

Clyburn Family News

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Clyburn Family News - Online..... http://www.cliburne.com

CURRENT HAPPENINGS

Hi Everybody. Well, here's the current info. Oliver and Nancy have sold their home in Grenada, CA and have moved back to their Montague, CA property. Oliver has been doing a lot of work on that Montague property recently.

While visiting Oliver the other day, he showed me an article in a magazine. This was an article about an Idaho man who was being freed after 22 years of prison. He had apparently been trapping illegally in that N. Nevada and S. Idaho area and had killed two Fish and Game officers there in 1981. Oliver reminded me about one of our visits trying to find work in Nevada that same year. Nevada officers checked Oliver's I.D. while they were searching for this killer.

I remember Uncle Thomas Miles Clyburn told Oliver and I that they had him listed as a suspect and had been watching him. He was camped at Wild Horse Reservoir (north of Elko, NV.) when Oliver and I visited him that time they checked Oliver's I.D. Of course they found the right guy later. They didn't check me, guess I didn't look as suspicious as Tom or Oliver! Ha.

Folks, I haven't told you that I went to Alaska the last two winters to visit my sister Lynda Clyburn Thompson and my daughters Joie Clyburn and Ronnie Lee.

Both trips were uneventful as far as flights went and I visited my cousin Dan E. Clyburn and his daughter Tammy Jones while there.

Dan E. is really getting into computer repair up there. Well, we all know that he is good at whatever he put's his mind to doing!

Angela gave him a copy of her 2nd Edition, *Cliburne, The Story of an American Pioneer Family* as a gift. Folks, this was one of only about a dozen ever printed! Needless to say, Dan really appreciated it.

Angela is due to release her 3rd

Edition of the book in August of this year. It is so big that she will only put it on disc. Can you imagine, the First Edition was over two inches thick on double sided 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper, the 2nd Edition was over 4 inches thick on 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper, and now she tells me the 3rd Edition

is about double the size of the 2nd Edition! She has more than doubled the amount of her Clyburn information, that is why it is so big. If you'd like one of her books, contact her by e-mail at carolinaclyburn@hotmail.com and tell her so. She sells them so cheap that the price will be shocking! If you knew how much money she's spent on her research in the last 18 to 20 years it would amaze you (in the 5 digits). Real research in cemeteries, courthouses, libraries, online, etc., is not cheap folks. She is the authority

on the Clyburn, Cliburn, Clayborn, etc. Families in the United States.

Our friend, and family member Bernard Aseltine passed away this year. He will surely be missed by all that knew him. Aunt Fae and I went to his memorial service in Yreka. His ashes are in Evergreen Cemetery in Yreka, CA.

My cousin Donna (Taylor) James died this year also b-9 Sept. 1952 d-6 Feb. 2006. She will surely be missed. She died in Hornbrook, CA as a result of cancer.

This past summer the McMaster Family had a reunion at Greenhorn Park in Yreka, CA. I stopped by for a short while and met several of my relatives there. Among them, Aunt Fae, her daughter Narcie, Nancy McMaster, Jeannie Clyburn Hays, and Jeannie's daughters, Traci and Holly. Diana Clyburn Cross came from Colorado to be there and many others. I missed Steve McMaster and Larry McMaster but they came also. Alice (Sammy) Freitas (not certain of her last name at this time) was also there.

I understand that they had a wonderful time.

I also went to a reunion of Klamath River Union Elementary School students. The reunion took place at the Klamath River Community Hall. I went to that school for a term many years ago as did my sister Lynda while living at Oak Bar, CA. That was small but interesting.. I put together a small pictobook that went over well there. I named it "Klamath River Roots." You may see it on the



Fay Clyburn McBain with G Granddaughter Jamie Fae Davis

Clyburn Family News website if you wish.

Recently our cousin Alice Ruth Clyburn Mattice has had a couple of strokes. She is still hanging in there tho so she says. She is the daughter of John Henry Clyburn, youngest son of Miles Clyburn.

Aunt Fae (*she changed her name*



Frank Clyburn, Lynda Clyburn Thompson, Dan E. Clyburn Dec. 2005

from Fae to Fae by just writing it that way over the years) has had several TIA's that rob her of some of her memory. She's had these over the course of the past year and a half. She is now 87 years old and is still getting around on her own.

I recently had at least one TIA (*I think I had three*) attacks. These are mini strokes that last 15 minutes or less. I had no permanent damage.

