The Book of Years

Vermonters tell stories from their lives fifty years after high school

Burlington High School Class of 1957

Dedicated to Young People Just Starting Out

50 Years of Life Experience

231 people graduated from Burlington High School in Vermont in 1957. Now we have been out of high school for fifty years. Each of us has had experiences that are useful and fun for others our own age and for young people to read. By reading about our work, our adventures, our good times and bad, what we learned and how we accomplished what we did, young folks might pick up a few things that could help them as they go out into the world.

Burlington High School

Class of 1957 50th Reunion in 2007

BURLINGTON, VERMONT, AUGUST 18, 2007

This book is also dedicated to
the memory of a worthy
man of the world
who walked the streets
of Burlington, Vt., in the mid 1800s:

George Perkins Marsh

He was the author of
"Man and Nature: Or, Physical
Geography as Modified by Human Action,"
the first great book, in 1864, about
environmental problems caused by humans.
In a speech at Union College in 1847,
as David Lowenthal tell us,
Marsh urged that "history in a democracy
should be about the people themselves,
historians should inquire into the
fortunes of the mass, their opinions,
their characters, their leading impulses,
their ruling hopes and fears,
their arts and industry and commerce;
we must see them at
their daily occupations in the field,
the workshop, and the market."

- we hope you like our effort, George.

The Book of Years

Vermonters tell stories from their lives 50 years after graduating from high school

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& Tom Whitney, Editor,

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This linoleum block print was created by Dave Whitney, B.H.S. Class of 1960.

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Published by Dolphin Press, 137 Kuakolu Place, Hilo, Hawaii 96720 • ISBN 978-0-9654288-6-6
Library of Congress Control Number: 2007904631
www.dolphinpress.biz. See page 281.

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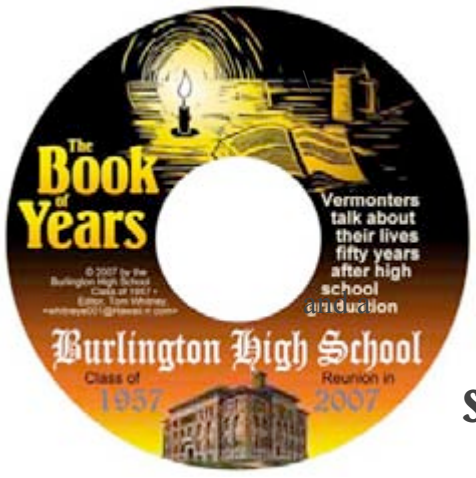


The compact disc for the book holds all the information in the print version with pictures in color, a different version of the same information in the chapters rearranged to be accessible by each person's name, and a copy of the class yearbook for 1957, the Oread.

See next page for CD contents.

Compact Disc Contents

- **All chapters in print version** as shown on the pages iv and v. Edited by Tom Whitney.
- **Access what each person wrote by clicking their name** – for those who participated in the "Book of Years." See an example of an individual file in Lillian Hauke Venner's story on page 375
- **The Oread**
  The first one hundred and three pages of our 1957 yearbook up to the ads are scanned and included. Edited by Brianne Eastman Chase.

Note: To obtain the compact disc with the contents of the entire book in color, plus everything else, please send $10 to Tom Whitney, 137 Kuakolu Place, Hilo, Hawaii 96720. He will be happy to send you a CD.

We could not find a company that would publish the book and the CD on a print-on-demand basis

What experiences have these bright-looking young people been through during their lives? They are the elders now. They share the highlights of fifty years of life experience.

Clare Adams

Bob Badger

Sandy Bassett

Joyce Beaulieu

Steve Berry

Jim Bicknell

Steve Bradish

Bradley Butler

Deb Galbraith

Georgia Buzzell

Sargent Cathrall

Bill Chittenden

Robert Ciardelli

Phyllis Clark

Lynn Coburn

Sam Conant

Gerritt Crowley

Lynn Dawson

Chuck Eldred

Claire English

Tim Fay

Theresa Fortin

Eric Foster

Lou Garcia

Toni Franceschi

Tom Hackett

Jim Hale

Margo Hathaway

Lillian Hauke

Jack Hedman

Ruth Khoury

Dorothy Knight

Joyce Labelle

Carl Loveday

Louise Magram

Bob McBride

Jim McCarthy

Sue Minotti

Ellen Morris

Ida O'Neil

Joan Papin

Nancy Patrick

Susan Pearlberg

Ray Pecor

Gordon Perlmutter

Ruth Pine

Layne Prebor

Betsy Samuelson

Rose Samuelson

Louise Schimmelpfennig

Bob Stannard

Jim Viele

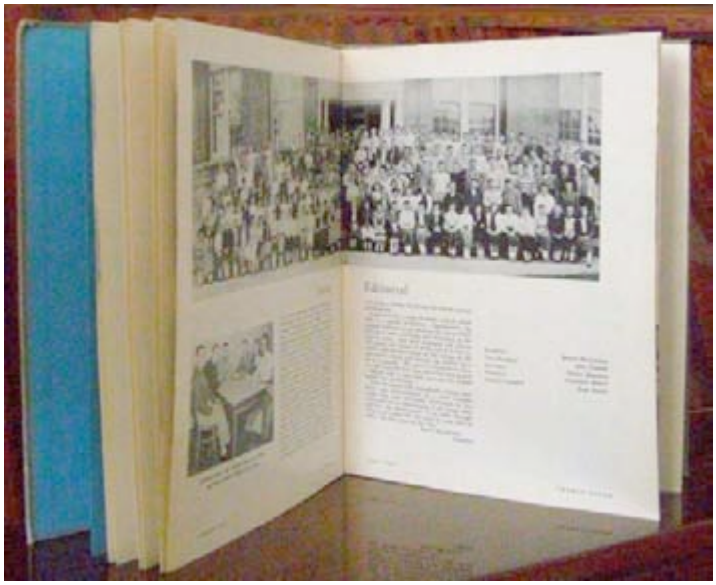
Joyce Wagner

Tom Whitney

Barbara Willard

Charlene Yandow

Carl Benvenuto's photograph was not included in the Oread but his comments are on the CD and in the book.



For those who may have misplaced their copies throughout a lifetime of moves like I did, our yearbook, the Oread, is on the CD. Toni Franceschi Esteban took the picture of an open Oread. – Tom Whitney

Extra-ordinary history: Vermonters talking about their lives

We were 231 high school graduates from Burlington High School in Vermont in June 1957. Our average life expectancy when we were born was 64.9 years. Then it was likely that there would be 116 of us left in 2007, Gordon Perlmutter calculated. The good news is that 188 of us still live and breathe at 67 and 68 years old. "It must be due to our good upbringing and the clean Vermont air," he suggested.

We had a few stories to share when we gathered for our 50th reunion on August 18, 2007. We looked back on our lives then and here in our book. We tell about our loves and our labors, our parents and ancestors. What were our life-threatening moments, proud accomplishments, adventures, politics, religion and basic values? We tell how we have dealt with the hardships in our lives and what lessons we have learned. We have a few words to the wise and tricks of some trades. We *are* having fun, yet, if moving more slowly. Many are giving back in one way or another.

We have a lot to be thankful for. Our parents were hard-working, thrifty, good and unpretentious people. They gave us some solid Golden Rule values. There was relatively little in the way of overt expressions of racism, class, political or religious prejudice around Burlington besides the outrageous cakewalk at the university. Every family was doing something as their part in pulling together to win the Second World War. As young people we were tending Victory Gardens, jumping on tin cans to flatten them, becoming extra alert when the scary air raid sirens would go off and we had to turn the lights out. We grew up with a work ethic. We grew up more when we went to big Burlington High.

Some classmates had relatives on the Mayflower, and one of our classmates' ancestors was a major mover of that effort to seek religious freedom in this land. Another classmate's ancestor was the first governor of the independent nation of Vermont, then governor when it became the 14th state. Another was a notorious horse thief and philanderer. Many of us were the offspring or grandchildren of immigrants who had wanted us to fit into the American culture and leave the problems of the old country behind. Here we all were in Burlington on our best behavior and knowing very little about the old countries.

Some of us couldn't wait to get away after high school – into that big, bustling world out there beyond the farms. I myself hitch-hiked south on Route 7 "to see the world" and never saw my father again or returned to the state except for a year at UVM and occasional visits. Others had the good sense to stay in Vermont, a place that, fifty years later, many people feel is the best place to live in the nation. Many went to college. We *all* went to work.

We did hundreds of different jobs in dozens of states, helped put a man on the moon, built and staffed submarines and surface ships, fought wars, were frogmen, deck apes, developers and demolition coordinators, engineers, environmentalists and exterminators, a radiologist and a radio announcer, television broadcaster, postal worker, printer, a

preacher, teachers and telephone operators, care givers and college professors. We have waved the flag and seen the dark side of the flag, are Republicans and Democrats, religious and atheist, employees and entrepreneurs, medical doctors and – *don't you forget it or downplay it, thank you very much*: Small Town New England Housewives and Mothers.

A famous Vermonter of a hundred and fifty years ago, George Perkins Marsh,[1] who used to live on South Willard Street, wrote a book in 1864 called "Man and Nature" that was considered nothing less than the fountainhead of the environmental movement in this country. Marsh earlier said that history in a democracy should be about the people themselves, not just about their rulers. Historians should look into "the fortunes of the mass, their opinions, their characters, their leading impulses, their ruling hopes and fears, their arts and industry and commerce; we must see them at their daily occupations in the field, the workshop, and the market.[2]" This book is a humble effort to heed George's advice. It is Vermonters' history written by them; the history of citizens, not the leaders. These are the stories that historians too often ignore.

The complete story of the creation of this book is found in the Afterword on the CD.

I hope it starts a trend to a new kind of history, a new way for ordinary people as they are finishing their working lives to record the highlights of their unique experiences and what they have learned for the benefit of young people just starting out. We all have stories and have learned important things. Our lives *have* counted for something.

Our children want to read our stories. Carl Loveday told me he sent his youngest son a copy of his response to our B.H.S. project. His son's first question was: "Did you send a copy to Scott?" – his oldest son. The son went on, "It's the closest thing we're ever going to get to a written history about you and our family." That disturbed Carl, because although he had told both boys a lot about their family and family history, he said they seemed to yearn for something more in writing. Carl said that in retrospect, he would have cherished something in writing from his parents and grandparents. I wish my parents had shared some printed words with me also. Now we have some for our families.

Well – here it is, three years in the making. Imagine that we have gathered around an open fire. We have some fine Chittenden's cider to drink, and maybe some hard cider for later. We are in good company as we begin to share our tales. Join us in Chapter One: Hell is empty and all the devils are here!

Tom Whitney

More wise in 2007 than 1957?

A special thanks to Steve Berry, Sam Conant, Eric Foster, Tom Hackett, Lillian Hauke Venner, Bob McBride, Sue Minotti Ladue, Ruth Pine Bonner and Tom Whitney for pitching in to buy paper, ink, stamps, envelopes, compact discs for all and to pay the setup charges. ***We did it!*** *We are now participating in the new revolution in book publishing. Pass the word.*

1. See page 302.
2. "The American Historical School;" a Discourse Delivered before the Literary Societies of Union College, Troy, N.Y., 1847, p. 10, quoted in the introduction to "Man and Nature: Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action," by George Perkins Marsh, John Harvard Library, Belknap Press.

Burlington High School **Class of 1957**
50th Reunion Project
August 2007

Reunions - so many dear friends

Barbara Willard McDonough
Reunion Planning Chair
Brbmcdngh@aol.com

I have always enjoyed calling classmates to get updated information on them and see how they are doing.

I also enjoy the challenge of coming up with new decorations and events prior to and the day after the Saturday night affairs.

I have "kind of" been in charge for only about the last four reunions, twenty years. I was part of the committee with the 10th but twenty years ago was elected by the Planning Committee to take a stronger position. Joyce and Bob Stannard were always a big part of the planning team. Until Joyce retired she typed the information for the reunion booklets. It was a wonderful job well done.

One of my biggest fears is making a call and finding a classmate has passed. This has affected me a great deal. There were several people I was extremely close with. We are all now at an age where more of us are developing serious health problems.

Each reunion has had its own unique fun event. Finding suitable places for a large crowd with fair dinner prices is always a challenge. We always try to hold expenses down so the cost is reasonable.

It has been wonderful working with everyone and I have made so many dear friends. I say a heartfelt thank you to each. It has been fun. – *Barbara*

Organizing committees for the last twenty years have included (names with * are new for that committee):

30th Bob Stannard, Joyce Beaulieu Stannard, Betty Wheel DeMag, Sheila Trombley Blondin, Ruth Khoury Rothenberger, Barbara Willard McDonough, *Chuck Alberts, *Wilbur Clark, Gerritt Crowley, Nancy Patrick Crowley, *Paul Poquette, *Frank Suitor

35th Sheila Trombley Blondin, Ruth Khoury Rothenberger, Barbara Willard McDonough, Kenneth Bessette, Nancy Guest Burgess, William Burgess, *Sandra Bassett Richards, Gerritt & Nancy Crowley, Frank Suitor, Bob & Joyce Stannard

40th Barbara Willard McDonough, * Ann Wakefield Lanzet, Brianne Eastman Chase, Bill & Nancy Burgess, Gerritt & Nancy Crowley, *Ken Bessette, Bob & Joyce Stannard, *Judy Truax Gregory

45th * Jim Duggan, *Georgia Buzzell Foltz, *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein, Judy Truax, Ken Bessette, Bill Burgess, Gerritt & Nancy Crowley, Barbara Willard McDonough, Brianne Chase, Bob Stannard, Joyce Beaulieu Stannard

50th Barbara Willard McDonough, Bob Stannard, Joyce Beaulieu Stannard, *Tom Whitney, *Bill Chittenden, Gerritt Crowley, Nancy Patrick Crowley, Bill Burgess, Brianne Chase, Ken Bessette, *Joan Papin Bisaillon, *Jim Mc Lane, *Ruth Pine Bonner, Georgia Buzzell Foltz.

Burlington High School Class of 1957

On the four pages that follow you can see an enlargement of the panoramic photograph above that was taken by L. L. McAllister to mark this auspicious event in our lives. We included the names of as many students as we could identify.

Graduation Day was a happy time
as represented here by Ruth Pine Bonner and and her beaming, proud parents.

