



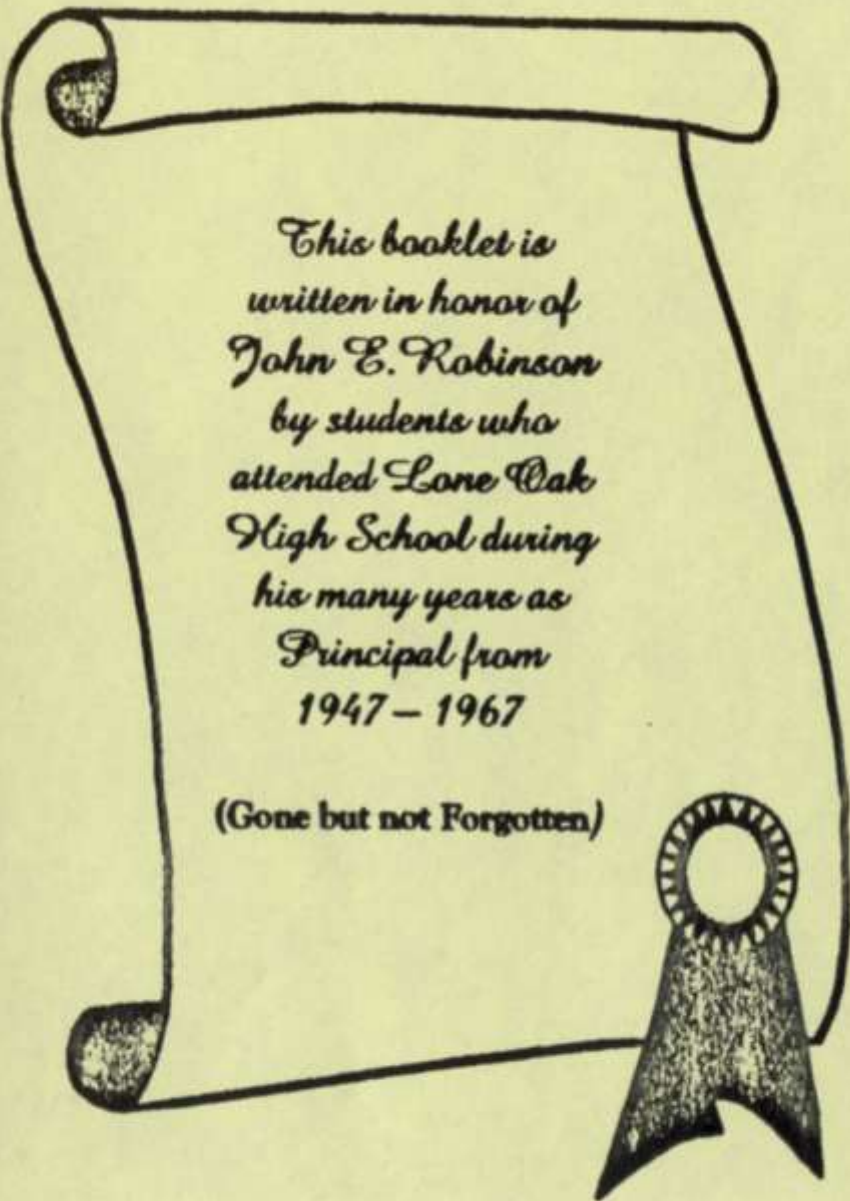
JOHN E. ROBINSON

MEMORIAL DEDICATION DAY

**APRIL SEVENTH
TWO THOUSAND TWO
2:00 P.M.**

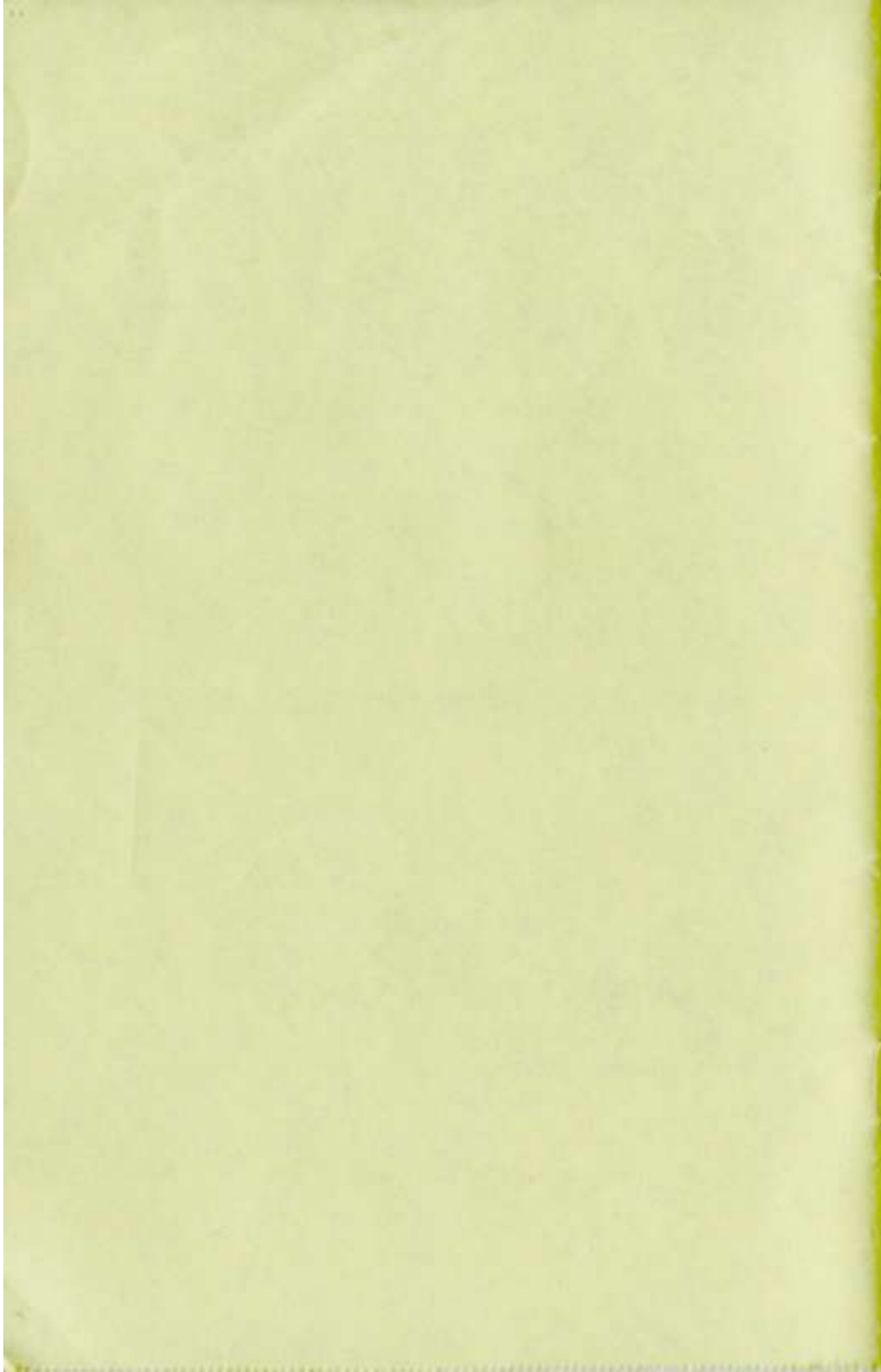
LONE OAK HIGH SCHOOL





*This booklet is
written in honor of
John E. Robinson
by students who
attended Lone Oak
High School during
his many years as
Principal from
1947 - 1967*

(Gone but not Forgotten)



JOHN E. ROBINSON, OUR PRINCIPAL

We, the Seniors of Lone Oak High School, feel that we are very fortunate in having Mr. John E. Robinson, well-known educational leader and thinker, as our principal. This is Mr. Robinson's first year as principal of our school and during this year, he has been very co-operative with the Senior Class in all our activities. We have found him never too busy or too tired to attend to his student's problems for each student's problem is also his problem. Under his leadership many new features have been added to our school curriculum and several departments expanded. Mr. Robinson has taken a prominent part in behalf of education in the county as well as in our school having been elected chairman of the McCracken County Teachers' Association.

Loyalty Song

We're loyal to you Lone Oak
High

We're faithful and true Lone
Oak High

We'll back you to stand against
the best in the land

For we know you have stood
Lone Oak High

So crack out that ball Lone Oak
High

We're backing you all Lone Oak
High

Our team is the best, protector
Oml Boys for we expect a
victory from you, Lone Oak
High

Fling out that dear old
banner, purple and gold

For all our sons and daughters
fighting so bold
Like men of olden giants,
fighting reliance, shouting
defiance
Oskewawaw

Amid those broad green fields
that nourish our land
For honest labor and for
learning we stand
And unto thee we pledge our
heart and hand
Our dear old high school, Lone
Oak High.

FOREWARD

As we, the Senior Class, pass through the doors of Lone Oak High School, we want to leave behind us a reminder of those things which for four years we have held most dear. In the years to come, one may turn the pages of the 1947 Flash and see what happened at L.O.H.S. during that year.

It is our desire to bring back the memories of the classes and the happenings of the year 1946-47 in Lone Oak High School.

That this book may be an incentive to all under-graduates of Lone Oak High School to carry the banner flying high for our beloved Alma Mater is the sincere wish of each member of the class of '47.

