

EHS Missing Link '56

2016 - Issue #5

Editor: John Carr

WELCOME BACK COTTER!

I went early to the Grandview Golf course to deliver a welcome sign for our 60th reunion and most of the room was already set up by the committee. I was told to go home and clean up and I didn't want to upset Janeene that early in the day so I complied. When I arrived at 5:15 Steve Larson was bringing in his portable keyboard (he played background for us) and we exchanged a few pleasantries as I held the door for him. Inside, a few people were already there and I said "hi" and used their name if I could see their name tag. More showed up and I moved around and spoke to as many as I could before Bob Trotter welcomed us and thanked the committed for the excellent job they had done. He gave us some background on Dennis Parker before he turned the program over to Dennis to act as emcee for our occasion. Dennis greeted and thanked and then introduced Leslie Morris, East's new principal and she was up for the third time in two days to talk about what she has done and hopes to accomplish for East. East is still the largest school in Des Moines under one roof (9-12) and the academic situation is not the best and she wants to get us back up where we belong. She had a similar situation in the Naples, FL educational system, but her efforts and hard work brought them up to a number one position (of course raising your grades or having the opportunity to go out in

the school yard and play with the alligators would be a good incentive to improve). She is working closely with the administration from more counselors to help students to repairs to a new awards case. She stopped during her speech to say her children had arrived; it was the Chamber choir and when they entertained during dinner, she seemed to know all their names. Dinner was being delivered during her talk so Dennis invited John Hill to say grace and I thought one table was taking sacrament before I realized they had already started eating. Leslie was stuck next to me during dinner so I was able to find out that the 20 something students in the chamber choir were under the direction of Tracy Squires and they were excellent or to put it another way, the chamber was fully loaded. After dinner Dennis tried trivia on the crowd, after which he and Janeene gave out prizes. John Hill got one for coming the farthest distance (Dennis was disqualified because he and Diane stopped by South Carolina from the Virgin Islands to purchase a home before coming to our reunion). We then wandered around and talked for a while before leaving. As for me, I put mature faces to high school photos and asked people to send me stories or information about them. As children, Harold Olsen used to "fire" on me by saying, "John Francis." As I was leaving, in the parking lot I heard it; after 60 years, instantaneously without thinking out came, "Harold Martin." Welcome back.

SCHOLARSHIP

Cheyenne Kline is the first recipient of our first scholarship award.

Lyle Simpson informed her as a representative of the Class of '56.

Cheyenne wrote back to us:

"I want to thank you for donating to my future. I will not take this for granted. This scholarship means so much to me. I will get to pursue my dreams thanks to your donation. I couldn't ask for more." Lyle responded to me: "This really says what this is all about and why we who have preceded her down the path of life are reaching out so that our successor know that others care about them and want them to have opportunities they might not otherwise be able to afford".

The scholarship was for \$1956.

I am posting Lyle's letter to Cheyenne thru Tom Lettington at www.ehs56.org, as well as his entire letter to the *Link* and photos taken by Carlisle & Co. and others.

Janeene also mailed photos to those who were there. I did a 60th reunion special for those who were able to attend. It contained: thanks to our committee, scrambled classmates and finished off Billboard's music that was started for 1953-1956; also posted on Tom's list. If you don't have access to a computer or smart phone, try the library or a senior center; someplace where there's free service.

Next dinner is on September 12th. If this came out after that...we had dinner on September 12th.



I believe the “East High Song” was sung more this reunion than any others. Three times by us, alone.

A COUPLE MORE FIRSTS’

Our class was the first to get the new principal, Leslie Morris, to attend a reunion and the first to have a sit-down dinner at Grand View Golf Course.

We had 96 reservations for our reunion dinner and 91 showed up. There were a lot of comments on how good we all looked (no one bother to look closely at me) and I was overwhelmed by the warmth that was in the room as people got together before, during, and after. Several of the guys were hanging around the water cooler after the dinner at the reunion and were discussing Coach Carlson. Tom Fjelde got in touch with me and I called “Marty” to see how he was and to ask him if he would pass some stories on about some of the players. He had just gotten out of the hospital and wasn’t feeling that chipper. We talked for a while and he remembered a lot of the players from the basketball team and said he would try to come up with something, but didn’t promise, so I left it at that. I sent him a copy of the 60th news link and hope he will find time to contribute. He’s up in Edina, MN. Thanks Tom for passing the ball down court...looking forward to getting news from “Marty”.

Passing things along, remember when planning to celebrate the Fourth of July, you needed a good picnic area and a place to go see the fireworks. One place always stood out. You went to the end of Corning Street, here in Des Moines; you crossed a bridge that expanded a half-moon lagoon backed up against the Des Moines River. A big parking lot was located on the back side. It was free to get in and it was free to park. I’m referring to Riverview Park.