Bold = Passed on;
Grey = participants in this book

1 Carol Bessette
2 Gail Charron
3 Monica Quinlan
4 Jean Maynard
5 Georgia Buzzell
6 Ida O'Neil
7 Janice Halvosa
8 Rita Wheel
9 Diane Wager
10 Barbara Willard
11 Charlene Yandow
12 Wayne Godette
13 Marilyn James
14 **Wanda Sumner**
15 **Joan Orton Ely**
16 Jeannine Hardy
17 **Janet Halvosa**
18 *
19 Joyce Forcier
20 Joy Chorostowski
21 Valerie Dorey
22 Barbara Maddocks
23
24 Eleanor Stoddard
25 Barbara Liberty
26 Charlotte Bowley
27 Catherine Cunningham
28
29 Patricia Doenges
30 Marianna Luoko
31 Kathleen Wrisley
32 **Thomas Trieb**
33 **Theodore Maglaris**
34 Carl St. Peter
35 Roger Kaigle
36 Wilber Clark
37 Arthur Greenblot
38
39 Timothy Fay
40 **Ronald Despres**
41 George Forrest
42 Carl Loveday
43 **Kenneth Simonds**
44 Carlton Cole
45 **William Carlin**
46 Gerritt Crowley
47 William Burgess
48 **Dorwin Stoddert**

** We apologize to those whom we could not identify. A couple of dozen people gave it a good try.*

49 Shirley Millette
50 Nancy Valley
51 Marjorie Clapper
52 Sandra Bassett
53 Ellen Morris
54 **Rita Wells**
55 Jacqueline Washburn
56 Donna Harvey
57 Sheila Trombley
58 Janice Trombley
59 Joyce Wagner
60 Betty Wheel
61 Betty Howard
62 **Sandra Chittenden**
63 **Jacqueline Trono**
64 Lillian Hauke
65 Sally Stowell
66 Margaret Tessman
67 Suzanne Lanou
68 Claire Adams
69 Brianne Eastman
70 Sandra Wood
71 **Gloria Byrne**
72 Susan Burns
73 Ruth Adams
74 Sally Norman
75 **Joyce Lavalette**
76 Sandra Sprague
77 Suzanne Luck
78 Rose Samuelson
79 Deborah Butterfield
80 Susan Pearlberg
81 Harriet Hagar
82 **Joan Murphy**
83 Betsy Samuelson
84 Judy Truax
85 Louise Schimmelpfennig
86 Lynda Foley
87 Louise Magram
88 Reginald Morse
89 Gary Wright
90
91 Audrey Upton
92 Ronald Ward
93 Keith Palmer
94 Leo Bergeron
95 Eugene Mitchell
96 James Deslile
97 Bruce St. Peter
98 Fred Ladue
99 Lester Gillian
100 David Alix
101 Jack Hedman
102 Edward Mitchell
103 Jim Hale
104 Walter Burke
105 John Recor
106 Robert Riley
107 **Frank Suitor**
108 Joyce LaBelle
109 **Walter Lauzon**
110 Robert Magoon
111 Bob Stannard
112 Ken Bessette
113 **Duane Thompson**
114 Janet Bruhn
115 Lionel Guerin
116 Ernest Chamberlin
117 Janet Andrews
118 **Rod Hanley**
119 **Donald Creller**
120 Joan Papin
121 Jim McLane

122 **Nancy Guest**
123 Nancy Patrick
124 Patricia Dague
125 Annette Frazier
126 **Joyce Handl**
127 Helen Muir
128 Jane Bedard
129 Joyce Beaulieu
130 **Judy Hunt**
131 **Lucy Wills**
132 Janet Clayton
133 **Barbara Olcott**
134 Carolyn Marquette
135 Elaine Gonyeau
136 Barbara Recor
137 Daniel Simpson
138 **Peggy McMurray**
139 Claire McMurray
140 Virginia Palans
141 Susan Minotti

142 **Barbara Hinsdale**
143 Toni Franceschi
144 Marilyn Coburn
145 William Cooper
146 James McCarthy
147 Ray Pecor
148 Ann Wakefield
149 Lynn Dawson
150 Margo Hathaway
151 Larry Terry
152 James Viau
153 Mariska Stades
154 Bob Badger
155 Carol McGrath
156 Phyllis Clark
157 Maurice Sequin
158 **Polly LaClair**
159 Kenneth Thompson
160 Layne Prebor
161 **Wilfred Provost**

162 Sargent Cathrall
163 David Benway
164 Tom Whitney
165 **Dana Alling**
166 James Bicknell
167 John Brisson
168
169
170 Richard Thompson
171
172 David Steele
173 Robert McBride
174
175
176 Stanley Barnes
177 Bill Chittenden
178
179
180 **Eugene Racine**
181 Casper Rudnick

182 Ruth Khoury
183 Earline Boisvine
184 Claire English
185 Betty Valyou
186 Dorothy Heron
187 Gladys Kenna
188 Kathleen Finney
189 Elizabeth Watchorn
190 Carol Morgan
191 Richard Guyette
192 David Colburn
193 Sheldon Blauman
194 James Mee
195 John Arnold
196 **Fred Robinson**
197 Eric Foster
198 **Douglas Jarrett**
199 Dalton Bugbee
200 Robert Ciardelli
201 Bradley Butler
202 **Robert Billings**
203 James Viele
204 Bill Green
205 **Fredrik Raab**
206 Thomas Hackett
207 Gordon Perlmutter
208 Daniel Pitts
209 Robert Young
210 Steven Bradish
211 Steven Berry
212 Brian Machanic
213 Tony Wasilkowski
214 Chuck Eldred
215 William Hill
216 Bernard Ackerman
217 Charles Alberts
218 Rudolph Shrankel
219 Sam Conant
220 James Duggan
221 **William Hogan**
222 Lou Garcia
223 George Parker
224 Jack Lamson
225 Paul Poquette
226 Frank McDonough

In Memoriam

To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." Ecclesiastes 3:1

Betsy Ann Alfred Crandall

Dana Alling

Robert Billings

Gloria Esther Byrne

William "Bill" Carlin

Sandra Lee Chittenden

Donald R. Creller

Ronald Leo Despres

Joyce Emma Forcier Patno

Nancy Jane Guest Burgess

Joyce Ann Handl DeForge

Rodney William Handley

Barbara Ann Hinsdale

William "Butch" Hogan

Judy Hunt Cobbs

Douglas "Spike" Jarrett

Polly LaClair Kirk

Walter Raymond Lauzon

Joyce Lavalette Rock

Theodore B. Maglaris

In Memoriam

Joan Murphy Robinson

Peggy Ann McMurray

Barbara Louise Olcott

Joan Ann Orton Ely

Wilfred Arthur Provost

Robert Allen Quenneville

Frederik Holger Raab

Eugene George Racine

Fred David Robinson

Kenneth John Simmonds

Dorwin William Stoddert

Francis “Frank” Suitor

Wanda Ann Sumner

Duane Rankin Thompson

Jacqueline Ann Trono

Rita April Wells Robinson

Lucy Mae Wills

Janet Halvosa

The following classmates who have passed did not have photographs in the Oread:

Russell Vincent Antonevich
David Blake Barker
Louis Paul DiSpirito
Thomas Treib
Evanda L. Welch

Hell is empty and all the devils are here.[3]

By Steve Berry

Upon retirement, I became interested in genealogy and started spending time at the New England Historical Genealogical Society in Boston and the Vermont Historical Society in Barre. Among the findings that I found interesting were five ancestors that came on the Mayflower (maybe six if you believe the unproven story about a shipmate named Clarke, who returned to England on the Mayflower and came to America to settle a couple of years later), a group of previously unknown second cousins from East Montpelier, ancestors that fought in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, and lots of ancestors that came to America in the 1600s.

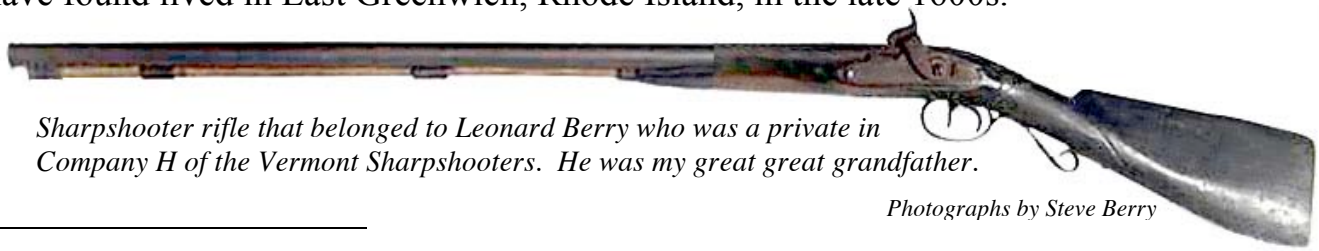
I started with the Berry and Foster relatives shown here in a Montpelier cemetery. Interesting to see my grandmother's full maiden name on the stone. Perhaps it is because of the Mayflower connection.

Since the number of ancestors doubles each generation as you move back in time, the project can get very big. I initially focused on the four threads of my grandparents (Berry, Foster, Hale, and Ryle), who all lived in Montpelier where I was born.

Berry

The Berrys came to Vermont in the late 1790s from Westerly, Rhode Island, as part of a migration wave from coastal New England into the interior. First settling in Fairlee, they later moved to Waitsfield in the mid 1800s. Farming was their main occupation until my grandfather became involved in a grain store named "Berry & Jones" in Montpelier in the early 1900's.

My great grandfather Leonard Berry was a Vermont Sharpshooter in the Civil War – I have parts of his uniform, his rifle, and his discharge papers. The earliest Berry ancestor I have found lived in East Greenwich, Rhode Island, in the late 1600s.



Sharpshooter rifle that belonged to Leonard Berry who was a private in Company H of the Vermont Sharpshooters. He was my great great grandfather.

Photographs by Steve Berry

[3] A colorful quotation from "The Tempest, 1, 2" by William Shakespeare, and appropriate for only some of the members of the Class of 1957 at Burlington High School (you know who you are) and none of my relatives or in-laws, of course. I offer it in good fun. One of my ancestors was shipwrecked in Bermuda in 1609 and the story of that incident is thought by some to have become at least part of the basis for the Shakespeare play.

Recently I found a scroll with the flowing text about his service: "Enlisted from Waitsfield, Vt., as a private Dec. 14, 1863, in Co. H 2 U.S.S.S. and was mustered into the U.S. service Dec. 18" 63 under Captain Albert Buxton. They became part of the 1st Brig., 3rd Div. He participated in the battle of Wilderness Va. May 5" 64 and wounded in the hip. At Petersburg, June 16, '64 wounded in right forearm. Sent to Convalescent Hospital, Washington, D.C. Home on a 30-day furlough. Reported back to Hospital and six week later returned to Regt. Transferred to Co. H 4 Vt. Feb 25" 65 and honorably discharged at Halls Hill, Va., July 15" 1865, by reason of the close of the war. "

I hope to go to Rhode Island in the near future to seek more information about Berrys and where they lived before arriving there.

This is part of the dress uniform of Leonard Berry, my great great grand father who was a Vermont Sharpshooter in Company H.

Foster

Some of my most complete information comes from researching the Foster family – my father's maternal ancestors.

Through the Fosters I am descended from five Mayflower passengers: William Brewster and his wife Mary, Stephen Hopkins and his daughter Constance, and the Hopkins' servant, Edward Doty. There was no relation between Hopkins and Doty, but somewhere many generations later, one of Doty's descendants married one of Hopkins' descendants.

I am descended from Patience Brewster, who didn't come to America with her parents. She came a couple of years later on the ship "Anne."

I have traced many ancestral paths back to a generation or two in England, before they sailed in the early 1600's to America. So I have a number of birthdates in the 1500's, a few into the 1400s.

I recently read Nathaniel Philbrick's book, "Mayflower,[4]" in which I found some interesting information about my Hopkins ancestor: "…Stephen Hopkins was making his second trip to America. Eleven years earlier in 1609 he had sailed on the Sea Venture to Virginia, only to become shipwrecked in Bermuda – an incident that became the basis for Shakespeare's 'The Tempest.' While on Bermuda, Hopkins had been part of an attempted mutiny and been sentenced to hang, but pleading tearfully for his life, he was, at the last minute, given a reprieve. Hopkins spent two years in Jamestown before returning to England and was now accompanied by his pregnant wife Elizabeth; his son, Giles; and daughters Constance and Damaris."

My research shows that Elizabeth was Hopkins' second wife, and my ancestor Constance was a daughter from his previous marriage.

[4] "*Mayflower*: *A Story of Courage, Community, and War*" By Nathaniel Philbrick, Viking, ISBN: 0-670-03760-5

Painting by Jean Leon Gerome, First copyrighted by the Foundation Press, Inc., 1932

While my hobby is genealogy, collecting the names of relatives and finding out who is related to whom in my particular family tree, I find it interesting to read about the broader history of the periods through which they lived.

Having a relative like William Brewster who is part of the American mythology is definitely interesting. No one knows what he really looked like but he is probably depicted in the painting above of the first Thanksgiving. Perhaps he is the older man with white hair. He was about thirty years older that William Bradford, one of the other leaders of the Mayflower venture. Perhaps the woman offering food in the foreground is the second wife of Bradford, Alice Carpenter, who is a distant ancestor of Lillian Hauke Venner, a high school classmate.

Simon Worrall, who lives in Herefordshire, England, wrote about the Pilgrims in the October 2006, issue of Smithsonian Magazine.[5] He describes how William Brewster was one of the primary organizers of the voyage of the Mayflower, trying personally to escape the perhaps fatal wrath of King James I of England. Brewster was a leader of the first wave of Separatists who wanted to replace the Church of England hierarchy of bishops and their corruption, simplify their rituals and bring in a democratic structure. The Separatists were more radical than the Puritans. From the ranks of Separatists would come the Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and other Protestant denominations. Before the group landed in Plymouth they wrote out and adopted the Mayflower Compact (with only men having a vote), an agreement "of consent between citizens and leaders" that John Quincy Adams credits as being the genesis of democracy in America.

[5] Smithsonian Magazine, article "Pilgrims' Progress," by Simon Worrall, November, 2006, Volume 37, Number 8

The Fosters came to East Montpelier around 1800 from Rochester, Massachusetts. My first American Foster ancestor came to Massachusetts in 1634 on the ship "Hercules."

An interesting ancestor, James Foster, was expelled from the Rochester, Massachusetts, Congregational Church in 1815. Hearing the Congregational minister preach that all children that died before years of accountability went to Hell to suffer through an endless eternity in Hellfire, James arose from his seat exclaiming as he brought his cane down with great force as he left the church, 'I won't hear it, I won't hear it.' It caused great excitement and led to his being expelled from the church for "adopting the Heresy of Universalism." His family later had a silver cap put on the cane, engraved with the words: "I wont hear it, I wont hear it." The cane is still in the family. The age of accountability "is the age at which a child is old enough to understand the moral consequences of his or her actions and can be held accountable for sins.[6]" In the Catholic Church this age is 7, the LDS church it is 8, in others, 12.

