

AHS 63 MAY-JUNE 2019 NEWSLETTER

May the Fo'rth be With You Edition



The Class of 63's Excellent Adventure

Dateline Austin, Home of the Maroon & White. Whatever possessed us to attempt it, we decided to give it a go and rent our own white limo. Turns out, it was the perfect thing to do. And pretty much everybody was potted by the end of the evening...except the plants. Bear with us. It's a story. Foreshadowing is to be expected.

Meet Ron, chauffeur and zookeeper of many secrets (what goes on in the limo, stays in the limo) including whether there was a bottle of vodka on the loose, amongst the potted and unpotted, in the wraparound bench-&-bar arrangement in the funny business endzone of the limo. Speaking of, why on earth would any responsible business rent one of these things out to people UNDER 73? For sure it ain't sanctioned by the Suhthen Baptis' Convention. But we digress. So, Ron fetched us at our venerated Alma Mater after we had taken a tour to see with our own eyes the transformed wonder that is Room 265. We had lounged in the soft chairs and admired the snazzy carpet, and we all felt the amazing goodness of being surrounded by mountains and river in a room. It's a sweet trip. And for the kids who need it, it felt like a sanctuary—the center would hold in there, and not fly apart. We all did such an excellent and good thing raising money to recreate that room.



The reason we had come from all over creation to see the room was the Austin High Foundation event on April 13th— we were invited to represent the Class of '63 for our class project contribution.

There were eight of us: Jimmy Raup, Nancy Williams, Linda Burk Kemp, JoAnn Matthews, Barbara Huber Ward, Frank and Gigi Mendez, and moi, Queenie. A bunch of septuagenarian thrill seekers. Those whose first serious slow dance was to Elvis's "Wise Men Say Only Fools Rush In."

First, there was the matter of figuring out where to go for dinner because—at our age—the standing-around-drinking-at-tall-tables-with-heavy-gnoshes is for the birds and the forty-somethings who dream that stuff up.



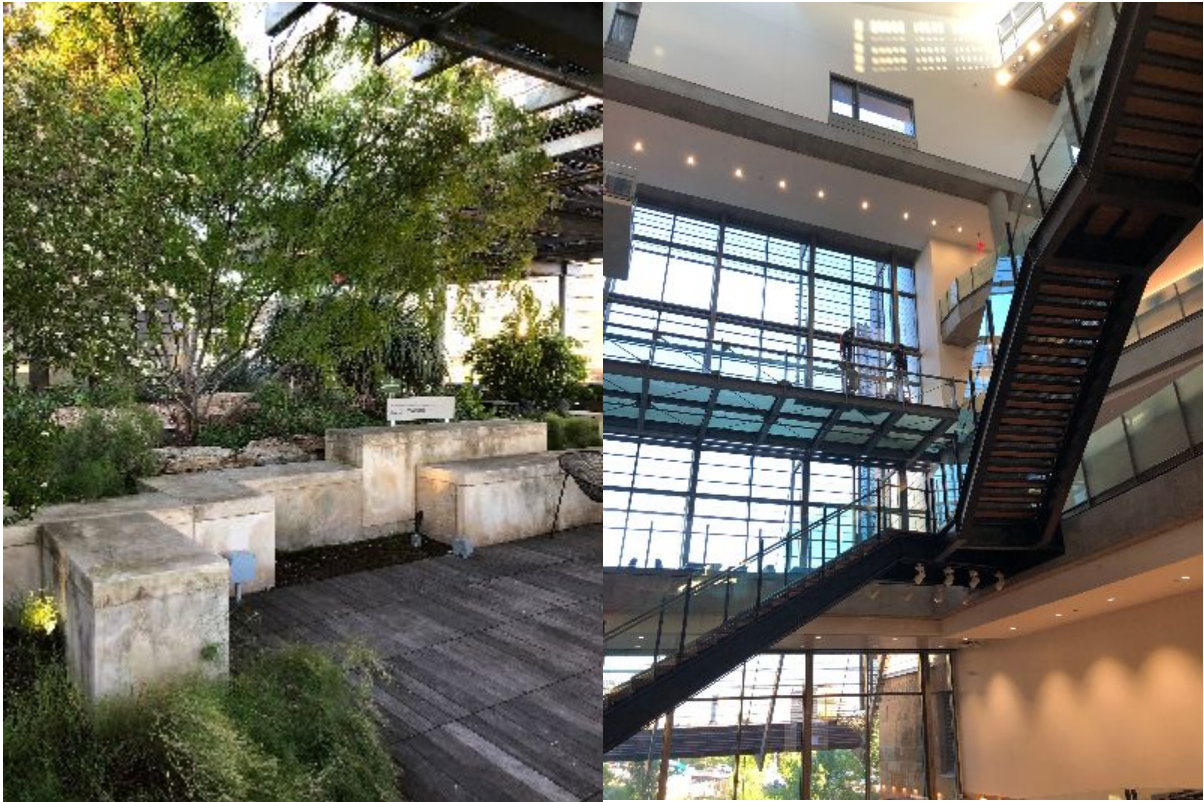
Linda Burk Kemp was the ringleader on the dinner venue. Who knew it's a natural gift of librarians to come up with wild-haired ideas. Too much association with books will turn the mind. So off we went to one of the scenes of a well misspent youth—Deep Eddy Cabaret & Pool Burgers. It was a true dive...into the deep end. Smack dab. We amused the local bikers and babes at the bar. Jimmy found the jukebox and discovered 17 free plays—we heard every Roy Orbison and Elvis and Little Richard track on the rack. We rocked. We laughed and hooted like old friends. The burgers and fries went down just fine with beers and margs and scotch on the rocks. Deep Eddy will never be the same after that little invasion. We called up the chariot. Ron had turned the white beast around in the Deep Eddy parking lot (no small feat) and met us at the corner while we took turns hanging on to the signpost to keep from going all Mary Poppins. Did we mention it was windy? Man. It was windy.