Riverview had all the carnival rides you needed...a kid’s dreams come true. The roller coaster, with its 8 full dips, was the main attraction of the park—fast and scary.

There were grass-covered areas in the park where you could spread a blanket on the ground and have a picnic. There were also shelters along the parking area.

Sky divers would drop out of the sky on the fourth into the park, with different colored smoke streaming out of their pant legs. It was really something to see. As the day wore on and the night approached, kids and parents alike started to anticipate the fireworks show that Riverview put on. The fireworks were set off by hand, not like they do now with an electrical push button device. The best place to see the fireworks was under the “Wild Mouse” ride, you could see the entire lagoon from there. As Evening approached the lights in the park dimmed. You could see the man in charge of setting off the fireworks igniting a red flare, like the railroad warning signal lights. The pyrotech’s arm raised and you could see the fizz as he started lighting the display. At the same moment, a deafening explosion occurred and a big and I mean big ball of fire and smoke shot up into the air. What a sight! Then you would see an ambulance making its way to the scene. The ambulance lights lit up the backside of the

lagoon, making it another unbelievable sight.

People have said they’ve been to a lot of firework displays since Riverview closed and have forgotten most of them, but they always remember the ones at Riverview. Maybe you’re one?

Worth repeating: Have you checked out the Riverview mural on the wall by where the old Post Office used to be (by Fareway) and the bumper car display downstairs at the west end of Park Fare Mall?

Someone sent me information via the Post Office. It arrived “torn up” and had been through rain; the only thing readable was my address. If you sent something to me and I did not respond, it may have been yours, please send again.

It’s a romantic image to think of two of our founding fathers and best friends, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, both dying on the Fourth of July in 1826 (exactly fifty years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence). Each was thinking of the other just before he died. Adams is even supposed to have remarked just before he passed away, “Jefferson still survives.” But were they friends? Five years before their deaths, Adams accused Jefferson of plagiarizing the Declaration of Independence from the Mecklenburg Declaration, a document of North Carolina independence, which supposedly dated back to 1775. “Mr. Jefferson,” Adams wrote a friend, “must have seen it, in the time of it, for he has copied the spirit, the sense, and the expressions of it verbatim, into his Declaration of the 4th of July, 1776.” The authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence is still in question.

Yarn should be allowed to marry dental floss.

These are excerpts from a letter Lyle Simpson sent in response to my plea for stories and thoughts. "Reunions provide us opportunity to reflect, not only on our common roots, where we originated as the people that we are today, but upon the multiple paths that we have each taken in life from the point of our origin at East High. Fourteen states were represented at our class reunion banquet. Each person has a totally different story."

"This year 117 students received a total of approximately \$150,000 toward their continuing education. I realize that the amount of the scholarship in itself is not sufficient to pay their continuing education, but that is not the real important message our scholarship gives to them. What it says to the graduating senior is that others believe in them as a person, and truly care about them. It provides them a sense of their own value and imbues them with a sense of responsibility to go forward in order that they too may make a difference in this world because they have been here. That is a powerful statement at an impressionable age, where we do, in fact, make a real difference in their lives. That is why our class giving a scholarship has been so important for me."

"As I think about my friends from East High, I can appreciate that each of us have made our own statement, each in our own way, but the important thing for each of us to consider is: have we as individuals made a difference in the lives of others? Each of us has contributed in our own way. You, John, are making a difference in assuming the responsibility of editing our "connecting link" so that each of us can remember our common roots that lets us reflect on where we have each traveled on our own path in life. That helps each of us value our own lives and

we can each better appreciate the path that we have taken".

"I think of Jack Hartung often. He died this past year. For the past few years he was essentially unable to seriously appreciate life at the time of his death because his advanced Parkinson's disease had captured his body—but I was never sure that at the same time it had captured his mind. The last time I saw Jack I felt he was not even aware that I was there. I have been troubled that after I left his family told me that he spoke my name. The sent shudders through me, because I then realized that he was aware but was unable to do anything about it. A brilliant mind was trapped in his body."

Jack was a straight A student at East High; All-City end on the football team, played tennis and many times sat on the bench during basketball season. Jack went to Iowa State, had a 3.86 average and graduated with a degree in physics. He went to work for NASA, during which he got a Master's degree in Physics and a Doctorate degree in Lunar Geology. He was the world's foremost expert on micro-craters and moon rocks. His research contributed in such a significant way to our knowledge of the universe that Carl Sagan even mentioned him on Cosmos. Dr. Sagan told me what Jack Hartung's research actually meant to him. Jack was responsible for the trajectory of the space ship from the Earth to the Moon and what the astronauts did after they got there. He told me he would personally go to the Moon even if he knew it would be a one way trip. Jack took an unusual path, but he did make a real difference in our world today with the knowledge of our universe that he discovered.

