

Mrs. John H. Bliss, nee
Julia Duggan, dau. of
Mr. & Mrs. Randolph Freeman
Duggan, I



Sigma Kappa

July 30¹⁹⁶³

Dear Aunt Julia -

What happiness the birthday card brought to me and I love your thoughtfulness.

Randolph and I have been back from our trip around the world two weeks today. There are a life-time of memories stored up from this one that we can think on the rest of our days.

We hope to drive to Chilene some Sunday to see you but we will call ahead of time to make sure you are in town.

Hope your summer is pleasant and that you are in fine health -

Much love

Mary

I MUST HAVE MISSED THE BOAT

I THINK I KNOW, WITHOUT A DOUBT,
THE THING I'D MOST DESIRE;
IF I COULD CHANGE, SOME YEARS ABOUT,
BY MAGIC, RHYME, OR LYRE.

I'D PUSH THEM BACK, AND DIG RIGHT IN,
JUST FORTY YEARS AGO;
AND AT THAT SPOT, I WOULD BEGIN,
TO LEVEL OFF, AND GROW.

I WOULD NOT WANT, JUST EVERYTHING,
WHICH SEEMED IMPORTANT THEN;
AND I'D KNOW BETTER, WHAT TO BRING
TO WIFE AND KIDS AND KIN.

I FEEL SURE, IN FACT I KNOW,
I'D BRING MYSELF UP FIRST;
I'D STAND, WITH HEAD BOWED VERY LOW,
AT OUR FIRST BABIES BIRTH.

I'D TAKE HOLD, WITH A MIGHTY GRIP,
OF WHIMS AND EMOTIONS DEEP;
I'D MISS A MANY BITTER SLIP,
THAT CAUSED THAT TROUBLED SLEEP.

I'D MEASURE EVERY SINGLE WORD,
ADDRESSED TO LOVED ONE'S DEAR;
AND NEVER PLAY A SINGLE CARD,
TO CAUSE THEM GRIEF OR FEAR.

I THOUGHT I WAS A DANDY THEN,
SELF SATISFIED, AND SURE;
I WELL KNOW NOW, IT WAS A SIN,
THE BUNGLES MADE GALORE.

BUT NOW I KNOW, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE
I WASN'T GROWN — TOO BAD;
AND OH, HOW FAR I FAILED TO BE,
A HUSBAND, FRIEND AND DAD.

YES, WE WERE POOR, BUT LET ME SAY,
THAT — THAT, WAS QUITE OK;
I ALWAYS KEPT THE WOLF AT BAY,
WE HAD A PLACE TO STAY.

IN FACT, THE STRUGGLE HELPED A LOT,
IT KEPT US CLOSE TOGETHER;
AND WHEN THE FIGHT, WAS THICK AND HOT,
WE MANAGED, IT TO WEATHER.

1942
AS TIME WENT ON, WE OWNED A HOME,
I THOUGHT WE'D BE MORE SETTLED;
BUT THEN AMBITION MADE ME ROAM,
AND DISAPPOINTMENTS NETTED.

THE BABY GREW, WAS STRONG AND FINE,
WITH CURLY HAIR AND ALL;
BUT HOW I MISSED, THE TIES THAT BIND,
JUST FAILED TO HEAR THE CALL.

I DID NOT HAVE, THAT VITAL THING,
YES, VITAL IS THE WORD;
THE FATHER'S TOUCH, I COULD NOT BRING,
SO MUST HAVE USED A SWORD.

IT WAS NOT LONG, BEFORE OUR BOY,
APPEARED UPON THE SCENE;
AS GENTLE, QUIET AND COY,
AS YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

WE MOVED AGAIN, FAR BETTER PAY,
WAS HEADED FOR THE TOP;
WE DID QUITE WELL, AWHILE I SAY,
THEN HAD ANOTHER FLOP.

I THINK I SEE QUITE CLEARLY NOW,
THE TROUBLE ALL ALONG;
WAS IN NOT KNOWING JUST QUITE HOW,
TO BALANCE RIGHT AND WRONG.

MY EYE WAS ON THE BALL ALL RIGHT,
BUT WHAT A GOAL WAS IT;
THE FINER THINGS LEFT OUT OF SIGHT,
WHICH DIDN'T HELP A BIT.

SO THEN WE MOVED, ANOTHER TIME,
JUST HAD TO KEEP IT UP;
THE GRASS WAS GREENER DOWN THE LINE,
SO WHY NOT LICK IT UP?

THIS WAS FINE, MOST FOLKS WOULD SAY,
QUITE BUSY AS A BEE;
BUT I MISSED THE BOAT, IN MANY A WAY,
SO NOW MUST PAY THE FEE.

I MISSED IT FIRST, AS MOST FOLKS DO,
WHO RUSH THROUGH LIFE FOR GAIN;
AND FAILED TO HOLD, THE COURSE SO TRUE,
I DOUBT, IF I WAS SANE.

DON'T GET ME WRONG, WE THOUGHT IT FINE,
AND HAD, WHAT MOST FOLKS CRAVE;
WE MET OUR DITIES - RIGHT DOWN THE LINE,
FEARING NEITHER FOE NOR GRAVE.

AND BLESS HER HEART, OUR THIRD ONE CAME,
A GIRL SO WELL AND SOUND;
ANOTHER GIRL, BUT NOT THE SAME,
BUT DIFFERENT ALL AROUND.

WE JOINED THE CHURCH, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL,
MADE MANY FRIENDS GALORE;
WE THOUGHT FOR SURE, WE'D REACHED THE SHOAL,
THAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR.

BEFORE ERE LONG, WE BUILT A HOME,
AS FINE AS IT COULD BE;
WE SETTLED DOWN, AND REFUSED TO ROAM,
A FUTURE WE COULD SEE.

BUT THEN THE AUTO, CAME ALONG,
AND FILLED MY BLOOD WITH FIRE;
I BOUGHT US ONE, BEFORE ERE LONG,
AND IT WAS NOT FOR HIRE.

A MAXWELL SMALL, BUT VERY RED,
AND CYLINDERS -- ONLY TWO;
A DANDY -- YES OUR NEIGHBORS SAID,
AND WE AGREED FOR SURE.

THIS LITTLE CAR, WAS BIG TO US,
A TOOL BOX ON BEHIND;
I TELL YOU NOW WE MADE A FUSS,
YES, REALLY CUT A SHINE.

THE KIDDIES SAT, ON TOOL BOX BACK,
AND HELD ON TO A STRAP;
OUR PLEASURE SEEMED, TO HAVE NO LACK,
BUT LO -- ANOTHER RAP.

TO ABILENE, WE MOVED THIS TIME,
AND SOLD CARS FAR AND WIDE;
I TRIED TO KEEP, MYSELF IN LINE,
BUT ALMOST LOST MY HIDE.

THE RANGER OIL BOOM, NEXT IN LINE,
WITH WORLD WAR NUMBER ONE;
SO IN I WENT, BOTH HOOK AND LINE,
TO PLUNGE IN OIL FOR FUN.

THE NEXT MOVE -- YES WAS DALLAS BOUND,
WITH WAR, AND OIL -- BY CLOCK;
BUT WORSE OF ALL, NO TIME WAS FOUND,
TO KNOW MY LITTLE FLOCK.

UP AND DOWN, AROUND, AROUND,
FIRST PLUSHED, THEN NEARLY BROKE;
THE KIDS GREW UP -- YES, PLENTY SOUND,
I SEEMED THE ONLY BLOKE.

WE FINALLY HIT IT FAIRLY RICH,
A REAL HOME, BOUGHT ONE DAY;
I FELT FOR SURE, THAT I COULD PITCH,
NO MATTER WHAT FOLKS SAY.

