

This letter's usual primary purpose is to pass along any new information or developments concerning Phillips related items of interest that have occurred over the past year. However, the gist of this edition, aside from reporting a few news events and Homecoming results, is to share with you stories and anecdotes about growing up in Phillips, things which most of you will be able to relate to.

50TH HOMECOMING ANNIVERSARY

Amazing!....simply amazing!!!...our best Homecoming turnout in over a decade. There had to have been *well over 500 people attending at some time or another over the weekend*. Again, the featured class was the 50-year reunion bunch, the Class of '52, who had 36 members present! It would very hard to find a group who enjoyed themselves and each other as much as they did. **Juanita Wilson ('52)** was the winner of their special 50-year reunion Blackhawk blanket drawing, this being her second time to win such a blanket.

Some of the other awards/honors that were meted out to other exes were: Winner of the Blackhawk blanket, awarded to one paying his/her dues, was Demetra Farmer, former volleyball coach. The "Hawk-of-the-Year" award went to Burch Williams ('55), who has served off and on the Alumni Committee since the 1960s, including two terms as president. Year in and year out he has gone the extra mile to do whatever's needed to be done, everything from selling fire crackers in the old days, to applying his carpenter and planning skills as evidenced in the countless hours he spent fixing up the Heritage Center(HC), to making speeches at all the HC programs. He has organized his class reunion a number of times.

The special groups honored were the Alumni Assn. past presidents and the former Homecoming kings and queens. Unfortunately we regret we're unable to give the names of those attending as these failed to be recorded during the busy course of the festivities. However, two plaques listing all the names are now hanging in the HC.

We had two speakers whom you all know. First Doug Adkins entertained us with his jokes and anecdotes. He was then followed by J. Irvin Kimmins who told a little history on how the first Homecoming came to be held in 1952 and who all formed the first Alumni Association Committee. Two charter members were present at the program, **Bill Gaither('52)** and **Louise Glidewell Gunter('40)**.

Outgoing president, **Audie Hatton('79)**, was presented an award for his excellent 3-year tenure of service by the new incoming president, **Mike Webb('64)**. The program closed with the traditional singing of the school song. A majority of the people stayed on to feast on some good ole Sutphen BBQ. Then after lunch, two full buses carted those to Phillips interested in touring the old town home sites and the former schools.

Thank you, **H.F. Ritchie('57)** and **Bill Dees('57)**, for graciously filling in as our entertainment at Borger Elks Lodge that evening.

2002 HOMECOMING GOLF TOURNAMENT RESULTS ○○○)

At the outset, let us give a great BIG thanks to **Buddy Baker('71)** who gave \$500 to help put on this tournament, as he did last year. Well, the old record of 85 players was blown away as 96 golfers, comprising 24 teams, competed in the Blackhawk golf scramble held Friday afternoon. This year's winning team, shooting a blistering, record-setting, low score of 55, were: **Dick Jackson('45)**,

Hugh Jackson('42), and his sons **Kent & Dick**. Each player received \$100 in golf merchandise. There's talk that the Jackson family team may be barred from playing together in the future :) . **Sharon Flinn('64)** won two nights free lodging at the Select Inn.

☒ "WHO'S WHO" LIST OF HOMECOMING ATTENDEES

The following exes (highlighted in parens beside their respective class) deserve a pat on the back for jumping right in there and organizing and helping with their respective class reunions that were held with HC. Listed also underneath their names, are the rest of the exes who made their special class reunions and/or HC.

Rex

CLASS OF '52 (Stan Alexander, Jane Plummer, Buster Hodges, Morgan)

Nancy Akin	Paula Barbee	Patsy Bybee	Dale Cowell
Ellen Dean	Gary Fisher	Elida Jo Fly	Berkeley Dwiggin
Bill Gaither	John Glover	Orville Hanna	Wanda Henderson
Aneise Hunt	Lyle Lacy	Barbara Meek	Shirley Miller
Bobby Wells	Jerrell Phares	Joyce Quimby	Rita Riddle
Bill Seymour	Thelma Sieber	Shirley Simms	Earlee Sullenger
Allen Tipps	"Dub" Waldrep	Pete Washer	Jimmy Thomlinson
P.D. Williams	Juanita Wilson	"Bud" Carter	Patsy Chivers

CLASS OF '57 (Anita Sparks, Martha Bailey, Gordon Richardson, Judy White, Ralph Smith, Bill Smith, Barbara Groves)

Wilma Bergen	Jimnie Burgess	David Bennecfield	Bobby Bybee
Antonie Dean	Bill Dees	Mike Griffin	Ada Hull
Ned Jolly	Bob Jaspers	Mary Paschal	Jimmy Pierce
K.F. Ritchie	Sharon Reno	Eue Vinyard	Susie Wallace
Frank Willmon	Wilma Bergen		

CLASS OF '62 (Ray Robbins)

Francine Andrews	Johnny Achord	Sue Bearden	Kerry Bowling
Helen Bradley	John Ezell	Deanna Flanders	Anita Flinn
Joann Garner	Jackie Gray	Marjo Hettick	Harvey Hilbert
Louise Hill	Kenny Hunt	Jerry Kucera	Martha Kirkpatrick
Carol Laughery	Linda Lookadoo	Diane May	Carolyn Moore
Carolyn Plumlee	Carol Rhoten	Kenneth Roark	Sandra Roscoe
Donny Rounsaville	Carol Stidham	Linda Boykin	Mary Anne Svetlik

CLASS OF '67 (Tom Lane, Larry Joe Reed, Larry Duane Reed)

Suzanne Burgess	Lavonda Bynum	Paulette Chance	Linda Dorman
Tom Gillin	Brian Hensley	Lester Hudson	Harietta Hertel
Danny Kinty	Walter Morrison	Susan Mustard	Kristin Price
Jan Rollspack	Judith Ray	Zane Reeves	

