

# THE OLD TIGER'S TALE



A Review of 2019 for Pensacola High School  
Classes of 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, & 61



#6 - December 31, 2019

"At the end we always remember people who were there at the beginning"

[wayne.tippin@gmail.com](mailto:wayne.tippin@gmail.com)

## Is This Page Too Big or Small?

Look at the small gray bar at the bottom of this screen. On it you'll see a + or a - and to make the page easier to read, clicking either of those will change the size of your computer's picture.

*Contributed by*



*Oscar Brock*  
*1956*

Wendell Jarrard, Jr. of *Jarrard Motors* in Pensacola and a member of the PHS 1955 now lives a couple blocks from me here in DeLand,

Florida. Because of knee surgery, Kathy Clements Pasersky, PHS 1956, has put her Atlanta house up for sale and relocated to a very nice nursing home in Alpharetta, Georgia.

## "The Greatest Generation" *Contributed by*



*Lillian Hardy (Ferriera)*  
*1958*

Born in the 30s and 40s, we exist as a very special age often called "The Greatest Generation" and the "Silent Generation." We are the smallest number of children born

since the early 1900's and we are the "last ones"; The last generation climbing out of the depression who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which for years rattled the structure of our daily lives; the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves; the last to save tin foil and pour fat into tin cans for the war effort. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available, we can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch. We are the last to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors

whose sons died in the War. We saw the 'boys' home from the war, build their little houses. We are the last generation who spent their childhood without television. Instead, we imagined what we heard on the radio and with no television we spent our childhood "playing outside" with friends or alone. There was no little league, no city playground for kids and the lack of television in our early years meant that we had little real understanding of what the real world was like. On Saturday afternoons in the early 40's at the movies sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons, were news-reels of the war. Telephones were one to a house with the line shared and you had to listen to see if anyone was on the line before you dialed and you had to count the rings to determine if the incoming call was for you or someone else on your party line. There were no computers, only calculators that were hand cranked and added

and subtracted columns of numbers. There were no electric typewriters, only manual and they were operated pounding the keys, returning the carriage when the bell rang, cleaning the keys, and frequently changing the ribbon. Now you can occasionally see a typewriter in a thrift shop or yard sale but no one sells the ribbons anymore. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on our table radio in the evening by Gabriel Heatter. The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom and demand coupled with installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. The radio network expanded from three to thousands of stations. Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw

themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined. We weren't neglected, but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves until the street lights came on because they were busy discovering the post war world. We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed. We enjoyed a luxury never known in previous generations; we felt secure in our future but polio was still acrippler, the Korean War was a dark presage and by mid-decade school children learned what "duck cover meant", a term unknown by children of today. Russia raised the *Iron Curtain* and China became "Red" China. Eisenhower sent the first 'advisers' to Vietnam and a rebel named Castro rose to power in Cuba and Khrushchev became Premier of the Soviet Union. We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our homeland. We came of

age in the 40s and 50s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, "global warming", and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with unease. Only our generation can remember both a time when the entire world was at war and a time when the world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. We have lived through both. We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better, not worse. We are the Silent Generation, "The Last Ones" and we feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times"!

[Past Issues of the Old Tiger's Tale](#)

Past issues of the Old Tiger's Tales are on the '58 website <http://www.phs1958.myevent.com/> for your review 24/7. Go to the VIDEO LINKS page and select the year you'd like to see.

**I THOUGHT  
GETTING OLD  
WOULD  
TAKE LONGER**

Photo Below Submitted  
by



Evelyn Andrews  
(Clopton)  
1958



1958's 60<sup>th</sup> Reunion  
Welcome Table

[Library Files of Escambia County Schools](#)

Contributed by



Evan Stroll  
1958

I'm currently putting the story together of the Class of 1958 and other classes by archiving the

obituaries of our deceased classmates! I've collected numerous obituaries of other class dates, ranging from the early 50's and 60's and they're great stories and memories available for your review. In addition to our PHS files and obituaries, we have file folders on most schools in the county, old and current schools, which I continue to archives when any pertinent data is available. There are some with photos, teachers, etc. Sadly, some of the school folders are empty, and we would welcome any new donated pictures, stories, and histories of the schools that alumni would like to contribute. There are a few volunteers who assist in this library, on different days. I'm usually there on Friday afternoons. I'm retired and can often meet with visitors. The West Florida Genealogy Library is located at 40 North 9th Ave., on the corner of 9th and College Blvd. We're open from 10A - 6:00P Tuesday - Saturday Phone (850) 494-7373. Feel free to

call me anytime. If I'm not there then please leave a message and I'll call you back.

*Evan Stroll*

[PHS 1956 News and Notes](#)



February 9, 2019

Jim Scoggins goes to Water Aerobics at PSC twice a week and enjoys having lunch with former PHS football players.



Megan, Jimmie, Pamela, Labelle, Nancy, Jim, Jason, & Mandy

Thomas Hardy in Lynn Haven had lots of damage from Hurricane Michael. Thomas lost half of his house.

Charlie Sherrill has, recently, moved to Azalea Trace

Mike DeMarko sounds great though confined to wheelchair and walker. He and Julie are pondering moving to assisted living.

Marvin Cornwell is in memory care at the Gulf Breeze Courtyard. His wife, Kathy is across the street in the Bay Breeze, recovering from a broken hip.

Joanne Sellers Caldwell in Texarkana, Texas broke her hip in June, sold her house and car and moved to assisted living. She uses a walker and wheel chair due to nerve damage in her foot from hip surgery.

Marjorie Dale Godbold Schuchat in Chesterfield, MO is doing well. Hope she will send a bio, soon.

Gene Mayo in Birmingham is doing well, now, after some heart issues.

John Phelps lost his NC home in the Gatlinburg fire two years ago. A fire tornado and swirling winds broke trees across

power lines that started fires and reduced his home, 10 miles away, to ashes.

Nancy Scott in Rossville, TN wishes all our classmates a Happy New Year.

Connie Spires Rocke in Jacksonville sends New Year's greetings.

Corinne Johnson in Cambridge, MA, likewise, wishes us Happy New Year.

[Ronnie B. Jones](#)  
[PHS 1959](#)

We have officially moved into our new home AT 5691 Dunridge Drive, Pace, Florida 32571-7677.. Telephone 850-450-3791 & 850-512-3331. We've got most everything inside, now we have to try and set-up housekeeping. Hopefully we'll open for business (so to speak) within the next week to 10 days. In the meantime, I wanted everyone to at least know our new address. With LOVE to you and your families through JESUS.

Ronnie B. Jones,

[Kathy Clements Pasersky](#) has moved to Atria North Point living facility in Alpharetta, GA

[Paul Merritt](#) in Brewton, AL is now an official member of United Flying Octogenarians, an organization for those who have piloted a plane on or after their 80th birthday. His hangar is in Evergreen, AL, and he flies every day, weather permitting.

### [Half Fast Fifty-Sixers](#)

Boy, did we ever have entertainment lined up for Friday's lunch~!! You'll never guess who...Robin McGreevy, spokesperson for Victoria's Secret~!! She was to be in town and wondered if our group might like to hear a few things about Victoria's Secret. Of course I jumped at the chance and didn't even consult the Entertainment Committee or the Board of Directors. You just don't pass up a chance like that. To hear about the history of Victoria's Secret, their product development, how they

select fabrics, and how some of those things are engineered. I was hoping for an extensive question and answer period after the talk and perhaps an impromptu fashion show. Nothing elaborate, just an intimate little private showing. Alas, it was not to be. The spokesperson for Robin McGreevy called Tuesday evening for directions to the Yacht Club and asked whether *Sir* Robin McGreevy would be picked up. "*Sir* Robin McGreevy", I asked. "Yes. *Sir* Robin McGreevy, First Turcopelier of the *Sussex and Canterbury Fifty-Sixers*, the foremost explorer's club in all of England. He's to give a talk on the secrets of Lake Victoria. He believes the Half Fast Fifty-Sixers to be a sister chapter." Well, that was not what we had in mind. I told him the Fifty-Sixers had left town, headed for Two Egg. He might catch them if he hurried. Boy, was I disappointed. There was nothing to do but rehearse for our *First Annual Hootenanny Concert*. I had just

gotten into teaching the guys the first verse of *She Was Flying Down the Mountain Doing 90 Miles An Hour When The Chain On Her Bicycle Broke* when that uppity manager stepped in. I've never seen a more musically illiterate man in my life. He couldn't carry a tune in a bucket. Preferring peace and tranquility over violence, we adjourned to the lunch buffet. Other than that, our lunch was uneventful.

### [Girls at the Fishing Hole](#) [Jan. 10, 2019](#)



Front: Ann Gup, Myrna Rose Bond, Mary McBride, Dolores de la Rua  
Back: Betty Walther, Sallie Hart, Carole Hurd, Ellen Booker, Dolly Gibbons, Cynthia Green Jackie Linton

[Class of 1958's](#)  
[Facebook Access](#)  
[www.facebook.com](http://www.facebook.com)  
Pensacola High School  
Class of 1958

## [1956 Face Book](#)

Visit our Facebook page. It is called *Classmates PHS 1956*. You can view pictures there, lots from the 60th Reunion. We have 47 members. Click on the tab "Members" to see who they are. It is a private group. If you would like to join so that you can write comments or add a picture, put your name in the place where you request to join.

### [Condolences](#)

Abe and Bobby Lee Dyer Welch on the death of Abe's brother The Rev. Paul Hiram Welch, on January 5, 2019.

[Charlie Sherrill](#) whose brother Dick died on Jan. 17, 2019

### [In Memoriam Class](#)

[PHS 1956](#)

[Fred Stewart](#) died Nov. 18, 2018.

[Sue Williams Holifield](#) died Jan. 18, 2019.

[Fallen Tigers Submitted by other Class Communicators](#)

[Irene Flynn, Reinschmidt, Blackwell](#), died Dec. 16, 2018 - PHS **1957**

[Ronald Swaine](#) died Dec. 19, 2018 - PHS **1957**

[Robert Dallas Bentz](#) died Dec. 25, 2018 - PHS **1955**

[Danny E. Wall](#) died Dec. 30, 2018 - PHS **1957**

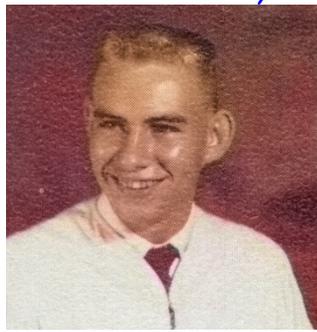
[Marye Charlza \(Cholly\) Garner, Clifford](#) died Jan. 3, 2019 - PHS **1953**



[Diane Manning, Gail & Don Schroeder, Jerry Sansing, Pat & Sue Connors, John Bingle, & DeAnsin Parker](#)

### [Dislike Getting old~??](#)

*Contributed by*



[Mike Seale](#)  
[1958](#)

Do you dislike getting old~?? Not me, it has set me free~!! I can hit

my golf ball and laugh if it goes in the lake. I'm just happy that I can still hit the ball at all. As I've aged I've become kinder and less critical to myself and I've become my own best friend. I have seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon, before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging. Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until the wee hours or sleep until noon? I dance alone to those wonderful tunes of the 50, 60 & 70's, and if I wish to weep over a lost love, I will. I walk the beach in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body and I will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to despite the pitying glances from youngsters on the beach. They too will get old and I hope they remember me. I know I am sometimes forgetful but some of life should be forgotten and fortunately I eventually remember the important things. Several times over the years my heart has been broken but how

can your heart not break when you lose a loved one or when a child suffers, or even when a pet passes? Broken hearts are what give us strength, understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile and will never know the joy of being imperfect. I am so blessed to have lived long enough to see hair turning gray and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many of my friends seldom laughed and some died before their hair could turn silver. As you get older it seems so much easier to have a positive outlook. More and more I care less about what other people think and I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong if someone corrects me, it no longer bothers me. I shall eat dessert every single day if I feel like it and if I want two desserts, I have them. I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live

forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. I have transitioned life's "seasons" with the exception of winter as I shall hold winter in abeyance for yet awhile as I still have a burning desire to experience and accomplish much more if that be God's will. Yet, should He call me Home earlier, I have lived a full and incredible life with few regrets. There has been much joy and painful sorrow albeit I conditioned myself not to reveal. I have loved and lost and in awe I have held my seconds-old newborn son in the palm of my hand and in agonizing grief, I have a best friend laid to rest. There have been awesome feats and painful defeats and I have learned the folly of doing the same thing repeatedly and expecting different results. I have learned that even pain has its benefits when heeded. I have extended myself to others and have learned at long last there is no shame in

allowing others to extend a hand or heart to me as in doing so there can be healing for both. There were times I or others has unrequitedly placed me on a pedestal only for it to be revealed that statues have clay feet. All of this has taken a lifetime to realize and I thank God for the longevity and wisdom I have been granted to graciously and gratefully accept my fate whatever it may be, and leave it to others to opine. "May our friendship never come apart, especially when it is straight from the heart".

### *Tiger Spirit~!!*

In 2007 the class website was created in hope it would encourage Members of the Pensacola High School Class of 1958 to attend their 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Reunion at "Captain Fun's" and the Pensacola Grand Hotel. The result was outstanding with the 50<sup>th</sup> becoming the most-attended reunion of any since graduation in 1958~!! After the 50<sup>th</sup> reunion because the

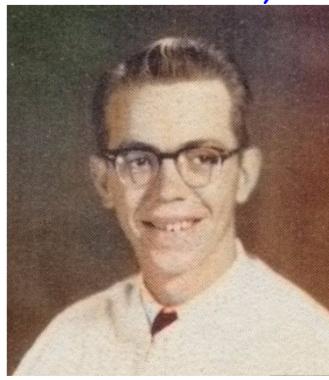
website was great for passing on news and contributions from classmates, the Planning Team decided to keep it going through the 55<sup>th</sup> in 2013 at Sander's Beach. Again, attendance was noteworthy and that response was credited to this reunion website. In 2018 the website again had a great effect on the high classmate attendance for its 60<sup>th</sup> reunion at the Pensacola Yacht Club. But, all things come to an end and after more than 80,600 visits the website was scheduled to expire. The class treasury was unable to support the \$500 required for the website's extension so it was announced that on April 30<sup>th</sup> the Class Website would be terminated. However, a group of classmates with true "Tiger Spirit" stepped forward and personally funded the website's extension through April 2024. Those classmates listed at the end of this article are owed a personal debt of gratitude for the service they have done for the Class of 1958.

Ronnie Postell  
Jerry Sansing  
Virginia Smithson  
Bill Jones  
Stanley Rodak  
Joe Powers  
David Egge  
Charlie Crawford  
Mike Seale

Mack Prose in memory of  
Sandra DeLapp Prose

*Gillette doesn't want  
you to know this~!!*

*Contributed by*



*Wayne Tippin  
1958*

Here's a money-saving trick *for men and women~!!* I put a new blade in my Gillette razor this morning - it was the last blade from a package of five I bought in 2015. OK, you're probably are not going to believe this but I'll swear on my PHS ring that every word is true~!! Before I retired

I shaved every day but now sometimes I don't shave for two or three days. Like many I use a Gillette razor with the replaceable four-blade unit at the end. That blade has a little blue line that turns white after a week or so to let you know it's time to stick on a new blade. *Those blades are expensive~!!* A package can cost \$20 or more and Gillette wants you to use as many of them as you can because that's how they make their money. The new blade I inserted this morning replaces the blade I have used for past 15 months~!! *One blade for 15 months* and it shaved as well yesterday as it did when I put it in. I changed the blade because I thought perhaps it was no longer sharp. I was wrong - it was fine~!! I think I could have used that blade for another six months and perhaps longer. If you have a very valuable sword, knife, or gun, would you leave it on a shelf in the bathroom~? Never, because of the humidity and air it would rust in

just one day and rust is the enemy of sharpness~!! Razor blades today are made of surgical steel and are much sharper than they used to be.



Well, if they're so strong, why does a razor blade last only a couple of weeks? Because they lie on a bathroom counter or sink, exposed to water and oxygen and that dulls them as the cutting edge rusts~!! Consider when you first use the blade, the hot water and foam removes the anti-rust protectant placed on the blade at the factory so it won't rust before you buy it. I keep a small glass in the medicine cabinet and it's filled with glycerin which I buy at the drugstore section of WalMart for \$3.88. To make a single blade last for more than a year all you have to do is wet

your face or legs as usual, apply shaving cream as usual, take the razor out of the glass, shave, rinse off the blade, shake off excess water, and put it back in the glass of glycerin to protect it from humidity and oxygen *and never touch it. You must NEVER clean between the blades or touch the blade with anything, especially a toothbrush~!!*



Don't worry about any soap or hair between the blades. That'll come out at the next use. Then stand the razor blade-down in the jar of glycerin which eliminates all moisture and oxygen, the cause of rust. *The blade does not dull from cutting hair, it dulls from rust~!!* As long as you don't touch the blade with anything and keep it in the glycerin between shaves, one blade should last you a minimum of one full year~!! I tried mineral oil, baby oil, and body lotion but none of

them worked as well as glycerin.



If you think I'm kidding, give it a try. You'll save a lot of money on very expensive razor blades that you're throwing away just to make the Gillette family wealthy.

Picture below  
Contributed by



*Carol Burge*  
*1958*



Ann Love & Carol Burge  
About 2009

WHEN DID MY HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS GET TO BE SO OLD? I'M GLAD I HAVEN'T CHANGED.

Happy Birthday  
To my Grandpa,  
Edward H. Franklin, Jr.,  
Class of 1957

By Kara Bremer

An email was received from Kara Bremer, granddaughter of Edward Franklin (1957). Kara is setting up an 80th birthday party for her grandfather at the Bear Lake Recreation Area on Highway 4 between Baker & Milton. Kara has extended an invitation to any of Edward's classmates and friends who would like to attend. By the way, the fishing is pretty good at Bear Lake so you might want to bring along your pole. Kara's email is below.

*Good evening, Mr. Tippin!*

*My Paw Paw, Edward Hankins Franklin, Jr. just turned 80 years old, and we are giving a birthday party for him at the Bear Lake Recreation Area at the Blackwater River State Forest on Sunday, June 2, 2019 at 11:00 a.m. CST. We thought that he would enjoy seeing some of his classmates and friends,*

*if any are in the area and would like to attend. We will be serving hot dogs, hamburgers, cake, and ice cream. Would it be possible for you to send a message out to your Pensacola Tiger contacts, in case any of them are interested? Please feel free to provide my email address, so they can R.S.V.P. Thank you in advance for any assistance you can offer!*

*Blessings,*

*Kara Bremer*

*You're welcome Kara, I hope he has a great birthday and with a loving granddaughter, how could he not? May I make a suggestion? As a man and almost 80, I know what we men-folk like and don't like. My granddaughter gave me something a while back that I'll treasure until my dying day and perhaps you might consider it for your grandfather. She wrote me a letter. In it she told me what I meant to her, how much she valued me, the example I set for her, the advice I gave her, and she said that her success in life*

*would be in part because of having grandfather such as me. Write your Paw Paw a letter in pen & ink and in cursive, and give it to him when you and he are alone. It's just for him to treasure and I assure you he will take the letter out and read it hundreds of times. It will become the most valuable thing he has. Forget the ties, the restaurant cards, the cologne, the tools, fishing gear, or whatever. Give Paw Paw the one thing he does not expect but which will become his most valuable possession; a letter from his granddaughter telling him that he has done well.*

*Wayne Tippin*  
**1958**

*Good morning, Mr. Tippin,*

*I'm sorry to say that none of Paw Paw's classmates were able to attend but the celebration was a pretty good distance from Pensacola so that was understandable. The party went very well with a lot of family members attending that he hadn't*

seen in years~!! I wrote the letter telling Paw Paw how much he means to me and sharing some of my happiest memories spent with him. He truly seemed to love it. Thank you so much for suggesting such a letter. Thank you too, for following up with me to see how it went. I hope you have a blessed week!

Respectfully,

*Kara Bremer*

### 1958 Fallen Tigers

To date, 190 members of the Class of 1958 have passed away.

In 2019 we lost;

Peggy Braswell  
Kent Brock  
Katherine Clements  
Aubrey Dixon  
Arnold Eskin  
Patricia Griggs  
John Jernigan  
Jeanette Johnson  
Louise Lister  
Lavada Salvant  
Edith Waters

### Class of 1954

The 65th Reunion Bass Blowout was an event to remember! So many smiles, laughter, and love everywhere! Roland Handrop is still so tall and fun. Great to see Pat Yarbrough and all the out of state participants-- California, Wyoming, Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia. Can you believe it----Bill Bass Invited us back in 2020 for more celebration. Our Class and friends really owe so much to Bill and Zelma for their energy and devotion to this "crazy" Class of '54. Several mentioned that some fallen Tigers were not in the folder at the event. This folder was actually a folder that I keep. We really do not have anyone who is responsible for this job. Richard sends out many notices (Thank goodness). If I missed some "Tigers", just know they are in our thoughts always. We are also indebted to Wayne who sends us some notices. Memories are very special! There will be no April meeting because we have an invitation from

Gene Killinger for an early May event at his house on the water. Put the information on your calendar now and we will update specifics: Date: Saturday, May 4. Boat Rides and more fish from Chet's. Directions will be given later. Callie Jo is working on other restaurants in the future. Thanks to Callie, Carmen, Lonnie, and the wonderful Bass Family.



The Agnes McReynolds School, built in 1938, occupies an entire city block. The building was home to the Escambia County School District's Program for Academically Talented Students and the Jacqueline Harris Preparatory Academy. Unfortunately, no protections for historic structures exist in East Hill, and a developer plans to raze the historic Agnes McReynolds School to make way for 18 single-family homes.

Contributed by  
Richard Lamb

The first picture is Evelyn Rose Day Lamb and me with the remaining pictures of Evelyn, Byrd High School Class of 1955, and Jan Peterson, PHS class of 1954.



1956 Spring Social at the  
Oar House, May 6, 2019

Contributed by  
Cynthia Dean

I'm sorry to say we didn't get pictures of Harry Gilbert Bass, Elsie Bass and Dolly Gibbons.



Ann & Jim Leath and  
Mary Jane Withrow  
Simoneaux



Bennett & Mary Alice  
Orr



Betty & John Bracken



Carol Jean Dunn Fussell



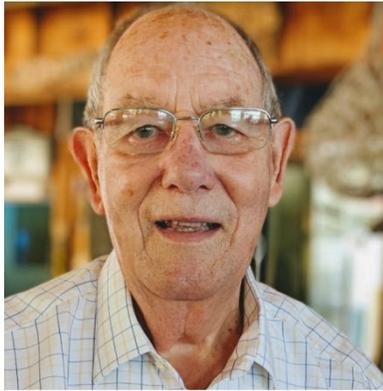
Charlie Sherrill & Lois  
Ann Barrineau Hudson



Cynthia Green Dean



Delilah Mott Parker



Guy Whitfield



Jackie Linton Cummins



Frank & Janet Moore  
Campbell



Joe & Glenda Phillips



Jim & Sandra Diamond



Frank & Carole Hurd



Jack Gethmann &  
Betty Walker Collins



Jim & Linda Scoggins



Fred & Lynette Hill



Jack Lipscomb



Joyce Lee Dean & Pete



Lamar Majors (PHS 57) & Vera Walker Ferguson



Marvin & Barbara Chapman



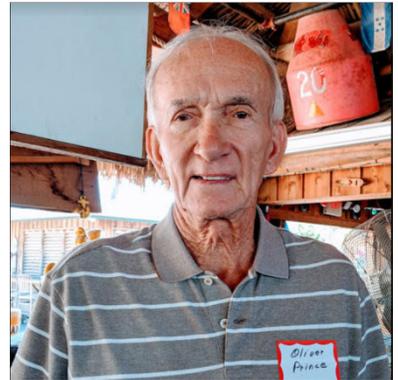
Myrna Rose Bond Martin



Loretta Cominsky Brown & her sister Ann Hodges



Mary Cobb Pearson



Oliver Prince



Louise Wallace Hill



Mary Withrow Simoneaux'



Peggy Walden Martin



Roy & Jeanette Butler



Sallie Hart Brown



Shelby Pierce Grimsley

*Class of '1954's Eat & Greet*

*By  
Beverly Reinschmidt*

What a wonderful Eat and Greet Thursday at Azalea Trace--what a menu; prime rib, snapper

or chicken cordon bleu and all the accompaniments. Thanks to hosts Sylvia and Dave Timberlake. What a surprise when they brought out a "Beverly" birthday cake baked in house. Words usually do not fail me, but I was so emotionally moved! I loved celebrating my birthday (actually on the 17th) with 25 great friends. Thank you for the cards, your participation, the PHS jacket from Callie, and to Sylvia--the beautiful birthday cake. All of you know my age, so no surprise there, but all of you have had this birthday or will, so Happy Birthday to you from me. Thank you for being my PHS Friends.

