

Within reason the Newsletter follows this word content per single entry (Times New Roman, 10 font sizes)

New entry: Resumes/history since FSU = Twenty-two (22) words per line, Twenty two (22) lines

Second, third etc. entry..... = Twenty-two (22) words per line, Eleven (11

“Once teammates, always teammates” by Charlie Christian.

2007 REUNION - May 25-26-27-28, 2007.

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Benny & Carolyn Wallace 51-55 Remembering Scotty Stanton

“The mention now and then of Scotty Stanton in the

Newsletter brings back memories. You may not remember

that Scotty, his girl friend Pat Payne, Carolyn and I went around together. He was in and out of school and, for a while, had no place to live and slept -- for a long time! -- on the couch in the apartment that Gusic, Gene Rabbitt and I rented on Pensacola Street, a couple of doors down from Holders. He got a job at Wakulla diving to the bottom and also taking tourists down river on the boats. We used to ride with him and he took great delight in making up absurd names and stories about the birds and animals. He liked to describe the "Wallace" bird that had a straight digestive tract and the "Wentworth" (Carolyn's maiden name) bird that mated with any bird that flew by, or some such nonsense. We had to choke back laughter while the tourists soaked up the phony spiel. But he got his come uppance one day. Blond, tanned and muscular, he had just finished his talk and was posing for pictures with the group. Basking in the applause, picture taking and collecting tips he stumbled backward, fully dressed, and fell off the dock! Always near broke, he was forced to grope around in the waist deep water for the change he dropped! There was much laughter and a bruised ego.

He and Gutting often stayed up very late arguing about -- anything -- and Scotty used to get very mad and frequently threatened to beat up Gutting. More than once Gusic, Rabbitt or I had to intervene to save Gutting from damage. Scotty would apologize to Dick but always in private. Dick complained bitterly about it but the scenario never changed.

We often went down to the train station late at night and drank coffee and sang while Scotty played the ukulele. The girls weren't with us because, in those days, they all had to live in the dorms and were locked in early. And rightly so because there were eight girls to every male since the school had only recently turned coed! It was just was well because one of our favorite things was to break wind as loudly as possible and wake up the passengers who were waiting on trains. Lord, we were suave in those days!

It all ended for the four of us that summer. Pat and I went home for the summer and Carolyn and Scott stayed in Tallahassee; she in school and Scott working at Wakulla. One day she called me in Savannah, crying, to tell me that Scotty had drowned. It was a tragic blow to all of us and especially Pat Payne. She graduated and we never saw her again. As in the opening lines of Dicken's "A Tale of Two Cities", "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." Through the mists of more than 50 years we remember Scotty well; always will. Benny” {For those that don’t know, there was a Scotty Stanton award presented annually. Re. (fsugymnastics.org)...jmm }

Don & Connie Holder 51-57 The Three Humpty Dumptys at a past reunion Re. 24th Newsletter

“There has been some indication as

to what transpired during that eventful day at Barbara's reunion a few meetings ago. I believe it was at the closing of our gathering, when all of us need to obtain our last pictures, to relish after we return home. The objective was a group photo, however, the lens could not accommodate the width of our Gymnasts, so, the request was made to minimize the size by sitting behind one another. So, Dick, Barbara's friend, Joe Gusic and I sat behind the females on a raised railing. About the time "say cheese" was requested, the support gave way and the three of us started our downward 12-15 foot trek .It seemed like an eternity and remember thinking, this will be easy for me to half turn, face forward to be able to brace myself for the upcoming shock. To my dismay, being the middle person of the three, I had my arms around Joe and Dick. Tried to extract myself, however, time would not cooperate. Fortunately, Barbara had cleared the area of nailed 2X4s, so we all took the fall on clear ground. We all had some blood and scrapes, but alive.

As most of you know, this is my 65th year of back problems, so there was some concern about further damage. I considered it just another bad Gymnastic landing, however, I was outvoted and a helicopter soon arrived. I was placed in an outside gurney and strapped down, body and arms. As we departed, much of the flight began over the water. Not that I have a fear of water, to the contrary, despite my aching back, I would still be able to sustain myself if this copter was to go down. Noticing that the medic that was aiding me had a knife strapped to his belt, I requested him to place his dagger into my hands so if a problem presented itself I would be able to extract myself. At this point, the medic probably thought, "this guy didn't injure his back, more likely his head".

