

EHS Missing Links of '56

Spring 2016 #2

Editor: John Carr

Hope the holidays were kind to all. We are been getting good response to the new format for the newsletter and people are taking an interest in the lives of others from our classes. I know there is a big gap from 1956 to 2015, with just a few holes filled in; unfortunately most of those I have had contact with have passed, so I leave it up to you good people to send in items about your life, you'd be surprised how interesting you may be. Call or text me and we can chat and see what you're doing. (515) 277-8848.

Received a phone call from Rod Campbell just after he read the latest issue of *the line* and we spent about a half an hour talking. We reminisced about the old stomping grounds. He asked about Fritz Gould, Dan Strosnider and Dick Jessen. We went through Cattell School, the old playing fields we had at Grand View and across E. 14th Street at the vacant lot. The stores: Marvins', Smiths', Oliphants', Hull Ave. Variety, Fred Macri's Shoe Shop, and the Avalon Theater (Someplace in there, if I remember, we even mentioned Bobbie Mattson). He spends his time between Lauderdale By The Sea and Naples, Florida and he definitely plans to be at our 60th dinner and I invited him to ask his sister and brother to stop in and join us. They are from different years, but are coming from Illinois and Nebraska to the annual alumni gathering. Look forward to seeing him, with his name tag, of course.

If you don't know about our reunion, I'll keep reminding you in this issue.

Signed, sealed, delivered ...she's Ours!

She was born in Morristown, TN, raised in Naples, FL, worked in Waterloo, IA; but I tracked her down at East High.

Leslie Morris, the new principal at East High has graciously accepted our invitation to attend the Class of 1956 on the celebration of our 60th reunion on May 7th at Grand View Golf. Another good reason to attend!

(And my apologies to Stevie Wonder.)

Even though my pipe dreams became smoke rings and clouds in my coffee, I still managed to look at things through rose-colored glasses.

We wrote about Harold Olson hanging out monogrammed towels for a Holiday Greeting; by the same token, Don Monson could go buy a towel with the initials "DU" on it and hang it up with three others of his and he would have the beginning of the "Dagnet" theme.

A 77-year-old man enters a confessional and says to the priest, "Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned. I'm seeing four 20-year-old girls at the same time."

The priest asks, "How long has it been since your last confession?"

"I've never been to confession—I'm Jewish."

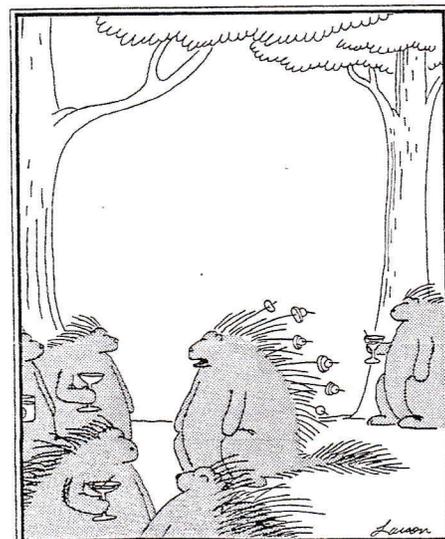
"So why are you telling me?"

"Telling, you? The old man says. 'I'm telling everybody!'"

"Just the facts, ma'm."

According to our committee, we need 100 reservations to break even on our 60th reunion dinner. We have 127 graduates living in the Des Moines area or close enough to drive in for one day. We invite you to bring your spouse or a family member or even a friend. You are all welcome!

Add that to the people who are coming in from the North and from the distant sands of the East and West...if everyone shows, we may even have enough to provide dessert along with dinner. I'm also told there will be pre-dinner snacks.



"Hors d'oeuvre?"

Tom Lettington and his wife are coming in from California to mix a little business with pleasure and family. They have a quilting project that involves war veterans. If you want to know the story you can e-mail him: Tlettington@me.com or Wait and talk to him when they're here for our 60th.