The future of our Eat and Greet looks promising. Our October get together will go "Greek" at Founaris Brothers on Highway 29 on the 2nd Thursday (I think). Our December holiday party will be at Oar House (date TBD). And at Azalea Trace Thursday, Bill and Zelma Bass issued us an

invitation for another Bass Blast in February (tentatively Feb. 22). Bill informed us that we have some money left in our treasury and we will use it. I guess we could call it our 66th Reunion. All dates are tentative and we know that we will experience changes.

In April 2020, Sylvia has extended an invitation to join her and Dave again at Azalea Trace. If you missed the great dining experience here, you will have another chance. With all these plans, I guess we will continue our Eat and Greet every two months. Any ideas let me or Callie know. We always have some sad moments, but we do have great memories. Some of us attended the memorial service for PeeWee Cain and I know Jerry Browder and Lynne went to Georgia for the memorial for Hack Fillingim (Ralph). Also I was told that Shirley Faye Brown Bryan lost her husband Bill. We send thoughts and prayers to family members. Please update us on classmates when you receive information.

Thanks again to all of you and to Richard (TL) for sharing the news with all of us and to Callie for finding us meeting places. We all have an unusual PHS Love (loud applause!) affair.

.....Beverly



*Harry T. Carroll*  
**1958**

Newly Registered on the  
PHS Website~!!

*Half Fast Fifty Sixers*  
*Report - August 19*

We had a speaker for our August meeting, Louise Armour, an expert on western literature (cowboy books). She introduced herself and opened with she knew what happened to Shane, the character played by Alan Ladd in the movie of the same name. She didn't say how she knew, but she was positive, so

we listened. She said that Shane was back-shot by Morgan Ryker after he (Shane) had killed Jack Wilson and Rufus Ryker, Morgan's brother. Shane then shot Morgan and left the bar. Joey Starrett stopped Shane on his way out of the bar, saw that Shane had been shot, apologized for some rude remarks, and Shane rode off. That's where the movie ends. People have always wondered whether Shane had died from the gunshot, rode on to more action or just retired. Louise says that Shane rode out to Rufus Ryker's house to tell his widow that he had killed Rufus. That's the right thing to do. The widow thanked Shane for his kindness and invited him into the house. She never did like Rufus too much. She saw that Shane had been shot and told him to lie down where she could bandage his wound. Shane did and immediately passed out. The widow undressed him because, he stunk so badly. She cleaned and dressed his wound and let him rest. She threw his buckskins

in the wash pot (that's what they used in those days) and looked for some of Rufus's clothes for Shane. Nothing would fit. Shane was so short and Rufus was pretty tall. So she washed out his buckskins, even though it wasn't wash day. But that's what you do when someone is so nice. When Shane woke up three days later, his clothes were the cleanest he had ever seen. He put them on, thanked the widow and rode off to see Joe Starrett, the guy he lived with before all the gun fighting started. Joe was still laid up from where Shane had hit him upside the head with his pistol. In fact, he never did get much better, not that he was the brightest bulb on the string before Shane hit him with his pistol. Shane was sweet on Marian Starrett, Joe's wife, so he sorta edged Joe into eternity. Shane thought he might move in with the widow Starrett, but the widow Ryker didn't take to that. She showed up at the Starrett cabin loaded for bear, literally.

She opened up on Shane and the widow Starrett, wiped them both out. Who could blame her. She had doctored Shane, washed his buckskins and nursed him back to health; then he pulls a trick like that. Ol' Shane didn't escape the widow Ryker the way he had escaped her husband and his brother and Jack Wilson. We didn't know whether to believe her or not. Her story sounded reasonable enough, though. We thanked her and went about our business. Nobody asked her if she expected to be paid. There isn't much in the treasury. So we just et and shot the breeze the way we usually do. Come join us next time. We meet on the third Friday of each month at 11:30 at the Pensacola Yacht Club. Nothing is fancy. Just reminiscing about high school or anything else we want to talk about. We haven't solved any major problems yet, but we're working on a few. Now and then we'll have a hearing contest which nobody ever wins.

PHS 1956 News n Notes



Oct 1, 2019

Warrington Junior High  
9th Grade Student  
Council 1952-53  
[Photo courtesy of Guy  
Whitfield]



Can you identify these classmates? Back: Unknown, Jimmie Deomes, Mary Jo Petty, Charlene Lowery, Unknown Front: Unknown, Jimmie French, Barbara Aten, Fred Hill, Unknown



"I went to my high school reunion over the weekend. Some of my classmates changed so much that they didn't even recognize me."

Who is the girl with David Hudson? Are those Pat Thornton Born's children?



Memories - Mae White's First Grade 1944-45

Front row: Jack Lipscomb, Mona Licorenko, Michael Ferguson, Ronald Robideau, Marcia (Muffin) Oliver, Blanche Bell, Ann Gup, and Dorothy Stanton. Middle row: unknown, Elaine Weekley, Don Frenkel, Carolyn Keyser,

Charles (Skippy) Wilson,  
 Jacqueline (Jackie)  
 Merritt, Robert Ingram,  
 Lois Ann Barrineau,  
 and??Barbara Damoth.  
Back row: Jack Hurst,  
 Marvin Cornwell, Patricia  
 Underwood, Ouida  
 Baldwin, Miss Mae White,  
 Dickie Van Matre,  
 Carolyn Griffin, Tim  
 Foley, and Louise Eekley.



New

### Pensacola Beach sailfish sign

The iconic Pensacola Beach sign has just been replaced and looks pretty much like the old one, except it has LED lights. It was officially lighted on September 24. The original design was by Pat Thornton Born (PHS 1955). She was recognized as Pensacola's Man of the Year after she created the sign in 1960. Even though Pat is dealing with memory issues, she was able to

attend the lighting of the new sign last week.

### Condolences

Gary Harmon on the death of his wife Linda from lung disease on Aug. 26, 2019 in Blairsville, GA.

### In Memoriam Class of 1956

Sandra Vogt Shipman  
 Died Aug. 30, 2016.

Reva Marie Jones  
 Osborne died Aug. 22, 2019.

Thomas Farrar Cushing  
 Died Sept. 3, 2019

Charlotte Ann Hoomes  
 Reed died Feb. 6, 2019,  
 Trevorton, PA

### Other Fallen Tigers - Submitted by other Class Communicators

Gary Gene Martin  
 1955  
 Died Sept. 6, 2019 -  
 Mary Anne Gatling  
 Gonzalez died Sept 5,  
 2019 in Foley, AL - PHS  
 1955

Carolyn Boline, E-  
 RYT 500  
 SILVER SAGE  
 YOGA &



### Classmate Aubrey and his stepson George Peace Jr.

George is the son of deceased classmates Class President George Peace Sr. and Class Treasurer Jo Ann Ross (Peace).

### Senior Yoga Video !!

By



### Carolyn Sue Johnson Boline

Check out my two videos on You Tube.: Carolyn Boline - Senior Yoga - Yoga for Stronger Bones, etc. I would love to share them with PHS our classes. I am also on Face-book.; *Carolyn Boline and Silver Sage Yoga & Wellness. All the best to all the Pensacola High School classes in the New Year.*

*Pensacola High School in the late 50's*



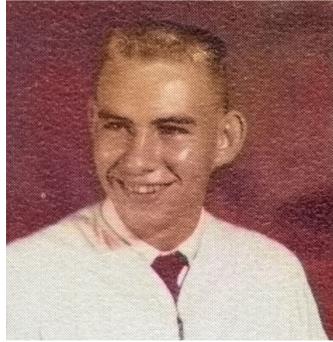
*Contributed by*



*Lonnie Cahoon*

*1958*

Contributed by



Mike Seale

1958

Our honored military dead sacrificed their lives; all they had, and all they would ever have so others would not have to sacrifice theirs. Most Americans will sacrifice nothing for their country during the entire course of their lifetime. Veterans need no explanation as to why we celebrate Memorial Day. We join our memories of love, grief, and heroic deeds to commemorate and embody the loss of our comrades with ceremonies laced with deep emotions of gratitude and sadness. It's not only the dead we remember on Memorial Day but also the families, children, and relations of those brave soldiers, sailors, and airmen who were left behind. Their happiness was stolen as they were left to cope with grief and loss in hollow solitude. For the military be they active, reserve, or veteran, Memorial Day is the most sacred day of the year. Similar to Good Friday and Yom Kippur, on that sacred day where ghosts gather in our midst more numerous than the living, we see faces, hear voices, and recall names that bring memories of an exact moment in time that seemed so long ago yet ever so present.

When we honor their sacrifices and decorate their graves they come back to life within us. We see them as we once knew them; young, carefree, boastful and brave beyond reason. When our younger generation, the indifferent, or those who do not share our sacred memories inquire, "Why do we observe Memorial Day," we must answer without hesitation; *Memorial Day celebrates and solemnly reaffirms our national pride. We express our gratitude to those who made the ultimate sacrifice so we may enjoy the privilege of living in this great nation as free men & women.*

In return, as we celebrate we must ask ourselves what, to honor our fallen heroes can we for America? It is our solemn obligation to impart our dedication to country to those who are unaware, ambivalent, or too young to understand. There is no future for America without the growth of patriots, not just people who express a love for America, but people who will support and defend the nation at all cost. We must relay our life experiences and pass them on in an effort to improve and strengthen our nation. Our youth crave heroes and role models so we must accept that challenge. We must lead the

way for the fledging or surely those from the "dark side" who lie in wait to corrupt and discourage will fill the position that we will have abdicated. This is exactly what gangs, thugs and the envoys of Radical Islam are doing today. If America continues down a apathetic, self-indulging and politically correct path, we will surely lose our competitive edge, our will, our sovereignty, and our freedom. On that day the sacrifices of all our warriors and patriots from the battles of Concord & Lexington to Iraq, Afghanistan and Benghazi will have been for naught.

*"If the legends fall silent, who will teach the children of our ways?" Chief Dan George,  
July 24, 1899 - September 23, 1981 ~ Tsleil-Waututh Nation*

*"Not all casualties of War have yet been counted. Not everyone who lost their life in  
combat died there. Not everyone who came home ever left there."*



*Arlington, United States*



*Normandy, France*



*Cambridge, England*

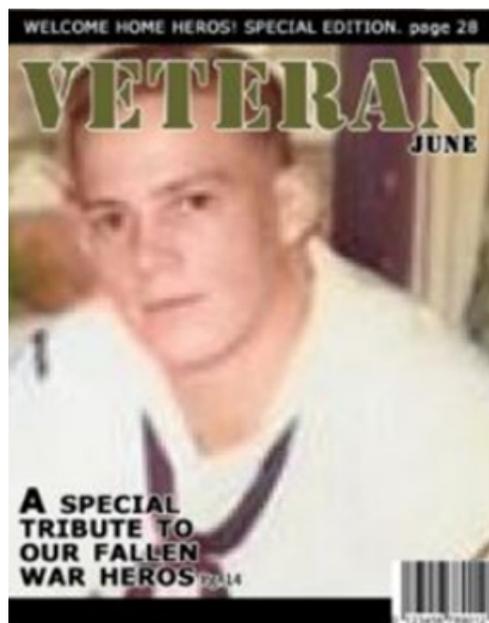


*Florence, Italy*

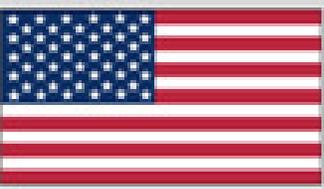


*Manila, The Philippines*

*They're not truly dead until they're forgotten.*



*Joseph William Thompson  
Pensacola High School Class of 1958*

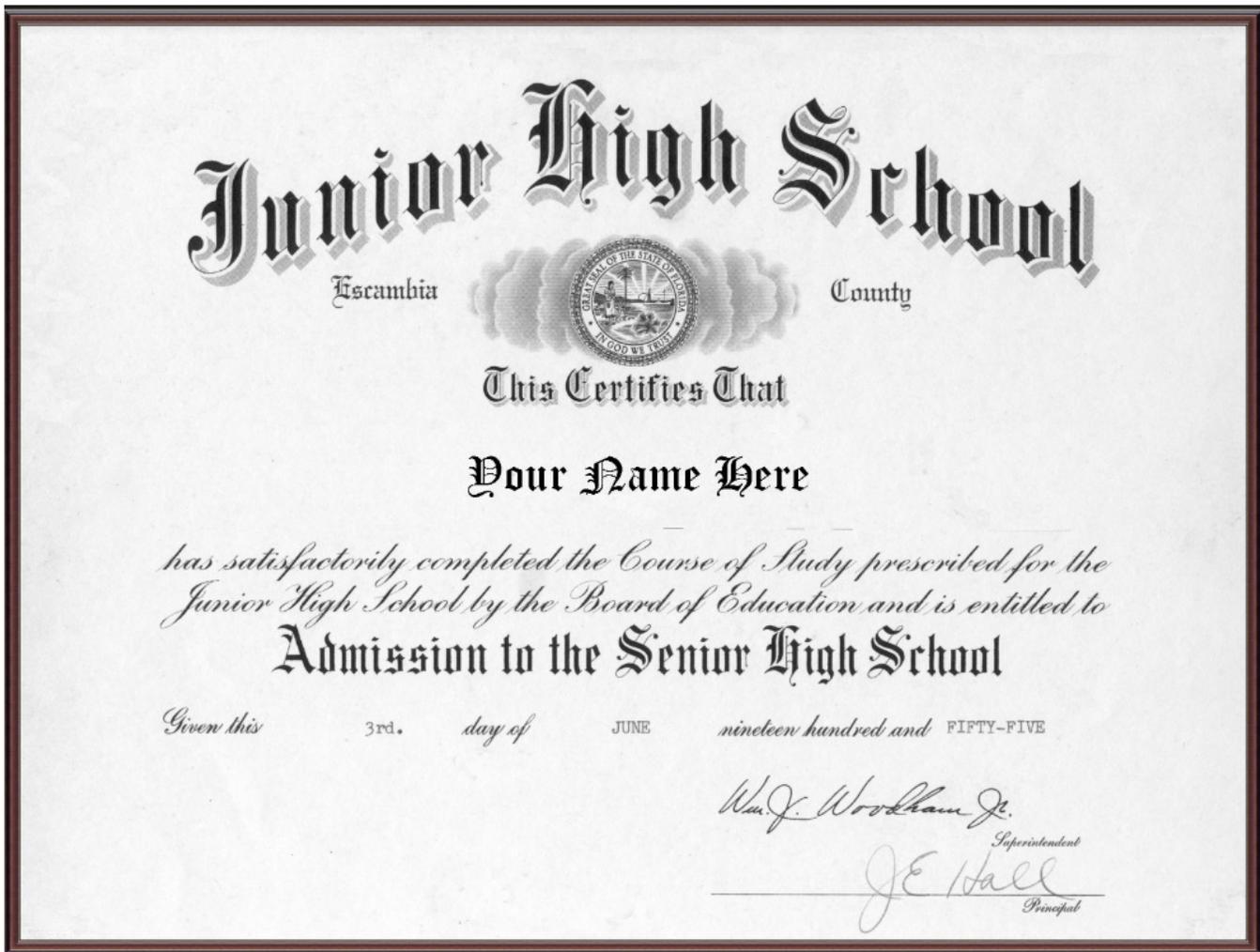
  

THOMPSON, Joseph William, 1940-1969, was born November 3, 1940, attended Junior High School at Pensacola and he was a member of the Pensacola High School Class of 1958 but did not graduate with the class. It is thought he may have transferred to Pensacola Technical School in his senior year. Joe joined the United States Navy in 1959 and rose to the rank of Chief Quartermaster before he was *Killed in Action* at the age of 28 as the result of multiple fragmentation wounds he received in a firefight on January 21, 1969 at Kien Phong Province, South Vietnam. Joe was returned home for burial in the United States.

*Where were you in January 1969? Stop for a minute and think of where you were and what you were doing. Then have a special thought and prayer for PHS '58 Classmate Joseph Thompson who was killed in action at the age of 28 in a firefight in Vietnam, in January 1969.*

In 1955 the big day we anticipated for three long years finally arrived~!! At long last we'd be leaving Blount Junior High and going into the 10th grade at PHS~!! We were going to be High School Freshmen~!!

Do you remember May 24, 1955? Do you remember the friends who went to Blount Junior High with us but who have passed away? Do you remember how everything was perfect and happy and the whole world was waiting, just for us? Time flies and we got old but the memories remain.



## WELCOMING ADDRESS

By



MARILYN BERRY

Blount 1955 - PHS 1958

*Blount Junior High School Graduation  
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 BLOUNT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL'S GRADUATING CLASS OF 1955 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."

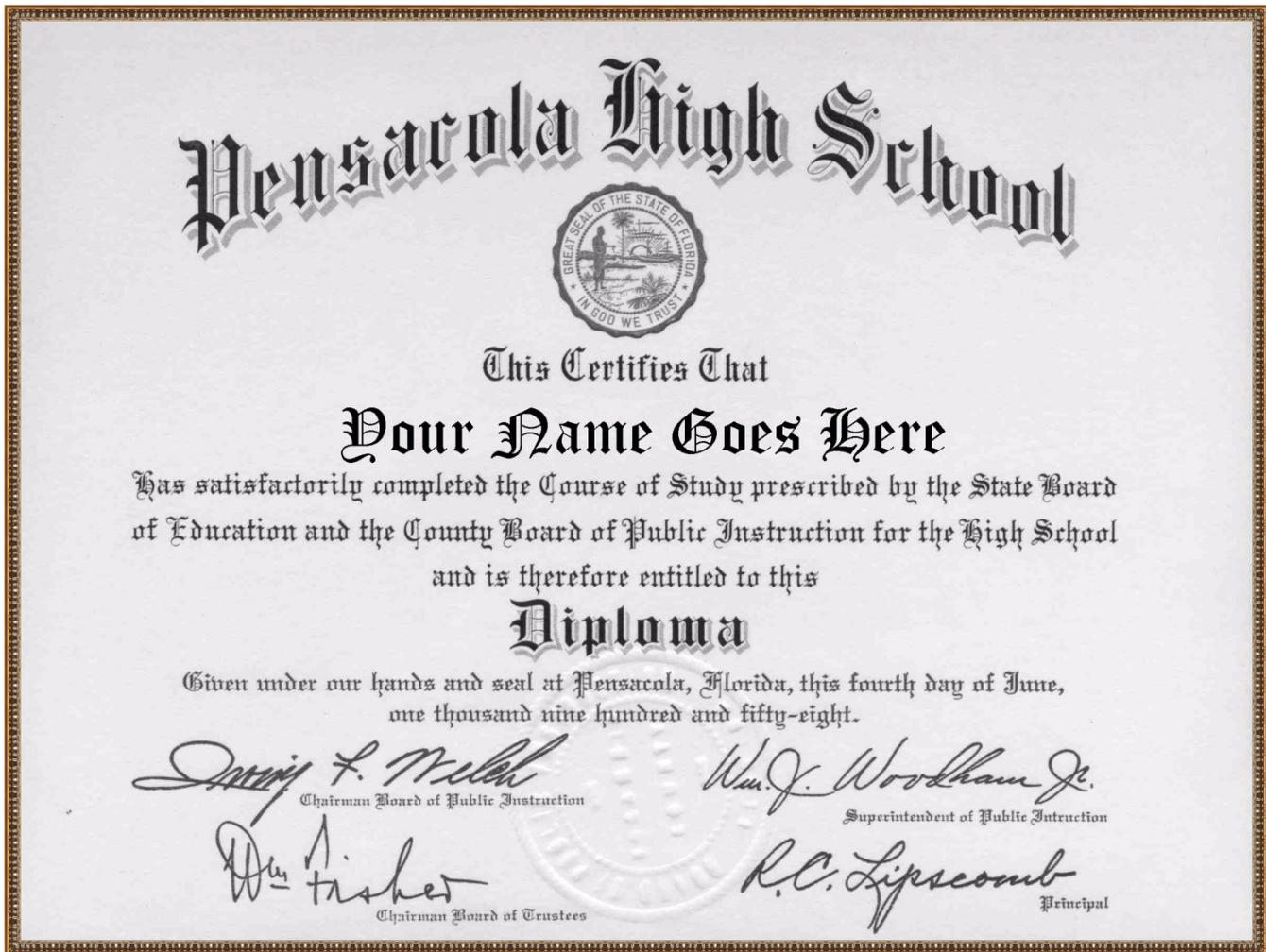
WHILE WE, THROUGH YOUR GRACIOUSNESS, HOLD THE CENTER OF THE STATE, THIS AFTERNOON IS AS MUCH A TRIUMPH FOR OUR PARENTS AS FOR US. FOR FIFTEEN YEARS YOU HAVE BEEN TRAINING US FOR THIS DAY, FOR THIS COMMENCEMENT OF OUR ADULT LIFE. YOU HAVE SPARED NEITHER YOUR EFFORTS NOR YOUR PRAYERS. THOUGH OUR YOUTHFUL

MINDS CANNOT FULLY COMPREHEND YOUR LOYALTY, WE KNOW IN OUR HEART WHAT YOU HAVE MEANT TO US AND 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 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.



June 4, 2019



Class of 1958, do you remember what you were doing June 4, 1958~?? We were all gathering at the auditorium on Palafox Pier to receive our high school graduation diplomas~!! A couple of weeks from now the entire class would be separated far and wide; some went to colleges in distant cities, some to Pensacola Junior College, some went to technical school, others to the military, some got married, and some went directly to work. We were happy, confident, "on top of the world", and scared to death even though we thought *the entire world was waiting, just for us~!!* It's been 61 years now, we've had several reunions, we had careers, and most of us have retired, there are 48 "lost classmates" we cannot find, and sadly, 190 of our friends have died since we walked across that stage in a building that has gone but the memories remain fresh.

*Happy Graduation, Class of 1958~!!*

# 54's Annual Fish Fry

*The PHS Class of 1954 had their annual fish fry at the home of Bill and Zelma Bass on Saturday, Feb. 23, which was, also, their 65th Class Anniversary. Here are pictures that include some 1956'ers.*

## *PHS Class of 1954 Calling~!!*

The 65th Reunion Bass Blowout was an exciting event! So many smiles, laughter, and love! Some new faces, too. Roland Handrop is still so tall. It was great to see Pat Yarbrough. Hope Roland and Pat will join us again. We appreciate all the out of state participants-- California, Wyoming, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and maybe more! Can you believe it--Bill Bass has invited us back in 2020 for more celebration. Our Class and friends really owe so much to Bill and Zelma for their energy and devotion to this "crazy" Class of '54. Thanks also to Callie, Carmen, Lonnie and others who helped out at the event.

There will be no April meeting because we have

an invitation from Gene Killinger for an early May event at his home on the water. Put the information on your calendar now and we will update with specifics:

DATE: Saturday, May 4. Boat rides and more fish from Chet's. Time will be announced as well as any fees (for the Chet's spread). We could possibly meet for car pooling. Directions will be given later.

Callie Jo is working on other restaurants to meet in the future. She has a talent for dealing with them. Thanks also to all the pictures of the reunion from our "photographers." Once again, a special thanks to Bill and Zelma. We are blessed to have them in

our lives. Let us keep on keeping on, more later.