CLASS OF '72 (Steve Williams, Amy Kindle, Sherry Hopkins, Lee Watson)

Maria Adkins	Larry Defries	Debra Doughten	Patti Fox
Rene Harmon	Glenn Johnston	Mark Keller	Brenda Mahan
Chris McGollum	Billy Mitchell	Cecil Prock	Jerry Riggle
Bill Waldrop	Karla Yarbrough		

Class of '82 (Kim Trumbley)

Thomas Bible	Debbie Braymer	Sharra Bush	Tammie Blankenship
Christi Gipson	Rejeana Green	Valerie Harris	Todd Lemon
David Mackey	Terry Moon	Linda Morris	Vicki Orr
Marc Poulain	William Prock	Pam Ralls	Tom Ralls
Denise Washer	Robert Williams	Brett Wood	Corina Woods

MUCH ADO ABOUT TWINS AND DUPLICATE IDENTITIES

Have you ever wondered about how many sets of twins attended Phillips schools, and still yet another brain teaser...how many exes share both the same first and last names? These have piqued the curiosity of this writer, and so a little research produced the following lists, first, all 19 sets of twins, and second, the cases of double, and in some instances, triple identities. Before all the class rosters were placed on computer in the early 1990's, this latter same-name category had caused some past embarrassing consternation and confusion with mistaken addresses and deaths. FYI, the only set of triplets that the annuals turned up are: **Larry Speegle('54)**, **Joe Wimmer ('56)**, and **Morris Creel('55)**, more popularly known as Larry, Joe, and Mo. Sorry fellows....couldn't pass that one up.

Note: (Dec. denotes that the ex is deceased).

'41 - Eileen & Lorene(Dec.) Powers
'43 - ? & ? McDonald (sisters)
'46 - Fawnie(Dec.) & Wanda Nash
'49 - Ann & Sue Carlisle
'52 - Joanne & Jeanette Bird
'57 - Ned & Ted Jolly
'57 - Kay & May(Dec.) Gilman
'59 - Lynda & Leonard Jameson
'62 - Joana & Johnnie Garner
'63 - Linda & Wanda Rhoades

'63 - Joan & John Sellinger
'66 - Jerry & Larry(Dec.) Winn
'69 - John & Tom Mustard
'70 - Allen & Dwain Henderson
'74 - Wes & Les Dickerman
'82 - Pam & Tam Ralls
'82 - Jimmy & Troy Scroggins
'86 - Brent & Bryan Heatley
'90 - Heather & Heidi Chase

Jim Baker('44) & ('79)
Ken Benton('46) & ('79)
Marie Caldwell('50) & ('63)
Janet Cook('56), ('63), & ('65)
John Cook('43-Dec.), ('44), & ('58)
David Davis('75) & ('83)
Richard Davis('60) & ('77)
John Graves('66) & ('70)
James Griffin('53) & ('81)
Charles Hamilton('53) & ('57)
Mike Harris('73) & ('78)
Linda Hughes('60) & ('61)
Mike Johnson('61) & ('69)
Bill Lowe('41) & Bill Low('61)
Jerry Marchall('50) & ('54-Dec.)

Betty Mason('50) & ('73)
James Mills('57) & ('62-Dec.)
Betty Phillips('48) & ('62)
Robert Porter('57) & ('59)
Larry Reed(both in '67 Class)
Jimmy Scroggins('60) & ('82)
Don Smith('50), ('55), & ('66)
Doug Smith('60) & ('72)
Earl Smith('48) & ('61)
John Taliaferro('43-Dec.) & ('67)
Joan White('47) & ('55-Dec.)
Jim Williams('50), ('53), & ('71)
Don Wilson('49-Dec.) & ('53)
Eugene Wright('39-Dec.) & ('41)
Gary Winters('63) & ('73)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Reprinted below (with a little touch of editing) are a sample of remembrances of growing up in Phillips that have been submitted by various exes on the web page www.phillipsblackhawks.com over the past year. Most of these short stories will evoke similar nostalgic memories from your past...here we go and chuckle away.

MISS HARRELL vs JIM DANDY - I can remember, while sitting in the library one fine spring day, Miss Harrell's (the librarian) chagrin over a title change involving one of her treasured books....seems someone changed the title on the book SERGEANT PRESTON TO THE RESCUE to JIM DANDY TO THE RESCUE. "Jim Dandy" just happened to be a very popular rock-n-roll song at the time. I think Kenny Ward did the honors. If you didn't, Kenny, so sorry I gave you the credit because no one wanted to read the book, and it sure gave us all a really good laugh. "Go, Jim Dandy! Go!"....Jo Ann Klaus('61)

A HARLEY IN THE HALLOWED HALLS - My husband works for Phillips, and the last few years he has been giving training programs in our old PHS Building where his office is located as you come in the front doors. We have traveled coast to coast and border to border through the years on a Harley motorcycle, so one day when he tells me that he is going on a special "ride", THAT doesn't surprise me, but when he adds that a ramp has to be built first, then I become curious. Finally when he explains that he will be riding "Fatboy" into the front doors of the auditorium, down the aisle, up the ramp, and onto the stage, I am shocked! "You can't do that, you'll get fired!", I protested (not to mention that it bordered on profaning the hallowed site). Sure 'nuff the day arrives when the ramp is ready...the Fatboy is all shined up...and there I sit on a front row in the auditorium (just like old assembly days), not sure of how I felt. Then suddenly there's the noise of a Harley roaring inside the building ...I can't even begin to describe it, but it was a beautiful sight when it landed on the stage, vibrating the floor boards. It was all part of one of those "motivational programs" for the employees at the Phillips Refinery (to encourage them to ride Harleys inside the plant, do you suppose??). I wouldn't have missed it for the world!...Lavone Brown('64).

TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT. THAT IS THE QUESTION - Question? Did anyone ever eat those crawdads from the "creek" in the Phillips park and from the other culverts in Phillips? Now that I'm here in Houston where people think it's such a treat to go to a crawfish boil, I often think about the ones caught back in Phillips....Mary Cole Forbus('70)

Response 1: Speaking only for myself, no, Mary, we were ONLY fascinated by catching crawdads on the bacon attached to a string. We promptly

returned our catch of the day to the squalid "sewer" as we called it. It was a great sport and a pleasant way to pass the time...Unknown
Response 2: Regarding your inquiry of eating Phillips crawdads, I don't think it would have been a good idea. I would have no more wanted to eat a crawdad from there than to drink the polluted water. Remember those smelly, foul chemicals that were dumped into or otherwise found their way into the stream that was in the canyon on the plant side of town? It wasn't for nothing that we called it a "sewer". Looking back, I am surprised that we didn't see mutated crayfish - with 2 heads or 10 claws. Or, conjure up a throwback to the 50s horror flicks....the chemical reaction involved in the combination of strange chemicals could have easily caused them to grow to tremendous sizes. Just imagine some Phillips kids hiking in the canyons and suddenly seeing a six-foot claw coming out of the "sewer"! It would have made for a great movie. I shudder to think about it!...Unknown

ALL FIRED UP FOR SCHOOL - I lived at Sanford and rode a bus during my school days. I recall that I was elected as the school's first boy cheerleader and boy! - did that ever draw some remarks from the guys! It was difficult, but I enjoyed it. In those days we had to make our own skirts(ha). 1950 was a memorable year - the year that the high school burned down. When I was told it was on fire, I drove all the way from Sanford and manned a fire hose, being careful NOT to get any water on JIK's office area...Bill Rawlings('50)

BUSTED IN GRADE SCHOOL - I recall my only spanking that I received at our school. This corporal punishment happened during my second grade year, administered by Mildred McGee, Phillips Elementary Principal and as I found out later, an ex-marine sergeant (the tattoo on her arm should have been a dead giveaway). I got into a fight with a great friend on the playground, and we both took a "good beating". We were subsequently hauled into Miss McGee's office, and she listened to both our stories as to who started the altercation. Then without so much as a change in expression or a hint of sympathy, she pulled out her notorious paddle and the brutal paddlings commenced. I still vividly recall that I was the last to get it, and I had my tongue sticking out at her. She said, "Young man, stick that tongue back inside your mouth!" Whack! Whack! Whack! I can still feel my flesh giving way under the impact of those blows. But I did learn to avoid her office the rest of my school career. The troubling part about the experience was that school photos were taken the next day, and I still laugh when I look at that photo with my scar and a fat lip on my smiling face....from my scuffle, not my spanking. Needless to say, my mother was mortified!...Unknown

JUST RUNNING SCARED AT MIDNIGHT - I remember that there were a lot of extracurricular activities to keep us in good running shape besides track. I recall us boys taking a paper bag and placing it over the open end of a clothes line pole. We then struck the pole with a broom handle, and the startled bird would fly into the bag. We then took the captive bird to a house late at night and placed it between the screen door and front door. We quickly knocked on the door and ran like heck! Probably the most dangerous thing we did was our "hill raiding" escapades. We would take a flash camera, usually about midnight, prowl the known parking places, quickly pull up beside a parked car, snap a candid photo or two of the occupants, and then hook it as fast as we could for safety. The last time we pulled that stunt, we were chased but got away. I really didn't anticipate a long life expectancy for me back in those days. I still have some interesting pictures for sale in case anyone is interested....Unknown

ONLY THE NOSE KNOWS - I can still remember when we were in science class, and the teacher Miss Smith would press her nose up against the door glass from outside the classroom and peer at us to check out any suspected misbehavior. One day while the class was undergoing such reconnaissance, a boy named Tim got up from his seat and snuck up to the door alongside the wall and suddenly smacked the door glass. The episode was very funny to all of us, except to Tim and to Miss Smith's nose....Unknown

THE SHORT OF IT - Having your dress measure more than 3 inches above the knees would get you sent home to change in a flash - and this was when all the rest of the female population was barely covering their panties. We all became experts at rolling and unrolling the waistbands of our skirts, depending where we were in the building and on the probability of running into Mr. Kimmins and/or a teacher that paid attention to that sort of thing. And

jeans, and actually even pants, for girls smacked of whoredom! My 16-year old niece can't even fathom that I wasn't allowed to wear pants to school, laughing out loud (as she leaves for school in a tank top, ripped jeans, and a tattoo on her neck)...Unknown

GROWING-UP PAINS IN PHILLIPS - I left the secure environment more than 40 years ago. Recently, a Phillips Pet. Co. employee found out that my late father had worked for Phillips nearly 40 years. This man returned and presented me with a number of promotional Phillips items, all embossed with the famous Phillips 66 logo. This really shook me up because I hadn't thought about my father very much in recent years. I can remember his demeanor, sweat, and toil in his effort to support our family during the peaks and valleys of those Phillips, Texas days. I can still see my wonderful dad walking from our house to the gasoline plant wearing his hard hat, overalls, boots, and swinging his black metal lunch box. One night, after our football game, I had a date and borrowed the family car. We were sitting in the car in the parking lot of the Phillips Community Hall during a dance, talking about the local weather, of course, when my father suddenly walked right by on his way home! He didn't look in our direction (I thought), and the next day I believed that he might have not noticed. While he was reading his newspaper, he unexpectedly blurted out, "You know, Son, many good Phillips young people might end up going to Hell by just parking their parents' car outside that community hall, instead of staying inside and socializing!" That was all he said about the matter as I struggled to get my heart out of my throat. This experience motivated me to promptly buy my first car and not park ANYWHERE in Phillips....Unknown

DEB BONES OF CONTENTION - I was teaching at PHS in 1980, and several of my former teachers were still there on the faculty. I taught physical science next to Miss Noel's room. She and I became good friends, probably because we both have a strange sense of humor.

