



Litton Blast

Isaac Litton High School - Nashville, TN
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The MISSION of the Isaac Litton Alumni Association is to preserve the rich heritage of our former school, to provide support to the present Isaac Litton Middle School, and be a positive influence in the lives of ALL the children in our community. We do this with effective communication that continually reaches out to bring the Alumni and the community together to promote our programs and services.

Our next issue of the BLAST will be on January 1, 2020.

We would like to take this advance opportunity to wish you all –

HappyHallowGhanksmas !



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The years are rolling by. Hard to believe that my class, 1965, graduated 54 years ago. Most of us never thought that we would ever get old. But here we are, senior citizens.

Many folks in my class are blessed with good health and look much younger than their years. Some are still working.

I attended several Isaac Litton Reunions this summer. Among these were classes of '58,'59 and '69, as well as the 2019 Annual All-Alumni Reunion. The lifetime achievements of Litton graduates is amazing. The energy displayed at these events was infectious.

So, let us endeavor to "Give Back" by volunteering and donating to the Litton Alumni Association or other organizations that are attempting to make the world a better place for the young people of today.

Hopefully, they will look back in 50 plus years and appreciate their school years.

And for all Litton Grads, Keep Moving

LITTON HIGH FOREVER

REST IN PEACE, JIMMY HOWELL . . . AND THANK YOU.
(Contributed by Hal Gibbs, Class of 1971)

Hello, all..... As an Isaac Litton Alumni and former Alumni Board Officer and member, I wanted to post the photo and obituary for Mr. James "Jimmy" Howell. Without him and his "vision", things would not be the same for us right now. They would be a lot different. No renovated gym, no "Lion's Den" and probably not much of an alumni association. He made things happen. I was fortunate to have met him several times.

James Justin Howell, age 90, of Hendersonville, Tennessee passed away on Sunday, July 7, 2019. James was born on May 5, 1929 in Nashville to the late James Head Howell and Corinne Kyle Howell. James was a passionate, hardworking man. He loved playing golf and spending time with his grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



He ran several businesses and owned several companies during his lifetime, and upon his retirement, found that sitting still simply wasn't his style.



He decided to take on the renovation and restoration of the essentially abandoned Isaac Litton High School Gymnasium. After 13 years, millions of dollars raised, and a lot of hard work, he restored it to its former glory and now, in addition to being declared as a city park, it is now home to an organization called "Backfield in Motion." Backfield in Motion is a nonprofit organization that caters to the after-school needs of underprivileged young boys by feeding them, doing homework with them, and doing sports with them.

The following is extracted from the Isaac Litton Alumni Association Board Members Handbook, wherein Board Members are apprised of our history as a school, the current Alumni Center and its formation. Jimmy Howell was the spearhead upon which all this has been accomplished and we of the ILAA are forever grateful.



PURPOSE & PROCESS FOR THE REVOVATION OF THE GYMNASIUM OF THE FORMER ISAAC LITTON HIGH SCHOOL

Purpose:

- Provide educational development and athletic participation for needy and “at risk” youth
- Create a positive and functional facility for the Inglewood community
- Provide a facility for the alumna’s general use and enjoyment

Process:

Dr. Bill Wise, Director of Metro Nashville Schools called Hall Hardaway and asked him if the Litton Alumni would join with the Police Athletic League to renovate the gym of the former Isaac Litton High School. Both were to raise \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 was to be gained from various foundations. The alumni were presented the proposal during the summer outing at the Maddux farm by Johnny DuVal and Clifford McRae. It was accepted by all.

Initially Clifford and I arranged luncheons with various alumni to raise funds for the renovation of the football field and the gym. During this period, we raised approximately \$85,000 through golf and various events over a three-year period. The chief of police, Emmett Turner resigned after Bill Purcell became mayor and after an eight-month delay, chief Serpas was appointed. Soon after his appointment, I received a call on Friday night from the Mayor’s office telling me that the PAL was being dissolved and for me to discontinue raising funds under their 501c(3) IRS non-profit license. I had an appointment with the HCA people to visit the gym Monday to hopefully get a grant for \$50,000. I was very disappointed that Mayor Purcell was not in favor of continuing the PAL.