On the other hand, Harold Olsen never left home. He remained and

served as a teacher and counselor at East High for most of his career. Harold attended over 21 Alumni meetings to help provide East High students the opportunity to be eligible to receive scholarships. Harold went the extra mile and gave each student as much of his personal attention as that student needed. He was looked upon by many students as "their only adult friend". What makes Harold's life even more important is that he had the opportunity to have more in-depth influence on the lives of thousands of students during his career. His influence on their life has been multiplied by what those students have been able to contribute to the lives of others. Our lives are not measured by how far we have traveled, rather what we have done to make this world a better place because we have been here. Harold has earned a much greater share of immortality than most of us will ever have the opportunity to achieve because he has influenced the lives of so many people. His efforts were truly "in the service of humanity" which helps make the "spirit of East High" live on.

Lyle is a respected attorney in Des Moines, served in the military for over 30 years and was President of the East High Alumni Foundation. Read his entire letter on line at www.ehs56.org.

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
Phone: (515) 277-8848, also text.
Email: johncarr515@gmail.com.

We missed it by that much...

Paraphrasing Maxwell Smart this could have been about our class, but The Statler Brothers came out with "Class of '57" after we graduated but it does have a certain generalization of all high schoolers:

Tommy's selling used cars,
Nancy's fixing hair.

Harvey runs a grocery store
and Margaret doesn't care.

Jerry drives a truck for Sears
and Charlotte's on the make.

And Paul sells life insurance and
part time real estate.

Helen is a hostess,

Frank works at the mill.

Janet teaches grade school and
prob'ly always will.

Bob works for the city and
Jack's in lab research.

And Peggy plays organ

At the Presbyterian Church,

And the class of '57 had its dreams.

Oh, we all though we'd change the
world with our great works and
deeds.

Or maybe we just thought the
world would change to fit our
needs.

The class of '57 had its dreams.

Betty runs a trailer park,

Jan sells Tupperware.

Randy's on an insane ward
and Mary's on welfare.

There's more to the song but my
point is that it would be nice to
know more about the lives of our
graduates, your thoughts and even
little things you've done that help
make us a special class by
ourselves. So please contact me
and let's get something going.
People want to know and you
might find yourself interesting.

Bill Foster sat around the house so
much last winter that twice a
month when the maid came in she
had to dust him off.

They say there's no rest for the
wicked, so I wish they would quit
bothering me...I need some sleep.

Cold Turkey, with dressings...

People are hesitant to talk about
themselves and their accomplish-
ments; if that is the case, just take
some incident out of your life and
write about it.

My mother was one of the people
who helped move from the old
East High to its present location.
My father was a letter carrier and
my mother lived on his route. They
met, got married and were in
Chicago during the depression of
the '30s. My father cased mail with
the Olympic swimmer Johnny
Weissmeller (Our Tarzan) there.
At the time, working for the Post
Office was a good job and the
folks would come back to Des
Moines on weekends and bring
back food for the neighborhood
and people would celebrate their
good fortune. The family moved
back to Des Moines, both my
brothers went to East; one was
inducted into the service and the
other one got permission from my
folks to join to fight in WWII.

After the war we moved to E. 9th
and Hull by the Avalon Theater,
where I became a movie buff.
High School graduation and skip to
1970 and I have a chance to work
in the movie "Cold Turkey" and
become friends with a man and we
decide to have our relation to come
join us. It turns out his parents
were friends with mine shared food
with in Chicago. Our parts in the
movie gave us a lot of time off and
I had a chance to spend some with
Edward Everett Horton, whom I
had loved as a character for years.
He played the cigarette tycoon in
the movie. At any rate, all the
scenes we had done were cut out
of the movie except as the
cigarettes are falling from the sky
and I am trying to get people to
smoke, all you see is the back of
my head as Dick Van Dyke blows
out my cigarette lighter and my
career as an actor. As Maxwell
Smart would say, "Missed it..."

