

“Once teammates, always teammates” by Charlie Christian.

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

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Benny & Carolyn Wallace | 51-55 | Great Grandchildren & Snow balls “Jack; Re great grandchildren. Our first one is scheduled to arrive in a month. We had our first child when Carolyn was 18 and I was 22. Then our first grandchild came when she was only 40 and I was 44. Then things slowed down but have now resumed it seems. We'll be 72 and 76 when this one arrives; tests indicate a girl. BennyPS....We got three inches and they got over a foot on the surrounding mountains! {Would you believe snowfall in Tucson....jmm}

Barbara Sheehan Withers | 54-62 | Email to Mike Mann Re:Getting ready for the reunion “Mike, I had dinner at "The Landings" (the old Poseys) this past weekend and it was wonderful. They also have a huge back room we could use for our reunion banquet if we wish. The food was excellent and my son, Bryant, who is a certified executive chef, said it is at present the best food in the Panacea area. He has been to all of the restaurants during the past month and feels this is by far the best seafood. I had broiled grouper and fried scallops and they were delicious. Also, their salad bar is great. I made a tentative reservation for 50 for 6 pm Saturday May 26th - we can change it, but just in case everyone agrees, this may be the best place for our banquet. Also, please add Rafael Lecuona to the advance team. He wants to come early to help us get things ready!”

Mike Mann & Fran Millians | 57-67 | Response to above “It looks like Posey's is probably out since Barbara has made tentative reservations at The Landing which her Executive Chef son says has the best seafood around right now. They also have a better bar if that matters to anyone. Fran and I tried it last night with some friends, Bill was supposed to be there too but decided against coming for the Wakulla Canoe-Kayak race, here is a note I sent to the reunion committee on that experience.
Also we tried The Landing tonight and it was excellent! They have an all-you-can-eat buffet for about \$24 which includes King Crab legs. I had a First Mate's Combo - 5 Shrimp, 5 Oysters, Mullet fillet, 1 side and 1 trip to the salad bar, \$10.95. Fran had a broiled Mullet plate with salad bar for \$12.95. There are several all-you-can-eat offerings for less than \$20. There were three others at the table with different selections, everyone enjoyed the food”.

Harmer & Magdalena Maggie Weichel | 48-53/59-61 | Response to Isaac Perman story I sent him “Jack, I worked with a wheel chair bound teacher who had the same courage as Perlman. He became head of education. Let's not forget the wives and families of challenged folks. They have the day and night care to worry about which is also very demanding and is a real show of love. Harmer. Ps. You forgot to print my first bio about my African adventures. { See 3-4 of this Newsletter....jmm} Talk about courage, in Liberia, I saw plenty of blind folks being guided by a child on a stick and begging for a living. It is tough life and no medical help. Peace!!!!”

Raphael & Diana Lecuona | 52-56/65-68 | Recent visit to Holder's “Hi Jack! Thanks for the note mentioning our visit to Florida...it was good to see you and the others again...especially that big fellow Carlitos...who knows how to please a Cuban...with a box of cigars! I also thank you for going all the way to visit with us...Don and Connie, as always, were great hosts...we all had a great time, I believe. Anyhow, last year Gusic and I thought to join the advance group for the Reunion preparations...but Gusic is demurring as usual...however, I would love to be part of the advance group, a good excuse I can use to go earlier and enjoy the Reunion more!...Besides, I do make the best French Toasts in Texas....and now in Alligator Point! Seriously, though, I hope you will consider my participating in the advance team...if at all possible. Again, enjoyed seeing you in Florida...and will enjoy seeing you and Chad -I will assume he'll be there too- very soon. Abrazos, Rafles” {Don and Connie made it a very special night....jmm}

Ed & Christine Jonas | 69-71 | The “Statue” at FSU Progress “Mike, I just wanted to give you an update on my progress with FSU. Donna McHugh, Asst. V.P. Community Relations, and I haven't been able to meet due to both of our tight schedules. Donna's husband just went through a triple bypass and it has, of course, shortened her availability. We will catch up soon, and I have spoken with her already about assisting us and she is certainly willing to see this happen. I also discussed our project with Bob Bishoff of the Universities' Creative Craftsmanship Program and they stand by to help us in any manner that they can, which could be considerable as they have a goal of installing a bronze casting foundry for the program. This would be a huge asset if the casting could be done here, though I would have to personally supervise each stage, about 30 steps in creating a bronze casting, there would be no reduction in the quality and adding a teaching element [for post graduate students] to the process seems like a positive point to me. I'll continue to keep you informed. Regards, Ed Jonas”