Now what? Most of the \$600,000 cash and commitments we had collected was given because we were using the PAL 502(3) non-profit license for the alumni and after a little over 18 months, we were granted approval.

Then, we applied to the State of Tennessee for a license to collect funds locally. This only took about six months, but now we were legally able to mount a finance campaign and continue our plans for renovation of the gym.

Since I had been on the Board of Youth, Inc., and my brother-in-law Hank Thompson was the main driving force of the organization, we replaced the PAL with the Youth, Inc. and started again to raise funds for the renovation. During the next few years, Hand died from cancer and Youth, Inc. lost its main appeal – they cancelled their basketball program and limited their involvement in other sports. I arranged a meeting with the president and vice-president and determined this was not the group that would gain full use of the facility and property.

Now another start and obviously, the best one! Having heard of the BIM “Backfield in Motion” organization, I called them and talked with Micah Kimble and explained to him why and what we were trying to achieve. His enthusiasm was music to my ears. I knew we had the best in Metro. The BIM organization with Boots Donnelly has proven to be the group that truly fits the need we planned for from the start, to develop improved learning, athletic involvement and contributing self-sufficient citizens.

Football Field:

The first project at Litton was primarily led by Hall Hardaway and Clifford McRae. That included removing the old bleachers and replacing new bleachers on the west side of the field. Also, the field was raised and fencing and scoreboard was replaced, and a press box was added. The cost was \$306,000. Doug Mathews, a former Vanderbilt football player and sports announcer contacted Bud Adams, Jr., who caused the NFL sports foundation to contribute \$100,000 toward improving the football facility. Also, a Memorial Foundation contributed \$133,000. With other contributors, a total of \$308,000 was raised that completed the need.

Isaac Litton Park:

Our councilman at the time was Lawrence Hart who drafted a resolution that was passed by the Metro council that supported the work of the alumni and future improvements. This addressed the adjacent field on the south and led to the naming “Isaac Litton Park”. It became part of the park system and we were able to add a small children’s play area, gazebo, baseball field, new fencing, renewed tennis and volleyball courts, and added and renewed lighting. Metro Parks is also responsible for cutting the grass and trash pickup.

To sum up, we pay no utilities, do no maintenance to the property, and it is available for the Inglewood community, the BIM organization and the Litton Alumni.

Side Note:

I was told that the gym was destined to be demolished but the MNPS did not have the \$150,000 needed for demolition. With the renovation of the Isaac Litton properties, the MNPS saved \$150,000 and gained the improved value of the renovation making our contribution to metro and the Inglewood Community \$1,770,247.

This could not have been accomplished without the Lord’s guidance that provided talented alumni that worked tirelessly without being paid. I wish to acknowledge Ted Wynne, PE, who furnished the engineering that caused the gym renovation to comply with all construction codes, ADA, Fire and Safety; Mary Ann Baker

that caused the “Lion’s Hall” to bring back the memories of our beloved high school. We thank you and the others that supported the renovation.

PHOTO GALLERY of THE ISAAC LITTON ALUMNI CENTER



To see many more photos of the Alumni Center facilities, our Lions Den (memorabilia on display, and the grounds – go to our website at www.isaacclitton.com. We hope you will enjoy your exploration and utilize the facility that means so much to so many.

TAKE TIME to LAUGH

Old Farmer's Advice

Your fences need to be horse-high, pig-tight and bull-strong.

Life is simpler when you plow around the stump.

Meanness don't just happen overnight.

Forgive your enemies; it messes up their heads.

Do not corner something that you know is meaner than you.

You cannot unsay a cruel word.

When you wallow with pigs, expect to get dirty.

The best sermons are lived, not preached.

Most of the stuff people worry about, ain't never gonna happen anyway.

Don't judge folks by their relatives.

Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.

Live a good and honorable life, then when you get older and think back, you'll enjoy it a second time.

Timing has a lot to do with the outcome of a rain dance.

The biggest troublemaker you'll probably ever have to deal with, watches you from the mirror every morning'.

Always drink upstream from the herd.