I REALLY THEN, BEGAN TO MOVE,
I RAN FIRST HERE AND THERE;
WITH LITTLE TIME, FOR WIFE AND LOVE,
NOR FAMILY CARES TO SHARE.

THE CHILDREN GREW, AND FINISHED SCHOOL,
AND SOON BEGAN TO MARRY;
I THOUGHT AGAIN, I HAD THE TOOL,
TO MAKE THE CASH AND CARRY.

IT WASN'T LONG, TILL THEY WERE GONE,
OUR HOME WAS LARGE AND LONESOME;
SO WHAT'T THE USE, OF KEEPING ON,
I'LL MAKE A DEAL SO HANDSOME.

I FOUND A MAN WITH LAND SO FINE,
LOCATED OUT ON THE PLAINS;
WHY NOT MAKE A TRADE — JUST RIGHT IN LINE,
NO TROUBLE AND NO PAINS.

THE DEAL OR TRADE, WAS VERY GOOD,
THE LAND TURNED OUT ALL RIGHT;
BUT IN MYSELF — A BARRIER STOOD,
FOR I HAD LOST MY SIGHT.

I DO NOT MEAN THAT I WAS BLIND,
MY EYES WERE VERY FAIR;
BUT MOST OF ALL, I LEFT BEHIND,
THE THINGS WORTH WHILE AND RARE.

WHILE I WAS DISHING, OUT THE DOUGH,
TO SCHOOL AND CHURCH AND STORE;
I FAILED COMPLETELY, THEN TO SLOW,
THE MISERY YET IN STORE.

TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE, I KNOW,
TO GET THE CLOSER TOUCH;
WE REAP RIGHT BACK, THE SEED WE SOW,
NO MATTER HOW WE LURCH.

I AM GLAD TO SAY, IN PASSING BY,
I'VE HELPED OTHERS ON THE TRAIL;
SO WITH A SONG, AND NOT A SIGH,
IN THIS I DID NOT FAIL.

WHAT I HAVE DONE, IS COMMON GROUND,
FOLLOWED BY MANY A CROWD;
AND SHOULD BE KNOWN, IS NOT SOUND,
AND HEADED FOR A SHROUD.

IT IS SO EASY, JUST TO COAST,
AND DO JUST WHAT WE WISH;
AND WHEN WE WIN, SO NICE TO BOAST,
EVEN IF OTHER LIST.

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A FEW CRUMBS FELL, ALONG MY PATH,
AND SOME OF THEM ARE SWEET;
I AM, A GRANDAD — AND HAVE,
JUST FOUR, YOU NOW, MUST MEET.

BOBBY FIRST, SO SWEET AND SMALL,
WHEN HE FIRST LOOKED US O'RE;
AND NOW EXACTLY SIX FEET TALL,
HE'S FINE AND NOT A BORE.

THEN COMES, HIS LITTLE BROTHER JOE,
WITH COTTON HEAD, AND ALL;
BOTH BOYS OK, AS REAL BOYS GO,
WITH SOMETHING ON THE BALL.

THEN RANDY, QUICK AND FULL OF VIM,
A COW TOWN LAD, WAS HE;
YOU COULD NOT KEEP FROM LOVING HIM,
THO VEXED YOU SOMETIME BE.

NEXT AND LAST, BUT STILL NOT LEAST
MARYLYN JUST DROPPED RIGHT IN;
JUST TOOK HER PLACE, AT HOME AND FEAST,
AND THEN THE FUN BEGIN.

ALL FOUR ARE FINE, AND PLENTY SMART,
JUST GROWING RIGHT ALONG;
IN MUSIC, CHURCH, IN SCHOOL AND ART,
AND BODY, PLAY AND SONG.

I WISH FOR THEM, A HAPPY LIFE,
WITH PURPOSE PURE AS GOLD;
AND MAY THEY MISS, THE BITTER STRIFE,
AND KEEP THEIR SOULS - UNSOLD.

IF I SHOULD OFFER THEM ADVICE,
WHICH WOULD NOT DO I KNOW;
I'D SIMPLY SAY, YOU PAY THE PRICE,
AND REAP WHAT ERE YOU SOW.

WELL HERE I AM, AT SIXTY PAST,
NOT FULLY IN REPAIR;
ILLUSIONS GONE OR PASSING FAST,
BUT STILL NOT IN DISPAIR.

I'VE LIVED MY LIFE, AND GONE MY GATE,
THE THIRD WAR I HAVE SEEN;
IN CUBA, BACK IN NINETY EIGHT,
A KID, JUST IN MY TEENS.

THAT, WAS JUST A JOLLY SCRAP,
COMPARED TO THIS AFFAIR;
AND NOW I PRAY, FOR EVERY CHAP,
WHO MUST THE BATTLE SHARE.

THE ONLY THING, I SEEM TO KNOW,
I TRIED AND DID NOT REST;
AND LOVED THEM ALL, AND WANTED SO,
FOR THEM TO HAVE THE BEST.

SO IF I'VE FAILED, TO MAKE THE GRADE,
I BELIEVE I KNOW, THE REASON;
I SIMPLY MISSED, BY SOME SMALL SHADE,
TO GROW, AND FILL, AND SEASON.

SO LOOKING OUT, MY WINDOW WIDE,
O'ER — LAKE CLIFF BEAUTIES FINE;
I'M SEARCHING FOR THE BRIGHTER SIDE,
FOR TIES, THAT REALLY BIND.

I PROBABLY MISSED THE BOAT ALRIGHT,
WOULD LIKE ANOTHER FLING;
BUT NOW WILL TRY, WITH ALL MY MIGHT,
TO HELP THE CAUSE AND SING.

I WANT TO HELP JUST ANYWHERE,
AS I'M TOO OLD TO FIGHT;
SO LOOK FOR BURDENS I CAN SHARE,
AND SHOW SOME ONE THE LIGHT.

WE MUST BE STRONG, WE MUST BE TRUE,
AND MUST STILL LOVE, AND LIVE;
AND WHEN THE PATH IS DARK AND BLUE,
JUST HOPE, AND PRAY AND GIVE.

R.F.DUGGAN
6-20-42



Medical Arts Hospital - Room 1804

5:45 A.M. Sunday Sept 19 1943

The Flying Red Horse, a sight to behold.
I wonder how much Gas he has sold ?
He never comes down from building so high,
But Oh what a Salesman -- Oh what a Guy.

I don't know his history - I can't say his name,
But what ever it is, he has quite a fame.
Some times he turns and some times he stands;
Yet never stops advertising Magnolia Brands.

I know this for sure, I'm a vic tim -- and How
I sell oil to his firm, with which to buy chow
The price is too low but not his own fault
O.P.A. took a hand - the oil price to halt.

This does not stop the Flying Red Horse
He just keeps making, dough for his Boss.
So let us not linger, too long at these points
But keep buying Bonds and Gas at his joints.

R.F.DUGGAN

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MEDICAL ARTS HOSPITAL (ROOM 1804)
4:30 A.M. SEPTEMBER 20 - 1943

HOSPITALS

I'VE LIVED QUITE A SPELL, I'VE BEEN AROUND A BIT;
BUT JUST NOW LEARNED, WHERE HOSPITALS FIT.
WHEN THEY TAKE YOU IN, YOU ARE THERE FOR A SPELL
BUT THEY DON'T CHARGE A CENT, FOR THAT AWFUL SMELL.

AT FIRST IT IS STRANGE -- THEY ALL SIZE YOU UP;
THEY EVEN TAKE BLOOD, BUT NOT BY THE CUP.
DON'T BLAME THE NURSE -- IT'S ACCORDING TO RULES,
SO SURGEONS CAN KNOW THE RIGHT KIND OF TOOLS.