One day after school, in an attempt to play a joke on Miss Noel, I placed her anatomy skeleton on the pot in the women's lounge restroom, thinking that she might be the first person to enter the restroom the next morning, since normally she arrived at school fairly early. So then the next morning, as I'd anticipated, Miss Noel looked me up, and it was obvious from the devious expression on her face that something had happened. Suddenly she burst out laughing and she proceeded to brief me on the events of the morning.

I didn't realize it at the time, but Martha Noel and Flora Cox evidently experienced several disagreements and weren't on the best of terms socially. Miss Noel, between spasms of laughter, told me about how she was sitting in the lounge enjoying a cup of coffee, when Mrs. Cox entered. Without saying anything, Mrs. Cox opened the door to the restroom and immediately let a loud scream and stumbled backwards. Miss Noel dashed to the restroom to provide assistance....CPR if necessary. Upon spying the skeleton, she let out an equally loud burst of laughter! Mrs. Cox informed her, in a stern voice, that she didn't think it was a bit funny and accused Miss Noel of setting up the prank. After Mrs. Cox stormed out of the lounge, Miss Noel enjoyed laughing with a few other teachers, and then went searching for me, knowing that I had to have been the true culprit.

I went through a few sticky days with Mrs. Cox after I confessed to her and apologized for placing the skeleton in the restroom (I have to admit that the skeleton looked so convincingly real and dead earnest with its elbows resting on its knees and its chin propped in one hand.). There I was, a teacher in my old alma mater, getting into trouble once again....Craig Hunter('68).

CAUGHT IN A FLAT LIE - A friend called one morning to ask me for a ride to school. I was already cutting it close, but I agreed to come by and pick him up. By the time we arrived at school, the bell had already rung, so we decided, "What the heck, we're already late" and then proceeded to run into Borger to drag Main, circle the Post Drive-In, and grab a spud-nut at the bakery. We cruised back to PHS and pulled in around 10:00 am. We knew that Mr. Kimmins would be less than pleased with our tardiness, so I had concocted a foolproof alibi and said to my buddy, "Just tell him we had a flat." Mr. Kimmins had an uncanny knack for being everywhere at once.... yes, there he was standing in the outer office when we walked in (did anyone ever see him actually sit at his desk?). I told him, "sorry we are late....

we had a flat." Mr. Kimmins looked at me and told me to step into his office. I did as he said, and he closed the door behind me, but he stayed out in Mrs. Ead's office with my friend. Within 15 seconds he opened the door, stuck his head in, and asked me, "Which tire did you have the flat on?" Guilt...well, I had a 1 in 4 chance, as did my friend, but the odds were against us. We got busted, sent home with '0's for the day, and no make-up work was allowed. Lions 2, Christians 0. Never tried to bluff the man again....Unknown.

HARD TO KICK OLD HABITS - My favorite memory of Phillips is the Phillips swimming pool! I recall sneaking into the pool at night with many of my old Phillips pals, enjoying a midnight splash, and savoring the thrill of the possibility of being caught. One night we did get caught by a teacher, who lectured us about the very real possibility of drowning and threatened to tell our folks! I never did it again....well, not exactly. I later became a certified Red Cross Safety instructor and taught several classes for several summers. I was given a season pass and even keys to both the Phillips & Borger pools, but that somehow was not nearly as fun as sneaking into the ole Phillips pool. My last time to swim in that pool was during the great 1986 50-year PHS reunion. Waiting until dark to make my move, I was very surprised to see a few of the same people who had climbed over the walls surrounding the pool on those warm, moonlit nights, many moons ago, already enjoying their last Phillips swim. It was truly the best of times!....Unknown.

WRONG DRAWERS IN THE RIGHT DRAWER - Craig Hunter tells about a couple of his Phillips friends whose favorite pasttime was to find two houses in the neighborhood where clothes were hanging out to dry on the clothesline. They would then sneak into the yards and take the underwear off each line and switch them to the other line. Craig, who has a knack for projecting or taking a matter to its natural and logical conclusion, wonders if any of the women ever removed the underwear from the clothesline without noticing that they were different before placing them into their husbands' chest-of-drawers. Their husbands might have become a bit bewildered, even a little rankled to say the least, when they opened their drawers only to discover that another man's underwear had taken up residence in their sacred spot.

FOR PETE'S SAKE!!!

Reprinted below is an article about the notorious and mysterious Pete the Hermit of Dixon Creek that appeared last spring in the Borger News-Herald, written by guest columnist, Leslie Monden.

"Phillips, Texas, once a bustling company town, was made up of mostly Phillips Petroleum Co. employees and their families until its demise in the late 1980s. Now the disappearance of this community makes Phillips this county's most recent ghost town. Growing up in Phillips was unique as everyone lived in company houses, went to the same school, and shared many of the same experiences. They enjoyed endless summers at their swimming pool, hours of fun at the annual Phillips Free Fair, and Friday night football games at Chesty Walker Stadium, to mention a few.

Situated on the south side of the Canadian River, the town bordered the river's steep cliffs where a few legends were born. One such legend was about a loner who apparently lived among the cliffs on the outskirts of town. He was known as "Pete the Hermit", and the stories told about the man are sometimes sad, sometimes humorous, but always mysterious.

Based on the stories collected during the past couple of weeks, little was actually revealed about Pete. He will forever remain a colorful character in the childhood memories of those who grew up in Phillips during the 1940s and early 1950s. One former Phillips resident, Dalton Lewis [Class of '53], now residing in Pampa, shared the following memories of Pete the Hermit.