Barbara Sheehan Withers | 54-62 | Reference to the video of the roast of Jamile Ashmore in Las Vegas “I had the sheer pleasure of being present at this awesome event and will never forget it! Perhaps we could also show the video at the reunion for those who have not yet seen it? Maybe we could set up a continuous video streaming of all of our past accomplishments. I still want to get hold of the video of Jim Fadigan and me doing our half time trampoline show at the first FSU-Boston College football game in Fall 1957 in Boston, where we both were at that particular time.” {Plans are to bring the terrific video to the 2007 Reunion....jmm}

Mike Mann & Fran Millians | 57-67 | **Re: Copy of Tallahassee Democrat article sent to Mike Mann from Brent Pichard**

{For those of you who might not know. The annual "Scotty Stanton Award Trophy" to an outstanding FSU Gymnast in the 50's-60's Was named after Scotty.....stories below.....jmm}

FSU Student Drowning Victim Scott Stanton Sinks In Wakulla Springs

Charles Scott Stanton, 25, FSU Gymnast sank suddenly and drowned in Wakulla Springs yesterday afternoon while staging an underwater swimming show for friends. He became the area's second weekend drowning fatality. W. B. Jones of Tallahassee apparently fell from a boat and drowned Saturday night or early Sunday while on a fishing trip alone at Lake Talquin. Stanton, a Summer life guard at Wakulla Springs last year, was performing underwater for friends including Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Bollinger, when he headed for the surface, grabbed for the boat, then sank suddenly, Wakulla 'County Judge A. L. Porter said. Eye-witnesses thought the sinking was part of Stanton's show but when they realized it wasn't, called lifeguard Wilton Jardine, FSU swimming team member, who made a futile effort to reach the sinking form .just missed.

Jardine told Mrs. Betty Smith and Pat Pinkerton, Democrat women's page editors who were on the diving tower at the time of the tragedy, that Stanton sank faster than he could descend and soon went below his range. Jardine got an air hose and made another try but could not reach the body which came to rest on a ledge some 170 feet deep.

Sonny Tinney, PSU and city amateur golfer used an air hose and went down far enough to sight the body but couldn't reach it. Nick Fallier of this city, went to St. Marks and got Richard Stack, professional diver and boat repairman, who attempted to reach the ledge between 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. but discontinued efforts until today because of darkness.

The body was recovered at approximately 10:30 this morning.

Stanton was a Navy veteran and a strong swimmer. Lifeguards and swimmers at the scene said the husky athlete either ran out of oxygen sooner than he expected and fainted or suffered some sort of attack. He apparently did not have cramps since he sank suddenly without a struggle. No inquest.

Judge Porter, the county commissioner, told a Democrat reporter present at the scene, the drowning was accidental and no Inquest would be necessary. Stanton transferred to FSU from Western funds State Teachers College, Macomb, Ill., last year and he attended summer school this summer. His mother is Mrs. Mary Ann Stanton of Macomb, Ill., and father IS C. Allen Stanton of California. Stanton resided at 402 West College Ave. He was a member of the FSU' Gymkana team.

Funeral arrangements are in charge of Culley's and details are incomplete. According to a spokesman, services will not be held in Tallahassee

Don & Connie Holder | 51-57 | **Scotty**

"Mike, Thanks for the article concerning Scotty.. Brings back so many memories... Connie and I were very close to that hulk of a man. I was in awe of Scotty's talent for diving and viewed most of his dives every weekend. Unfortunately I was not there on that tragic day due to one of the TTT's father, Doug Duke, asked a favor of Connie and I. Always felt that if I were there, possibly I could have helped, still bugs me to this day. Jack M and I were atop the tower when Scotty was brought up. I still have the photo of him being raised feet first which I do not send to anyone. We spent time in the morgue stroking his hair. On the slab despite his death, he looked like a Greek God. Patty Payne , his sweet girlfriend, was in complete shock, another person we would love to have back in our folds. Don"

Mike Mann & Fran Millians | 57-67 | **Scotty**

"I life guarded at Wakulla Springs a couple of summers too. Something that happened one year is probably what happened to Scott from what I have heard and read of the incident.