Here are the top ten Country
singles of our school daze:

1953: Kaw-Liga – Hank Williams
Your Cheatin' Heart - H. Williams
No Help Wanted – Carlises
Dear John Letter – Jean Shepard
& Ferlin Husky
Hey, Joe – Carl Smith
Mexican Joe – Jim Reeves
**I Forgot More Than You'll Ever
Know** – Davis Sisters
It's Been So Long – Webb Pierce
**Take These Chains From My
Heart** - Hank Williams
Fool Such As I – Hank Snow
1954: I Don't Hurt Anymore –
Hank Snow
One By One – Kitty Wells & Red
Foley
Slowly – Webb Pierce
Even Tho – Webb Pierce
I Really Don't Want To Know
Eddy Arnold
More and More – Webb Pierce
You Better Not Do That –
Tommy Collins
There Stands The Glass – Webb
Pierce
Rose Marie – Slim Whitman
I'll Be There – Ray Price
1955: In The Jailhouse Now –
Webb Pierce
Making Believe – Kitty Wells
I Don't Care – Webb Pierce
Loose Talk – Carl Smith
Satisfied Mind – Porter Wagoner
Cattle Call – Eddy Arnold
**Live Fast, Love Hard and Die
Young** – Faron Young
If You Ain't Lovin' – F. Young
Yellow Roses – Hank Snow
I've Been Thinking – E. Arnold
1956: Crazy Arms – Ray Price
Heartbreak Hotel – Elvis Presley
I Walk The Line – Johnny Cash
Blue Suede Shoes – Carl Perkins
Searchin' – Kitty Wells
**I Want You, I Need You, I Love
You** – Elvis Presley
Don't Be Cruel – Elvis Presley
Why Baby Why – Sovine/Pierce
**I Forgot To Remember To
Forget** – Elvis
Singing The Blues – M. Robbins

It's strange, no longer had I finished Lyle Simpson's letter for our little paper than I received a text from Mevelyn Richardson. She was taking parts of her families to NASA and from Texas to Florida. She decided to take the scenic routes and the back highways. The second day out she was pulled over by a highway patrolman. As he came up to her, Mevelyn said, "What's wrong officer? I wasn't speeding. I was only going 15 miles per hour."

That's the problem, M'am, you weren't going fast enough and I thought you were in trouble."
"What do you mean, not fast enough, the speed sign says 15."
"No, M'am, that's the Highway sign. You're on Highway 15. Excuse me, M'am, but you passengers look white as sheets, anything wrong sonny?" Mevelyn's grandson, Jeremy replied, "Grandma jjuuust caaamme off Hiiighwway 143!"

On Father's Day, a family/friend service was held at Hiland Memorial Gardens (on 2nd Ave). for Jack Hartung. Jack's daughter, Robin was the main speaker. Jack, Jr. and one of the grandsons' spoke. Lyle Simpson and his wife were there and he shared thoughts. It was mainly a time of love and remembrance. In the crowd were Russ Johnson (Hammer Pharmacy) and his wife, both class of '48 and their class still meets once a month at Montana Mike's. I talked about time with Jack and about the neighborhood. It always seems pleasant talking with East Grads.

As I am finding out, after the [link](#) has been put to bed, there seem to be more additions, which is great!

A LETTINGTON LETTER

When Kay and I visited Des Moines for the 60th reunion, we were in town on the fifth of May,

"Cinco de Mayo". To celebrate the event, we wanted to enjoy a margarita or two at a local watering hole. We located a recommended Mexican restaurant on E. 14th, but it was so crowded we could not bet in. The internet provided an alternative close by and we wound up at Boggs' Hull Avenue Tavern between E. 8th and 9th on Hull, dubbed "Des Moines's Oldest Tavern". A sign on the building proclaimed this to be "Snusville Business District."

Over the years I had heard of Snusville but didn't know a thing about it except it was on the East Side. The margaritas were great as was the clientele. I casually asked the barkeep why this area was called Snusville and she had to admit she had no idea! Our drinking mate at the bar volunteered to provide the requested background.

She said the name came from the fact that many years ago, the Des Moines trolley terminated there and the trolley operators had a chance for a break before turning around to head back downtown. Operators were not allowed to smoke, so many of them chewed tobacco - aka "Snus". The break permitted the operators to unload/renew the wad from their cheek and/or let loose a torrent of "juice". Thus the area became known as Snusville.

Can any classmate confirm or deny any part or all of this story? Let us hear from you in John Carr's next newsletter.

Tom Lettington

Tom, the next issue may not be until fall and that is a long time to hold snus between your cheek and the gums, so I will help out as best I can.

Around 1866, many Scandinavian immigrants who had settled in the City of Huxley began to move into Des Moines. The majority of these

centering around E. 9th Street and Hull Avenue, extending in all directions. During these days, the area was called Snusville due to the alleged fondness of many old-time Scandinavians for "snus" or snuff. During World War II the name became Snooseville, a derivation from "Snooseville Snooper", then the neighborhood newspaper. And that's the rest of the story...

If you are interested in learning more about The Hull Avenue Tavern, there was an article in "cityview" called "Belly Up" from 2/20/2013 (it may not be current).

Need something to write about? These were part of our times: Sputnik - Hawaiian Shirts - Davy Crockett - 3-D Movies - James Dean - Salk Vaccine - "I Love Lucy" - Howdy Doody - Air Raid shelters - Willie Mays - Poodle Skirts. Maybe some of the songs we listed strike a chord. Pick a memory, a person or a subject ...stretch your little gray cells.