YOUR TEMPERATURE FIRST AND THEN THE PULSE BEAT;
IT'S IMPORTANT TO KNOW IF THERE'S STILL ANY HEAT;
FOR, AFTER ALL, IF YOU ARE ONLY A STIFF
YOU BELONG IN A MORGUE AND NOT IN THIS "SKIFF".

THEN THE BLOOD PRESSURE -- LIKE PUMPING A TIRE;
I WONDER IF, THAT CONTRAPTION'S FOR HIRE?
IF SO, I WANT ONE, TO SEND TO A KID,
A GRANDSON OF MINE, WHO SURE LIKES TO RIB.

HE COULD HAVE A TIME, I'M TELLING YOU HOW
HE'D TRY IT ON CHICKENS, HIS DOG, AND A COW.
NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M NOT MAKING LIGHT
WE MUST KEEP OUR HUMOR, TO WIN IN THIS FIGHT.

ALL KIND OF SURPRISES; THE NURSES BOB IN
SOME WITH A FROWN AND SOME WITH A GRIN.
SHE GIVES YOU AN ORDER AND BOY DON'T SAY NO;
UNLESS YOU ARE THRU AND READY TO GO.

YOUR DOCTOR MAKES CALLS, THANK GOD NOT FOR LONG.
HE ALWAYS SMILES BUT DON'T GET HIM WRONG.
YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT'S COMING, NOR WHAT IS IN STORE;
THEY TAKE YOU DOWN STAIRS AND PUNCH WHERE IT'S SORE.

THEY FILL YOU WITH POWDER; THEY FILL YOU WITH CHALK;
THEY FILL YOU SO FULL, YOU CAN'T EVEN WALK.
AND WHEN YOU ARE FULL OF THAT PESKEY STUFF
THEY START SHOOTING (PICTURES); THEY REALLY GET RUFF.

IF THE PICTURE'S NOT GOOD, OR THE CHALK FAILS TO MARK
THEY HAVE YOU PUMPED OUT JUST FOR A LARK;
THEN SOME MORE POWDER, AND THIS ONE MUST STAY
WITH PARAGORIC TO HELP, AND YOU HAVE NO SAY.

THE MAIDS AND THE PORTERS ALL PLAY A PART;
THEY SERVE YOU GOOD MEALS, TO HELP THE DAY START.
THE OFFICE AND SWITCH BOARD ARE VERY SWELL,
THEY GIVE YOU GOOD SERVICE, WHICH HELPS YOU GET WELL.

I WOULD NOT DARE MENTION ALL YOU MUST DO,
BUT JUST TO BE HONEST, IT FITS LIKE A SHOE;
THE NURSES ARE KIND, THO NOW OVERWORKED.
THE DOCTORS ARE PATIENT, BUT WON'T LET YOU LURK.

FOR YOUR BED IS NEEDED FOR SOME OTHER GUY,
SO GET ON YOUR PANTS AND TELL 'EM GOOD-BY;
SO -- SO LONG EVERY BODY, I BAIL OUT TODAY,
THE BILLS WILL BE DUE, SO I MUST MAKE HAY.

BESIDES THERE'S A BIG JOB WAITING OUTSIDE,
IT'S VERY IMPORTANT, IN FACT IT'S WORLD WIDE
-- -- -- YES -- -- --

MORE BONDS MUST BE BOUGHT
MORE GREAT BATTLES FOUGHT

-- -- -- AND -- -- --

SOME POLITICS MUST BE RAISED
AND MORE OF OUR BOYS SAVED.

R.F. DUGGAN

HAVE YOU LEFT ANYTHING

A hotel manager, I saw one day,
His head was bowed so low.
How can I make this place pay?
How can I make it go?

Cheer up, my man, is it so bad?
"It's worse than bad," he said.
"My heart is heavy and very sad,
I should really go to bed."

Pray, do tell me what is wrong,
There must be a brighter side.
Your house is full, a regular throng,
They can hardly get inside.

"I know," he said, "the place is full,
Yes, every room is taken,
And even now I have a pull,
So I can buy some bacon."

Pray, speak out, why all this gloom?
With people flocking in,
Without a single vacant room,
With groceries in the bin.

He pulled his hair, began to shout,
"I know all that and more,
But look at that man checking out,
He's from the seventh floor."

"Let's go at once," he cried,
"I'll show you once for all";
And up I went right by his side,
A marching down the hall.

Here it is, please step right in,
And hold my hand so tight.
I hardly know where to begin,
I know this room's a sight.

One long look and then I knew,
Could I believe my eye?
I blinked again, another view,
Then I began to cry.

A chair was broke, a picture down,
A hole burned in the rug,
The dresser scarf was all brown
From some obnoxious drug.

The wall was marked, the mattress wet,
The floor was wet and slick,
A shade, almost as black as jet,
The clock refused to tick.

Empty bottles and cigarette butts,
A curtain, torn in two,
No wonder he lost his guts,
No wonder he was blue.

"That's not all," he finally said,
"I know the rest by heart,
A broken slat in the bed,
And now we really start.

I know a pillow case is ripped,
The towels are black as soot,
Provided they were skipped,
In packing up his loot."

I glanced around and saw a sign,
It said, "HAVE YOU LEFT "A" THING?"
Then I knew the whole design,
It hit me with a bing.

The guy had wrecked the room and all,
And packed his grip with linen,
But just as he had reached the hall,
He turned back still a grinnin'.

The sign - just read - made him think,
I must return and try,
I might even take the sink,
For I'm bidding them GOOD-BYE.

He found his work had been complete,
No use to take a look,
The only thing he had not touched,
Was the Gideon's "HOLY BOOK."

R. F. Duggan

R. F. Duggan
October 4, 1944

Dear Sister:-

This is the result of a little Brain storm I
had the other morning after reading in the
paper about how much Gest were damaging Hotel
Property - though you & Vada might enjoy it. Love Freeman

AUTUMN

As I look out, across Lake Cliff,
This lovely Autumn morn-
There's not a ripple, or a riff,
A lull - a calm - is born.

An Autumn tinge is in the air,
The trees in Autumn's hue -
We are endowed - we are an heir
When Indian's Summer's due.

With flecks of tan, and flecks of gold,
With different shades of green -
A gentle whisper to our soul -
From Nature - all unseen.

Then gliding with majestic grace,
A swan with neck arched proud -
Makes you wonder at his pace,
And you utter, praises loud.

The birds, a squirrel, a wobbly goose,
Are next upon the scene -
With out a care - just free and loose,
All happy and serene.

Then you wonder, why this strife,
And why this world wide Hell -
And why discord is all so rife,
And why we weep and yell.

When after all our souls are free,
Yes, Nature makes this so -
If only, the light we'd see,
And lift our heads and go.

Yes, go along with sturdy stride,
Just like the squirrels and swans -
With faith, and hope and manly pride,
On Nature's Autumn lawns.

Suppose we all here make a vow,
Unselfish - as can be -
To let god's Nature show us how,
To live, and Love, and See.

R. F. Duggan
November 28, 1945

- in Flight - January 4, 1946
Dallas to Kansas City

FREEMAN'S OPEN HOUSE - DECEMBER 28, 1945

That Cliff Towers Bunch is hard to beat --
Some ugly - bald - swell and sweet.

"Some are ruff
Some are tuff
Some drink punch
And, never get enough."

