

# DUST IN THE WIND

A Class of '76 Newsletter

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## NEW GRANDBABY FOR LVHS FAMILY

Jill Ressler (nee Schaefer) is shown with new grandbaby Bella and grandson Noah. Noah and Bella are the children of Melissa, the daughter of John Respass and Jill. John and Jill are no longer married but do have the honor of being the happy grandparents of Noah and Bella. Debbie Respass (nee Tudorios) is the step-grandmom. E-mails from both sides of the family appear on page 2.



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## Jill Schaefer, John Respass and Debbie Tuderios Celebrate New Grandbaby

We are grandparents again. I know this will get complicated, so I will try and explain.

John Respass and Jill Schaefer's daughter, Melissa, just had her 2nd baby, a girl, on Monday, 8/21/2006 at 10:16am Mtn Time. She was 20 1/2 inches long and weighed 7 lbs & 7 oz.

So John and I (as step-mom to Melissa) are grandparents again. By the end of the year we will have a total of 5 grandchildren, since my son and his wife are expecting around Christmas time.

We are quite excited, so much easier being grand-parents than parents. It's fun to sit back and watch our children's turn. That way we can sit back and grin!

### Debbie Tuderios Respass

On August 21, 2006 at 10:16 a.m., our second grandchild was brought into the world. It was the second most amazing day in my life, the first being the day our grandson Noah was born. I got to be at both of these momentous occasions. This time it was a good thing because Dad wasn't doing to good there for a little while. Our new granddaughter, Bella Jane, came into the world weighing 7 lbs, 7 oz., and was 20 1/2 inches long. As you can tell by her photo she is a keeper. We have been told by more then one person that her feet won't touch the ground til she is two and I think that may be true. Noah has come around very fast and is very protective of his sister and wants to help Mom and Dad as much as he can in between playing with all the new things that have come into the house (toys for him and Bella). Our daughter Melissa and her husband Kyle are both doing fantastic and I wonder how long they can keep it up with no sleep. They look so fresh and energetic still after 3 days. We will see!

### Jill Ressler

## MEMORY BOOK DEADLINE

The Memory Book Committee is working on choosing the photo's for the book. This has afforded us additional time to get more bio's. We only received approximately 25 bio's for the book. Obviously, we would like to have a more complete book and it is our hope that now that the Reunion is over, you had the chance to reunite with old friends and acquaintances, you will be more receptive to sending in your bio to go into the book. Bio's must be received by **15 September**.

Many people have asked "What should I write about?", "How long should it be?". So, below is a sample bio. Of course, your bio can be shorter, longer, have more information, yada, yada, yada. Remember, this is just a guide to get you going. I do ask however that you please keep it to at least a half page, certainly no longer than one page.

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### Judy Freeman Newmarker Bio

After high school went to work for about four years before going off to college in Los Angeles for three years. I returned to Las Vegas for a couple of years before moving to Sacramento for about two years, moved back to Vegas for a very short time when I decided to move to Southern California in 1986 and have lived here since. I have two beautiful daughters, Sarah, 14 and Katherine (Kate), 11, who are the most important people in my life. My oldest, Sarah, plays basketball; my youngest, Kate, is a gymnast. Married 14 years, I am now happily single for the past three years. I do administrative/accounting work and have had the great honor and pleasure of being a part of planning our 30th high school Reunion.

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Also, if you **did not** attend the reunion but want to receive a Memory Book, please send \$35.00 to me,

Judy Newmarker,  
4009 Fielding Court,  
Cypress, CA 90630

If you paid to attend the reunion, the book is included. You do not need to send more money. However, if you would like to send a different bio, you can do so.

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## Part Two

# ABRACADBRA-Clif joins the "Boys in Blue"

(Sorry, I could not get this all on part one of my email: I hope you enjoyed part one. ..)



So two minutes and counting Clif or the tickets are released, what is it going to be -buy the mini pack to see Notre Dame and toss the other parts of the mini package deal? I hear nothing on the other end....Clif, are you there, I hear breathing but no answer.....less then a minute Clif and then again there is a NO. Ok, because this is it Clif, I have these tickets and you are saying NO to Notre Dame? You're sure.....Time up.....tickets released. Oh well that is the way it goes, look at your little bobblehead instead. Such is life. Had them in your little hand and then gone, poof like the squirrely Notre Dame leprechaun. No Charlie Weiss phone call is coming Clif, no Tim Brown, no Joe Theisman, no Joe Montana.....done! There was a time that Clif would of loved to attend one of the military academies.....and here was a chance. As I check the website again, there is a mere chance I can purchase game tickets for just the Air Force-Notre Dame game on a specific day at a specific time. You know how that goes, everybody in