They gave me a cat scan, and later an MRI to my head and an MRA. I had, what I now believe is the second one, when I was driving down the road and almost couldn't get the car stopped but I did. The attack only lasted about 5 minutes. It was like when your tv screen goes bonko when your not getting a good signal. The next I believe I had when I was asleep a day later.

Apparently I've a lot of scar tissue in my brain as a result of whatever clogged my arteries up. Seems it clogged small veins in my brain and they died along with some tissue and

caused what the doctor call scar tissue. The only result of it that I know I have is my typing ability has been impaired. It seems that now my word spelling get mixed up as I type. It's very frustrating!

Oh did I mention that our cousin Diana Clyburn Cross has undergone surgery to replace two valves in her heart. She'd just recovered from that before she came to the McMaster Reunion. She looks like she recovered well. The surgery she went through took many hours to complete (I think about 12 hours).

I visited Jeanne Clyburn Hayes in Dorris, CA just before Christmas. She was looking good. Several of her daughters were there but I only seen Anne and Holly. I recently spoke with Jeanne on the phone.

Just received a letter from cousin Jim Clyburn. He is living in Caliente, NV which is close to Las Vegas, NV. He seems like he's doing pretty fair there, but he said his truck is broke down. Sorry Jim.

I also have spoken with some of my Knight Family relatives. I spoke with Kelley Shannon (Willits, CA) and Loucille Fausto (Las Vegas, NV). These girls are sisters of Ray Smith who is doing well in Hornbrook, CA.

Kelley is having a kidney problem but she also has a granddaughter. Her daughter Elissa now has a daughter Lexi Marie Shannon, born 28, March. The father is Bryan Shannon Casey II.

Loucille is still living in the Las Vegas area. I also spoke with Jose Smith her son. He is now married and has a son. His wife's name is Amanda and they have a son Kyan James born in 2004. I had a very nice conversation with Jose and he seems really nice. I believe he told me that he works in construction.



Brianna Nicole Williams & Parents Jeff & Heather

I spoke with Heather Gassaway, Earl Knight's youngest Granddaughter. She is in Eureka, CA. She was finishing up a college degree there. She told me about her husband Jeff Williams and their daughter Brianna born 20, Aug 2005. I didn't even know she was married! I sent her a copy of another pictobook that I titled "*The Knight Family of Oak Bar.*"

Heather also told me that her oldest sister Stephanie was living in Eureka also and going to college. She said that middle sister Michelle was living in Texas somewhere with her husband Patrick Weston.

I had a most interesting conversation with Heather and she sent me a photo of her family. Thanks Heather....

I also, have been working on a website that I created for the school where I work. That is Gazelle Elementary School in Gazelle, CA. It has lots of old pictures of the Gazelle Community and old schools in the district and the history of the Gazelle Grange. Seems the site has become a community site rather than simply a school website. If you are interested in the local history there go to the following URL to view it.

<http://www.sisnet.ssku.k12.ca.us/~gazelftp/>.

Another thing that I've worked on some since my last newsletter is a blog that I've added on my website. On it I put some of my own viewpoints. You may not agree with me, but then it's my site! Ha.. Go here to view the blog.

http://www.cliburne.com/Blog%20Archives/blog_4_19_2006.htm or go to the [Clyburn Family News](http://www.cliburne.com) and click on the button

that says "From the Files of Frank Clyburn." I do not attempt to keep it up to date...only add comments when I feel frustrated with the system.... If you have any comments, e-mail me at franklin1@cliburne.0catch.com with them. I can't put a message board on my site because the porno people keep

leaving messages there. I can't have that happen on a family website.

YOUNG DAN and the BULLY

by Dan E. Clyburn

Summer was over now and Young Dan was back in school after being sick last year and not going at all. He'd spent the summer hunting along the creek and hills behind their house. He was a good rifle shot with his 22, his Dad gave him 10 ¢ for every ground squirrel he killed, said they carried the plague or something like that. He also carried his sling shot that he took pride in being able to hit almost anything he shot at if it was within range. Whenever he was in town he'd go to the service station and get old wheel weights, these he'd melt down on his dad's old forge, and pore into an old rifle mold. These little round balls, they'd come out bright and shiny, just the right size to shoot, he'd knock a squirrel rolling or break a bottle at the garbage dump. Sometimes he'd get his older sister mad when he'd shoot the side of the old outhouse when his sister was inside, Wooooeee!! She could throw a rock just as good as any boy. But Young Dan learned to dodge these.