Mevelyn wrote Bob, Bob called me and I called Mevelyn; she wasn't home, but she called me back. Even though I hadn't talked to her in 60 years, when she spoke I knew it was her. The same lilt in her voice; just a little bit huskier. We caught up a little. She thought it was ironic I had called her on the same day she bought a new car (she related car to Carr). She liked my sense of humor and was glad I was going to continue *the link*. She remembered the songs and some of the things I wrote that brought back pleasant memories. She's 26 miles from Brownsville and 26 miles from South Padre. It's a small community of about 800 with no big retailers, and hates mowing her yard all year long. She goes by her nickname "Rosie" down there, which may be because it's easier to say "Rosie" than to try and get a word in with a three-syllable name like Mevelyn, when you have a slow Texas drawl. She plans to keep in touch and she's going to be here (maybe in her new car) for our 60th; another great reason to attend.

I received a letter from Lyle Simpson thanking me for assuming the responsibility of the newsletter and telling me of a program he has for creating a scholarship in the name of the "Class of 1956".

Lyle was President of the East High Alumni Association and subsequently the East High Alumni Foundation. It is designed to issue scholarships into perpetuity.

If you want more information, contact Robert Mahaffey at (515) 266-6825.

And here I was just looking to see if we had enough to put out three issues of *the link* a year, but I only plan to be around for another 25 or 30 years, and hopefully by then I'll know how to change the ribbon on this computer.

It's easier to get older than it is to get wiser.

Count all the items you remember, not the ones you were told about:

- Blackjack chewing gum
- Wax Coke-shaped bottles with colored sugar water
- Candy cigarettes
- Soda pop machines that dispensed glass bottles
- Coffee shops or diners with tableside juke boxes
- Home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers
- Party Lines
- Newsreels before the movie
- P.F. Flyers
- Butch Wax
- Telephone numbers with a word prefix
- Peashooters
- Howdy Doody
- 45 RPM records
- S&H Green Stamps
- Hi-fi's
- Metal ice trays with lever
- Mimeograph paper
- Blue flashbulb
- Packards
- Roller skate keys
- Cork popguns
- Drive-ins
- Studebakers
- Wash tub ringers

Statistics claim if you remember 16-25 of these, you're older than dirt, but I prefer to think of it as digging into the gray matter and coming up with resolve.

Janet (Bales) Douglas was answering questions for a registration officer. "And you age?" Have the Misses Hills next door given you their ages?" Janet asked, hesitantly. "No," said the officer. "Well, then, I'm the same age as they." "That will do," said the officer, as he proceeded to fill out the form, he wrote, "Janet Douglas, as old as the Hills." (She'll be at our 60th.)

Roger Williams started playing piano at age three. His was born Louis Jacob Weertz, graduated from North High, played at Babe Bisignano's restaurant, and is most famous for his version of "Autumn Leaves." He came back several times for his class reunions.

Back in November last year, "Dear Abby" ran several articles about how people won't go to their class reunions because of bullying they had received in high school, some of them holding these feelings as far back as 40 years. Forgive me, but I don't remember any bullying in high school except for that one time a bunch of girls ganged up on me and threw me out of their locker room. Ain't gonna stop me from coming to our 60th reunion.



14,000 is the number of vacant or unused building owned by the U.S. government, costing taxpayers \$190 million in maintenance each year. (What is the cost for the vacant or unused parts of the brain of some of our elected officials?)

LEARN TO FLY - \$10
 LEARN TO LAND - \$20
 LEARN TO LAND SAFELY - \$300

As I have said before, it's a little tough to write about classmates unless they contribute. Otherwise, I grasp at a lot of straws to make connections.

Don Monson lives in Spirit Lake. Bob Cisna lives in Monona, WI. Sherly (Sporaa) Polson lives on Cessna Dr. in Moravia.

The closest one I could come up with is Sandy (Wistrom) Cole lives in Sandy, UT.

And I went through mailing list four times to come up with those dumb things.

LeRoy Law was reticent about wanting to talk about himself. (Actually, he's a West Des Moines reticent, on Oaklane Dr., 50265) I don't know if LeRoy is pitching much woo these days but his still tosses horseshoes and he's still involved with Iowa State Fair horseshoe competition. Also, he recently made a regulation horseshoe picker-up-er from a golf club and is now working on a golf club walking stick with a rubber foot. It's in the initial stages so you might say at this point; he doesn't have a leg to walk on.