Moving to Phillips in 1944, Lewis immediately began hearing tales about the hermit who lived in a cave at the top of what was known a "S" Hill where a narrow road wound down the hill east from Phillips to Dixon Creek. After crossing a cattle guard at the top of the hill and turning right, Pete's cave could be found after a short distance. He kept a few goats and an old horse at the cave, which was covered by a lean-to. Dalton said that the few times he saw Pete, the loner was bearded, dirty, and dressed in heavy ragged clothes. Pete would ride his horse down the streets of Phillips, and tow sacks a hanging across the horse's front and back. These sacks would

contain canned goods bought from Ostrom's Grocery Store and bottles of water that he filled at a nearby service station.

Lewis said Pete moved at a slow pace and spoke only when necessary, usually business only. He would say a few words to the checkers at Ostrom's or to the filling station attendants, and then he'd head back down Whittenburg Street toward his abode. Children would run out and touch Pete's horse as he passed, thinking that they had really done something brave.

Jackie [Jayne Sledge] Zollars [Class of '59], of Stinnett, recalled memories of Pete as she grew up in Phillips. She said the hermit's horse pulled a cart full of items that caused a loud rattling sound as he passed through the streets. The noise always agitated the neighborhood dogs, which he would keep at bay with an old rake he carried. Jackie's dad told her when she was young that the hermit suffered from shell shock from one of the wars. Her most vivid memory of Pete was one day when he left his cart and horse outside of Ostrom's while he was shopping. Something spooked the old horse, and it took off running down the street with the cart still attached. As the horse ran faster, the cart began to swerve from side-to-side, hitting every car on both sides of the street for almost a half-mile before coming to a halt.

Both Dalton and Jackie had heard that Pete had a wife and child, who would occasionally appear in Phillips to check on him. After confirming when he died, I found the following information on the man in the newspaper. He was admitted to the Berger hospital on February 25, 1952, and he died at the age of 65 the following day. His name was Elvin B. "Pete" Wagner, and his only known relative was a brother, A. D. Wagner, of Salem, Oregon. Pete was buried at Highland Park Cemetery in Berger.

Marvin Demings [Class of '59], who now resides in Plano, recalled that the hermit would ride his horse up to a fence near his childhood home on B. Avenue and walk into town carrying a burlap sack for groceries and other supplies. Demings said the man would wave at them but never speak. On one occasion Pete stopped at a nearby house. As soon as he left, young Marvin and his curious friends ran to the neighbor's house to inquire why Pete had knocked on her door. The woman, Ada Greel, informed the boys that Pete was interested in her fruit trees and told her that he wanted to plant one near his dwelling.

George "Dub" Fisher [Class of '49], of Berger's Beverly Hills addition, had been told shortly before the hermit's death, that Pete had made his way to the home of a neighbor, Loyd Cheatwood, who made a bed in his shed to accommodate the ailing man. Fisher also recalled a rumor that the recluse had been a doctor from New York before showing up in Phillips.

Stories such as these only add to the mystery that continues to surround the recluse, as it's still unsure where he came from or when he first showed up in Phillips. Although he was surely unaware of it at the time, he was leaving his mark in the memories of many youngsters growing up in Phillips, and will forever remain a colorful remnant of the company town's history."

REPRINT OF ONE OF THE CLASS OF '52 REUNION LETTERS

The Class of '52 went about organizing their 50-Year Reunion the right way in that specific class members, for each of 12 months of the year leading up to their reunion, were assigned to write a letter to the rest of their class. Reprinted below is a letter written by Rex Morgan ('52) reflecting on growing up in Phillips in our classless society. It expresses well what we all feel about our community.

"I am happy to be the last of the Phillips School alumni to remind you, and encourage you, to attend the Class of '52 Reunion during July 12-13, 2002. The year 2002 marks 50 years since we left behind our school and classmates, and in some cases the town we once called "home." The reunion is one of the best reasons I can think of to celebrate longevity, if nothing else.

The important thing to keep in our hearts and minds, whether we spent one year or twelve years together as classmates, is that we all BELONGED in the Phillips community. I treasure all of the memories (some innocent, some better forgotten) of growing up in Phillips at at time when that small community shaped our character and looked after us (whether we liked it or

not), and we all belonged to the same family. The common denominator was employment by Phillips Petroleum Co. My dad retired in 1972 after 46 years with the Company. He never passed a Phillips 66 gas station without removing his hat and placing it over his heart. That gesture was intended to be amusing, meaning "I owe my soul to the company store," but also respectful as an acknowledgment that the Company had taken very good care of him and his family.

Maybe our parents understood the class divisions between labor and management, but that didn't matter to us kids. We didn't discriminate while stealing watermelons or releasing captured birds in the local theater or turning on the carnival rides at the Phillips Free Fair after curfew. Anyone who dared could join the activities. (So much for character-building.)

Phillips, Texas was a company town, warts and all, and I feel fortunate to have been there and lived it. Sadly, it's all gone now. Only tumbleweeds occupy Blackhawk Stadium and the former swimming pool site. Only hedgerows and speedbumps outline where we used to live.

PLEASE COME... More people than you can imagine still remember you, and are looking forward to seeing you and talking about the good old days."

DECEASED EXES THIS PAST YEAR

Ray Poulain ('43-Parkinson Disease)	Ralph Roundtree ('36-???)
Sharon Betts ('66-cancer)	Richard Turner ('56-heart attack)
Jean Seymour ('47-???)	Jim Briscoe ('46-???)
Zickie Brown ('77-suicide)	David Drake ('63-bronchial pneumonia)
Tommy Jackson ('63-cancer)	Joyce Barrow ('54-???)
Virginia Ogile ('42-???)	Johnnie Royall ('56-surgery complications)
Jimmy Cranfill ('63-???)	Paul Teague ('44-prostate cancer)
Heleen Trumbly ('83-cancer)	Elton Wright ('37-???)
Blanche Gullison ('38-???)	Jean Baldwin ('38-???)
Lavonne Berry ('60-leukemia)	Earl Jackson ('47-heart attack)
Kenneth Alzheimer ('44-cancer)	Don Cambern ('70)
Marlene Winton ('57-???)	Lynn Railsback ('64-brain cancer)
Kenneth Coffey ('50-heart problem)	Eugene Milner ('48-died in his sleep)
Jan Powell ('59-liver failure)	Roberta Beene ('52-pancreatic cancer)
Dora Everhart ('44-???)	Jack Lallement ('57-cancer)
Betty Wakefield ('57-died in sleep)	Hal Wilson ('42-???)