While farming was common, many Fosters were ministers, and my grandfather was a livestock trader in Central Vermont.

Hale

My mother's maiden name was Hale, and the Hales first settled in Vermont in Morristown around 1800. They later lived in Middlesex and E. Montpelier.

Researching the Hales, I found that my mother had an uncle, Guy Hale, who produced a large family in East Montpelier and that I have many Hale second cousins. While growing up, I was completely unaware of this clan. In 2005, my sister and I visited six of these previously "unknown" cousins who live in the "Horn of the Moon" part of East Montpelier.

Most of the Hales were also farmers. My grandfather was a butcher and grocer, co-owner of the Hale Brothers Market on Barre St. in Montpelier until it closed in the 50's.

While I have traced a few of the Hale maternal lines back to the 1600's in America, I have been frustrated seeking the source of the Hales who settled in Morristown in 1800.

This remains on my project list – one of the fun things about genealogy is that the project lists are never ending!

Ryle

My mother's maternal line is a more traditional recent American story: Irish immigrants who came to America in the mid 1800's. The Ryles settled in Waitsfield in the 1860's.

I was not aware that I was one quarter Irish – there was some stigma about being Irish – until one March in high school when I was prepared to wear orange on St Patrick's Day. My mother stopped me, insisting that I wear a more appropriate green to reflect my Irish heritage.

The Ryles were initially laborers for other Waitsfield families, and later had farms of their own as they became more prosperous.

Since this project is never ending, check with me in another year or two for updates.

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[6] Wikipedia: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Coming_of_age#Age_of_accountability

Painting © by Dr. Mike Haywood and is reproduced with his permission.
His paintings including a series on the Mayflower are available as prints on his website at www.mikehaywoodart.co.uk.

At least three of our Burlington High School classmates' ancestors arrived on the North American continent in 1620 as passengers on the Mayflower seeking religious freedom. I found fascinating the drama that Dr. Mike Haywood's paintings bring to contemplation of that experience. He described the difficult voyage: "At this time, 383 years ago, the Mayflower's fortunes were changing once again. After leaving Plymouth, England, the first days of the voyage had passed with good winds and gently rolling seas. But now the black clouds to the North began to lumber heavily across the sky and the weather deteriorated rapidly."

Who were our parents and ancestors?

What the legacy of their lineage means to us

One of my mother's relatives named Alice Carpenter lived in England in the 1600s. She married William Bradford who was the first governor in Plymouth after the Mayflower voyage. Bradford's first wife died shortly after the trip over and William sent for Alice and they were married.

We have no stories about Alice that have been passed down and no one, until recently had much interest in genealogy. My aunt belonged to the Daughters of the American Revolution as we had three branches that had fought in the revolution. She knew a lot, but is long dead and my mother was never into it. My mother said we had a Mayflower connection, but she doesn't know any more. Alice was connected by her own background, not by marriage. My grandmother was a Carpenter as was Alice. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

My parents were both Vermonters, born and raised. Mother was President of the Parent and Teachers Association and very involved in the community. Father was very hard working. He sold automobiles. Both had great expectations for my sister Patty and me. My father was a Marine in WWII. He was wounded in Okinawa.

Mom and Dad were the greatest influence on me. They were very considerate, loving and motivational. Their love – no matter what the mistakes – was always there for me. My wife Jean and I have two children and have tried to do the same: love, support and be there for them. – *Ray Pecor*

My mother was from Manchester, New Hampshire, where my grandfather owned a drug store. My father was brought up in Meriden, Connecticut. His parents had emigrated from Sheffield, England, shortly before he was born in 1903.

My ethnic roots? English, I guess. It's possible I may be related to Henry Tufts who lived during the Revolution and wrote a book called "Autobiography of a Criminal." He was a horse thief, deserter and bigamist. Needless to say, during the 1800's no Tufts wanted to claim Henry as a family member. – *Lynn Tufts Dawson Shay*

My mother's family goes back to the Mayflower; my father's to the scouring of Scotland in the 1740's when many of the Highlanders left for America. So, our Vermont roots go deep. My grandfather Walter Adams ran a hotel on the top of Mt. Mansfield for about 20 years at the turn of the century until he moved the family to Burlington to become a builder. His legacy may be seen on Prospect Street and Spruce Street. My mother's family settled in Monkton and Ferrisburg. My grandfather carried mail in North Ferrisburg for almost 50 years. My father served in the Army Air Force Corps of Engineers from 1942 – 1946, and was on the 'grand tour' of the Pacific, from Darwin, Australia through to Japan. He returned home as a Captain. I remember moving from our own house into an apartment in a house owned by my Uncle Harry Adams on Brooks Avenue so mother would not be completely alone while he was gone. In 1948 we moved to Fletcher Place where he had built us a home. My two best friends were my cousins George and Paul. I went to Taft Elementary and then to Ira Allen Elementary.

The name of the family on the Mayflower was Edward and Ann Fuller. They were parents of Samuel Fuller. Both Edward and Ann died in the first winter - 1621. Samuel lived quite a long life, died in Barnstable, Massachusetts, in 1683. His descendant, Lydia Lorette Fuller was married to my great great grandfather, Marion H. Dean. My middle name is Lorette. – *Clare Adams Whitney*

Looking back on my genealogy, I am related to Thomas Chittenden, the first governor of Vermont from 1791 to 1797, and to his son Martin Chittenden, the seventh governor, from 1813 to 1815.

Thomas helped to found Vermont, first as an independent republic for fourteen years and then helped guide it to become a state.

Martin was a member of the Federalist Party.

Thomas was a character and they tried to impeach him, but never did and he was cleared of whatever they were trying to impeach him for. He was called "One-Eyed Tom."

According to my family the first Chittenden in this country was a horseback preacher or what you call a circuit preacher.

Merritt Chittenden was principal of Edmunds High School (which became Burlington High School) and was superintendent from 1914 to 1921.

I am also related to General Hiram Martin Chittenden who was in the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. He mapped out the roads in Yellowstone Park. There is one named after him as I found out when I went there in 2000. I have a book on Hiram, "H. M. Chittenden,[7]" that was given to me by my cousin Tom Chittenden. Hiram also designed the locks in Seattle when he was working with Teddy Roosevelt.

Ferrisburg is named after my mother's family the Ferrises. – *Bill Chittenden*

Thomas Chittenden
Vermont's first governor
1791 – 1797

Chittenden was born in East Guilford, Connecticut, and moved to Vermont in 1774, where he founded the town of Williston. During the American Revolution, Chittenden was a member of a committee empowered to negotiate with the Continental Congress to allow Vermont to join the Union. The Congress deferred the matter in order to not antagonize the states of New York and New Hampshire, which had competing claims against Vermont. In 1777, a convention was held in Windsor, which drafted Vermont's first constitution, establishing Vermont as an independent republic—the first republic in North America. During the Vermont Republic Chittenden served as governor from 1778 to 1789 and from 1790 to 1791. After Vermont entered the federal Union in 1791 as the fourteenth state, Chittenden continued to serve as Governor until 1797.
From Wikipedia.
(Editor's note: I liked this opportunity, thanks to Bill, to honor the independent spirit that helped shape this state from its start.)

Our parents were a different generation as we are to our children. I see the coolness of my parents softening through me to permissiveness in my children's families. One direction to the other.

I fought to get words of love, affection even, appreciation and pride from my parents. My dad finally told me he loved me in a whispered voice directly into my ear from a gurney in the hospital corridor two weeks before he stopped talking. God heard my lifelong prayer, but why it came so late haunts me still. At least I heard those words.

[7] "H. M. Chittenden," Library of Congress Catalog number 61-64226.

Some never do! And yet I still see his face at graduation when I received a UVM scholarship as one of the top four in our class (I never felt worthy and tried to turn it down.).

The four B.H.S. students with the best grades received scholarships to the University of Vermont. From left, Brian Machanic, Betsy Samuelson, Joyce Wagner and Charles Eldred.

And the tears he shed on the sidewalk when Bill and I drove away after our wedding! I told Bill I had to go back as my dad was crying, but he being a man and knowing some code hidden to women, wouldn't turn back. I know dad loved me. I wanted to hear it.

Both grandparents were cold and my father was dark, handsome and the devil in disguise – just perfect for my shy mother.

My mom fights at 95 for her independence, which, when she perceives a threat to her well-being that puts us at odds, there are words of love from her either. I tell my kids all the time that I love them and support them always no matter what.

Dad left the farm of his parents right here in Jericho at 17 with a few cents in his pocket. Both grandparents were cold and my father was dark, handsome and the devil in disguise – just perfect for my shy mother. They met on the Ticonderoga, married at St. Joseph's in Burlington and had three children, four years apart. I'm the eldest, Jean next and Dave the baby. Both have epilepsy. We believe at least mom and possibly dad may have had seizures back then but it was a closet issue.

Always I thought dad was the harsh one and mom the quiet. Perhaps it started out that way, but somehow along the way it changed. Now I realize mom was the hard one. Perhaps dad's obsession with people other than his own – he needed to be among others. Was she harsh then? Yes, there is a lot to decipher in relationships. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

My parents (both from longtime Vermont families) gave so much to me and I thank them every day. My father was a clergyman who became bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont during very troubled times and took many courageous stands against injustices. I try to carry on his legacy in the way I have lived my life. – *Debbie Butterfield Galbraith*

Interestingly I recently received a maternal genealogy from a relative. A maternal ancestor (Generation 1) named Richard Bullock was born in 1622 in Frating, Essex, England and died in Rehoboth, Bristol County, Massachusetts. Generation 7 was Benjamin Bullock, born September 10, 1807, in Marshfield, Washington County, Vermont. My mother (Generation 10) was born in Calais, Vermont, in 1910.

My paternal grandparents emigrated from Spain abound 1900. My grandfather was a stonecutter who worked in the granite quarries in Hardwick, where my father was born, and then in Montpelier. My grandmother was born in Aviles, Spain, near the northern border. My grandfather's family was Basque according to family legend. My parents met at Montpelier High School.

My father was employed as at General Electric as a tool designer and later became a manager. – *Lou Garcia*

Gail and Tedd in formal Scottish wear

You asked about our Scottish ancestry. My husband Tedd is three quarters Scot and one-quarter English. I have a great grandmother whom my mom used to whisper was "the Scot in the woodshed." My mother is through and through French but on my father's side my great grandfather broke the lineage by marrying a Scottish lass named Delia Young. This was a very big no-no at the time so she went by her French name but was found out. I am happy about it because now I can wear the Young tartan that is really pretty.

As for me, besides the Scot in the woodshed, we are gypsies, for real, but no one really knows much about it because they spent so much time covering it up.

We are very active in the Scottish movement here in the United States. Our main connection to Scotland is on Tedd's side up on the Isle of Lewis and also in the lowlands on his mother's side.

Both my parents were second generation Americans with their backgrounds in Canada and in France. Dad was in the Fire Department all my life. He became medically retired because of a bad fall off the hook and ladder. Mom was a housewife. They owned a small store that my whole family worked in. It was Amanda's Cash Market which was kind of odd because half the people ran a tab. I worked there all four years of high school at night. –*Gail Charron Gilmore*

The older Hales were merchants, owning stores in Bristol, Milton and Burlington. My grandfather was an accountant. His sister Charlotte Hale graduated from U.V.M in 1900. She was a teacher at Burlington High School. My aunt appears in all the old B.H.S teachers pictures with Buck Hard, Holland Smith, etc. I liked her very much. She wrote me letters when I was in the Navy. I suppose she was trying to get me to go back to school and accomplish something. She taught languages at B.H.S until the fifties. My father's sister was in nursing. She was a professor at U.V.M. She was invited by President Reagan to the Rose Garden to accept an award in recognition of her volunteer work for senior citizens. – *Jim Hale*

I graduated from Burlington High School in 1957 after living in Burlington since birth in 1939. My Mom and Dad married late and I was their only child. They were a product of the depression and also experienced the sacrifice that all Americans went through during WWII to preserve our freedom. For a number of years they did not own a car and dealt with shortages of metal, rubber, butter, etc. My Dad delivered heating oil and gasoline for Texaco and Gulf Oil and my Mom worked part time at the Burlington Savings Bank. We initially lived in a rented apartment at 48 Isham Street in Burlington and Jim Viele, also class of 1957, lived on that street as well. Jim and I are friends to day.

Although their means were meager my Dad and Mom saw to it that I went to college, even though our high school guidance counselor told them that I did not have the aptitude for it. I graduated from the University of Vermont in 1962 and joined the Air Force with a degree in civil engineering and later earned a masters of public administration from Auburn. And 33 years later in 1995 I retired from the position of Air Force Civil Engineer in the grade of Major General.

I will not forget the love and caring my parents showed me; not just in those years, but for their entire lives. I learned a powerful lesson from them and I am trying to apply it in my relationship with my children: three grown daughters and a three-year-old son. My first wife was Linda Lanou, BHS class of 1958, and she passed away in 1997. In 1999, Paula Mills of Laguna Niguel, California, and I married and our son, Ian, was born in 2003. – *Jim McCarthy*

Thinking back on who I am today has made me realize how important family roots are in sculpting you into the person of today. My grandparents were tillers of the soil and craftsmen. They used their skills to make a living but were never rich financially. However they were a stubborn, determined lot who survived many natural disasters and kept going even when health was a concern. They loved Vermont and instilled this love in us. This love exists today as we travel back to the state and still think of it as our home. – *Lynn Coburn Nack*

Wouldn't it be nice to follow all our ancestors' lives like in Barry Levinson's autobiographical 1990 movie "Avalon?" I was always hoping that God would give me a chance to watch things really happen from the Big Bang; development of the first protein molecule; DNA strand; fish to amphibian to homo sapiens; my Eastern European grandfather stepping off the boat, penniless, homeless, with a battered box of old clothes in New Jersey, going to the only opportunity for the Polish, coal mines in Pennsylvania; my father and mother making eye contact for the first time in Battery Park; their courtship ritual; my birth in that front room in Colchester, Vermont, and all the rest of life. Those of us that want it deserve to watch the unfolding of life. Here in this effort we get a taste of it.

My mother came from a small town called Belvedere. Her mother and father must have met someplace in or around Jeffersonville. She was very intelligent, operated a telegraph at the age of 14, played classical piano, read quite a bit. Her mother married

another man who was quite an entrepreneur and together they made money, drawing my parents into the real estate business. Her maiden name was Walker; her father was Jack Walker, who built the house that Jack built. It was a one-story narrow structure somewhere in the Northern Kingdom. Her family name going way back was Tanner, I had a chance to meet Grammy Tanner who was 106 at the time. There was an article about her in the Burlington Free Press. The Tanner's were settled in Belvedere.