Upon wheeling me into the ER, I was met by the head female nurse who promptly blurted out "Coach Holder, what are you doing here?" She turned out to be one of my former students from Coral Park High School. Needless to say I was well taken care of.

After a time I was released to attend our last banquet. Poor Connie had to drive the 500 miles back home.”..... {Thank Goodness, Chick Cicio wasn’t there. There wouldn’t have been any survivors with his “Luck of the Italians” lately. The knife bit made a hell of a lot of sense to me. The sharks would have been pleasantly surprised at an offering of rolled Irish pork, Holder style. One shark was heard to say, “Those Holder’s taste pretty good once you get one peeled but cleaning them is tough.”.....jmm }

Larry Bestmann 55-58

“For many years, I would dream about doing things in my sleep; a peach basket here and there, a nice

running front step out.....Then, a couple weeks ago in a dream, I tried to do a running front and missed. That's a real terrible revelation when you can't even do a trick in your dreams. I'm not giving up yet and hope to do at least a couple more moves while I can still dream. Peace be upon you, Larry”..... {Kind of like those sex dreams, Jimmy Hanks has been telling me about....jmm }

Harmer & Magdalena Maggie Weichel | **48-53/59-61** | **Harmer's Bio at our request**

"In 1967 I transferred from Curlew Job Corps in Wash. State to Oconaluftee Job Corps in great Smokey Mountain National Park in North Carolina. What a magnificent part of America! Job Corps is a program to help school drop outs learn a trade and get a G.E.D. it was an all male program for men 16-21. I taught beginning reading, math, health, and driver ed. And the G.E.D classes but over an 8 year period. Every staff member was a counselor also. These young men came from troubled homes and had emotional problems. Some did jail time, some had drug problems using and selling, and all were under educated. They came from inner cities and rural areas. When you work with this kind of population, every day is an adventure. I met some really nice young men who wanted to better themselves. But I also met some real snakes. Very dangerous types! The big thing was to earn their respect and trust so you could get their cooperation.

A lot of funny things happened like the student who was caught trying to have sex with a vacuum cleaner. More serious happenings were breaking up fights- it is easy to get hurt yourself - and the day we chased an angry kid all over the campus who was waving a meat cleaver and running down a very frightened fellow student. I got a small gym group together and taught some kids to do hand stands and a bit of tumbling. We had a Trampolet and a few mats and the group became good enough to put on a show. Gsmnp has several hundred miles of trails and the famous Appalachian Trail runs along the crest for 70 miles. I fell into hiking and backpacking and enjoyed the park forests, mountains and clear streams.

In order to give my students new experiences, I often took 6 or 7 on overnight backpacking trips. One night in a trail shelter, which is really a cage, 3 large bears came sniffing for food and circling around us all night long and sticking their noses into the protective wire. No one got up to pee that night. It was memorable and they talked about that for weeks. It was easy to keep them together on the trail. I told them bears often come up behind the last man in line so don't lag behind.

I met my sweet wife, Magdalena, during this period. She is from Germany and married a Cherokee and they moved here. After 2 children, he deserted her and her Cherokee mother in law, a wonderful woman, took her and the kids into her home. She helped Maggie get a job and a life. Then I came along. He was a fool for leaving her because she is a great and talented gal. I'm the lucky one. In 1972 we bought 11 acres of land on a hill top and built a small home. We have been here ever since.

In 1974 I did a crazy thing and enrolled in western Carolina Univ. And earned a masters degree in speech/hearing therapy. I then got a job with the Cherokee Indian Headstart Program as a handicap coordinator. My job was to identify special needs children and arrange services for them. I provided speech services and conducted an early identification of middle ear infections (otitis media) and follow up. As part of my job, I was able to travel to several Indian reservations. While at the Hopi reservation in Arizona, I was invited down into the Kivas to experience the Kachina dances. It was an honor because non Indians were rarely invited.