Not long ago, that Jolly Bunch
Came to Freeman's and drank some punch.
He had two kinds, and served them all --
And both had something on the ball.
One was made of fruit juice plain,
The other spiked, but caused no pain.
The time was Friday, Christmas week --
With joy and good will at their peak.
But life is never, all joy and fun.
There were two spots upon the sun --
Tab and Jim could not be there
And believe you me, we missed that pair.
Both were ill, Tab far away --
Jim in Dallas but had to stay
Quiet but grumbling in his bed.
So by all a prayer was said --
Wishing them the very best,
Which put our emotions to a test.
We could not have them with us there
So Earl Ware sat down in a chair --
Asking all to come and sign
Two New Year's cards of nice design.
Not a one in that fine crowd
But shed a tear, or quietly bowed
With wishes fervent, and hopes so strong
When out from that friendly throng,
With faith and hope we broadcast out --
But all within and not without,
Praying each one in his own way
To bring them back so they could stay
Right with us, that Wacky Bunch
Who came to Freeman's and drank some punch.
So after all had signed or prayed,
The fun began and most all stayed.

(Later January 5, 1946 - Room 1402 Phillips Hotel
Kansas City, Missouri)

Florence, Lee and Edna - three
 Made a team in helping me.
 Bill Underhill of Tea Room fame
 Furnished the hors d' ouerves before they came.
 Mamie helped and bossed those girls
 And Bob almost got in their curls -
 But Freida, let the old boy go -
 While under breath, saying "you so and so".
 It worried Bob to see those three
 And wondered why it could not be
 That he was young and in his prime,
 So he could take them down the line.
 Now coming back to that "tall three"
 As sweet and gracious as could be
 Pretty - swell - with character all.
 They will get another call.
 Now there is Georgia, so very droll
 But underneath a witty soul.
 She let the punch slip up on her
 But bless her heart, she is a dear.
 Miss Lottie Lewis and dear Mrs. Kraft -
 And Ellen from the Hotel Staff -
 Ruth Morris with her husband fine,
 And Mamie's Mother were all in line.
 Kittie came late and brought her man,
 And then sure 'nuff the fun began.
 Some whispered that Kitty was tight -
 At any rate, it was a sight -
 To see her with that stranger big,
 Who turned out later to be a pig.
 But no one blamed old Kittie dear,
 For all love Kittie and did not care,
 Knowing that she is God's own one
 Who loves us all, like a sun-of-a-gun.
 Dollie and Charles (Leppert), our good old sports
 Had to stay at Grande Courts -
 But they were there with smiles and grin,
 Making whoopee with out any sin.
 Grand old Tex and Dorothy too
 Fit right in, just like a shoe.
 Both were happy and Tex was swell,
 We swelled with joy to see him so well.
 Charles Tarver with new wife grand
 Came and liked that Cliff Towers Clan.
 Lee and Pat, they live close by
 With Edna parked in that same sty.
 But Florence has a hectic place,
 Trying to keep Freeman on his base.
 Lee works hard as nurse and mother,
 And out at Parkland, there is another -
 It's Dr. Dan (Smith), a real fine chap -
 Who could not come, so took the rap.
 Stayed at his post that Friday night,
 But was wishing with all his might
 That he could be with Lee and us.
 Why - that would make a preacher cuss.
 Our Mildred dear and Walter too
 Left before the party was due.
 And Mildred's heart was very sad,
 A brother lost, it was too bad.
 But both will soon be back with us -
 To see Betty dance, and hear Freida cuss.
 Little Pete and long tall Earl

Had their fun and took a whirl.
 Pete was lonesome for her man
 And Earl was able to understand.
 Margaret Babbs, our manager fine,
 Was right on hand and right in line.
 Josephine Edwards was there for sure -
 And thought the punch a splendid cure.
 Now that Ruth and Bettie Tips -
 Who like to play with poker chips.
 Bettie with her goggle eyes
 And Ruth with her quaint surprise.
 But false faces or any other disguise
 Could not fool us Cliff Tower guys.
 Stella, the maid, was on the job,
 Without complaint - and at a nod -
 Was ready to help just anywhere,
 A regular wheel horse, I do declare.
 Lucille quiet, but always there,
 Always anxious to do her share.
 Lois Hooe thin, and Parke Hooe fat -
 Both just crazy about little Pat.
 Frances Wade from Tulsa Town,
 Marched right in without a sound -
 Except she broadcast far and wide,
 She craved a husband by her side.
 But being choice, and fine as gold -
 The guy that wins must be ten-fold.
 Mary Margaret could not come that night,
 For Harold was coming with all his might.
 And bless their hearts on New Year's bright,
 Dr. Leftowich joined them tight.
 Marvin and Alma Smith, my neighbors near
 Came right in without a fear.
 Marvin left early - a working man
 Who manages the Pig and Whistle stand.
 Alma stayed and with voice so sweet,
 Helped to make our joy complete.
 Polly Hanna with joy galore
 Came but felt a little sore -
 For poor old Sam who labors long
 To keep the Adolphus going strong.
 Jean Lunsford and Perry had to pass
 The thrill of coming to our class.
 But Lee and Babs did not miss
 And seemed to be in perfect bliss.
 Lee Joined Freeman in a song,
 That seemed to please that wacky throng.
 Mrs. Pearl Roberts was absent too,
 And Kittie's Jimmie failed, though due.
 And sweet Georgia Moxley with smile and charm
 Came though tired to join the swarm.
 Her many friends though newly made
 Thinks she's tops like the ace of spades.
 God bless our Henry - Yes Henry May
 Who came and quietly had his say.
 He seemed to like the harp and song
 And joined in singing with that throng.
 The Lord have mercy on us all,
 If we should ever miss a call
 To help a friend if found in need -
 And let that always be our creed.

-----Freeman

(Texas State Hotel - Room 1011 - 4:30 A. M., March 8, 1946)

SUCCESS OR FAILURE?

In failure really failure
Or is it deferred success
Are you sure you're in the slough
Or riding near the crest.

I read one time - 'twas long ago
When I was young and dapper
That the difference between the two
Is as thin as tissue paper

Right now ~~as~~ the headlines in the news
Are full of dire distress
I wonder if we are heading
For failure or success

I'm only trying to figure
Just where we're headed for
And what St. Peter will say
When I face the judgment bar

Will he say - "You have been useless"
Or will he say "Your're grand"
Will he say "You have failed
To lend a helping hand"

It's hard sometimes to fathom
What failure means to all
We stumble blindly on
And get up when we fall--

But this I seem to know
We must keep chin up high
Or success will disappear
Yes - it will pass us by

So maybe this is the answer
Just keep your head up, too
Yes - Trust in the Supreme Being
And He will see you through

Another thing is certain
Don't let your neighbor down
If you, up there in heaven,
Expect to wear a crown

Life may seem a burden
With disappointments, galore
But all the time - Success
Is knocking at the door.

So don't refuse to open
Just let success right in
For on the heels of failure
Just let success begin.

- R. P. Duggan

Hamilton Hotel - Laredo, Texas - March 14, 1946

LUCK

Yesterday was the thirteenth
A lucky day for me
Of course, it is a secret
But I really have the key

I mean the key to open
The door to problems hard
It never fails, I tell you
So write it on your card

It says get up early
And work the whole day long
To smile as if you are happy
Even when things go wrong

It also mentions honor
Which means so much to you
When dealing with your fellow man
It helps you follow through.

Then there's another matter
About being on your own
For after all we are supposed
Some day to be quite grown

The way to make a weakling
Is to carry all his load
He'll never make the grade
He'll never keep the road

Ask the boys who fought
This bloody war of late
And they will tell you bluntly
The way to success' gate

They'll tell you very plainly
That they were trained to be
Rugged individuals
In air - on land - on sea

So here's the old pay-off
As plain as two and two
You have to be a real man
To fight this battle through

Now there is a Supreme Being
To guide our stumbling feet
But you must be a man
Or Him you'll never meet

So call it luck or fortune
Or honest toil and work
It really makes no difference
Providing you don't shirk

Just keep-a plodding on
And laugh when 'ere you can
And keep the old chin up
And love your fellow-man.