DECEASED BY TEACHERS

Dora Lou Potts, known back during our days at PHS as Mrs. Roe, died last October after experiencing a series of debilitating strokes. She was age 80. Mrs. Roe was an special assistant to the chorale director at the Phillips schools and taught voice lessons and worked with soloists and ensembles. Her funeral service was held at First Methodist Church in St. Charles, Missouri. She is survived by her daughter Merle ('60) and her son Glen ('64).

Troy Lemley, former boys basketball coach and government teacher at PHS from 1979 - 1987, passed away from apparent heart-related problems last December 15. He was living in Clarendon and was age 73. He was the coach of the last PHS basketball team. During his 38-year teaching and coaching career, he compiled a 626-295 record. Survivors include his wife Midge, one daughter Amy, and four sons John, Joe ('79), Ben ('81), and Vick ('87).

Susan Buford, former history teacher and librarian at PHS from 1975-1978, died this past year. She was living in Amarillo.

Ruth Chapman, age 78, former elementary music teacher at Phillips from 1969-1983, died last July. She resided in Berger.

DID YOU HEAR THAT....Mr. Kimmins will turn 90 this Oct. 12!!!AND....

David Quisenberry ('59) relates an intriguing story surrounding a recently acquired old practice football jersey from the 1957 season that David has donated to the HC. When Levelland played Phillips at Phillips back that fall, two players from the Lobos team stole the

jersey from the field house. They spotted the jersey in the equipment room from under the crack of the visitors dressing room door, and used a coat hanger to fish it out and drag it under the door. A couple of years later these two became friends with David, as all three men played football for the Texas Tech Red Raiders and have kept up with each other over all these years. Recently the two ex-Lobos must have had a twinge of conscience and decided that the old blood-stained and worn jersey rightfully belonged back in the hands of a Blackhawk, and so they mailed it to David. The jersey number was "81" and was worn by **Johnny Cook('58)** that season.

Milton Hoff('58), an active supporter of the Phillips Alumni Association who resides in Stinnett, is president of the Plemons Exes Association. They had a homecoming in June for Plemons exes.

R.L. "Bob" Cooper('41), a 24-yr Glorieta employee, was honored in July with a life-sized bronze statue, which shows him pouring a cup of coffee. It stands outside Glorieta's dining hall permanently as a reminder of his servant leadership. He poured 5 million cups!!

Joel Lynch said that he ran into **Gladys George** in a restaurant in Decatur TX this summer and that she was looking and doing great!

E. T. Evans, who along with his wife **June West Evans** were two of Phillips' earliest teachers and are now both faithful supporters of the Alumni Association, recalls their brief tenure at the Phillips schools. "I was a co-sponsor of the Phillips senior Classes of 1939, 1940, and 1941 until December of the '42 Class when I received notice for induction into military service. The seniors threw me a "going away" party in the school gym....quite a party!... gave me a nice box-type radio and a billfold with my name printed on both. Then on that memorable Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, while in an induction tent with other men, I had my radio on, and we began to get the report of the bombing of Pearl Harbor."

In 1940-1941, **Bertha Guggolz**, the librarian, and I began to to plan a school annual. After a student survey, we chose the name "PHILLIPIC" and dedicated it to the benefactor Frank Phillips.

While I taught social science in high school, June West was a teacher in the grade school at Phillips - 1940 to 1943. We were married on July 4, 1943. When I was discharged in 1946, we began teaching in Amarillo where we have lived ever since."

BUNAVISTA DRIVE-IN THEATER DESTROYED BY FIRE

Who doesn't stop and reflect occasionally on the good old days of our youth when you got to go to the drive-in theater for an evening of entertainment (whatever that might have been)? In your preteens it was going with your family, and later it was going with a carload of your buddies, with at least one or two in the trunk, sometimes to check out the the latest flick and sometimes to case out who was dating who that evening. Maybe you and your date were the cases.

Well, just as that part of our lives is history, the Bunavista Drive-in Theater itself has joined the fate of the other two Borger Drive-ins, the Plains and the Tri-City. Closed down in the mid 70s, the big, green, outdoor cinema screen became a landmark of west Borger... but now it no longer exists. This past July 4th it was burned down by a group of suspected arsonists who used a flammable liquid to light fireworks inside the old structure, and the screen soon went up in flames. All that remains is the skeleton or frame made up of 6-inch pipe (probably soon to be dismantled and cleared away).... along with the countless memories of: the aroma of popcorn and hotdogs, cold winter and hot summer nights, window speakers, and great times with old school friends and, ironically, former flames.

PHILLIPS HISTORICAL MARKER

There was an effort underway (presently tabled) by the Alumni Association, conceived by the Class of '43, to have a historical marker constructed, commemorating the former town and schools of Phillips. Ideally, the preferred site would be in front of the old high school, the building now owned, occupied, and leased by PPC. Tentative approval was secured by Mr. Kimmins from PPC to do so. *However, further investigation into this matter has revealed that this also must be approved by the Texas State Historical Commission*, which involves a lot of red-tape, scrutiny, protocol, politics, and a lot of time....we're talking several years, not months. You will be kept informed of the status of this project via E-mail updates and next fall's newsletter....it just may not fly.