The year was most likely 1963 or 1964. The Friday afternoon school assembly aka pep rally. Mr. John Robinson was on the gym floor and in complete control, of which no one in the building had any doubt. He was serious and telling students how on this past week the wind had caused several doors to be broken. He was reminding each of us how important it was to hold the door until it closed. The statement he made next was a quote, "These glass doors are getting to be a pain". Realizing he had made a pun, the teachers first started the chuckle and then the students joined in. We would not have dared to laugh at Mr. Robinson if the teachers had not started first. I am proud to have been a graduate of Lone Oak High School and to have had the chance to know Mr. Robinson, even though at the time I was very afraid of his authoritarian ways.

Sometimes I wonder, when I remember back to those pep rally days with Mr. Robinson, where has that spirit gone? I am sorry that my children did not have a chance to witness the school spirit and loyalty of the days of what I consider old.

Jerry Ward Beyer — Class of 1968
(Memories of LOHS)

I don't have any stories to add but do have memories of Mr. Robinson always standing by his office door as we made our way downstairs to the Cafeteria. Our High School had a hometown feeling that has never gone away.

The one thing I remember is that no matter what was doing on during those teenage years, I wanted to graduate from High School. Several of us foolishly married during those years, but Mr. Robinson still let us come to classes and graduate. I am so thankful for that.

Phillip Morris and I walked together in our cap and gown and his baby girl was born the same day as Graduation. He named her Terris Ann Morris— I tried to get him to name her Phyllis Ann because I wanted to pass my name down to my own, but it all worked out with time.

Our years in High School didn't have the drugs or alcohol to deal with (Thank God), but we all just wanted to hurry up and marry. Some marriages worked and some didn't. Yet, all of us turned out to be good, solid citizens.

I have enjoyed our class reunions and have kept in contact with most through the years.

Terris Evans Harper - 1958
William Douglas Evans (Bill) -
1957

You cannot believe the appreciation and honor you Lone Oak High School graduates have made on the "Uncle John Robinson" family!

W. E. "Buddy" & Ann Robinson
Dorothy (Robinson) & L. E. Turk
Clayton & Juanita Gilliam
Clay & Linda Robinson
Julia (Robinson) & Mike Brown
Scot & Kym Robinson
Edar Williams

My Great Uncle was John Robinson. I loved my Uncle John dearly. I have such fond memories of him. Like how he used to pop corn. When it was done, he would tell us kids to take one piece of it and place it on the end of our tongues. The first one to have a piece melt on the end of his or her tongue would get the whole bowl. (it would never melt) Meanwhile he would eat it all!!!