During the summers I had the time off and I was fortunate enough to be hired by national park service as a seasonal park ranger complete with uniform and a smoky bear hat for 5 seasons. I was assigned to Smokemont Campground where I checked campers in and out, enforced regulations and kept bears and campers apart. Also I assisted in tranquilizing bears and removing them to other parts. Sometimes I was put on stakeouts to spot poachers. One day a week I could walk any trail I wanted and assist visitors, do p/r, provide info, give simple first aid, check fishermen, look for weapons and pull out illegal campers. Needless to say, I had several unusual adventures on the trail with people and bears. Bears are friendlier.

In 1986 the Reagan Adm. Cut funding for Headstart and handicapped children and I lost my job of 10 years. However, I was lucky and was rehired into the job corps program as a G.E.D teacher. While there I did hearing tests on all the corps members and identified several kids with borderline and severe hearing losses. At this time Oconaluftee center was getting many kids with serious psychological problems. About 20% were on behavior medication. Did you ever have a class in which a student screamed, pulled his pants down and flashed himself to every one or you enter class at 8 am and find your students fighting with chairs? We were also getting kids who had been in prison. It got to be a dangerous place.

In 1990 young women were admitted to the center and this created a new world of problems. There is not enough room to write about these crazy happenings. Our staff had more than a few problems too. One of our teachers wore a cape, a broad brim hat and fancy lace up boots. He was fun to work with. I liked the kids whom I taught. Most were good and funny despite the exciting problems.

By 1995 I thought it was time to retire. Maggie was an accountant working for the Cherokee tribe and had 7 years left before retirement. So I retired. I kept busy however. I did volunteer work with the Red Cross blood mobile, taught Egos to Mexicans and helped them become citizens, tutored some community college students, delivered meals on wheels and still do, went on overnight backpacking trips and a bunch of other stuff. Maggie and I visited Germany several times and I must say I loved in Europe.

Bob Christians | **58-60/61-62** | **Bob's Bio at our request**

"Hi Jack, Always good to hear from you and FSU Gymnastics. Please add below, brief bio to the list, and keep the Newsletters coming. Bob Christians"

FSU GYMNASTICS: '58-60. "on the road" doing Flying Trapeze '60,61.

TTT & FSU GYMNASTICS: 61,62.

US ARMY: 62-64

CSC (CNSU): 64-66, BA in ED

"ON THE ROAD" PERFORMING CIRCUS: 66-74

AMUSEMENT/ENTERTAINMENT MAN: 74-78

OWN BUSINESS: "GIMMIE JOGGERS": 78- 81

"ON THE ROAD" PERFORMNG ARTIST, RB&BB INSTRUCTOR: 81-83

OWN BUSINESS: "FLYING TRAPEZE INC": 83-2006...

Thanks, Bob

Merik & Anna Ceska | 55-60 | **Email to Barbara & myself – Biography correction & coming tripto Florida** “Dear Jack and dear Barbara: Jack thank you very much for all the e-mail you were sending me during my absence from Vienna (where I have my computer).I admire the extensive work you are doing for all of us. My deep appreciation for it ! Concerning the attached FSU Biography : Please correct my years at FSU. I attended FSU from 1955 to 1960. In 1957 I got my MS and in 1960 my PhD (Chemistry).

I still have lots of repair work to finish before winter in Czech Republic. We already had some snow in Svatka . In a few days I have to go back there.

I am starting to plan my trip to US. At the end of March or in the middle of April we will be residing for about 14 days near your home. My friend is inviting us to come and enjoy his condo he owns in Naples "Park Shore Resort". So I hope very much to see you then. Most of the time we will be residing in Tallahassee and hope to see Barbara there on many occasions.

In the middle of April I was invited by the FSU Alumni Association to attend in Tallahassee: CLASS OF GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY REUNION (MS in 1957).(Does this mean that I am so old)? During my stay in US we will also visit all my 4 children in Florida, Georgia and Texas and at the end of May we all will have the Reunion in Tallahassee to which I am looking so much forward. Cannot wait to see you all ! Love to both of you... Mirek