After about ten weeks of school Dan figured this was going to a long year, for two reasons. First there was the teacher. Dan had two teachers, in the morning he learned reading, writing and spelling. This was a good teacher, and she sent him to the library at noon to get books she thought he'd like. After noon he had the BLACK WITCH, a big woman always dressed in black, who liked to spend her time at the back of the class. She'd go out the front door of the room and sneak in the back door. Now, Dan sat next to a window and since it was good weather that window was open most of the time and if he just happened to glance out that window, that big witch might be standing right behind him and "WACK" she'd hit him with her big heavy home made ruler that she always carried. Now, Dan wasn't the only one

that got that ruler on the skull, but it sometimes felt that way.

Now the second reason was the BULLY. There was a new family that had moved in down on the river. There was three boys, the youngest a grade or two behind Dan, the middle one in the same grade, and the oldest a grade ahead, but this one started school when he was six and had failed two or three times. They lived on the backside of the river about a mile from the paved road; they had to cross over on the old bridge with its big steel arches and walked home most of the time. Dan had started when he was five and this was the sixth grade and him and his two sisters walked almost two miles the other way up the creek to home.



That boy was twice as big as any boy in Dan's class, had a mustache, worked out with weights, ate wheat germ and really liked to hit a smaller kid in the face, just to see if he could knock him down and make him cry or say please.

By this week in school most of the smaller boys had a black eye, or was just healing up from one.

Now, at school, you could watch for the bully, but Dan had to ride the bus with him and he always tried to get off first, that way he could be standing there and smack Dan one. Whenever he didn't get knocked down Young Dan would swing back but that only got him a few more fists in the face. Well that's what had happened that Friday and when he'd been

knocked down he'd gotten up and went after the bully again, getting in a couple good licks himself. This had gone on until Dan couldn't get up and the Bully was giving him a kick or two when Old Pop Bailey had come across his yard fence with a garden hoe and run the bully off.

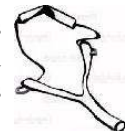
Dan had told his Mom what had happened and his Mom had told his Dad to do something to stop it. But he'd heard his Dad say. "Dan will toughen up, the kid's only a grade ahead of him so Dan will FIGGAR IT OUT."

Well Dan's left eye was swollen closed and his right eye wasn't much better, and he had bruises here and there. He spent most of Saturday along the creek soaking his face in the cool water and that took some of the swelling down. He cut himself a new set of rubbers out a red rubber inner tube that he kept hid. He cut them wider than he did most of the time, trimming them even so they would stretch the same. And when he tried them he shot a tin can the dents were deep and some had small cracks in them. Dan spent the weekend shooting cans and stuff with his sling shot, poring more ball and splitting wood for his mom's cook stove, he figured he had enough wood split for all week.

Monday came and he was still sore, his rib felt like it might be broke from getting kicked but he went to school anyway black eyes and all. He took the slingshot and about sixty balls in his pouch and lift them behind a bush just out of sight of the bus stop. At school his morning teacher said he shouldn't have come, but the witch had him in front of the class saying, "See what happens when you fight?"

When school got out he sat in the front seat right next to the door. Sure enough ol' bullyboy sat right behind him so he could reach over the seat and thump Dan once in awhile. But when that bus stopped he was off that bus on the run and bullyboy chased for a little way's yelling. "Come back coward." The kids on the bus was laughing and yelling something too.

Well Dan only ran as far as that slingshot and when he looked the bus



had left and bullyboy was walking toward the bridge. When Dan passed his sisters heading up the creek toward home, his older sis said, "Your gonna get it."

Dan hurried a little and when he stepped onto the end of that bridge old bullyboy was about twenty feet out on it. Young Dan thought as he pulled that ball back as far as he dared, "you been thumping knots on my head so here's one for you."

When that ball hit the back of his head it sounded like he'd hit an old hollow stump, that feller took another step and went down on his hands and knees, he's a' shaking his head and puts his hand up there and when he pulls it away there's blood on it.

Now, Dan couldn't make up his mind witch hip pocket to shoot so he just shoots right between them. That just straitens that feller out on those splintery planks like fast, he's a' hollering and yelling. He's got his fingers dug in there like he's trying to find a bee or something.



