

The 55th Class Legacy Project was more than just stepping up to the plate & swinging hard...

Y'all hit it out of the park and into the next county

It was the best of times, it was the hottest of times, it was the hour of our silvery dotage dismissed, it was the hour of our teenage revelry revived — it was our vale of two seasons, the summer of 2018 and our senior year, 1963...in short, two kinds of hot fun.

What an amazing 55th Reunion of the Class of '63.



The pictures are waaaay too small for the size of the event...top left is Amy Taylor [principal], Sherri Patten-Grubb [crisis counselor] and Elizabeth Kalbacher [PTSA president] accepting a check for \$15,000 from the Class of 1963. \$15,000. Gotta say, this Class Legacy Project leaves a legacy with lots of class. Literally. Well over half of the class. And everybody who donated—whether they were there or couldn't make it—signed that check. We made sure of it. Your names were written all over it. We haven't done ourselves this proud since graduation. It was a smash hit walk-off home run, a sailing pass for a 4th quarter touchdown and a hotshot slam-dunk at the buzzer. \$15,000. Enough to renovate Room 265 and to help every maroon in trouble who walks in the door. Our counselors and teachers will not go begging door to door for money *next* year. We have it covered. Beautiful.

Top right is a gaggle of girls--featuring Camey Spaulding Stewart on the far left and Marcy Howard on the far right--doing what girls do...which is telling the biggest boy [on the ladder, Bo Rothchild] where to hang the banner and how high to hang it. Twice. Bo put it up, took it down, moved that ladder and put it up all over again because *these* trees were *closer* and more *right looking*. It was soooo obvious.

Bottom left is what we look like eating barbecue and fixins, family style. All 141 of us. Twice as many as we thought would come. Bottom right was the scream of the evening—Malone Hill in drag, telling the story of Marmaduke Hill. There's more on this far faroff-broadway high-school-prank hit a bit further down.



Jimmy Raup emceed an evening "memory walk" going up and down between the long tables to get stories from the "living past"...because that past is still so alive, eh? Jimmy's story was that he had harbored a crush on Mina Jo Hawkins from 'way back and never got to tell her. Frank Mendez talked about being a student at Travis when he was told that, with his art talent, he should be at Austin High studying under Mrs. Jarrell (Marguerite's mom). So he transferred. And the rest is history—Frank was a ring designer for Balfour—as in World Series and Super Bowl rings.

JR also laid it on about the huge accomplishments by AHS teams in all sports and track that year. Sue Vassar reminded Jimmy that sports were not the only award winners in '63—the Band also won all the top UIL awards, and Sandra Kirk spoke up for the choir who ALSO landed on top in UIL. Linda Burk Kemp recalled how well the Red Jackets were able to perform on the field because Kent Rider, one of the two drum majors, drew up all the shows and explained everything to a fare-thee-well.

The *other* drum major, Bill Engle, told how generous Dorothy Flury was with students outside of class, taking kids to the opera, and that she even let him use her car while she was gone on vacation....which he wrapped around a tree!

Nancy Williams spoke on the size of the class as the first big "bump" in the boomer generation. We (the Queen) spoke up about how brainy we were too—1963 saw the highest SAT scores of all, from 1941 (first test) all the way to 1995 when they changed the test. Sam Boyd then reminded us that the reason we were so brilliant as well as successful in life was because we were the progeny of the Greatest Generation, which was the first to tell their children they could do and be anything they could dream.



Sherman DeBusk, in a tribute to Russ Sparenberg, wanted to remind all of the football boys in the room that on the night of the Mac game there was supposed to be a Blue Brigade virgins' parade, but it was cancelled.

John Yeager wanted to know if anyone remembered all of those senior parties—and of COURSE we did.

But the rest is a blur. Someone talked about how remarkable Ron Beauford was as a teacher and a scholar. And then others spoke about Mrs. Wisser and Mr Wilson. Another mentioned Mr. Price saying that ours was the smartest class he'd ever taught. Another said Austin High sent the largest number of merit scholars to UT—and graduated the most Phi Beta Kappas than any other high school. We wish we could have written it all down and been able to quote the whole night.

For sure we were as brilliant as we remembered, if not already in the land of legendary...and just gobbled all over with modesty.

Room 265.