Benny & Carolyn Wallace | 51-55 | **Benny’s resume at my request** “I graduated from FSU in January of 1955 and was commissioned a 2/Lt. in the USAF. I entered pilot training and received my wings 13 months later. From 1956 to 1965 I was stationed in the USA and Canada flying the F-86 Sabre and F-101 Voodoo jet interceptors and a De Havilland Beaver with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and The RCAF. In 1965 I trained in the F-4 Phantom jet fighter in Tucson, AZ and was sent to the Viet Nam War. I flew 102 combat missions into North Vietnam and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, five Air Medals and the Air Force Commendation Medal. I returned to the USA in late 1966 and instructed in the F-4 in California until I was sent to Japan in 1970 for four years. After Japan I served as Chief of Flying Safety in Thailand until 1975 when I retired at age 43. I did not take another job or ever pilot an aircraft again. For the past 31 years my wife and I have continued our travels. As of 2006, we have traveled to 53 countries, some several times, and visited 35 states. Carolyn and I married 53 years ago while at FSU; I was 22 and she was 18. Our son was born in Tallahassee as was his son while he was a student at FSU. We have a son and a daughter and two grandsons and two granddaughters, all adults, and a great grandchild is on the way. We have lived in Tucson since retirement in 1975.
Benny C. Wallace, 22 November 2006

Chick & Jennie Cicio	56 years, 57 in April, 07
Don & Connie Holder	56 years, 57 in August, 07
Benny & Carolyn Wallace	53 years, 54 in May, 07
Carmine & Daneen Regna	51 years,
Jim & Marlene Jackson	51 years, 52 in July, 07
Don & Patsy Rapp	51 years, 52 in November 07
Sam & Tpsi Bailie	50 years, 51 in June 07
Jon & Boots Culbertson	49 years, 50 in June 07
Jay & Ellie Schwarzman	49 years, 50 in September 07
Jack & Almira Sharp	47 years of marriage
Lennart & Karsthin Malmlin	47 years of marriage
Beverley & Bill Beaton	45 years
Claire Essig & Dick Traynor	43 years of marriage
Nancy Lamb & Bob Durocher	42 years, 43 in Dec. 07
Bill & Carol Beavers	39 years, 40 in July, 07
Dick & Susie Gutting	38 years, 39 in June, 07
Wayne & Heather Thompson	36 years, 37 in January 07
Derek & Nancy Lawler	35 years
Harmer & Magdalena Weichel	34 years
Jimmy & Janie Hanks	28 years, 29 in November 07

Bill & Carol Beavers | 57-58/60-61 | “Jack, So sorry for the oversight in responding to this. I corrected my info, but not sure if it translated to something you can read (rich text format). The corrections are Carol, not Carole and my years at FSU are (Entered Fall of 57 and graduated in spring of 61 which translates to 58-61 if guess. - Also Masters Degree and Coach 69/70. I guess I never sent you a biography, if I did not, do you still want it???? I would be embarrassed to have it printed at this late date. If you need it for reference only, do you want the political spin version, (I came, I saw, I kicked ass) or the "real" version i.e.; I came, I saw, I retreated!!! Am coming to N. Fla next week to kayak rivers and springs with my old roommate Joe Morrell. May stop by to see Mike {Mann} and Barbara {Withers}if we get to that area. Bill” {we want your biography, you and Gusic are our present procrastination champs.jmm}

Don & Connie Holder | 51-57 | **The story, “Once Upon a Time”** “Jack, Can't remember exactly, but I always admired the article you wrote many years ago concerning the AAU and all the participants at that time. If I remember correctly it began with "once upon a time". I always considered that a masterpiece. So much was going on behind the scenes. I do know during the "52 tryouts, I was privy to conversations, by top officials, that were trying hard not to include the girl from the Midwest on the team because she physically did not fit. Despite those efforts she did make the team. I'll have to look in the handbook for her name, I think it was Marie Hoesly.”