The day was extremely busy, if was a holiday, July 4 or something. It was so busy I had not even felt I could leave the stand long enough to even dip in and cool off a bit. Around noon a friend, Bill Reves, showed up. He was a Geologist with the Florida Geological office and diving buddy with myself, Jack and Beavers. He had a great Nikon camera and an underwater housing for it and he had brought the camera with him. I asked him if he would sit on the stand while I jumped in and cooled off a bit and he agreed. I also asked if he would get a picture of my swan dive off the top level of the tower and he agreed to that too. I did my swan, enjoyed to cool of the water on my burning skin and was on my way back up for second dive. About the time I reached the second level I heard some yelling and saw a couple of people struggling out over the spring. I sailed off the second level and swam out.

On guy had a snorkel in his mouth, head back like he was headed for the surface and still kicking. The other guy was trying to hold him and the fellow was just swimming or kicking in circles around him from being held in place. I took the guy that was kicking and just pointed him toward the tower/beach. He kicked himself over to the tower, I pull his head over that water level cross bar and proceeded to apply mouth-to-mouth right there without even getting him out of the water. I only blew a couple of times and he snapped out of it and started coughing and spitting and was able to pull himself around to the ladder to get out.

He had gone out and tried to free dive down to about sixty or seventy feet. He made it down OK but passed out from Carbon Monoxide build up on the way back up. He was still out cold but still "kicking for the surface" when I got to him. I am sure something similar happened with Scott, it can sneak up on you very quickly and put you out cold.

Don & Connie Holder | 51-57 | **Scotty**

Mike, Thanks for your analogy concerning Scotty's demise. I'm sure your 100% correct according to the few that actually viewed the incident. They say he was within a few feet of the glass bottom boat when he just relaxed and sank like a rock. As I related in my last letter, I was always trying to emulate Scotty, asking him how he stayed under so long. Quoting him, " I always stay under a few seconds longer than my previous dive". And I suppose that is why he ultimately failed. A tragic waste of a great life.

In regard to the article, I was always in belief that the life guard who chased Scotty that day was Ricou Browning, the person who played the Creature from the Blue Lagoon, and went on to Hollywood fame .I'll have to connect with Jack to verify this. Don

"Jack, I just returned from DB, Fla. to the NC mountains. Here is my bio 1 if you want to print it. Hope you don't get any tornadoes. The warming earth bodes not well for us. Harmer

"Jack thanks for the newsletters. Here is a condensation of my last 50 years. Wow!!! When I left FSU I landed a job in Arkansas with the federal government's biological warfare program. It was top secret. We grew thousands of gallons of pathogenic organisms weekly. After a couple of years I thought screw this death program. I'm not spending my life growing crap to spray on people. I can do better. So I returned to FSU in 1959, continued gymnastics and earned a teaching certificate in science in 1961. I wanted to do something of value so I volunteered as a teacher for 2 years in Liberia, West Africa with international voluntary services, a non profit, non religious service organization in Wash. D.C. and a forerunner and model for Peace Corps. I made 80\$/mo. Plus travel to and from Liberia.

I was sent upcountry to a mud and palm thatch hut jungle village called Zorzor just 5 miles from the guinea border. There were 11 of us, all men, all college graduates, black and white, Christian, Jewish and atheist. Each man went in a different village. The jungle was thick and foggy around Zorzor and with a little imagination; one could easily see a dinosaur crashing out of the trees. I lived in a mud house, caught rain water from the roof, boiled it, had a lantern and a kerosene fridge that I had to turn upside down every week. Every day I had to carefully-check the outdoor toilet because a mamba or a cobra might be laying in it. One had to keep an eye open. In fact, the villagers killed an 8 foot spitting cobra living under my mud house. After that I had a horror of something rising up in front of me in the dark. There was no electricity or lights in Zorzor -just the darkest darks. In the unpolluted air the night sky was gorgeous and brilliant with stars. Part of my job was to help build a school in Zorzor, a simple cement block structure w no electricity, water or glass windows, only screens. We got it built and the students dug a large pit toilet.