My Grandmother (his sister) used to tell me stories about growing up with Uncle John. How when he and his brother had the chicken pox. They would call her to bring them water. When she opened the door they would shoot at her with BB guns. All of the Robinsons were a fun loving bunch who called yelling 'talking' and their bark was much bigger than their bite and they were all

pussycats inside. My Uncle John was the biggest pussycat of them all.

I am so glad this is being done in his memory. I know he will always be in mine!

Clay Gilliam

In 1965, I became the recipient of the John Robinson Scholarship. As a result of this initial stepping stone, I went on to receive my master's degree and do some additional post-graduate work.

Therefore, I am happy to have the opportunity to say "Thank You" to Mr. Robinson.

Rhett Choice Wehrenberg

I graduated from Lone Oak High School (Class of 1948) and had very high regard for my principal, Mr. John Robinson.

Jackie Howard

How fitting - a bust for a man that busted me many times in my school days at Lone Oak High School...

Bob Steele

P. S. I deserved every one he gave me, plus many more!!!

When Lendell Straub was attending Lone Oak High School, he decided one day that he would skip study hall. He went up to the highway and thumbed a ride to work at a supermarket. Mr. Robinson came driving by and stopped and said, "Get in young man. You are going back to school! I appreciate you wanting to work but you need to be in school." I can remember him coming into our music class and listening to us sing and I

always looked forward to that. I had lots of good memories of him.

Lendell Straub (deceased)
Nealda Bell Straub

This is a very worthy project for a very fine principal, John Robinson. I graduated in 1953.

Janice Burnett Overstreet

In my opinion, John Robinson deserves a remembrance worthy of his dedication to the students of Lone Oak High School and also the community he served. Thank you for this tremendous project. I'm sure it will be successful because of all the lives he touched.

Betty Beltz

Mr. Robinson never came up to the second floor. He also never tried to have the intercom system repaired. He said he trusted his teachers and had no desire to spy on them. Being a teacher myself for the past twenty-five years, I can appreciate this.

The only time I remember being in his office was when I had gotten a ticket for reckless driving on the way back from a South Marshall basketball game. I was afraid of Mr. Robinson, but more afraid of my father's reaction. Someone had told me that Mr. Robinson might be able to talk to the judge; so I got up my courage and went in to see him. He did get the charge reduced to speeding, which made me very happy.

Another time a teacher had taken a water gun from a student. The male student decided to go ask Mr. Robinson for the return of his property - "Not a good idea"!!! When I asked Ronald what happened, he told me, "He knocked me out of my shoes". Needless to say he never saw his water gun again.

I, also, remember that as students, we never knew our academic ranking. Mr. Robinson did not believe in pitting students against each other. At assemblies, he often told us that we could achieve whatever we set our minds to do.

I know we were very fortunate to have had such a strong Principal.

Garrett Allen Phelps— 1965

My favorite memory of "Mr. Robinson" is from a time when he was substitute teaching and lectured on the works of William Shakespeare. He ended the talk by telling us to read any of Shakespeare's works except *Venus and Adonis*, because it had too much sex in it. Of course, we all raced to the library to check out that play.

Pat Fullerton

During my ten years at Lone Oak High School, Mr. Robinson was the only principal I knew. He ran the school with an iron hand but was so fair and well respected.

My only story is to recall the time I had an altercation on the school bus going home one afternoon. The next day, both of us were called to Mr. Robinson's office, as the bus driver had to report us for fighting. I was in the fifth grade at the time. As there were two sides to the story figuring whose fault it was, there was no real discerning who should be disciplined the most. Mr. Robinson talked to both of us and I remember being told he had better never have to call us to his office again. Needless to say, my record over the next few years was totally clean.

I did not return to his office until my Senior year. It was seven years later when I once again was summoned to his office but it seemed more like seven weeks. I knew my knees were knocking together in fear. Fortunately, it was not to be disciplined, but to tell me that he had selected a poor Melber boy (who had no other financial help to continue my education) for the FEA senior

scholarships. It was not a lot, but it bought my books the first year of college.

He encouraged all of us to set our goals high and strive to achieve!

Randel E. Gibson, D. O.

An interesting story about Mr. Robinson? Most of my contacts with him were very normal and that is what most impressed me about him. He gave stability to everything in the High School and the Lone Oak community. I appreciated his commitment to Christ and his openness to always be available to his students, day or night.

As long as he lived, I would always go by to see him when I was in town...long after he retired. He was always so cordial and gracious and wanted to know what was going on in my life and for my family. What a wonderful man...a real example of manhood and a perfect role model for all his students...a great Mentor!

Bob Ross

John Robinson's greatest joy in life seemed to be seeing or hearing about "his kids" going on to become successful at whatever they chose to do after graduation from Lone Oak High School.

I, personally, might never have graduated from college, had he not reminded me at every opportune time, that I had the potential and the ability to accomplish whatever I desired.

After serving a four year "hitch" in the Air Force, I enrolled in pharmacy school in Alabama. I graduated high in my class with a 3.5 GPA.

I am retired now from a profession that I thoroughly enjoyed. I've sold my ownership in two drugstores and still own a jewelry store in Enterprise, Alabama.

I can very truthfully state that Mr. Robinson's belief in me while I was under his tutelage played a huge part in my life. Knowing that you will hear this, I say, "Thank you, Mr. Robinson".

Larry J. Burnett - 1955

I attended school in Clinton before coming to Lone Oak for my Junior and Senior years. Mr. Robinson was principal there in Clinton while I was in grade school. You can just imagine what a shock it was to come to a school that had no system of order.

In the fall of 1946, my senior year, Mr. Robinson came to Lone Oak and I was really glad to see him. He became very discouraged at times that year, but thankfully he stuck it out and really made Lone Oak a great school. I think most students realized he was an excellent school administrator.