Dan's trying to wait for him to move his fingers so he can give him another in the same place of course, but he must of made a noise, [maybe he laughed] cause that feller sudden like turned over and set up. His eye's big and round, now, he had a big pimple almost in the middle of his forehead, one of those big red ones with a white top,

Dan's a' thinking "I'll just bust that for you," but he moved and that ball took him on the left eyebrow, you know where the hair grows and that little ridge of bone is. He just thumps his head back on that bridge, leaving blood and got his hands up there holding that eyebrow, moaning kind of

low and flopping around, when he raises his leg up Dan gives him another ball on the back of the right leg. He lets out a yelp but it got him moving. He gets up and heads to the other end of that bridge, holding his eye and limping.

Dan gives him two more before he makes it behind one of them steel arches, where he takes shelter from them balls that's a' wiz zing his way. He starts talking to the God's, at least Dan thinks he is cause every time he'd say a name he'd say God, but Dan had never heard of any God with names like he was saying. So Dan figured that feller just might be cussing. Well he bends over to pick up a rock to throw and his hip pocket stick's out there and Dan lets him have a ball, and when he step's out to throw it he gets another on the chest.

He had on one them little thin under shirts, with straps over the shoulders, showed off his muscles, but it sure didn't give any protection from them lead balls. He'd draw back to throw and one of them balls would hit him, he couldn't throw as good as Dan's big sister. But finally he thru one and Dan had to duck just as he let go, that ball took him on the kneecap, that feller started doing his war dance, jumping up and down on one leg and holding on to that knee with both hands, just a' hollering and yelping. He's dancing in a little circle like them fellers do in them picture shows just before they charge out there yelling and get all shot down by them cowboys.

Dan figures this feller is going to charge so he's taking his time and shooting him as hard as he can, but after a couple of shots one hit that feller on the right elbow, you know where there isn't much meat over the bone.

Boy! that made the blood run. That changed his tune from a yip to ouch and he took off down the road just a' hopping and skipping like he was having lots of fun. Well if that feller was going to have that much fun Young Dan would go along and have some fun too. Dan looked back and waved at his two sisters and Old Pop Bailey, they was all watching what was going on.

Well, Young Dan was like a blackbird after a buzzard, he'd come up close and shoot for a shoulder blade or a kidney or backbone, and then skip back. When that feller would bend over to get a rock he had lot better target. When he would turn around to throw or threaten Dan, he'd get one on a tit or belly or just about any place Dan chouse to shoot. All this time he be cussing and saying things like "Stop it!" or "Quit!" But he was a' crying now, big tears mixed with that blood running out of that eyebrow, he looked a terrible mess. And he couldn't throw worth a darn left-handed.

Finely Young Dan was running low on ball and was thinking about finishing him off with a few to the head when he bent over and picked up a rock as big as a man's head. He's a' standing there looking at Dan with that one eye, cause the others full of blood and starting to swell shut, telling Dan what he's gun-na do with it, but Dan knows he can't throw that thing more than ten feet. So Dan just listened and moved up close, "thinking maybe he'll get a chance to pop that pimple, but old bullyboy would probable move his head," so Dan just stood there watching him hold that rock up there above his head, and he was getting tired when Dan pulled that ball back and let go, CRACK!, right on that sore kneecap. That ball made a real nice sharp sound when it hit.

Well, Bullyboy's mouth dropped open and he done a half circle on one leg and set down hard on his behind, that big rock setting in his lap. He's really bawling now, just a boohoo.

"Now is the time to finish it," Dan say's to himself," but now he had one ball loaded in his slingshot and only two in his pouch.

When he pulls back to let him have it behind the ear that feller puts his hand up there and there's them knuckles that's been hitting him.

Dan pulled that ball back as far them rubbers would stretch and when it hit them knuckles it popped, sounded like a balloon breaking. Boy did that feller scream he was a' screaming and bawling, and finally he started saying, "PLEASE STOP"!!! "PLEASE STOP"!!! Well you can't hardly shoot

a feller that is saying please now can you? So for the first time Dan spoke.

"You gun-na leave me alone?"

"YES"

"You sure?"

"YES"

Dan left him there setting in the road with a big rock in his lap just a' bawling away, and by the time he got back to the bridge he'd picked up more half of them shinny little lead balls that were just laying there in the road. Maybe thirty-five, forty of them so he felt pretty good when Old Pop Bailey asked, "Did you kill him?"