Bob Trotter received a thank you card from the EHS choir signed by all the students that participated at our 60th.

"I personally feel the choir and Ms. Morris were the highlights of the program." Bob

More contributions from the good folks at the class of '56:

Tom Abbot
Charlie Allen
Rod Campbell
John Carr
Jerry Hall

Janet (Griffiths) Harmon
Rev. John Hill
Pat (Jones) Mondike
Mary Lou Nicholson
Lyle Simpson

Sharel (Tuers) Spendlove

We appreciate all your donations which help keep this newsletter coming your way twice a year. ☺

Another 'thank you' to Don Spaw and Larry Soloman for donations.

We had 31 guests for our September 12th dinner: Janeene's pictures should be on Tom Lettington's web site.

There was an over-run on our 60th reunion glasses so Bob Trotter gave on to each of us attending. Next dinner will be April 3, 2017 at the Hilltop Restaurant.

Marlene (Roberts) & Dale Wheeler

Larry & Jackie Soloman

John & Florita Sullivan

Jo Ann (Brady) Wilson

Carl & Pat Little

Janet (Bales) & Glenn Douglas

Jerry Schartner

Judy (Cisna) Raymond

Carol Adams & John Jones

Bob & Connie Trotter

Ruth (Cook) Haag

Paulette Haag

Don Spaw

John Carr

Bette Lou (Raymond) Neal

Janeene (Miller) Carlisle

Babara (Lowe) Penn

Cindy Penn

Jan Webber

Jerry & Carole Hall

Doyle & Sharon Able

There is a new medical report out that the use of marijuana has decreased by 10% in the age group of 12-17 year-olds since 2002 and an increase of 50% by those 45-54. Amazingly, the 65+ group has increased by 333%. (Did anyone else notice that our dinners started a half-hour earlier last year?)

Sanka, the first decaffeinated coffee brand, offered orange pots to promote their product to restaurants. To this day, the color is synonymous with "decaf" in most eateries.

A body in motion tends to stay in motion; then there's Don Spaw.

The right side of the road.

In 1750, German farmers in the Conestoga Valley of Pennsylvania began making a sturdy vehicle to haul goods to Philadelphia and Baltimore. The covered Conestoga wagon gave a huge boost to land travel. With its flared ends and its broad wheels four inches or more wide, it looked clumsy. But it held loads in place. Usually pulled by six horses, a Conestoga could transport at least three tons.

A Conestoga could lumber along at about two miles per hour—but only on the smoothest paths. Improving road would speed up delivery. In the 1780s, Virginia, Connecticut, and Maryland began to charge tolls on some routes to pay for better surfacing.

Although Conestoga wagons dominated the road for only a century, they left an imprint. The driver rode on the left side of the wagon, sometimes walking or standing on the "lazy-board," an oak plank between the two left wheels. From there, he could guide the horses and pull the long iron brake handle. To have a clear view ahead, the Conestoga teamster kept his wagon on the right side of the road. Most other traffic took to following in the Conestoga's ruts—establishing the American custom of traveling on the right-hand side of the road.

Does anyone remember where the first repair shop was located in Des Moines?

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was 117 years old when Congress passed a bill making it the national anthem of the United States in 1931.

Officially, the Spanish national anthem has no lyrics.

Apologize a lot but don't change.

"How did the human race come about?" A child asked her mother.

The mother answered, "God made Adam and Eve and they had children and so all mankind was made."

Two days later she asked her father the same question. The father answered, "Many years ago there were monkeys, and we evolved from them."

The confused girl returned to her mother and said, "Mom, how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God and Papa says we developed from monkeys?"

"Well, dear, it's very simple," the mother answered. "I told you about the origin of my side of the family and your father told you about his."

They are developing a retirement home for the older Mafia people. They are going to call it the "Cozy Nostra Retirement Home."

"I have terrible news, Mr. Larson. You have cancer and you have Alzheimer's."

"Well, doctor, at least I don't have cancer."

ATTENTION KING TUT: PLEASE CALL YOUR MUMMY...

Green bean casserole, a recipe that has long appeared on cans of Campbell's cream of mushroom soup, is considered the most popular "label" recipe ever published.

The "stalk" of a mushroom that supports the cap is more properly called the "stipe."

In pickle lingo, "kosher" has nothing to do with the Jewish faith. It simply means that garlic has been added to the brine mix.

April 3, 2016

Dear Robert,

I am sorry that I will not be able to attend our EHS 60th reunion. I will be thinking of all my classmates sharing all our wonderful times during our East High school days.