Lettin' a cat out of a bag is a whole lot easier than puttin' it back in.

Live simply, love generously, care deeply, speak kindly, and enjoy the ride.

WHAT IF . . .

(Contributed by Tom Vickstrom, Historian at The Hermitage Hotel)

What would Nashville be like today without the Ryman Auditorium, the vintage buildings of Lower Broadway and Second Avenue, without Union Station and without The Hermitage Hotel?



These places give a considerable amount of heart and soul to Nashville. In the 1970s, however, they were all on the verge of urban renewal, making way for “progress.”

Capable leaders with vision and respect took action, thankfully, and they were difference-makers. Retired architect Donald Cowan remembers the situation this way. “When Dick Fulton was mayor he called and asked privately whether to have the Hermitage Hotel torn down or not. The mayor had been under a great deal of pressure to have the hotel torn down. I went to look at the hotel and recommended that it was worth saving for architectural reasons. While it was quite deteriorated, it had potential and was worth saving. The advice was taken.” The hotel was extremely well designed and built, but had suffered in the '60s –'70s from reduced maintenance and the passage of time.

Preservationists had already been at work. The hotel was successfully named to the National Register of Historic places in 1975 due to the expertise of Metro Historical Commission, the Tennessee Historical Commission and others. This was in recognition of the hotel’s masterful Beaux Arts architecture, the hotel’s legacy as a political headquarters, and for the cherished ties to so many important guest experiences and events such as presidential visits and the Jackson Day Ball.

The Hermitage Hotel, the place of so many memorable times, closed its doors, stacked the ballroom chairs, and went silent and dark, awaiting an uncertain fate.

Class and Elegance Again!

The state legislature helped by allowing special financing for central city business districts, and the federal government was innovative nationwide with an Investment Tax Credit. After several starts and stops the hotel was acquired by Brock Hotel Corp., based in Kansas, who decided on a full renovation. The new hotel would be a Park Suite brand – each room with a parlor and a sleeping room. In fact, three styles of rooms were offered: traditional, contemporary, and oriental.



The grand opening occurred on March 6, 1981. Mayor Fulton tossed a set of hotel keys to the wind, affixed to balloons, with a card that offered a complimentary stay. It floated down in Kentucky.

Making the restoration possible was a diverse and talented group of contractors led by Gresham, Smith and Partners, architects. Interior design was handled by Ms. Jerry Law, who has recently donated her Hermitage files to the hotel archives. The Hermitage - a Park Suites Hotel had a glorious run.



Former concierge Mary B. Johnson recalls the great popularity of the hotel in the early to mid 80's, including many country music greats. She reports "Louise Mandrell was a publicity agent of sorts and all kinds of social events took place here. Some celebrity guests of those times included: Roy Rogers, Barbara Walters, Tom Wopat (Dukes of Hazzard), Boy George, Motley Crue, Red Skelton, Clint Eastwood, Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Cybill Shepherd, Barbara Eden (I Dream of Jeannie), and many senators, of course."

"The old Hermitage Hotel reaches out from the past to cling on to the present, but she has never lost her dignity and pride. Her experience records much of the history of Nashville and Tennessee. Her

spacious rooms accommodated presidents, generals, heroes, dignitaries and the famous. Her ballroom resounded to the music of Francis Craig, other great bands and the gaiety of the community. Governors, senators, congressmen, mayors and other political leaders have been named in her smoke-filled rooms.”

The spacious old lobby has echoed the hearty laughs of Franklin Roosevelt, the quiet language of Cordell Hull, the sharp voice of Ed Crump, the velvet tongue of Joe Byrnes, the quiet tones of Hilary Howse, the stentorian voice of Douglas MacArthur, and many other greats.

Her rooms could tell some interesting stories. Once, a young baritone singer, anxious to graduate into an operatic career, was staying in one while competing in the regional finals of a nationwide contest in the War Memorial Building, sponsored by a radio company to choose operatic candidates. He lost and in disgust decided to study law instead. Thomas E. Dewey became a U.S. district attorney and later the governor of New York and a Republican candidate for the United States presidency.