Next up was the big event on the 6th floor garden terrace at the new Austin Public Library...some kind of inter-galactic architectural award-winning building. It was a rush just to be seen arriving in our white steed, but spilling out of the limo (literally) at the front door of this august structure was a moment. And they even let our ride park right out front. There wasn't another vehicle parked anywhere in sight. For Austin, that was flat amazing.

Fact was, we were still catching our breath from Ron's Deep Eddy rescue from the 50-mph gusts that had blown in from Mars and retrograded everything to a faretheewell. Upon reflection, we think if we could have managed an upright and locked position before landing and unloading it might have been less tricky making it from the limo to the door...but

vodka had been involved. Even parked just a few feet away, to get from door to door, queens must give deep thought to how we appear in battling the elements. And so, it appeared we were either going to take the gastropod approach, glued to the ground and shuffling at a determined slant, or else we were to be launched like kites and sail up to the 6th floor under our own power. Snails or sails, take yer pick. We closed our eyes and snailed it. Once we were on the other side of the big glass doors, we shook out whatever was left of the party clothes on our backs and made the best of what was left for a dignified arrival. It was, after all, the Oscars.



There were sweet 16-year-old-looking 30/40-somethings who met us at the elevator and ushered us past a YUGE wall of pot plants. We will come back to the potted plants. More foreshadowing.



Can we just say that, walking into the beautiful space with about 200 movers and shakers, the AHS Jazz Band was hands down the best thing about the entire event—kudos to Director (and arranger!) Richard Patenaude.

Strolling around with yet another glass in hand, we found the 1963 Comet was thoughtfully and proudly displayed. Linda Burk took a closer look. Dunno what any librarian would do otherwise, drawn like moth to flame.



And Nancy Williams appeared to know what to do with a megaphone. What can we say about the obvious.

And we all gathered around the poster that testified as to our class achievement—which, of course, made us the poster children of the evening, literally. Ominous portent, that.





FINALLY, the principal announced we would be at the top of the "program" which was about to start, so we hustled over to the microphone area...which was right next to the most popular spot in the room—the BAR, with long lines of gabblers that make a party sound like a turkey farm. No matter, Jimmy Raup was prime-time ready and buffed to a high gloss (what lawyer worth his salt is not born primed and buffed) to speak when we received our Oscar for Best All-time Inspired Donor Performance by A Class. BUT THEN—screeching halt—EH? Sounded like "we-jus'-

thank-yew-so-mush" and clappityclapclap and bang they were on to the NEXT with a four page intro...we were done-dee-done? waitwait, no fun Oscar? No speaking part? No telling them about what was so earnestly important that inspired us to give back to our alma mater? WELL.

*NUTS. *HARRUMPH!!* We turned tail on the spot and off we went for something more fun—like the limo and a spin around town. BUT THEN *lightning bolt of inspiration* as we passed by we ATTACKED that YUGE wall of flowers. Well, they SAID we could take a pot on our way out...SO, WE DID. 'Eviscerated it. We might look like harmless little old people but it's a good thing we weren't carrying wire cutters ... we coulda dismantled the Eiffel Tower in under 10. So we claimed victory that night. 'Wrangled as many big fat Oscar Pots outta that wall as we could carry ... then hightailed it to the elevator.*

Ron had the getaway car fired up, doors open, ready to fly. Didn't take us long door-to-door this time. We had a 50-mph tailwind. And we would have thrown ourselves into the caboose and been off like a shot but ... there was something funny about there being dirt everywhere. Hm. That's when we looked down at the two gorgeous red geraniums Barbara had hustled...one in each arm, sitting on her lap...sure nuff, those plants were flat nekkid.

'Been clean snatched out of their pots. Two perfectly happy root balls in a pile of dirt on her skirt. Apparently Barbara had been in a bigger fight than we knew. But she wore the smile of a champion—and maybe three vodka tonics. Lone Ranger Ron kicked into action and whipped out the small emergency plastic bags, sacked 'em up, and whisked those bare-bottomed bloomers into the trunk—I'll just hold those for yuh ma'am. And so it was, with a hearty "Hi-ho, Silver!" that would have totally mystified the children upstairs, we were awaaaaaaay. It was a gloriously funny and fun end to the evening...sliding past all of the shiny giant buildings that have transformed our home town, remembering where things used to be as we were gliding up Congress—Piccadilly's, French Bootery, the bus station. At the same time, it seemed we all took some pride in the slinky new skyline with it's all-grown-up attitude. We were glad we grew up in old Austin—but it was cool that we also had this night, and a sweet ride, to celebrate the new hot thing Austin has become.