"Naw! Made him say please."

"Made him cry too."

Old Pop Bailey went into a fit of laughter, tears started running down his cheeks, and Young Dan went on home making good time of it too, he'd spent more than an hour with this little chore and he didn't want to be on the road when Daddy Bullyboy came home from work.



Dan went around the house and in the kitchen door, hanging his slingshot and pouch just outside. His mom asked, "What happened?" "Your late and I was about to come looking for you."

"I had something I had to do," was the answer.

"Your little sister said you shot bullyboy with your slingshot."

"Just a little bit, he really needed it."

"Maybe you'd better get your wood in."

Well, since he had it all split it didn't take him long to get his mom's wood box filled.

He was setting in the window watching down the road, his dad had just finished washing up and was drying off. When around that corner about a quarter mile off came a cloud off dust and right in front of it was Daddy Bullyboy's pickup.

Dan comes out of that windowsill and said, "Hey Dad, here comes Daddy Bullyboy, he sure wants to talk to you!"

Then he went out that kitchen door like a bullet, getting his slingshot and pouch, whistling Big Red up.

Now Big Red was a red hound dog, with two-inch fangs and when he grinned at something you could see all of them. They went around the house and slipped up next to a corner post on that big porch that went the full length of the house. On the far end there was a railing so you wouldn't fall off onto the road. It was about ten feet down to that road, the yard was seven feet or so above the road with a rock wall to keep it held back, coarse when it was built there was a sit of stares build in out of flat sandstone.

Well, Dan had just got there and had told Red to stay, when Daddy Bullyboy bounded up on the porch.

Dan's dad had stepped out the front door. Daddy Bullyboy started in, he was cussing saying words that Dan had never heard before, he was telling Dan's dad what he was going to do to Dan and how he should be horse wiped and he was still a' cussing.

Dan's mom came out the house and she had her butcher knife in her hand with its foot long blade. Nobody cussed around the house without getting told about it or getting the back of her hand across his mouth.

Bullyboy finally made it up into the yard and he was told to take his shirt off.

Boy he was pretty!!! He had these big spots all over him, about as big as an old silver dollar. Around the outer rim they was a fire red then a sick looking blackish yellow and right in the middle this big blood blister, about as big as a pea, some of them was oozing blood. Man! I'll tell you he was pretty!!!! With that eyebrow still oozing blood with a big knot up there, his eye closed with the swelling and the blood had run down off his chin, heir all matted, blood all over his right arm from that elbow. And that right hand! Looked like the knuckle was gun-na pop right through the skin, bleeding good too. He was standing there on one leg trying to scowl and look tuff; well to tell the truth he did look real tuff in a beat up way. Yea he looked so tuff Dan almost laughed out loud, if he could just see himself.

Well he was in Dan's yard, and Dan was wondering if he should pop

him or his dad in the ear with a ball, just to get things going you understand.

About then his dad started winding up, just like a pitcher at base ball game getting ready to throw a fast ball. Dan thought, "If he knocks dad down I'll shoot his ear and sic Red."

That fist went past Dan's dad's ear, yes sir, right on out there into the thin air, but when his dad brought his fist up it landed in that feller's midsection.

The hot air came out of him like a wind storm, he must have been saving all that up for years, and when the second one hit him in about the same place there wasn't enough left for a gasp. He started bending over and with a little help; he got down there far enough to meet a knee coming up that smashed into that buzzard beak he called a nose. Now that straitened him up, blood coming out of his beak like you'd opened a water facet. He got stood up there just in time to get a fist on the chin that sent him out there into the yard on his back, his heals didn't even touch the top step or the bottom one either

Now Dan had a ball all loaded up and bullyboy is just looking at what had happened, so when that ball took him on the ear he went reeling down them old rock steps and went head first out into the road. His dad was rolling over acted like he might want to get some of that air back so Dan's dad helped him by grabbing the cuff of his collar and the seat of his pants and throws him off that rock wall, yea, right down there into the road, where he dose a belly flop. Now if Dan had been judging a contest he would have said that feller was the world's champion BELLYFLOPER!!

He watched his dad standing there on that wall looking like he was goanna jump down there on top of him just to get some wind back in there, when his mom spoke his name kind of sharp like, his dad took one more look and kind of slow like went back in the house. Dan's mom looked at him and pointed that butcher knife at him and said, "Young man!! You get a hold of that dog." Then she went into the house, she could sure read a feller's mind, and Red just wagged his tail looking at Dan. He knew he'd been caught.