A great part of the organized charities of Nashville was determined in her meeting rooms. She was a beautiful garden for the social flower of yesterday – until they faded. She was gallery for the gallants of another day. She closed her doors and went into mourning. But then she arose and refused to surrender to the passage of time. She refused to give up her throne of a queen. She went back to the old trunks, dressed up and decided to turn to the cocktail, gourmet, and sophisticated new world.

Cheers!
May the future be
as glorious as the past!

REMINESCENCE

(Contributed by James Shoemake, Class of 1948)

Have you ever walked into a restaurant or a doctor's waiting room---or even a church---and noticed people sitting at their tables, looking down at shiny rectangular objects they're holding? They'll tap the buttons on them every so often or swipe a finger across the surfaces, and the objects will flash letters and colors. Nobody ever looks at each other, nobody talks to each other, nobody notices your presence. Talk and smiles and eye contact between people seem to be fading away because of the obsession with these objects.

James Shoemake, a 1948 Litton graduate, remembers the days when it wasn't this way. Family and friends and neighbors got together regularly for food, fun, festivity and worship. Friendships meant something and lasted for lifetimes; memories made were solid and good ones. During six decades in the 20th century and on into the 21st, he has written how it was when he was a young boy, a Litton student, a husband and father, and a company employee for the National Life and Accident Company. "It was a wonderful period in this great country of ours," he says, "and writing things down has made me appreciate those times and my life, even more."

Born on August 24, 1929, he grew up with three brothers and a sister. "In the days long before air conditioning or television," he wrote, "a bunch of us would go on hot summer days to the Shelby Park swimming pool. We lived across the street from two vacant lots, great for creating and playing games, such as softball, baseball, horse shoes. Sometimes we'd just sit in the shade and listen to music coming from the house next door. I began to roller skate and this became a big part of my activities, continuing into my adulthood. I mastered dancing on skates with the help of my cousin, Ruby Bradley, and other ladies my age, and became proficient at the skating dances at the Hippodrome Skating Rink on West End Avenue. In fact, I skated there on the very last night before the wrecking ball took the Rink down in 1968. My last skating session was on my 84th birthday in 2013---but no fancy footwork or dances that time!"

James went often to the Sulpher Dell Baseball Park between 4th and 5th Avenues back then. The team was the Nashville Vols. He'd taken up bicycling by then and got to Sulpher Dell by bicycle or public bus. The bicycle provided the mobility for him to get around his neighborhood and Nashville and surrounding areas. He continued to ride bikes until surgeries or illnesses intervened and stopped his riding. He passed his love of the bicycle along to his son as well: at one time, they had eighteen bicycles of various sizes and ages.

His real star sport was bowling. "I took up bowling in 1950 on a team at our church, Inglewood Baptist," he writes. "I also bowled in the National Life and Accidents Company men's team. This led to entering tournaments locally and in other cities, and I won the State Singles tournament twice. I was the *Tennessean/Banner* Bowler of the Year one time and a member of the All-Nashville team for many years."

James began high school at Litton in 1944 where he met his future wife, Lula Faye Winfrey (class of 1948). "Our first date was November 11, 1944. We went to the Litton/Tulahoma football game. Litton won the game and afterward, we watched a tremendous free-for-all fight started by the Tullahoma players. I had taken the bus from my home in north Nashville to Inglewood to pick up Faye and we rode the bus to the game at Litton. After the game, we took the bus back to her house; then I rode it back to mine. I just wonder how many kids today would ride the bus to go on dates." James and Faye dated all through their Litton years and married in 1949, beginning 67 happy years of marriage. They had two daughters, Beverly Kaye (Litton Class of 1971) and Barbara Lynn; and a son, Matt

Kennon. Over the years, they helped put together eight Litton class reunions, with the 50th taking place at the Opryland Hotel.