Enclosed find photo taken shortly before my husband, Roy passed away on December 12, 2014. I was blessed to have been married to Roy for 43 years. Roy was a WWII veteran—an American hero, and I was his biggest fan.

Sincerely,

Pat (Jones) Mondike

Pat is moving back to West Des Moines in September. Wanting to get together!

Cell #: 702-371-3339

Thanks for the donation, Pat.

Bob,

I was glad to receive our Class of '56 newsletter. Thank you John Carr for coming to its rescue. Larry did so much that has kept our class 'together' – he will be missed.

I regret that I will not be attending the reunion; the first one I've missed (I think). Making the trip is not so easy any more. Just getting to and from the airport both in Denver and Des Moines, is a challenge!

It is going to be a very busy weekend here and I don't feel I can leave, but I'll certainly be thinking of all of you. I'm sure it will be a great night.

Sincerely,

Sharel (Tuers) Spendlove
Lakewood, CO

Thanks for you support, Sharel..

CHURCH PILLARS (Actual Items placed in Church Bulletins)

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind.

They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10 AM. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B.S. is done.

Potluck supper Sunday
5:00 PM – prayer and medication to follow.

The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new campaign slogan last Sunday: "I Upped My Pledge – Up Yours">

BILLBOARD'S TOP TEN POP HITS OF 1956

**ALLEGHENY MOON – Patti Page, AUTUMN LEAVES – Roger Williams, BANANA BOAT SONG – The Chariots,
BAND OF GOLD – Don Cherry, BE-BOP-A-LULA – Gene Vincent, BLUEBERRY HILL – Fats Domino
BLUE SUEDE SHOES – Carl Perkins, BO WEEVIL – Teresa Brewer, BORN TO BE WITH YOU – Cordettes
CANADIAN SUNSET – Andy Williams, HUGO WINTERHALTER, CINCY, OH, CINDY – Eddie Fisher
DON'T BE CRUEL – Elvis Presley, DUNGAREE DOLL – Eddie Fisher, FLYING SAUCER – Beuhanan &
Goodman, FOOL, THE – Sanford Clark, FRIENDLY PERSUASION – Pat Boone, GREEN DOOR – Jim Lowe
HAPPY WHISTLER – Don Robertson, HE – Al Hibbler, HEARTBREAK HOTEL – Elvis Presley
HEY, JEALOUS LOVER – Frank Sinatra, HONKY TONK – Bill Doggett, HOUND DOG – Elvis Presley
HOT DIGGITY – Perry Como, I ALMOST LOST MY MIND – Pat Boone, I HEAR YOU KNOCKING –
Gale Storm, I WANT YOU, I NEED YOU, I LOVE YOU – Elvis Presley, I'LL BE HOME – Pat Boone
I'M IN LOVE AGAIN – Fats Domino, IVORY TOWER – Cathy Carr, Gale Storm, Otis Williams
JUKE BOX BABY – Perry Como, JUST WALKING IN THE RAIN – Johnnie Ray, LISBON ANTIGUA –
Nelson Riddle, LONG TALL SALLY – Little Richard, LOVE AND MARRIAGE – Frank Sinatra, LOVE ME –
Elvis Presley, LOVE ME TENDER – Elvis Presley, MAGIC TOUCH (YOU'VE GOT) THE – Platters
MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS – Dean Martin, MOMENTS TO REMEMBER – Dean Martin
MOONGLOW AND THEME FROM "PICNIC" – Morris Stoloff, MORE – Perry Como, MY PRAYER – Platters
NO, NOT MUCH – Four Lads, NUTTIN' FOR CHRISTMAS – Barry Gordon/Art Mooney, ON THE STREET
WHERE YOU LIVE – Vic Damone, POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS – Les Baxter, ROCK-A-BYE YOUR BABY –
Jerry Lewis, ROCK AND ROLL WALTZ – Kay Starr, ROCK ISLAND LINE – Lonnie Donegan, ROSE AND A
BABY RUTH – George Hamilton IV, SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR – Bill Haley/Comets, SINGING THE
BLUES – Guy Mitchell, SIXTEEN TONS – Tennessee Ernie Ford, STANDING ON THE CORNER – Four Lads
TEAR FELL, A – Teresa Brewer, THEME FROM "THE THREE PENNY OPERA" – Dick Hyman
TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME – Patience & Prudence, TRANSFUSION – Nervous Norvus, TRUE LOVE –
Bing Crosby/Grace Kelly, WALK HAND IN HAND – Tony Martin, WAYWARD WIND, THE – Gogi Grant
WHATEVER WILL BE WILL BE (Que Sera Sera) – Doris Day, WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE – Frankie
Lymon/Teenagers**



ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW

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BENJAMIN C. NEITZEL
ABIGAIL L. THIEL

ROBERT E. DREHER (1915-2011)
ALBERT L. HARVEY (1927-2010)

May 12, 2016

John Carr
2317 E. 11th Street
Des Moines, Iowa 50316

Re: Class of 1956

Dear John:

I received a very nice thank you letter from our scholarship recipient, Cheyeanne Kline. Enclosed is a letter in response to her.