78956, 76513, 78539, 76248, 75754, 78566, 77065 and 77327 are the Zip Codes of our graduates that live "Where the stars at night are big and bright..."

Sixteen Tons was a #1 hit for eight weeks in 1955.

Tammy was a #5 hit song in 1957 for the _____ Brothers.

When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied, "I'm not sure."

"Look in your underwear, Grandma," he advised. "Mine says I'm four."

If want the best seat in the house, move the cat.

JUST THE FACTS, MAX

The three Goldberg brothers, Norman, Hiram, and Maxwell, invented and developed the first automobile air conditioner.

On July 17, 1946, the temperature in Detroit was 97 degrees. The three brothers walked into old man Henry Ford's office and sweet-talked his secretary into telling him that three gentlemen were there with the most exciting innovation in the auto industry since the electric starter.

Henry was curious and invited them into his office. They refused and instead asked the he come out to the parking lot to demonstrate the invention in their car.

They persuaded him to get into the car, in which it was about 130 degrees. They then turned on the air conditioner and cooled the car off immediately. The old man got very excited and invited them back to his office, where he offered them \$3 million for the patent. The brothers refused, saying they would settle for \$2 million, but they wanted recognition by having a label, "Equipped with The Goldberg Air-Conditioner," on the dashboard of each car that it was installed in.

Now, old man Ford was more than just a little anti-Semitic, and there was no way he was going to put the Goldbergs' name on two million Fords.

They haggled back and forth for about two hours and finally agreed on \$4 million, and just their names would be shown.

And so to this day, all Ford air conditioners show Norm, Hi, and Max on the dashboard.

My first new car was a 1956, Ford Fairlane, two-tone, coral and white, convertible. Bill Foster would ride with me, with the top down in the winter; it couldn't be 32 degrees; it had to be at least 33 degrees before I would put the top down.

Dear Blabby: My grandson came during Christmas vacation and said they were discussing ancient Egypt in school and wanted to know why Egyptian farmers were happy when their fields were flooded? Can you help me with a reasonable answer?

Dear Mired: Egyptian farmers cultivated land beside the River Nile, and each year, between June and September, the river waters flooded their fields. When the floods went away, they left behind a layer of sticky, black mud. The mud was rich with fertile, and ideal for growing wheat, barley, and vegetables. When the fields are flooded in the U.S. today, the farmers are happy because the government leaves behind a layer of sticky, green bills that are ideal for buying wheat, barley, and vegetables.

CELL PHONE LINES. Lines you could have heard if they have cell phones in these movies, but I doubt it very much:

The Godfather. "Keep your friends close and your cell phones closer. We don't have rollover minutes and those roving charges each month and overages are killing this family."

Wizard of Oz. (Dorothy to her dog) "Toto, check our GPS, I've a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore."

E.T: The Extra-Terrestrial "What do you mean I'm out of minutes? E.T. want to Phone home."

Forrest Gump. "Momma always said, a cell phone is like a box of chocolates, and I still don't know what the hell she meant."

THANKSGIVING FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Besides wild turkey, the Pilgrims also enjoyed venison and seafood as entrées at the first Thanksgiving. Turkey meat contains *tryptophan*, an amino acid which acts as a natural sedative, and adds to the “sleepy” feeling you get after enjoying a satisfying holiday meal.

When it comes to dressing, diners in the Midwest prefer a combination bread, celery, and onions, while New Englanders like to add oysters. Louisianans use andouille sausage—people from Minnesota tend to prefer wild rice.

Green bean casserole, that staple of the Thanksgiving table, was created in 1955 by the folks at Campbell’s Soup. The recipe has appeared on cans of the company’s condensed mushroom soup.

The Pilgrims didn’t serve mashed potatoes at the first feast. Native to South America, potatoes were brought first to Europe and then from there to North America (where the first potato patch was planted in 1719).



Thomas Sullivan, a blacksmith who attended the original Thanksgiving dinner, is generally credited as being the first person to stick olives on all his fingers.

In 1626, a Dutchman bought Manhattan Island for \$24. Today, that would equate to \$8 billion.

Age doesn’t always bring wisdom, sometimes age comes alone.