I think the funniest story I ever heard about him, was told by Jack Carroll, at Mr. Robinson's retirement party. Jack was then known as a Truant Officer. While driving to Lone Oak one day, he found two boys walking about where the Interstate is now. He stopped and asked if they were supposed to be in school and they admitted that they were. He told them to get in his car and he would drive them to school. He brought them to Lone Oak and told them to get out and come on in with him, which they did. When they got to the

office, he said "John, I found two of your boys out walking on the highway". Mr. Robinson told one of them to bend over and Mrs. Robinson then gave him a paddling. The other boy then said, "But we don't go to school here". Mr. Robinson said, "Well, where do you go to school?". He replied "Eilghman". Mrs. Robinson then picked up the phone and called Eilghman and said, "Walter, I have two of your boys over here and I have already paddled one of them." Jack then took the boys to Eilghman. Mr. Walter Jettison was the principal and was known to be very strict.

Claire Austin

I attended Lone Oak for all my twelve years of school (1940-1952). Mr. Robinson was my principal for six of those twelve years (1946-1952).

I have many good memories of Lone Oak and especially John Robinson. One of my earliest memories is of him throwing batting practice for the baseball team. As a seventh grader really into sports, that impressed me a lot. I later learned that Mr. Robinson had been a very good amateur baseball pitcher. There was the time in my Freshman year, when I was making a big racket in

the boys room. I thought I was pretty safe behind closed doors. Mr. Robinson barged in, said he would know my voice anywhere and marched me down to the office for one of his John Robinson lectures about school loyalty and being true to yourself.

Another time in our junior year, a bunch of us skipped school to go to Kentucky Lake to celebrate Bill Gore's being home on leave from the navy. Of course, we all got caught and he made us all feel about two inches tall for lack of school spirit and bringing shame to our class and parents.

My most vivid memory though occurred in my sophomore year. We were all hanging out in home room before the morning bell rang. I was yelling out the window to someone on the playground. Mr. Robinson suddenly appeared at the door across the room, "Sonny Hubbs, if you don't stop yelling, I'm going to come over and throw you out that window". I knew he meant it. At that time, Clem Anderson stepped out in front of him and calmly said "Now John, I doubt if you would actually throw him out the window". Without hesitation, Mr. Robinson poked Clem in the

chest, knocked him across the room into the radiator whereupon Clem just slinked down to the floor. Half dazed Clem said, "Then again, maybe he would".

There are many more memories. All of them wonderful. John Robinson was definitely one of the most influential people in my life. That's probably why I ended up being a high school principal for twenty-seven years.

Sonny Hubbs

I was raised in Paducah and attended five high schools - Paducah Tilghman, St. Mary's, Dorians Private Academy, Heath, and finally Lone Oak High School. I had dropped out of school and was working at Albritton's Drug store when I first met John Robinson.

There was absolutely no reason for Mr. Robinson to agree to my mother's request. Without hesitation, Mr. Robinson enrolled me at Lone Oak. He informed me that I was not to have even so much as a tardy, nor was he to have to see me concerning any discipline problem.

Something about his demeanor made a believer of me.

I graduated from Lone Oak in 1953. Mr. Robinson told me he was personally driving me to Murray State and enrolling me. I didn't believe I was college material, but I obeyed Mr. Robinson.

I have been retired from Garden City Public Schools in Garden City, Michigan, since 1986. I had dual certification in elementary and secondary education. I have a Masters Degree from Eastern Michigan University. I served as both a teacher and administrator in Garden City.

I seriously doubt that my experience with Mr. Robinson was a unique one, but rather an example of his dedication to children and their education. I am fully aware that I owe my success to Mr. Robinson.

From my personal experience, I know of no man more deserving of a Memorial than John E. Robinson.

John Miller - 1953

I was very proud to have passed through the first year Mr. John Robinson was at Lone Oak High School. Our Class of 1947 graduated. John was one of the most understanding, helpful, friendly, and a very kindhearted person. Every student loved John. He was a very outstanding Principal.

If a student needed correcting, he took them to his office, closed the door and gave the student a good talking. We all thought well of our Principal and appreciated what he did for the school and our Lone Oak students. He also gave great support for the community. A thoughtful Principal who was always out back when children were getting on buses. He was like a Father!

Clara Coker - 1947

My best memory of Mr. Robinson is the man knows every time I skipped school! He must have had E.S.P. or something because I always got caught!

Bobbie (Gallin) Hollingsworth

Although I attended Lone Oak Schools for 12 years, my memories go much deeper. My Mother, Gwen Helfer, taught for 35 plus years at Lone Oak High School. As a child I remember going to the high school for all types of functions from ballgames to dances to graduations.

When I was young, the principal was John Robinson. He was not only my mom's boss, but he lived across the street from us. He was always good and kind to me when I was at the school. He was never my principal but I understand he was a very strict administrator and you were made to behave in his presence. My younger brother and I always called him "Pa-Pa" because that is what his grandchildren called him. He and "Mi-Mi" were our friends.

I had a great time at Lone Oak High School. I will always remember the "old" Lone Oak school and, yes, if those walls could only talk!

Kim Helfer - Davis
(Lone Oak Memories)

ONE FOR THE LIFE LIST

(For John Robinson: My Father)

Across five winters:
Not a purple jacket.
Not a gold letter
Only a ragged green and white
Sweater and broken nose.

It has happened again: The schoolbus
Moving out of Hendron and ahead
Of clouds. Student migrants come
scudding,
So many, so fast that the gym bleachers
Cannot hold them.
Impossible to locate, they are led by a
shorthaired boy:
One For The Life List.
(Fast enough, as though at the end of
summer a Lone Oak
primitivist had painted a scene as
whimsical as Bruegel)

"The bus from Hendron is here", said
Poodle.

Though John Robinson promised himself
he'd

Swear off this year; instead he came back
for another
Wounded heir to a dream: The last of
wild America.
And better his stupefaction at a
playground legend
That the illusion (or the aloneness) of a
Concord player
Or even an Oaker, where the sky pours
down oceanic
emptiness and the life of the other player
migrates across
The road to gas pumps.

