The next Zephyrhills Historical Association meeting will be held on Tuesday, October 4th in the meeting room of the Zephyrhills Public Library, 5347 8th Street. The business meeting is scheduled for 5:30 p.m. and the program is at 6 p.m. Refreshments include drinks, which are provided, and food brought in to share by members.

**Speakers**

Our speaker for the September meeting was the Honorable Janette Dunnigan, 1968 graduate of Zephyrhills High School, Circuit Judge, and step-daughter of our own Bill Kustes. She talked about her career as a lawyer and judge. She shared with us the many roles she has filled over the years. She seemed most proud of the time she spent overseeing drug cases and the interventions that were created during that time. She also talked about her years in high school, but she did not elaborate on some of the stories because Carolyn Dean was in the audience and might have been incriminated.

Our presentation in October will be by one of our newest members, Al Stone, who will bring us his interpretation of one of the favorite figures in American history, General Robert E. Lee. I know we are in for a treat. Come join us.
CURRENT MEMBERSHIP

Tenci Alexander  Maryhelen Clague  Sue Green  Jeff Miller  Kim Sanders
Darlene Bamberger  Michael Cockill  Betty Hall  Barb & Rick Moore  Mary Ann Sanders
Beverly Barnett  Ken Cummings  Rex & Val Hiatt  Dr. Rick Moore  Tim Sanders
Elaine Benjamin  Carolyn Dean  Louie Holt  Dale Myers  Linda Sante
Art Besinger  Irene Dobson  Dan Johnson  Elizabeth O’Dell  Margaret Seppanen
John Bolender  Vicki Elkins  Thea Johnson  Diane Parker  Steve Spina
Anna Boone  Jon Ferguson  James Kaylor  Margie Partain  Al Stone
George Boone  Andrea Figart  Jean Kaylor  Bob Porter  Patty Thompson
Richard Braeden  Greg First  Bill Kustes  Penny Porter  Steve & Terry Turner
Clerene Brunty  Gail Geiger  Jackie Lindsey  Jerry Pricher  Leo Wagner
Danny Burgess  Nathan Geiger  Terry Lindsey  Carol Rehrig  Dave Walters
Elsie Burgess  Judy Gibson  Emilie Mastro  Rodney Rehrig  Jo White
Kathy Burnside  Polly Gill  James McElwee  Sharon Reisman  Buck Winslow
Rosemary Carrigg  Gina King Granger  Judy Meserve  Jim Ryals  Ernie Wise
Vera Chenkin  Lyden Green  Anne Mester  Tammy Kay Ryman  Madonna Wise

Boardwalk Boosters
Richard Braeden
Clerene Brunty
Michael Cockill
Carolyn Dean
Jon Ferguson
Greg First
Polly Gill
Gina Granger
Jackie & Terry Lindsey
Carol Rehrig
Rod Rehrig
Margaret Seppanen

Scholarship Boosters
George & Anna Boone
Elsie Burgess
Jay & Kathleen Burnside
Clerene Brunty
Michael Cockill
Jon Ferguson
Polly Gill
Gina Granger
Bill Kustes
Dr. Richard Moore
Margare Partain
Jerry Pricher

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Mother and Dad’s Baptisms

by Jon R. Ferguson

Sometime in the early 1930s a famous Black minister named Marshall Keeble set up a tent in Zephyrhills. He was “stationed” in Tampa. This was to be one of those “two week or extended Gospel tent meetings” for anyone to attend. There were only a few local blacks, so many whites were expected in order to fill the tent. I have no idea where the tent was. Due to the popularity of the speaker there were crowds every night and much interest in hearing more.

Mother and Dad had attended several times and were convinced that they need to obey Christ and be baptized. We are talking about “under the water” baptism, not sprinkling or pouring. I have no idea if folks went to the lake or if a tank was set up, but facilities must have been available. One night on the way to attend the services Mom spoke to Dad and said “Dad, I’m going to make the good confession of faith in Christ and be baptized tonight”. He was driving, but turned to her and said: “I wish I had known that because I would have been baptized too.” Mom said: “I put a change of clothes in the back of the car for you!” What forethought.