My father was born in Scranton, PA. The family was Polish or German or Russian depending on who tells the story. Let's assume Polish. The Scranton coalmines gave way to Hartford, Connecticut, and soon after they bought a farm in Westford. My dad's life was very hard and he, like every member of the family, ran away from home. He met my mother in Battery Park in Burlington and they were married.

Their influence has been great. On the basic virtues, they instilled an honesty in me. But my parents drank and it seemed endless. They were alcoholics who failed at parenting and probably some other things. I begged them to stop almost from day one, but the pleas were never heeded. They also treated me poorly, I never had enough money to do classy things, never had a car, my clothes were always minimal. But that is yesterday. I prayed to God so many nights to get them to stop. The prayers were answered about 10 years later but I was long gone. – *Layne Prebor*

My parents were Michael and Freda (Bedard) Khoury. My dad's father was from Lebanon and his mother was from Germany. My grandmother was from Germany. She was about 13 when she came over to Ellis Island with her aunt. She was employed to be a caretaker of my grandfather's first wife who was terminally ill. She took care of the wife and children. When the wife died, she married my grandfather.

My grandfather used to own the store where Pete's Creamery is located on North Street. He owned the house beside it and the house on Park Street.

My mom's dad was from Canada and her mom was from Vermont. My grandfather came to Vermont to get a job, met my grandmother and married her. The family lived around the North Street and Drew area. From about four years old until I was sixteen I lived in a four-apartment house that included my mom, her three sisters and a brother. I never had just one mom or dad because when we were outside or away from the parents the relatives became my second moms and dads. I was very fortunate to have this large gathering around me. Even my dad's family lived next door. It was a very happy atmosphere to live in. In those days, families lived close by and not miles away.

As I grew up I was surrounded by cousins and aunts and uncles,

FALLEN HEROES

By Candace Page FREE PRESS STAFF WRITER

ABOVE: Sgt. Michael Khoury of Burlington narrowly escaped death during his service in the 78th infantry, but rarely told his family about his World War II experiences.
ABOVE LEFT: Khoury's combat infantryman badge.
LEFT: During one advance in 1945 a German bullet tore through Khoury's helmet but missed his skull by millimeters.

Michael T. Khoury

The bridge at Remagen

The U.S. Army spent 22 months training Michael Khoury of Burlington as an anti-aircraft gunner — then made him a rifleman and shipped him to Europe in December 1944 as staff sergeant in an infantry platoon.

The 78th Infantry, the "Lightning" Division, was fighting its way through freezing mud and snow toward the Rhine when Khoury arrived as a replacement in the 310th Regiment.

Word came March 7, 1945 — Allied tanks had unexpectedly found a bridge still standing at the town of Remagen. They seized the railway span, but the bridgehead was tiny and in danger of being lost.

The 78th, the nearest infantry, was ordered to Remagen. "Cross the bridge, turn right and attack!" came the command to Khoury's regiment early on March 8.

The 310th made its way across the bridge, the first full regiment to cross the Rhine. Khoury's company captured 100 Germans on the east bank.

"He never said how he felt. 'We went across, we came under machine-gun fire,' was all he said," said his grandson, Dan Rothenberger, who pressed his grandfather for stories.

Through the spring, the 78th fought its way deep into Germany, severing Hitler's Autobahn supply route.

As Khoury led his platoon across a field one day, he realized the ID bracelet his wife, Freda, had given him was no longer on his wrist. He bent over to search a stone wall he had just climbed.

As he stooped, a German bullet struck the right front side of his helmet, ripped a hole in the helmet liner next to his skull, tore out the left side and knocked him flat with the impact.

Khoury struggled to his feet and told his men, "Let's get out of here!" His only injury was a big lump on his head.

Khoury's daughter Wanda has the helmet. The twisted metal of the exit hole still has rough edges after 57 years.

In October 1945 Khoury came home to his wife and two daughters — he'd gone AWOL briefly in 1943 to see the baby, Wanda, when she was born. He went back to work for the Wright and Morrissey construction company, pouring concrete for buildings all over Chittenden County.

He worked all day, cooked dinner most nights because of his wife's poor health, cleaned the house on Saturday and, on Sunday, took the family on a drive to the Islands in his black Chevy.

"He didn't smoke, drink or swear," said Wanda Khoury. "He was a very strict Catholic. I have a hard time thinking of him shooting anyone."

Her father rarely talked about the war, but he knew what he had done.

He quarreled with one popular history of the Rhine crossing, adamant that some details were wrong. A 78th Division history book describes the rescue of three American prisoners by a 12-man patrol, in a village just south of the Remagen bridgehead. Above the words, Khoury scrawled in pencil, "This is my patrol."

Michael Khoury died of congestive heart failure at Fletcher Allen Health Care on April 15. He was 82.

He was buried, as he wished, with the Bronze Star he won for meritorious service.

RIGHT: Michael Khoury lugged a bazooka through a captured German town in 1945.

■ More stories, Page 4A and 5A

By printing the article from the Burlington Free Press about Ruth Khoury Rothenberger's father Michael

We are hereby paying tribute

to all our Grandfathers, Grandmothers, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters & Cousins who have served in the armed forces of the United States of America. Some are mentioned in our collection of stories, for example, Ray Pecor's father was wounded in Okinawa, Sam Conant's father was lost over the Pacific, Louise Schimmelpfennig Marsh's father was killed in the Philippines, Clare Adams Whitney's father returned, and some are not mentioned here, but

WE HONOR THEM ALL

Mom and Dad in the 1950s

My dad served in World War II. He went in as a private and came out as a tech sergeant. A sniper in Germany shot him and the bullet went through his helmet. He suffered no injury but got the Beejesus scared out of him. We still have the helmet to this day. He had an article written about his adventures in the Free Press. Too bad, it occurred after he died. He probably would not have liked the notoriety. My legacy from my mother was her family and the cousins who are still in my life. We get together every so often to play cards and catch up on the family happenings. Of course, marriages, deaths and holiday gatherings help a lot.

My dad's family now consists of two aunts now and many cousins whom I have lost touch with. Sometimes we do get together but not very often. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

My dad moved from Newport to attend Burlington High School and he worked nights as a night watchman to support himself. As we were growing up, he held a secure job to start his own insurance agency, which is now one of the largest in Vermont. My mother was born in a farmhouse in Jeffersonville, where her father was also born. From scouts, PTA, Junior High dancing school, and support for our music and sports – my parents were always there for brother, my sister and me.

My dad and mother were great parents and we tried to follow their example. In the late '70's my wife Jean and I were faced with a difficult decision that was prompted by our boys' poor health. We packed up and left small town Burlington to move to a large city in Arizona. Schools in Phoenix were a challenge for the boys but the move was successful, as they had no more bouts of pneumonia. – *Tom Hackett*

My father was Charles Lionel Loveday, who was too young to serve in WWI and too old to serve in WWII. During WWII he was 'recruited' to work at a job supporting the war effort and we moved to Brookline, Massachusetts, from Eliot, Maine, so that he could work for Bethlehem Steel as a pattern maker. After the war we moved to Burlington so that he could sell dairy equipment. Later he was a salesman for a South Burlington granite and marble company, Carl D. Densmore.

After marrying my father, my mother, Evelyn V. Smith Loveday spent her early years raising my brother and me. Later she went to work for the American Red Cross, and then became a technical writer for Garden Way (she still has several "How To" books still in print) and then went to work for George Stibitz, Ph.D., assisting him in writing simplified documents on complicated computer issues. *– Carl Loveday*

My parents were Melvin A. Hathaway and Doris Belle (Newton) Hathaway. Dad grew up in Windsor, Massachusetts, with one brother, Harry, and his parents Archie and Myrtle (Sherman) Hathaway. Mom grew up in Barre, Vermont. Mom graduated from Spaulding High School, Gordon Divinity School, and Simmons School of Social Work. Dad was in the military and completed high school through a program offered by B.H.S.

Dad always said we were Heinz 57 when it came to our ancestry. He was Cherokee, English and Welsh. Mom was Algonquin, English, Scottish, and Protestant Irish. Yes, that is Heinz 57 all right. Dad died suddenly in 1951. Mom carried on with the two of us girls until 1977.

I still spend time honoring the honorable ones who have gone to the Great Spirit. I usually do this on their birthday. I used to have a slide show about the history as well as a record of their language, not any more though.

As far as living among the Native Americans, my father's people were originally from Wales, from William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway to be exact, according to family stories. The two sons of that union born prior to marriage were sent to the "colonies" and very quickly became a part of the tribe. They lived in huts that were similar to the hogans of the Iroquois. They had a central meeting place in the middle of the village and a purifying hut where all manner of illnesses were cured including tuberculosis. They made canoes much the same as the Seminoles (using fire to burn out log centers) and had communal meals. My Mom and I were treated to a feast to honor our visit to the tribe.

The legacy of their lineage can be found in the way they lived their lives: they had fun. Both my parents had a quirky sense of humor that has held us all in good stead for all the years that followed. My mother always told us that there is humor in every situation no matter how terrible it seems. She also told us that if we lost sight of the humor we should lie down and put a lily in our hands because we had died. They also believed that going to bed angry was a big taboo.

I think of myself as primarily Native American. Our traditions were definitely British-Isles-influenced with Christian holydays, etc. *– Margo Hathaway Thomas*

I greatly respected my parents. They had strong work ethics and only in later years did I realize the sacrifices they made on behalf of my brother and myself. I was never as good a parent as they were because I became too competitive and involved with my careers ahead of home life. – *Bob Badger*

My parents were and are Roger and Marjorie Morris. My dad passed away from prostate and bone cancer in May of 1995. My mother is still living and is 92 years young. She has had a rough past five years. She, all in one year, had a four-way bypass and aortic valve replacement, hip replacement and then discovered breast cancer. She is still battling with that into the fourth year. She has completed radiation and has before that used many different medications to slow it down. No surgery is recommended at her age. She still lives in her own home where we grew up. My sister lost her husband to lung and bone cancer and she did live in Florida and still has a home there but would like to sell now. She is staying with Ma now. It is a great help to me as for fifteen or so years I have been their caretaker. Arlene and her husband would come home when help was needed.

Their story: well, dad was a hard worker as we were growing up and my mother cleaned two doctors' and two professors' homes weekly in our neighborhood.

We had a very large garden and raised most all our vegetables and did a lot of canning and freezing of them for the winter. My mother was and still is a good cook. She can't do a lot of cooking anymore but every now and then will want to do bigger cooking. Almost every day she gets all or part of their meal. At ninety-two she has earned the right to lay off some of the cooking and cleaning. She has bad arthritis so that hinders her quite a bit.

My dad was a salesman for Burlington Grocery for a long time. He worked in Bolton's IGA grocery store for years also. Then he was a salesman for an independent person named Soc Chittenden. Then he went to IBM and retired from there.

He and mom loved to camp in their van and fish, pick berries, etc.

My grandparents on my mother's side lived in Starksboro on a farm and we were there a lot to help out and just enjoy being with them. We never knew our grandparents on my dad's side. I only met Grandmother Morris one time. They lived in Oregon. We had only one great uncle in the wars and I don't remember him. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Soc Chittenden *Ellen mentioned that her father worked with Soc for a while. I asked Eric Chittenden, Bill Chittenden's cousin, to tell us about Soc, an interesting man who was a character from a vanished era. Here is what Eric said. - Tom Whitney*

" 'Soc' was my father's brother. His actual name was Safford, and stood out in the crowd because of his large Chittenden frame and a non-painful crick in his neck. He sold widgets and gadgets to grocery stores throughout the state, usually "Mom & Pops," though he was in some chains before they got their own distributors. As I started opening up accounts with the cider I began making - from Canada to Massachusetts in 1974 - I got all the on-the-road Soc stories.

"When he was in business he lived in Shelburne. It was always fascinating as a young kid to visit him and see his inventory of everything from rolling pins and can openers to shoe laces. Big companies fill that void now, and the number of small stores is a fraction of what it once was. Soc always had a quip and loved to make people laugh. He was close to 90 when he died and I believe he was the eldest. My father Joe is now 86 and is the youngest. They were a bunch of pleasant, ambitious, flirtatious brothers. Dad and their only sister Dorothy are the only ones remaining. Dorothy is 90 some odd years and still sharp as a tack. She and her deceased husband Emerson were favorites of mine." – *Eric Chittenden*

I was born in Burlington, Vermont, to George and Frances Buzzell in 1939. In the last 12 years since Cliff and I have retired we been very involved in genealogy research. This has given us ideas for places to travel and created the opportunities for meeting new people. We have over 75,000 names in our database and it grows more each day. We want to leave our family histories to our children, family, church and other genealogists that might appreciate the family heritage. It is a fun and exciting adventure into our pasts.

On the Buzzell side I can go back to 1633. They came from the Isle of Jersey, an English colony off the coast of France. My mother's family came from Wales in 1854 and 1862. They were slaters first settling in Pennsylvania and then Fair Haven, Vermont. They were called "slaters" because they worked the slate mines back in the days when the roofs were often covered with slate. There were slate mines in Wales. As immigrants worked in the slate mines in Slatington, Pennsylvania and along "Slate Valley" stretching 24 miles along the New York/Vermont border from Fair Haven, Vermont to Granville, New York.

Presidents George W. Bush and Franklin Pierce are very distant relatives of Georgia Buzzell Foltz.

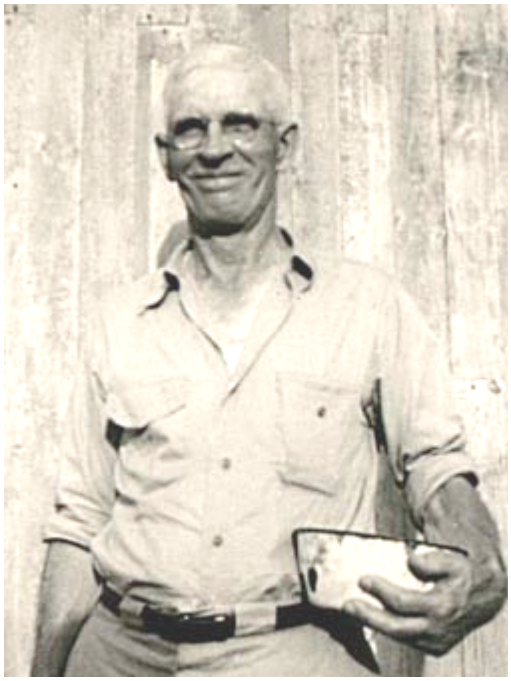
My father's people were farmers first settling in Kennebunkport, Maine, after arriving in Boston, Massachusetts. Barbara Pierce Bush and I are distantly related, through the Pierce line that married into the Buzzell's. So that means two presidents, George W. Bush and Benjamin Pierce are distant relatives, too.