...Beverly

Charles Frederickson and wife, Carol Mitchell '56



Jo Ann Rabb and Joe Rosenbaum

Donnie Johnson & Jo Ann Rabb '55



John Bracken '56 and wife, Betty



table



Delilah Mott Parker '56



Barbara Shelby '56 and Bill Wiggins



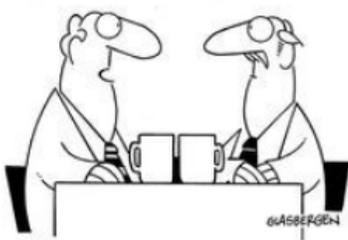
Mullet Bayou



Frank & Beth Westmark



Nancy Oexle Hodgkins & Glenda Brown Pace



"I had a wonderful time at my class reunion. I paid my son to go as me!"

Beverly Daniels Reinschmidt greeting guests at the sign-in



"That was quite a class reunion — all my ex-husbands were there!"

Pat Yarbrough



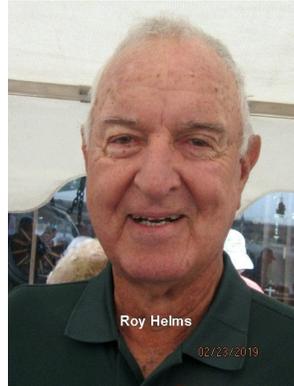
Butler



Gene Killinger



Donnie Johnson and Dolores Morain Thompson



Bill Bass, the host



Gene Rosenbaum & Chris



Zelma Bass, hostess & Callie Jo Tucker Bonifay



Bubba Martin & Bobbi Godwin Baughn



Eddie Hansen



Lonnie Webster & Bobbi Godwin Baughn

Ann Martin & Doyle



"What's the world coming to? Everyone at my class reunion had their identity stolen by some old person!"

Jerry Browder & Lynn McGlaughlin '67

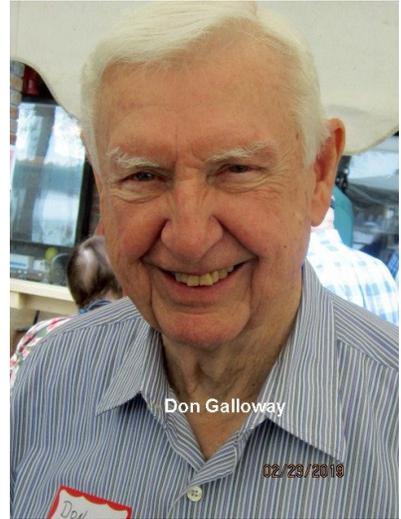


Joe Rosenbaum & Cynthia Green Dean 1956



Dolores Moran

02/23/2019



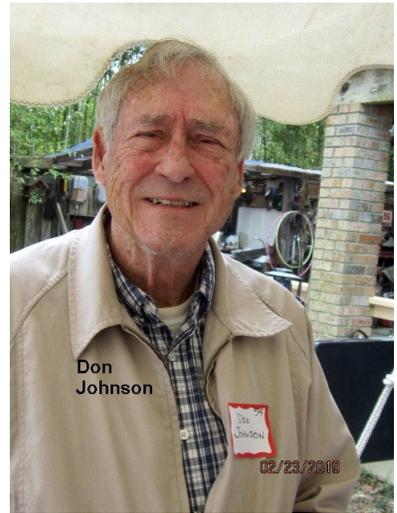
Don Galloway

02/23/2019



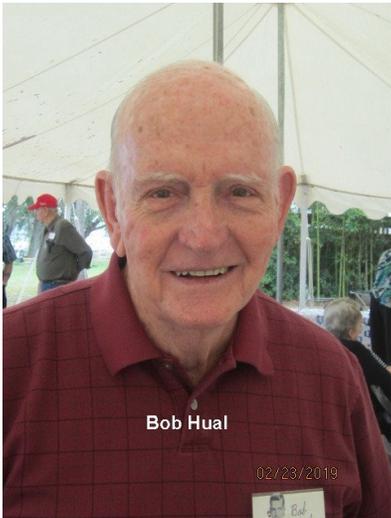
Pat Yarbrough

02/23/2019



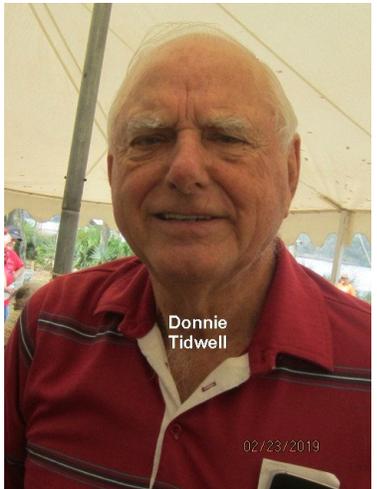
Don Johnson

02/23/2019



Bob Hual

02/23/2019



Donnie Tidwell

02/23/2019



Mary Martin [Mrs Donnie Tidwell]

02/23/2019

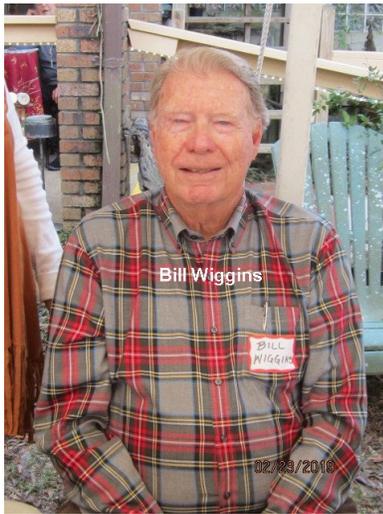
YOU KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLD WHEN YOUR BANK SENDS YOU THEIR FREE CALENDAR...



ONE MONTH AT A TIME!



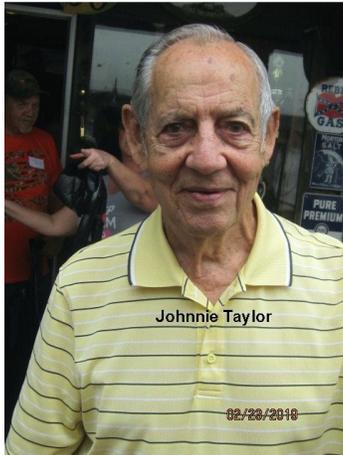
Betty Savin



Bill Wiggins



Sylvia Grant



Johnnie Taylor



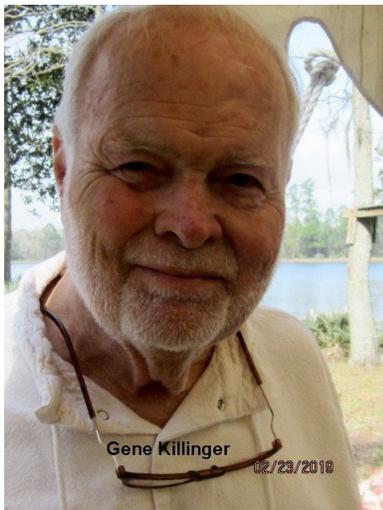
Faye Bell



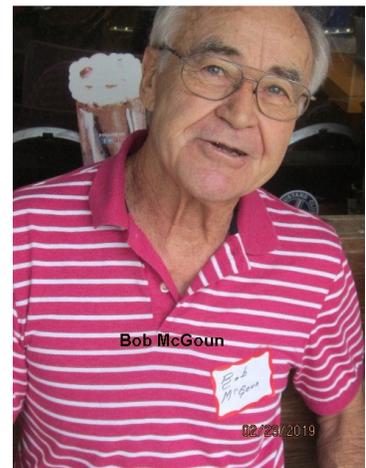
JoAnn Simmons



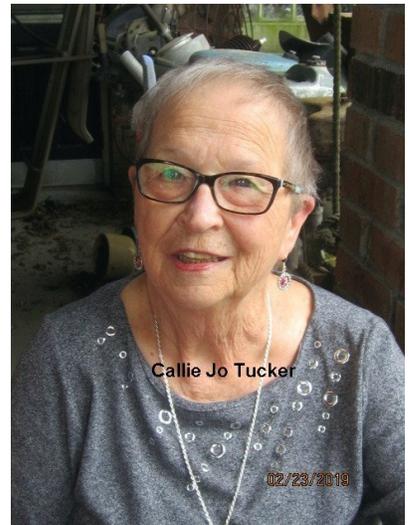
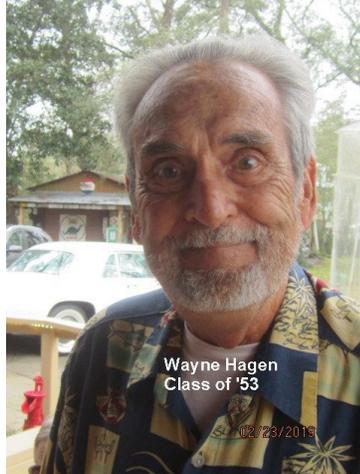
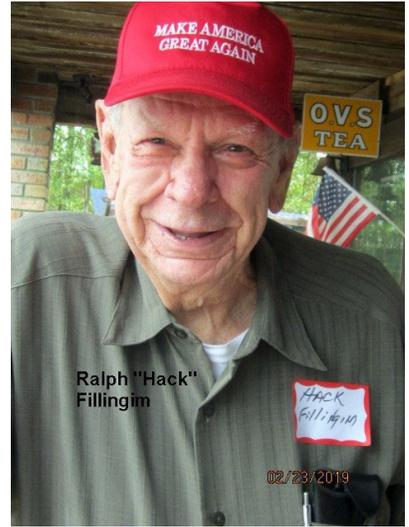
Frank Westmark  
[Honorary Member '55]

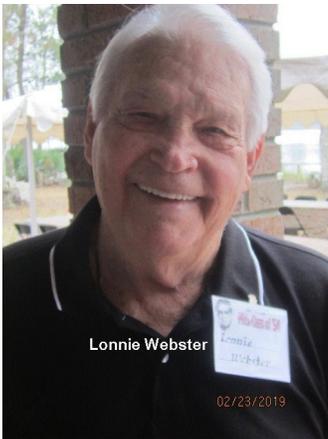
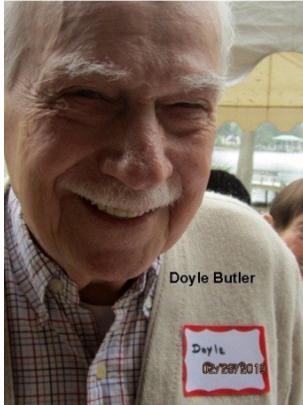
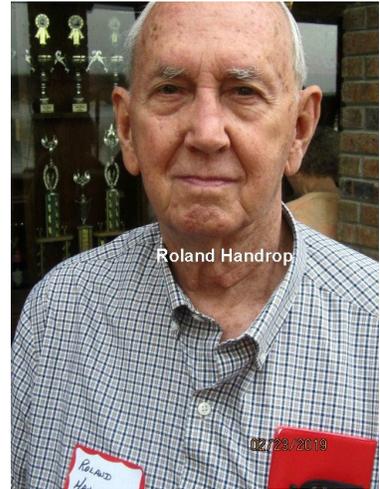


Gene Killinger



Bob McGoun

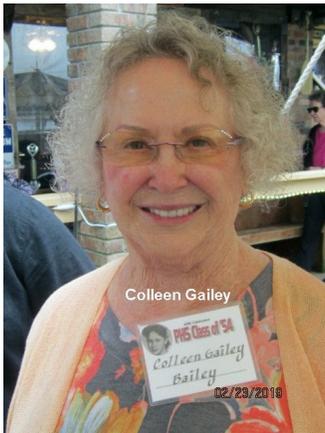




## A Pensacola Legend

Papa Don" Jerry  
Schroeder

1958



Colleen Gailey



Janelle Todd

instructor Cecil Clark, whose 1960s-era rock band received a little airplay on Schroeder's radio program. "He was Mr. Music Man around here."

Schroeder has had plenty of trauma and health problems in recent years.



1940 - 2019

Pensacola lost a legend when "Papa Don" Schroeder passed away after a long battle with throat cancer. His face was thin and frail; far from the well-known Papa Don who even in his 40s seemed to sport a healthy, full-cheeked baby-face. Far from a half-century were the days when he used to make the scene as a flashy *Musical Svengali*, all swagger and monogrammed sweaters and initialed leather boots and visions of hit songs in his head, visions that sometimes came true. "Everyone in music in Pensacola knows Papa Don," said well-known area musician and

Two of his three sons have died — Michael Schroeder in 2013 and Jerry Schroeder in 2009. He's survived throat cancer, and the once fast-talking Papa Don even lost part of his tongue in the process.

During a recent visit, Schroeder still managed a croaky "Papa Ding Dong Diddley Daddy Debateably Darin' Diggin'-Out Dash-n-dip-diggin'" shout out to his fans. And he reflected on his musical legacy, not just as a hit maker, but as a taste maker.



"Alice, you ... you haven't changed a bit."

His hugely successful radio program at WBSR, and later at WNVY, in the 1960s was unparalleled in terms of local ratings. One of the secrets was his energetic style, and the other was his outreach. He was one of the first DJs to put callers on the air and the first to integrate local airwaves.

*"I was the first white DJ to play James Brown," Schroeder said. "I wanted music to bring black and white people together. I really believed music could do that."* His radio program was largely dominated by black artists performing rhythm and blues.



**Don & Gail Schroeder**

In the late 1950s while living in Michigan, Schroeder released a solo record "Melanie" that became a minor regional hit in the Midwest. But his biggest

fame on a national scale would come after he opened his own production company in Pensacola. In 1968, he opened his own studio at Cervantes and A streets.

He promoted concerts, but also began producing records, starting with Mighty Sam McClain's cover of "Sweet Dreams." He was then introduced to James and Bobby Purify, featuring Florida cousins — James Purify from Pensacola and Robert Lee Dicky from Tallahassee. (It was Schroeder who had them record and perform as James and Robert Purify.)



Working together, the three recorded two major hits: *"I'm Your Puppet"* and *"Shake a Tail Feather."* *"I'd go back in the record business today,"* Schroeder said from his

*bed, "if I could find a singer as good as James Purify and had a hit song in my back pocket like 'I'm Your Puppet' or 'Shake a Tail Feather.'"*

Schroeder also found major success in 1974 when he produced Carl Carlton's hit version of "Everlasting Love." He would work with numerous artists throughout the years, but follow-up success on a national scale was elusive.



**Don & Gail Schroeder**

He purchased the Pensacola radio station WPNN in the early 1970s, and the station, which now plays talk radio, is run by his surviving son, Scott Schroeder. Papa Don moved to the small screen in the 1980s with the wonderfully strange and weird "The Papa Don Schroeder Show" on BLAB-TV, where the charismatic host was

joined by an assortment of characters, including his dogs and pet parrot and his wife, Gail Rose Hollingsworth Schroeder, known to TV viewers as "Mama Gail." She and Papa Don also have a daughter, Melanie Saccomanno. A long-time born-again Christian, Schroeder would have liked to branch out into a new genre for him, according to Clark, who performs with the longtime popular local band Clark & Company. There was an assembly at Pensacola High School a few years back, and Clark, a music teacher, found himself sitting next to Schroeder, who was there for the assembly.

*"He tried to talk me into doing this Christian rock thing and touring Europe," Clark said. I told him 'Papa Don, I have a gig here.' But he's like that, always trying to put something together."*

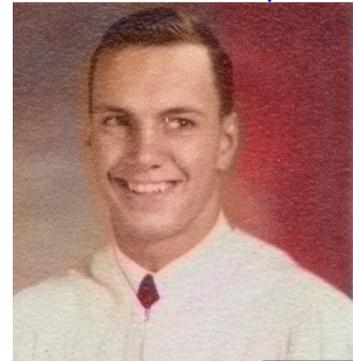
**From Wayne Tippin**

I'm going to violate my "Prime Directive" of not revealing "Memories" and other things Classmates have done or told me but

I believe some things need to be known by the Class of 1958.

*For the 50<sup>th</sup>, 55<sup>th</sup>, and 60<sup>th</sup> Class of '58 reunions there were several classmates who could not afford the reunion fee. "Papa Don" was not willing to let any classmate miss the reunion just because of their financial situation. He called me and told me to let him know of any classmate needing assistance or who was not attending because of the entrance fee. Every time one of our classmates told me they couldn't afford to attend I reported it to Don Schroeder. Don then confidentially donated their reunion fee to me and I passed it on to the classmate or to the Reunion Treasurer. Seeing them at the reunion gave Don great pleasure. If you are one of those classmates who "went on scholarship" to a reunion, now you know your benefactor. Perhaps you'll want to remember him in your prayers.*

Enjoy the Thoughts,  
submitted by



David Egge  
1958

Here are some oldies, but mostly goodies. Several hit way too close to home;

~ When one door closes and another door opens, you are probably in prison.

~ To me, "drink responsibly" means don't spill it

~ when I say, "The other day," I could be referring to any time between yesterday and 15 years ago.

~ Interviewer: "So, tell me about yourself."  
Me: "I'd rather not. I kinda want this job."

~ Cop: "Please step out of the car."  
Me: "I'm too drunk. You get in."

~ I remember being able to get up without making sound effects.

~ I had my patience tested. I'm negative.

~ Remember, if you lose a sock in the dryer, it comes back as a Tupperware lid that doesn't fit any of your containers.

~ If you're sitting in public and a stranger takes the seat next to you, just stare straight ahead and say "Did you bring the money?"

~ When you ask me what I am doing today, and I say "nothing," it does not mean I am free. It means I am doing nothing.

~ Age 60 might be the new 40, but 9:00 is new midnight.

~ I finally got eight hours of sleep. It took me three days, but whatever.

~ I run like the winded.

~ I hate when a couple argues in public, and I

missed the beginning and don't know whose side I'm on.

~ When someone asks what I did over the weekend, I squint and ask, "Why, what did you hear?"

~ I don't remember much from last night, but the fact that I needed sunglasses to open the fridge this morning tells me it was awesome.

~ When you do squats, are your knees supposed to sound like a goat chewing on an aluminum can stuffed with celery?

~ I don't mean to interrupt people. I just randomly remember things and get really excited.

~ When I ask for directions, please don't use words like "east."

~ It's the start of a brand new day, and I'm off like a herd of turtles.

~ Don't bother walking a mile in my shoes. That would be boring. Spend 30 seconds in my head. That'll freak you out.

~ That moment when you walk into a spider web suddenly turns you into a karate master.

Sometimes, someone unexpected comes into your life out of nowhere, makes your heart race, and changes you forever. We call those people cops.

~ The older I get, the earlier it gets late.

~ My luck is like a bald guy who just won a comb.

### [PHS 1956 News n Notes](#)



February 28, 2019

[Beverly Bell Achurch](#)

Hi, Cynthia, I just wanted to say thank you again for sending us the PHS news. I always enjoy reading about everybody who is still around.....is sad that so many are either gone or not doing so well. I guess we are lucky. This morning I read most of it to Baba (we usually talk

on Sunday mornings), and she was glad to hear the latest as she remembers



nearly everybody that was mentioned. Nice to see Sally is back in Pensacola--I figure she returned since Bob and Chris are still there (I think, anyway). Blanche visited me here in NC this summer. Don't know when I'll be back down [to Pensacola], as it is pretty sad that our house is GONE. I hear the couple who bought it are building an impressive house on the lot. Hope you and all your family are doing well. Wish I were closer and could get to some of the festivities. We would love to see y'all. I should send a "newsletter" sometime. I can still get around and have "lunch friends" and am in a *Mah Jong* group and, occasionally, do some art

(watercolor paintings). Read a lot and TV watch and get with Anne and family who live close by in Cary. One grandson just graduated *summa cum laude* from NC state with a degree in Genetics, another has a lead role in "Cabaret," which is coming up at NC State--he LOVES drama, and was born for the stage. One granddaughter is having a semester in France at Toulouse University. Others (children and grands) are doing well with jobs and such --they provide all the excitement for the family! Well, I did want to thank you for keeping me up to date with all the PHS folks-- sure would love to see you all. Take care, and keep doing the great job you do.....we ALL appreciate it. Take care....Love, Beverly



Connie Spires Roche



Always appreciate catching up on the news from PHS.....thank you for keeping me in the loop.

John and I have joined the Silver Sneakers program at the Williams "Y" near our home. There are all kinds of activities, something for everyone from Bible Studies to travel trips. We regularly attend exercise classes; today, we will be doing Classic Exercise, which we do to music, and love it. Afterwards, every other Tuesday, there is a knitting and crocheting club that makes hats and blankets for Nemours and Wolfson children's Hospitals locally - it's a good cause. Though we are both retired, now, we

stay busy--so happy we live in Florida ...no explanation needed! We have family scattered around, though most are in the Jacksonville area, which is nice. Two grandchildren are in college--one in FSU, and the other in USF, and he plays on the Bulls Football Team! Oldest Grandson is with the St. John's County Sheriff Dept, and the other two are in school--one a junior in Matanzas, Fl (about a hour South), and the youngest is in Middle School in Jacksonville Beach. John is going skiing in Vermont first week in March. He and his brother enjoy the challenge of the mountains. As for me, I'll be enjoying the warmth of the Fl Sun in Mt Dora, Fl. Maybe we will catch up with ya'll in Pensacola for the Spring Social.



Joyce and Paul Brasfield



Congratulations to classmate Paul and his new bride, Joyce, who were married February 17, 2019, in South Carolina. They will live in Kentucky for a while; then, back to Pensacola.

Oscar "Bobby" Brock

Bobby has found his life partner, Lorene Richards, whom he met at church about four years ago. They both lost their spouses long ago. He says, "Here we are in our eighties acting just like kids." They are planning to purchase a van to camp in when they visit Pensacola from time to time with his three dogs. They will live in Deland the rest of the time. They plan to be here May 6.

Betty Walther Collins & Jack Gethmann are in Iowa for 3 weeks. She wrote; "We went to a

sports bar/restaurant for lunch, but we passed on eating on the patio!!!!"



Half Fast Fifty Sixers

Some good news to lead off the week. Paul Brasfield is getting married on Sunday, February 17. We're happy for him. We haven't met the bride-to-be yet, but we hope to see them both at the Spring Social. Congratulations, Paul. Well, I think I messed up on the entertainment this week. I think I waited too long. Apparently, everyone is booked for Mardi Gras. I called everyone I know: Sugarloaf - booked; Zack Braun - booked; Derek Church - booked; Harry

McCormack, Jr. - booked. I even called Snake Eye Pete and the Poke Sallet Pickers. Even they were booked. We resorted to our standby hearing contest. Would you believe it, we had a cheater. At least I think he cheated. He used a hearing aid, but when he adjusted the volume he, somehow, tuned in WBSR. When the word was called, "Phantom", he blurted out half a verse of their sing-along, *She'll Be Comin' ' Round The Mountain*. It sure was embarrassing. He swore he wasn't trying to get a leg up on us. We let him off with a warning. Since no one else was even close we had to declare another rollover. I believe the kitty is up to \$1.35 now. We found out the musically disabled club manager was out, so we decided it would be OK to rehearse our Hootenanny. We sang our usual repertoire and added a new song, *The Whiskey's Gone But I Ain't Leavin. There's Bound To Be A Bottle In The Back*. I wasn't satisfied with the harmony. I think we'll

practice that one a few more times before we share it with our fans. We all enjoyed another good meal. The buffet is hard to beat. It was short but really good and reasonable. You can order off the menu if you want. A couple of guys do. Why not come join us next time. We meet the third Friday at Pensacola Yacht Club at 11:30. I promise we won't embarrass you.

[Happy Mardi Gras everybody. Fred Hurd](#)

[Remember in Prayer](#)

Buddy Pollak, who has fought tongue cancer for many years, got a good report from his last scan, which showed no new cancer areas and nothing growing. The infusion therapy has him stabilized for now, though some side effects are not fun. He and Brenda appreciate our prayers and concern. Buddy enjoys getting cards and email, even if he is not able to answer.

