Greetings to all Classmates!

As promised, this is issue #2 summarizing our 60th reunion ... Following are sermons from Bill Leffler and Dick Bucey. It seemed impossible to me to paraphrase these sermons so they are included in Toto.

SERMONS: MEMORIAL SERVICE
HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 2011

The first sermon was given by Bill Leffler.

What Time Is It?
Dartmouth College
60th Reunion
Class of 1951
Memorial Service
Ki and I live a little over a half hour from Westbrook, Maine, the birth place of Rudy Vallee. I am sure all of you remember him, with his theme song – “My time is Your Time.” He used to introduce it with the words – “Hi Ho everybody.” And in essence, we who are here at reunion are living these sentiments, and saying to each other – Hi Ho everybody. We are here to share once more, our time at Dartmouth!

As our reading from the Book of Ecclesiastes told us this morning, there is a time for everything, and so I want to have a look at some aspects of time for a few minutes with you - how we view time, what we do with time, what time does to us and even when it seems like time stands still.

There are so many examples of how time enters our live that I can only mention but a few. For instance, I recall years back, when I remarked to my now 25 year old grandson, as he was entering fifth grade – “My goodness, David, you’re entering fifth grade already!” To which he responded, “Time sure goes fast, Grandpa.” My response – “Just wait!!”

I hear people tell me that many times when they travel they frequently have an hour or more to kill at an airport in between flights. I find such a view distressing. I wonder how they kill time – strangling it, shooting it, poisoning it, electrocuting it? What a terrible phrase! We don’t kill time, we utilize time – for worthy or not so worthy purposes, for our benefit or for our detriment, to assist others or to get in the way, for profit or by neglect? Time is precious and killing it is not something we should consider.

Time enters our awareness when we look at the lengthy list of classmates included in our service pamphlet, dear classmates whose time on this earth is no longer, those who have died since we all marched to the Bema sixty years ago and graduated. This list reminds us that there is a need to reconsider our time, for we are still here to share our lives and our time together, as they are not.

Again, the passage from the Book of Ecclesiastes reminds us that there is a time for everything. What it misses is that there are ways in which time can stand still. In some ways we are experiencing this sensation at reunion. Other than the Hop, the center of campus looks pretty much as it did when we first arrived on the Hanover Plain. I experienced this awareness very pointedly a few years ago when we had our fall mini-class reunion during Homecoming Week End, with the bon fire in the center of campus and the football rally in front of Dartmouth Hall. It could have been 1947, and we were freshmen. I relived the same feelings I had those many years ago when I was there for the first time. Time can surely stand still here at our beloved Alma Mater, which, perhaps, is part of why so many of us return to Hanover on a regular basis. Where else can we so readily have such an experience?
But there is so much more to Time. There are the songs from our younger days, songs that we all sang, that I suspect most of us still know and love. "When Time Goes By" and we recall the dates we brought to Dartmouth for special week ends; "Where or When" and the recollection of trudging across campus for an early morning class; "June Is Bustin’ Out all Over" and the exhilaration of spring time finally arriving in Hanover, and perhaps going out to Storer’s Pond for a swim, "Walking in a Winter Wonderland" and the excitement of Carnival. Time confronts us with warm and special memories as we gather in reunion. And shortly we will enjoy our choir singing “Dartmouth Undying.” Just think of all the memories which that song brings back for each of us!!

And then there are the memories that each of us has when we think of the intervening sixty years between 1951 and 2011. Each of us has accomplished so much – marriage, children, grandchildren, business and professional experiences, travel, friendships, and even, unfortunately, the death of dear ones and classmates. For each of us, our time has been full, and we bring the results of that time with us to reunion, eager to share some of it with friends of so many years. Yes, for the most part, time has brought its blessings to most of us.

Thus I would conclude my words today with the traditional Hebrew blessing recited when one experiences a special moment, which today surely is for us – Baruch atza Adonai, eloheynu melech ha-olam, she-hechi-yanu, v’key’y’manu, v’higi-yanu laz’man hazeh. Blessed are you O Lord, our God, ruler of the universe, who has kept us alive, sustained us and brought us to this special time – to our sixtieth reunion.