Cliff's family is from Germany, first settling in Pennsylvania and moving into Virginia in the Shenandoah Valley area. His families settled there in 1762. Cliff's third great grandfather was an indentured Hessian soldier and was marched from Fort Ticonderoga, New York to Williamsburg, Virginia, where a farmer who knew of his family in Germany purchased his indenture in 1782. – *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

My parents, Stanley and Persis Willard, had eight children of whom I am the oldest. I have five brothers and two sisters. – *Barbara Willard*

Vermont was not the land of my ancestors, but it is my land and the home of my culture. I love Vermont and have developed a kinship with the place, but not in Pamela Frierson's sense, also "an acceptance of the land that is identical with an acceptance of one's ancestors" as she described Hawaiians' connection to their ancestral homeland in her book "The Burning Island.[8]"

The closest I ever got to the native inhabitants of Vermont, the ancestors of the land, was Boy Scout Camp Abenaki – named for but not staffed by the Abenaki tribe. Our family's ancestors were far away and almost never mentioned, nor was their culture celebrated. But Burlington was my home, and created the culture in which I grew up.



My grandfather, James Theodore Whitney. He worked in a salt mine and in his later years became a farmer and county supervisor. He was a happy man and made those around him feel good.

Dad had been born in New York State and was English and Irish. His mother's parents had emigrated from Ireland in 1869. Nothing special there, not even the Irish part, really. On St. Patrick's Day we were supposed to wear orange, but it was an indifferent thing that was never really explained, just that we were "Orange Irish." This life-long personal mystery was cleared up for me in 2007 in Wikipedia[9] on the Internet. Roman Catholic King James II landed at Kinsale in Ireland in 1689 and began to raise a Catholic army in an attempt to regain the British throne. Protestant English King William III, Prince of Orange, led an English army into Ireland and defeated James II at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. A significant portion of William III's army was composed of Protestants of Scottish descent who had settled in Northern Ireland in Ulster. The southern Irish Catholic supporters of James II referred to these northern Protestant supporters of King William as "hillbillies." Bill being the nickname for William. So, I am of original hillbilly stock!

The only family customs were our meals on New Year's Day when we would eat Yorkshire pudding with roast beef and have "Floating Island," meringues floating on liquid custard.

Yorkshire Pudding I made in Hawai'i at Christmas, 2006 – first time since 1950s

My grandfather worked for a long time at a salt mine in New York State where he was foreman of the loading dock. When he was older he became a Livingston County, New York, Supervisor. Later I followed him into elected

[8] ***The Burning Island**, A Journey Through Myth and History in Volcano Country, Hawaii," San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, © 1991*
[9] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hillbilly

office, but in Sacramento, California.

I have recently learned that great grandfather Charles Henry Whitney enlisted in the 136th New York Infantry as a private and left years later as a private. I think if I had known this in high school it would have made me much more interested in history then. Although since high school, I must confess I have become fascinated by history. But until recently my history reading has not been so personally motivated.

This is the guidon of the 136th New York Infantry in the Civil War.

I was very happy to share this new information with my sons, whose mother was of African descent, that one of their Caucasian relatives braved bullets in the fight against slavery. And then I re-read the Gettysburg Address with a new intensity. My great grandfather fought there and perhaps almost died. It isn't some rote school exercise anymore.

Gettysburg Address

Four score and seven years ago
our fathers brought forth upon this continent
a new nation, conceived in liberty,
and dedicated to the proposition
that ***all men are created equal.***

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that this nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate - we cannot consecrate - we cannot hallow - this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in

vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth.

A. Lincoln

In 2007, I learned that I might be related to Sir Robert Whitney, knighted by Catholic Queen Mary of England on the day after she took office in 1533. Queen Mary has been known by some as "Bloody Mary," because during her brief five-year reign she was ferocious in her religious persecutions and had 283 Protestants burned at the stake for heresy. Hmmm. Why was he so favored by the Queen? Do I want to know?

The geographic dispersal of my Finnish ancestors began in Central Asia, history books tell us. They spent time in the area of Hungary and moved to Finland taking their unusual language with them. Life was difficult for people there. The Finn's land was taken over by Sweden in the 12th century, then Russia in 1809 until it gained independence in 1917. Finns were being drafted into the Czar's army to enforce its rule over other Finns. Most of the land was owned by the Lutheran Church.

My Finnish grandparents, Adam and Maria Westerinen, in Revonlahti, Finland in 1908. Adam immigrated to the U.S. and went to work in the iron mine region in Chisolm, Minnesota. Maria and her two sons came over on the S.S. Oceanic shown in the postcard above from Southhampton, England, to Ellis Island in 1909. She was 20 and had $12 when she arrived with her two children on her way to Chisholm.

The custom for those who did own land was that it passed down to the first-born son, leaving the rest to shift for themselves. This was primogeniture. There were many landless and unemployed. Times were tough during my grandparents' time.

My Finnish grandfather and grandmother immigrated in 1908 and 1909 and moved to the iron-mining region in Chisolm, Minnesota. Mom was born in Chisolm, but grew up in Rhode Island, and finished high school in Cleveland, Ohio, where she was living in an apartment with her sister because grandmother was working as a cook for a rich family.

My mother was a gritty woman who put herself through nursing school. Mom and Dad met when she was a nurse in Ithaca, New York, and he the son of a New York farmer at Cornell learning to become a veterinarian. When he graduated, they married and moved to Vermont. Her dream came true.

My Mother never taught us much of anything about the Finnish culture. We would do sauna and Mom and Grandmother would bake pulla, a tasty Finnish bread, when we visited her. I understand now after much reading that my mother was the daughter of immigrants, who in her case were part of the large wave of more 300,000 Finnish immigrants who came to the United States between 1856 and 1914, part of twenty-three million immigrants from Europe who came into America between 1880 and 1920. Times were difficult in the old country and they came for a better life and wanted to succeed in America. (My contemporary political sensitivity wants to say "North America" or "United States," but I think "America" was the prevailing popular concept.)

The Finnish bread pulla.

The advice of countless immigrants to their offspring was to forget the old country and its language, learn to speak English well and fit in so you can do well. I think that is why Mom didn't share the history. For me, it is odd to be the grandson of immigrants and thus be ignorant of the culture where my grandparents were born. Mom didn't know it would make me feel short-changed later in life as I became aware of a world not filled with patriotic Republican white people who went through life as if they did not have a past.

It is odd to be the grandson of immigrants and thus be ignorant of the cultures where my grandparents came from.

When I was growing up, in the mornings my father would sometimes put Finland's most well-known composer Jean Sebelius' "Finlandia" on the record player while he shaved, and he would whistle along. There was no other song he did this with that I remember. Was he paying respect to my mother? Maybe he was making up for a time when he teased her about how where she grew up in Moosup Valley, Rhode Island, was like Dogpatch in the Al Capp cartoon "Li'l Abner"?

Generally my father was a good-natured man, like his father, and like me. This was a gift, I have just realized while writing this, that was handed down through generations that I have never consciously acknowledged before.

I was lucky my parents met fell in love and moved to what became my homeland.

My love of the land in Vermont

Vermont is where I was conceived and raised until I was 17 when I left home to seek my fortune. The small farm on Shelburne Road three miles south of Burlington where we moved in 1947 sustained our family in the summer. Our family planted seeds in a huge vegetable garden. My brother Dave and I learned to milk cows, separate the milk, churn butter and make ice cream. We fed the lamb, pigs and chickens and gathered their eggs. We worked to bale hay in the Spring so our cow Bessie

This watercolor by Pricilla Baker shows our house on Shelburne Road.

and Hereford steer Duke could eat well and be comfy during the long Fall and Winters in Northern Vermont. We learned to harvest the vegetables, cherries, apples and rhubarb growing on our land.

There were some days sitting down to dinner in the summer time I would point out that we had planted, grown, milked, churned, gathered, sliced and chopped everything on our table except the salt and pepper and Mom had cooked it to perfection. This was not something special as it became in later decades, it was just the way we lived.

A heritage of work: my brother and I shared the chore of milking our cow twice a day, every day, year in, year out.

Some of those times we also had a special treat. Dad would put a huge pot of water timed to boil vigorously when Mom was almost done cooking. We would spread newspapers outside the back door and walk to the far end of the garden. Then we would walk along the cornrows gathering the best ears and start shucking them on the way back to the house. We would drop the leaves on the newspapers, get the tassels completely off while on the move and drop the ears of corn in the boiling water. In a few minutes we would lift them out, dry them off and walk to the table, sit down, slather them with butter, pop some salt on there and enjoy one of life's great pleasures, perfect tender corn cooked immediately after being picked.

Our Hereford steer, Duke.

Other times I would go with Dad to farms where he would help cows give birth to their calves, heal sick cows and horses, and help racehorses run healthy. Ailing dogs and cats would come in the evenings. Those irritable pets that stayed over would have their kennels cleaned by me. Some would die. Some would be saved. Life, as it is. We learned to work on our family's homeland there on Shelburne Road - then we would grab our towels and run down to Lake Champlain and go swimming on hot days.

Dave Whitney heading for the lake on a hot summer afternoon.

One summer for two and a half months I accompanied my father who was a veterinarian around on his calls to farms. Probably the most fascinating place was the 3,800-acre Shelburne Farms, on Shelburne Point, owned by the Webbs, who were related to the Vanderbilts, who made their money in railroads. For a brief time

in the early 1900s the estate was in full swing and was considered one of the best model agricultural estates in the country.

A few times we went to the huge barn there designed by Robert H. Robertson and shown here in a postcard view. Whenever we did, I had the feeling I was entering the old

England you read about in novels. Everything about the place was elegant, and the vistas were beautiful. I was amazed to learn in later years that Frederick Law Olmstead, the same man who designed Central Park, designed the grounds. I thought they were natural! They were so stately. The famed Gifford Pinchot was the forester. Thousands of trees were planted every year. Pinchot was the first director of the U.S. Forest Service, from 1905 to 1910, and coined the term "conservation" as applied to natural resources.[10]

One of my earliest self-developed photographs.

Sometimes we visited Derrick Webb who was one of the first farmers in the region to put in the new-fangled milking parlors where half a dozen cows could be milked at a time quickly, efficiently and cleanly. Another relative of theirs, Dunbar Bostwick, owned Chris Spencer, the excellent trotter who usually won all the races he entered at the fair. Going to that huge estate was like visiting royalty.

Alli, Sara, Charles, David and Tom Whitney, then Frank Suitor and Alice Whitney on the right.

So my legacy from these hillbillies and Finns was a rich experience – a good life, but not with money as my mother pointed out when we were out gardening together one afternoon: we may not have new clothes, she observed, but the ones we have don't have holes in them, and we live a good life.

Another priceless gift my parents gave my brother and sisters and I was that they

[10] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gifford_Pinchot. Pinchot became the first director of the U, S, Forest Service

were always respectful toward one another. They never raised their voices in argument. They spoke with one voice in relation to our behavior. They never uttered racial, ethnic, political or religious slurs about anyone. They didn't seem to have a dark side. They allowed their children to grow up respecting everyone, pre-judging no one.

Thus, it came as a shock to me when four years after my father died, I told my mother I was going to marry a good woman of African descent whom I had met in the Navy and Mother did not want that to happen. She actually said she wanted "pink grandchildren." It was totally contrary to what we had been raised to be. It was un-Mom, un-American, un-civics class, un-Christian, un-Gettysburg Address.

Guess who's coming to dinner: Elvie Moore and Tom Whitney were married in Santa Monica, California in February, 1962.

It turned out Mom did have a dark side, and after my dad's death that occurred shortly after my high school graduation, it came more to the foreground. He was a calming element in her life. She somehow felt that I was going to marry Elvie to get back at her for something - which was utterly ridiculous. Unfortunately I never did trust her emotionally after that.

Her objections did not deter me from marrying Elvie. Unfortunately for Mom, I believed all that stuff I learned in civics classes and the Baptist Church. At our Central School Eighth Grade Graduation I stood up with three other guys – Jack Lamson, Chuck Eldred and Jim Mee – as part of our ceremony and sang a "Negro" spiritual. I was a young person who believed in what we were learning in school and church and I acted on it as I became an adult.

My point is to show that we grew up in a region that had few people of African descent, (and even today Vermont has the second highest percentage of people of non-African-descent in the states) but our fair-minded teachers and parents guided us to honor and respect people of all races.

I feel that my family and the community around me taught me how to work, how to respect people without hate and prejudice, and how to feel independent, rational and self confident in making my way in the world. What more could one ask from one's community and family?

Mom passed away about thirty years ago. Recently I have been making a good effort to understand her, for she did give my sisters and I so much, for which I am thankful – but still puzzled. We never did really reconcile.

Burlington, Vermont, United States of America

My mother and father had moved to Burlington, Vermont, as they started their life together in 1940. I think it was a very special place, a beautiful small Northern New England city and home of the University of Vermont. It was on the shores of Lake Champlain with about 39,000 people including many other children and grandchildren of immigrants.

It was a sluggish Republican farm state in 1957 when our high school class graduated. I had viewed Burlington while growing up as a kind of cultural island of university-oriented progress in the middle of farm country. Travel a few miles outside of town as I had with my dad and the country accents became evident in a few miles.

But now in recent years Vermont has become one of the most desirable places to live in the nation according to David Brooks: liberal attitudes, great health care, excellent environmental laws, unparalleled natural beauty that has been preserved, and it is good for business.[11]

Alice Whitney Rouleau, Dave and Tom Whitney and our happy little lamb on Shelburne Road about 1951. This scene was later replaced by the Volkswagen dealership.

Everyone I grew up with in Burlington - my family, my teachers, friends, people in church, Scouts, sports teams, employers, girlfriends, schoolmates – all helped to shape the person I am today. Together they provided the culture into which I entered the world and learned the ropes.

It was not the land of my ancestors. It was a new land created to a good extent by people who came here escaping economic, political and religious oppression in the lands they left – and who did ride rough over the original inhabitants of this continent who had not been cut down by disease. They came to a country offering hope and opportunity to make a better life for their children. They left the old ways behind and worked hard to fit in and become solid citizens in the United States of America and be religiously and politically and economically free. As I look back on it today in 2007, I see us more as the children and grandchildren of immigrants all on their and our best behavior to fit in to "America" in Burlington, Vermont.

This is my homeland and my culture. I realized in 2004 that in a few years my high school graduating class would have been out in the world for fifty years in 2007. With my new awareness of my Vermont roots, thanks to my experience in Hawai'i, I dreamed up this project to explore with my classmates the place we grew up in, and our "culture." There were approximately 188 out of 231 still left.