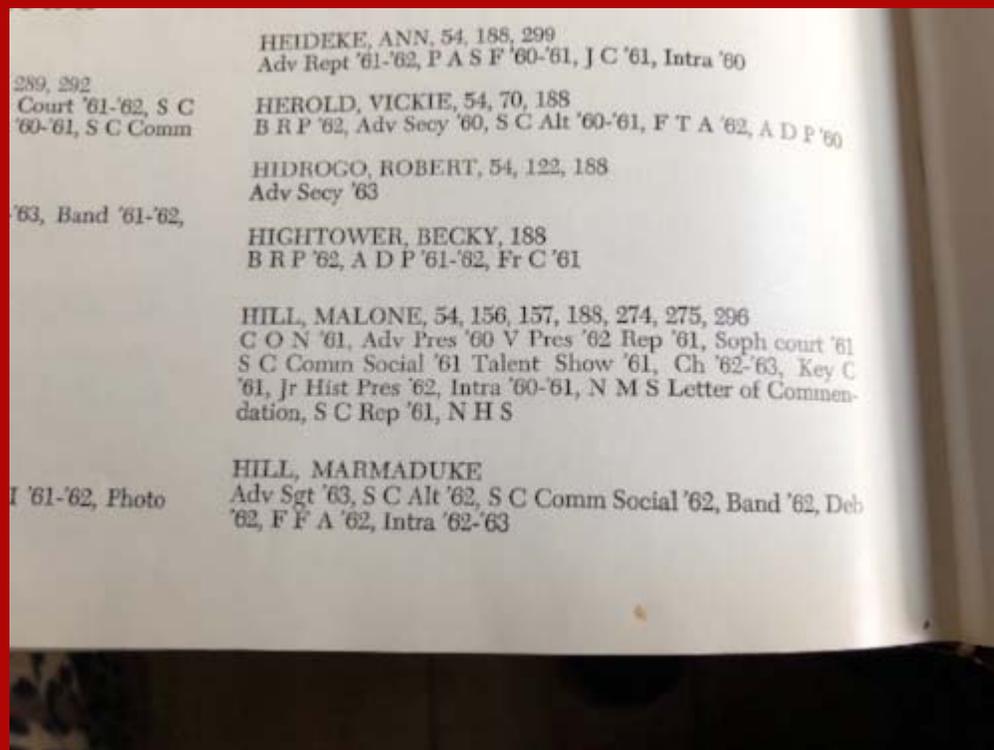
Take a good look. This is definitely the "before" ... we wanted a shot on record of this dismal thing.



And here is the crisis counselor Sherry Patten-Grubb who, along with PTSA President Kalbacher and Principal Taylor, will watch over the whole process from construction to transformation. Stay tuned. We will be back with pics as the project progresses.

The Story of Marmaduke Hill.

Of all the shenanigans that went on during our senior year, this one has lasted until the present time. As Malone Hill finally explained to an astonished assembly of greats, it all started in Miss Flury's advisory during the last few weeks of school when she handed out those little forms that went straight into the official class directory in the yearbook...



..and well into the great beyond after high school. Hard to believe Miss Flury missed it. She didn't miss much. But there he is at the bottom of page 334 in the '63 Comet. Marmaduke was the '63 Adv Sgt (advisory sergeant? fiction!), an alternate on the student council, on the SC social committee, in the band, FFA, Intramurals, and...a '62 DEB. Malone made him a debutante?!?? Stroke of pure 18-year old

genius. No one anywhere along the long line from production to print questioned this invisible slacker member of the class of '63.

So, finally, at our 55th, Malone takes on the task of 'splaining things. Sorta. It was quite a story. Turns out, he had sent us an advance script—a SCRIPT!—and so we happily (and diabolically) reprint it here:

MH: "Well, I finally retired a few months ago, and am now trying to catch up on 30 years of Honey-Do's, and even more *Honey-Don'ts*, and fixing broken things. But I really would like now to *come clean*—which is not like *coming out*—about my *Evil Twin Marmaduke*:

"Marmaduke was for years thought lost, then even listed as deceased. Buuut he lives on as a definite evil twin, often under the covers, even a slightly-separate address and telephone, all for very good reasons. He contributed to lowering my otherwise perfect grades, wrecking my social standing, throwing the spitball then ducking so I would get the blame, late to homeroom to the frequent fits wrath of Mrs. Flury. etc. I was in constant double jeopardy.

"After high school he became even more nefarious and ne'er-do-well. Often I didn't know exactly what he was up to, and fortunately he wouldn't tell me so that they didn't have to kill me. Despite his lifestyle Marmaduke found someone, a partner cannily named... *MarmaDuchess*.