But even the ragged sweater and broken
nose
Give dimension to his days and a
Robinson thank you
For a shorthaired boy who brings his
broken heel a last time
Though he be as plain as thumbsqueaks
on clear windowpanes.

To say his name: Pat Hawley. And the
dreams live, and live,
And live, and live, and live across five
winters.
After so much life, so little death.

During the spring of 1952, some of the students at Lone Oak High were getting together each morning and participating in some penny ante gambling in rest rooms throughout the building. Mr. Robinson got wind of this after a fashion and on one particular morning caught four or five individuals engaged in the evil deed.

He immediately called a school assembly in the gym and proceeded to berate the caught individuals and belabored the rest of the student body as to the evils of gambling and how he would not tolerate such behavior in his school. At the end of this tirade, he demanded that any other students who were guilty of gambling on school property, come down to the floor.

At first a trickle and then a flood of students moved from the stands to the floor until about three-fourths of the student body were standing on the floor surrounding Mr. Robinson. To this day, I remember the flabbergasted expression on his face.

Frank H. Harris - 1952

I was in my second week of student teaching industrial arts at Lone Oak High School, when I received the summons to Mr. Robinson's office. "Smitty", he said, "we need an algebra substitute and because of the flu outbreak, no one is available". "Can you help me?" Algebra has long been my weakest subject, but how do you say no to John Robinson? Shock set in. I'm sure I said yes, and at the same time wondering how I was going to survive this. Finally after two weeks of teaching algebra, the regular teacher returned, and I returned to the security of the wood shop. The next day I received another call to Mr. Robinson's office. "Smitty", he started. I knew from that name I was in trouble. "Don Stephenson's Industrial Arts teacher is out with the flu. "Can you help us out?" Mr. Stephenson was at that time the Principal of Heath High School. Again I started off into an unknown. At least it wasn't algebra. I survived it and was better off for the experience, even though my student teaching was a little different than the customary course.

When I was about fourteen, I pressured my uncle into taking me along on his annual squirrel hunting camping trip. Mr. Robinson was a regular member of that party along with Don Stephenson, Homer "Foodle" Houps, Louis Starr, Claude Downey, Bill Coleman, Lawton Smithson, and a few others that I cannot recall. The comradery of the group was more fun to watch than the actual hunting. I remember someone throwing Foodle's hat into the air and another shooting it. Another time, Bill Coleman awoke everyone in camp at 1:00 a.m. and started preparing breakfast. Of course he made quite a production of it banging pots and pans around. It took thirty minutes before someone discovered it was much too early to start breakfast. Something was going on most of the time and Mr. Robinson enjoyed it immensely. He was a good hunter, but the thing I remember most was the clothes he wore hunting. He wore dress pants, the same as he wore at school. I think he also wore dress shirts, of course without the tie. Someone was kidding him about hunting in such stylish clothes and he laughingly stated they were the only kind of pants he owned. The hunt was usually held a short distance from Milburn, Kentucky; in what they called Obion Bottoms.

This is located in Carlisle County. Mr. Robinson started his teaching career at Milburn High School and knew the people in that area. He encouraged me to locate at Carlisle High School and he made at least one call trying to help me locate there.

I wanted to relate my experiences in hunting with Mr. Robinson because many people may not have seen that image of the man. He had a side that was very different from the image of the stern principal patrolling the halls between classes. John Robinson loved the rural life and its people. He had a personality that was at home with the country person or the state's highest dignitaries.

While discussing my first career choice with my parents, my dad remarked, "You should take this to John Robinson and see what he thinks". Such was the respect that my family and many families had for Mr. Robinson. I did take it to him to seek his advice. I later learned it wasn't uncommon for former students to visit at his home. He and his wife, Edna, always made me feel comfortable and showed a sincere interest. I'm

certain they were the same for the many students that dropped by.

Of all the classes and lectures I endured through school, I remember only bits and pieces of some of them. However, there are two lectures I remember quite differently. They were when Mr. Robinson substituted for an absent teacher. I realized at the time that he was a master teacher. I can still recall a good portion of those lessons. I have often wondered what it must have been like to be a student in his Journalism class. Along this line, some people may not have known that he taught an adult Sunday school class at Lone Oak Methodist Church.

Mr. Robinson was a staunch supporter of Boy Scout Troop 20, giving them a classroom of their own for years, so they would have a place to meet. I learned years later, after the fact, that he also sponsored Homer "Foodle" Houpi's Khoury League baseball team. It wasn't made public at the time.

For one person to touch so many people in such a positive way is rare. Educators come and go and

many are remembered by their students, but after 30 years, it is very unusual for the embers of remembrance to be glowing so brightly. For those people who knew John Robinson, his name was synonymous with Lone Oak High School. You cannot think of one without the other. He wasn't the perfect person, as none of us are, nor is Lone Oak High School the perfect school, but I wouldn't trade one minute of it for another school or principal. My life has been richer for the experience.

Mike Smithson

(Memories of John Robinson)

I am writing "from the heart" about a man I have known and admired for some 50 years. By having him as my high school Principal as well as working for him as a teacher, coach and his Assistant Principal and with him at a Jr. College of Business, I feel I am a better man.

I have learned so much from all these working years with him that in no way could I mention all of them.

He took me under his wing in 1956 asking me to drop out of college at Murray State to accept a position at Lone Oak High School as a Teacher, Assistant Coach and to train me to take his place one day, which I did. Not only by training me to teach, coach, and be an Administrator, but by being more like a "father to me". I accepted his offer in 1956 and started my career at Lone Oak High School from 1956-1972. In all my years under him, I went on and have spent some 50 years in education.

Not only by teaching me to be fair and honest with kids, but to never give up on anyone. This is the one big thing that has always stood out in my mind. In all these years, I have seen so many students almost a failure in high school, but given a second chance, go on to become worthy citizens and raise beautiful families.

I could write so many stories concerning John Robinson in my 50 years of knowing him, but it would take such a big book.