Address: 6730 Epping Forest Way N. #107, Jacksonville, FL 32217

[Fallen Tigers Submitted by other Class Communicators](#)

Edith Wilese Waters Bunch died Feb. 11, 2019 - PHS 1958

Kathryn Melba Clements Etheridge died Feb. 6, 2019 - PHS 1958

John Jernigan died Feb. 19, 2019 - PHS 1958



*June Baird, Patricia Baker, & Carolyn Johnson*

[PHS 1956 News n Notes](#)



[Jack Lipscomb](#)

Another milestone in the care of our great-grandson. After eight weeks at Children's

National Hospital in Washington, he was transported by ambulance to a Pediatric rehab center located near Children's. The focus will be to get him and his caregivers (three generations of family) comfortable with the tracheotomy. For Kayden, that means breathing and feeding initially, then speech therapy eventually. We caregivers will learn the maintenance and care required. The diagnosis is *bi-lateral vocal cord paralysis*. That means that the vocal cords are not moving to produce any sound. He cries with no sound, just lots of tears. It is a very rare condition. Children's has only had one or two similar cases in the last year. The tracheotomy surgery was performed a week after he was transported to Children's from the hospital where he was born. It was necessary because of difficulties in breathing and feeding.

In every other aspect he is a normal eight-week baby boy. The attached

photo was made this morning. I held him for a couple of hours while the three generations of mothers prepared for the move to rehab. I haven't fed him a bottle yet, or changed a diaper, but my turn will come.

We are all optimistic about the future. The first several years may be difficult at times, but we will make it.



*Diane McGregor Hoskins  
and Tom Hoskins at  
1958's 60th reunion*

[Half Fast Fifty Sixers  
PHS 1956 men's lunch  
group](#)

I know you're wondering why you didn't see the Half-Fast Fifty-Sixers float in the Mardi Gras parade. It was a beauty. We built it on a hay wagon. We planned to pull it with a red, white and blue 1985 Dodge Ram

Dually with a Hemi engine. We put chicken wire around the whole thing with crushed beer cans spelling out Half-Fast Fifty-Sixers stuck in the wire on the front. Really cool. We were able to find several pelicans around town. I guess people were throwing them away. They all looked alike, except for different paint jobs on each one. Anyhow, they looked good on our float. We got about two dozen white leghorns we planned to release at the viewing stand. You know, as a peace symbol. Chickens are a lot less expensive than doves. We had a  $\frac{1}{4}$  sized Blue Angels plane overlooking the whole thing. It was in a kind of strafing dive. Wouldn't you know, somebody stole the thing? We had it stored at the Milton fair ground. Some red neck, no-class hick drove off with it the night before the parade. He must have been going pretty fast because chickens were flying all over Chumuckla Highway. I guess the thief was going to enter it into the Chumuckla festival. They

never did find the Blue Angels plane. Just the hay wagon and the Ram Dually. We asked the police if they caught the thieves. They said no, and even if they did, they'd probably just give them a commendation for civic improvement. They said they would put out a notice where people missing pelicans could pick them up. They said we could forget about rounding up the chickens. Go figure. Other than that, everything has been pretty quiet. We met and et again and just enjoyed one another. That whole thing with the float was enough excitement, so we didn't even rehearse for our concert.

Why don't you come have lunch with us at the Pensacola Yacht Club. Our agenda is usually not so lively. We generally just shoot the breeze and enjoy one another. Lunch is reasonable, either buffet or off the menu. We look forward to seeing you.  
Fred Hurd

## Remember in Prayer

Janet Martin Olson - health difficulties

Janice Martin Boyer and husband - health difficulties

Jack Lipscomb's great-grandson and family

## In Memoriam Class of 1956

G. Marvin Cornwell died Mar. 14, 2019

## Other Fallen Tigers Submitted by other Class Communicators

Harriet Louise Lister Kohr died Feb. 26, 2019 - PHS 1958

Aubrey Lee Dixon died Feb. 28, 2019 - PHS 1958

Dorothy Joseph Blanchard died Mar. 1, 2019 - PHS 1953

Dorothy Clopton Eichelberger died Mar 1, 2019 - PHS 1953

John Clyde Jernigan died Feb. 19, 2019 - PHS 1958

Peggy Patterson died Mar. 13, 2019 - PHS 1960

Dorothy Louise Harley DaCunha died Mar. 13, 2019 - PHS 1955

Robert Ann "Bennie" Haven died Mar. 20, 2019 - PHS 1953

Norman "Jack" Gardner died Mar. 27, 2019 - PHS 1954

Peggy Braswell Dunn died Mar. 31, 2019 in Los Angeles - PHS 1958

## PHS 1956 News n Notes



August 18, 2019

PHS Class of 1956 began having socials (getting together for dinner or lunch) twice a year following the 55th reunion

in 2011 when some classmates felt five years was too long between seeing one another. The socials began in the spring of 2013 at the Oar House. We have also been to O'Charley's several times, The Homestead Kitchen and to Franco's. And, we have had a covered dish dinner at Bayview Senior Citizens Center. There are not a lot of restaurants that can handle a large crowd without a charge for an extra room. The photos from the 2019 social were at the Oar House.

[No Email from Me?](#)

If a classmate is not receiving emails from me regarding class news, classmate deaths, etc., it's probably because their address bounced back after it was changed or was closed. Regardless, if they want emails about class news, they should contact me to get on distribution. [wayne.tippin@gmail.com](mailto:wayne.tippin@gmail.com)



[Six Thirty Trio](#)  
[Cynthia Green Dean,](#)  
[Martha Erwin Brooke](#)  
[Saquibal](#)



Our 6-hand piano trio played at the First Methodist Church on May 23. We are scheduled to play at Olive Baptist on Sept. 9, Heights Baptist on Dec. 8 and First Baptist Church on Feb. 18. We are a volunteer group and play for church organizations, assisted living and nursing homes and whatever comes up.



The National Guard Association of Florida

(NGA-FL) selected Mike to receive the MG Ronald O. Harrison Distinguished Service Award on July 20. This recognition is for an individual who has offered exceptionally outstanding service and contributions over an extended period of time to the Florida Army or Air National Guard, past or present.



[Lamar Rawson & Bill Spain](#)

Just returned from visiting Lamar's brother & Nephew in Crestview. Brother David Rawson is a popular Pensacola Oral Surgeon (in retirement mode) and Nephew Scott Rawson, D.C., has just opened his Health & Wellness Center in Crestview!



At the Brunch & Bubbles fundraiser at Portofino Island Resort on May 19 to benefit the Gulf Coast Kids

House. They raised over \$150,000. (From Bella Magazine, July 2019.)



For her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, Jeans son Brandon Cobb gave her 80 days in Europe, which turned into 91. They visited Paris, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Milan, Italy, won \$1,000 in Monaco and much more.



Tulip Festival in Holland



My wife and I retired around 2003 and traveled the country in an RV for

thirteen years. Our home on wheels had four slide-outs and we became very proficient at settling in at various locations around the country. We chose our summer locations by factoring in area beauty, temperatures, interesting places to see and visit, etc.

## "The Great Escape" Tunnel

Contributed by



Jane Zobel (Mazzola)  
1958

Untouched for almost seven decades, the tunnel used in the Great Escape has finally been unearthed. The 111 yard passage nicknamed 'Harry' by



allied prisoners, was sealed by the Germans after the

audacious break-out from the POW camp *Stalag Luft III* in western Poland. Despite huge interest in the subject, encouraged by the film starring Steve McQueen, the tunnel was undisturbed over the decades because it was behind the Iron Curtain and the Soviets had no interest in its significance. But at last British archaeologists have excavated it, and discovered its remarkable secrets. Many of the bed boards which had been joined to stop it from collapsing were still in position. And the ventilation shaft, ingeniously crafted from used powdered milk containers known as *Klim Tins*, remained in working order. Scattered throughout the tunnel, which is 30 feet below ground, were bits of old metal buckets, hammers and crowbars which were used to hollow out the route. A total of 600 prisoners worked on 3 tunnels at the same time. They were nicknamed Tom, Dick, and Harry, and were just 2 feet square for most of their length. It was on the night of March 24 and 25, 1944, that 76 Allied airmen escaped through Harry. 1/3rd of the 200 prisoners,

many in fake German uniforms and civilian clothes and carrying false identification papers who were meant to slip away managed to leave before the



alarm was raised when escapee number 77 was spotted. Only three made it back to Britain. Another 50 were executed by firing squad on the orders of Adolf Hitler who was furious after learning of the breach of security. In all, 90 boards from bunk beds, 62 tables, 34 chairs, and 76 benches, as well as 1000's of items including knives, spoons, forks, towels and blankets, were squirreled away by Allied prisoners to aid the escape plan under the noses of their captors. No Americans were involved in the operation. Most were Brits and Canadians but all the tunnelers were Canadian personnel with backgrounds in mining in Poland, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. The site of

the tunnel, recently excavated by British archaeologists, the latest dig, over 3 weeks in August, located the entrance to Harry, which was originally concealed under a stove in Hut 104, The team also found another tunnel called George whose exact position had not been charted. It was never used as the 2,000 prisoners were forced to march to other camps as the Red Army approached in January 1945. Watching the excavation was Gordie King, 91, a RAF radio operator, was 140<sup>th</sup> in



line to use Harry and therefore missed out. 'This brings back such bitter-sweet memories', he said as he wiped away tears. 'I'm amazed by what they've found. Gordie King, 91, made an emotional return to *Stalag Luft III*. Many recent generations have no true notion of the cost in lives and treasures that were paid for the liberties that we enjoy in the U.S. today. They also

have no idea of the lengths that the "greatest generation" went to in order to preserve those liberties. Below is one true, small and entertaining story regarding those measures that are well worth reading, even if the only thing derived from the story was entertainment. Beginning in 1940 an increasing number of British and Canadian Air men found themselves involuntary interned by the Third Reich and the Crown was casting about for ways and means to facilitate their escape. Perhaps the most helpful aid would be an accurate map that indicated areas to be avoided, roads, rivers, rail lines and stations, and most importantly, the location of 'safe houses' that would provide food, shelter, and rest. Paper maps had drawbacks, they make a lot of noise when you open and fold them, they wear out rapidly, and if they get wet they turn into mush. Someone in MI-5 (similar to America's OSS) got the idea of printing escape maps on silk. It's durable, can be scrunched-up into tiny wads and unfolded as many times as needed and makes no noise.

At that time, there was only one manufacturer in Great Britain that had perfected the technology of printing on silk, and that was John Waddington Ltd. When approached by the govt. the firm was happy to do its bit for the war effort. By pure coincidence, Waddington was also the U.K. Licensee for the popular American board game Monopoly. As it happened, 'games and pastimes' was a category of items qualified for insertion into 'CARE' packages dispatched by the International Red Cross to prisoners of war. Under strict secrecy, in a guarded and inaccessible old workshop on the grounds of Waddington's, a group of sworn-to-secrecy employees began mass producing maps, keyed to each region of Germany, Italy, and France, or wherever Allied POW camps were located. When processed, these maps could be folded into such tiny bits that they would fit inside a Monopoly playing piece. As long as they were at it, the clever workmen at Waddington's also managed to add:

1. A playing token, containing a small magnetic compass
2. A two-part metal file that could easily be screwed together
3. Useful amounts of genuine high-denomination German, Italian, and French currency, hidden within the piles of Monopoly money!

British and American air crews were advised, before taking off on their first mission, how to identify a 'rigged' Monopoly set - by means of a tiny red dot, one cleverly rigged to look like an ordinary printing glitch, located in the corner of the Free Parking square. Of the estimated 35,000 Allied POWs who escaped, an estimated 1/3rd were aided in their flight by the rigged Monopoly sets. Everyone who did so was sworn to secrecy indefinitely, since the British Govt. might want to use this highly successful ruse in still another, future war. The story wasn't declassified until 2007, when the surviving craftsmen from Waddington's, as well as the firm itself, were finally honored in a public ceremony. It's always nice when you can play that 'Get out of Jail' Free' card!



*Wayne Tippin, Ouida Alderman, June Baird, & Toni Brown*

[The PHS Class of 1956](#)  
[enjoyed lunch at Francos,](#)  
[September 19, 2019](#)



Neil Thorsen, Oliver Prince & Barbara Thorsen



Barbara & Marvin Chapman



Betty & John Bracken



Pete & Betty Harris



Joyce Lee Dean & Pete Dean



Elsie & Gilbert Bass



Elaine Weekley Williams & Joe Williams



Myrna Rose Bond Martin & Peggy Walden Martin



Cynthia Green Dean



Bill Spain & Martha Campbell Hopkins



Fred Hill



Jack Lipscomb & Jean Krom Pazatkas



Mary Cobb Pearson



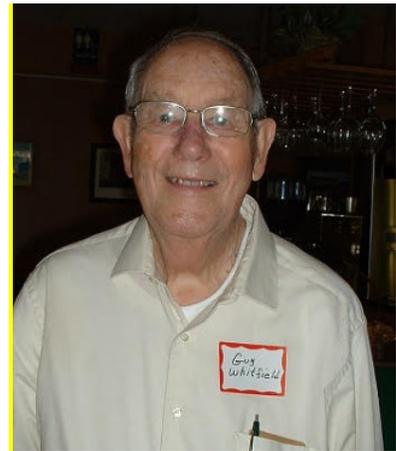
Bill Addison & Ellen Booker Addison



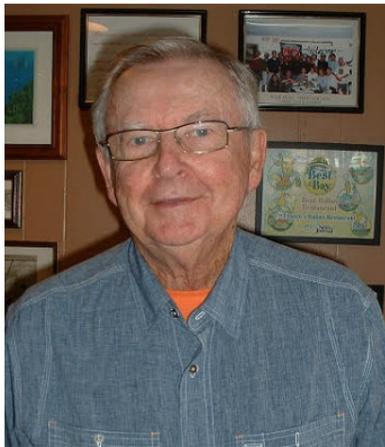
Martha Dewberry Bailey



Charlie Sherrill & sister, Alice Sherrill Weller (PHS 1958)



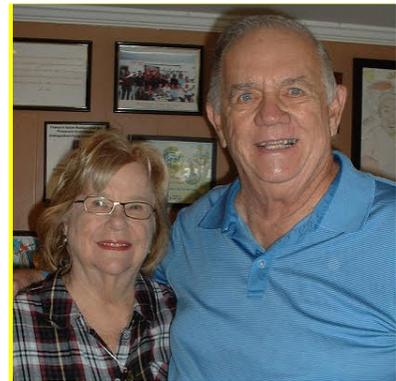
Guy Whitfield



Bennett Orr



Pete Dean & Joyce Lee Dean



Linda & Jimbo Scoggins



Jack Gethmann & Betty Walther Collins



Muffin Oliver



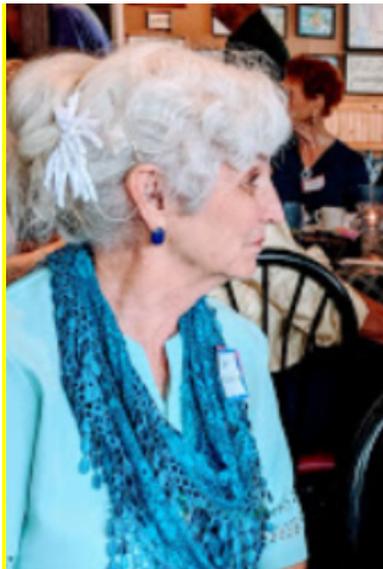
Myrna Rose Bond Martin & Bobby Brock--Martha Dewberry, Muffin Oliver



Louise Wallace Hill



Jackie Linton Cummins is the blond with short hair on the right between ?? Louise Wallace Hill and Martha Campbell Hopkins.



**Bev Marcellos**



**Jackie Linton Cummins**



On the right, front are John Waite & Mona Licorenko Alexander



George Marcellos is at the far end of the table. Charles Suarez & Natalie Judson Suarez are on the right front.



**George Marcellos & Beverly**



**John Waite & Mona Licorenko Alexander**

*Were you born in the 40's?*

*Wayne Tippin*

*1958*

In the early 40's the world was a different place. *I'll Never Smile Again* topped the charts. Do you remember a summer night and there was a kid outside, shouting and playing with friends? That kid was you, and it was getting dark but the child didn't care about time because you knew that time goes on forever. Lightning bugs were coming out and the kid had one ear listening for Mom to call to say its suppertime. You were once that child and how could that child have been happy? There was no computer in the home or office, no air-conditioned homes or cars, no black & white or color T.V., no remote control, no micro-wave in the kitchen, no automatic transmission in the car, no expressways, the dentist used Novocain and his drill was driven by a rubber band. No heart transplants, no cataract surgery, no replaced knees or hips. Kids caught polio and the Salk vaccine was years away. Smallpox was a threat, women died in childbirth, there were no jet planes and no airlines, 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. Winston Churchill became Prime Minister and the London Blitz began. *You Can't go Home*

*Again* came out, 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 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 devices 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 and Paris fell under German occupation and the Olympic Games were suspended. That was the world you were born into. Since then, you and others have changed it but it didn't stop the planets from spinning on and on, year by year. Years in which you would grow bigger, older, smarter, and, perhaps wiser. Years in which you also lost

some things. Possessions got misplaced. Memories faded. Friends and classmates parted and some died. Do you ever think of your friends who are gone now? Do you think of your parents and their friends and relatives? Do you remember the "grownups" who came to your home to visit your parents? The nights at home listening to *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, 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. Mathematics saw the invention of cryptography. Ballistic missiles were developed. Do you remember *Rebel Without a Cause*? Do you still remember *Mr. Sandman*? That year it was 1957 and you were a junior at PHS. Were you in love? Do you remember how much young love hurt? Do you often find yourself just sitting and remembering how it was? Searching for memories long gone, like tears lost in the rain.

# *Memories of 1954*

*Pictures contributed by  
Bob Horton,*

*1954*



Bob Hual & Ed Drossos, PHS 1954



Rosemarie Kennedy, PHS 1954



Bob Horton PHS 1954 with his 1953 Ford



Jackie Davis, PHS 1954

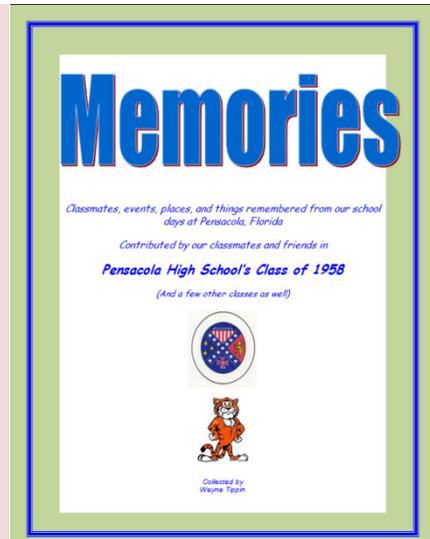
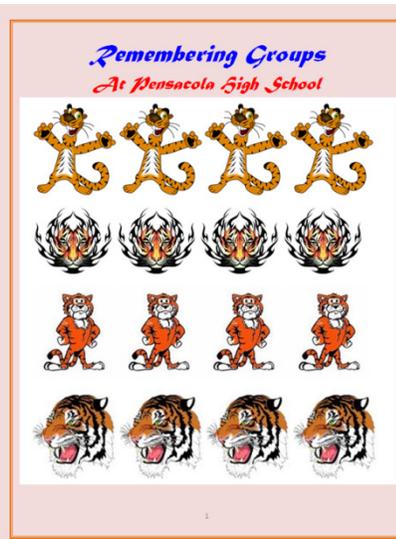
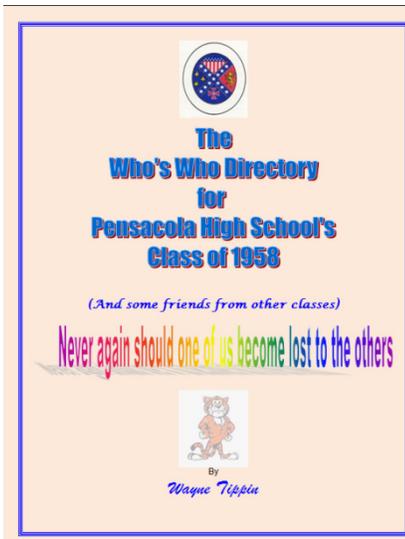


Jackie Davis & Joe Irwin, Jan 1955



January 1, 1955

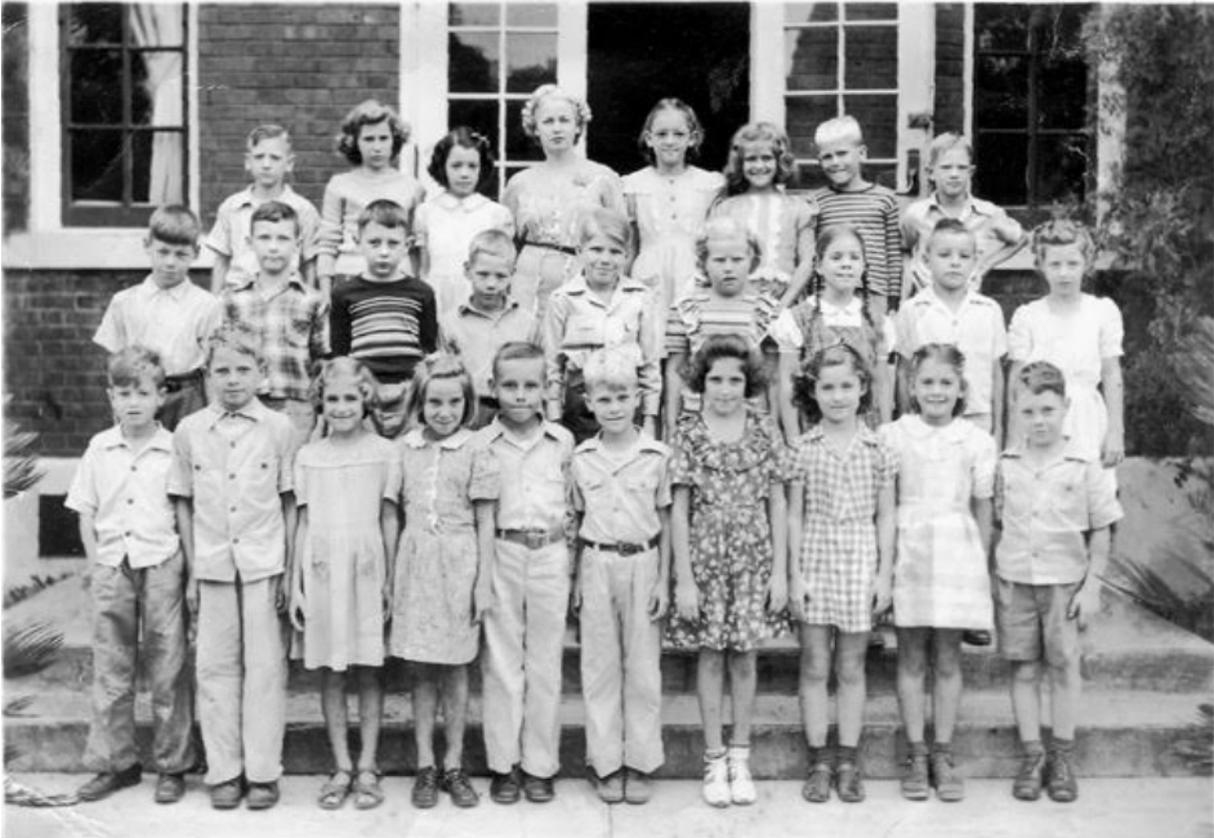
John Shedd, Lamar Hicks, Joe Irwin, Jackie Davis, Bob Horton, Ed Drossos,  
 This bunch of PHS 1954 guys met at the beach every January 1<sup>st</sup> to Water ski in the Gulf  
 from the Casino to Fort Pickens



Who's Who: <https://www.dropbox.com/s/q8v7j8yd05emxbb/Directory.pdf?dl=0>

Groups: <https://www.dropbox.com/s/bdrhvwajdn0ypmr/Remembered%20Groups.pdf?dl=0>

Memories: <https://www.dropbox.com/s/035zx14ord3jjkw/Memories.pdf?dl=0>



## Annie K. Suter Elementary School

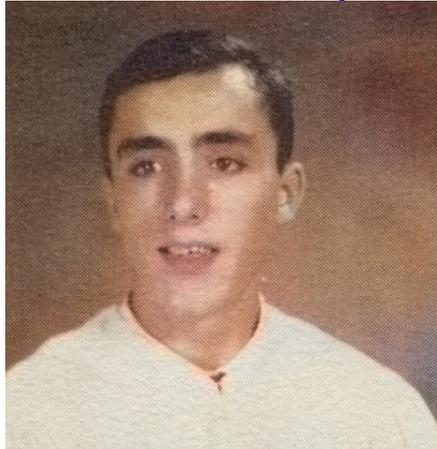
1945 - 1946

4<sup>th</sup> Grade

Front Row, L - R	Middle Row, L - R	Back Row, L - R
M. J. Menge	Raymond Bradley ?	Bob Morton
Cliff Bradley ?	Robert Bishop	
Minni Judy White ?	Billy Suttle	Bishop ?
Doris Bradley ?	Ralph Bradley	
Clyde Murphy	Bill Wiggins	Teacher; Hazel Gettins
Gilbert Zeil	Carol Bradley ?	
Mildred Parish ?	Marcia Turner	Jerry Brodwer
?	Julian Collins	Jackie Davis
Dolores Morain	Anita Trice	
John Shedd		

## “Oh What a Beautiful Florida Day to go Tarpon Game Fishing”

Contributed by



**Stanley Rodak**  
**1958**

I enjoyed writing this article after having experienced it and many other freshwater and saltwater fishing adventures such as participating in bass fishing tournaments on Lake Okeechobee – the Big O.