On his way down to the other end of the porch so he could see down onto the road better, his sister leaned out her window and said "You are really going to get it"

It took quite a while before them two got up and got in their pickup and got it turned around and headed back down the road. They looked like they were just taking their time, but the wheels started spinning when that little lead ball left a big star in the back window of that pickup. Young Dan went around the house and hung his slingshot up and as he went into the kitchen he raised his shirt up so you could see that big bruise on his ribs and asked, "Mom, do you think my ribs are broke?"

And what he really got was two days out of school and that could have lasted all week, but on the second day his mom caught him wrestling with Big Red and she thought if he could do that he was O.K. to go to school. So Dan went back to school but by then his sister's had told what he'd done and all the boys wanted to shoot a slingshot. So on a trip to the library he went to the five and dime and got a big bag of rubber bands. They were about a quarter inch wide and six inches long. Not big enough, but with three linked together and on a fork he made by twisting up a clothes hanger they was good enough to shoot a spitball or a



small
fence
staple.

One of Dan's favorite was a big hair pen, one of the big heavy duty ones. You could tie a piece of yarn to these and they'd turn over in flight and stick, sharpen the points and you could impale a mouse. Dan sold these to his classmates and they practiced at recess, witch was soon outlawed so the boys would tuck them down under their shirts in their waistbands just in case something needed shot you understand. Quite often something got shot, needed or not.

Now in the five weeks it took for the Bully to come back to school Dan didn't get whacked to often. But the day he came back, riding in with his dad, which he did for the rest of the

year and his dad picked him up after he got off work.

He had a morning class with the Old Witch and he was kind of her pet, well she seen him with his lump on his eyebrow, a brace on his knee, a white spot starting to show on the back of his head, a hand that didn't close into a fist, and that ear that didn't look quite right.

Well Young Dan was studying when he kind of knew something was there and raised his head, "WACK" she really hit him. Young Dan came out of his desk holding his head and changing that word loudly from witch to BITCH and left the class room with her yelling at him. By the time he got to the principles office there was blood where she'd hit him, and when he got home his mom put something on the cut and there was a lump there.

Well now, Dan went to school the next day but he made sure that witch didn't come up behind him no more, and when school was out that day his mom was coming down the hall with the principle about ten steps behind her, she told Dan to get his sisters and wait in the car.

His mom went right on into the class room and it was a long time before she came to the car carrying that ruler that old Witch was so proud of, and that evening she added it to the wood in her cook stove. One of the girls that was late leaving the class room said Dan's mom had walked into the room and grabbed that ruler, and there she stood with the ruler shoved into the Witches face and told her what was what, and what was going to happen if she had to come back. That ended the "Wack" on the head, but there wasn't to many recesses after that.

Well come the last day of school and all the report cards were handed out (Dan had a nice big D-) and all the class was lining up so they could march nice and quite out the front door of the school. And that old witch was writing high up on the blackboard, (it was eight minuets to the bell)

HAVE A GOOD SUM-----.

That's when that great big, sharpened, hairpin turned over in flight with its bright yellow yarn and

stuck in one of them big ham's with that black dress stretched tight on it.

That old witch started to SCREAM, Young Dan ducked out of that back door of that class room and down the hall, out the back door of the school with his whole class running, laughing and screaming after him, across that school yard and into the back seat of his mom's car. And man was it a long time before the bell rang and his sisters came out and got in the car and his mom started it and drove off. And Young Dan was FREE for another summer. Boy could that old Bitch SCREEEMMMMM!!!!!!!

(Editor's Note: Dan E. Clyburn is the second oldest son of Thomas Miles Clyburn. He pretty much grew up on Ash Creek, Klamath River, CA. Ash Creek is a few miles down river from Hornbrook, CA. PS...I believe this to be a true story! - can you imagine the outcry if this happened today....the poor, poor, bullyboy! You bad Young Dan!)

Dearest Loved Ones, and Friends,

09 June 2006 ends our 2005-'06 school year. The following is a summary of our sports, academic, extra curricular activities, and health downfalls.

Derek

Sports

Wrestling:

(1) wrestling medallion

(2) wrestling sports pins

2x Western States Wrestling Championship, Free Agent w/high recommendations.