- R. F. Duggan

Mother's Day Meditation . . . About Mom

1.

My thoughts are sad and many on this Mother's day,
Thinking of our mom and mother, who soon may pass away,
Speeding to her bedside, hoping for the best,
Praying for her comfort, longing for her caress;
Thinking—thinking—thinking, of the years gone by
Of journeys through the valleys, of ambitions grand and high.

2.

Thinking of her hardships, of her mother's touch,
Thinking of our children—to her they meant so much.
True the little rascals were so oftentimes bad.
True when they were naughty, it made her very sad.
And, then, I think of joys—of soft and chubby hands,
All so soiled and grimy from playing in the sands.

3.

Thinking of how she watched them, answering every call;
Mending—sewing—cooking, or finding a lost ball;
Helping with their lessons, putting them to bed;
Staying on the job until their prayers were said;
Watching them grow big, then watching them leave home,
Wishing she could keep them and not be left alone.

4.

Thinking of many errors committed by us all,
Thinking how it hurt her when one of them would fall.
Thinking how she missed them when they were away,
Thinking how she joked with heart that was not gay.
With heavy heart and empty hands, and an empty hearth,
Deserving many crowns in heaven for crosses on this earth.

5.

Thinking of her illness all these many years,
Thinking of her bravery—thinking of her tears.
Thinking of how we often failed her, but not intending to.
Thinking of how we'll miss her, if her life is through.
Thinking, hoping, praying, she the crisis may have passed,
And will be well and happy—we united to the last.

*P.S. Mom peacefully passed away
On the eighteenth day of May.—Dad*

Written to my children on Mother's Day, May 12, 1946, while on
American Flight No. 109, Dallas to Los Angeles.—R. F. Duggan.

Business and Industry on Parade

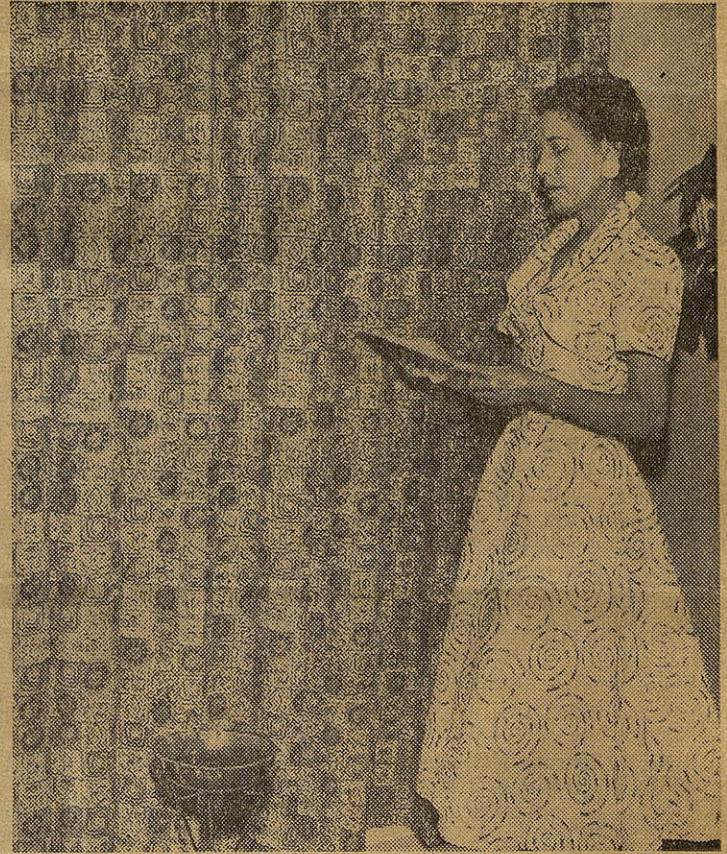
Advertising, Publicity Sponsored and Paid for by
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Reports of Interest About Firms, Folks,
Active in Commerce.



TRAVERSE DRAPERIES BY ORB FABRICS

Here Radford Gibson of American Airlines sits before a wall-to-wall treatment of traverse draperies in pattern ceramics on antique satin. Draperies were selected from the unusually large assortment of modern designs at Orb Fabrics, 1912 Main, which installed the drapereis.



DRAPES IMPROVE ACCOUSTICS

Orb Fabrics' contract department decorated, made up and installed the draperies illustrated in the modern treatment shown above. Here, Mrs. Juanita Wallace, secretary to the president of the Magnolia Seed Company, is shown at work in the accoustically improved office.



—Dallas News Staff Photos.

NEW MAUVE TONES FEATURED

Above is Miss Marilyn Duggan, purchasing agent of Magnolia Seed Company in the Brook Hollow Industrial section. The Orb Fabrics contract department made use of aluminum-coated lining to help insulate the large picture window exposed to the sun. New mauve tones were used throughout in a monochromatic scheme.



Randolph Freeman Duggan
in Spanish American War
Son of
Mr. & Mrs. Alston Duggan

- / =



B. Cleff

Eagle Pass, Tex.

Back Row L to R

1. Freeman Duggan

2. —

3. —

Sitting: —

Seed Company Promotes Fair



LANDWERMEYER



DUGGAN

Top executives changes have been announced by the Magnolia Seed, Hardware & Implement Company of Dallas.

Named president at a board meeting this week was J. Warren Landwermyer. With the firm since 1939, he was formerly vice-president and sales manager.

Stepping up from the presidency to chairman of the board will be Randolph F. Duggan Jr. He has been with Magnolia since 1940, and replaces Mrs. A. V. Lawrence, who is retiring from active service with the company. She will continue as a board member, however.

that leg." K:
Stg. near Idalou: "COT-
TON BUYER. GOVERN-
MENT LOANS WROTE."
Wrote down by hand, eh?

FOR MANY YEARS Randolph Duggan Sr. was a member of the downtown Civitan Club. His son and grandson, Randolph Duggan Jr. and Randolph Duggan III, are members now. On Jan. 29 Randolph Duggan IV was born.

The club's membership committee met a few nights later. They filled out a membership application for the baby, postdated it to 1975 and submitted it with some other applications to the club directors as a gag.

The directors picked it up in a hurry and voted young Duggan IV a membership.

They think they've got the only luncheon club member in good standing in 1975 in the United States.