A Bible group study leader says to his group. “What would you do if you knew you only had four weeks left before the great Judgment Day?” A gentleman says, “I would go out into my community and minister the Gospel to those that have not yet accepted the Lord into their lives.”

“Very good!” says the group leader. One lady speaks up and says enthusiastically, “I would dedicate all of my remaining time in serving God, my family, my church, and my fellow man with a greater conviction.”

“That’s wonderful!” the group leader comments. One gentleman in the back finally speaks up loudly and say, “I would go to my mother-in-law’s house for the four weeks.”

The group leader asks, “Why you mother-in-law’s home?”

“Because that will make it the longest four weeks of my life!”

Patient: Doctor, doctor! I’ve only got 59 seconds to live.

Doctor: Wait a minute, please.

Doctor: (The doctor called Griff to let him know the results of his physical exam) Griff, I’ve got bad news and worse news. The bad news is that you have only 24 hours to live.

Griff: If that’s the bad news, what could possibly be worse?

Doctor: I’ve been trying to get you since yesterday.

Patient: Doctor, doctor! I keep thinking I’m a pair of curtains.

Doctor: For heaven’s sake, Janeene, pull yourself together!

Patient: Doctor, doctor, last night I dreamed I was a tepee. The night before, I dreamed I was a wigwam.

Doctor: Just relax—Bing, you’re two tents.

Again, we wish to thank those who send in **contributions** to keep the link going between our classmates: Patricia Mondike (aka Pat Jones) is looking forward to our 60th. She’s coming in from Suthelin, OR.

Shirley (Lowder) Warricks sent her donation from Prescott, AZ.

Tom Lettington will now be able to post **the link** on line starting with this issue since he sent a donation (joking, I just found out how to send the info to him).

Tlettington@san.rr.com.

Doris Steffenson Harrington who lives up the road a piece wants more feature stories which I am trying to do (she’s on the list).

Sharon Burris Howze included greetings to the Trotter family along with her donation from FL., as did greetings from San Jose via Mary Lou (Katzman) Goodman.

And Mevelyn! Around Christmas, Mevelyn made contact with Sonja (Bingaman) Kester. (Don’t know what was said; Mevelyn is tight-lipped (if you remember), so all I know is Sonja is still living in the same house in Portland (OR) as she did back in 1976. She must not like to change zip codes.

I, on the other hand have lived in 50009, 50316, 981--, 50316, 50315, 50316, 50311, 94123, 55402, 87020, 50317, 50314, 50314, 50313, 50313, and currently reside in 50316. (I’ve even moved my business address 8 times.)

In an informal, hand-written note, Tom Pierick announced his intent for he and his wife, Ruth Ann, will travel from Canyon Lake, California to Des Moines to Attend the Class of 1956 reunion.

P.S. His contribution to help support the newsletter had not bearing on an editorial decision to print this note.

P.P.S. Apparently Tom still doesn’t type too well as his decision was hand-written.

East High School was founded in 1861. The current location was built in 1910-1912; East High School was the first of the twentieth century high schools to be built in Des Moines. It was the only Des Moines school faced entirely with limestone. The north entrance and steps were modeled after the Erechtheum in Athens, Greece, dating from 421- 405 B.C. East is the largest school in Iowa with approximately 2,230 students. (My mother was one of the students who carried books, desks, chairs and the like from the old East location.)

John Hill leaned down from the pulpit during his sermon and whispered to Mrs. Jones, "Mrs. Jones, would you mind waking your husband up?"
"You wake him up Reverend Hill" replied Mrs. Jones. "You put him to sleep!"

No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats'

The festival known as Seni-Om-Sed (Des Moines spelled backwards) dates from the early 1880s. Since the state fair was then only open during the day, Des Moines boosters organized Seni-Om-Sed to provide night entertainment during fair time.

You can't trust dogs to watch your food.

Jay SeEVERS: Good teacher; bad joke teller. Remember the one about the Greek Euripides. He may have told this to every history class every semester:
An ancient Greek walks into a tailor's with a torn pair of pants. The tailor looks up at him and says, "Euripides?"
"Yes, Eumendies?"
(pronounced "You-rip-i-dese" and "You-men-i-dese".)