Now we are elders (those over 67, according to Lillian Hauke Venner, one of our classmates who has been working with elders for twenty years). We have a little time left to share our stories with younger people. Maybe we have learned a thing or two we could pass on. – *Tom Whitney*

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[11] **Bobos* in Paradise, (*Bourgeois Bohemians), The New Upper Class and How They Got There,** 2000; by David Brooks; Published by Simon & Schuster. 284p.

Albert Bradley Butler 1897-1973 was my father, Ruth Colton Ballard 1911-1996 was my mother. The Butlers hailed from England, Scotland, and Ireland. We have an English coat of arms for Butler on the wall. Probably they were some kind of landed gentry or minor royalty.

Most distinguished former ancestor: Joseph Ballard Jr., Police Constable (Police Chief) of Andover, Massachusetts in the 1690's, who imported a couple of Salem teenagers reputed to be witch finders, and following their testimony, executed and jailed far more witches and warlocks than Salem did. I'm a direct ancestor through my mother of Ballard's second wife, after Satan murdered his first.

Most distinguished former ancestor: **Joseph Ballard Jr., Police Constable (Police Chief) of Andover, Massachusetts in the 1690's, who imported a couple of Salem teenagers reputed to be witch finders, and following their testimony, executed and jailed far more witches and warlocks than Salem did.**

Learning of my relationship to Joe Ballard was a complete shock. I discovered it when I took my Great-Aunt's application for the Daughters of the American Revolution, which required a big list of lineage that I matched with a completely independent Work Projects Administration history put together in the 1930's[12] which traced a bunch of descendants involved in the Salem witch trials. A common thread of names, birthdates, and death dates started to appear in both lists, and Ballard was early and prominent. EEEEEEP!

The reason why Joe brought in the teens was because he suspected witchery had flown over from Salem, which was 15 miles away, because his wife Elizabeth was strong as an ox and had given birth to many children until suddenly she started getting fevers. The testimony from the teenagers was that they saw witches fly into the Constable Ballard's window and sit on his wife's bed and bite her and pinch her, that's why she got sick. These Puritan women were something else, I tell you. Only the Devil himself could smite them.

One of the witch finders was a preteen, 12, and the other 19. These girls ended up accusing all kinds of people in Andover. It could have been smallpox that really killed Liz, could have been all those kids she mothered (one does wear out, methinks), could have been depression and anorexia – history doesn't tell us. Eventually the witchcraft stuff was exposed as a hoax, when the officials eventually reasoned that it wasn't credible that the Devil would have infected so many girls in the same tiny district in the same small town, which would be Salem: them and nobody else? So they started going after the girls instead of the suspected witches, and then one of the

[12] information comes from the School of Law, University of Missouri at Kansas City ≤http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/SALEM.HTM> and also from Clark University in Worcester, Mass., http://aleph0.clarku.edu/~djoyce/gen/report/rr01/rr01_349.html#P14431

girls confessed that they had made up all the accusations: they had not really seen anybody flying on broomsticks or sitting on beds pinching people at all, and a mooing cow was really a mooing cow, not Lucifer in disguise giving them instructions. Others recanted too, a long long time later; some of them on their deathbeds.

After Elizabeth was history, wife number two only bore the Chief Ballard two kids. One was a direct progenitor of me.

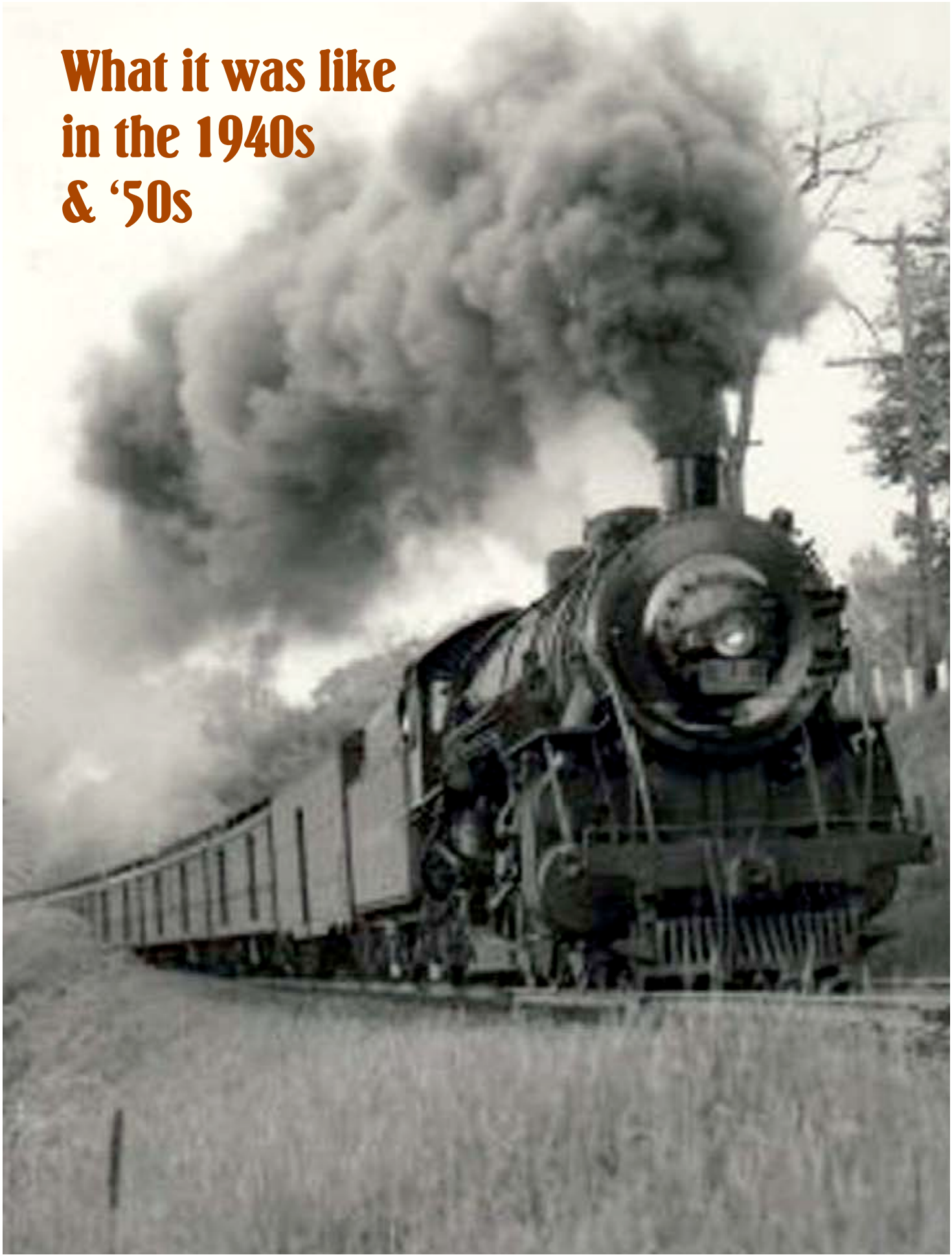
Saint Louis University does an ongoing law project to investigate how all those executions happened in the first place. It was like this. The old colonial charter had expired, and during the time the Massachusetts Bay Colony Commissioner had sailed to London to get a new charter signed by the Crown (which would have protected those unjustly accused), magistrates were pretty much left to their own devices and the law was whatever they said it was. The Commissioner was gone in London for too many months at exactly the wrong time.

For Constable Ballard and others during that time this meant that a simple and/or hysterical accusation was pretty much all it took. The very fact that a person denied being a witch meant that the Devil was using their mouth to speak. A person was guilty until proven innocent, Biblical rules prevailed, and no defense witnesses were credible because all of them by definition would also be tainted by witchcraft. Fear of the Devil and fascination with the hysteria of hormonally driven and repressed teen girls seemed to carry the day. I imagine young witch finders probably settled old grudges against all the old ladies they didn't like, schoolteachers who'd tried to make them work on schoolwork (imagine!!), shopkeepers who wouldn't sell them enough candy, even farmers who wouldn't let them cross their land on the way home, etc., right up the ladder to Constable Ballard's wife! Even a prominent minister was murdered. Arthur Miller's 1966 screenplay for the remake of "The Crucible" (the Daniel Day-Lewis, Winona Ryder, Joan Allen, and Paul Scofield film) gets it totally right. Scofield is magnificent. – *Bradley Butler*

My parents, Joe and Ethel Pearlberg, moved to Vermont from Brooklyn, New York, shortly after the depression. Dad was fond of saying it was much easier to be poor in Vermont than New York. They lived in Newport first and then came to Burlington. I am the oldest of four siblings, three still living. – *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein*

My parents (both from longtime Vermont families) gave so much to me and I thank them every day. My father, a clergyman, became bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Vermont during very troubled times and took many courageous stands against injustices. I try to carry on his legacy in the way I have lived my life. – *Deborah Butterfield Galbraith*

What it was like in the 1940s & '50s



Photography courtesy of Richard Leonard, <www.railarchive.net/rlsteam/misc.htm>

The Green Mountain Flyer is shown here nearing Rutland. The Flyer would travel the route to Montreal through Burlington connecting passengers from Boston and New York. From the text on Richard's site it appears that this very engine could have been one that pulled the passenger trains that I would wistfully look at in the evenings on Shelburne Road as I dreamed of travel, and Jim Hale thinks it is the same engine he and his brothers would scramble into the tunnel at North Beach to listen to as it rumbled overhead overwhelming them with the noise. – Tom Whitney

Smoke-belching locomotives – I love them. While we lived in Burlington, my father would have to take an occasional business trip back to Washington, D.C. We used to drive him to, and pick him up at, the train station in Essex Junction. At that time, the passenger trains that stopped there were still pulled by smoke belching steam locomotives. I mention this because I always have and still have, a love of trains of all kinds. I collect old Lionel trains from the 40's and 50's and have more of them than I know what to do with.

When we first moved to Burlington, the Burlington Free Press interviewed my Dad. He was asked what he thought of Vermont and he replied that he felt like he was on a permanent vacation. They put that quote on the front page. I don't think I ever felt the same way, though, but I did like it there.

Things were simpler then. I remember one time when I couldn't get into our house because I didn't have the key with me. I went next door and borrowed theirs. The same key worked in all of the houses on our block. It was one of those old-fashioned skeleton keys. Break-ins were somewhat rare then, at least in that part of town.

– Carl Benvenuto

Postcard on left courtesy of Burlington Preservation. Photo on right courtesy of Jon Bell.

When I was four in 1943, a neighbor lady walked me down to the train station from Pine and Bank Streets and it was a revelation to me. She was going to check on arrival time of the train that would be bringing her husband back from the war. It was busy with people scurrying about, young guys yelling the headlines of the newspapers they were selling, shoe shine stands with the cloths whipping, conductors in their uniforms all business-like, guys in Army uniforms. What a place! Noises from the trains starting up, hissing, screeching, possibly including the engine on the previous page. All aboard! That station was like the great airports are now. The view on the left is from an old postcard. On the right is a photograph taken by Jon Bell, a college professor who is a train buff. It shows that people who love trains are keeping the rolling stock functioning. - Tom Whitney

I came to B.H.S. as a junior, and knew only a couple of people in the class before I got there. Bill Green, who had also moved from Montpelier a couple of years earlier, and Tom Hackett, who I knew from competing against on the ski team. I had to work at getting into activities. I don't think I was the most self confident or as mature as I could have been, but I pushed myself to learn names and get involved in things. I joined the fall cross-country team (Tom Hackett and Jim Bicknell were on the team and both became stronger friends). I ran for class office and got elected to be the class rep to the student council, and the following year I was elected Class Treasurer. Slowly I made friends. I was pleased when I got selected as one of those representing Burlington High at the Vermont Boys State at the end of our junior year.

I don't remember any favorite hangouts, but I remember that there were dances in the gym most weekends. I went but was too shy to dance much. In general, I hated it but all my friends were there so I went. Although I made friends, my shyness resulted in my being elected as the "Class Women Hater" – see the picture in the yearbook!

A&W Root Beer stand in South Burlington, Vermont, 1960s. Original photographer unknown, photograph lent by Steve Candiotti.

Summer evenings we were driving from one A & W Root Beer place to the other to see where the action was (there was never any at either).

Hanging out with Tom Hackett, Jim Bicknell, Steve Bradish, Tony Wasilkowski, Gordie Perlmutter, Bill Cooper, or Ray Pecor comes to mind – and with Paul Heald, a post-grad a couple of years older than we were. First Congregational Church Youth Group. Lots of skiing. Water skiing in the summer. – *Steve Berry*

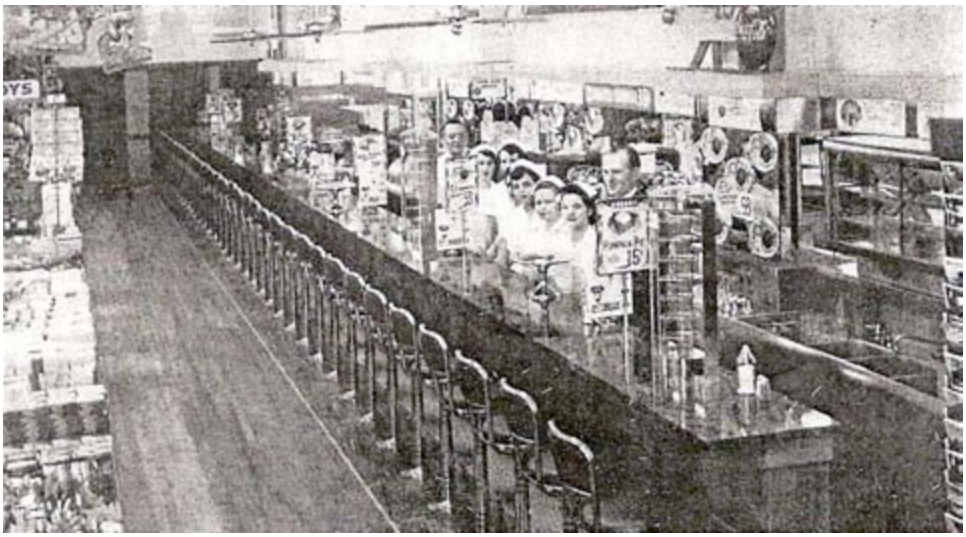
Growing up in Vermont, I knew it was damn cold in the winter, especially with a paper route. Early rising was great training for the Navy and 24-hour watches. I remember asking for a small rug to help with cold mornings at the home. I received a lovely braided rug, made out of strips of vinyl. – *Jim Bicknell*

Days Gone By Growing up in the ‘40s and ‘50s was a great lifestyle compared to today. We weren’t raised on material things. It was fun, with family, friends and neighbors that cared about each other and helped each other. Gone are the corner and neighborhood grocery stores where the owners knew the family so well that you bought a few things during the week and paid your bill on Saturday.