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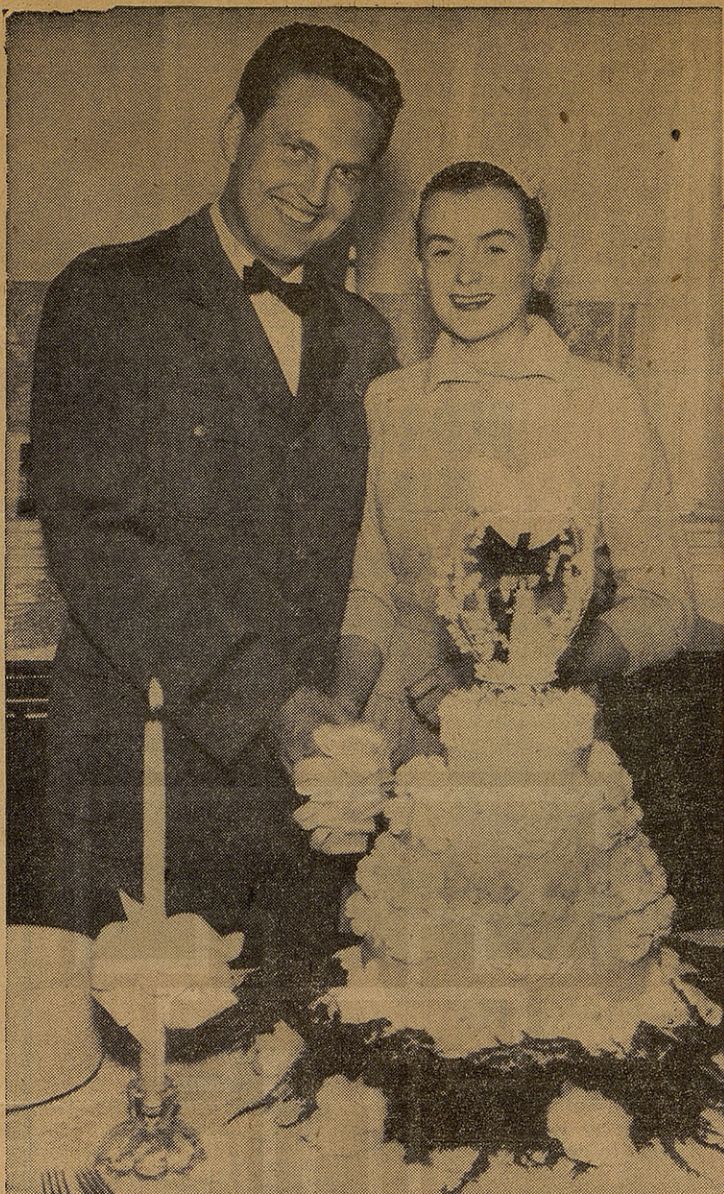
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— MIFFLIN —



LIEUT. AND MRS. JOE L. ERWIN JR.

Miss Sue Seltzer Becomes Bride of Lieut. Joe Erwin

A jeweled knit suit in soft dusty rose was the wedding costume selected by Miss Sue Carla Seltzer for her recent wedding to Lieut. Joe L. Erwin Jr. at the Green Gables Wedding Chapel. The Rev. Mr. Raymond L. Wirth read the wedding service at eight in the evening.

Sue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl C. Seltzer of Great Falls, Mont., who came to Whittier for the wedding. The bridegroom, who has been stationed at the air force base in Great Falls, is the son of Mrs. John H. Bliss of 11458 Loch Lomond Dr. and Joe L. Erwin of Austin, Tex.

The bride wore a tiny matching hat with her wedding suit, and carried a white orchid on her prayerbook. She was attended by Miss Wanda Brink and her sister, Mrs. Edward R. Teddy, as matron of honor.

Douglas Elgar was the best man and Edward A. Balogh and Jerry Cartledge were the ushers.

The guests wished happiness to the young couple at a chapel reception where they were received by Mrs. Seltzer in forest green and Mrs. Bliss in periwinkle blue, both wearing corsages of pink rosebuds. Aiding at the reception were Mrs. Jay A. Lindsey and Mrs. Edward A. Balogh.

To Live in Whittier
Lieutenant and Mrs. Erwin are

honeymooning at Carmel, San Francisco and Sun Valley. They will live in Great Falls for the next year and then plan to establish their home in Whittier.

The bride, granddaughter of the noted western painter, O. C. Seltzer, was employed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Denver and New York City, and was later secretary to the commanding general of the 29th Air Division at Great Falls. She has recently been employed by the Fluor Corp. in Los Angeles.

Her husband, a graduate of Mark Keppel High School and Pasadena City College, attended the University of Southern California before entering the Air Force. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Financial, Social Aid Given by SMU Mothers

All mothers of students at Southern Methodist University are invited to become members of the school's mothers club, which this fall, begins its 24th year. Last year's membership reached the 500-mark with a large percentage from remote states.

Through three activities in the club the members are brought in closer touch with the school. One is through the student aid committee which serves through financial and social assistance; the second, the scholarship fund, and third, through programs which present professors, music and speech students and theology students in devotional messages.

This year, for the first time, an alumna of the school is president. She is Mrs. Randolph Duggan. On her board are Mmes. Thomas M. Mott, Horace Butler, C. H. Greengrass, F. Oliver Burns, Charles M. Powell and K. G. Bentz, vice-presidents.

Mmes. Harry Crenshaw and Julian C. Hyer are secretaries; Mrs. Frank B. Chatfield, treasurer; Mrs. R. R. Jourdan, auditor; Mrs. Dan A. English, historian; Mrs. Ben K. Schmid, parliamentarian; Mmes. Tom Cain, C. Leslie Birt and M. K. Lightfoot, delegates to the Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. R. C. King, courtesy; Mrs. Morton Marr, decorations; Mrs. E. E. Leisy, publicity; Mrs. Ray Spears, yearbook; Mrs. Lee Raley, finance; Mrs. Goldie York Higgins, better films; Mrs. George H. Norton, beautification; Mrs. Paul Glanville, telephone; Mrs. R. T. Gidley, sunshine; Mrs. H. T. Nelson, constitution; Mrs. G. R. Sensabaugh, resolutions; Mrs. E. C. Bowman, committee; Mrs. Sina Braselton, custodian.

At noon Friday Mrs. Duggan is to entertain the executive board of the Mothers Club at her home, 3661 Asbury Ave. Cohostesses are to be Mmes. Chatfield, Schmid and Glanville.

Newlyweds Residing Here

Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. Rogers are making their home at 2911 Michigan Ave. They were married at the First Baptist Church on Saturday. Reading the ceremony was the Rev. M. E. Mc...

the former Miss...

the A. B. Pitts of Canton. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rogers of Wills Point are parents of the bridegroom.

Mrs. Rogers attended Southern Methodist University and Methodist Hospital School of Nursing. Her husband is a Texas A&M College graduate.



—The Times Herald Staff Photo

SMU ALUMNA, Mrs. Randolph Duggan, is president of the Southern Methodist University Mothers Club for the current year. Pictured at the left, she will entertain members of the executive board of the club at noon Friday at her home, 3661 Asbury Ave. With the president is Mrs. Thomas M. Mott, her first vice-president in charge of membership. Cohostesses for the event which marks the 24th year of the mothers club, are to be Mmes. Frank B. Chatfield, Ben K. Schmid and Paul Glanville.

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Marilyn Duggan Bride Of David McCormick

Mr. and Mrs. David Wilfred Dickinson, Jr., officiated in the McCormick are residing at 6611 Northwest Pkwy. following their marriage Sunday at Cox Chapel of Highland Park Methodist Church. The Rev. William H. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph F. Dug-

gan, Jr., 6405 Bandera. She attended Southern Methodist University where she was a member of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority. Princeton, N. J. He is associate director of music at Highland Park Methodist Church.

The bride is the former Miss Marilyn Duggan, daughter of Mr. McCormick is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Mc-

gan, Jr., 6405 Bandera. She attended Southern Methodist University where she was a member of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority. Princeton, N. J. He is associate director of music at Highland Park Methodist Church.

Cormick of Leighton, Pa. He received degrees in music at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, N. J. He is associate director of music at Highland Park Methodist Church.

Mrs. Randolph Freeman Duggan III, sister-in-law of the bride, and Donald Robert McCormick, brother of the bridegroom, attended the couple. The bride wore a blue taffeta gown with orchid-toned hat and gloves. She carried pink orchids. A wedding supper was held at Dallas Athletic Country Club.

SPECIAL PURCHASE

Miss Marilyn Duggan Exchanges Vows With David W. McCormick

David Wilferd McCormick and his bride, the former Miss Marilyn Duggan, are now at home at 6611 Northwest Parkway.