He has helped mold so many lives in the Lone Oak community, but we all remember him as a strict disciplinarian, which is now missing in all schools. In my opinion, schools are not as good today because of this lack of discipline. There cannot be a good learning structure in schools today without strict discipline. Society will not allow you do this today because of the fast and different way of life --- and it is missing.

I'll stop here now, but want to again repeat how this man has helped mold so many lives. I owe everything I have or ever could have to John Robinson and believe I have been very successful in my 50 years in education because of him. I have also had the pleasure of working with his wonderful wife (Edna) for many years.

Anything we are able to do will never tell the whole story of what this man meant to our Lone Oak community. There is no one living that could come close to knowing John Robinson as I did,

but I could never write a story well enough or long enough that could hold and match all the memories!

Glenn E. Dexter—1951
(Tribute to John Robinson)

Uncle John Robinson was the youngest of 13 children. My father William B. Robinson was the next to youngest. Their parents were Francis Marion "F.M." and Mildred (Cackett) Robinson.

John and his brothers and sisters grew up in Milburn (Carlisle County) Kentucky. He graduated from Milburn High School and then attended Murray State Teachers College at Murray, Kentucky with a B.S. degree, majoring in English.

John was principal and coach at Milburn High School, Cunningham High School and Central High School (Clinton) all in Kentucky, before

becoming principal at Lone Oak High School in 1946.

The following stories have been told to me many times over the years from Uncle John and his brothers and sisters:

"Popcorn"

John had a hard way to go growing up having all the older brothers and sisters. One winter evening the family popped popcorn over a grate fire and everyone was getting their share except little John (about four or five years old). He finally got close enough to the big bowl of popcorn so he spit right in the middle of the container. After that everyone backed off and he got all the corn he could eat.

"Vera McGrunder"

When John was in the fourth grade, his teacher Vera McGrunder got after him about being bad in class. He ran out of the classroom and out of the building and headed home, which was only a block from the school. A few yards down the street, he turned around and came back to the school and jumped up on the outside window of his class and yelled, "I'm going to Memphis and tell all the

boys that Vera McGruder don't wear no drawers".

"Ole Shep"

Just south of Milburn, Kentucky, runs Obion Creek and in the summertime, the boys would go to a section called "Blue Hole" to swim. This was a place on the creek about 200 feet long and 50 feet wide and was usually deep (15-20 feet) in places, thus getting the name "Blue Hole" from the clear deep water. One day each year the bigger boys would go fishing at "Blue Hole". Their equipment would be sticks of dynamite. Of course, all the boys, large and small, would go on this occasion (A big deal in the early 1900's). John was just 10-11 years old. They forgot about the dog (Ole Shep) being along. (Now, Ole Shep was the town pet and all the guys petted him, fed him, etc. He'd come to you when you called, threw a ball or a stick, and he'd go after it and bring it back to you.) So now they're at "Blue Hole" rigging up their equipment to stun the big catfish in the hole and then swim out and pick them up on the surface, hopefully having enough for a big fish fry. Their rigging, consisting of about 15 foot of stout

string with the dynamite weighted on the bottom and a float on top to keep the explosives just off the bottom. They lit the dynamite and threw the whole rig right out to the deepest part. As everyone was backing up for the big bang.... Ole Shep plunged into the water to retrieve the stick on the surface they used for the float. Ole Shep grabbed the float in his mouth and headed back to the bank. By the time Ole Shep got to the top of the bank, the boys started to run for cover and about that time, the explosion occurred. Poor Ole Shep....when the rocks, the mud, the limbs and the water stopped falling, they ran back to the creek and all anyone could find of Ole Shep was three dog hairs on a hickory stump.

"Hershey Chocolate Bars"

My father, William B. had typhoid fever as a youngster and was very ill. There wasn't any cure in those days. They kept him in a room by himself with no visitors and hardly anything to eat, letting nature take it's course. John would slip a Hershey candy bar through the window to his brother every chance he would get. I heard my Dad say many times that John saved his life with those chocolate bars.

"Fishing"

Uncle John loved to fish, and he started taking me when I was about twelve years old. We would go two or three times a year for many years. We fished for crappie or bream depending on the time of year. He wouldn't let you beat him on fish count. If I would get close, my end of the boat somehow would be away from the "tops or bushes". Of course, he would always be to the front of the boat with the skulling paddle.

These were some of the memorable times in my life. I lived with Uncle John, Aunt Edna and Randal in 1948 and attended Paducah Junior College. Aunt Edna and I would ride the city bus into Paducah from Lone Oak each day as she taught at Draughon's Business College.

William Edward "Buddy" Robinson
(Nephew of John Edward Robinson)

One of the things Mr. Robinson was known for (besides his temper) was that if you were ever a student at Lone Oak, you became one of "his" and if you ever needed his help, you got it. During the time I attended Lone Oak, I was just an average student. I was called into Mr. Robinson's office one time in my four years. At that time, I was accompanied by several friends.

After graduation, I left the Paducah area for about six years. When I returned, I was a single parent of two. I went to work at ETS on the midnight shift where I realized that I did not want to do factory work for the rest of my life. I paid a visit to Draughton's Business School to see about classes. There to my surprise was Mr. Robinson. I told him my situation and that I could not afford to attend full time but would like to refresh my typing and bookkeeping skills so I could find office work. He signed me up for three morning classes for which I paid \$20.00 per class and I started back to school. About a month later I went to see him and told him I was going to have to drop out because I found that I could either sleep or see my children, but not both. I was going to try to find another job with better hours and

hoped to return the next term. I did manage to find a job working afternoons and I returned to see him. He told me my fees were still good and to return to class, which I did and this time, I completed them. Shortly after finishing school, I was able to find employment as a bookkeeper.

Some years later, I was talking to a young woman who had also attended Draughton's and she made the comment about how expensive it was and told me what it cost her. I thought to myself "It didn't cost me that much". This was when I realized that Mr. Robinson had taken care of me for the second time.