Amen

The second sermon was given by Dick Bucey.

**WHO ARE THE TEN LEPERS?**

**Luke 17: 12-19**

Some of you know that I’ve been ill since early January, and that even now I’m here, thanks to the blood that has been given to me by strangers. For these five months I’ve been thinking about this story of the 10 Lepers. I keep wondering who those ten would be in our day. Who would be the nine who are healed by the Master, and then walk away? And who is the man who chose to be different—the 10th man who was thankful? I don’t know if it’s because of my age, or illness, or the Holy Spirit, but when Dave Batchelder asked me to speak here, I simply couldn’t get those lepers out of
my mind.  (Dave, incidentally, is not a candidate to be a leper. He is newsletter editor of our class, and a good one at that. But on second thought, he could be a leper!)

Let me make it clear, I’m certainly not here to judge the nine lepers—the fact is: they may well be of my own flesh and blood.. Norma and I are sometimes sad when we think of our grandchildren. It’s our custom (as it may be yours) to remember each one with a gift on their birthdays, and holidays too...like Valentines Day...even Halloween......and occasionally on non-holidays when we see something we think would especially please one or the other, or would look good on him or her. We will buy it, gift wrap it, send it on to Louisiana or California or Atlanta; and then we wait for a reply. And we wait! And we wait! Are we Indian Givers? we ask ourselves. Certainly not! But a note would be OK, or a phone call or an e-mail...maybe even a picture of them wearing that blazer we sent. But instead, nothing! No reply! Those lepers in our family are too cheap to even send a postcard.

In a way, I can’t blame the kids. I think it’s in the whole system...everywhere---.

There’s an overabundance of adults who are eager to receive, and are almost affronted when asked to give. It’s what Andy Rooney calls “the alarming absence of the spirit of common gratitude.”

..Everyone here is in their 80’s—you and I—and I believe it’s time we took that story of the lepers personally. It’s time we thought about what we have accumulated, what has been given to us, and what we owe. Recently I happened upon a copy of our net worth. I’ve decided not to show it to Norma; because frankly I was staggered, and I’m a clergyman. The point is, we need to remember those who have helped us get to where we are.

I can’t speak for you, but more and more I realize that one of the great gifts in my life is Dartmouth. I use the present-tense because once Dartmouth gets into your life, it goes on and on. I think I was the youngest member of our Class-- age 16-- when I
matriculated. But my two roommates had just returned from World War II. I tell you, we had quite a culture gap, the three of us did; When our floor had a party, I think I was the only one drinking coke. Their drink of choice was a “Purple Jesus Side Car.” (I knew it was illegal, but I thought at least it’s religious!)

When people have asked what I learned my freshman year, I tell them, I learned that for 9 months I can live with just about anyone. But, actually I look back upon that year, asking God to bless it, and He does! .The patience, the understanding, the tolerance—I’ve used them all in the years that followed...

Remember your first class as a Dartmouth freshman? Mine was in Psychology. I don’t know the professor’s name, but every one of his lectures was absolutely captivating. I remember expecting an easy A, but no one had told me about the bell-shaped curve of distribution. I got a C instead. I can’t remember having a single boring teacher at Dartmouth. (Well, maybe old Doc Pollard, bless his heart)

The point I’m making is this: you and all got an excellent education here. The caliber of the faculty was quite a gift for us. But somehow I don’t ever recall thanking a teacher. Or would that have been brown-nosing? We simply walked quietly away with the nine lepers.

Even the campus here casts its spell upon us, and upon our parents, and our visitors. No one sees this college who doesn’t admire it. Who’s responsible for this beautiful school? How were you and I ever admitted here? Whom do we thank? Or do we simply walk back to the tent, and look for the nine?