After his children were born, the Shoemakes devoted themselves to working and making a home for their children. Faye was an expert seamstress who became an instructor with the Smocking Arts Guild of America (SAGA) and attended many of their conventions. She taught more than 3,000 young ladies the art of garment construction, including English smocking and French hand sewing. James worked for National Life and Accident Company. They became members of Inglewood Baptist and James drove a bus for a group called "The Young at Heart," to its planned monthly activities. He also drove a bus to pick up church attendees to Sunday and special services. Vacations were spent traveling: to state parks Cedars of Lebanon, the Great Smokey Mountains, Land Between the Lakes, and others. Trips eventually included all four corners of the U.S., from Oregon to Maine. They took trips to Myrtle Beach; to Wisconsin; to Hershey, PA; to tulip festivals in Iowa; to Mackinac Island, MI, to Gettysburg, PA, to Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod, to Cape Neddick Lighthouse in York, ME. They visited the Grand Canyon and rode the Narrow Gauge railroad along a route inaccessible to cars. Their 50th wedding anniversary coincided with a cruise to Alaska. They've stood in the exact center of the lower 48 states at Lawrence, KS. James says, "The quote I like to remember is that 'in life, it's not where you go, it's who you travel with.' My wife was a great traveling companion, keeping a positive attitude and sharing her wonder in every place we visited." Faye passed away on April 23, 2017. "She has now completed her final trip to a higher place," James muses.

James' 90th birthday was on August 24, 2019. He's seen and experienced things in his life that can no longer be experienced today. By writing down these memories, he is preserving a family history that will be a precious record for his descendants to know what "life was like back then." He strongly encourages everyone to begin his own family history, highlighting family traditions and events. "I guarantee that your children and grandchildren will be glad you did!"

ATTENTION, ALUMNI:

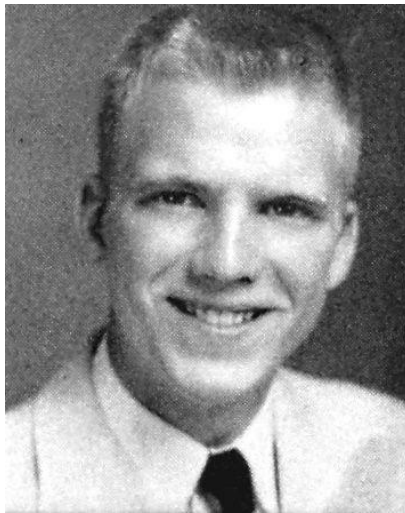
There have been several stories on the internet and social media lately that warn of the danger about posting your current location and activities in detail. Many of us, while sharing is a good thing, will comment about where we are and how long we will be gone, etc. Unfortunately, there are those online who will track down your information and have been elevating their nefarious activities while you are away (breaking into your home, for example.) We urge you to be careful when posting personal information and activities on public forums.



A NASHVILLE PILOT (and LITTON ALUM) TURNS SUPERSPY

Contributed by Kaaren Frazier Andrews, Class of 1959, From the October 16, 1983, Nashville *Tennessean*:

“A Nashville airplane pilot, pursuing what he terms ‘a patriotic mission,’ has flown to Columbia, South America, and returned to Pensacola, Florida, his plane loaded with \$227 million in cocaine which, instead of delivering to drug dealers, he promptly turned over to Federal authorities. This bizarre and colorful adventure was engineered by Russell Hancock, 42, a test pilot and Vice President of Colemill Enterprises in Nashville. Now he now says he fears for his life. ‘The people who’ve lost the \$227 million in cocaine are going to be breathing down my neck now and will kill me if they can find me,’ he says, ‘so now I’m going to make myself scarce for a while.’ The temptation might be to wonder if he’s lying when relating this story, or at least, exaggerating. But Federal officials, who now have possession of the drugs and the airplane he used to bring them to the United States, have confirmed that Hancock is telling the truth.”



This is the same Russell (“Blue”) Hancock who graduated from Isaac Litton High School in 1959. He was on the football team in his junior and senior years and played as well on the basketball and track teams. He was a Student Council alternate and was in the Science and Red Cross clubs. After finishing his education, he served in the U.S. Marines, married and had two children, a son and a daughter. He became interested in flying and affiliated with Colemill Enterprises in Nashville, then a major modifier of aircraft. He became devoted to the Piper Navajo Panther, a cabin-class business plane.