The other trip I mentioned to his office was when several friends and myself had decided we didn't need Mr. Crook's math class our senior year and dropped it midterm for a study hall, since we had plenty of credits, we didn't need it for graduation (we thought). We were called to the office shortly before graduation to find that we were one-half credit short in math. We were his students and he took care of us and we all walked down the aisle at graduation. John Robinson was a special man.

and I know I am only one of many he gave a helping hand to.

Linda Moore Anderson

What a wonderful idea to honor Mr. Robinson! He certainly did touch lives and the entire community for many years. I am delighted to participate in his honor.

Mr. Robinson was "larger than life" to me from my earliest recollection of him. We were at Goro's little grocery in the middle of Lone Oak when I was five years old and Mama asked him how old you had to be to start school. I was thrilled to learn that I could go to school in the fall because I would be six before the end of the calendar year.

In first grade, Jere Buckingham, would run away and go home whenever Mrs. Lamb, our teacher, wasn't looking. One day Mr. Robinson was in our classroom when Bonnie, Jere's mother came dragging him back. He told Jere he just

couldn't imagine a big boy like him not wanting to be at school. Jere never ran away again.

He was an ever guiding presence through all twelve years of school at Lone Oak. I suffered fear that I would be found doing something wrong or be in the halls when I wasn't supposed to be, but I loved him very much.

He loved all of us unequivocally and would have done anything for us. When some of our junior class boys got into trouble, he was the first one to stand up and be counted to come to the rescue. He was sentimental and could cry at the drop of a hat, but tried to keep that fact hidden from all of us.

He arrived at school early, I know because when I got there before 7:00 a.m. to pick up my class ring, he was already there. He also stayed late every day. He thought nothing of climbing a ladder to vacuum the stage curtains or grabbing a paint brush (while wearing his suit) to prepare the school for an accreditation visit. He attended all basketball games though he might have to stand out in the lobby when the score got too close, but he was always there. He and Edna, decked out in

their finery, came to the Proms, and he attended banquets, concerts, and basically any event where students performed or participated. He always wanted us to be and do our best.

He might criticize us as students, but he didn't want anyone else to do so. One year when Tilghman beat us the first time we played during the season, he called all of the basketball players and cheerleaders to his office on Monday morning. Some of their players had made a flag with the score on it and raised it on the flagpole in front of Lone Oak High School. He left it there all weekend and brought it in for us to see. When we won the second game with Tilghman and took our score on a flag to Mr. Mutchler, their principal, he refused to allow us to put it up and was not happy to have Lone Oak students on their campus. On Monday morning, Mr. Robinson called us all into his office again and got Mr. Mutchler on the phone and read him the riot act in regard to turning us away.

One of my favorite memories of Mr. Robinson was after I had been teaching for some years. He was a member of the State Board of Education

and we saw him at a meeting in Lexington. He said, "Oh, look, here is one of my Lone Oak girls". How proud I was to be so considered. He was a very positive influence on my life. I wanted to live up to his expectations of me and I treasure how much he has meant to me.

Winetta W. Birdwell

If I were asked to describe or introduce Mr. John Robinson, I would start by saying he was a man among men. Although average in height and stature, his being made him stick out in a crowd. The second word that comes to my mind is **VALOR** who was not afraid to go into battle for the rights of his teachers and students if he felt they were right. He was not afraid to challenge anyone who stood in his way when helping one of his people. He was an educator. He taught as a successful administrator. He surrounded himself with successful teachers and demanded respect for them as well as from them. It wasn't at all hard for the students to learn because every step in Lone Oak High School, at that time, was a time to learn. It was in the air. If things got a little slow, he would make sure it was in the air by his famous shout of

"Get out of the halls, you can't learn from there". He was a man of respect. He respected others and demanded their respect. He was a politician. He knew the importance of the machine and how to use it. This was very evident in that he got what was best Lone Oak High School. He stood in the freezing cold, along with his band and others to welcome Vice Presidential Candidate Hubert Humphrey, who later invited the band to march in his inaugural parade as his guest and special band. He was most of all a supporter. He supported his teachers and students and encouraged others to do the same. He believed in the best and he always sold Lone Oak High School as the best. He wasn't satisfied unless you gave of your best. He never ever accepted defeat but yet never gave up and showed honor to those who tried.

I was very fortunate to be one of Mr. Robinson's Boys. My life has been more complete having been under his leadership. So, on this day I would like to say, Mr. John, we honor you as you honored many of us.

Richard L. Throgmorton

Mr. John Robinson was our stern, very respected, principal. He would speak at Pep Rallies and we believed our Purple Flash Basketball was the best! It was almost a sin to miss a ballgame in Mr. Robinson's time. One of my worst fears was Mr. Robinson catching me in the hall for no good reason. Students were not allowed in the halls during class unless it was a dire emergency.

We had so much pride in our school. I believe much of the success of the Lone Oak community and the whole area can be attributed to Mr. John Robinson and the wonderful teachers at Lone Oak High School and all the caring people who have been associated with LOHS.

Tanna Underwood Dunaway
(Lone Oak Memories)

John Robinson. That's the first thought I have when Lone Oak is mentioned and it always will be.

Mr. Robinson by example, taught some very good lessons about being gentle and about being hard

according to what the situation called for. One time, I took some friends (girls) riding in my car at lunch. Well I ran out of gas, really did, and was overy half and hour late to my next class. Mrs. "X" refused to let me in and sent me to the office. I nervously waited for Mr. Robinson, now knowing what to expect as this was my first and only time to be sent to him. Mr. Robinson came in, saw me and growled, "What are you doing here?" I tried to explain about cars and gas and girls and... **"GET OUT!"** he roared. So I got out and made sure I never went back.