Yes, the story is mostly true but enhanced with splashes of humor shoehorned into the text. Well, you know what I mean. It is a view into the many interests and active experiences I continue to enjoy in retirement in Sarasota, FL, the former winter home of John & Mable Ringling circus fame. Now, you enjoy! Tony, a longtime fishing friend, joined me since it takes two or more for such a bold quest: one to catch that wily 120 pound plus tarpon and one to handle the boat when there is “fish on!” (Tony and his wife retired from very different international businesses and decided to become professional artists. They live on Long Boat Key.)

**Early summer log for a laid-back salt life:** The peak of the north-to-south tarpon migration along the South Florida Gulf Coast has just started and will continue until late August. We are excited! Tony and I are 110% committed to this fishing expedition. It will take place just a few nautical miles northwest from our launching dock which is in the sleepy fishing village of Cortez, FL. Cortez to dates to 1880 and is almost next door to Sarasota. The old village appears like it still has many of the original shacks and docks. Mullet that slept in the Gulf last night are fried and served at local restaurants with a mess of southern style grits. Work boats with nets hanging to dry from last night are usually docked within feet of the seating area.



Pictured:, a Scaled Sardine or Greenback used for live bait and a blue crab, also used for live bait. Ouch! Watch out for the pinchers.

We have read and reread books and articles on this living fossil. We are well equipped for this tarpon fishing adventure, or at least we believe. Tarpon are at the top of fishermen's must catch-and-release lists, including ours. Ancestors of today's tarpon can be traced back to well over 20 million years ago. The global climate was warmer. They lived in swampy marshes with low oxygen levels. Consequently, tarpon is a unique species in that they have a modified air bladder that allows them to surface and breathe air from the atmosphere and live in oxygen poor waters. They likely evolved that capability early on to survive in prehistoric mucky waters with little oxygen. So much for prehistoric history.

We are now navigating through some of Sarasota's famous shallow grass flats, quietly motoring away from Cortez out into Sarasota Bay. The 2' to 4' shallow grass flats can conceal and yield nice size *spotted sea-trout*, *redfish* and *snook* – all sought-after game-fish, Commercial fishermen are still on berthed boats unloading the night catch. The immense reddish orange ball of the morning sun is now peeking above the eastern horizon. It is coming alive against the cloudless Bluebird sky. We are in a 22-foot boat equipped with an open walk-around deck. This boat is suitable for all types of offshore fishing in the Gulf, even when 40 miles offshore. Its cloth *Bimini Top* will protect us against the intense South Florida sun. Our goal is to reach within 30 minutes an area about one mile north of the shoreline of barrier island *Anna Mari*. Many pods of tarpon are there seeking their breakfast fill of blue crab.



Tony and I continued to cautiously motor through the shallow waters of Sarasota Bay to the northern offshore end of Anna Maria Island, Florida. Suddenly, *w-o-W!*, *Numerous* pods of tarpon are jumping and splashing all around us. Water depth: 43'. We are now in the tarpon's own private playground. They appear to be hungry, each trying to snag one of the blue crabs seen floating on the surface or deeper water. The swift tide is moving the crabs to the Gulf. So crowded together were the pods of tarpon that I could have stepped on the topsides of the dozens and dozens of surfacing tarpon to scamper from our boat to another – maybe even scampering back with a dripping wet, ice cold brew, or two, in hand – of course, approvingly pulled from someone's ice chest. A long line of over fifty boats,



Greenback or Scaled Sardine

well, likely over sixty boats, are in a snaking line that arches northward towards the cities of Tampa/St. Pete, some boats anchored and some drifting about in 40 to 60 feet deep of emerald green Gulf of Mexico waters. This is near the entrance to Tampa Bay. Three nearby boats were observed slowly motoring, carefully navigating around other moving or anchored boats in order to keep up with their just hooked angry tarpon that was racing along the

sandy bottom on a high dose of steroids. One boat was chasing their hooked tarpon as the fish was hell bent to escape to even deeper Gulf waters. That boat captain rapidly navigated through the other boats yet kept the bow directed so that the tip of the anglers fishing rod points to the submerged Tarpon. As I have seen many times in real life a just hooked tarpon would first lunge upward so that the full body comes out of the water, slinging off buckets and buckets of saltwater, its mouth

amazingly wide open as it attempted to throw the thumb-size circle hook, all the time twisting, turning, arching its back, wildly flipping its tail, and really very, very mad. It looks like a saddled-up wild bronco performance without its cowboy rider. Instead, the hatless cowboy is on the boat with white knuckle grips on his heavy-duty fishing rod, now in a full body sweat from this hot and humid day. His face is flushed red. His then strains to movement and Thus, serious or more people on catch – a fully maneuvering the of the angry tarpon, vigorously tugging line in order to bony mouth, and relieve his partner can last an hour,

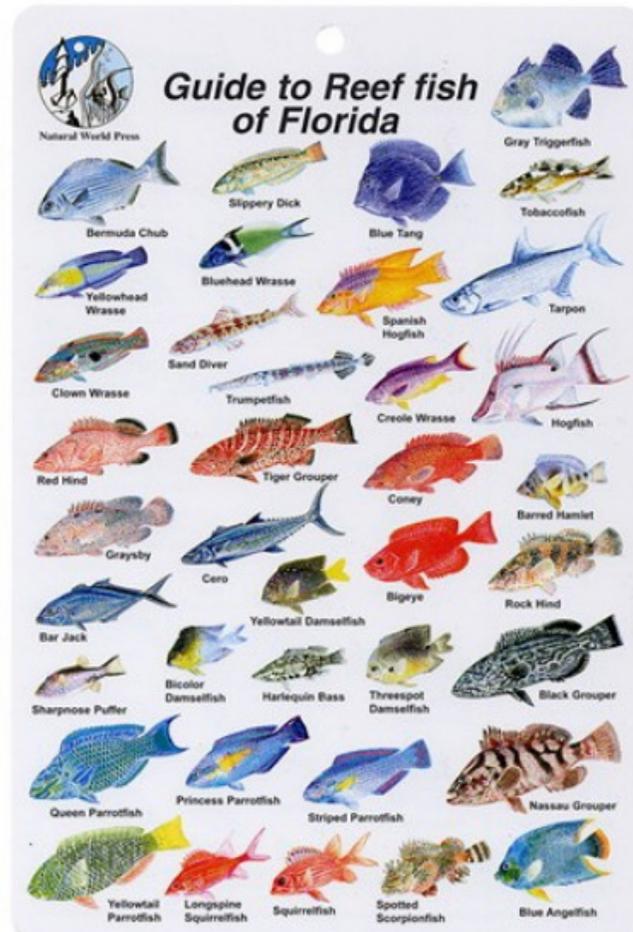


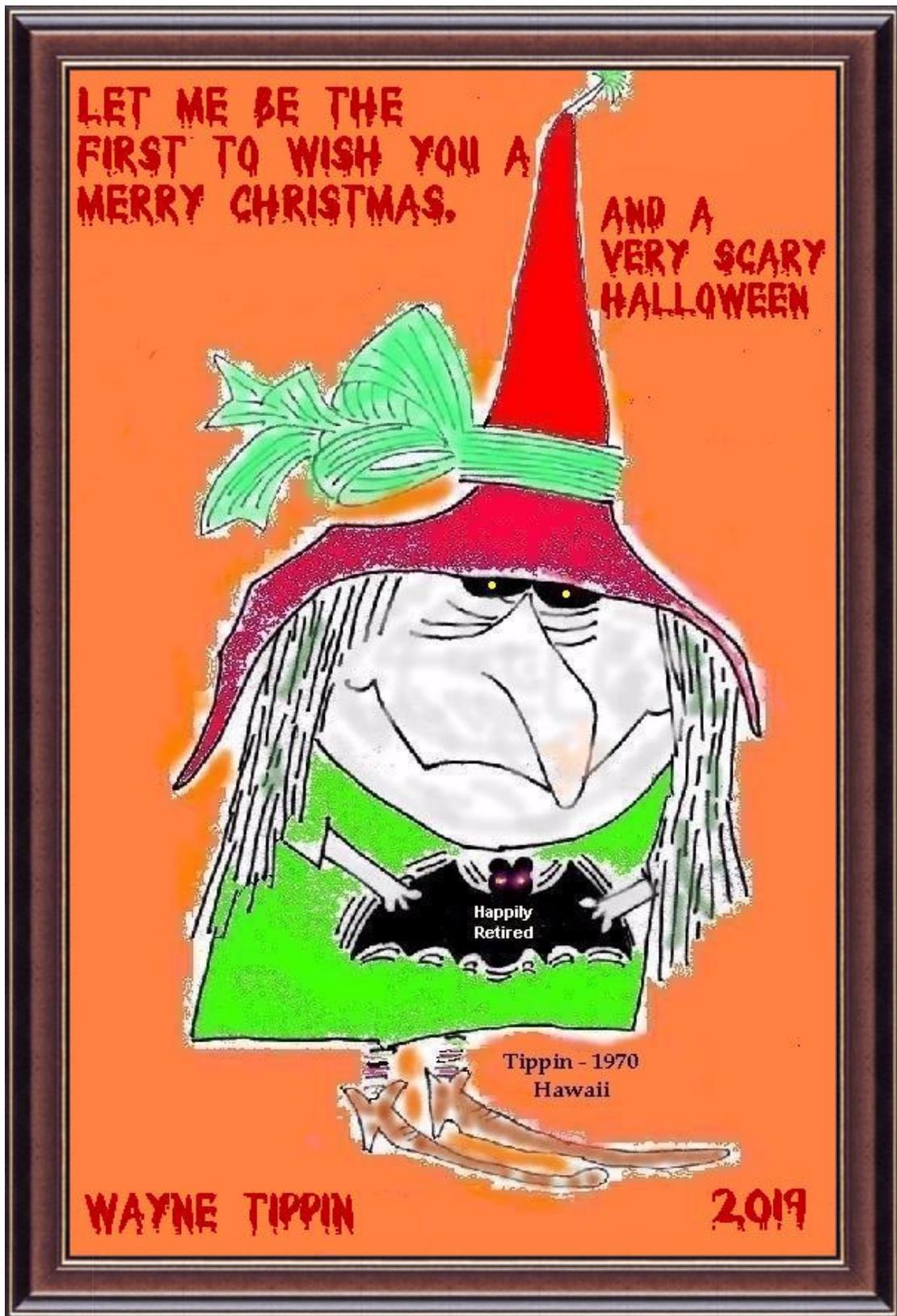
muscular back bends forward, bend backward to control the direction of the fighting tarpon. tarpon anglers need two, three board to realistically work a sober captain driving and boat along the tortuous track one more person who is now and playing the fish on the tight keep the hook in the tarpon's another ready to periodically angler during the fight, which maybe even two hours or more.

The tarpon's bony mouth is strong enough to crush a caught crab and then, down the hatch it goes. The fourth person might be an on-board preacher knelling and praying the hook-up stays that way. "Please, please dear Lord..." There was one lone kayaker on the moderate chop water who did have a hook-up but almost immediately had a break-off. A 120-pound Tarpon could easily pull the kayaker out into the choppy waters of the Gulf. He was out there all day, even staying after most all larger boats had left, including our boat. We watched the boat flotilla with our binoculars for clues on how they caught that elusive tarpon. Hook-ups with tarpon were observed at least once every ten or fifteen minutes. What excitement! Sometimes there was more than one action packed hook-up underway at the same time! Each time the tarpon would vigorously yank to signal a hook-up, next signaling by wildly launching its full body out of the water, rapidly spinning like a prima ballerina, folding the muscular body into a contorted shape. At the first tug the angler would snatch the zero-stretch line upward in order to jam the razor-sharp hook into the hard-bony parts just inside the mouth or on the side of the mouth – which is what a circle hook is designed to do. Just watching the out-of-water tarpon contortions made my own back ache! Ohhhh! Some tarpon looked to be as big as me. Yep, as big as all 5' 8", 151 pounds of me. We drifted live crabs on long invisible leader lines. And the hyperactive 4" bay blue crabs just drifted and drifted with the fast-moving tide. We did not hook-up even after trying all sorts of innovative tricks. And the live crabs just kept drifting and drifting with the outgoing tide. We had been told by wiser fishermen this is what tarpon will quickly slurp up. On this day our game plan was not working. The folks catching tarpon were using live baitfish called green backs, or what are locally called scaled sardines. We tried to buy some from nearby boaters. For apparently no sound reason the fishermen were simply too stingy to let us buy any – even at a generous offer of two dollars apiece! We were desperate! At times it was like the Wild West out there. Some boaters were loudly shouting to others to get out of their \$#@%% boat's way as they tried to slowly motor through the crowded gauntlet of anchored and drifting boats and keep the hook-up on a tight line. You would think the boater with the hook-up would be more civil in public with the King's English. Nope! Never! On other occasions anglers were seen to catch yards and yards of the expensive 60# test fishing line of another angler who had let his greenback baitfish carelessly drift with the tide a hundred yards or more from his boat. When a boating angler cut the invasive line of the unfortunate angler, sharp words were exchanged. One angry person even shouted he had a personalized body bag for the next person who cut his line. Thank heavens no bullets were zipping around. Uh, I ... think. I

did accidentally catch the expensive black 60# line of one angler and offered to sell back to him the “found” attached very expensive titanium 2 oz. sinker at my next Sunday yard sale. I really do not know what made his face turn tomato red. He appeared quite angry, wildly pumping his right arm in the air and yelling something unintelligible into the air. I will never really understand why all the fuss by that angler over a “found” titanium sinker. Some of his statements sounded like he was saying “I know where you live, I know where you live.” Well! He apparently is seriously interested in that expensive sinker and would likely be at my Sunday yard sale. He knows where I live. Great! About 4 PM the beautiful day in this special part of Florida sadly ended without any hook-up or even have a tarpon come up to inspect the hooked live crab. Oh, they are just too darn fussy, very fussy! It was still quite a fun day being in this 3-ring circus. I learned quite a lot about tarpon and people. When Tony and I venture out again we will buy a bucket full of live greenbacks using real US greenbacks from a person who is said to sell them from a small covered barge anchored in Sarasota Bay, near Cortez Bridge. In addition to trying again for the big catch what about tomorrow, the day after or another time? Other interests that compete for my 24/7 vacation time could include a day trip to see St. Pete’s newly opened Museum of Western Art or spend a long day at one of Disney Land’s theme parks, even a longer trip via I-75’s Alligator Alley to visit Miami, especially to enjoy lunch in its Little Havana, Miami district. Biking on portions of the paved Legacy Trail that runs from Venice to North Sarasota County is always a cool weather option. In season the well-known Sarasota Opera, with its professional cast is another favorite (Carmen, Madam Butterfly, Aida,). Don’t forget travel. I look forward to seeing many of you at the next PHS 58 event. Good health and a very happy New Year to all.

*Stanley Rodak*





LET ME BE THE  
FIRST TO WISH YOU A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS,

AND A  
VERY SCARY  
HALLOWEEN

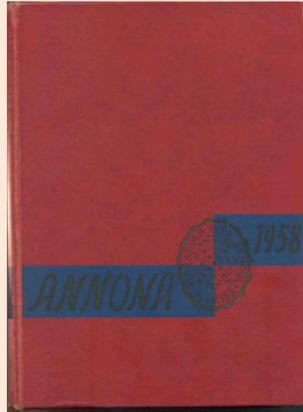
Happily  
Retired

Tippin - 1970  
Hawaii

WAYNE TIPPIN

2019

# Classmates We Remember



*Pensacola High School*

*Class of 1958*

1

<https://www.dropbox.com/s/35wk6a07ipgddx3/People%20We%20Remember.pdf?dl=0>



## Pensacola High School Class of 1958

Welcome Tigers

65th Anniversary Reunion  
April 20, 2023

3 years, 4 months and 10 days left until our reunion.

Welcome Tigers Announcements

[f](#) [t](#) [in](#) [✉](#)

Class of 1958's Website: <http://www.phs1958.myevent.com/>

# Classmates We Lost In 2019



## Dorothy Stephens 1942 - 2018

Dorothy Stephens Gardner, wife of 55 years to Joel Gardner, PHS 1958, passed away a week before Christmas, 2018. She was born on April 24, 1942 and hailed from Jacksonville, Florida. Beth as she was known was a 1963 graduate of Florida State University and a member of the Alpha Phi sorority. She had made several lifelong Pensacola friends while in Tallahassee. Beth and Joel were married on December 29, 1963 when he was stationed at Kailua, Hawaii with the Marines Corps. They would ultimately have many separations during his tours of duty with the Marine Corps and his post-military career in the Central Intelligence Agency in some very unpleasant

places around the world. Beth created homes for her family in Hawaii, Bangkok, Thailand, Paris, France, Michigan, and North Carolina. Beth is greatly missed by her husband, her family, and her friends.



## Marye Charlza Cholly d. 2019 1953

On Thursday January 3, 2019, Marye Charlza "Cholly" Garner Clifford passed away.



## Richard Hall Sherrill 1933 - 2019 1951

Richard Sherrill, 86 years old, died at his home on

January 17, 2019. He was a third-generation lifelong native of Pensacola. An Eagle Scout, he graduated with honors with a B.S. in Business from Washington & Lee University, where he was a member of SAE fraternity. He then served as an officer in the U.S. Navy Supply Corp, after marrying the love of his life, June Morris who is also of Pensacola. An entrepreneur since early childhood, Dick founded Sherrill Realty in 1969 after working for some years for his mentor and friend, Mr. Morey Hart at Hart Realty. In 1971 he acquired his MAI designation from the Appraisal Institute and Sherrill Appraisal Company was born. He also held CREA and CPM memberships. Across the Florida counties of Escambia, Santa Rosa, Okaloosa and Walton, and Baldwin County, Alabama as

well, Dick was a well-respected and enthusiastic Commercial and Estate Appraiser right into his 80's. His expertise was often called upon to teach related classes and testify as an expert court witness in local and federal cases. He also developed a long list of properties, including University Mall. He was a Session member of First Presbyterian church and later at Trinity Presbyterian Church. At the time of his death, he was a devoted member of Christ Episcopal Church. Dick was a past president of the Pensacola Association of Realtors and sat on the board of SunTrust Bank and Pensacola Children's Home Society and was very involved with the Salvation Army. A loyal member of 56 years and past president of the Downtown Rotary Club, Dick was also a Paul Harris Fellow. He was very active in the community as a member of PCC, PYC and numerous Mardis Gras organizations. Passionate about his hobbies, Dick was a scratch golfer; a crack shot wild quail and dove hunter, avid tennis player, and a highly

accomplished sporting clay marksman. But what our family will remember most fondly are the countless memories of our picnics at Sunrise Hill, boating expeditions to fish and scoop up crabs in surrounding bays, sounds and lagoons, endless days of his pulling us on water skis, gut busting laughter at his playful and downright silly sense of humor and the memory of our father and mother Jitterbugging on the dance floor like there was no tomorrow. Preceded in death by his parents, his daughter Susan Tryon Sherrill, his wife June Morris Sherrill, his brother, Frontis "Bill" Sherrill, Dick is survived by his daughters Mary Carroll "Mollie" Sherrill Thomas, Elizabeth "Libby" Sherrill Hollimon, his sister Mary Alice Sherrill Weller (PHS 1958) and his brother Charles C. Sherrill, Sr. Our deepest appreciation goes to our family's devoted friend, Mrs. Magaly Hansen, our parents' housekeeper and Dad's guardian angel. A private family graveside service was conducted at Bayview Memorial Cemetery.



Carol Sue Holifield  
1938 - 2019

1956

Carol Sue Holifield, age 80, of Pensacola, was called home January 18, 2019. She was born in Century, Florida on August 17, 1938 to the late Roy, Sr. and Ethel Williams. She was an Interior Decorator by trade. Her true passion was cooking for her family and spending time making treasured memories with her children and grandchildren. Carol was a devout Christian and instilled in her family a strong faith. She is preceded in death by her parents Roy Williams, Sr. and Ethel Pansie Sawyer Williams; siblings Mildred Boyd, Owen Williams, Alton Williams and Roy "Buddy" Williams, Jr. Those left to cherish her memory are her children James A.

Holifield, David W. Holifield, both of Pensacola, FL and Jeffrey L. (Teresa) Holifield of Evansville, and an extended family.



**Edith Wilese Waters**  
**1940 - 2109**  
**1958**

On Monday, February 11, 2019, Edith Wilese (Waters) Bunch, loving wife and mother of two, passed away at age 78. Wilese was born on September. 15, 1940 and grew up in Pensacola. Wilese married Nick Bunch, a career Marine pilot and after retirement she, Nick, and their children returned to Pensacola. Wilese was an extraordinary military wife and mother who always made her children's goals her priorities. She was a loving caregiver and friend to her grandson, Stefan Gislason and cared deeply about the welfare of others. Wilese was a member of Compassionate Friends at Cokesbury

Methodist United Methodist Church. She is preceded in death by her parents, Lee and Edith Waters; her brother, Phillip Waters; her son, Brian Bunch; her in-laws,



Frank and Elizabeth Bunch and their son Jack Bunch. Wilese is survived by her husband Nick Bunch; her daughter, Nicole Gislason (Snorri); grandson, Stefan; brother, Andrew Waters (Debbie); her sister-in-law, Becky McKenzie (Jolly) and an extended family. Wilese was laid to rest at Bayview Memorial Park in Pensacola.



**Kathryn Melba**  
**Clements**  
**1940 - 2019**  
**1958**

It is with great regret to announce that we have lost a very special classmate and friend Kathryn Melba (Clements) Ethridge passed away in Pensacola on February 6, 2019. The announcement of Kathryn's passing appeared in the February 20<sup>th</sup> issue of the Pensacola News Journal. Services for Kathryn were conducted by the Trahan Family Funeral Home, 419 Yoakum Court, Pensacola, Florida. Kathryn attended Blount Junior High and Pensacola High, graduating in 1958. At PHS she worked on the Annona Circulation and was in the Music Appreciation Club, the Future Homemakers; she was the Class Historian and a member of Phi Si Y-Teens, the square dance club, and the Future Airline

Hostess Club. Kathryn had three children.



**John Clyde Jernigan**  
**1940 - 2019**  
**1958**

John passed away in California on February 19, 2019. He had been living with his daughter in California at the time of his death. He is survived by his daughters, Julie Jernigan and Laura Jernigan, six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and his sisters, Jean Boyd and Susan McCullough. Johnny was a helicopter pilot in the Marine Corp and was employed in Pensacola in ground instrument training until his retirement. He supplied the family with intensive research of genealogy. He will be greatly missed. At Pensacola High School Johnny was in the amateur radio club, he was on the announcing staff, was the

class treasurer, and a member of the cross country, omega Hi-Y, the



track team, and he was a member of the public announcing crew. A committal service was conducted on March 11, 2019 at Barrancas National Cemetery.