In time, buildings crumble and walls fall. But no one can ever take away the perfect magic of what we did for the kids who live on the edge at Austin High. And no one will have finer memories than those of us who, on behalf of all of you, celebrated the splendid spirit of the Class of 1963 on a windy moonlit night in April, 2019.



VOTE FOR FRANK!!!

Dear Class—Take a look at this beautifully conceived "self-portrait" idea and then read the note from Frank Mendez below asking us to vote for his painting in a national contest. He is already very high in the popular vote but we want to guarantee that he gets to the next level of judging. FYI, Frank is with his marine battalion in Quantico this weekend for a reunion...so this weekend would be a pretty great time to hike up the vote for a very special guy — "Private Mendez."

I would like to ask for your help and support on getting the word out to our class.

I entered Jerry's Artarama/Self Portrait Contest 2019. Public voting begins on

Monday April 15 and runs **through May 24**. I would really appreciate all the help I can get from our class. **Please encourage everybody to pass the information forward to their contacts as well.** It's a National Contest and every vote counts (sounds like a political ad, don't it? but it's the only way to win). Final judging will happen in June. Top 30 from the Public Sector vote will move on to the Jury Panel section where they will compete with a Jury-selected additional 30. So if I move on, I will still be competing with 59 other great National artists for the top 3 places.

The name of my painting is "Painting Private Mendez."

Thank you in advance!

Loyal Forever

Private Mendez

[GO VOTE! CLICK THIS BUTTON!](#)

Huge thanks to Mary Frances Guerrero for sending this in. We are 'waaaaay proud to see that the Big Maroon #63 Right Guard Richard DelaRosa is still tackling the big (and little) problems and winning the game for kids in Wylie, Texas.

Hometown Hero Richard Delarosa



A classroom doesn't have to be confined to just four walls. In Wylie, Texas, students are given the opportunity to attend a classroom in 400 acres of the Blackland Prairie area at Collins County Adventure Camp, and resident Richard Delarosa is more than excited to help them get there.

Each year fifth grade students from Wylie schools are given the chance to attend the Adventure camp for three days. Though initially, it might not seem like a long time, this trip gives students the unique opportunity to bond with each other as well as involve themselves in interactive and educational activities. No matter the time of day, students can enjoy meaningful and fun experiences such as lake and forest adventures, stargazing and nature scene investigations. This break from traditional school is exciting for many students, but unfortunately because of the cost, not all of them can attend.

When Mr. Delarosa heard from a staffer of the camp that there were some students who were unable to attend, he immediately jumped in to help. He wanted every student to have an equal chance to join and be part of the experience, so he began donating his own funds to help the disadvantaged students to attend.

After donating and hearing accounts of the positive impact this camp has had on the children who attend, Mr. Delarosa began to encourage many others around him to also donate money to the students. The funds that Richard helps gather eases the financial burden for many students by covering the entire cost of attending, from transportation to meals and other team building exercises.

Mr. Delarosa was so inspired to help these students, he didn't just limit his giving to money; he also donates his time. This past year he drove one of the buses to the camp to drop off and pick up the students. He recalled the excitement in the air as the children were getting ready to attend the three-day camp. Even more fulfilling was listening to how the students happily relived their experiences on the way back home.

Supporting underprivileged kids and giving them an experiential learning opportunity is important

to Mr. Delarosa, and he currently has no end in sight for helping these children. He continues to spread the message of the importance of investing in students as well as providing an equal opportunity to the community around him.

Written by Credit Union of Texas

Published April 24, 2019



MAY BIRTHDAYS

01 Norman Winters (45)

06 Don Gregg (45)

06 Johnny Coats (45)

08 Eddie Dudley (45)

08 Kris Nelson Staton (45)

12 Helen Zander (45) *

13 Georgia Gann Flynn (45)

16 Pebble Stone Moss (45)

17 Suzanne Allen Gordon (45)

17 Rhoda Torbron Spuhler (45)

21 Terry Parker (45)

23 Lucile Puett (45)

24 Robb Southerland (45)

24 Bill Barron (45)

25 Wade Weiler (45)

27 Don Bengston (45)

29 Russ Sparenberg (45)

29 Darryl Lee (45)

29 Bill Benham (45)

30 Ted Parrish (45)



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)

*Last newsletter, we accidentally laid to rest a still living classmate by putting an asterisk by his name. We would soooo dearly love to avoid that little memory pothole in future birthday lists. Therefore, from here on out, if we are going to miff it, we are going to err on **this** side of the angels and presume everybody listed without asterisk is still in their little mortal coil. We will maintain the list thusly unless and until we get some word from **you**, our classmates, that one of us has shuffled off to join the saints. Okeydoke? *deep breath, yep, still here* Okeydoke.*



**LOYAL FOREVER MEANS
LOYAL FOREVER**