Here I am in 1955.

I grew up in the North End of Burlington where we walked to church, school, and the store. I can remember walking down to Church Street and most everyone would speak, smile or stop and talk

a bit!! Go down Church Street now and it can be scary!!



Our entertainment was simple and fun. We had many outdoor ice-skating rinks throughout the city that I frequented at least three evenings a week and also weekends. We walked to and from them so we got plenty of exercise and had lots of fun. Also we did sledding on the hills and we played outside all the time even when it was cold as we were taught how to dress warm.

One of my jobs during high school was working at Woolworth's on Church Street. It is shown above but I am not in the photo. The photo on the right was taken in 1949, and below with my father. It is interesting to see the different clothing styles. — Ruth Pine Bonner

We had no car, no television and a tight budget but we always had plenty of food and a nice warm house. There was no such thing as boxed cakes or boxed anything. Everything was made from scratch. We had hot cereal for breakfast, oatmeal and Cream of Wheat, homemade bread, cakes and pies and cookies and doughnuts on the weekends. I took part in learning how to make these things and it helped me to become domesticated and prepared for my life's experience. I also learned how to make some nice hearty soups and fish chowder, which was a must on Friday. They were nice to have after you came home on a cold snowy day – and we had a lot of those!!

I remember helping my father shovel coal into the furnace and I can still remember the sound of the coal truck dumping a load in the basement.

Other entertainments were the movies for twelve cents at the Flynn, Majestic and Strong theaters. Also fun were the roller skating rinks at Ethan Allen Park and Malletts Bay. We also went to the concerts at Battery Park.

Our music was something that you could understand the words to and I appreciate that it is still being played today and liked by many of our children.

I often tell our families about the fun times we had growing up in our day when things were not so commercialized. How a lot of us had to walk to school and also high school and the snow banks were so high you had to go out into the road to see if it was safe to

cross. We wore long skirts and long coats. No slacks to cover our legs and when it was very cold our legs were pink/purple by the time we got to school.

I wish our Christmas celebrations were the way they used to be!!!! My mother would buy special treats every week before Christmas and hide them in her closet. Fanny Farmer Chocolates, ribbon candy and nuts. Then she would make fudge and fruitcakes and cookies. We had a couple of gifts at Christmas and usually something homemade, like a scarf, mittens, or socks. Those were the good old days!!!

We never thought about whether we were rich or poor as that was life for us. As I look back on it today we were very rich in many ways. We were taught love and respect, morality and what a dollar bill meant.

I left Burlington right after graduation and went to Milford, Connecticut, and worked for a year and then got married. Two sons were born to us and we raised them in Milford and in 1988 we moved back to Springfield, Vermont. Most of my life was spent raising our sons with a few odd jobs here and there.

For the past seven years I have volunteered at a local school, as I love being with kids. They are always upbeat, especially the little ones.

Now I'm into retirement and I'm sorting thru things that I've collected thru the years. We also spend a couple of months in Florida during the cold season.

If I had to do my life over I wouldn't change anything as I had a good wholesome life and lots of wonderful memories. I wouldn't want to be part of the generation of today!!! I am looking forward to our 50th and can't believe that it is already here.
Where has the time gone??? – *Ruth Pine Bonner*

Did you ever have a ham and dill at Farmer's on College Street? Many a high school lunch was spent on Mr. Farmer's stools eating ham and dill sandwiches! Mmmmmm! Do you remember those pickles we had for lunch at Central School on those little brown paper plates that were square with rounded pinched corners? I used to trade anything for those pickles.

I'm an angel enthusiast from way back. Elves, fairies, and gnomes – someday I shall tell you about the fairy cottage on my living room end table and how it got to be there.

Yes, I remember square dancing at Central School. In fact when I started back dancing just a few years ago I told them I hadn't been dancing since seventh grade, but that didn't faze them any. - *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

There was dancing in the streets in Burlington when the Second World war ended. I drove into town with my dad. I started working on the farm at an early age. We pulled a lot of pranks on the farm, like the time we filled the tractor's kerosene tank with water. Once my cousin and I tried to fire bomb woodchucks and we caught the field

on fire. We were able to put it out. We had a fire in 1947 that burned our barn down. We rebuilt it.

Getting my first new bike was fun and it was thrilling riding it when they hard-surfaced Dorset Street.

It was fun going swimming in the lake and roasting hot dogs after a hard day's work in the hay field.

I remember the dirt racetrack in South Burlington and watching the races.

I enjoyed taking my calf to the fair and going to 4-H camp.

Once I cut the top of my middle finger off and they sewed it back on. I was told it was the first time in medical history.

The work of farming was an important part of my life. Growing up on the farm was a good experience and I would not trade it for anything. I think kids need experience like this. If they had it there would be less trouble in the world. This photograph shows my uncle Joe and I. – Bill Chittenden

My fun things during high school were going to Charlie's Red Hots – the poolroom – square dancing – hunting – fishing – working on the prom committee – playing football - going to basketball games.

Growing up on the farm was a good experience and I would not trade it for anything. I think kids need experience like this and if more had it, there would be less trouble in the world. I had a lot fun in the 4-H club. Our county leader was Margaret Wetzel and she was a great person. – *Bill Chittenden*

I have great memories of North Avenue and Dodds Court. Steve Berry and Carl Loveday lived near by. We would go to Colchester Point in the summer – also sports were very important! They taught me a great deal: motivation; teamwork; to surround yourself with better people than you are; winning and losing. – *Ray Pecor*

The bazaars, which were held in Battery Park, were mini-carnivals and an important part of my childhood. While living in Burlington, we played "over the bank" which was the area between Lake Champlain and Battery Park. In South Burlington, I remember an area we called the woods. This was undeveloped, forested land at the end of Sunset Avenue and Simpson Court, named for my grandmother, Lavina M. Simpson. This forest was another playground. It is gone now, filled up with nice middle class homes of varying quality. I wonder where the chipmunks went?

I remember the winters, harsh, cold and gray with the sun setting early. This didn't stop life, but it certainly changed it. Using a snow shovel once or more a day to get to the car, and to the road. Naturally, we made this a happy time, sliding on Radio Flyer sleds down the nearest available hill. It was fun but we froze our butts off until well after the sun

went down and returned home for a hot meal. It was a period of timelessness. Tomorrow would have to wait until it happened.

Dorsett Street and Shelburne Road, now very close in my mind and at that time a world away. I remember the family Sunday drives down Route 7 to points around Vermont. We would stop for a drink of cider at an apple orchard. I remember the snow and sleet of Vermont winters, hearing the high-speed hum of tires spinning on slippery road surfaces. The icy sensation of the ice in my nose and watering in my eyes in the cold air and the endless treks after school to a sliding area. Interesting and uninteresting memories recalled like photographs but must have been a rite of passage for me. It makes for great stories now, 60 years later to my southern friends.

I have an inability to recall much of my high school. I seem to have created a block from my entrance into the ninth grade until long after graduation. Even my military service has been erased or suppressed in some inexplicable way. If I start to associate these two periods in my life, I begin with impressions divided into affect (positive and negative), intensity (high and low), meaning (random or life changing). From these dichotomies, I free-associate until I realize I am bullshitting myself, unable to capture the essence, getting lost in the attempt to explain. – *Layne Prebor*

I certainly haven't moved far in life as I now live less than a mile from where I grew up. But much has changed in the new North End. I grew up with an icehouse not far from my house. I wasn't supposed to play there, but it was fun jumping in the sawdust. Ethan Allen Park was the center of many events as was the skating rink there and the one at Mallet's Bay. Rides on the Ticonderoga were a regular event. Everyone in the old North End knew each other. Summers were spent at Colchester Point where a cottage on the water could be bought for $2,000 to $4,000. Those places now sell for $200,000 plus. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

I remember these places: Bruhn's, Magram's, Bailey's Music, Gove the Florist, Preston's, Pegton's Yardstick, Liggett's Drugstore, the University Ice Cream Store, Howard Johnson's, the Y.M.C.A., the Waterman Building, seeing the reservoir – the list is too long to write out! – *Toni Franceschi Esteban*

I started taking piano lessons in about 3rd grade from Miss Turner on Mansfield Avenue. I kept wanting to push forward to the next piece rather than perfect the last one – a story of my life, I think. When I was a freshman in high school, I discovered the orchestra and started to play the viola – although since then I have questioned both my sanity and that of my parents. But my friends were in the orchestra and so was I. Our music teacher made an enormous impression on me and I was inspired to teach music, an inspiration that lasted until my first semester in Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts, when I finally realized how really poorly prepared I was for that career. But it got me where I wanted to be, which was Boston.

There were several seemingly isolated activities that made my high school years glow, although my overall experience was of a feeling of social ineptness and isolation. One

was, as I mentioned, the orchestra. Another was a small group of friends, including Betsy Samuelson, Lynn Coburn, Mary Tessier, Lillian Hauke and a few others. We gathered to read plays together – memorably Hedda Gabbler – which I'm now not sure we understood at all, but had a grand time reading.

I belonged to the Methodist Church and got to participate in the summer camp program both in Enosburg Falls and Lake Winnepesauke, New Hampshire. Sports had no place in my life, thank goodness. I was totally left-footed, and one of the happiest days of my high school career was when I fell down three steps on the way to gym and broke my ankle, thus ending my high school athletic career! – *Clare Adams Whitney*

Did you ever get a chocolate ice cream soda with vanilla ice cream at the Kelly Pharmacy on Church Street? I don't know if it was a specialty of theirs, or if it is just the only good way to make a chocolate ice cream soda. Anyway, I have always loved them and had my first one at that spot.

Another food I have always been fond of is Peter Pan Smooth peanut butter. When I was four I lived on Pine Street, a mere two blocks from the Kelly Pharmacy, and would go around the corner on Bank Street to Phil Varrichione's house. His mother would make us burned peanut butter toast - she always made the toast real dark, like every time she forgot she had it in the oven. I eat some almost every day today, sixty years later. Gotta be Peter Pan Smooth and I make the toast very dark. Hmm, because of its enduring appeal maybe she made it that way on purpose.

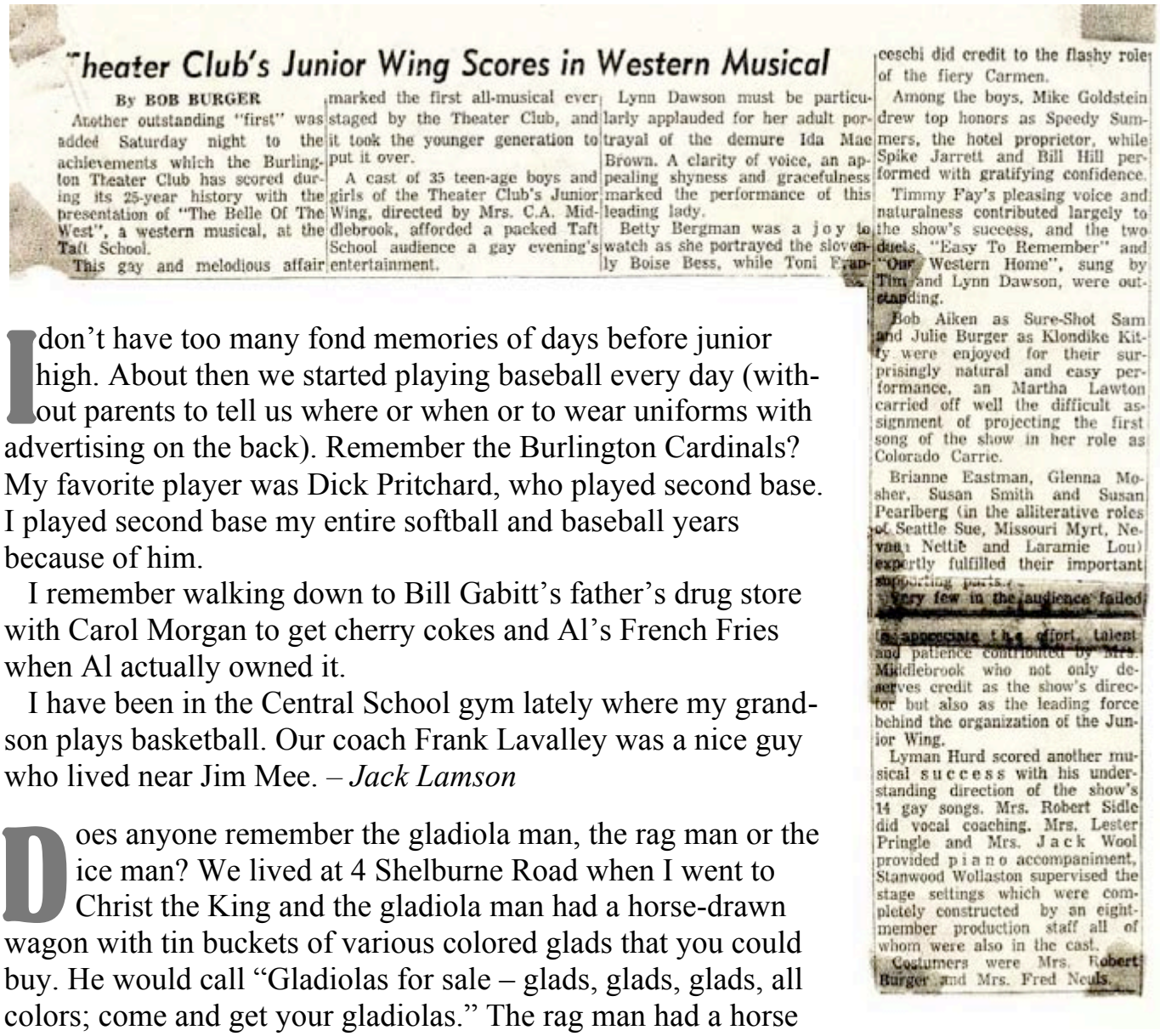
Howard Johnson's on Shelburne Road was the favorite of many families. It was our family's equivalent of an ethnic restaurant. Chocolate chip ice cream was my favorite; pretty much always has been. My mother's parents came from Finland and they wanted her to fit into the American culture so the whole family did, as well. And I seem to remember grilled cheese sandwiches at Vlades on the corner next to the Central Terminal bus station, as I would kill the time waiting for a bus to the South End. – *Tom Whitney*

Sirens going off for a practice blackout, curtains being drawn, blankets put over the windows and hiding under the bed. It was very scary. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

I was born On October 18, 1938 in the middle of a hurricane – a portent for my life? My earliest memory of Rutland, Vermont, is walking down the middle of a dark street – no streetlights, no car lights, no lights in the houses – a totally dark world. We were on the way home from the movies and my Mom explained it was an air raid. We were at war and the world was dark so the enemy planes would not find us.