Cheyeanne said to us:

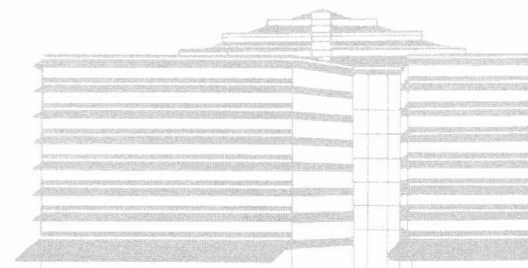
"I want to thank you for donating to my future. I will not take this for granted. This scholarship means so much to me. I will get to pursue my dreams thanks to your donation. I couldn't ask for more. Sincerely, Cheyeanne Kline"

That really says what this is all about and why we who have preceded her down this path of life are reaching out so that our successors know that others care about them and want them to have opportunities they might not otherwise be able to afford.

I hope this helps close the gap of the remaining \$4,300 that we need to raise.

Sincerely,

Lyle L. Simpson
LLS/md
Enclosure





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ROBERT E. DREHER (1915-2011)
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May 10, 2016

John Carr
2317 E. 11th Street
Des Moines, Iowa 50316

Dear John:

In our recent class reunion you asked that we share our thoughts with you as background for your work as our class Editor for our newsletter.

Reunions provide us opportunity to reflect, not only on our common roots, where we originated as the people that we are today, but upon the multiple paths that we have each taken in life from the point of our origin at East High. Fourteen states were represented at our class banquet. Each person has a totally different story.

I became keenly aware of the meaning of East High and its relevance to the people of Des Moines, and especially those of us who grew up in Lee Township, when I became President of the East High Alumni Association. I soon realized that this was an Association of organized, dedicated people reflecting that East High has real meaning in each of their lives. To have over 15,000 card carrying, dues paying members of the association says a lot about what our roots actually means. We claim that we are the largest high school alumni association in the world because so far we have never seen a claim of any other high school having participation of more people willing to annually paying dues to belong.

Just the amount of volunteer effort on the part of our alumni in order to put on the Association's annual banquet is more than significant. I have often equated the attitude of people on the East side much like that of the Marine Corps. However, I also know that the Marie Corps is constantly thinking about what the Army thinks of them, and the Army does not know they exist. Yet, they have a vital role to play in our national defense. Having served in the military for over 30 years, my first 13 as an Army Signal Officer but my last 17 as a Naval Officer, I have seen this first hand.

A few years later as President of the East High Alumni Foundation, I have also seen the effect our scholarship program has had on the lives of East High graduates; this year

117 students received a total of approximately \$150,000 toward their continuing education. I realize that the amount of the scholarship in itself is not sufficient to pay for their continuing education; but that is not the real important message our scholarship gives to them. What it says to the graduating senior is that others believe in them as a person, and truly care about them. It provides them a sense of their own value and imbues them with a sense of responsibility to go forward in order that they too may make a difference in this world because they have been here. That is a powerful statement at an impressionable age, where we do, in fact, make a real difference in their lives. That is why our class giving a scholarship has been so important for me.

As I think about my friends from East High, I can appreciate that each of us have made our own statement, each in our own way, but the important thing for each of us to consider is: have we as individuals made a difference in the lives of others? Each of us has contributed in our own way. You, John, are making a difference in assuming the responsibility of editing our "connecting link" so that each of us can remember our common root that lets us reflect on where we have each traveled on our own path in life. That helps each of us value our own lives and we can each better appreciate the path that we have taken.

I think of Jack Hartung often. He died this past year. For the past few years he was essentially unable to seriously appreciate life at the time of his death because his advanced Parkinson's disease had captured his body--but I was never sure that at the same time it had captured his mind. The last time I saw Jack I felt he was not even aware that I was there. I have been troubled that after I left his family told me that he spoke my name. That sent shutters through me, because I then realized that he was aware but was unable to do anything about it. A brilliant mind was trapped in his body.

Jack was a straight A student at East High. He was also All-City's end on East High's football team. In addition, he sat on the bench many times as a member of the East High basketball team. And he also played tennis for East High. He was well-rounded and significantly gifted. Jack went to Iowa State and graduated with a degree in physics with a grade point average of 3.86 on a 4.0 scale. He went to work for NASA, during which he got a Master's degree in Physics and his Doctorate degree in Lunar Geology. He was the world's foremost expert on micro-craters and moon rocks. Not a very marketable profession today, but his research contributed in such a significant way to our knowledge of the universe that Carl Sagan even mentions him in Cosmos. Dr. Sagan told me what Jack Hartung's research actually meant to him.