This must have been before Jim and I were born in 1934 because I recall nothing about it, but I heard Mother tell it several times. I do recall, however, when we were quite young that our parents had decided that they needed to have a regular place to worship and perhaps attract others. They rented the downstairs of a small building on the alley between 8th and 9th Street on 4th Avenue from Robert K. Napier who lived on the corner of 8th Street next door to the James Kerr family. Mr. Napier was a druggist and at one time had a pharmacy in the building with a rental room upstairs. There was no water, nor bath. The stairs were outside on the back. The interior walls were chalky and made marks on your clothes wherever you touched them. The outside wall facing the house was almost covered with a clinging vine that made “nut” formations on it. I think it was called a climbing fig. I think the rent was about $10 a month and Mother saved the money she received for the eggs she sold in order to pay that.
A few chairs were purchased. They had woven cane bottoms and were unfinished. A
communion table was acquired and Dad probably built the speaker’s stand. A sign was
placed on the building so all was set. This was the beginning of the Zephyrhills Church
of Christ, but where were the people? Often our family was the only attendees. Mother
made the communion bread and brought the fruit of the vine (grape juice). Various
portions of scripture were read and a few songs were sung. Dad had a very deep voice
and could not lead, so Mother usually had to start off singing, and Dad would join in. We
kids were brats. We would rather be most anywhere but there and couldn’t
wait for the “amen”.

Often the time was watched closely and at the very last minute if no one had showed up to attend, we would load into the old car and drive to Dade City to worship at the Church of Christ there. Jim and I liked that because one lady in particular would give us a piece of hard candy for the promise of being still and quiet. Have you ever heard that some folks had to back up Greer Hill? Well, we did.

Finally some new blood moved into town. The East family and the Burley family were transferred into town. Mr. Burley was the manager of Florida Light and Power Co. Those families were strong supporters and things began to look rosy for a while. Bertie Lane had obeyed the Gospel and brought her children and niece and nephew when possible. Little by little a few others came, but the Burleys were transferred out before the Walter Davis family arrived. It was determined that it was time to build a larger facility. We gave up the Napier building and rented various places like the USWV Hall and the VFW Hall until we purchased the old building of the Baptist Church in Richland. This would have been in the late 1940s. Florida Christian College was opened in Temple Terrace and many of the men there sought places to preach on Sundays, and many other men were willing to offer manual labor. The building had to be sawn in half and moved. A lot was purchased on 5th Street and 7th Avenue. Believe or not, the two ends met again and were covered with new siding. Don Polsen played a big role in this. Then Bill Hammontree offered free short pieces of hardwood flooring which were fastened to the old floor. This was time consuming and hard labor. I can’t tell you how many fried chicken dinners Mother served in our nearby backyard for all the workers. Pews and other furniture magically appeared and friendships became closer.
In all this time I had never witnessed a baptism. Joyce Wynn, a daughter of Grace Wynn (known to be one of Mother’s first friends in Florida) was visiting with us and Don Polsen baptized her. I had been ready but reserved until I witnessed this rite before I “took that step”, so the next week, while a junior in high school, I was baptized. Our baptisms took place in Pretty Pond because a baptistery was not yet built in our building. Shortly after this Don and Joyce were married.

Two classrooms were added to the rear of the building with a baptistery opening off each one while the classrooms were used as dressing rooms.

When the need for larger facilities arose, we sold that building which was converted to housing, and built the block building nearby.

Growth is slow because we do not offer entertainment, famous orators, free meals, etc. like denominations do. We have no instrumental music, no choir, but congregational singing. All are always welcome. We seek the simple truth and obey it, depending upon the grace of God to see us through.

The Importance of Mentoring
by Dale Myers
ZHS Class of 1973

One of the many benefits from having grown up in Zephyrhills was having great teachers from 1st grade through my senior year. There were many teachers who gave their best in the classroom each day. I am grateful for each of them and the education they offered us at West Elementary and Zephyrhills High School.

I had the exceptional teachers and I’d like to tell you about one of them. Bill Kustes came to class well prepared each day and kept everyone on their toes. There was never a dull moment. He welcomed opinions on current events and encouraged participation and individual expression. His work wasn’t confined to the classroom. Let me explain.

One day in class Mr. Kustes announced if anyone was interested in learning to play golf to see him after class. I took him up on his offer and he explained the schedule. “Meet me on Saturday mornings with a “7” iron at Krusen Field in the parking area. I’ll bring the golf balls and targets, and there is no charge.”
I could hardly wait until Saturday. It was a cold 2 mile ride in January on my bicycle to the practice field with my “7” iron balanced across the handlebars. When I arrived, Mr. Kustes was hitting practice balls with his “7” iron toward a tin bucket a short distance away. There were only three others there for lessons. He started off with a hardy welcome and immediately showed us the correct hand position and grip for our club. He poured a large bucket of golf balls at our feet and the lesson began. He bent over holding both my shoulders and minding me to keep my head down and just let the arms swing. When I did what he said, to my amazement, the ball lifted in a perfect arc and landed toward the target. I was even more amazed that several balls landed inside the tin bucket.