I taught an 8th grade there and 6 Liberian teachers taught 1 to 7. We had about 80 students. They all spoke the Loma and/or Kpelle Tribal languages and English. So we had some kids who spoke 3 languages. No one knew their ages as time was not recognized as years but as the great hunger time, or the fire time, or the sickness time. We had to use text books suited for America. Our kids lived in a primitive environment and had never seen a TV, snow, cows, telephone, stove, toilet, a house, etc. All the things in our culture were strange to them. So I tried to adapt concepts to their experience. They could not believe that trees in America turned red and orange and that it grew very cold and rain fell as snow. They could not comprehend winter. Food was scarce and precious. When they made chicken soup one could see the head, claws and entrails in the pot. Cats and dogs were on the menu also as was the skin of road kills when someone found one. We would have the same practice if we were constantly hungry. Malnutrition was prevalent especially among children. Rice was the main food and was often scarce.

One accomplishment was starting a C.A.R.E. food program in the school. Every day the kids carried buckets of water on their heads and we cooked corn meal, baby foods, vitamins, powdered milk, sugar and any other food care gave us in a 55 gal drum. After a month of steady food, body sores and big bellies disappeared. The eating custom was that males squatted around a food bowl and females around another. Each person dipped their fingers in and ate. Another job was to encourage simple sanitation as boiling drinking water, wearing shoes and using toilets. Students told me when they drank boiled water; they did not have a running stomach (dysentery). I also taught microbiology to in-training student nurses at the local Lutheran mission hospital. They told me diseases are caused by evil spirits not germs. I said, 'ok, but medicines can kill the evil spirits.'

Tropical diseases in Liberia were numerous, scary and rampant. One could not wade or swim in streams w/o getting Schistosomiasis, a parasite that infects the bladder. Most of the students had bloody urine, a symptom of infection. The Lutheran hospital which was run by 2 American doctors and 6 nurses was a group of mud buildings. They treated diseases, pregnancies, traumas and had a leper colony. The lepers, as with most Liberians were very cordial, and one day at the colony a leper man wished me well and wanted to shake hands with me. (sweat) I did, of course, and hoped his only finger would not come off in my hand. What a thought! Tropical diseases like smallpox, sleeping sickness, hook worm, malaria, elephantiasis, eye and skin worms were common and every Liberian had at least one active disease at any time. These diseases were my greatest fear. I found the people and the students to be very open and friendly folks and with the same human personalities as all of us. Teachers were respected and students would often give me a bag of new rice. The kids were fun to work with and were just like kids in any school anywhere we played volley ball, planted trees, and cooked food. They had their own games also. They thought I had "medicine" or magic because I could do flips and handstands. There were some bad folks too as everywhere. In fact one never knew what was going to happen and that caused a lot of stress. I was once threatened with a sword, arrested in Monrovia by soldiers but, thank God, released. A Liberian jail is unimaginable hell. Also cannibals attacked my mud house one night. That is another story! The Lomas had a male secret society in which "entities", or spirits not humans, and wore the carved masks so characteristic of Africa.

I saw their dancing Gnufi (devils) on several occasions in town. It wore a black wooden mask with silver strips outlining mouth, eyes, nose and large raffia skirt, leopard skins and turtle shells - no flesh showing. Drummers would beat out a rhythm and hundreds of people chanted and would form a circle as "it" weaved, danced and ran at people. Believe me, these were primeval and fascinating scenes that were a part of their culture for hundreds of years. "It" had power of life and death over the people. It was pretty scary since I was the only white guy in this dark jungle 6000 miles from home and in the midst of these primitive ceremonies. I heard about a vine bridge in another village. So another friend and I hiked thru the jungle for 3 hours to get to the site. When we arrived, we walked on a vine swinging bridge over a river and looked down at crocs while they looked up hopefully at us.