Mike Mann & Fran Millians | 57-67 | Excerpts from email to Jan Anastasado from Mike “OBTW, noticed the photo of Myra Perkins from the Gym Clinic. She was my roommate for a couple of months back in, I believe, 1960 when that type of things weren't done. Jack and I were working nights at two of Gilbert Chandler's motels on North Monroe. Myra was attending FSU and sharing a huge expensive apartment with five or six girls. They all moved out on her just before the end of the semester. Myra had to find a place to stay or come up with the rent for that huge apartment which she couldn't do. Jack and I had her move in with us. Since we were working from something like 10pm to 6am every night she had the place to herself. We would come in briefly for breakfast and then we would all be off for classes. Jack and I would stagger back in sometime in the afternoon, have a snack and then sleep up until time to go to work so it was really innocent. However, the census taker did come around during this period and kept coming back, at least three times as I recall. {I remember that Myra had a really bad crush on Stu Goldberg....jmm }

Another story on that apartment. Jack killed a Rattlesnake one weekend and wanted to make himself a snakeskin belt but was too busy at the time and put the snake in the freezer. He later left to follow Annie Eastham, who he was later married, to Atlantic City and New York. She made her school money by putting on a bikini and football helmet and riding a horse off a tower into a tank of water at the Steel Pier {Atlantic City, New Jersey....jmm} in the summers. With Jack gone I had to find a cheaper place to stay and had to move out. When I went to leave that snake was completely ice incusted and I could not get it out so I just left it. I never tried to rent an apartment from those folks again. Mike” {With a “Snakecicle” and spear hole in the wall it made it harder to rent after us.....jmm }

Another email “Jack - Included in Jan's box of goodies was the 1956-1957 issue of American Gymnastics that was the official National Gymnastic Clinic Program. It has several things in it but two of particular interest is; that photo of you and Bev at the Penn State Olympic Trials that is with her "Women's history" story and the infamous picture of the 1956 Olympic Team {“Squad” not “Team”....jmm} at Actor Don Defoe's place. The one you put the fishing spear through the wall at out Adams Street Apartment.”

Bill & Carol Beavers | 57-58/60-61 | Life in FSU Dorms – Copy of email to Mike Mann Mike, Since I was not a gymnast, the list of items was interesting but not personally relevant until I came to the last one, the "Knowledge for College" handbook. It sparked a memory of my freshman year (1959) living in Jennie Murphree Hall. We were treated to monthly house meetings when the dorm closed early and we gathered in the reception area in our p.j.'s, robes, and hair rollers. We were then subject to instruction regarding the proper behavior of "Jennie Girls."

Most of the meetings had to do with reminding us to sign out if we were leaving campus (for who knew what horrors might befall us up the hill in Town.) We were required to sign up for the Wednesday afternoon teas, the purpose of which was to teach us the proper way to entertain, so that we could be gracious hostesses knowing how to pour tea, and thus further the careers of our future husbands. Emphasis was given to ensure that we did not leave the dorm on our way to P.E. classes without benefit of our raincoats; we mustn't incite lust in the hearts of young males who might catch sight of us in our bloomer-legged gymsuits. Other than that, we were encouraged to become involved in all activities of campus life. Well, not *all* activities of course. We were also reminded that going to an off campus apartment (inhabited by males) was grounds for immediate suspension.

At the most memorable meeting, our Social Chairman, a "maiden lady" as unmarried women were then called, gave the presentation. She had the unfortunate name of Miss Jane Mansfield and was then in her late 60's-early 70's. Miss Mansfield had a prop for her talk. She stood at the front of the group of 200 or so young women with a single rose held outstretched. She did not speak until we all silenced. Then with dramatic flair, she intoned, "Girls, each of you is like this rose, lovely and perfect. But each time you allow a boy to kiss you, it is like (*dramatic pause*) PLUCKING A PETAL from this rose. DO YOU WANT TO HAND YOUR HUSBAND AN EMPTY STEM?!!!"

The following week, the girls on the 2nd floor of the front wing of the dorm, overlooking the dorm entrance and the bushes flanking the doors, instituted an honor never mentioned in the Flambeau. It was "The Miss Stem of the Week Award." We were sheltered, but we had humor....Carol”

{Carol: I loved this story and would very much like to put in the next Newsletter and a future article on woman's gymnastics - with your permission. Tell me the truth, it was Bill who suggested the phrase, "PLUCKING A PETAL" wasn't it? You can't fool me.----- him with his vase full of "empty stems." Love you guys... jmm }

{Fooling with titles..."You've come a long way baby", "From bloomer-legged uniforms to leotards – girl gymnasts bust out", "50's Girl Gymnasts yanked FSU into the 21st century ", "Upside down or right side up FSU girl gymnasts were among the nation's best.".....never mind.....I'll let you come up with the best possible title....jmm }