I’ve come to reflect upon what it would take to be like the Samaritan: .... to fall on one’s face, if you please... praising the Giver of Every Good Gift.? I wonder if I have it in me? I wonder if you do? What would it mean to us to hear the words, “Rise, and go your way; your faith has made you well!”

H. Richard Bucey
60th reunion, Class of 1951
NEWS FROM CLASSMATES:

: From Marta Schlappi de Phillips, widow of David Phillips, writes from Lima, Peru. “I met you years ago at a Class reunion. David died 22 years ago. The reason for this letter is to congratulate the Class of ’51 on this memorable 60th reunion.

“In 1998, in the name of David, I donated five important pieces of Colonial Art from Peru and Quito (Ecuador), pieces worthy of a museum. The pieces are the following:

1. Oil on canvas, Our Lady of Pomata, 18th century. Size 61X31 inches.
2. Oil on canvas, Madona and Child, 18th century. Size 27X20 inches.
3. Oil on canvas, Holy Trinity Crowning the Virgin, 18th century. Size 44X31 inches.
   (This is a very rare painting: few of them exist because Rome prohibited this kind of interpretation of the Trinity).
4. Polychromed Wood: Creche Figure of the Virgin Mary, 18th century. Size 30 inches high.
5. Polychromed Wood: Creche Figure of Saint Joseph, 18th century. Size 30 inches high.

“These paintings and objects, museum pieces, are now at the Hood Museum. The paintings were accompanied by books describing the 18th century art of Peru and Ecuador.”

Ed comment: Marta wrote this letter on June 14, 2011. Her hope was that her gift could be shared with the Class at the time of our 60th reunion. Sadly, not to be ...

“Congratulations again to the Class of ’51. I wish David could have been with you on this memorable occasion.”

: Maria Holt, widow of Al Holt, comments on Arno Arrak’s treatise on Global Warming. “Thanks for sending me Fifty-One Fables! I was a little disturbed by the article from Arno Arrak in your May, 2011 issue. As a public health professional, widow of Dr. Alfred T. Holt (’51, of course), I want you to have the following words which were sent to the MAINE SUNDAY TELEGRAM on July 12, 2006. Al would have helped with the writing, helpmate that he was ...

It may be true that globalwarmism has become a religion, as some say; and, yes, in AD 1000 Norsemen lived in Greenland and could have picked grapes. However, their children didn’t breathe dirty air nor have to carry inhalers around with them. The trees in the highlands didn’t suffer from acid rain. Industry didn’t spew carcinogens, mutagens and other toxins into the environment. We caused most of this pollution in the just the last 100 years! ... and so what if the ice caps are melting on Mars, too? There are no children there!

“If globalwarmism can help stop the degradation of this poor little planet, let us get on with it!”

Ed comment: A copy of this letter has been sent to President Lory Miller.

: This seems to be Lady’s Page in this newsletter ... this from Barbara Schneider, “This is to give you some recent milestones in Dick Schneider’s life. His granddaughter, Katharyn, made him a great grandfather for the first time in December (2010), a boy named Oliver. His oldest grandson, Damien Arsmrong just graduated from Case Western Reserve Dental School and will be joining a practice in Florida sometime in June. We are both very happy and proud!” Barbara says Dick enjoys the newsletter!

: Haviland Smith adds some personal notes to his panel discussion. “My son’s godfather lives close to you in Norfolk, CT ... I think that of all my passions, I am most pleased with my woodturning. I do bowls and all manner of things on my lathe and really enjoy the process ... for those interested in my other passion (for writing) take a look at my Website. It contains almost all of the Opeds and other articles that I have written over the past dozen years.

http://rural-ruminations.com/
Bob Hopkins visited a classmate's golf club in August. "I played some golf with Al Brout and Don Dworken at Brout's course, THE FENWAY CLUB, in Scarsdale, NY.

