958 is in need and this is an opportunity for her friends and our class to offer what assistance we can. Ethel Weaver is currently in

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hospice in Pensacola, suffering from end stage Alzheimer's and is not expected to survive that terrible disease much longer. The expenses of Ethel's care have had a detrimental effect on her son and there is concern regarding funeral expenses as there is no insurance. The target for those expenses is \$1,200 and your reunion team has offered to collect and forward any contribution Ethel's friends would care to contribute.

Ethel Evelyn Weaver, husband Jimmy Payne (deceased) who was an Equitable insurance agent and a coach at Catholic High School. At PHS Ethel was active in the Annona, Girls Sports, Intramural, Vice President La Casino, Drama Club, Psychology Club, Music Appreciation and Y-Teens

My heart goes out to Ethel Weaver, a beautiful girl.

Thanks for the update on Ethel Weaver. It's a total shame for all the pain she is going through. I include her in my prayers. I didn't know her but pray God to take care of her.

I was very much touched by Ethel Weaver's situation and I just discovered that I will not be able to attend the Class Reunion. So my wife and I will contribute our \$130 to "The Ethel Weaver Project." I remember Ethel in the halls of PHS and I challenge everyone who cannot attend the reunion to match me and we'll "get-'er-done". God Bless us all, cause we are all getting to that age, where only He can help.

"So, so sad! Alzheimer's is a wretched illness! My mother had it too, but it was a more "gentle" kind. We were happy for her when she finally had her "graduation day" as she would call passing away...in her lucid moments. I will be happy for Ethel when she has her "graduation day"! I'm glad that our school friends are reaching out to help her family at this difficult time. You should receive my donation in a few days. I put it in today's mail. I enclosed a snap shot of her when we went to Mobile for Mardi Gras back in 1956. Perhaps someone in her family would like to have it. So, so, sad~!! "

Jerry Freeman died this morning.

Jerry was a dear person that I remember fondly from our class of '58. Sorry to hear he passed away.

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Holy Moley, Jerry just came into my library--seems like just months ago, to start working on his family history!!! He said he was working or volunteering at the sheriff's office. SO SAD!! He's the only alumnus of ours that I finally met, all these years later.

I've always appreciated and admired Jerry Not only was he a great person but a great leader in our class. He will be missed, but remembered by those of us fortunate to have known him and worked with him.

I am so pleased at the outpouring of love shown to my friend Ethel and her devoted son, Mike. It was an honor to be able to participate. All will be blessed for this. I wish I could attend the reunion and once again rub shoulders with such a wonderful group of people. I do think we had an awesome class! Unfortunately my husband is 95 years old and travel is not easy for him anymore and there is no one who can stay with him. So I will not be able to attend. I will be with you all in Spirit. Give everyone my best regards!!

May God bless Ethel Weaver, her family, and all of us.

Thanks' for keeping us posted regarding Ethel Weaver. We hope she will be better if not here on Earth then in Gods kingdom.

In 1951 because of my mother's health my family left Kentucky and I never expected to live in Florida as we were supposed to go to Arizona. Instead, we ended up in Brownsville where I registered at Allie Yniestra which had more students in my class than all 12 grades of the school my Kentucky home town. I was overwhelmed at the size of my new school but on my very first day at Allie Yniestra I made lifetime friendships that continue to this day! At the time we were living in a trailer near "O" street but my parents eventually bought a little house on Brainard Street. When I joined Brownsville Baptist there was a good looking young man who finally asked me out a few weeks after our PHS graduation and we were married the following year. In Kentucky I would have graduated in a class of 65 but with the PHS class of 1958, there were over 600. God does move in mysterious ways because I left friends and family in Kentucky and made new friends and found love in Florida, experiencing things I never dreamed of. For example, the first time I saw the Gulf of Mexico I blurted out, "Now I know why they thought the world was flat!" I had never understood that statement when I

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lived in the hills of Kentucky! Before we left for Florida the Kentucky doctors had predicted my mother would probably live only a couple of years more if she didn't move to a better climate. She lived to be 93 and always said, "It was the pine trees and salt sea air that cured me!" and in a soft whisper would add "and God."