**Aubrey Lee Dixon**  
**1940 - 2019**  
**1958**

Aubrey Lee Dixon, a native of Pensacola was born January 30, 1940, and died February 28, 2019. He was predeceased by his mother and father, Aubrey Lee Dixon, Sr., and Mary Louise Barnes Dixon, his stepfather Carlos Griswold,

and his brother Edward. He is survived by his wife of 55 years, Betty, his son David and his wife Caroline, his twin grandchildren, Henry and Layla Grace Dixon, and by his sister Dorothy Flanders. He is survived too by nephews and nieces and great-nephews and nieces in his family and by many brothers- and sisters-in-law and nieces, nephews and great- nieces and nephews in Betty's family, all of whom he embraced wholeheartedly. He Attended local schools and the Florida State Fire College, an ancillary extension of Florida State University, and took courses through the International Fire College in Colorado. He taught as an adjunct instructor in Fire Science at Pensacola Junior (State) College. His lifelong concern and desire was to help people, and he joined the Pensacola Fire Department as a fireman for that reason. Through his hard work and giftedness in leadership and administration, he rose through the ranks to become Chief in 1987. As Chief, he immediately began developing a long-

term plan for safety services for the City, a primary component of which was his emphasis on training and prevention. Many elements of that plan have been put into place, including relocation of the Number One Fire Station, since he retired with a fire-related disability in 1990. Under his leadership the Department achieved a Number One Fire Rating from Insurance Services Offices (ISO), the accountability body for all fire services in the nation, one of only three in the nation to receive such a rating. He believed the fire service was a calling, and he dedicated himself to insuring the care and protection of life. He also had a strong vibrant faith in God and was an active member of the Community of Christ, serving as Deacon, Chairman of the Building Committee when the latest addition was made, as Presiding Elder of the North Pensacola Congregation, and in his later years as an Evangelist, demonstrating his faith through his relationships although limited physically. His mantra was the two great commandments: love

God and love all others. The fruit of that mantra was demonstrated throughout his life and particularly toward the end when he and our family received a groundswell of support and tenderness. Betty and David and later Caroline, Henry, and Layla Grace, as well as his entire family, have been recipients of his passionate love and devotion throughout their relationships, and each attests to his living out First Corinthians, Verse 13;

*"If I speak in the tongues of men or of angels but do not have love, I am only a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge and if I have a faith that can move mountains but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship that I may boast but do not have love, I gain nothing. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices*

*with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, and always perseveres. Love never fails but where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge it will pass away. We know in part and we prophesy in part when completeness comes, what is in part disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child; I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man I put the ways of childhood behind me. For now we see only a reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known. And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love."*





**Harriet Louise Lister**  
**1940 - 2019**

**1958**

Harriet Louise (Lister) Kohr passed away on February 26, 2019. Her marriage to John Alan Kohr was in June, 1964. No services were announced.



**Dorothy Joseph**  
**1935 - 2019**

**1953**

Dorothy Joseph Blanchard passed away on March 1, 2019. No services were scheduled. Notes of condolences may be sent to; 724 Stanley Avenue Pensacola, FL. 32503



**Dorothy Clopton**  
**1935 - 2019**

**1955**

Dorothy (Clopton) Eichelberger, passed away March 1, 2019. Burial was be at Barrancas National Cemetery.



**Dorothy Louise Harley**  
**1935 - 2019**

**1955**

Dorothy Louise (Harley) DaCunha passed away March 13, 2019. I know many will remember Dorothy as a member of the saxophone section the great marching and concert bands under Director Vernon Hooker. She enjoyed the band, always had a smile and was a joy to

be with. She was born in Gantt, Alabama on November 14th, 1936 and graduated from Pensacola High School in 1955. While at PHS she was a saxophone player in the marching band. Upon graduation she married her high school sweetheart and had three beautiful children. Dorothy was a devoted wife, a caring mother, and a loving grandma. She was a faithful member of the Gateway Church of Christ and a volunteer candy striper at Baptist Hospital. Dorothy is preceded in death by her parents, Clara and Thomas R. Harley, Sr.; brothers, Thomas R. Harley Jr., George Harley, and William "Bill" Harley; and sisters, Margaret Fielder and Clara Cannon. She is survived by her husband of 62 years, Viegia DaCunha; son and spouse Viegia Jr. and Robin DaCunha, daughter and spouse Denise and Jeff M. Gallagher Sr., and daughter and spouse Karen and Tony McLamb, one sister, Evelyn Davidson, and an extended family.





George Cornwell

1938 - 2019

1956

George "Marvin" Cornwell, 81, passed away Thursday, March 14, 2019 with family by his side. Marvin was born February 23, 1938 in Pensacola, Florida. Marvin worked as an assistant golf pro for Pensacola County Club and held several positions at Runyan's Shipyard. He enjoyed reading military history and autobiographies, playing golf and watching Florida Gator athletics. Marvin attended Redeemer Lutheran Church. He loved his family and adored his grandchildren who lovingly called him "Pop-Pop". He is preceded in death by his parents, Zemp W. and Clara P. (Pepper) Cornwell and his brother, Robert Cornwell. He is survived by his loving wife Kathryn of 51 years, sister Jane Schwab and his

son, David Cornwell and an extended family.



Peggy Ellen Patterson

1943 - 2019

1960

Peggy Ellen Patterson passed away March 13, 2019 with loved ones at her side. Peggy was born on March 9, 1943 in Aurora, IL, the daughter of Mary Elizabeth and Charles Archley Patterson.



The family moved from New Orleans to Pensacola when Peggy was six years old. She and her five brothers and sisters grew up living on Bayou Grande, swimming, canoeing, sailing and water skiing throughout the year.

Peggy was a fine student at Pensacola High School; she took dancing and was chosen as a cheerleader for both her junior and senior high school years. She attended Birmingham Southern College and later Sophie Newcomb College at Tulane University, majoring in English. Peggy always said that she had wanted to be a teacher for as long as she could remember. After graduating from Newcomb, she returned to Pensacola and taught at Pensacola High School. After teaching two years, she was accepted for a two-year position with the DOD to teach in Japan. Upon returning from Japan, she attended Florida State University and received her Master's in Special Education. In 1968, she moved to Orange County, California. She taught for more than 40 years at Santa Ana College, as Professor and Professor Emeritus. She was beloved by students and colleagues alike. Peggy was a member of the Episcopal Church of the Messiah in Santa Ana and served as Chairwoman of the Altar Guild for several years. Peggy was an avid traveler and camper.

She traveled to numerous countries in Europe, the Middle East, Asia, South and Central America. Her travel companions always found her to be a cheerful,



fun loving adventurer. Peggy was also active in the Pensacola High School alumni club and looked forward to the reunion weekends. Peggy Patterson was a believer in social justice. She was a member of SNCC and helped to register voters in Birmingham in the early 1960s. She was a union organizer at her college in the 1970s in Southern California. She supported The Southern Poverty Law Center since its inception, as well as the ACLU. She deeply believed in her country and the promise that all people are created equal and endowed with inalienable rights. Peggy had a daughter, Catherine Patterson, to whom she was

entirely devoted. Her daughter remembers that growing up with Peggy as a mother was absolutely magical; she was extremely loving and approached life with a sense of wonder and humor, even until the very end. She was a one-of-a-kind person, and leaves behind many lifelong friends, Peggy is survived by her daughter, Catherine, her son-in-law, Nikhit D'Sa, and grand-daughter, Meridian Archley D'Sa, as well as her siblings: Betsy Greer, Patsy Langhorne, William Patterson, Michael Patterson, and Timothy Patterson. All will miss her greatly.



**Robert Ann Taylor**  
**1935 - 2109**  
**1953**

Robert Ann Taylor, who was known as Bennie, went to be with the Lord on March 20, 2019. She was born April 29, 1935 in Pensacola to Ann and Robert Haven USN. Her father was a U.S. Naval Academy graduate and went to Pensacola flight school where he

earned his wings of gold. Bennie's father died in a plane crash during Navy training exercises before Bennie was born. Her mother Ann was civilian employee of the Navy Hospital and raised their two daughters, Bennie and Maripat. Her mother always made sure the daughters attended church and Bennie knew Jesus at a young age. She attended Southwestern, now known as Rhodes College in at Memphis. Upon graduation Bennie she returned to Pensacola where she met Harold. They were married in 1968. She would teach elementary and special education in Escambia County schools for 30 years. Bennie loved teaching and got her Master's in Special Education from the University of West Florida. She was a member of Zeta Tau Alpha and Delta Kappa Gamma. She was an active member of Centralia Presbyterian Church and taught the Ladies Circle, Ladies Sunday School class, edited the church newsletter and was secretary of the Mission Committee. She also directed a hand-bell choir.

Burial will be at the Centralia Cemetery.



**Norman R. Gardner**  
**1935 - 2109**  
**1954**

Norman R. "Jack" Gardner, 83, passed away suddenly on Wednesday, March 27, 2019, at his home after a battle with COPD. Jack was born in Conecuh, County, Alabama, on November 3, 1935 but lived most of his life in Pensacola. He was the son of Jones Franklin and Ruth Peavy Gardner. Jack attended the University of Florida and graduated from Auburn University. He was employed as a salesman for Monsanto for many years where he honed his skills as a successful salesman. He then started his own Insurance Agency and after a time, sold it and went to work for Fisher-

Brown Insurance Agency as an associate until his retirement. He is predeceased by his parents and many beloved cousins and is survived by his wife of 45 years, Mary Joan Gardner with whom he spent many happy and loving years, and for whom he was a dedicated caregiver for the past six months. Jack's four loving daughters also survive him; Nancy (Greg) Wilson, Tammy (Ted) Crane, Joan (Steve) Anderson and Theresa Gardner; along with his grandchildren, Ashley and Drew Wilson, Tyler, Travis and Frances Crane and Doug Anderson; step children, Kathleen (Anthony) Mann and Skip (Kristen) Wax; their children, Jennifer and Jessica Bryant and Connor and Ryan Wax



**Peggy Braswell**  
**1940 - 2019**  
**1958**

Peggy Braswell passed away on Sunday, March 31, in Los Angeles, CA, where she lived for many years. Peggy is survived by a daughter, Ashley Dunn, and a son, Gardner Dunn.



**Vernon Coleman**  
**Senterfitt**  
**d.2019**

Vernon Coleman Senterfitt, husband to Marilyn Berry (PHS 1958) passed away in Gainesville, Florida, September 15, 2016 as a result of cancer. He had no pain and went peacefully in his sleep for which his family was most grateful. He leaves Marilyn Berry Senterfitt, his wife of 57 years. They were blessed

with four children, 9 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren. Vern was born in Hialeah, Florida in 1936. He spent his formative years in Pensacola. Vern received his Bachelor of Science, Masters and Phd. At the University of Florida he worked at Shands Health Center beginning as a laboratory assistant in 1961, retiring in 1995 as Director of Teaching Labs in the Medical School. In retirement Vern enjoyed many hours on his sailboat or in his work shop constructing canoes in small boxes. Vern served in the Navy and requested he be interred at the Barrancas Military Cemetery in Pensacola, Florida. To all who knew and loved him, he will be missed.



**Thelma Eulene Russ**  
**1938 - 2019**  
**1956**

Thelma Eulene Russ Colvin was called home to Heaven on March 31, 2019. She was born March 26, 1938 in Pensacola Florida to Claude and Minnie Bell Russ. She was a lifelong resident of Sanders Beach in Escambia County Florida. Thelma was truly a Southern Belle. Thelma worked for Dr. Pepper as a dental hygienist, at Pensacola Hardware as a clerk, and Santa Rosa Christian School where she drove a school bus. The job she loved most of all was being a wife, mother and grandmother. "Cookie" loved being with her oldest sister "Bunchie". The two were inseparable. Thelma was preceded in death by her husband David R Colvin; parents Claude and Minnie Bell Russ; two sisters and

four brothers. Left to cherish her memories are her three sons and ten grandchildren. Funeral services were on April 8th followed by burial at Barrancas National Cemetery on Pensacola Naval Air Station.



**William Grady Foxworth**  
**1936 - 2019**  
**1954**

William Grady "Foxy" Foxworth passed away May 5, 2019. He was born in Pensacola on October 1, 1936 to William G. Foxworth and Bertha Bratcher who both preceded him in death. He enjoyed a 35 year career in aviation electronics in the Air Force and Civil Service. Bill is survived by his loving and devoted wife with whom he shared 63 years of wedded bliss, Nancy; sons, William, Daniel, Stephen, and an extended family.



Carolyn Alexander  
Fleming  
1926 - 2019  
PHS Teacher

Carolyn Alexander Fleming began her life-long teaching career at Pensacola High School where she inspired love of literature and creative writing. She was born on September 26, 1926 and went to heaven on May 9, 2019, joyfully reunited with her beloved husband, Jack. As she did throughout her life, Carolyn greeted visitors with her famous smile and charm until near the end. She was surrounded by her children, Alexander, Merry, and Tina; nine grandchildren, and five great grandchildren. Carolyn's parents were Eloise and Gilbert Alexander of Forsyth, Georgia, a small college town 80 miles south of Atlanta. Carolyn flourished there as a precocious child in that

picture-book town, which she later would use as a backdrop for her novel. She graduated from Tift College where she had been the college mascot as a five-year-old. Carolyn was introduced to Jack by a childhood friend who became Jack's medical school classmate. Carolyn and Jack soon married and then embarked on a 70-year travel adventure. They lived in Nashville and Washington State before settling in Jack's hometown, Pensacola, but resided for periods of time in London, New York, and Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Their love for travel and culture was legendary. They visited every continent and some countries, like the Soviet Union, China, and Burma, which at the time were very restrictive for foreigners.

Carolyn and Jack made a home together that was not just the center of their family life but a place of great hospitality for countless friends, community leaders, distinguished visitors, and anyone who knocked on the door. Carolyn and Jack applied their creativity and energy to raising their

children and inspiring their grandchildren. They made each child and grandchild feel special, starting with writing a song for each of them. Carolyn managed the household while Jack spend long hours serving patients and becoming a preeminent cardiologist and leader in the medical community. Carolyn with Jack hosted at their home many events and hundreds of friends and visitors to the city. In addition to Jack's world-famous medical colleagues, showered southern hospitality on Victor Borge, composer and conductor Fred Waring, ABC News Anchor Frank Reynolds, fellow writer Eudora Welty, and Methodist theologian and missionary Rev. Dr. E. Stanley Jones. Though she brought a love and practice of Southern cooking reflected in her prize-winning recipes and authoring multiple cookbooks, including *Heirloom Recipes of Old Seville Square*, *Treasure of Sea and Land* and *Pensacola Holidays* Carolyn ranged far beyond the home. Carolyn was a prolific community leader, motivator, and founder. She was president of the

Federation of Garden Clubs, Junior League of Pensacola, and a trailblazer in the *Music Study Club*, *Pensacola Art Guild*, *National League of American Women*, *Morning Book Club*, *Pensacola Historical Society*, *Fiesta of Five Flags*, *Pensacola Cultural Affairs and Facilities Board*, and the *Pensacola Heritage Foundation*. She was a founding board member of *Tiger Bay*, served on the *Saenger Theater Management Board*, and was instrumental in saving and transforming the Saenger Theater into an iconic performance center of great civic pride. Carolyn was a co-founder of *Evening in Old Seville Square*, which led to the rejuvenation of that park into another Pensacola icon and community center piece. The first event was held in August 1966 and spawned the *Great Gulf Coast Arts Festival*, the *Galvez Bicentennial Celebration*, and official *Fourth of July* festivities to this day. Carolyn was an ardent supporter of higher education in the city and the state, serving as *Chairman of the Board of*

*Trustees of Pensacola Junior College* and the *Council of Advisors for the University of West Florida*, where she was active in the *Seminar on the Mission of UWF*, *Committee on University Volunteers*, *Coordinator of Community College Relations*, the *Planning Committee for Discovery Program for Women*, and the *Friends of Music*, and *Friends of Theater*. At the state level, Carolyn served as the *Executive Director of the Florida Endowment for the Humanities and the Commission on the Future of Higher Education in Florida*. She chaired the *Fine Arts Council of Florida* and led its *Panels on Literature, Public Media and Music*, and the *Governor's Awards*. She was on the *Board of the Florida House*, the State's ambassadorial edifice in our nation's capital. For her service to Pensacola and to the academic community, Carolyn and Jack were conferred a *Doctorate of Humane Letter* from the *University of West Florida*. Also reflecting their indivisible collaboration, Carolyn and Jack received together the *Pensacola*

*Area Chamber of Commerce's 1989 Pioneer Leaders Award* and the *Mayor's Community Medallion for Good Citizenship*. Carolyn was not just Jack's creative partner and muse, but she was often the subject of lyrics that Jack wrote such as from *Pensacola USA*: "When the skies a beautiful blue over Pensacola...and the sun is glistening down upon the bay. When they salute the Navy Blue in Pensacola, oh it's there with my love that I would always stay. When my heart is high in the sky over Pensacola, and the one I love is waiting on the scene...with her smile like a mile of azaleas and magnolias, oh with her side I could fly a submarine." Carolyn was a passionate writer. Her novel, *Journey Proud*, for which she received the *Eric Hoffer Book Award*, is set in the 1930's in a small Georgia town like her birthplace. The story is told by the voice of a spunky, young girl who sounds a lot like Carolyn. Carolyn took every opportunity to ingeniously put words on paper and involve others in the creation. When she served

as foreman of the federal grand jury, Carolyn marshaled the entire court and jury, including the judge to compile an annotated cookbook, *Democracy Means Sharing*. With Jack, she authored the books *Thinking Places*, *Where Great Ideas Were Born*, a collection of insights, based on their travels, into the lives of over thirty creative people, which recounted their own harrowing travel adventures—and there were many including walking away from the crash of an Eastern Airlines plane at Pensacola airport. Together they wrote with renowned composer Allen Pote, with support from his wife Susan, the musicals "*Bahia de Panzacola*" and "*Imagination!*" a whimsical musical for children inspired by the life of Robert Louis Stevenson in the South Pacific. The most amazing collaboration of the Fleming-Pote collaboration resulted in *Seaplane*, an all American musical, which received the *Adelia Rosasco Soule Award* and standing ovations at over 60 performances across the country. The original 1989

stage production in Pensacola was followed by special performances at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. in 1990, a three-year summer stock run in Hammondsport, New York that started in 1994, and a production in Pensacola that same year. *Seaplane* was last performed in August 2015 to capacity audiences at the Saenger Theatre. The late Los Angeles Times critic Charles Champlin said of the show, "It's Music Man on wings" and "a phenomenon in Hammondsport" [when all the people of the town and] "vicinity were brought together every year in a joyous celebration." Researching the story of *Seaplane* took Jack and Carolyn from Pensacola Naval Air Station to Miami, San Diego, and many other places. They interviewed and became friends with the descendants of Alexander Graham Bell at the family estate *Beinn Bhreagh* outside of Baddeck, Nova Scotia. Bell was a major supporter of Glenn Curtiss and early aviation and an important character in the play. Jack and Carolyn were invited by

the US Navy to attend in Yokohama, Japan, the decommissioning of the ship USS John Tower, named for another central character in the play, who was one of the first naval aviators and later a highly decorated admiral during the Second World War. A navy band played excerpts from *Seaplane* at the ceremony. Carolyn was very active member and leader of First United Methodist Church, serving in leadership positions and providing support and advice to many members and to Senior Pastors starting with J.B Nichols and later to become Bishop Paul Duffey, and more recently, Powers McCloud, Henry Roberts and Wesley Wachob. She chaired many committees and a key capital campaign. She and Jack sang and toured with the church's distinguished choir for many years. Carolyn Fleming never forgot her roots in Georgia and the values of service, creativity, and family that were formed there, but she bloomed where she was planted. She bloomed even for a season while living abroad and during a lifetime in Pensacola, the

city she loved and enriched beyond measure. She lives on in the many lives and institution that she inspired and nurtured.



**Jane Copelan**  
**1935 - 2019**

**1953**

Jane Copelan Weekley passed away Wednesday, May 22, 2019. She was born in Atlanta, GA on June 1, 1935, to Comer "Bo" & Margaret Copelan. The family moved to Pensacola, FL in 1944. Jane graduated from Pensacola High School and attended Huntingdon College in Montgomery, AL. She married Kenneth Weekley on February 26, 1955 at First United Methodist Church, Pensacola. Jane was blessed with three daughters, Karen McLeod (Mike), Kim Weekley (Sandra), and Kaye Westmark (Scott); four grandchildren, and four great grandchildren. Jane was a member of First United Methodist Church for 75 years, serving as

Sunday School teacher, Elementary Coordinator, Youth Coordinator, member of the Alabama-Northwest Florida Conference of the United Methodist Women, serving as President at the local, District, and Conference levels, Chair of Council on Ministries and Administrative Board, member of Membership, Stewardship, and Staff-Parrish Relations Committees, Older Adult Council, and Good Shepherd Ministry. Jane was a passionate advocate for women and children. She served the community by volunteering many years with Pensacola Habitat for Humanity, Girl Scouts of NW FL, Manna Food Bank, Youth Motivation Mentor Program, Adult Sewing classes, Interfaith Jail Ministry, Meals on Wheels, and Wesley Haven Assisted Living Facility. Jane enjoyed playing games, knitting and sewing, fishing, tennis, and RV camping. This is the day the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad in it! -Psalms 118:24. Memorial Service will be held 11:00 AM Wednesday, May 29, 2019 at First United Methodist Church, with Dr. Henry Roberts

officiating. Reception will follow in the Wright Place. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to First United Methodist Church Living Trust, Jane C. Weekley College Scholarship Fund at First United Methodist Church, Pensacola Habitat for Humanity, Manna Food Bank, or Milk and Honey Outreach Ministries.



**Jeanette Sylvia Johns**  
**1940 - 2019**

**1958**

Jeanette (Johns) Laposki Jones, 79, of Pace, Florida passed away on Saturday, June 1, 2019. There was no obituary and the funeral cremation was private. While at PHS Jeanette was a member of the Festival Chorus, Christian Youth, Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Music Appreciation, Y-Teens, and she was a teacher's

assistant and an office assistant.



**Betty Carolyn Diamond**  
1937 - 2019

1955

Betty Carolyn Diamond Eastburn, quietly passed away on June 5, 2019 at her Gulf Breeze, Florida home, with family members at her side including her sister Cathi Bickmore, her former husband, and her four children. Betty was born in Pensacola on January 18, 1937 and lived most of her life in Pensacola and Gulf Breeze. Betty's greatest passion was her family, and she spent a great deal of her life raising her children and helping her children raise theirs. She was an entrepreneur who started a health spa and a gourmet restaurant, and an artist who inspired others. A private family memorial

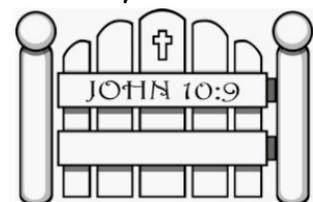
service was conducted on June 8, 2019 and internment was at the Columbarium at Rose Lawn Cemetery in Gulf Breeze, Florida.



**Terry R. McClarren**  
1941 - 2019

Terry R. McClarren, age 78 of Pensacola, Florida, husband to Janice O'Gwynn PHS 1958, McClarren peacefully passed away on Wednesday, June 26, 2019. Terry was born June 17, 1941 to Ralph and Marjorie McClarren at Abington, Pennsylvania. In 1961 Terry moved to Pensacola to accept a job with St. Regis Paper Company. On a "blind date" while was in Pensacola he met and married the love of his life. Terri and Janice later adopted two children. Over the course of his life while living in Pensacola Terri also worked for IBM and the Escambia County School District. During his spare time, he was very involved in his

children's activities, the Boy Scouts, and the Optimist Club. He continued to work with them until well after he retired until his health declined. His son Trent McClarren precedes Terry in death. Left to treasure his memories is his wife of 48 years, Helen Janice, daughter Ashley, sister Janet Karralus (Argo), and his brother Gordon McClarren; sister-in-law Brenda O'Gwynn, daughter-in-law Candice Atkins McClarren (Brian) grandchildren John Briggs Pugh and Thomas Pugh, nephews Erik McClarren, Jeffrey Wilson (Andrea), Clare and Reid Wilson, and nieces Robin McClarren and Amy Bonczkowski. Terry's family would like to thank the wonderful caregivers that cared for him over the past several months. Terry's family suggested donations be sent to the children's Home Society or the Boy Scouts of America. A Celebration of Terry's life was conducted on July, 2019 at Bayview Memorial.