Baseball:

(2) Trophies: CBR/Cal Ripken 50th Anniversary, 1st AAA Minor Tournament

Champion and Outstanding 2nd Baseman.

All-Star nominee

· Ranked #1 Base Stealer in CBR/Cal Ripken, AAA Minor League (8 teams)

· Tied #1 Best Batting Average in CBR/Cal Ripken AAA Minor League (8 teams)

Academics

Trustworthy Award

Classroom Group Team Leader

Classroom Messenger

Certificate of Recognition

Grades-All A's and a C+ EVERY semester, thus missing his typical 4.0 GPA

And the 1 C+ EVERY semester exempted him from any Honor Roll status.

A's in Advanced Reading-Literature and C+'s in independent reading, go figure!

(4) Personal Responsibility Awards

Year to date
12 trophies
4 Medallions

Year Book:
3 photos

Extra Curricular Activities

Cub Scouts: Bear rank, 2 year Webelo requirements 3/4 accomplished

Girls

OMG! (Oh My God!) They don't leave him alone, ranging from his own age group to being "Chick Magnets" for his brother's teenage Boy Scouts peers. Derek is receptive to girls his own age and highly receptive to girls older than he is...as long as they are not overweight.

Health

Never ending mosquito bite allergies

Strep Throat

Viral Tonsillitis

Flu, common colds

1st Black Eye (Baseball)

* We went to Urgent Care today. What was thought to be appendicitis, turned out to be a severe amount of feces backed up in his system. Note: Children are known to die from this, but w/plenty of water and ample medication Derek will be fine.

James

Sports

Football: Varsity Free Safety w/ only 1 TD scored on his watch

Wrestling: (2) trophies - Outstanding Leadership Varsity Captain

Lower Weight Wrestler

(2) Medallions

(2) Sports Pins

2x Varsity Captain

League Champion Placement

District Placement 7th (again)

8 Pins and has NEVER, EVER been pinned since the onset of wrestling

2x Western States Championship Qualifier- self-declined

Baseball:

Youngest Varsity player and never sat the bench

Varsity Status Dog Tag

Track:

(8) Ribbons

(1) Trophy - 5th Grade Boys Coaches Award

(6) Medallion

2nd place High Jump school meet

3x League Champion, 3 events '06

District Placement 3rd and 4th

Academics

Responsibility Award

Block W Award

Warrior Award

Outstanding Performance Award

Good Attitude Award - Voted by peer for having the most positive attitude

(3) Honor Rolls

(1) High Honor Roll

(4) Personal Responsibility Awards

Year to date

12 Trophies

12 Medallions

Yearbook

10 photos

Extra Curricular Activities

Cub Scouts - Webelo Badge, Arrow of Light Award

Boy Scouts - (2) Ranks (Scout & Tenderfoot)

Girls

Constantly pursued. Notices a hot girl, thinks most are silly, views female sport participants as strictly opponents, opens doors, and always says ladies first.

Health

Strep throat

Viral tonsillitis

Dehydration

Several ear infections - to include being diagnosed with one today.

Swollen spleen

Pulled groin muscle

Sprained fingers

Growing pains - ankles

Mom

Sports

Football:

Varsity team Mom

Wrestling:

Assistant coach

Host of in-home varsity wrestling camp

Baseball:

Assistant coach (NABA)

Scorekeeper 2 leagues/team

Declined B team Head Coach

Declined CBR/Cal Ripken AA Minor

Manager

CBR/Cal Ripken All Star Manager candidate - denied.

School

CUSD Board Officer

Volunteered in 3 classrooms

In-home Algebra tutor- elementary & high school students

9 additional units

Cub Scouts

Cubmaster, Committee Chairperson, Webelo Den Leader

Boy Scouts

Official Photographer

Home

Cook

Maid

Launder

Gardner

Nurse

Physiologist

Sports sparring partner AKA crash test dummy

Taxi

Teacher

Head of Household

Awards

Mug

Flowers, flowers, and more flowers

(2) yearbook photos

Plaque

The blessing and honor of watching and helping James and Derek learn, grow, excel, and thrive on a daily basis.

What a year folks...summer here we come!

--Sharon Gilmore

Editor's Note: Sharon is Earl Knight's step-daughter. She has two boys, James and Derek. A wonderful bunch! (I get the idea that she's proud of her sons! She is something to be proud of also as she'll soon finish her courses and become a school teacher!