

CHS - Bio

Travelin' Girl

1955

Current



I remember having a good time at Central - and being not one who hung out in that corner of 3rd floor during lunch hour. The teachers were great.

I took mainly secretarial courses since, in those days, females 1) went to college; 2) got married; 3) got a secretarial job, or 4) became an airline stewardess. In my senior year I worked at the Board of Education in the mornings and had classes in the afternoon, including one after school. I had crushes on several guys but nothing ever came of the crushes. Didn't go to any of the dances, proms, etc. I was offered a job as a secretary for a minister in Oklahoma City, so moved the summer after graduation. Then met an Air Force guy in May of 1957 and got married in September 1957. We're still married and will celebrate our 49th anniversary right before the reunion. We stayed in the military until 1976, traveling to Turkey, Guam, Japan, and Germany as well as Texas, Wisconsin, Indiana, New Mexico, Colorado, New York and our last assignment was in Germany - a country we fell in love with.

We moved from Germany to Salt Lake City upon retirement from the military. My husband attended the University of Utah for his Master's and Ph.D. I found a job at the University of Utah and was there from 1976 until 1990 when I had to leave work on permanent disability due to advanced arthritis and post polio muscle atrophy. When my husband retired as a Psychologist in the school system, we have been able to travel and, finally, were able to go back to our love - Germany. Oh, the wine and the food. We'd go back in split second.

1958 in Adana Turkey with first born

Since I haven't lived in Tulsa since leaving high school, I often think of the 'good old days' and all the friends I made at Central. So I get excited going back for reunions.

The most embarrassing moment - walking through the main hall one morning, there were guys hanging out behind the Great Spirit. I mentioned to my girlfriends how silly they were to put a balloon on the hand of the Indian. Immediately the guys started laughing and my friends told me that was NOT a balloon. How naive!



See Ya at the 50th Ruth Ann!