On occasion I wondered what ever happened to Mary Kay Peacock and when I would mention it to others, no body really seemed to know. I remember the last time I talked with her was at her home, on McKee (behind Iowa Lutheran Hospital). So taking my somewhat reliable class list and looking up her last name in the phone book, I made the call. She remembered me! We talked about a few of our classmates and she told me she had been to dinner at Hilltop, so apparently I asked the wrong people about her. Any way, she went to Grand View, then to Drake; received her teaching degree, taught for a year in Des Moines, four years in Bloomington MN, two years in the Philippines at Clark Air Force Base and made a big leap to SE Turkey, Ethiopia (she loved it there) Southern Spain, back to Turkey and then decided it was time to retire. To have worked in a foreign land, to have learned a new language first-hand, to have taught young eager minds; it must have been satisfying and fascinating. She had spent 39 years out of the U.S. and even though she missed it, probably would have stayed in Turkey except for her mother's illness which brought her back to our area. She reads and listens to the radio (she got rid of TV). If anyone would like to reconnect, you can phone at (515) 262-2712 or write to her: 2723 Guthrie Ave. DSM, 50317. Last name Sampson. (She could have some intriguing stories.)

The world's record for holding your breath is 15 minutes and two seconds. On average, people can hold their breath just a little under two minutes. I know some people who can't hold their tongues that long.

One septillion is a one with 24 zeros following it.

Since I started working on ~~the~~ *link* I've been running across bits and pieces of my past. I found a copy of the listing from the 20th reunion book and I noticed some of the listings for the ladies was homemaker, I tried looking it up in my 1976 "Living Webster Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language" and couldn't find a definition; I even went to housewife, but only found house maid's knees. That term always sounded so iniquitous to me. It really doesn't tell what 'the woman of the house' does and how much she has to do while taking care of the home. We grew up in a time where most men wanted their wives to stay home and take care of it, but as we know that is a 24/7 project and it took an act of Congress to get us to honor them one day a year. I don't know why I even brought this up, but if your wife is close by give her a hug just to let her know you care, and if unable then give her a hug in prayer.

Every sixty seconds you spend angry, upset or mad, is a full minute of happiness that you'll never get back.

ALL ABOARD!

Anyone traveling through Iowa knows that every other town has an old Rock Island caboose sitting in its city park. In Montpelier, the one you'll see is privately owned and open for business—as a one-room bed & breakfast. It was restored in 1988, adding a fridge, TV, microwave, toilet, shower, central air and bed space for four. Your breakfast is prepared ahead and waiting in the fridge whenever you wake up.

CHEERIOS: hula hoops for ants.

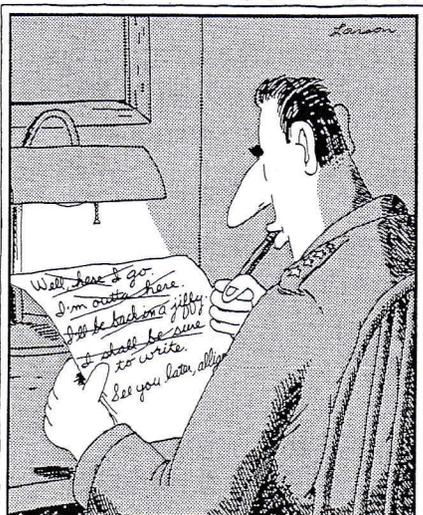
DEODORANT: the older of de two aunts.

JUST THE ROCK FACTS

Before Elvis, Chuck, Little Richard and Jerry Lee, there was Big Bill. Bill Haley has sometimes been hailed as the father of rock 'n' roll, but more often denigrated as a fortunate hack who stumbled along at the right time onto something he couldn't begin to understand.

Haley, instinctively noticed the tide turning among the kids from country to R&B as he toured the heartland in the late-'40s and early-'50s, and he put two-and-two together as early as anyone, recording country/R&B hybrid "Rock This Joint" in 1952. In 1953, Haley's own composition "Crazy Man, Crazy" was the first rock 'n' roll song to make the pop chart—a chart dominated at the time by the sugary mainstream pop of Eddie Fisher, Perry Como, Doris Day and Patti Page—so he was tuned in to something authentic and different. But there is also no question that Haley didn't have a clue as to the cultural significance of all this. Music was his job and if those crazy kids wanted to hear some-thing wild, he was happy to play it for them.

