

Keith

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Sent: Monday, May 26, 2014 1:41 PM
To: Carol Pullen (E-mail); Donna Petersen (E-mail); Evelyn Marchese (E-mail); Keith/Sue Pullen (E-mail); Ruth Soklow (E-mail)
Subject: Well, it's a start!

Memories of Darrell A Waas July 12, 1925 - April 5, 1945

This is a challenge for me to recall memories of more than 70 years!

Darrell was very sensitive and caring, gentle and reverent, and was well liked by his peers – especially in high school. He grew through a lanky and awkward period in his earlier teen years, but became quite popular as a handsome upper classman. And, yes, he could sing with a rich and trained baritone voice that was demonstrated in HS assemblies and various functions. No wonder he was popular! He did not go out for any sports. That was Orlin's forte (who was one year older).

Orlin and Darrell both were paperboys – required to meet at the newspaper office (Arizona Republic and the Evening Gazette) to fold and deliver the papers to subscribers on their respective routes – by bicycle. I remember one morning getting up and finding Darrell rapped in a blanket, shivering/shaking by the oil heater in our dining area. He had come by a recent car accident – with injuries apparently – and was in a state of shock. Yes, he was sensitive and did not like to see anyone in pain or injured. - As an aside, he refused to eat chicken when he made the association between the birds in our yard to the meat on the table. -- The paperboy job provided pocket money and a sense of maturity and worth. When an especially good movie was in town (only a two-day running in our small town of Glendale AZ), he occasionally would take Lavera and me – maybe even with a treat of ice cream at our local Upton's Ice Cream parlor. Darrell also loved beautiful things. Secretly he put a gold finger ring (with a large, bright red stone) on lay-away until it could be paid in full – which he did. Our Dad did not allow buying anything for which there wasn't money to cover the expense. I wish I know what happened to that ring after his death.

Darrell did not graduate from high school. He knew he would be drafted into the Army very soon, so he chose to volunteer for the Army Air Corps – leaving HS halfway through his senior year. In one letter to me from his base in England, he wrote that he was concerned I'd be ahead of him in school by the time he got home. I was four years younger and a sophomore in HS when his death occurred, just 3 months and a week before his 20th birthday.

Songs Darrell worked to perfect and perform

“Trusting”

This was also sung at Darrell’s Memorial Service by his voice teacher – Ralph Hess, who by then was the music director of – not only the Glendale Methodist Church but was also the director of the entire Phoenix-area public grade school system.

Lyrics: (the few that I can remember at this time)

I am trusting in the promise Christ has made to me.
I can hear His prayers of anguish from Gethsemane.
In the lonely hours of sorrow,
Benediction bring.
Waiting, waiting, trusting still.
He will comfort bring.

“At Last” - my love has come along. My lonely days are over, and life is like a song. At last the sky above is blue. My heart was wrapped in clover the night I looked at you. I found a dream that I could speak to – a dream that I could call my own. I found a thrill to press my cheek to, a thrill I’ve never known. We kissed, and then the dye was cast – for ??? forever, and you are mine, at last.

“Dream” - when you’re feeling blue. Dream, that’s the thing to do. Just let the smoke rings rise in the air. You’ll find your share of memories there.

“Sunrise” – how lovely it seems to see from my window a sky full of dreams. Daybreak. The sun’s in the sky now, and flowers break through their blanket of dew. ---- At sunrise, I daydream of you.

“ – and many more.

As well as solos from Messiah and other oratorios – in performances with choral groups.

Darrell once told me he would like to attend Northwestern Univ. -- because at that time they had a famous and excellent music and choral department.