In June, 1981, he and associate, Boyd Munro, set a flight record in the Air Transat race, flying from New York to Paris and back in 29 hours, 43 minutes, earning international recognition. When he learned that Panthers were being purchased by many South Americans and used in the drug smuggling business, he made Customs agents aware of his business relationships with Columbians who wanted drugs smuggled into the United States. "The DEA told me to let the Department know if I was ever approached to bring drugs in and they would work with me."

He put the word out and kept Customs officials in northwest Florida aware of things. When he was contacted by a Columbian drug lord in Miami who wanted to arrange a drug delivery deal for loading drugs in South America and delivering them to his men for distribution in the United States along with the dollar payment, he agreed to the deal, then alerted the DEA. He was assured by U.S. authorities he could fly the delivery into the Panama City Bay County Airport where the shipment would be unloaded by Federal agents posing as ground crew.

"I went into this thing because I genuinely feel that the amount of drugs coming into this country is slowly but surely demoralizing the whole nation," Russell said, "to say nothing of the money it is draining from the economy. So I decided to make a single-handed effort to do something about it. I didn't want to go down to South America and bring back just a few pounds---I wanted to put a large dent in the cocaine traffic into this country."

The original plan was, after delivering the drugs to Florida, the plane would then be refueled and he and the Columbian drug crewmen riding with him would be allowed to leave, giving the impression that "a successful escape" was made. The DEA abruptly changed those plans, however, and he was not allowed to leave in the plane, thereby stripping him of protective cover and leaving him highly exposed and "in a precarious situation" with the dealers since now they knew he had turned them in to the U.S. government. The Columbian crewmen on board with him were arrested and Hancock was also secured in a Howard Johnson's motor lodge, with the 873 pounds of cocaine stored there with him. When the South American drug lord landed in Panama City with money to pay for the drugs, he was immediately taken into custody as well, as was Hancock's major contact in Miami who'd solicited him for the smuggling mission. Because of the sudden change in plans, his anonymity was destroyed and Russell obtained an attorney, giving him a 14-page, handwritten statement he wanted to read to the grand jury that had subpoenaed him to the case's hearing. Because his statement contained certain criticisms of procedures, however, his statement was not allowed to be read; thus, Russell did not testify at the hearing.

William Warner, then resident agent of the DEA office in Panama City, stated, "I've been a cop for 29 years, and I've never seen a larger seizure of drugs. I think Russ has done a great service to his country at substantial risk to his safety."

Russell Hancock did manage to escape the wrath of drug criminals and lived until 2008 when he passed away after suffering a brain hemorrhage. His skills and adventures seem right out of a television script, and it is certain that he is a graduate of whom we can be justifiably proud.

BAND TRIPS - CALIFORNIA

by Larry Collier (Class of 1969)

In September of 1963, I was entering the 7th grade at Litton. I was finally achieving my dream of becoming a Litton Lion. At about the same time, the unbelievable happened. The Marching 100+ received an invitation to participate in the Tournament of Roses Parade on New Years Day, 1964.

One has to remember that the world was a much different place then. Southern California was a distant dreamland, home to Hollywood's movies and TV shows, Disneyland, and paradise. Looking at that faraway land from little old Inglewood in a Nashville that was entirely different from today, the invitation to the Rose Bowl parade was a dream come true.

My older brother Mickey was a junior in the band, so our mother and father decided this was a trip of a lifetime and we just had to go. On December 29, 1963, the Litton contingent boarded 3 Capitol Airways airplanes and off we went. We left a very cold Nashville (temperature around 16 degrees) and 8 hours later, we were in the land of make-believe. The temperature was in the 80's. Thus began a week of unimaginable adventures.

The Litton Band arriving at Los Angeles airport.