Mike Mann & Fran Millians | 57-67 | Excerpts from email “Hi Mike”, From Mike’s friend, Christine Lutz I was at FSU in the “middle years”,

after the Jane Mansfield Period but prior to the Anything Goes Period. FSU first allowed male visitors in the women's dorm rooms when I was a sophomore in 1970-71. You had to have parental permission to be allowed male visitors in your room parents were sent forms for signature. My father was the only parent who refused to sign the form, and they had to turn an entire floor of Dorman Hall into a non-visitation floor to accommodate me. In fact, my roommate and I had originally moved into a room on an upper floor, and we had

to subsequently move again to the first floor because it had the fewest dorm rooms (thereby negatively affecting the fewest students). So my unlucky first floor neighbors had non-visitation imposed on them via my father.

My Dad also wouldn't let me bring my bike to FSU my freshman year, because he didn't want me “gallivanting all around the place” instead of studying. Pretty funny to think about it all now. My Dad was a wise man...

Mike Mann & Fran Millians | 57-67 | **J.M. Mann to J.M. Miles**

“Janice Eberly Anastasato's box of annuals and items has proved to be a wealth of historical documents in addition to the letter to instructors on the Olympic meet, Apopka Gymkana road show program and Naples' "South Florida Gymnastic Championships" program there are some other items that I would probably never use in on the web site. I am, however, beginning to think I should scan them for historical preservation.

{Mike: I'm letting the dust settle from my bedroom ceiling (removed popcorn and most sanding plaster) so I check email and found this. I can only speak for myself, but I believe the sentiment is shared by all. We all have been.. planning to, or actually putting together, our scrap books to pass along to the next generations. Like many of us pack rats we can never decide what we will consider precious later in our lives so we store it all for the "Scrap Books" we all plan to fabricate someday. YOU have taken on the humongous job of creating our collective Scrap Books for US plus relieving us all from the heaviness of procrastination. Every time you update us on a new addition to the web-site I review it and am enthralled by the memories that are precious to others. Many, many items are things that I never even knew aboutand yet I was right there....and how did I miss that bit of history?

My vote is to store it all. This is far superior to the yellowing cardboard boxes some of us have been using. Thanks, Mike.....jmm}

Claire Essig (Mrs. Dick) Traynor | 59-62 | **Don Veller**

“Hey you all, Just thought you might be interested to know that Don Veller passed away November 10th. He was 94 years old. His wife passed away 10 days before him on October 31st. She was 92 years old. They were married for 70 years!! Take Care.” {Mike Mann also has the Tallahassee Democrat coverage of Don's passing....jmm}

Jack Miles | 50-58 | **Tid-bits**

Lord save me, I dreamt of Jim Fadigan last night. Does that fall under the nightmare category? It seems I was in the audience of this large hall and they introduced Jim as a political candidate for some office. {I've been watching too much politics on TV lately} He didn't notice me and as he spoke I was thinking that crazy SOB sure knows how to express himself. I have to hand it to him. Even though he's full of a ton of Blarney, he is sharp. He spoke so well I thought that he sure could win the nomination. Well, at the least my vote (in pencil, in case I changed my mind later). After waking up I took a very long cold shower to shake off the trauma of the night

Also, I heard the Holders' had dinner at the Cicio's house , and after eating, the girls left the table and went into the kitchen. The two guys were talking, and Don said, "Last night we went out to a new restaurant and it was really great. I would recommend it very highly". Chick asked, "What is the name of the restaurant?" Don thought and thought and finally asked, "What is the name of that girl singer who sang, "Where the Boys are" ? You know... "Her last name is Francis". "Do you mean Connie?" "Oh Yeah, that's it ," replied Don... Then he then turned towards the kitchen and yelled, "Connie, what's the name of that restaurant we went to last night?"

Jack Miles | 50-58 | **For our postal member recipients and a reminder for our emailers**

As last year, we will be sending a Holidays Greeting Newsletter to all of you from all eighty of our friends - the FSU Gymkana Newsletter recipients. It would be great to include your words in that Newsletter. Please be brief, one or two lines, and send it to me. It will be cut and pasted it into our combined unique greeting card. Have a fun day. Fondly, Jack

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