I've no doubt my life was never happen-chance. It was all meant to be and planned by God. I was six years old when my first grade teacher told my Mom that if I applied myself I could be valedictorian. I later asked my Mom what was a valedictorian and she told me it was the person in the class with the best grades and a seed was planted that day. From that day on I would work for A's. It was never that I was smart, but I was determined and was good at memorization! Five years of school in Kentucky and I made all A's. I thought that would be the end when we moved. Coming from a small school Mom and Dad expected me to be behind but we were surprised to find in some classes I was ahead. I continued to make all A's at Blount and then PHS. When I got home from Class Day I called Miss Mabel, my teacher in Kentucky to tell her I had graduated as valedictorian, and she replied, "I always knew you would!"

Fulfilling a dream, making so many wonderful friends, finding the man who would share my walk through life for 57 years and all the blessings that came with it; all this and more have made my life a surprising journey. I'm nearing the end of it now but I know there is much yet to come! Thanks for listening and being a friend in a very special way.

Ms. Margaret Stephens Barrisford is celebrating her 100th birthday next Tuesday at the Haven on Summit Blvd from 2 to 4. She taught some of us at Blount Jr High and at PJC. She is amazing...As she says "all original parts." I remember so well the first day in her class when she told us up front she had never given any student all A's. She had several students who had made all A's in elementary school but we were told not to expect that would continue. For me it was like she threw down the gauntlet! I was determined back then. At the end of the year she wrote a note on my report card saying "I've never made out a report card like this before." She was one of the best teachers ever! It was challenging but I loved every minute in her classroom.

She was one of my favorite teachers. She inspired me in so many ways. She used to show us covers of magazines like the Saturday Evening Post and tell us to go

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home and write a story about what is happening. I loved those assignments and am sure they planted the seeds for my later writing efforts. I'm amazed she is 100!!

A few months ago I had a robbery. Some cash was taken but what really hurt was all the rings and a particular pin were taken from my jewelry box. They all had sentimental value but were not terribly expensive. Things like my mother and mother-in-law's wedding rings, a gold ring with my initial I got in second grade for most improved penmanship, a gold ring with my birthstone found by my neighbor who was a ditch-digger and gave it to me over 60 years ago, a second set of wedding rings that replaced the ones that were too tight, a ring my mother had that looked very expensive but wasn't, and a gold pin I received as valedictorian that night 60 years ago. I did shed a few tears over their loss but I have my memories. I shared this just to tell you how much I'm sure we all appreciate your efforts to keep our memories alive of special friends, classmates, teachers and all that came with being a PHS Tiger! It was long ago and far away but all that you have done brings the memories rushing back and it seems just like yesterday.

Although, I didn't know Lu personally, I did I know her parents and husband. Her father was President of Pensacola Home & Savings Association when I worked there in late 50's and early 60's.

*She was a shy girl with blond hair and light blue eyes,
Out of town far from school and its activities was where she resides.
She wasn't one of the "in" groups, wasn't one of the gang
With the popular classmates she did not hang.
She wasn't a hottie nor was she cool,
She didn't meet with her classmates for fun after school.
She never went to a prom as she did not date
She bided her time 'til she could escape.*

When my Mom was in a memory care facility and I'd be there to visit, usually a week at a time - maybe two or three times a day as I was taking care of the house, skipped a week to come back home, go down and do it all over again. I did this for about 2 months. When I said my "see ya's" hugs and kisses with Mom, I'd often visit other "old ladies" in rooms or in common areas where they'd be watching TV. I'd strike up a conversation - now mind you, while I was there often, I was a new face who gave them a little attention. They may have confused me with one of

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their family. However, often I'd start I was the son of one of the other residents, but at that point, it didn't matter - someone was talking to them. It was easy to strike up a conversation as they were often very talkative and easy for them to share their life. In fact, after a few days and if you overheard my conversation with them, you'd think I was part of their family. I knew their family, their husband, their kids, their grand kids, what they did years ago, what they liked to do today. We would sit there and laugh and talk and I'd bring something up they mentioned before and they'd continue as if I knew everything I was talking about and I picked up a few more tidbits. The nurses saw what I was doing and hearing our conversation, they'd ask if I was a relative or who I was? I got to know many of the residents and had some good laughs with them. One nice thing was that I was able to tell my same jokes over again - and they never complained. When I said my good-byes, I wondered if I'd ever see them again to ask them about their husband, Frank, who was a plank owner on the Enterprise or their son the investor in Georgia who has three children or a hundred other facts they'd told me about their family. Your poem got me thinking about them all over again. While it was easy for me to visit them while my mother was living there somehow after she died I stopped visiting the other crabby old women. I think it was me that lost something when I stopped visiting them.