The majority of the group from Nashville, including Mayor Briley, the chief of police and other dignitaries, resided at Gene Autry's Continental Hotel. My mother, father and I stayed across Sunset Blvd. at Sunset Towers. Yes, there we



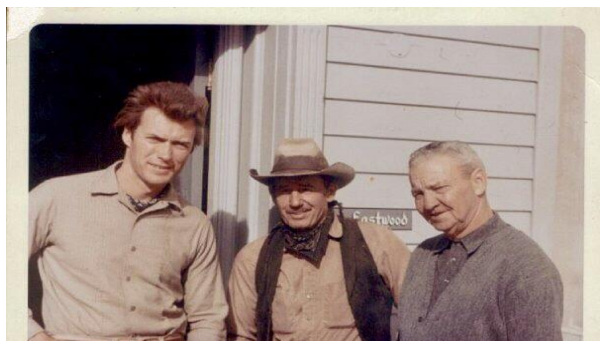
were on Sunset Blvd, just down the street from Dean Martin's Dino's Restaurant, next door to Ciro's nightclub (now the Comedy Store), and with the famous Hollywood sign on a hill behind the Continental Hotel.

Excursions to Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, San Diego, Tijuana, Mexico, and the Hollywood Palladium for a Lawrence Welk show were among the events that the Litton group attended. For a 12 year old boy from Inglewood, Disneyland was awe-inspiring. In the time before amusement parks, Disneyland made an indelible and memorable impression. The band performed in a parade through the streets of this world famous playground. The music was so loud, I saw little children covering their ears and crying. The band's sound was huge and earth shattering in the narrow streets through Walt Disney's dreamland.

One day, we met up with some distant relatives of ours. My great aunt (84 years old) lived out there and with her children. We met them for lunch. I remember the adults talking (I was the only child there) about another relative who worked as the sound man on the TV show Rawhide. We were asked if we would like to go out in the country where they were filming and watch. It was unnecessary to ask us twice.

So we drove through country that looked like every western we had ever seen and there they were, off in the distance shooting on location. We were able to meet the stars and have pictures made. Do you remember the characters on that show? Wishbone, Rowdy Yates (played by Clint Eastwood), and the trail boss Gil Favor were the stars.

On the set of Rawhide with my parents, uncle and aunt and the stars.



Finally the big day came for the parade. We arrived at our seats along the parade route fairly early. We watched as the beautiful floats passed by. The grand Marshall was former President Dwight Eisenhower. Then, off in the distance, we heard the unmistakable Spanish beat of the Marching 100+. It is difficult to paint an adequate picture with words of the sight and sound of our beloved high school band marching down Colorado Blvd. on a sun splashed, warm day in Pasadena, California. A roar came up from our section of the crowd that got everyone's attention. The band never looked or sounded better. What a beautiful sight it was!

After the parade, my parents were offered tickets to the Rose Bowl game. I remember being asked if I wanted to go. Are you kidding me??? Of course, I wanted to go. As I thought back to those early years of seeing the Rose Bowl game from cold and sometimes snowy Nashville, and seeing the sunshine and warm weather of the Rose Bowl, I was now going to

be a participant. Unbelievable!! The game was an amazing experience. We had never seen so many people in one place. At that time, over 100,000 people would cram into the stadium to see the titans from the Big 10 clash with the best of the PAC 8. It was Dick Butkus' senior year at Illinois against the Washington Huskies. I was soaking up every second of this magnificent scene.

Later, as the band prepared to leave the beautiful layout that was Los Angeles, the head of the Rose Parade told those assembled that the Isaac Litton Marching 100+ was the best high school band the parade had ever had. Additionally, a resident of Pasadena took the time to write a letter to the editor of the Tennessean to comment on the band. He wrote that he attended the parade every year and that the Litton band was just awesome. He said that he and his friends all agreed that the Marching 100+ was the best high school band they had ever seen.



After returning home, I had to pinch myself to make sure I had not been dreaming. Upon our arrival back at the Nashville airport, Mr. Swor was presented with a brand new station wagon. It was purchased with funds raised for the trip. So much money was raised that there was enough left over to buy him a car. After all, he was the main reason the band was invited.

The Swor family in their new car purchased by the Band Boosters



It surely was the trip and experience of a lifetime, one that none of us who participated will ever forget. As Mr. Swor would say years later, it was the right place, at the right time, with the right people and the right support that came together to make it all happen.