**Ralph Fillingim**  
**d. 2019**  
**1954**

Ralph "Hack" Fillingim passed away Thursday, June 27. Becky, his wife said he had been diagnosed with cancer and had received some treatment but passed away in his sleep. There was a memorial event at Fairfield Plantation.



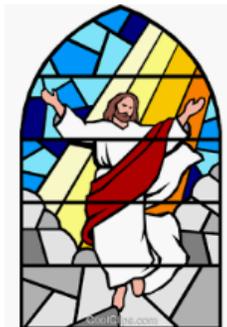
**Colin Pemberton**  
**d. 2019**  
**1953**

Colin Pemberton, 88, husband of Doris Wilson (Pemberton) PHS 1953, passed away in Pensacola on July 4, 2019. Pensacola Memorial Gardens and Funeral Home are providing services.



**Judith King**  
**1938 - 2019**  
**1956**

Judith (King) Bell 81, of Pensacola, Florida died on July 6, 2019. Judy graduated from Pensacola High School in 1956 and she was a member of St. Michael's Catholic Church and did a lot of volunteer work there. Contributions may be made to Pensacola Catholic High School. The family wishes to thank the staff of Covenant Hospice for the love and care given to our sweet Judy and family throughout this time. Funeral services will be conducted at 5:30 p.m., Thursday, July 25, 2019 at the Basilica of St. Michael the Archangel, 19 North Palafox Street in Pensacola.



**June Joyce Eleanor King**  
**1939 - 2019**  
**1957**

June Joyce (King) Howard, 80, sister of Frank King, PHS **1958**, passed unexpectedly on July 8, 2019 in Panama City Beach, Florida. She was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania on April 26, 1939 to Paul Jasper King and June Boyajian. After graduating PHS Joyce went on to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree in English from Florida State University. She was a life-long educator, retiring after a career of 40 years at Rickards High School in Tallahassee, Florida. Born in Pennsylvania, Joyce grew up in the Pensacola where her love of the ocean began. For many years she competed in water skiing at the National Championship level in jump, slalom, and tricks, appearing in

tournaments and shows throughout the midwest and southeast. She was once the world record holder for ski jump distance and won the overall Water Ski Slalom title in 1959 at Five Flags, Callaway Gardens in Pine Mountain, Georgia. Joyce loved family and was passionate about keeping connections with relatives both near and far, organizing family reunions, passing along notes and updates, and performing extensive genealogical research. She was an extremely active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and loved discovering new connections about her ancestry. Joyce had so many close family and dear friends and never met a person that didn't have a story to share. weather permitting, guests are welcome to attend an ocean-side ceremony to consecrate her ashes.

Mom, you landed your final jump in perfect form. It's time now for you to enjoy your endless crab boil, skiing, and spending time with all our family and friends who have been

waiting for you. You are at peace, and we know you will be with us. We will miss your laughter, your silly jokes, your immense love of family, and being a fully-accessorized hostess for any and every reason or a holiday event. Well done, we watch now as the ski boat pulls you away from shore and you are drawn out of our earthly view.



William "Bill" Bjorensen  
d. 2019  
1953

William Bjorensen passed away surrounded by his family at home on Sunday July 21, 2019. Bill married the love of his life Jo Ann Shell on September 6, 1957, and raised a beautiful family. He was born in Pensacola and graduated from Pensacola High School with the class of 1953. He was in the Army for 6 years, worked for the City of Pensacola for 36 years.

After retiring Bill worked at Harper-Morris for 16 years. Bill loved talking and being with family and friends and driving his 1966 Chevrolet Impala.



James Cain  
1936 - 2019  
1955

Lt Col James "Pee Wee" Cain, passed away on July 29, 2019. He was born February 12th, 1936 in the Brownsville area of Pensacola. He was the last surviving sibling of Charles and Lola Cain. Pee wee was an accomplished football player at Pensacola High School and the University of Alabama playing for Paul Bryant. Upon graduation from college Pee Wee joined the Air Force and earned his wings. He was awarded numerous medals and awards throughout his career and volunteered for several combat tours, including top secret

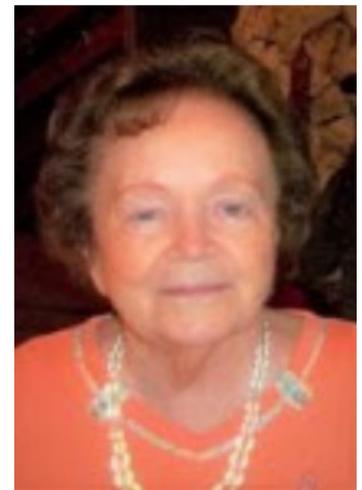
assignments in the Raven Program. Many legends and stories have been told about Big Jim, Raven 41. Shot down several times behind enemy lines. Missions so secret, that it would be many years later before they could award his purple heart. He was a great Warrior and a greater family leader. He loved his Grand Kids and as the last survivor of his large family, he took the leadership roll very serious and loved his nieces and nephews as his very own. His larger than life presence will be missed by many. We have lost a true American Hero. Burial was at Barrancas National Cemetery on Pensacola Naval Air Station.



**Gail Vaughn Grimes**  
**1936 - 2019**  
**1955**

Gail Vaughn Grimes, 82, of Pensacola passed away Saturday, August 3, 2019. She was 1957B a resident of Pensacola, born November 19, 1936 at Gadsden, Alabama. Gail graduated PHS Class of 1955. Retired from Gayfers (33 yrs), owner of Texaco Station. She was very active in her community, President Rowwa-Retired Officers Widows Association, President Warrington Elk's Lodge, Red Hat Society of Pensacola, Daughter of Nile Hadji Temple, Shands Hospital volunteer donator, Dillard's Fashion model for New World Landing, Fashion Shows for Retirees, Jester's Krew, and the Krewe of Lafette. For many years Galil enjoyed sewing and designing for plays in

the community and baking cakes & pies for Bingo Halls. She was an avid Miami Dolphin Fan. She is preceded in death by her husband, Richard P. Grimes; father, Alton W. Vaughn; mother, Jesse Duane Vaughn; brothers, Sonny, Jerry, Alvin, Andy, Russell Vaughn; daughters, Kay Wrenn and Karon Hall; son, Keith Jerkins all of Pensacola.



**Reva Marie Jones**  
**1956**

Reva Marie (Jones) Osborne of Waynesville, North Carolina passed away August 22, 2019. She was born in Pensacola, Florida on July 22, 1938 and Marie graduated from Pensacola High School with the Class of 1956. She is preceded in death by her husband of 52 years, Gary Osborne, baby daughter Tina Gail, parents Reva Mae Lewis Jones and James Joseph Jones, two



brothers: James Jones, and John Jones. She is survived by a son, Kerry Osborne (Caryn) of Pompano Beach, Florida, two daughters, Shari Adams (Kenneth) of Casselberry, Florida, and Jenay McPherson (Kenneth) of Chuluota, Florida, five sisters: Dixie Ayala (Alabama), Gloria Graves, Pat Baker (Bobby), Betty Burklow (Bob), Joan Arthur (Dan) and One brother, Joseph Jones (Sylvia); Nine grandchildren: Kendra, Rebecca and Sara Adams; Laura Berkley, Natalie Santana, Hannah, and Rayann McPherson; Justin Osborne and Joanna Osborne; Eight great grandchildren: Adriana, Jaiden, Zackery, Willow, Razeziel, Ezri, Zuriel and Levi. And host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends. Marie worked as a PBX operator in Pensacola at a hospital and Industrial Supply of Orlando. She was a member of Orlando Baptist Church and First Baptist Church of Lake Junaluska. Her family was her passion. Marie will be greatly missed by her family and friends.



Thomas F. Cushing  
1938-2019  
1956

Thomas was born May 18, 1938 in Pensacola to William Dennis Cushing, Sr. and Alberta Farrar Cushing. He is a 1956 graduate of Pensacola High School and served in the U.S. Army for six years. After 42 years of service, Thomas retired from Gulf Power Company where he worked in many different capacities and retired as a Supervisor of Consumer Affairs. Thomas grew up in East Hill Baptist Church and as an adult joined Olive Baptist Church. He served at Olive Baptist Church for 40 years as a faithful member, deacon, and Sunday school teacher. Thomas was a talented artist and storyteller. He was an outgoing lover of people. Interment was at Bayview Memorial Park.



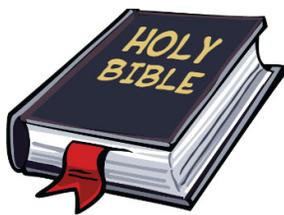
Gary Gene Martin  
1936 - 2019  
1955

Gary Gene Martin passed away last week in Pensacola. Classmates will remember Gary as a member of the PHS band, playing the clarinet. He was always a pleasure to be with and will be missed. Gary, age 83, of Pensacola passed away on Thursday, September 6, 2019. He was born in Kansas and moved to Pensacola as a young boy. After a few years in the Army, he began his career as an auto mechanic and then became a service adviser employed by Mitchell Motors for over 34 years. In his younger years Gary had interests in ham radio operating, square dancing, and photography.



**Mary Anne Gatling**  
**1937 - 2019**  
**1955**

Mary Anne Gatling Gonzalez, who was born June 21, 1937 and was a member of the Pensacola High School Class of 1955, peacefully passed away September 5, 2019 surrounded by her loving family. Mary Anne participated in a number of PHS activities, including Glee Club, and will be remembered by many of her classmates.



**Julia Louisa Jones**  
**1935 - 2019**  
**1953**

Julia Louisa (Jones) Bonifay, 84, a transplanted Pensacolian for most of her life, peacefully slipped away on October 21, 2019. Julia was born in Mobile, Alabama to Charles R. Jones & Ethel Cox Jones but moved with her parents and brother to Pensacola in 1948. Julia was married to the love of her life, Clinton E. Bonifay for 52 years until his death in 2007. She met him while attending Pensacola High where they both graduated in 1953. Julia attended both Troy University & Huntingdon College but couldn't resist Clinton and his black convertible so she came back and they married in 1955. Julia worked several jobs in Civil Service but her main profession for 30 years was as an IRS Tax Service Specialist. She worked at

her career in addition to her tremendous work as a mother of five children. Clinton was the catalyst and Julia was the glue. Julia didn't know what to expect when she married into the Bonifay family; she probably never knew what she was in for. The water became as much a part of her life as it was the Bonifay's; water skiing, ski shows, fishing, crabbing, swimming, floundering, cast nets & mullet fishing. If you could do it in the water, it was done, and she did her part. She wasn't always in the forefront as she was more comfortable making things happen behind the scenes. Julia had a memorable laugh and a great sense of humor. For approximately 20 years of their marriage, they lived near Chicago, Illinois when Clinton's job with the airlines required them to live there. The love of water had to become a tolerance of snow but without water-sports, she soon became a fan of the Chicago Bears, the Bulls, and the Cubs.



Thomas Rogers Birdwell  
1929 - 2019

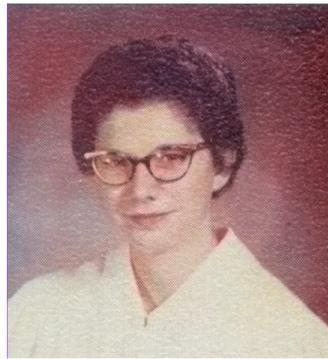
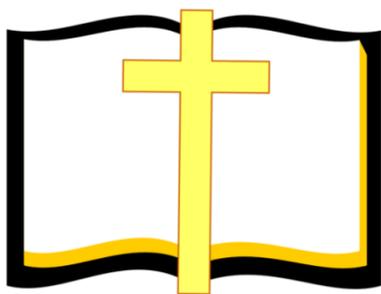
1955

Dr. Tom Birdwell, husband of PHS '55 classmate Judy Allen, passed away last Friday in Pensacola. A memorial service is scheduled for this Friday afternoon. We extend our sincere condolences to Judy and her family and friends. Thomas Rogers Birdwell, beloved husband, father, grandfather, accomplished physician and unparalleled fly fishing enthusiast, passed away at home on October 18, 2019. Throughout his 90 years, Tom lived guided by his principles of working hard, living life to its fullest, and maintaining a high moral character. While Tom traveled the world he called Pensacola his home. Born on August 11, 1929 in Louisville, KY, Tom attended boarding school at The Webb School in Bell Buckle, Tennessee and

college at Vanderbilt University in Nashville where he was awarded a Navy Scholarship. Tom joined the Sigma Chi fraternity and earned a Bachelor of Science in Biology. Upon graduation, Tom was drafted into the US Marine Corps where he completed his basic training at Parris Island and attended Officers Candidate's School at Quantico. He then proceeded to flight training at NAS Pensacola. In 1961 Tom achieved his life-long aspiration of becoming a physician by graduating Tulane University School of Medicine. During his time at medical school Tom married Judy Allen, his long-time love whom he had met while stationed in Pensacola they were married for over 60 years. After a residency in pathology at Balboa Naval Hospital in San Diego and a research position at the Navy Radiological Defense Laboratory in San Francisco, Tom worked as the Chief of Pathology at the Charleston Naval Hospital. Tom then transitioned from active military service to private

practice in Pensacola but remained in the Navy Reserve, achieving the rank of Captain. In Pensacola, Tom worked for Baptist Hospital and for Laboratory Corporation of America. He worked as a pathology consultant for numerous hospitals across Northwest Florida for many years. He was one of the founding owners of the Zoo in Gulf Breeze. Retirement from full-time work did not slow Tom down. In fact, it gave him the opportunity to pursue a variety of his interests including fly fishing, camellias, and travel. He hosted an infamous BLAB TV show called "Fish Tales with *The Fishin' Doc.*" He participated in two Blue Angel marathons. He traveled all over the world to fly fish as well as for pleasure. Tom gave back to his community in a multitude of ways. He was a member of the Fiesta of Five Flags court. He was a member of Downtown Rotary where he participated in Rooters, the musical ensemble, and was honored by Rotary as a Paul Harris fellow. He was the President of the Fly Fishers of Northwest

Florida. He was President of the Pensacola Camellia Club and honored by the organization in 1982 as their Man of the Year and in 2019 with an Honorary Lifetime Award. A longtime member of Church Episcopal Church, Tom was a Vestry Member, a Chalice Bearer and the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Episcopal Day School. He was President of the Law Enforcement Ministry. He was also a long-term supporter of the Webb School, Vanderbilt University, Tulane Medical School, the Pensacola Public Library, the University of West Florida, the Saenger Theater, the Pensacola Symphony and the Pensacola Museum of Art. He was also a member of the Pensacola Country Club.



Lavada Ann Salvant  
1940 - 2109  
1958

Lavada Ann (Salvant) Smith, 79, of Pensacola, Florida passed away on October 5, 2019.



She was born December 16, 1939 to Eugene and Alma Salvant and graduated from Pensacola High School with the Class of 1958. Lavada loved to cook for gatherings of family and friends and praising the Lord at Pleasant Grove Baptist Church. Lavada was preceded in death by her husband Thomas Hatcher Smith Sr. and she is survived by two sons; Thomas Hatcher Smith Jr. and Timothy Shawn Smith and four grandchildren



William David Scurlock  
1938 - 2019  
1956

William David Scurlock was originally from Butler, Alabama. He attended public schools in Mobile, Alabama and Pensacola, Florida. He graduated from Pensacola High School in 1956. On November 17, 1957 he surrendered to full time ministry. He graduated from Troy State College with a Bachelor of Science degree with a major in History and a minor in Music. After graduation from college, he attended New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary and graduated in 1963 with a Bachelor of Church Music degree, Upon graduation from seminary he served as Minister of Music and Education in churches in Central and Northwest Florida and in South and North Alabama.

Reverend Scurlock was ordained to the preaching ministry in 1982 and pastored churches in Florida and Alabama before his retirement. He is preceded in death by his mother, Ruby and his father, David. He is survived by his loving wife, Betty, sons; Randall, Richard and Robbie; granddaughter, Hunter Marie; brother, Larry and a special claimed grandson, Ethan Arnold. Pallbearers will be his nephews. Visitation was November 2, 2019 at Myrtle Grove Baptist Church with interment at Union Hill Cemetery.



**Harold Kent Brock**  
**1940 - 2019**  
**1958**

On Thursday, October 31, 2019 at the age of 78, Harold "Kent" Brock, loving husband and caring father, went to be with the Lord. Kent was born on November

9, 1940 in Pensacola, FL to Geddie Carl Brock and Willie Maude Cannon-Brock. He was a graduate of Pensacola High School and a reputable business owner of Brock Electric Company for 18 years after working for Peak McMorris Electric for over 20 years. Kent was a 46-year-member of Escambia Masonic Lodge 15, Valley of Pensacola Scottish Rite Temple, and Hadji Shrine. Kent was Baptist by faith. He is preceded in death by his brother, Elwood Brock; sister, Beverly Overstreet, and stepdaughter, Leighann Frick. He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Ann Brock; his children, Cyndi Brock, Kimberlee McBride (Mark), and Kent Brock, Jr. (Tina);

stepdaughter, Amy Sowell; brother, Michael Brock (Pat); grandchildren, Barry Drew (Jessica), Amanda Wade (Donnie), Megan Giannotti (David), Lauren Graves (Josh), Shandy Hoogerhyde (John), Brittnee Brock, Samantha Brock, Mackenzie McBride, Quinnlin McConnell, and Doron McConnell; as well as great-grandchildren, Easton, Havanah, Eloise, Paisley, and Jaxson.

Burial was at Bayview Memorial Park.



**Bill Jackson**  
**1941 - 2019**  
**1959**

Bill Jackson who was arguably one of the most versatile players in PHS football history, passed away on November 4, 2019.. He brought many loud and resounding cheers from the stands at Tiger Stadium.

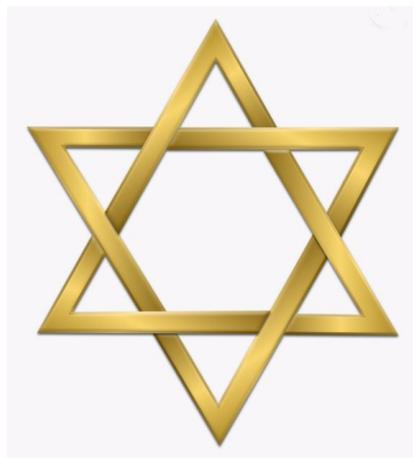


**Stephen W. Jernigan**  
**1936 - 2019**  
**1954**

Stephen Whitmire Jernigan, of Pace, Florida, passed away on Thursday, October 31, 2019. His family was beside him while he let go of this life and was resurrected with Christ. Steve was born to Stephen and Vennie Jernigan in Crestview, Florida, in 1936 and

graduated from Pensacola High School. He was married to Rose Mary English in 1952, and together they raised three children. Steve faithfully provided for his family by working in construction and making custom art knives. His knives were highly regarded and sought after by collectors all over the world. He enjoyed traveling to knife shows and developed many wonderful friendships through his knife making. Steve was described perfectly by one of those friends, Joe Hatfield, "Steve has always been a truly skilled, gifted, and unique master of art, design, and workmanship like no other. His memory and works will live on in the hearts and collections of all those who were privileged to know him. Steve was a most compassionate, honest, and loving person who will be greatly missed and often remembered for his talent and spirit. His life was lived with value and purpose as an inspirational example to all who knew him." He will also be remembered for his love of the Lord, he witnessed with both his words and his actions. Steve was blessed

with an incredible peace while leaving this world and his family is comforted in knowing that he is whole and well in a better place. He was preceded in death by his father and mother, Stephen and Vennie Jernigan; his older sister, Nelda Balkom; and his son, Jonathan Craig Jernigan. He is survived by his wife, Rose Jernigan; daughter, Joni Jernigan and son-in-law, Marty McCrory; son, Stevie Jernigan and daughter-in-law, Julie Jernigan; daughter-in-law, Delta Jernigan; three granddaughters, Jessica Wallace, Cody Jernigan and Joanna Jernigan; and one great-granddaughter, Celeste. Burial was in the Elizabeth Chapel Community Cemetery, Chumuckla, Florida.



Ralph Andrew Lodge  
1935 - 2019  
1953

Ralph Andrew Lodge, 84, of Cantonment, FL passed away on November 13, 2019. He was born in DeFuniak Springs, FL on June 10, 1935 to Hiram and Eva Lodge. He proudly served in the Army, then later worked at and retired from Monsanto. Ralph enjoyed spending time with his family and traveling the country. As a proud Poppy, he enjoyed his grand and great grandchildren. He was also an active member of the First Baptist Church of Cantonment. As a devoted husband, father, brother, Poppy, friend and servant of the Lord, Ralph will be greatly missed. Ralph Lodge was preceded in death by his son, Keith Andrew Lodge, and his parents, Hiram Andrew Lodge and Eva Dell Lodge. He is survived by his loving wife of 59 years, Martha

Brigham Lodge; daughter, Cindy Lee Hamlett; daughter-in-law, Alissa Lodge; grandchildren, Jessica, Matthew, Megan and Colbi; ten great-grandchildren; sister, Betty Spiegelhalter; brother, Daniel Lodge (Darlene); and loving nieces and nephews. Visitation and services were on December 1<sup>st</sup> at the First Baptist Church of Cantonment, 118 Morris Avenue, Cantonment, with a Memorial service following.



**William Henry Bass**  
**1936 - 2019**  
**1954**

William Henry "Bill" Bass, 83, was called home by his Heavenly Father on November 10, 2019. He was born at the old Sacred Heart Hospital and lived his entire life in the area, except for the three years he spent in Alaska serving his country in the U.S. Air Force. Bill was a man of

great faith in God, having had Godly parents. His father was a Scoutmaster during Bill's youth and Bill continued to be active in the Boy Scouts of America organization for many years. Bill earned his Accounting Degree at Troy State University and practiced in Pensacola for 50 years. He never retired because of his love for the work and his clients, and his outstanding relationship with his business partner, Scott Sandfort. After graduation, Bill and his wife moved to Alaska where he served three years in the United States Air Force. Prior to the Air Force, he served several years in the Navy Reserves. Bill was well known for his love of antique cars, especially Thunderbirds. He was known to some as the "Thunderbird Man". He was a member of several car clubs, including the Panhandle Cruisers and the "Bad Boys". He especially loved driving his blue convertible in the parades every year and attending the annual "*Cruising the Coast*" event in Biloxi, Mississippi. Bill was actively involved in many organizations throughout

his life, including the Pensacola Waterfront Improvement Society. He enjoyed many special events and had lasting memories of his 45 years in the *Krewe of Lafitte*. At the start of the 21st century Bill became interested in cultural anthropology and took a course at the University of West Florida. That course included travel to places like *Machu Pichu* in Peru, the Philippines, and Borneo. After that he traveled with a friend to South America revisiting Peru and then on to Chile, Buenos Aires, Argentina, *Iguassu Falls* and Rio di Jainero. The next year it was Rome, Florence, and Naples. Later were trips to Mexico City, Alaska, and a river cruise down the Danube visiting Prague, Nuremberg, Vienna, and Budapest with "Rest & Recreation" in Ballyshannon, Ireland. Adventure was Bill's middle name, picking up the culture of Art, natural history, and architecture while visiting museums around the world. Bill was proud to be an American and loved his country, his family, and many friends. He was never too busy to stop and help

someone in need of assistance. One of the highlights of the past four years of his life was attending Pace Assembly of God Church where he experienced a deeper faith and trust in God's Love. Bill was preceded in death by his former wife and mother of his children, Vivian V. Bass; his oldest son, William Earl Bass; his daughter-in-law, Linda Van Huss; and his parents, Bessie and Hazel Bass. Bill is survived by his wife, Zelma Penton Bass; sister and brother-in-law, Betty and Bill McCurdy; son, Randall Evan Bass; grandchildren: Brandy McCauley, Christopher Randall Bass, Mason Hunter Bass, and Latisha Bass; two great grandchildren, Tristan Smith and Kaden Hunter; and a host of friends, all of whom will miss him dearly.