I never saw her again after graduation and when I looked for her I was too late as she had died. I miss her. In the entire world I think I'm the only one that still remembers her and I include her in my prayers every night. Like it was yesterday I can remember her smile when she looked up and I was standing there. I know I'm an old fool but I have regret for what was not to be. Sometime life is cruel.

That was very sad news indeed. Irene Reinschmidt was a delightful classmate and led such an accomplished life. She will be missed by all.

I knew Irene Reinschmidt. She was a flag twirler at PHS if I remember correctly, or maybe a majorette.

Oh my, I cannot believe how many of us are getting to graduate to God's PHS. Before long, we'll have more friends there than here. I was associated with Ron Swaine when I worked at Pensacola Home & Savings Association back in the late 50's and early 60's. Sorry to hear of his passing but, thanks to you, there is someone who keeps up with folks so we'll know of these situations.

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Thank you for this timely memorial of Renault Bayhi for us all. Some gave much and some gave everything! God help America.

I didn't know about Naughty. He was in my home room thru PHS. Thanks for sharing

Thanks for remembering Renault Bayhi, he was a very good friend. He was on the front firing line well positioned to capture very bad guys and was recognized by the citation for his work~!!

I remember Renault Bayhi at PHS. He was always so popular and was expected to do well in life. How sad that he had only a few years. It just doesn't seem fair.

I dread the Fallen Tiger notices you send out; how sad that another Tiger has fallen. I remember Kathryn Clements very well and I'd often wondered how she did after graduation. I fondly remember her from Blount and PHS and always hoped she would attend one of the reunions. I so much wanted to see her again and talk about old times. Kathryn was a very pretty girl and grew into a real beauty. She was one of the nice ones, and I hope she had a very happy life.

I was in Pensacola last week and I drove to all the "old" places. I couldn't go in the school but I stood at the curb for a long time just looking and remembering those happy days a very long time ago. I wanted to go inside and walk around back but school was in session and I'll be gone home before Saturday. Pensacola looks old and tired in some places and I was very lonely, remembering my good friends and the fun times we had. I even drove over to Sander's Beach and the Yacht Club to see where the reunions were. Pensacola Beach and downtown is all changed but I can still see some familiar places. I wish I knew someone that still lived in Pensacola whom I had known in 1957-58 so I could see them and reach back just for a little while. It was good to be home but I was very lonely. Now I have to go back home, so far away from Pensacola, the blue waters, white sand, and memories. The people who stayed in Pensacola are lucky but I wonder if they feel loneliness when they think of all the class scattered far and wide? I know I do.

John Clyde Jernigan, who died in February 2019, was one of the good guys. He was intelligent and not a loudmouth or show-off, but a little quiet and unassuming. If he was your friend he was a good one. I don't think he had any enemies.

Send your memory to wayne.tippin@gmail.com

April 1, 2019

Thanks for the notification of Dorothy Harley passing away. Being an old sax player myself, I took "note" of her talent.

These memories were submitted by your friends and classmates. We knew them, but perhaps not as well as we thought.

These memories, some of which are happy and some not, were contributed by our classmates and friends in Pensacola High School's Class of 1958.

Contributions were edited just a bit to remove names unless they were complimentary and important to the memory; to correct punctuation, grammar, spelling, clarity, and so forth, but only as was necessary. What is left reveals something about our classmates whom we thought we knew well, but perhaps we didn't. New memories will be added to the end as they arrive. Send your contribution to wayne.tippin@gmail.com

Be assured that the source of all memories is strictly confidential, especially as I cannot remember who wrote them, and no record of the contributor is kept.

Wayne Tippin