HERITAGE CENTER UPGRADES AND GIFTS

We're *very grateful* for the generous \$\$\$ donations several of you have made to the Heritage Center this past year. The names noted below now appear on our "\$100+" donor plaque in the Heritage Center. Again, we thank *all of you* who contributed \$\$\$, *whatever the amount...it's being* and will be put to good use! Also several contributions amounting to \$175 were received in memory of Verna Mae Webb, Jake's and Mike's mother, who died in January. Other exes, former teachers, and school board members, also listed below, contributed various items and memorabilia for display.

- \$100 - David Quisenberry('59), in memory of his deceased teammate and friend Bobby Moore('59), who died in a 1958 season football game.
- \$500 - Rex Morgan('52) in honor of and on behalf of his own Class of '52
- \$200 - Jeanne Brakebill('40) in honor of her late brother Jack of same class
- \$200 - J. I. Kimmins
- \$110 - Jackie Gray('62)
- \$100 - David Quisenberry('59)
- \$100 - Robert Johnson('54)
- \$100 - Milton Hoff('58)
- \$100 - Frank Bice('54)
- \$100 - Bill Coss('68)
- \$100 - Bill Hanna('54)
- \$100 - Cheryl Adams Orman('63)
- \$100 - Joe Means('46)
- \$100 - P. D. Williams('52)
- \$100 - Anita Flinn Ben('62)
- \$120 - Glenda Bybee Hunt('61) and Ken Hunt('62)
- \$100 - Fred Banes('65) and Judith Wendel Banes('65)
- \$100 - Ned Jolly('57) and Cela Hatfield Jolly('59)
- \$100 - Bill Gaither('52) and Sharlene Smith Gaither('53)
- Gary Anderson('56) - Pictures of downtown Phillips (66 Theater in FG), and of Methodist Church (winter scene) taken around 1948
- A.M.L. Kube(Board) - Early 60s high school and junior high annuals
- Betty Blackman('56) - Scrapbook from the years 1954-1955
- Candy Irwin('66) - Her father Lowell's '35 season football sweater
- Jo Ann Hubbard('48) - Wooden tractor, stadium seats, drawstring purse
- Bill Smith('57) - Autographed copy of Gordon Wood's biography that mentions Chesty Walker, Phillips, & 1955 football team
- Larry D. Reed('67) - LP album featuring musical selections from the high school band and choir of the 1963-1964 school year
- Rosemary Rogers('67)- Football spirit ribbons from the mid-1960s
- Penny Walker('54) - Chesty & Gwen Walker's football scrapbooks, framed drawings of Chesty, miscellaneous football pictures, and 16-mm films of the 1956 Phillips-Dumas football game
- Clarence Creacy('53) - Football letter jacket from the 1952 season
- Marrion Newberry('41)- Newspaper articles of early '40s exes in the service
- Bill Gill('53) - 8th grade graduation certificate
- Craig Hunter('68) - Twirler suit, jersey tops, and personal teacher memoirs
- Tom Ed Allen('51) - Ruler with printed 19 49 football season schedule
- Toni Truax('58) - 1958 volleyball jacket
- Joyce Ragsdale('50) - 1950 Class senior ring
- Betty Blackman('56) - 1954-1955 state football team pin
- Class of '67 - Class of '67's pictorial 35-year Reunion book
- H.F. Ritchie('57) - \$170 raised from the auction of two of his band's CD's
- Brad Sable('76) - Band jacket and uniform, golf letter jacket
- \$200 - Alan Burke('74)
- \$148 - Ray Robbins('62)
- \$100 - Booth Hansen('40)
- \$100 - Juanita Fowler-Wilson('52)
- \$100 - Wayne Bostik('53)
- \$100 - Willene Gibbons Traweek('62)
- \$100 - Ruth Parks Gage('40)
- \$100 - Mike Kimmins('66)
- \$100 - Steve Williams('72)
- \$100 - Phyllis Johnson Hicks('57)
- \$100 - H. F. Ritchie('57)

LES SKINNER'S PHILLIPS BOOK PROJECT

Les Skinner ('67) is considering compiling stories about growing up in Phillips, such as you've just read, into a book. He is currently involved in commercial writing in Houston and has the necessary contacts for publishing a book. The theme of the book would concern growing up in a company town. The editor of each story submitted would be credited for his/her contribution. If you'd like to contribute a story about growing up in Phillips, please submit it over the "www.phillipsblackhawks.com" web site or mail it to him at the following address or through the other contact media.

Les Skinner Phone: (409)733-0213
904 Travis St E-mail: drskin@wcnet.net
Columbus TX 78934

BLACKHAWK TRIVIA TIME

Who was the last Phillips Blackhawk football player to play for Chesty Walker???

Only one class had two Fighting Heart Award winners. Which class and who were they???

The first 3 people to contact us and answer either question correctly (via E-mail, or call Tommy Birch ('61) at 806-244-2430) will win a free Blackhawk black ballcap that we will mail out to them.

FUTURE HOMECOMINGS SET

Be sure and mark on your calendar the date July 11-12, 2008 for our next summer at which all former student council members, salutatorians/salutatorians, and journalism department members will be honored and recognized. We anticipate that the classes of '53, '58, '63, '68, '73, '78, and '83 will be planning special reunions for that weekend. And, as has been our practice in recent years, we wish to announce well in advance that, for HC 2008 both the boys and girls tennis and golf teams will be honored.

