

**“Family”—Pet Friends**

*Tiger Lily* (2 years)—a brindle Yellow Dab (i.e Great Dane-Yellow Lab hybrid)

*Petunia* (3 years)—the first and last of the Bolaco line (i.e. Border Collie, Lab and Coon Hound hybrid)

*Isaac* (10 years)—a domestic mathair



After having known each other for 20 years, Elise and I got married last June (first time for both of us) and went on a honeymoon, beginning by paddling our getaway vehicle across the lake in front of the house and ending atop Machu Picchu in **Peru** (above). (The “kids” joined us later.)

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**Career / Post High School Education**

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**MHS Memories**

I got the impression, at our 35th reunion, that there's a strong tendency among us to look back on MHS in the '50s as some sort of lost “Good Old Days”. I offer the following MHS Memories as corrective evidence that they weren't so good, at least for some of our number.

- 1) Having proven inept at football and clueless at basketball, and thus having spent many a gym period sitting on the bench while The Coach rehearsed The Team for an upcoming game, I went out for track one spring. I was fairly quick in the 100-yard dash, but a slug over any greater distance. There was a Chicano runner—was it Leonard Delgado?—who could do 330 while I trudged through a 220. Coach says to me one day, “I want you to run the 220 in the meet against Salina.”

“Ought to have Delgado run it,” I replied, “since he might actually win it.”

Coach goes ballistic, tells me to clean out my locker, and stands there ranting with his big drill-instructor belly mashing against me while I do it. (I learned in later years that this is standard why-don't-you-swing-at-me provocation.)

Next day, according to Mike McNeil, he tells the team that I'd quit.

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**Proudest Achievement**

Actually getting an Intro student—maybe even several—enthusiastic about continuing study in philosophy.

*Right:* Lauren & Elise Miller, leaving their June 2007 wedding in a paddle boat on a lake near their home.

**1950s Movies**

What few movies I saw in the '50s were in the film series up at K-State: *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *La Strada*, and others. It was a great era for cinema, and I've often gone back to revisit these films, as well as others like *The Third Man*, *Los Olvidados* & *Breathless* (with JP Belmondo). Recently, Elise and I became the last two people on the planet (well, of 50+ demographic, anyway) to watch *The Bad Seed*.

**Favorite 1950s Music**

I was a jazz snob in high school, and listened to the likes of Stan Getz and Count Basie. (I still have the red vinyl Duke Ellington 45s I bought from Molly Hoover.) But since then, I've come to like d'Blues—Little Walter, Lonnie Mack, Howlin' Wolf, et al. They were funky when funky wasn't cool.

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**Memories**  
(continued)



**MHS Memories** (continued)

- 2) A Freshman kid who showed up during our Junior year was a true greaser-in-training—wore his jeans low, his collar turned up, his long hair slicked back in a D.A., and a truculent sneer on his face.
- 3) (cont'd) Not to my knowledge was he ever aggressive, but the forces of law and order decided this little shit needed a comeuppance. I don't remember whether this was before or after Robert Maynard tried to mess with him and got razor-slashed from wrist to elbow for his trouble. But one day, Herb Bishop and a swat-team of jocks grabbed the kid, held him down and cut off his greasy locks, right there in front of the principal's office. Oh, it was probably good for him—maybe he went on to become a lawyer for the ACLU.
- 4) Back in the really old days, there used to be a Christian Flag, displayed in the auditorium right next to the Stars & Stripes. It had its own corresponding Pledge of Allegiance, which we would stand to recite at the beginning of every assembly. I used to say it right along with everyone else, probably being reluctant to acknowledge my drift toward the perimeter of school society. One day, suddenly overwhelmed by the ridiculousness of my pledging anything of the sort, I sat down instead. Fellow students who, until then, were pleased to keep me at arm's length, were suddenly anxious to reach out to me, to haul me out of my seat and into the posture of an upright citizen. My atheistic deadweight overwhelmed their efforts to resurrect me, however.
- 5) Even after the Christian Flag Salute disappeared from the roster of official MHS rituals, there remained the mandatory Easter Assembly, where students could sing hymns and heard the good news of Christianity earnestly delivered by a student chosen for his eloquence and pastoral piety. Bob Marvin (aka Phil) and I took a pass on that event one spring, spent the hour in the band room earnestly discussing the nature and future of American society, followed by two hours in the principal's office for unauthorized substitution of the secular for the religious.