"After years under-the-covers and in secret *obscurity, obscurity and obscenity*, the Feds caught up with him. After setting up that infamous evening with Donald and Stormy though, it was double-secret probation: he had to go into the Witness Protection Program, or at least the *half-Wit-ness* one. He even staged a *fake self-assassination* as a journalist, but failed. And when Putin's mafia persisted, it meant....Plastic Surgery. Fortunately, there was a renowned but a recovering specialist in Plano [NB: *he alludes to Russ Sparenberg*] who would do the job, even sex changes. Reportedly the work was quite extensive, even doing a flip-flop of the lower whatever's and then back again.

"But now, with the *Statute of Libertations* behind him/ her, it seems safe for him/her to reappear, and is here with us this very evening in person, with his/ her spouse, who also had to make some interesting life changes, depending on whatever stage of life Mr/Ms M was living at the time."

*[Malone disappears behind a sheet held up by J Raup and N Williams. From around the corner appears a transgressing transdressing male-appearing MarmaDuchess, Malone's girlfriend Tina, who provides some narrative and small helpful 'splanatory signs O+ and O->, XX and XY while Malone transforms into Marmaduke...right down do his skivvies...donning boobs and dress...to the total delight of the extra table of people behind the sheet—including Tina Lochridge and her esteemed father Lloyd Lochridge, age 100. The sheet drops and Malone/**Marmaduke** "comes out" to the rest of the crowd and resumes his narrative.]*



MH: "Ok, so now it's out in the open, and you can take me off the "in memory of" list (but maybe put me on the *in mammary* list). Not to belabor explanations, expositories, suppositories etc., I'm so sorry to have caused all this distress and constipation through the years, but obviously now I am a changed person. [shuffles feet, wiggles bottom, adjusts boobs] Damn! After gym class I thought there would be no more wedgies. Now I've got 2 of them!

"So, as for compensatory remonstrations and demonstrations of my past behavior, we are involved in several chairities. This recently included projects *Marmal-Aid* [holds up jar] and *Karma-Aid*. But the best, and we encourage you to engage with us in supporting: Maroon-Aid. There is still time to donate to this unique bequest of the great class of '63."

[Closing lines to loud applause] "In Maroo We Trust." [holds up large coin replica] "Thank you very much, and may the Farce be with you."

(Exit with regret and embarrassment, wondering who-the-hell talked us into this.)

THE END

*Why, they of course would be we, the preshuss BoPeep, Queen of all She Surveys.
Thanks to Malone for giving so much of himself, literally, to a great entertaining
cause. Who knew orthopedic surgeons were so starved for the stage. We are greatly
in his debt for creating Marmaduke 55 years ago, and then clearing up the mystery
of Marmaduke 55 years later.*



True Addendum: Jimmy Raup confessed he had all along thought Marmaduke Hill was real —and finally told Malone that he had thought he knew Marmaduke at Pearce. Heh.



AND NOW.....those little boomers with June birthdays....

01 Tina Lawson Houston (45)

03 Georgia Gaarde Fariss (45)

04 John Brakebill (45)

- 05 Jon Fruchter (45)
- 09 Linda Slease Sadler (45)
- 09 Marsha Slease McLaurin (45)
- 09 Nancy Williams (45)
- 09 Polly Coffin Swain (45)
- 10 Will Houston (45)
- 11 Glen Lewis (46)
- 12 Ron Warden (44)
- 13 Bill Moses(45)
- 13 Jim Sanders (45)
- 13 Gary Don Whitlock (45)
- 14 Pamela Sue Anderson Burnette (45)
- 16 Connie Knippa Simmonds (45)
- 20 David Nelson (45)
- 22 John Luedecke (45)
- 23 Babs Becker (45)
- 23 George Covington (45)
- 24 Sam Boyd (45)
- 26 Nancy Taylor (45)
- 29 Sherman DeBusk (45)
- 29 Alan Bergstrom (45)

If there is a wild clamor to do so, we will find out Marmaduke's birthday and put him back in. We are pretty sure he was here once upon a time but got kicked off. And if you would like YOUR birthday on the list, send it in. You can make it up even.

Clearly, that kind of thing doesn't matter at our age. :)



Loyal forever y'all



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You are on this list because you are brilliant & still drink from the fountain of youth known as Loyal Forever
- the AHS Class of 63

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