She is the daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Randolph F. Duggan Jr., 6405 Bandera. Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. McCormick of Lehighton, Pa., are the bridegroom's parents.

The double-ring ceremony was

performed by the Rev. William H. Dickinson Jr. in the presence of the immediate families in Cox Chapel of Highland Park Methodist Church Sunday evening.

The bride's ensemble was in blue and orchid. Her blue taffeta gown was waltz length. She wore a gold cross, gift of the bridegroom, and carried pink orchids.

Mrs. Randolph Freeman Duggan III and Donald Robert McCormick, the bridegroom's brother, were honor attendants.

Mr. and Mrs. Duggan were hosts for a wedding supper for twelve guests at the DAC Country Club following the ceremony.

Mrs. McCormick was a member of Zeta Tau Alpha sorority at SMU. Mr. McCormick is organist and associate director of music at Highland Park Methodist Church. He received his master's degree at Westminster Choir College in Princeton, N.J.

Marilyn Duggan Becomes Bride of W. H. Pursifull

Chicago was the destination of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Pursifull after their marriage Friday at the Highland Park Methodist Church when Dr. Marshall T. Steel officiated. The bride is the former Miss Marilyn Duggan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Freeman Duggan, Jr., 3661 Asbury Ave., and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Howard Pursifull of Jasper.

At the wedding the organ was played by the Rev. V. Earle Copes and Miss Joyce Thurman was vocalist. Decorations were tapers

in gold candelabra amidst greenery. Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a gown of pearl white satin designed with a high neckline, a Peter Pan collar and a full skirt which fell in folds flaring into a completely circular train. Her veil of illusion was gathered on a half hat of seed pearls and fell in tiers to her finger tips. In a formal bouquet she carried gardenias and white lilacs surrounded by tulle and satin ribbon and centered by a white orchid. Showers of ribbon and lilies of the valley formed a cascade from her bouquet.

Honor attendants were Mrs. Joe Bruce Kinnear and Miss Sarah Frances Munsell, both of Jasper and bridesmaids were Miss Billie Lee Garwood of San Antonio and Miss Cecelia Ann Boyd. The attendants wore organdy dresses in rainbow shades, with matching

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Greenhouses
Haskell and
McKinney
3517 Ross Ave.



—Laughead.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD PURSIFULL

halo hats and carried colonial bouquets of spring flowers. Mike Persia, Jr., assisted with the serving.

Best man was Joe Bruce Kinnear of Jasper and groomsmen were Randy Duggan, brother of the bride, Harlan Stringer and Edgar Herbst of Jasper. Ushering were Eddie Ronan of Haverford, Pa., Bob Manly of Grinnell, Iowa, Mike Tipps and Bob Banvard of Dallas.

At the reception at the Melrose Hotel, Misses Mary Edith Chatfield, Marcie O'Dwyer, Pat Patrick, Peggy Rhoades, Joyce Broughton, Lou Ann Whatley, Cecile Ann Bryant, Carolyn O'Connell, Virginia Ward and Mrs. of Texas.

For the wedding trip the bride chose a navy gabardine suit with navy and white accessories and a white orchid corsage. The couple will reside at 3650 University Blvd., when they return.

Mrs. Pursifull was graduated from Highland Park High School and is now a student at Southern Methodist University where she belongs to Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority. Her husband, a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity at SMU now, attended Jasper High School and the University of Texas.



—Laughead Photo.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWARD PURSIFULL

Rites Unite Marilyn Duggan, William Howard Pursifull

Dr. Marshall T. Steel was officiant for the marriage of Miss Marilyn Duggan and William Howard Pursifull of Jasper at 8 p.m. Friday at the Highland Park Methodist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Duggan Jr., 3661 Asbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Raymond Pursifull of Jasper are parents of the couple.

The Rev. C. Earle Copes, organist, and Miss Joyce Thurman of Wichita Falls presented the nuptial music and Bob Banvard and Mike Tipps lighted the candles.

Mr. Duggan gave his daughter in marriage. Mrs. Joe Bruce Kinneer of Jasper was her matron of

honor and Miss Sarah Frances Munsell, also of Jasper, was maid of honor. Bridesmaids were Miss Cecilia Ann Boyd and Billie Lee Garwood of San Antonio. Mr. Kinneer attended the bridegroom as best man, and groomsmen were Randy Duggan, the bride's brother, Harlen Stringer and Edgar Herbst, both of Jasper. Edward J. Ronan of Haverford, Pa., and Bob Manly of Grinnell, Iowa, served as ushers.

The bride's gown of pearl-white satin was designed with a high neckline with a Peter Pan collar, a molded bodice and extended cap sleeves. The bias skirt fell in folds

and flared into a circular train. She had long satin gauntlets and a fingertip-length veil of imported illusion which fell in tiers from a half-hat of seed pearls. Her formal bouquet of gardenias and white lilac was centered with a white orchid and showered with satin streamers and valley lilies.

The guests who attended a reception at the Melrose Hotel were registered in the bride's book by Miss Carolyn O'Connell, Miss Virginia Ward and Miss Marcie O'Dwyer of Texarkana. Miss Mary Edith Chatfield, Miss Patsy Patrick and Miss Cecile Ann Bryant of Tyler served the wedding cake. Presiding at the punch bowls were Miss Lou Ann Whatley of Wichita Falls, Miss Peggy Lee Rhoades, Miss Joyce Broughton and Mrs. Mike Persia Jr.

After a wedding trip to Chicago, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Pursifull will live at 3650 University. For traveling, the bride chose a navy-blue gabardine suit with navy and white accessories.

The bride, a graduate of Highland Park High School, is now a junior at SMU where she belongs to Zeta Tau Alpha sorority. Her husband was graduated from Jasper High School and will receive his degree from SMU in August. He is a former student of the University of Texas and a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Attending the wedding from out

of town were Mr. and Mrs. Simon W. Freese, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Baker, Miss Kay Baker, Sam Acola, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Nitteberg, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coker, Mr. and Mrs. Will Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord J. Stone, all of Fort Worth; Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Munsell, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Lindsey, Miss Wanda Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hillen, all of Jasper; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Munsell of Conroe and Mr. and Mrs. Sims McCutchan of Marshall.

Baldwin Alumnae To Elect Tuesday

The Dallas Chapter of the Mary Baldwin College Alumnae Association will have its spring meeting Tuesday at 10:30 a.m. at the home of Mrs. Loyd B. Sands, 3546 Caruth. Coffee will be served.

New officers will be elected, and Mrs. H. L. Hunt, member of the college board of trustees, will report on recent college activities.


Mary Baldwin, located in Staunton, Va., was founded in 1842. It is a four-year, fully accredited college for women. Over one hundred alumnae live in the Dallas area, and thirteen Dallas girls are enrolled in school now.

Alumnae members who have not been notified have been asked to contact Mrs. A. G. Hill.

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• Upholstering
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MISS MARILYN DUGGAN

W. H. Pursifull to Wed Miss Marilyn Duggan

Miss Marilyn Duggan will become the bride of William Howard Pursifull April 22 at Highland Park Methodist Church. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph F. Duggan, Jr., 3661 Asbury Ave., and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Howard Pursifull of Jasper.

An announcement luncheon was given Saturday at the Century Room of the Adolphus Hotel for Miss Duggan by her mother. The table was centered by a large lace-bordered colonial bouquet of pastel flowers. Attached to the bouquet were white satin streamers, on which the names of the engaged couple and the wedding date were written. Colonial bouquets marked places for 24 guests.