the world is standing at ticketmaster and have cell phones attached to their ears. All of their friends are also trying to help or get tickets! It is a crazy system and sometimes you wait hours and end up with a pretty wrist band. So I mark the calendar and on that morning I hustle to the computer and I wait until the nine o'clock hour and boom I am off. I have the computer clicking, I have a cell phone on my left and regular phone on my right. I am at the Mallett Command Center! I have the phones on redial and I am roaring along on the computer when I hit the glitch or it has hit a glitch so I am prepared for back up with the phones. I start hitting redial on the regular phone, then the cell, back and forth I go until hear a voice! My computer is still waffling whether I deserve these tickets or not. Anyway, the voice on the other end is happy to help me and I order my tickets and within minutes I am done and tickets will be mailed in a few weeks. Clif's birthday is still days away, should I tell him about the tickets or not, what to do-what to do. Days pass but I decide the thing to do is to tell Clif I bought the Notre Dame tickets and then he can plan his trip. So I open the website for Air Force again, make a copy of the announcement that all seats have been sold and then when he all is comfy and still growling about his day. I pop in like a fairy godmother and hand him the notice and let him know he is one of the lucky sold out tickets. Happy Birthday! But Clif being Clif this may not be as easy as I think, infact he seems quite happy- yet skeptical of my gift. I tell him the tickets will be sent the first week in Sept. So he heads to his calendar-checks out the date and then seems like he is in a bit of a fog the rest of day. I think it is because he is shell shocked. I let it all sink in, and I am thinking he is still just speechless that his little hobo has gotten the tickets for him. At last I say, well have you told all your buddies about the Notre Dame game, did you invite someone to go? He says no.....I say why not, you should be shouting from the rooftops. Hey, I will even get you the Air Force windshirt! You can watch the cadets do their push ups for every time they score a TD. You can tailgate,



mingle with your Golden Knuckleheads.....what is up. Clif says to me in a very slow and methodical way-I am waiting to see the actual golden tickets! Oh My Word! This is what happens when you become as mischievous as I have been in our 30 years of marriage. I cannot make this stuff up folks! Oh well, Go Air Force Falcons, I hope you send the Golden Knuckleheads sailing back to South Bend!

Love to all,  
Leslie Mallett

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# Brian Greenspun says name a school for Evelyn Stuckey

(Contributed by Leslie Mallet and reprinted from the Las Vegas Sun, September 3)

Summer is over. It's back to school again.

It is a known fact that the older a person gets, the fewer back-to-school sales he will have in his future. That is why, I suppose, that those of us who are approaching elder statesman status look upon these times with a certain degree of pride in what we have accomplished and, on the other side of the coin, a certain amount of lament at that which we have not yet done.



## The Las Vegas High School Rhythmettes, 1953

I am no different. In fact, around my house I am reminded of that which I have not yet done on a daily basis. Constantly. Without surcease. Without any letup in sight. It is a situation with which I have become quite familiar and with which I have learned to cope for lo these many years.

There are some things, though, which have not yet been done that should have been accomplished a long time ago, that no amount of constructive criticism from the home office can affect. For one such issue, there is a whole other layer of people willing to give advice. That, I am afraid, is the situation in which I find myself today and for which I need help because nothing in my married life has prepared me for the onslaught of the ... Rhythmettes!

For those of you who have never heard of the Rhythmettes, they were once the pride and joy of a young and growing Las Vegas that didn't have that much to be proud of. They performed on national television, they performed in the Las Vegas High School gymnasium and they performed at every venue that, in those days, could and did appreciate these most talented and disciplined young women. Most importantly, the Rhythmettes represented what was really the best of a young Las Vegas and gave purpose, discipline and direction to hundreds and hundreds of young high school students who, as history has proven, have grown up to be the foundations of the communities in which they have chosen to live.

I say this because it is true. And because my sister, Janie, was a high-kicking, in-synced and in-tow member of one of the last high school classes ever to field a Rhythmette squad. I also say this because many of the

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hundreds of women who wore the uniform and boots of this once and always proud group of Las Vegas' finest are about to set upon me - to share with me their thoughts about what I should do in much the same way as my good wife has done on other matters for almost four decades.

If you follow me so far, you will realize that there are hundreds of 50-, 60- and 70-something women who want me to help, and they will not be shy about the way they ask. After all, they have been trained by the best to go after their dreams and to not let anyone stand in their way. And they have lived most of their adult lives doing just that. So what chance do I have in the face of this impending attack by women who know what they want and who won't stop until they achieve their goal?

The only way out of this is to do not only what they want but also what I know for a fact is the right thing to do. And that is speak up loudly on behalf of one of the greatest educators and leaders of young women who ever graced a high school in our community.

That's right. I am doing what I can to encourage the Clark County School District to name a new school after the woman who created the Las Vegas High School Rhythmettes - Evelyn Stuckey.