Mary Helen Olsson  
1938 - 2019  
1956

Mary Helen Olsson Seely Murray, 80, of Pensacola, FL died Sunday, November 17, 2019. A Native of Pensacola, Mary Helen was born December 29, 1938 to Richard Ernest Olsson and Mary Grace (Bruno) Olsson, both deceased. She was a member of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart from birth to death and for many years she was a member of the Sanctuary Society. Mary Helen attended Sacred Heart School on East LaRua Street and was a member of the last class to graduate at that location. Mary Helen attended Agnes McReynolds, A.V. Clubbs, and completed two years of their three-year program. She married her high school sweetheart, Vincent Seely to whom she was married 14 years, in

1958 before passing the state board examination for Licensed Practical Nursing. She worked at Escambia General hospital, the Escambia Nursing Home, and Sacred Heart Hospital. From their marriage union Mary Helen and Vincent received two special gifts, Joseph Vincent Seely Jr. born 1960, and Richard Herbert Olsson Seely, born in 1968. In 1979, Mary Helen married Herbert Lee Murray and they were together for 21 years until his death in July, 2001. Mary Helen lived a simple and good life with the help of many friends and her kind and loving God. Her mission in life was to try to live God's will and the Golden Rule. As she lived one day at a time, she found giving to others was the greatest reward. Mary Helen is survived by her sons, Joseph Vincent Seely, Jr. (Diane) and Richard Herbert Olsson Seely (Diana) all of Pensacola; a granddaughter, Rachel; her grandson, Gavin; as well as great-grandsons, Gabriel, Mason, and Tyson. Burial will be at Barrancas National Cemetery.





John Willis Olsen  
1942 - 2019

1960

John Willis Olsen, loving husband, father, and "Papa John" to his grandchildren, passed away in his sleep on Thursday, November 21, 2019. He was 77. There will be a memorial service Saturday, November 30 at 2:00 p.m. Coastline Calvary Chapel, 1122 Oriole Beach Road, Gulf Breeze, Florida 32563. Arrangements made by Waters & Hibbert Funeral Home.

John Willis Olsen was a loving husband, dad, grandfather, treasured and renowned artist, devout Christian, musician, and so much more—with a kind, gentle nature and a sharp-witted, fun-loving sense of humor. He was smart, unpretentious, unassuming, generous, resourceful, contemplative, free-spirited, and uniquely creative. He could, and did,

find humor in the everyday. John had a big heart, and he was there for everyone, with his resources, his time, or anything else he had to give. He adored his wife, children, and grandchildren, and he was proud of all of them. He was the truest; an original; one of a kind.

John was born in 1942 in Norfolk, Virginia to parents Olaf Carl Joseph Olsen of Stavanger, Norway, and Gertrude Ellen Taylor Olsen of Pensacola, Florida. John's father died when John was young, leaving him an only child. But John found his place in a big, loving family that he embraced when he married his wife, Jane, who is one of eight siblings. John met Glenda "Jane" Horn of Escambia High School when he was attending Pensacola High. They married when they were just 20 and 21, and they celebrated their 56th wedding anniversary this year.

John was a Christian man, and he loved his church family. He played guitar and sang in church choirs, worked in prison ministries, was a lay reader and lay rector in his church and at

Cursillos, was involved in youth ministries, went to Guatemala as missionary to help build a church, and he was in men's prayer groups and bible studies throughout his life.

John earned his Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree at the Kansas City Art Institute in Kansas City, Missouri. After graduation, John and Jane moved to New Orleans, Louisiana, where John earned his Master of Fine Arts Degree at Tulane University. While he was in graduate school in New Orleans, his first two children, Erik and Elka, were born. After John earned his MFA, the family moved to Pensacola, where his third child, Catlin, was born. (John also studied sculpture at the Maryland Institute College of Art.)

John taught as a professor of Fine Arts at Pensacola Junior College (PJC) for ten years at the beginning of his career, and again as an adjunct professor of Art History in his later professional life. He also taught at the University of West Florida and Troy University. At PJC, John built the sculpture foundry,

and his sculpture installations built in the early 1970s remain landmarks today.

John left his professorship at PJC to build a full-time career as an independent artist. Throughout his career, John created tens of thousands of sculptures and paintings that now stand or hang in galleries, private collections, museums, institutions, and homes around the country and internationally. His work was regularly featured in and represented by 13 U.S. galleries. He was most known for his sculptures of welded, painted steel and his mesmerizing, colorful, abstract oil paintings and whimsical water colors. John enjoyed creating art that, as he said, was "simple, direct, and joyful." But he also loved to build insouciant, custom-made, large pieces that caused one to pause, double take, and marvel at the scale; John could make the heaviest metal objects seem like they were floating. His aesthetic sensibilities were genuine and easy going, but the

craft behind his design was complex.

John's legacy can still be seen across Pensacola in his signature artwork in public spaces. One of his most talked-about, estimable pieces is a giant crane claw that appears to have large metal ship propellers cascading from its teeth—an awe-inspiring piece for the Southern Scrap Company and Metal Recycling Center that appeared in write ups in papers and magazines, even being named the "#1 Landmark of Pensacola." The sculpture's ingenuity, spatial finesse, and beauty—created from scrap that in itself would be considered "ugly"—showed that John was not only an artist, but he had endless talent, cleverness, a sense of humor, and a mastery of materials and process that enabled him to create pieces that seemed to defy gravity.

Other notable works include his signature metal sculptural gates in and around downtown Pensacola; the cast bronze and carved wooden altar at Holy Cross Episcopal Church in

Pensacola; a 4-story spiral staircase bird installation in a private collection in California; multiple ornate gates in private homes; and a private collection of work featured in international traveling exhibits from Greece to Japan. To John's delight and amusement, his work even appeared in episodes of the TV series, "Dallas," and "the Father Dowling Mysteries." One of John's biggest fans and collectors is the Canadian comedian and actor, Howie Mandel.

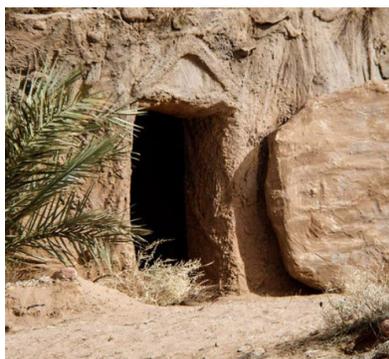
But it is in beach houses and homes from the Florida and Alabama Gulf Coasts to New Orleans to Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and beyond that John's recognizable and iconic sculptures live. He is best known for his "birds of whimsy," which he created over a career of forty-plus years. He is quoted as saying, "The subject matter of my work is birds, but the content is fantasy and humor." But not only was John an artist, he was a master of language and wordplay. The names for his pieces were as clever and colorful as the work. "Tequila Mockingbird,"

"Rhapsody in Bluebird Garble Warbler," "Frizzled Headed Fernandina Dancer."

John said he wanted people to enjoy and appreciate sculpture, and for some people, he said, they needed a way of recognizing the art as "being" something. So he turned his abstract sculptures into birds, so everyone could find joy in them. He said the "sculpture" existed between the beak and the feet, but the beak and the feet helped make sense of the art for some people. John spent most of his career creating his flock of whimsical bird sculptures—each is categorized, counted, and curated—plus drawings, watercolors, and oil paintings.

Our Papa John will be greatly missed. Even in his final years, he kept his wonderful sense of humor and the twinkle in his sky-blue eyes. We cannot fathom that he is gone, but we know he is now in Heaven, playing his guitar and teasing everyone with his bad puns and one-liners. He was loved by many.

John was preceded in death by his half-brother, Billy Levin, who died as a small child and before John was born. John is survived by his wife of 56 years, Glenda Jane Horn Olsen of Pensacola; son Erik John Olsen of Pensacola and his fiancé Sharise; daughter Elka Olsen Carroll and her husband Perry Jonathan of Dallas, Texas and their sons Alexander Van Fossen and Rowan Baker Carroll (born on Papa John's birthday); daughter Catlin Olsen Cibula and her husband Matt of Gulf Breeze, Florida and their children Whit Olsen and Larkin Jane Cibula. John is also survived by his best friend Herbert Ferreira of Pensacola. He is survived by cousins Barbara Olsen Chambers and Crissy Olsen of New Jersey, daughters of John's uncle, John Olsen of Stavanger, after whom John was named



Andree Couture  
1936 - 2019  
1954

Andree Couture Schroeder, 83, passed away on November 29, 2019 at The Villages Hospice House under the loving care of her family and staff of the Cornerstone Hospice. Andree was born. Andree was born on July 27, 1936 in the Bronx, New York to her parents Jules George Couture and Dorothy (McKinney) Couture. She was of the Christian faith and had moved to The Villages in 2008 from Venice, Florida. Andree was known for her professional artist who was known for her work as a potter, sculptor and fused glass artist. She was an accomplished artist and was well known for her works in clay and she was recognized through numerous awards and

having her art placed in many well-known public collections. Andree enjoyed traveling with her husband Kent to many different places and also enjoyed spending time with her loving family. Andree is survived by her husband of 20 years: Kent Lester Schroeder of The Villages, FL; sons: James Richard Cross of Milton, FL, Terry A. Cross and his wife Mary of Gainesville, FL and David K. Schroeder of Andover, MA; daughters: Kimli Cross and her husband Alan Kramer of Falls Church, VA, Deborah Schroeder of Andover, MA and Jennifer Poore of North Andover, MA; a brother: Richard George Couture of Pace, FL; a sister: Lisette French of Pensacola, FL; seven grandchildren and one great-grandson.



Patricia Ann Griggs  
1940 - 2019  
1958

Patricia Griggs Civelli, 79, of Pensacola passed away Saturday, November 30, 2019. Pat was born in Pensacola on November 17, 1940 to Charles and Virgie (Ross) Griggs. She



graduated from the University of West Florida with a Bachelors Degree in History, and worked as a manager with McRae's Department Store for 25 years. Pat is preceded in death by her parents and is

survived by her daughters, Lisa Gallo (Kevin) of Vienna, VA and Candy Micillo of Pensacola; granddaughters, Caroline and Alexia who were the light of her life; her beloved dog, Starla who was her best friend and partner in crime. *I worked as a manager of retails sales for Migerobe Incorporated and retired in 2008. I am "addicted" to the Redskins; I have visited Sicily, Florence, and Rome, Italy. I'll go to my grave blonde and I wonder, how did we get to be this old?"*



Frances Hutto Adams  
d. 2019

Frances Hutto Adams, wife of Stan Adams (1958), passed away on December 7, 2019. A celebration of her life was conducted at Charity Chapel, on Montgomery Avenue in Pensacola on Saturday, December 14th. There was a time of greeting and visitation followed by a reception at the fellowship hall.





**G. B. Ard**  
**1933 - 2019**  
**1953**

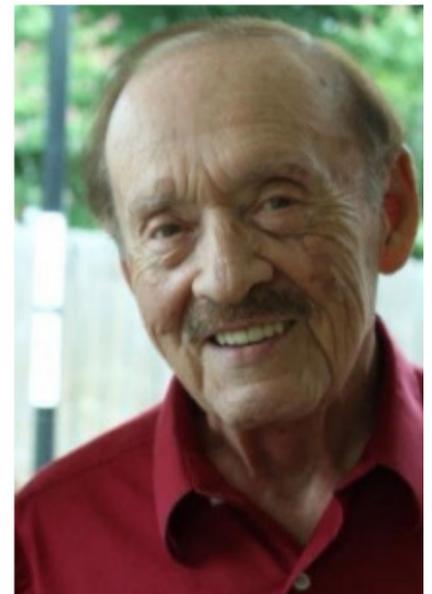
G.B. Ard, 86, passed away on Saturday, December 14th, 2019 in Pensacola, Florida surrounded by his loving family. He was born on November 9th, 1933 to Etta and Bud Ard in Santa Rosa County, Florida. G.B. is survived by his daughter, Terry Ard Foster (Pat), his son, Rick Ard (Pam), his son Mark R. Ard (Mary), his sister Robbie Ard Reddert (John), his brother Robert Ard (Cheryl), seven cherished grandchildren, and 12 precious great-grandchildren (who knew him as GPa). He was preceded in death by his parents, Bud Ard and Etta Hopkins Ard, his brother, Willie Ray Ard, and his sister Zilveree Ard Senior. After graduating from Pensacola High School in

1953, G.B. proudly served his country in the U.S. Air Force. He returned to Pensacola where he lived the rest of his life close to his family and friends, pursuing several interests during his working years. G.B. loved to be on the water, fishing and enjoying the outdoors. He loved to tinker and could fix absolutely anything, always ready to lend a helping hand to neighbors, friends and family - anyone who called on him for help. G.B. remained close to his classmates from Pensacola High School's graduating class of 1953. He attended many class reunions and in his later years was a regular at their monthly luncheons in downtown Pensacola. G.B. cherished the friendships made those many years ago and truly enjoyed "catching up" during those get-togethers.

The family will receive visitors on December 19th, 2019 from 2:00 to 3:00 PM at Pensacola Memorial Gardens, followed by a Celebration of Life service to begin at 3:00PM. The family would like to thank the staff at Sacred Heart Hospital, especially the ICU for their outstanding care

of our father. A special thanks to Daniela and Matt in the ICU, for their loving attention to our dad, as well as the compassion and assistance shown to our family during this very difficult time.

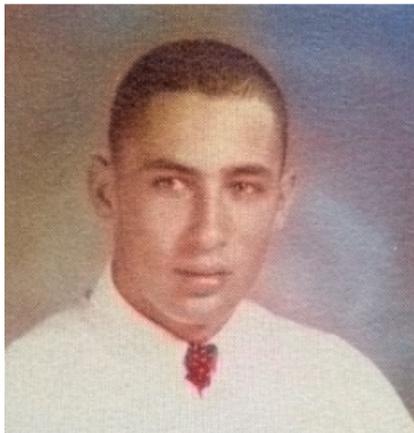
In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the Veterans organization of your choice.



**Robert Clayton Place**  
**1935 - 2019**

Robert C. Place, May 29, 1935 - December 16, 2019, went to his heavenly home on Monday, December 16th, 2019. He is survived by his loving wife of 41 years, Martha Louise Harper (PHS 1958); daughter Kelly Jackson (Greg); Louise Harper (PHS 1958), grandchildren Cameron, Abigail, and Chandler Nielsen; stepson Michael Maricich; sons Robert, Michael and

Brian Place and respective families. In lieu of flowers, the family suggests you do a random act of kindness for a stranger or make a donation to Regency Hospice. Bayview Fisher-Pou Chapel is entrusted with arrangements. Condolences may be offered at [www.bayviewfisher-pouchapel.com](http://www.bayviewfisher-pouchapel.com)



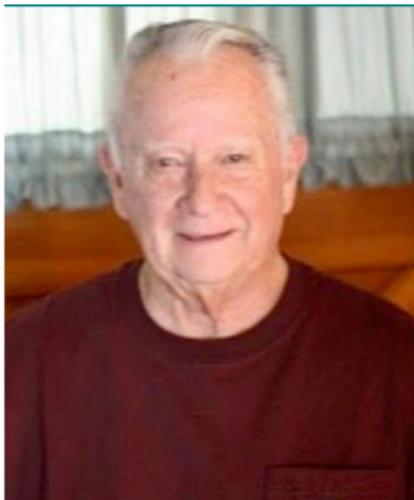
**Arnold Eskin**  
**1940 - 2019**  
**1958**

Dr. Arnold Eskin passed away quietly on December 22, 2019 in Houston at the age of 79. Arnold is survived by his wife Marta Eskin; his sister, Nora (Eskin) Matos (PHS 1958), his children Aric Eskin, Alison Plapp and her husband Michael Plapp, and Aleah Eskin; stepsons, Christopher, Jordan and his wife Callie, and Michael Jordan and his wife Brianne; his grandchildren, Kevin Plapp, Michelle Plapp and her wife Heather; his

step grandchildren, Easton, Leighton, and Cole and his nephew David Matos. Arnold was born on November 8, 1940 in Pensacola to Leo and Pearl Eskin. He graduated from Pensacola High School in 1958 and Vanderbilt University in 1961 where he earned a degree in Physics. He later attended the University of Texas at Austin, where he earned his Ph.D in Zoology in May of 1969. He did post-doctoral Studies at California Institute of Technology and Reed College. He married Marta Nuñez-Regueiro in 2004. Arnold began his long career teaching and continuing to do research at Rice University then at Stanford University and finally at the University of Houston where he became Director of the Institute

for Molecular Biology and Chair of the Biology and Biochemistry Department. Arnold was the author of more than 150 publications, abstracts and presentations. He received numerous awards, including the Esther Farfel Award, the University of Houston's highest faculty award; the UH Research Excellence Award; and the NIH MERIT Award. He was the only UH faculty member to receive both the Farfel Award and John and Rebecca Moores Professorship in the same year. Arnold was an accomplished researcher yet had the unique gift to show compassion and connect to those around him. He was an individual who challenged people to expand their minds and look beyond the obvious. He was witty and could fill a room with laughter. His students were a part of his life on and off campus and his hospitality was immense. His daughter Aleah described him as a wonderful father who supported her unconditionally and taught her how to love and be loved. A funeral is scheduled for Friday,

December 27, 2019 at 10:00 a.m. at Emanu El Memorial Park with a reception to follow at his home. Rabbi Dan Gordon will officiate the ceremony. All are welcome to attend and celebrate Arnold's life. In lieu of flowers, please send donations to the Michael J. Fox Foundation. The family would like to thank Emery with Gen-X Caregivers for her loving care and dedication to Arnold in the last few years of his life.



**William Henry Brown**  
**1934 - 2019**  
**1953**

William "Bill" Henry Brown, age 85, of Gulf Breeze, was called home December 22, 2019 with his family at his side. He was born on September 13, 1934, to

the late Raymond and Pearlletta Brown in Pensacola, FL. Bill graduated from Pensacola High School, class of 1953. He attended Pensacola Junior College for two years before accepting a position with Southern Bell Telephone Company, retiring after 39 years of service. Bill was an avid outdoorsman who loved fishing, scuba diving, spear fishing and all water sports. He was a die-hard Florida Gators fan and could always be seen wearing the orange and blue. Bill also loved his garden and his fruit trees. He truly had a green thumb. Bill was loved by all who were blessed to know him and will be dearly missed.

He is preceded in death by his parents; brothers, Jerry Brown, Pierre Brown and Roland Brown. Those left to cherish his memory are his wife of 64 years, Augusta Camp Brown; children, Randy (Neely) Brown of Pensacola Beach, FL and Mickey (Gwen) Brown of Gulf Breeze, FL; grandchildren, Christopher (Katie) Brown of Orlando, FL, Severin Brown of Gulf

Breeze, FL and Annie Brown of Orlando, FL; great-grandchildren Michael Brown and Gracie Brown, both of Orlando, FL; and a host of extended family and close friends. Funeral services were on the morning of December 27, 2019 and burial was at the Rose Lawn Cemetery, 2942 Gulf Breeze Parkway, Gulf Breeze, Florida. Pastor Dan Morris officiated.



**Lavonia D. Vonada**  
**1935 - 2019**  
**1953**

Lavonia "Bobbie" D. Vonada, 84, of Pensacola, Florida passed away on Monday December 23, 2019. She was born October 28, 1935 in Cottondale, Florida. Bobbie graduated from Pensacola High School in 1953, where she was a member of the National Honor Society. She

married the love of her life, George Vonada, on November 26, 1955. She loved shopping, traveling, bonding over shopping and she was definitely a "shoe gal". She was an avid reader of autobiographies and books about world history. Bobbie was the most kindhearted and giving person you would ever meet and was always willing to help others. She was very proud of being a successful military wife and never failed to make a new place feel like home. She was preceded in death by her parents, William Eugene Stephens and Lollie Lavonia Catherine Wells; and her sister Billie Garvin. She is survived by her loving husband of 64 years, George Vonada; son, Danny Lee (Kathy) Vonada; daughters, Julie Diana (Steve) Hagel, Valerie Faith (Markus) Thomerson, and Georgette (Eli) Cabrerros; and brother Johnny Stephens. She was also a proud grandmother to her 13 grandchildren and 7 great-grand children.

## *Thoughts on the loss of a friend*

*The loss of a friend is like that of a limb; time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.*

*Lost friends are not dead, but gone before, advanced upon that road which we all must travel.*

*The comfort of a friend may be taken away, but not that of having had one.*

*The thing that hurts most after losing someone is the silence.*

*Some people come into our lives and because of their presence; we are never, ever, the same.*

*It hurts when we lose a friend to death but it hurts even more when we lose a friend that's still living.*

*When our friends die, a part of us goes with them and a part of them stays with us. Neither of us will ever be alone again.*

*True friends never leave our heart, even if they leave us for a while. Even after years apart we pick up with them right where we left off and if they die, they're never dead in our heart.*

*We all lose friends in death, to distance, and apathy. Even they are lost to us, hope is not. The Great Hope is to keep them in your heart and when the time is right, you can renew the friendship right where you left off. Lost friends will find their way back to you if a welcoming light is left on for them.*

*The bond between friends cannot be broken by chance. No interval of time or space can destroy it. Not even death itself can part true friends.*

*When someone you love becomes a memory, that memory becomes a treasure.*

*Walking alone is easy. What is difficult is walking alone after having walked a lifetime with a best friend.*

*Remember, everything is temporary if you're just patient and give it enough time.*

It was more than 60 years ago that we graduated at the old auditorium on the south end of Palafox Street. That auditorium is gone now as are many of the places we remember; 190 of our '58 classmates are known to have passed away and there may be more among our "Lost Tigers". It's been more than half a century since in the spring of our life we graduated Pensacola High School and set out on our *Great Adventure*. On that day so long ago many of us began traveling on roads of discovery to exotic locations around the world that we never dreamed we would see. Others never wandered far from Pensacola and some set out to see the world but after careers and much roaming, they heard and responded to the call of Pensacola to return home again where they started out so long ago, never dreaming they'd come back to where they took the first step away to see the world. We're far from the beginning of our life now and while we're hopefully not at the end, we are at the beginning of the end. We're in the late fall of our life now and winter is coming. Planning for the future no longer seems urgent; military, college, marriage, children, careers, big homes, investments, and planning for retirement are all behind us. Now we dread the loss of friends, relatives, family, and we talk about downsizing and getting rid of stuff. Today we remember how hard it was, the mistakes we made, how much trouble it was, how tired we were, how afraid we were, but we didn't know then how much we loved it. Now we pause and think of our failures, our successes, our tears of disappointment, our cries of delight, and the worst of all, "what might have been." How we treasure all those memories. Many now enjoy travel, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and accept with uneasy resignation that there is more life behind us than there is ahead as we remember the good times, classmates, and loved ones already gone to a Greater Reunion.

*To classmates I often refer to myself as "The Invisible Kid" because very few knew me at PHS and even now no one remembers me having been there. For half a century I regretted being left out but it was necessary then as I lived alone at Hopkins Boarding House and had to work every day at the A&P.*

*There was just no time for me to participate in any school or social activities. Yet today some classmates I admired and several girls with whom I was desperately in love, usually at the same time, actually talk to me now~!! Imagine that. Please accept my heartfelt thanks for allowing me in our retirement years to contribute something to our class and the other classes as well. It probably means very little to you but doing what I can for '58 and several other classes has been a privilege, and I truly appreciate it far more than you will ever know.*



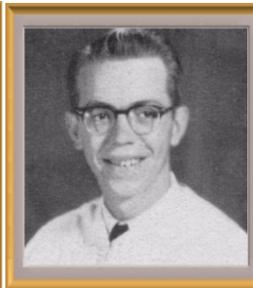
*Kindergarten*



*Brownsville*



*Blount*



*PHS*



*Now*