Litton High Forever

LITTON SUTDENTS ABROAD in 1969
(Contributed by Harvey Fischer, Class of 1970)

As the world celebrates one of America's greatest accomplishments of mankind today, July 20, 2019, I find myself at a moment of self-reflection, July 20, 1969. As a 17-year-old, I had an opportunity of a lifetime to be part of a summer study program at the University of Wales. Located in Bangor, one of the smallest cities in Wales in the United Kingdom, I would join seven other students from my high school (Isaac Litton), two other students from Nashville and two from New York with our chaperone, Mary Jane Miller.

The experience was more than some academic exercise. It was an opportunity for personal growth and responsibility that would impact my life forever. Mrs. Miller had been my 11th grade English teacher and would become my first life mentor other than my mom and dad. She was always encouraging me and others to prepare for the future and never let someone else tell you what you could not do in life.

Our summer abroad included not only Wales but visits to Prestwick Scotland, London England, (Stratford-upon-Avon, birthplace of William Shakespeare) Dublin Ireland and Paris France. As we traveled together as American teenagers that summer, we were always welcomed by our host country. I clearly recall the pride we all felt as Americans and what our country had accomplished on July 20, 1969. I will always have a special bond with those who shared that summer experience with me and a true love and respect for my high school English teacher, Mary Jane Miller.



CURRENT ILAA BOARD MEMBERS (2019-2020)

	MICKEY COLLIER, PRESIDENT (Class of 1965)		PHIL WATTS (Class of 1968)
	DURWARD FUQUA, TREASURER (Class of 1965)		KAY RAYNER CUNNINGHAM (Class of 1964)
	ALICE STEWART SHEHANE, SECRETARY (Class of 1965)		HOWARD "SKIP" DEAN (Class of 1968)
	DAVE BRAWNER, PAST PRESIDENT (Class of 1968)		KITTY KINCAID WOODSON (Class of 1965)
	DON CLARK, PRESIDENT ELECT (Class of 1970)		JOHN HALLIBURTON, (Class of 1968)
	KAAREN FRAZIER ANDREWS (Class of 1959)		LOU FLIPPEN SULLIVAN (Class of 1964)
	LINDA IVY BAIN (Class of 1964)		SAMMY SWOR (Class of 1964)
	WIL CLOUSE (Class of 1955)		PAT COLLIER HONORARY BOARD MEMBER
	HARVEY FISCHER, HONORARY BOARD MEMBER (Class of 1970)		BILL BECK, HONORARY BOARD MEMBER

If you would like to be part of the Alumni Association and serve on the Board, contact any Board Member. To serve on a committee only, you do not have to be an alumnus. Thank you for your support.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN



July 1, 2019 - September 30, 2019

CLASS	NAME	DATE OF DEATH
42	GLORIA YOKLEY HOUGHTON UPHAM	8/10/2019
44	PHILLIP S BARKSDALE	9/14/2019
46	PEGGY JANE JACKSON CRENSHAW	7/22/2019
47	JAMES JUSTIN HOWELL	7/7/2019
49	BETTY GARRETT WOODWARD	7/8/2019
50	PEGGY JOYCE BATES GRIFFIN	7/15/2019
51	CLIFFORD DUNCAN McRAE	9/16/2019
52	CAROLYN ANITA MITCHELL RENYA	8/9/2019
55	THOMAS EDWARD LOHMAN	7/1/2019
60	DIANNE MOORE HALLIBURTON	9/24/2019
60	KATHLEEN MORGAN SINGLETARY	7/30/2019
61	GROVER CLEVELAND GOODWIN	9/5/2019
62	DAVID WAYNE MIDGETT	9/19/2019
63	ANNA MARIE GROSSMAN SULLIVAN	7/7/2019
64	WILLIAM MARK GREATHOUSE	9/23/2019
64	DANIEL WALTER LEATHERWOOD	7/3/2019
67	CHARLES MICHAEL GRAGG	9/17/2019
71	JAMES COLUMBUS ESTES	9/1/2019
71	CONNIE MASON FOSTER SPURLIN	8/7/2019

NOTE: Due to the publication deadlines for each quarterly issue of the BLAST, the names of those departed alumni received after the 25th of the quarter will be included in the next issue.

Please send us any notices as soon as possible, Thank you.