"Rock Around the Clock" was written expressly for Haley and recorded on April 12, 1954. And that's the rock bottom of it.



March 16, 1942: The night before he leaves the Philippines, General MacArthur works on his farewell address.

Four retirees are walking down a street in Yuma, Arizona. They see a sign that says, "Old Timers Bar—ALL drinks 10 cents." They look at each other and go in, thinking 'this is too good to be true.'

The old bartender says in a voice that carries across the room.

"Come on in and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, gentlemen?"

There's a fully stocked bar, each one orders a martini—shaken, not stirred—and in no time the bartender serves them and says,

"That'll be ten cents each.

They stare at the bartender, look at each other—they can't believe their good luck. They drink up and order four more.

"That'll be 40 cents, please." They pay the money, but their curiosity gets the better of them, and one of them says, "How can you afford to serve martinis as good as these for a dime apiece?"

"I'm a retired tailor from Phoenix," the bartender says, "and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery for \$125 million and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime. Wine, liquor, beer—it's all the same."

"Wow! That's some story!" one of the men says. Then he notices seven other people at the end of the bar who don't have any drinks in front of them and haven't ordered anything the whole time they've been there.

Nodding at the seven at the end of the bar, he asks the bartender, "What's with them?"

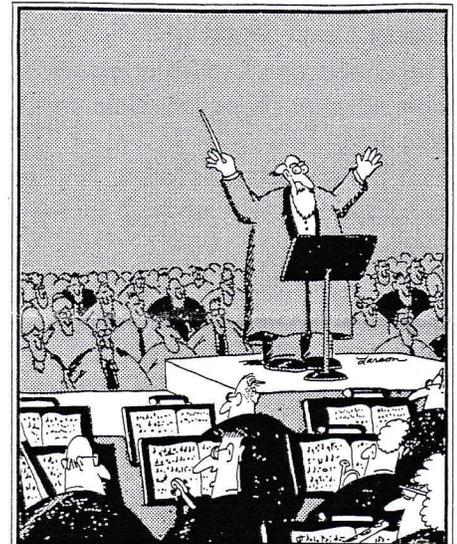
The bartender says, "They're retired farmers from Iowa. They're waiting for Happy Hour when drinks are half-price."

God put me on earth to accomplish a certain number of things. Right now I'm so far behind, I will never die.

One of life's mysteries is how a two pound box of candy can make a person gain five pounds.

STRIKE UP THE BAND

The East High Band during our time had around 78 members. I knew a few of them from classes or projects we worked on but I never really found out what they used to talk about before playing.



"Gee ... look at all the little black dots."

And remember Miss Greenhill who was in charge not only of the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs, A Cappella Choir, the Double Quartet; she also had the Boys' Quartet. I was in a quartet at Harding. I wonder if the boys did much together after high school.



Law of Random Numbers —If you dial a wrong number, you never get a busy signal and someone always answers.