Bill Herzog - Class of '61
(Another Lone Oak and John Robinson Story)

If The Walls Coming Down Could Talk!!! I remember John Robinson and the way he patrolled the halls. Even the teachers stayed out of his way. He had the reputation of being tough and he was tough. But Mr. Robinson had another side. I saw it often in the five years he was my principal. John Robinson had a genuine love of children. He had their best interests at heart even though some parents and students thought otherwise. I know of kids he helped and others he tried to help. He loved Lone Oak and taught us to be proud

of our school. We worked hard to be certified as Comprehensive. Few of us really knew what becoming a Comprehensive School was all about, but all of us understood it was clearly important to Mr. Robinson that we do so. It was also important to Mr. Robinson that we made a good impression. We were on our best behavior whenever visitors were around, like on Career Day. It would not be a day to choose to misbehave. "You may not like me", Robinson often said, "but you **WILL** respect me". We did.

Jan Wilkins Herzog

I recall a fine man who contributed a lot to the Lone Oak School System. John Robinson is the number one man I have in mind. He loved his pupils. He might whip one of them and look down and see that the child needed shoes and then go out and buy shoes for his feet.

My husband and I operated a restaurant in Lone Oak for 15 years then. He loved milk shakes, so I know a lot about John Robinson. I am sure he made a lot of mistakes but his ability to be a good principal far

outweighs the mistakes he made. He made Lone Oak High School a wonderful high school.

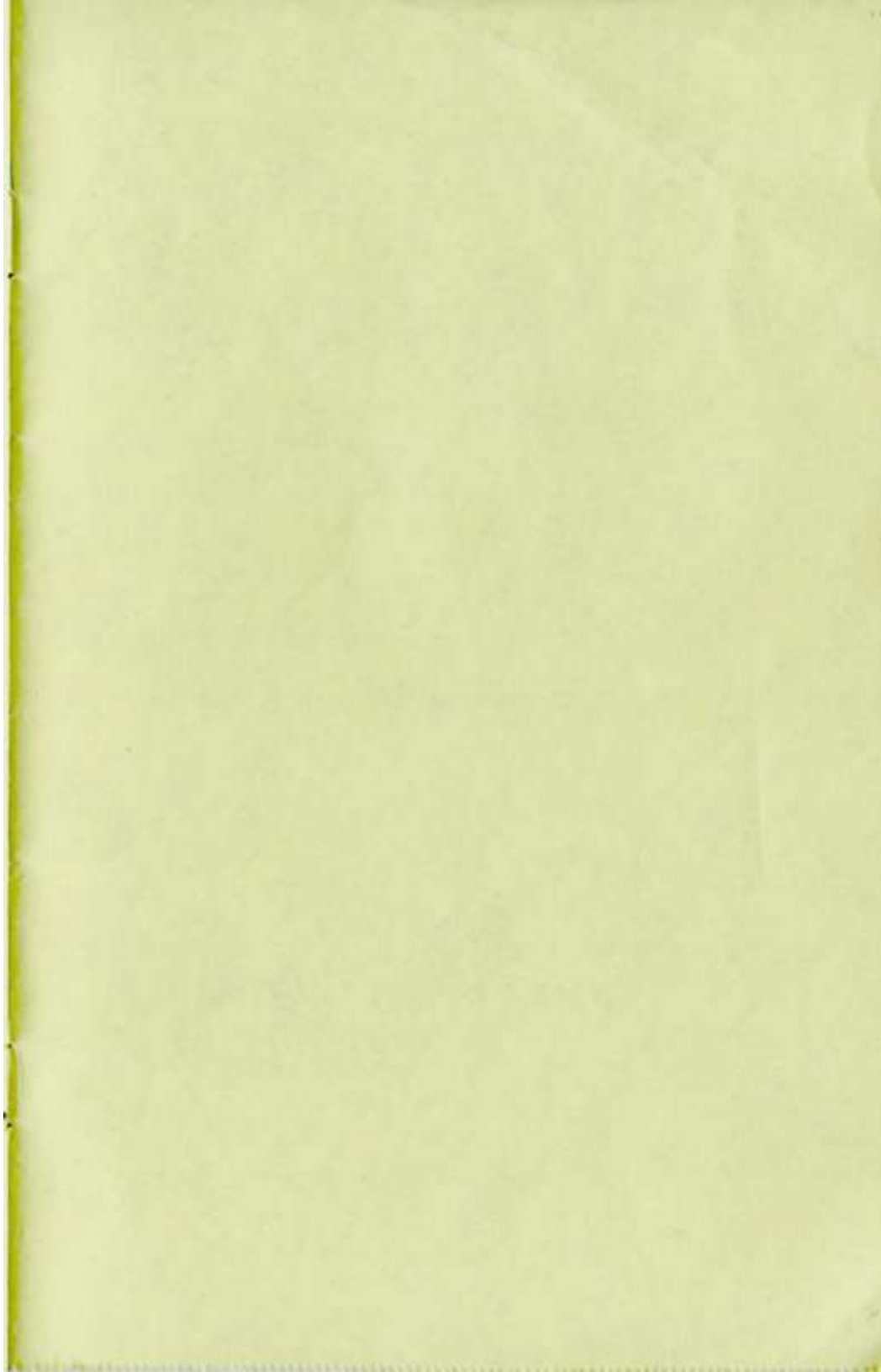
When Herbert was Lone Oak's first mayor, several citizens came to him and wanted to name the school John Robinson High School; somehow it was too late.

Helen Smithson
(Memories of Long Ago)

My most lasting memories of Lone Oak High School from the '60's were those experiences involving John Robinson, principal. LOHS was Mr. Robinson's "home" and you best respect his turf and what he stood for. Although rough and tough on the outside, Mr. Robinson was a caring, compassionate man who was driven by what he believed best for LOHS and its students. You never had to wonder where you stood with him. Frankly, John Robinson, more than anyone I can remember, helped prepare us for life.

Frank N. Harris - Class of '64
(Lasting Memories of LOHS)

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.



JOHN E. ROBINSON

1906 – 1976

PRINCIPAL OF LONE OAK HIGH SCHOOL

1946 – 1967

*Administrator, Educator, Character Builder,
Disciplinarian, Community Leader,
Family Man and Friend.*