And Bob joins Dick Pugh in compliments for our 60th. Bob says, "It was the BEST!!" And Dick writes, "This is a belated note to thank for your letter of July 6, which was forwarded from La Jolla, CA to Thousand Oaks and finally to Grantham, where we've been for the summer. Thanks, too, for the picture of Hoppy (Hopkins) and me -- another fine moment of what we thought was a terrific reunion!"

Bill Leffler writes, "Enclosed is the photo from Winter Carnival last February that Ki and I are in. We are the spectators in the middle of the group (dead center) looking on at the racers. It was really a fun event, not only because of the nature of the race, but also because of the costumes.

Bill comments on our 60th reunion and shares thoughts with Hopkins and Pugh (above). "I was very pleased with our reunion last week except for the panel on BUSINESS ETHICS, sponsored by the Class of '56. It was extremely disappointing as none of the panelists addressed the issue. I am currently reading a new book, RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT, by Gretchen Morgensen, which details the sub prime mortgage debacle and has many examples of the lack of business ethics among those involved. What a marked contrast!!"

Buck Scott has some sad news ... "Hugh Johnson's wife Suzanne died in February after a lengthy fight with cancer, and the family held a memorial service in Princeton, NJ on May 7th. Mary and I attended. Suzanne and Hugh had a joint career in the documentary film business, for many years operating out of their home in downtown Princeton. Three daughters survive: Huguette, Clare and Fran. Hugh is not feeling so hot himself so I doubt he can make the 60th."

In the first words in his sermon, Dick Bucey refers to his illness. This bulletin from THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Hudson, Ohio provides more detail. "Dick Bucey has been ill with Unexplained Anemia. He is an out-patient at University Hospital, and while physicians are working diligently to discover how and where he is losing his own blood, he regularly receives blood transfusions from the blood bank at the hospital. There is to be a blood drive in honor of Dick on May 15, 2011. Please prayerfully consider donating blood in honor of Dick. His ministry has spanned 57 years, and everywhere people remember his helpfulness, cheer and friendship." Ed comment: Thank you, Dick, for coming to reunion ... and bringing your cherished daughter, Andrea!
FIFTY-ONE FABLES

NEWS FROM CLASSMATES: (cont.)

: **Bill Merkle** pens a medical update ... “Thanks for your thoughtful note. Yes, the colonoscopy came off without any problems and I’ve joined the smooth and regular crew! ... hope you’re coping with the heat and rainy spells here in Connecticut.”

: **Bill Monahan** writes poetically from New Zealand. “The ocean plays an integral part of our lives. We are right on it (see background of picture of Pam, Bill and Keoni). It roars, it sings, it is petulant, it is so full of life and spirits. Pam and I paddle with a band of about 50 old timers three mornings a week. We compete with each other, but we have such loving bonds.”

Greetings,

For six years we have rented a Kamaaina home on the beach at Lanikai, Oahu. Because of its unique proximity to the changing moods of the ocean, it has been like a prolonged voyage on an old schooner.

It is now time for us to return from whence we came, which is our home on Stephens Bay in New Zealand. Because our boy, Keoni, has been accepted as a boarder at Nelson College (high school), we no longer need to divide our lives between Ao Tea Roa and Hawaii. Thanks to the great staff at Assets School, Keoni is now progressing academically and socially. In addition, New Zealand has granted the three of us permanent residency.

So, on August 14, Pamela, Bill, Keoni, and Koha, the dog, will rendezvous in Auckland and progress to South Island. Our New Zealand particulars will be:

W and P Monahan  
27 Cook Crescent  
RD2 Motueka, New Zealand

Ph. from America: 011-643-5278292  
e-mail: pmonahanhi@yahoo.com

Kia Ora me te Aroha,

Pam and Bill Monahan
As one of the surviving four founders of the 82nd Airborne Division "All American Freefall Team" Aram Chorebanian writes about its founding and his latest skydive. "Four of us started this skydiving team in 1954 (after Korea) and I offer this way to view my last skydive. Go to YouTube as follows:"

http://youtu.be/UPqL60akik

ED comment: I believe you can also view Aram's DVD audition for America’s Got Talent TV show, “Tucson Aram sings, BRING HIM HOME”, on this site. For those of us attending the 60th, we remember Aram singing THE LORDS PRAYER at the Memorial Service for deceased classmates. After watching the video, Patty Martin (I don't know who she is) remarked, “It is fun to watch and you really get the feeling of what it's like to skydive. It's even more fun to see the 'ear-to-ear' grin on Aram's face after he lands.”