THESE ARE BILLBOARD'S TOP TEN SINGLES OF 1955

AIN'T THAT A SHAME – Pat Boone
AT MY FRONT DOOR – Pat Boone
AUTUMN LEAVES – Roger Williams
BALLAD OF DAVY CROCKETT – Ernie Ford, Bill Hayes, Fess Parker
BIBILE TELLS ME SO, THE – Don Cornell
BLACK DENIM TROUSERS – Cheers
BLOSSOM FELL, A – Nat King Cole
CHERRY PINK AND APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE – Perez Prado
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS – Eddie Fisher
CRAZY OTTO MEDLEY – Johnny Maddox
DANCE WITH ME HENRY – Georgia Gibbs
DARLING JE VOUS AIME BEAUCOUP – Nat King Cole
EARTH ANGEL – Crew Cuts, Penguins
FOOLED – Perry Como
GUM DROP – Crew Cuts
HARD TO GET – Gisele MacKensie
HE – Al Hibbler
HEARTS OF STONE – Fontane Sisters
HONEY BABE – Art Mooney
HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHTS – Chuck Miller
HOW IMPORTANT CAN IT BE? – Joni James
HUMMINGBIRD – Les Paul & Mary Ford
IF I MAY – Nat King Cole
I HEAR YOU KNOCKIN' – Gale Storm
I NEED YOU NOW – Eddie Fisher
IT'S ALMOST TOMORROW – Dream Weavers
IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE – Somethin' Smith/the Redheads
KO KO MO – Perry Como, Crew Cuts
LEARNIN' THE BLUES – Frank Sinatra
LET ME GO, LOVER – Teresa Brewer, Joan Weber
LOVE AND MARRIAGE – Frank Sinatra
LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDORED THING – Don Cornell, Four Aces
LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME – Sammy Davis Jr.
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE – Sarah Vaughan
MAYBELLENE – Chuck Berry
MEDIC THEME (BLUE STAR) – Les Baxter
MELODY OF LOVE – Don Cornell, Billy Vaughn
MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS – Dean Martin
MR. SANDMAN – Cordettes
MOMENTS TO REMEMBER – Four Lads

BILLBOARD'S TOP TEN SINGLES OF 1955 – continued

NAUGHTY LADY OF SHADY LANE – Ames Brothers
NO ARMS CAN EVER HOLD YOU – Pat Boone
NO MORE – DeJohn Sisters
NUTTIN' FOR CHRISTMAN – Barry Gordon & Art Mooney
ONLY YOU – Platters
OPEN UP YOUR HEART – Cowboy Church Sunday School
PAPA LOVES MAMBO – Perry Como
RHYTHM 'N' BLUES – McGuire Sisters
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK – Billy Haley & His Comets
SAND AND THE SEA, THE – Nat King Cole
SEVENTEEN – Boyd Bennett, Fontane Sisters
SHIFTING, WHISPERING SANDS – Rusty Draper, Billy Vaughn
SINCERELY – McGuire Sisters
SIXTEEN TONS – Tennessee Ernie Ford
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE – Sammy Davis Jr., McGuire Sisters
TEACH ME TONIGHT – DeCastro Sisters
THAT'S ALL I WANT FROM YOU – Jaye P. Morgan
THIS OLE HOUSE – Rosemary Clooney
TINA MARIE – Perry Como
TWEEDLE DEE - Georgia Gibbs
UNCHAINED MELODY – Les Baxter, Roy Hamilton, Al Hibbler
WAKE THE TOWN AND TELL THE PEOPLE – Les Baxter
YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS, THE – Johnny Desmond, Mitch Miller

I checked my mail on the 3rd and at first I thought it was a delayed note to get out and vote in the Iowa caucus, but to my delight it was my invitation to join in the festivities at our 60th class reunion and to be recognized at the EHS All-school Alumni reunion. This doesn't happen everyday and I'm glad for the positive responses we have had so far and look forward to trying to remember who you are. (It seems some of you have changed a bit in the last 60 years.)

So open your checkbooks, send a reply you're coming, get ready to pack you bags (don't forget your pills, eyeglasses, and teeth), check out the ad guaranteed to lose 20 to 40 pounds in 40 days and we will see you in May!

Our committee checked around and found the best deal they could to try and keep things 'close to home' for our reunion. We've heard good things about the food and the selection is more than adequate; the fare is close to others (if we went to Bonanza we would be spread out in three our four rooms and you would probably just say "hello" as you pass through the buffet line), tip is included, and besides, the meal is just something to do with your mouth when there is a lull in the conversation, in which case, Rosie will probably be asking for a "to go" bag the minute she is served.

There will be entertainment along with door prizes...we want you to have fun at your 60th.

Whoa, another donation just came in. Shirley (Lowder) Warrick of the Prescott, AZ Warricks' added to our fund...thank you and everyone!

And in case you forgot, here's where to send anything you wish to:

DONATIONS: Please make all donations payable to:
East High School "Class of 1956"
and mail to:

Robert Trotter
5625 Lakepoint Circle
Johnston, IA 50131

Please send **correspondence** to
John Carr
2317 E. 11th St.
Des Moines, IA 50316