Your Alumni Committee
phillipsblackhawks@juno.com

UPDATES / CORRECTIONS TO 50th HC ANNIVERSARY PHS DIRECTORY

'50 Barney Turner & '62 Mary Anne Svedin
'55 Lillie Boyles Turner 24926 Birdie Ridge
lillie340@aol.com
'52 Patsy Chivers Coleman '68 Charlotte Litchford '36 C.D. Beaver(Dec.)
ccoleml017@aol.com Guynes - (804)223-3412 Died on 12/11/85
'62 Ronny Rounsaville & '66 Robert Mason '59 Bill Hickox
'63 Joan Sellinger Rounsaville 6600 N.W. 100th St Tomball TX 77377
rrounsaville@houston.tx.com Johnston IA 50131 (281)379-3399
'57 Mike Griffin '64 Marynell Love Young
2608 Winnpage Rd mnellyyoung@directvinternet.com
Flower Mound TX 75022
(972)899-0720 '82 Tammie Blankenship Alejandro
griffinsmg@attbi.com ralejan@msn.com
zbilbert@aol.com '82 Rejeana Green Reynolds
rejeanareynolds@hotmail.com
'53 James Griffin '47 Doris Marie Lewis(Dec.)
353 Jess Lines Rd Died in 1948 or 1949
Columbus MS 39701 (662)327-0715
'58 Virginia Thompson Wood '48 Vera Sledge Plunk '57 Jimmie Burris
vthmsn58@yahoo.com veritis@sbcglobal.net jburris38@ntin.net
'69 Carolyn Smith Reeves '58 Toni Truax Royall '56 Patsy Gipson
creeves@duncanville.k12.tx.us truaxta@yahoo.com Criswell
elc@gci.net
'43 Vivian Wright Debord '57 E.C. Cook(Deceased) '42 Hal Wilson(Dec.)
'43 Class, not the '42 Class Date of death unknown Died on 09/05/02

'60 Gary Rash & '71 Terry Zink '66 Kristi Rickard
'62 Joana Garner Rash 1133 Largo Rd Horton
(620)384-5634 Upper Malboro MD 20774 1909 Utah
(301)249-7000 Perryton TX 79070
tzink@rbschool.org khorton@perrytonisd.com
'75 Robin Adkins '44 Dora Everhart(Dec.) '57 Mary Beth
radkins@perrytonisd.com Died on 07/15/02 Sweeney Johnson
12412 LS Trail
'61 Jo Carol Hickox Kimery '44 Dora Everhart(Dec.) '62 Jerry Brown
jcb@kimery.net Died on 07/20/02 jerrydb@cableone.net
'58 Charles Cranford '57 Jack Lallement(Dec.) '63 P.R. Stiles
successhc@yahoo.com Died on 07/20/02 prs-stiles@msn.com
'64 Lynn Railsback(Dec.) '67 Tom Gillum '65 Larry Lewis
Died on 05/15/02 tomgillum67@hotmail.com lewisld@cpchem.com
'67 Lavonda Bynum Barnard '65 Janie Jones(Dec.) '60 Jim Wood
Her last name was misspelled Died on 06/30/73 jcwood@earthlink.net
'41 Eugene Wright '69 Jerry Jones(Dec.) '60 Jimmy Scroggins
His correct zip code is 77316 Died on 06/04/69 106 Bradley
Borger TX 79007
'59 Shari Dobkins Langen '64 Jay Jones(Dec.) (806)273-2719
3025 Canyon Trail Rd Died on 06/03/77
Dalhart TX 79022
(806)244-5850 '56 DeTraver Ladyman '47 Bob Rinehart
charlesi@norscape.net 102 Tanglewood Trail 527 S. Shore
'73 Stacey Akers Simpson '42 Dale Canon(Dec.) '50 John Garrison
394 E. Park Ranch Rd Died on 08/14/43 jogarrison@cox.net
'59 Carolyn Weene Hare '72 Chris McCollum '76 Kim Gipson
(806)244-2430 cwmccol@cableone.net klgipson@nwoi.net
'75 Scott Rankin '77 Janet Morris Stieg '54 Mike Hamilton
700 Welfin 42046 1320 York, # 34-G 5609 S. May, Apt C
Amarillo TX 79106 (806)468-3929 Okla. City OK 73118
(806)468-3929 '67 Danny Kindy '62 Ed Bailey (Dec.)
Kvi@arn.net Date of death unavailable
'73 Miss Baker Harvey '75 Paula Poulain Mizar '79 Debra Rankin
'69 John Harvey 620662-5440 (512)266-3748
mjohn@cableone.net '63 Brenda Summers '67 Joe Heifer
340 Mark Poulain Mongold tjheifer@evl.net
(806)62-3048 Route 1 Box 234
'42 Paul Poulain '67 Larry Hilton
(806)328-0382 Follett TX 79034 www.litotr@aol.com
'82 Coriann Gipson Fershi '82 Terry Moon '45 Bill Lloyd(Dec.)
krisc04@aol.com 6308 Montview 8/09/75
Amarillo TX 79036 (806)359-5148
moon@nts-online.net
'82 Brett Wood '82 Pam Ralls O'Daniel '82 Joe Bob Trout
811 Dixon 1215 Lindsey Route 2 Box 1329
Borger TX 79007 (806)274-2421 Fritch TX 79036
'82 William "Chief" Prock '82 Marc Poulain '78 Robbie Coss
P.O. 124 (still in Sanford) marcandtoni@hotmail.com robbie@vzavenue.net
(806)274-3248
'49 Delmo Risley '56 Jean Millsap Paige '68 Craig Hunter
530 Woolsey 921 Elmore 1509 Century Oaks
Prescott AZ 86303 (806)273-2105 Lockhart TX 78644
(928)777-8540 (806)662-2528(cell)
'44 Marlon Ewing '60 Mary Anne Ewing Seale '59 Joe Trumbly
705 South Oak 'Parker TX 75002 jbtrumb@cs.com
Ranger TX 76470 '67 Suan Musterd
(254)647-1181 Roller
#10 Road 1707 W. 31st St
Farmington NM 87401 (505)564-9283 Austin TX 78703
(512)450-0765
cherlndavid@hubwet.com smroller@aol.com
'74 David Trumbly '66 Linda Barclay Amrine '57 Betty Wakefield
RR2 Box 72-7 42 E. Gorden Vermillion(Dec.)
Fritch TX 79036 Layton UT 8404 Died on 08/02/02
'81 Debbie Stone Wilkinson