Tucson Aram Skydives with 82D ABN DIV

Aram continues, writing to Jean and Pete Henderson.

Pete & Jean, with Nancy in assisted living with Alzheimers for the last 2 years, I decided to throw myself into activities I enjoy rather than mope & stagnate in front of TV, so I skydive monthly in Tucson, do stand-up comedy @ retirement homes/coffee places/ Laffs Comedy Cafe, etc., Karaoke, and daily work-outs. For serious stuff I started a referral real estate company "Aram Realty, LLC" & pass referrals from 2100+ past clients over 38 years to another Realty firm which follows up with a percentage to me.

Another passion as an activist is for me to pressure Turkey to acknowledge the 1915-23 Genocide of 60% of it's Armenian /Turkish citizens, with emphasis on the Ottoman Turkish directed treatment of Armenian children/babies; my documented treatise is being translated into audio/DVD Turkish and will be placed on YouTube next month to reach around American & Turkish reluctance to face the facts, and go directly to Turkish mothers so they will share in the anguish of Armenian mothers whose babies/children were burned alive, drowned en masse, forced into harems for soldiers etc. Hopefully this will spur a re-examination of those events in Turkey and ultimately lead to full acknowledgement/atonement for the first Genocide of the 20th Century. Wah Hoo Wah

Aram

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Jeanne Boynton is another voice extolling our 60th reunion. "Great reunion, nice job! ...Bill's (Boynton) son, Jeff, reports that he has moved to LA (from France) and will be in this area more often. After dinner with a friend, he was off to France. Quite the traveler! Once he is settled in LA and knows he likes this (new) company, Sophie and Julian (his wife and son) will follow."
NEWS FROM CLASSMATES: (cont.)

Bill and Sally Friedlander had a busy spring before our 60th reunion.

March: 10 days of sailing (bare boat) from St Lucia to Granada with three other couples.
April: Visit to Seattle and Vancouver to see grandkids and granddaughter doing graduate work in Geology at the University of Washington.
May: 10 day cruise from Barcelona to Dover, England, with writers from the WEEKLY STANDARD; Our conservative genes got all recharged!

Vince Albo shares a reminiscient with the Class. “My wife and I recently moved to Providence Point (retirement community) and I came across this picture of Bill Miller and me taken in the summer of 1950 when we toured Europe together. The picture shows the two of us on top of the Arc De Triomphe. I can’t believe we ever looked that young! We had such a good time we were a few days late for college in the fall.”

Picture L/R: Bill Miller, Vince Albo.

Writing from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico in early March 2011, Ralph Watkins reports, “During our last mini reunion in early October (2010), Barbara and I dropped in at the Rauner Special Collections Library in the old Webster Hall. I was interested in seeing Ed Sine’s bequest of his collection of over 4000 English illustrated books from the late 19th century. He was my freshman year roommate in Streeter Hall.

While there, we noticed large bound volumes of THE DARTMOUTH, including one for 1948 when I was on the staff as a reporter. I recalled I had done several by-lined articles on the history of the College. With the help of a very industrious and accommodating young librarian, Joshua Shaw, we located these articles via, of all things, catalogue entries under my name with articles listed.

Joshua made copies for me.” Ed Comment: the copies will not produce well in the newsletter copy process so they are not included here.

“One is about Dartmouth Row from November 19, 1948 … the other is from April 16, 1949, entitled ‘Hygiene I succeeds Homer in Eighty Years of History. Another article found, ‘Modern Dartmouth faculty has long, colorful history, was written on April 4, 1949.’