Jack was responsible for the trajectory of the spaceship from the Earth to the Moon and what the astronauts did after they got there. Jack literally reached for the stars. He told me he would personally go to the Moon even if he knew it would be a one way trip. He was trying to become an astronaut when he got his doctorate degree, but NASA ended its scientist astronaut program and he was not able to accomplish that dream.

Jack took a rather unusual path, but he did make a real difference in our world today with the knowledge of our universe that he discovered.

On the other hand, Harold Olsen never left home. He remained at East High and served as a teacher, and then a counselor for most of his career. Working with him while I was on the Alumni Association board I saw the true effect of his work. Harold personally organized all of the East High students considering continuing their own education beyond East High. He provided their opportunity to be interviewed by the Alumni Committee; and then participated in their becoming eligible and receiving their individual scholarships. He attended over 21 annual Alumni meetings to assure that they were recognized. He did that for most of his career. This was in addition to his regular duties. He performed all of the functions that all East High counselors provide.

Harold got involved in all of the personal problems those he counseled might have. The personal attention he provided his students helped them with personal and family crises, in addition to their career choices. He took extra effort to add meaning to the lives of each individual student in ways that other teachers cannot accomplish, as they must attend to their entire class, and seldom are able to communicate effectively on an individual basis unrelated to their subject matter.

Each of us has a favorite teacher that we have experienced in our life who made a real difference for us—and we still remember them. The fact that you can remember that person today means that even with the limited time that teacher had available to share with you, it has influenced your life forever. Harold went the extra mile and gave each student as much of his personal attention as that student needed. He was looked upon by many students as “their only adult friend”.

What makes Harold Olsen’s life even more important is that he had the opportunity to have more in-depth influence on the lives of thousands of students during his career. His influence on their life has been multiplied by what the students he influenced have then been able to contribute to the lives of others. Our lives are not measured by how far we have traveled. It is measured by what we have done to make in this world a better place because we have been here. Comparing the life of Harold Olsen with that of Jack Hartung makes an important point for me. Harold’s life was far more significant through his effect on the lives of other people living on earth today who will influence those that follow us in future generations because he contributed to helping them become better people. Thus, for me, Harold has earned a much greater share of immortality than most the rest of us will ever have the opportunity to achieve because he has positively influenced the lives of many more people. His efforts were truly “in the service of humanity”, and that is what East High is all about. The “spirit of East High” lives on and it is why we still share our reunions together.

The ability for us to each have an opportunity to help others that follow in our footsteps is why I think our East High Alumni Foundation Scholarship Program is so important. But then, I am a Humanist. I look at life through a different lens than most. I personally believe that our own immortality is the significance of our lives that leaves this Earth a

East High Newsletter

May 10, 2016

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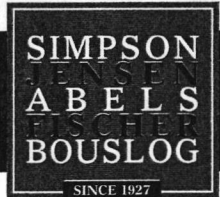
better place because we have been here. In addition to our own happiness, to me that is the only thing that really matters in this life.

Thank you for allowing me to share my thoughts with you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Lyle L. Simpson', with a large, sweeping flourish above the name.

Lyle L. Simpson
LLS/md



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May 12, 2016

Cheyenne Kline
1516 East Pleasantview Drive
Des Moines, Iowa 50320

Dear Cheyenne:

The East High Class of 1956 is proud that you are our first scholarship recipient. It is our wish that you are able to use this scholarship to help you acquire the skills that will sustain you for the rest of your life.

Members of the Class of 1956 donated money to the East High Alumni Foundation in order to create a perpetual scholarship starting with your class and for the students that follow you.

The students from our class have gone to all corners of the earth. One who was a student at East High when we were there was responsible for the spaceship that traveled from the Earth to the moon and what our astronauts did after they arrived there. Another member of our class stayed at East High and for his entire career where he helped students just like you. For twenty-one years he was responsible for organizing, coordinating and helping East High students apply for and acquire Alumni Foundation scholarships. Both of their lives have made a real difference in lives of others. Our world today is a better place because they have been here.

The point is, we each started the race through life from the same vantage point as graduates from East High School. What we do with our lives is entirely up to each of us. We believe that we have lived up to the East High motto "For the Service of Humanity", each in our own way. We know that you will accomplish this in your life also and we wish you our very best in your endeavors.

With our very best wishes for a fulfilling future, we remain
Sincerely yours,

Lyle L. Simpson
LLS/md
cc: The East High Class of 1956