The weeks went by and the lessons finally came to an end. He encouraged us to continue practicing and he would start the lessons later in the year, if we were interested. Several months later we lost our house in a fire. We lost everything, including my “7” iron I used for practice. When it came time to begin lessons again I told Mr. Kustes I didn’t have any clubs and would have to pass on the lessons. “You show up Saturday morning ready to practice,” he said. I returned to the practice field as instructed and once again there were just a few there for lessons. Mr. Kustes welcomed us and then asked me to walk over to his car. He opened the trunk and took his personal clubs out and removed his “7” iron from his professional golf bag. “Take this and use it until you get another one. It’s a well-balanced club with customized grips. I think you will like this one,” he said handing to me. We continued the practice and maybe my success that day I thought was from using the best club on the practice field. I landed several balls into the bucket in a row. He noticed my improvement and came over and put his hands on my shoulders and said, “Practice, practice, practice, practice, practice and after you take a break, practice some more and I promise you this game will give you many afternoons of pleasure and satisfaction.”

I have never forgotten his commitment to us on those cold mornings at Krusen Field. His passion for the game of golf was contagious. His faithfulness in taking time to meet us each Saturday demonstrated his commitment to us by showing up as promised.

In Memory of
Ryals Furniture Exchange
And Great Parents
Powell & Maude Ryals
From son James
God Bless America
Thank you Mr. Kustes for taking the time on your Saturday mornings at Krusen Field to teach us how to hit golf ball correctly. Thanks you for lending your favorite “7” iron so I could continue the practices. Your kind and positive spirit was contagious and a gift to us. You demonstrated the benefits from a disciplined approach in accomplishing a goal. You are a great mentor in the classroom and on the practice tee.

“Keep your head down and just let your arms swing, the rest is east!” These are words from a man who lives life fully with passion and has a commitment to make the world a better place, one swing at a time.

Dale Myers lives in Forsyth, GA with his wife Susan.

Note from the Editor: This article from Dale Myers was a complete surprise to me. I received an email message from Clereen while I was at work on this newsletter, and I waited for the article to arrive. I’m sure there is little doubt in anyone’s mind who attends our meetings that I love, admire, and respect Bill Kustes. He was my Latin teacher, my golf coach, and my first employer. He has filled the role of mentor to many young people over the years in addition to Dale and myself. In so doing he has molded many lives.

I may have shared this story before. It occurred when I was a freshman in high school. I was fifth man on the golf team, which means I went to matches, but my score didn’t count. Well, someone was sick during the district match and my score counted. I had 118 strokes over 18 holes as I remember it, and I did not beat a single person. In other words, I was high man. My golf career could not help but get better. I remember that Bill was incredibly kind. He did not seem the least bit disappointed, so I took the experience in stride. That type of relationship has continued over the course of many years. Bill has been and is a friend of mine, and I am deeply grateful for the experience.
ZEPHYRHILLS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

BUSINESS MEETING MINUTES
SEPTEMBER 6TH, 2016

The Regular Monthly Business Meeting of the Zephyrhills Historical Association was called to order at 5:30 p.m. by President Rod Rehrig who gave the Invocation and lead in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Minutes from the August 2 Business Meeting were read by Secretary Anna V. Boone with a motion to accept the minutes as read by Jerry Pricher, seconded by Bill Kustes and approved.

The Treasurer’s Report was presented by Treasurer Clereen Brunty. A motion to accept the report was made by Al Stone, seconded by Buck Winslow and approved by all. Clereen then read a letter from the director of Support the Troops thanking the Association for the $100 donation given to help with postage.

Old Business: Clereen stated that we haven’t received anything from the August 23 Scholarship Fundraiser at Beef O’Brady’s. Rod said he will follow up with them.

Other Old Business: Please note that the Scholarship Fundraiser for this month will be at Sergio’s Italian Restaurant on September 27.

New Business: We will be eating at the Golden Corral for the September birthdays, as suggested by Terry Lindsey. The date is September 16 at 4:00 p.m.

Other New Business: There was discussion regarding the times we meet for birthday dinners, that it is confusing to meet at two different times (4:00 p.m. for birthdays and 5:00 p.m. for fundraisers.) It was suggested that 4:00 p.m. is better for health concerns. Sharon Reisman made a motion to have both at 4:00 p.m., seconded by Rose Carrigg and approved.

Bill Kustes made the motion that we adjourn, seconded by Art Besinger. The meeting ended at 5:42 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,
Anna V. Boone, Secretary
Zephyrhills Historical Association

Our guest speaker this evening will be the Honorable Janette Dunnigan, Circuit Court judge and step-daughter of Bill Kustes.