The Class is welcome to view these articles at the Rauner Library, located in old Webster Hall.

The menu for the Tuesday night dinner at our 60th reunion featured LOBSTER! I have always had trouble eating lobster, and if it weren’t for Schatzi cutting it up for me, I would probably pass up this delicacy. Recently, I found an article in a local newspaper, HOW TO EAT A LOBSTER.

1. Twist off the claws.
2. Crack claws with a nutcracker.
3. Separate the tailpiece by arching the back until it cracks.
4. Bend back and break flippers off tailpiece.
5. Insert fork where the flippers broke and push.
6. Unhinge the back – the tomalley, or liver, a delicacy to many lobster eaters, turns green when boiled.
7. Open the body, crack it sideways. There is good meat in this section.
8. The small claws are excellent eating – suck the meat out.
PLEASE NOTE: I had hoped to report in this issue, Brain Tales: The Stories our Brains Create about Reality, by B. Christian Jernstedt, Professor Emeritus of Psychological and Brain Sciences, a lecture given at our 60th reunion; however, although I attended this lecture, I didn't take notes. I have since written Professor Jernstedt asking him for a summary of his talk, but, as of yet, no answer from him.

IN MEMORIAM:

Pete Bogardus: In the April 2011 issue of Fables, mention was made of the death of Pete on April 18, 2011. Herm Christensen sent me a copy of the service and I share these words with you, obviously having great meaning to Pete.

**Attitude:**

"The longer I live, the more I realize the impact of attitude on life. Attitude, to me, is more important than facts. It is more important than the past, than education, than money, than circumstances, than failures, than success, than what other people think or say or do. It is more important than appearance, giftedness, or skill. It will make or break a company ... a church ... a home. The remarkable thing is we have a choice every day regarding the attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past ... we cannot change the inevitable. The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and that is our attitude. I am convinced that life is 10% what happens to me and 90% how I react to it. And so it is with you ... we are in charge of our attitudes"

(Charles Swindoll)

The following story about Pete came in Herm's letter ...

"During the service for Pete, many of the speakers told marvelous stories about Pete's doings. One I liked was an incident from his time at Polaroid. He would spend some time on the street in the business district snapping photographs of people passing by and giving them the picture so the recipients would learn of Polaroid and hopefully buy a camera from one of the various dealers in the city. One man became really angry after Pete photographed him. He told Pete what he thought of him in no uncertain terms. Pete was initially surprised, but then answered, "I wish I had 100 customers like you!" The man, [querulous] demanded an answer... Pete responded, "I have a 1000 customers like you ... 100 would be wonderful."

In a separate e-mail from Dick Eitel, he continues Pete's legacy for humor ...

"News of Pete Bogardus passing saddened me and brought back some memories. Certainly if, like me, you were there at one of Pete's finest moments, you would remember. It was back in the spring of 1952. We students were crowded into The Tuck School assembly hall. In those days Pete and Al Karcher were top competitors in garnering the loudest laughs to their witticisms. An announcement had appeared on the bulletin board saying something like this ...

2:00 PM next Tuesday, in the assembly hall, Colonels X and Y from the Air Force will make a presentation of their program for MBA's to become Air Force supply officers.

In no time everyone knew and wouldn't think of not attending. The Korean War was top news. We were searching various armed service options rather than waiting to be drafted. All chatter suddenly stopped as the Colonels were introduced. Onto the stage appeared two young handsome guys in the sharpest blue uniforms. My first reaction was WOW! That young and Colonels already!

(cont. next page)
“Their pitch was ... they had taken over a southwestern country club complete with swimming pool, golf course, tennis courts, etc., where we would be trained for six weeks. No boot camp, no marching, just learning. Then we would be sent out to some air base to be supply officers. It sounded heavenly. As they were opening it up for questions, Pete, that big hulk of a football tackle, was already actually jumping up and down with his arm raised. He was picked first and boomed out, ‘I have just one question.’ One of the Colonels replied, ‘Yes?’ Pete answered (with pen in his raised hand), ‘Where do I sign!’ That brought down the house ... and that was exactly how we all felt.’”