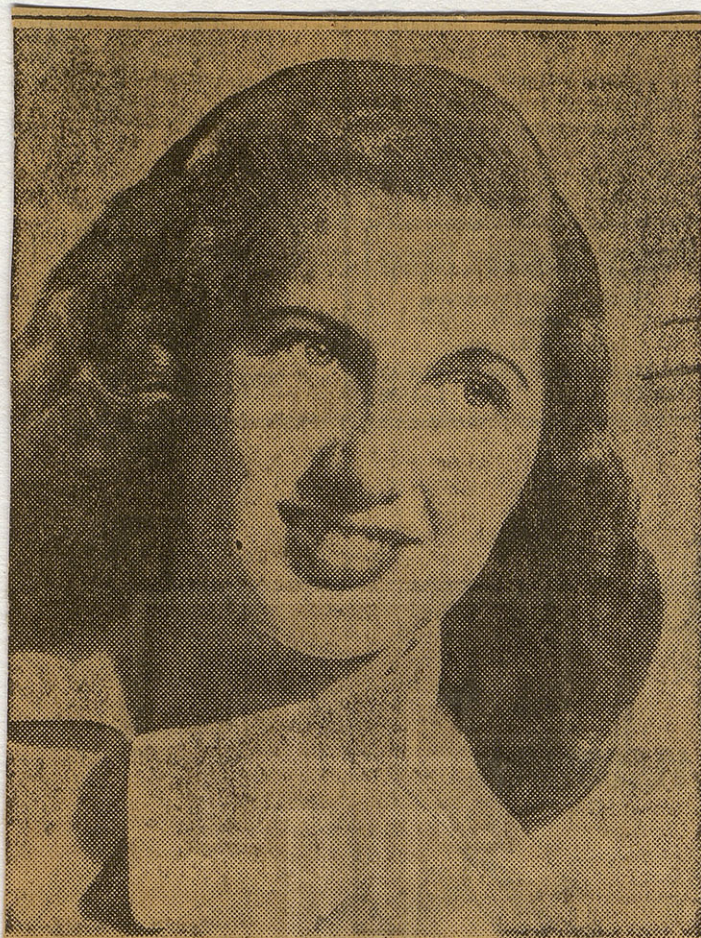
Miss Duggan will be attended by Mrs. Joe Bruce Kinnear of Jasper, matron of honor; Miss Sara Frances Munsell of Jasper, maid of honor, and Miss Cecilia

Anne Boyd and Billie J. Garwood of San Antonio, bridesmaids.

Best man will be J. B. Kinnear of Jasper, and groomsmen will be Harlen Stringer and Edgar Herbst, both of Jasper, and Randy Duggan, brother of the bride-to-be. Ushering will be Edward Ronan of Haverford, Pa.; Bob Manely of Grinnell, Iowa, and Bob Banvard and Mike Tipps.

The bride-elect was graduated from Highland Park High School and is a student at Southern Methodist University, where she is a member of Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority. Mr. Pursifull, a graduate of Jasper High School, attended Oklahoma A&M College and is now a student at SMU and a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.





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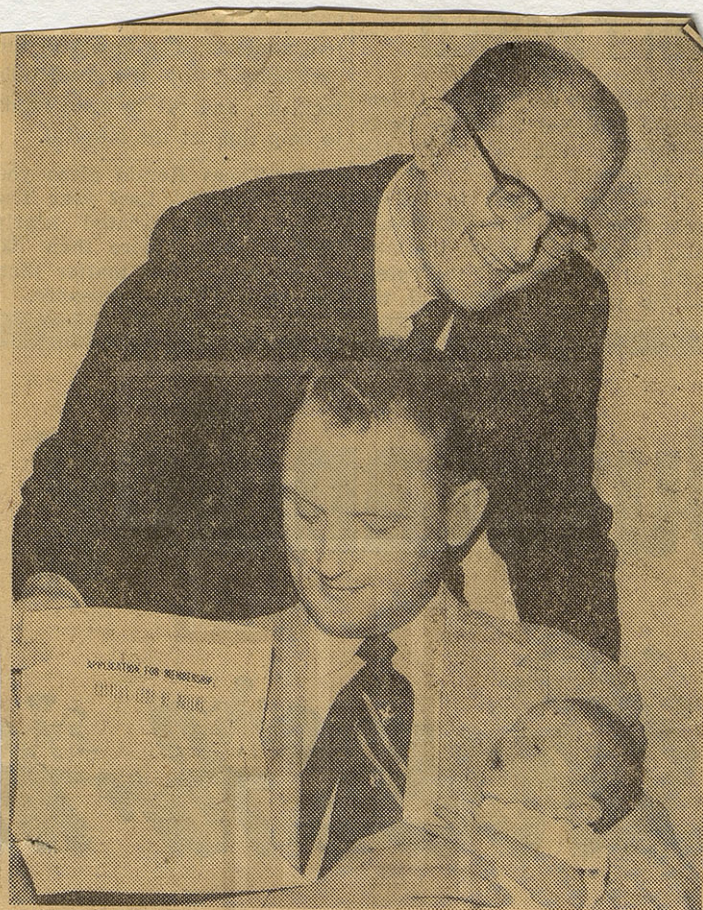
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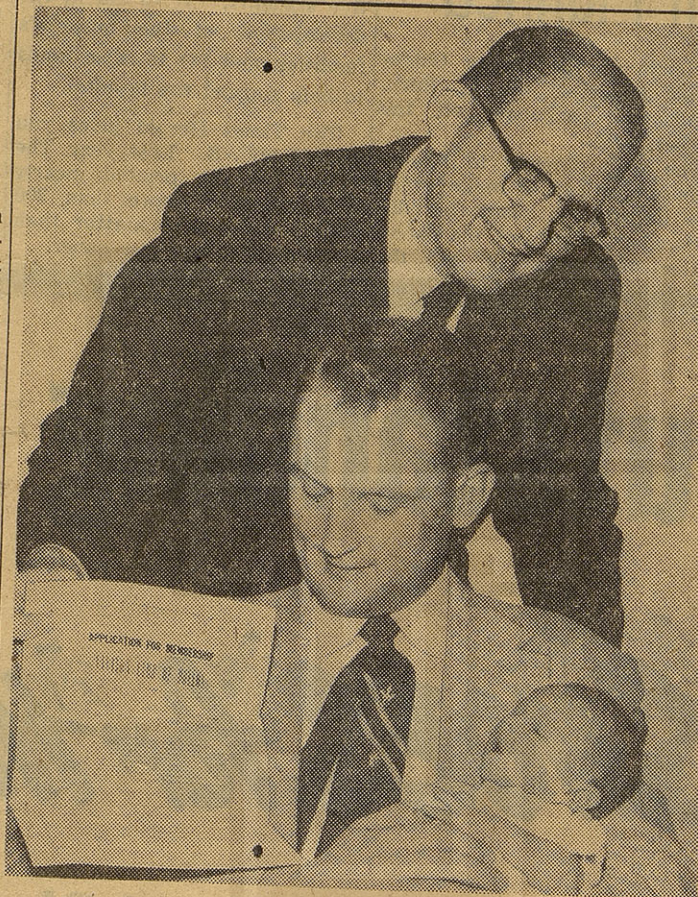


—The Times Herald Staff Photo

DOWN THE LINE FOR CIVITAN—Two-week-old Randolph Freeman Duggan, IV, of 6747 Del Norte, has a family tree that's rooted in the Dallas Civitan Club. Young Randolph, whose club membership becomes effective Jan. 29, 1975, is held by his father, Randolph Duggan, III. His grandfather, Randolph Duggan, II, past Civitan president, joins the pair in examining the baby's membership certificate. The late Randolph Duggan, Sr., his great-grandfather, was also a member.

★ Friday, Feb. 12, 1954

THE DAILY TIMES HERALD, DALLAS



—The Times Herald Staff Photo

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