First, in the name of full disclosure, I attended Las Vegas High School - there were a handful of high schools in the entire county in those days - and, besides having a crush on multiple members of the precision drill team, I was also the master of ceremonies for the annual Rhythmette Revue my senior year. So, I have firsthand knowledge of Stuckey's incredible ability to teach and mold these young women at a time when girls were still fighting over the right or arguing over the need to further their own educations. As a brother, a pretend boyfriend, and a master of ceremonies who could barely see eye to eye with the Rhythmettes because they were all a full head taller, I learned the value of believing in yourself and working as a team. I learned that, not just from my own coaches and teachers, but from Evelyn Stuckey.

So why is Stuckey more deserving than the others whose names have been advanced for schools to be named after them? I can't say that she is because I don't know all the candidates. But what I do know is that in a community that doubles in size every decade or so, there is very little that the newcomers know about our city - their city - that helps them understand who and why we are. In the 1950s and '60s, everyone knew Evelyn Stuckey and her Rhythmettes, and everyone knew that if a young woman was a Rhythmette, she was a person to be respected.

Anyone who could have that much impact over an entire generation of young people clearly deserves to be recognized. And she clearly deserves to be recognized in the milieu of her life's work. Stuckey lived for her girls. She was a classic example of a teacher who was dedicated to bringing out the best in her students - in this case her Rhythmettes. On a broader scale, and long before there was a legal requirement to do so, Stuckey was teaching young women that they, too, could excel on the athletic field if they were committed to the discipline it took to achieve such a goal. At the same time, she helped an entire community, which was searching for its own identity, feel good about itself when everyone else was defining Las Vegas according to their own biases. Stuckey's girls helped dispel the "Sin City" notions as they kicked and danced their way across the television sets of America.

There was no way, people had to think, that a city that could turn out such wholesome and responsible young girls like the Rhythmettes could be as bad as what everyone else was writing. And that was true. This was a wonderful place to grow up during those early days, and Stuckey helped assure those who had yet to come here that this was a decent and respectable place to live.

So, there you have it, School Board members. In my mind this is an easy decision, and I suspect that if you poll anyone else who was lucky enough to grow up here and go to high school here in those earlier days, you will get the same opinion. And if that isn't a good enough reason to enshrine Evelyn Stuckey's good works in a school bearing her name, then I don't know what is.

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# Brian Greenspun says name a school for Evelyn Stuckey

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It is a shame that Las Vegas was so small and that so many of the Rhythmettes have scattered to faraway places, because they would all be here for the meeting if they could. It is a shame that so many of Las Vegas' nearly 1.8 million residents have never heard of her or Las Vegas High School and the Rhythmettes because they could have taken such pride in what she did. And it is a shame that there are so many worthy people and so few schools after which to name them.

But this is an easy one. And since Evelyn Stuckey is not here to plead her case - which she would never do - and since I am trying to avoid the e-mails and phone calls from hundreds of well-meaning and determined ladies who won't take no for an answer, I am asking the School Board to take heed of my plea.

I rarely, if ever, have as good an idea as this one that recommends naming a school after Evelyn Stuckey. That's because she was a rare individual, and this is a rare opportunity to do the right thing.

*Brian Greenspun is editor of the Las Vegas Sun.*

## Evelyn Stuckey

**September 10, 1921 - April 10, 1980**

The Las Vegas High School Rhythmettes traveled the country, making appearances and acting as ambassadors for Las Vegas throughout the 1950s and 1960s. The Rhythmettes were the creation of Evelyn Stuckey.

Stuckey came to Las Vegas in 1948 to teach physical education at Las Vegas High School. She felt that the young women of the school were missing out on the spirit of camaraderie that male athletes experienced and decided to create a group for girls. This new group was a drill team known as the Rhythmettes. The students were enthusiastic about the new group and many students tried out, but the squad was limited to sixteen girls. Stuckey stressed the importance of education, demanding a 3.0 grade point average from all the Rhythmettes. She claimed membership in the squad would teach grace, self-esteem, and leadership. The Rhythmettes made their first appearances in 1950 and became popular nationwide soon after. They traveled from coast to coast, making appearances in Hollywood and New York City. Articles about the new group appeared in newspapers and magazines across the country. The girls also got the chance to perform on the Ed Sullivan Show and on the Wide World of Sports. The Rhythmettes acted as goodwill ambassadors for Las Vegas and made appearances in local events like Helldorado Days.

Stuckey succeeded in creating a group for high school girls that instilled self-confidence while offering opportunities to travel the country as representatives of Las Vegas. The Rhythmettes disbanded in 1966 due to Stuckey's poor health. They were restarted in 1974 and she advised them until 1979. Evelyn Stuckey was named Las Vegas Woman of the Year in 1954 and Nevada Outstanding Citizen in 1964. She taught at Las Vegas High School until her death in 1980.

<http://www.mers.byu.edu/long/LVHS/>