Dick ends his e-mail with this challenge, “Hey, Classmates, how ‘bout some more Bogardus tales?”

Pete is survived by his wife, Shirley: and children, Betsyann Gallagher, Andrew and Peter, Jr. His freshman roommate in 213 New Hampshire Hall was Line Fenno. He was a member of the Bohemian and Olympic clubs, the Guardsmen, and the Bay Area chapter of the College Football Hall of Fame. He received the Distinguished American Award from the College Football Hall of Fame in 2003 ... and he received Dartmouth’s Alumni Award.

: Mark Helfer: In that same issue of April 2011, mention was made of the death of Mark Helfer. Mark came to Dartmouth from Binghamton, New York and was known then as Sturdy Helfer. He changed his name to Mark after serving in the Navy ... and married his wife, Rachel. She owned a farm in the southwest of England and Mark became a farmer with her and her 20 Jersey cows. While at Dartmouth, his freshman roommate at 106 Topliff was Jeff Hart. My sister, Nancy Bridge, and her daughter, Leslie, and I stayed with Mark and Rachel in May of 2008. Mark was suffering with advanced emphysema at that time and had long since turned over the running of the farm to his son, Alan. He remarked to me then that he “hoped the twig would hold”, his humoristic way of speaking of his eventual death. He also said that a huge Oak tree, visible from his kitchen window, had the same DNA as himself ... and he wanted his ashes spread under its spreading leaves.

Mark is survived by his wife, Rachel; and children Emily, Rebecca, Alan, Marrin and Felicity. He was quoted in the 25-Yearbook when asked for the names and addresses of three people who will always know this, “I shall live and die here.”

: Bob Byall died on May 24, 2011. His wife, Mitzi, is deceased. He is survived by his four children, Lynne Byall, Robin Byall, Lisa Byall and James Byall. Freshman roommates in 309 North Mass Hall were Art Worden and Frank Ulrichs (deceased). In the 25-Yearbook, Bob mentions “The Three Rivers Campaign” of the Korean War. Ed Comment: perhaps someone in the Class can explain the significance of this statement ...

* * * * * * * * * * *

Do you love clean white curtains with a breeze flowing through an open window?
I do.

And the roar of the ocean pounding on the shore?
I do.

Do you love the taste of hot dogs, hamburgers and corn eaten outside with the warm feeling of the sun falling on you gently?
I do.

But like a rainbow that quietly fades, summer is gone like a cool spot in the shade. And who will be so sad when the wave returns coldly to the sea?
I will.

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the number of moments that take our breath away

From,        

Dave /2011
This index is included as an insert so that you can quickly find mention of yourself ... or your special friends.

Page 1. Bill Leffler sermon.

Page 2. Bill Leffler sermon, continued.

Page 3. Bill Leffler sermon ... start Dick Bucey sermon.


Page 5. Dick Bucey sermon, continued.

Page 6. Marta and David Phillips, Maria and Al Holt, Arno Arrak, Loye Miller, Barbara and Dick Schneider, Haviland Smith.


Page 8. Bill Merkle; Pam, Keoni and Bill Monahan.


How to eat a Lobster.

Page 11. Note on Professor Jernstedt.

Page 11 and 12 ...

IN MEMORIAM:

PETER BOGARDUS, Herm Christensen, Dick Eitel, Shirley Bogardus.
MARK HELFER, Rachel Helfer, Jeff Hart, Nancy Bridge.
BOB BYALL, Art Worden, Frank Ulrichs (deceased).

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Dear Diary:

For 10 minutes on a 34th Street crosstown bus, a man loudly and persistently preached to the other passengers about Jesus Christ, salvation and the gates to heaven.

Although nobody said anything to or about him during his "sermon," the moment he exited the bus, one passenger asked out loud, to no one in particular, "Did he get off?"

Another passenger responded: "Yes, there is a God!"

Michael Schubert