There were some American scientists near Zorzor who were trying to track and capture a river monster that was killing people as they crossed in boats. It left huge tracks where it came on shore and smashed their log trap. It was like a monster movie. They never captured it. We got an r/r while in Liberia, and 4 of us traveled by car thru West Africa.

Our one black pal said, "let me talk if we have trouble". We had trouble. In guinea we were arrested and stripped searched for

taking pictures; we got lost in Ghana and our car broke down in the middle of a storm; we ran out of gas in Ouagadougou, Niger (a really depressing Saharan desert town) but we had dinner there with the American ambassador to Niger. We also saw and met the infamous French foreign legion in Niger.

All in all Africa is a fascinating continent in which to travel but don't expect clean sheets and towels in hotels and just ignore the yellow and brown stains and old toenails and don't even try to imagine what the rest of the stuff is in and on the sheets. And don't look too closely at the jar of used toothpicks when in eating places. They are for your comfort. There were too many experiences to relate. It was a real adventure!! After 2 years my tour was over. I left the jungle, the mud village, the school kids, the diseases. The hunger, Liberian friends and headed home. It took 6 weeks to get home. I was with a couple other guys and we traveled to Nigeria, Sudan, Egypt, Jerusalem, Greece, Italy, Germany and Austria. In Europe I relaxed because I looked like everyone else instead of being an oddity. We took a luxury liner from Cherbourg, France to New York. (1963).

When I got home I had some trouble readjusting to opulent America and healthy people. Next I got involved with the anti poverty program and I was sent to Tuskegee institute of Tuskegee airman fame in Alabama for 2 months training with 20 other folks, black and white. Tuskegee was an all black college and this was 1964, the height of the civil rights movement. The local KKK got on the radio and said they were not happy with whites and niggers mixing and they would come after us. The president of Tusk. answered that Tusk. ROTC would have loaded rifles if KKK decided to trespass on private property. KKK said they would look for us anytime we left the campus. I wondered what I was into now. We did leave the campus, of course, to work in the community and nothing happened. Tusk. Had a church on campus and black churches are very expressive and lively in music and song. The school had a graduation in the church and by then we all knew each other. They asked me to lead in the graduates and do something acrobatic. So I did a round off, handsprings, back flip down the aisle of the church to the music and singing. Then I did a handstand on the preacher's chair. It made church history.

After I left there I applied for a teacher position in the new job corps program for male school dropouts 16 to 21 years old. I went to Curlew Job Corps Center in Curlew, Wash. 5 miles from Canada. Our job was to help students get a GED, learn a trade and become employable. Great goals but many of these kids came from rough backgrounds as drugs, psycho problems, jail, gangs and broken families. Many could not read or do simple math. Here they were at a WWII military base surrounded by forests. Most were black and when we took them into town, we had some nasty racial incidents instigated by local rednecks. There were also racial problems on center. We had to do personal searches on Corps members after recreational trips. It was a rough job but most of the corps members were ok kids despite their problems. We were part of U.S. forest service and the staff received forest fire fighting training. We selected 20 students for training also. Forest service thought they were losers and would break down in a fire. After training, we were sent on fires. It was quite tough and dangerous work. Our job corps students performed great. It was like the dirty dozen stories of misfits who took the challenge and proved themselves capable. The forest service started looking at our guys in a more positive light. To be continued 1966

{Harmer's bio is awesome and once again reminds me of how great an influence you all have had on so many. You teachers, instructors, coaches, mentors, and protectors, have influenced and even saved so many lives and young minds and hearts of, I am sure many thousands, I am so proud of all of you.....jmm }

Jack Miles | **50-58** | **Wrap up and coming events**

“Sorry about leaving out the normal tid-bits of humor in this edition.

“Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't.” The stories stand brightly on their own well deserved merits. “

The coming 30th edition of the Newsletter will highlight:

The “Reunion Team” progress report

The “Statue Team” progress report

The “FSU Gymnastics” web-site report

The new “Tallahassee Tumbling Tots” web-site report

plus

The Ashmore, Bestmann, Lecuona, Fadigan Mental Competency reports

The shocking untold truth about Barbara Withers & Beverley Beaton

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(Which also includes all back copies of the FSU Gymnastics Newsletters)

And the New Tots Website <<http://tallahassee tumblingtots.org>>