We moved to Burlington when I was in the sixth grade. We lived on Clymer Street and there was a golf course in the development behind us where the rich people lived. I

started to caddy and have been hooked on the game since. The highlight of that career was caddying for one of the men in a group with President Eisenhower. – *Tim Fay*



"heater Club's Junior Wing Scores in Western Musical

By BOB BURGER

Another outstanding "first" was added Saturday night to the achievements which the Burlington Theater Club has scored during its 25-year history with the presentation of "The Belle Of The West", a western musical, at the Taft School.

This gay and melodious affair marked the first all-musical ever staged by the Theater Club, and it took the younger generation to put it over.

A cast of 35 teen-age boys and girls of the Theater Club's Junior Wing, directed by Mrs. C.A. Middlebrook, afforded a packed Taft School audience a gay evening's entertainment.

Lynn Dawson must be particularly applauded for her adult portrayal of the demure Ida Mae Brown. A clarity of voice, an appealing shyness and gracefulness marked the performance of this leading lady.

Betty Bergman was a joy to watch as she portrayed the slovenly Boise Bess, while Toni Franceschi did credit to the flashy role of the fiery Carmen.

Among the boys, Mike Goldstein drew top honors as Speedy Summers, the hotel proprietor, while Spike Jarrett and Bill Hill performed with gratifying confidence.

Timmy Fay's pleasing voice and naturalness contributed largely to the show's success, and the two duets, "Easy To Remember" and "Our Western Home", sung by Tim and Lynn Dawson, were outstanding.

Bob Aiken as Sure-Shot Sam and Julie Burger as Klondike Kitty were enjoyed for their surprisingly natural and easy performance, an Martha Lawton carried off well the difficult assignment of projecting the first song of the show in her role as Colorado Carrie.

Brianne Eastman, Glenna Mosher, Susan Smith and Susan Pearlberg (in the alliterative roles of Seattle Sue, Missouri Myrt, Nevada Nettie and Laramie Lou) expertly fulfilled their important supporting parts.

Very few in the audience failed to appreciate the effort, talent and patience contributed by Mrs. Middlebrook who not only deserves credit as the show's director but also as the leading force behind the organization of the Junior Wing.

Lyman Hurd scored another musical success with his understanding direction of the show's 14 gay songs. Mrs. Robert Sidle did vocal coaching. Mrs. Lester Pringle and Mrs. Jack Wool provided piano accompaniment. Stanwood Wollaston supervised the stage settings which were completely constructed by an eight-member production staff all of whom were also in the cast.

Costumers were Mrs. Robert Burger and Mrs. Fred Neuls.

I don't have too many fond memories of days before junior high. About then we started playing baseball every day (without parents to tell us where or when or to wear uniforms with advertising on the back). Remember the Burlington Cardinals? My favorite player was Dick Pritchard, who played second base. I played second base my entire softball and baseball years because of him.

I remember walking down to Bill Gabitt's father's drug store with Carol Morgan to get cherry cokes and Al's French Fries when Al actually owned it.

I have been in the Central School gym lately where my grandson plays basketball. Our coach Frank Lavalley was a nice guy who lived near Jim Mee. – *Jack Lamson*

Does anyone remember the gladiola man, the rag man or the ice man? We lived at 4 Shelburne Road when I went to Christ the King and the gladiola man had a horse-drawn wagon with tin buckets of various colored glads that you could buy. He would call "Gladiolas for sale – glads, glads, glads, all colors; come and get your gladiolas." The rag man had a horse and cart and collected rags although I don't know if he made his living selling them or it was part of some war-time effort. The ice man also had a horse-drawn wagon and a heavy rubber or leather flap hanging down his back for the ice which he slung over his shoulder and held with heavy tongs so popular as antiques a few years back. We kids followed him for a sliver of ice on hot summer days. He was delivering to people with those wonderful oak ice boxes. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

My father tells me I learned how to turn on a radio December 7, 1941. I don't remember doing that, I do remember living in Brookline Massachusetts at the time and watching the air raid wardens walking the streets. I remember singing in church choirs beginning at age 5. I remember chipping a bone in my ankle while skiing and being

laid up in a cast for several months while I was attending S.W. Thayer School and classmate Ray Pecor pulling me to school on a sled every day for several weeks while I recovered. – *Carl Loveday*

So many great memories! For us in the 1950s, Vermont was a way of life with so many opportunities and so much freedom. Our family lived only one block from the high school and not much further from UVM. There were always extra people at our table for dinner. Who can forget Karl Buck's physics and chemistry classes? I had a truly great and unique group of friends who all went on to excel in what they did. – *Tom Hackett*

Photographer unknown.

There was something magical about the parades on Church Street for me. Perhaps because I was so small in the early 1940s, I'm not sure. Those bands seemed bigger, prouder, more energetic than the half-hearted, kind of rumpled bunches of kids with uniforms you see shuffling along today in parades. This photograph of a Burlington, Vermont, parade on Church Street, the main street of the biggest city in Vermont catches the feeling I had when a youngster. It could have been the B.H.S. band. The band members are walking in cadence, uniforms white and spotless, the brass was loud and sure and the drum majorette was someone who knew what she was doing! The feeling of seventy-six trombones was in the air! – Tom Whitney

The Burlington Free Press

Monday, March 16, 1998

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SPEAK OUT

The Free Press invites readers to voice their opinion. Please keep letters to 200 words and include your daytime phone number.

READERS

Forum

Write to Readers Forum
Burlington Free Press
P.O. Box 10
Burlington, Vt. 05402 Fax: 660-1802
E-Mail: bfreepress@aol.com

Time can't fade memories of Burlington

MONDAY MORNING

Ruth Rothenberger

I was born in Burlington in 1938. My memories of Burlington are as vivid as if they happened just yesterday.

I remember playing in Battery Park back when you could drive right into the park. Mom and Dad sat looking at the lake and watching my sister and me play around the cannon. Any event that required pictures, we'd head for the park and the beautiful old elms were a backdrop. We got together on Sunday evenings in the summer and listen to Dr. Lechner's band. They used to hand out printed song sheets so everyone could sing along. Great time for getting friends and family together.

Going to 1 Main St. where the trains came in and out, to see the soldiers during World War II leaving and arriving. Friends and relatives coming to visit.

There was a very special woman back in those days who used to be a supervisor and caretaker of the children and the park where we played. Her name was Minnie Blondin. You could never talk about the park without saying Minnie's name. She was our mother, our friend and a loving person. She ran the doll shows and pet shows, and was there watching over everything. To this day, she still comes to our family functions. As we grew older, she also ran the teen center. We learned crafts and watched movies, and she saw us graduate from high school, meet our boyfriends, marry and have children.

My parents and I moved to Drew Street, where my sister and brother were born. It was a four-apartment building and later my mother's sisters moved in. One brother lived with one sister. As we grew, we weren't raised as cousins but as sisters and brothers. Our aunts and uncles weren't just that but were our mothers and fathers. As we grew older, they were our confidants and teachers.

We — the cousins and I — went to the old Lawrence Barnes School, where the students took turns ringing the bells for starting the day, recess, fire alarms and the end of the day. Then on to Edmunds Junior and High School, where the students came from Colchester, Williston, South Burlington, etc.

We'd go down to Woolworth's and Kresges on our hour lunch; eat at Concord Candy Kitchen and buy doughnuts from Kresges, made right there where you could watch. We used to go to the movies at the State, Majestic, Flynn and Strong.

We'd stroll through Woolworth's and Kresges. Woolworth's had wooden floors, I remember, and we'd sit at the counter at Woolworth's for homemade apple dumplings.

The old Cathedral High School Band would march from the school to Battery Park to practice their tunes and marching.

As we grew older, we met our boyfriends at the Concord. The boys used to cruise Church Street and check out the cars and the girls. We would roller skate at the Ethan Allen Skate Rink, go to drive-ins and walk and meet at Battery Park where Beansies eventually opened.

As lot of us met and married high school sweethearts and the men stationed at the Air Force base. I married an Air Force man and lived on North Avenue. I had all three of my children at the old Mary Fletcher Hospital.

We moved to Shelburne in 1967, but we would return to take pictures at Battery Park. Visiting family and walking the bike path, concerts on the Marketplace and in Battery Park still bring me back to Burlington, the place where my heart and soul are.

Ruth Rothenberger lives in Shelburne.

The Burlington Free Press

Monday, April 20, 1998

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I'm not the only one who remembers Burlington

MONDAY MORNING

Ruth Rothenberger

When I sat down to write "Memories of Burlington" (Monday Morning, March 16), I never realized what a stir I would create.

First, Minnie Blondin called and said her phone never stopped ringing and she was flooded with memories of her own and people who had not forgotten her.

I heard from my cousin Edna, who also had very fond memories of Drew Street and the city of Burlington. She recalled the Ticonderoga, where once you passed the breakwater the drinking age changed and you were served drinks. She still lives in Burlington with her husband, Ed. They are still involved in trying to keep Burlington a place to be remembered.

A letter from Patricia (Fitzpatrick) Sikora remembered Minnie as a Girl Scout leader with classes held on lower Cherry Street.

Wayne Viele called and said he remembered lunch hours from Burlington High School, doughnuts from Kresge's, but most of all Charlie Red Hots on the lower end of Church Street.

My next card came from Katherine Schutake DelFausse. She was one of three surviving children of T.D. Schutake, owner of the Concord Candy Kitchen. She had a hard time describing to her children and grandchildren the Burlington she grew up in and now she has my article to show them. She wrote that I took the words right out of her heart.

Mrs. Janet (Rust) Wood of Essex Junction remembered Joe Lechner as the band leader at Cathedral High School. She lived on Pine Street and went to Converse School and had friends from Lawrence Barnes School. Her father had a veterinary hospital in the rear of the house she lived in.

Sheila Blondin remembered North Champlain Street where she lived most of her single life. She went to Nazareth School and worked at Center's. Her main soda shop was the Penguin on Elmwood Avenue. She also loved ice skating at Roosevelt Park, where you could sit in the shack with your feet near the wood stove. Her children were born at the DeGoesbriand Hospital.

Some people couldn't remember the Majestic Theatre. OK, can your memories bring back the vegetable man, the rag man and the ice man? In the old days some of them used wagons and horses before the motor age. The ice cream man came later. What a scurry to see children running out of their homes with their money for ice cream. But nothing tasted as good as the chips off the ice truck on hot summer days.

How about the neighborhood grocery stores? Colodny's, Henry's, Ernie's, Parizo's and Izzo's. This was not only a place to buy groceries, but a place to see friends and families and to catch up on the gossip of the day.

I guess by the phone calls and letters that I am not the only one who remembers. I guess Burlington is remembered because it was not just a town but neighborhoods made up of families living together on the same street. As I wrote earlier, I not only had the apartment house where my mother's family was, but next door was my grandmother on my father's side, and his siblings. Neighbors were not just neighbors, they were also your family.

Ruth Rothenberger lives in Shelburne.

Free Press archives

Night on Church Street, October or November 1962. The Burlington Police Department (far left) was still located next to City Hall, and was flanked by a Western Union office. For generations of young city residents, Church Street on Friday night was the place to be. The two middle blocks of the street were closed to traffic in 1981 with the creation of the Church Street Marketplace.

The Free Press encouraged readers to share their memories of Church Street. The article that appeared on November 14, 1999, also included the photograph and caption shown above. We thought members of the Class of 1957 would enjoy a good reminder of the ambience of a street that played a role in many of their lives.

Life at that time was simple and loving. My sisters Marion and Eleanor, "Ellie" were born during the war. My earliest memory of anything related to the war is when Ellie was born in 1943. That same year a young sitter was taking care of us during a blackout. She drew the drapes so no light could be seen from the outside. I remember her turning the lights out and telling us to be still or the Boogeyman would get us. I guess we must have been scared because I do remember it in detail.

I also remember when the war ended a neighbor, Bea Alling, stayed with us so my parents could go to the city where there was a bonfire and dance to celebrate on Church Street. The neighbor's husband was serving in the military. Bea Alling was the mother of our classmates, Dana and Frank Alling. After age 6, I didn't see Dana again until high school.

I attended first grade in a one-room school near Taft's Corner in Williston.

My parents had a farm at Taft's Corner, but lost everything when the cattle herd was struck with a disease and the herd had to be destroyed by the federal or state government. I have no idea what disease it was and one day I will investigate because I'm sure it

probably made the news. It was never farmed again to my knowledge. The house is still there and is named as 'historical' by the state. It is now used for offices.

My parents then bought a farm on Susie Wilson Road near Fort Ethan Allen. I remember it being old and run down. The house was renovated and electricity added. As the years went by we raised cattle, pigs and had a 3-story chicken house. We had 1,500 layers that we raised for hatchery eggs. My mother would hand-candle every egg to see if the eggs were fertilized. We were very active in 4-H and participated in many activities including cattle shows. In my final year of showing, my heifer won the county blue ribbon competing with local farmers. I was so proud of "Rosalind" that I nearly choked her hugging her neck. My 4-H cattle later financed my move to Washington, D.C.– *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

I will always remember being in kindergarten at a downtown Burlington school in the mid-1940's and being sent home mid-morning because President Roosevelt had died. I can also remember bodies of WWII soldiers coming home to houses in my neighborhood - Staniford Road.

I started delivering the Burlington Daily News when I was 10. One of the customers on my long route was WJOY radio at 633 Main Street. Used to stop there and warm up. It led to my fascination with radio and a nearly 50-year career in all aspects of broadcast radio. – *Bob Badger*

Lasting memories were of a very conservative state with a lot of good people. Because I had to work in the store I was basically a loner and it was not a real happy time in my life. One memory was that going from a Democratic mayor to a Republican was a big thing in our house because we were staunch Democrats. I don't remember fun things during high school. In four years I went to four basketball games and two football games. I was too short to be on the basketball team or in the band. – *Gail Gilmore Charron*

We lived on or near my Grandfather and Grandmother's farm in Starksboro, Vermont. My dad did a civil service job for two years in Alaska and we lived in a farm above my grandparents. I walked about two miles to school for the first and second grade. I think my lasting memories were the one-room school and the three students in my grade. All the grades were in the school with a total of about 15 students. We used to go out in the woods and study the wildflowers and trees, mosses and whatever else were there. Sliding down the schoolhouse hill was great fun in the winter. Tumbling in the hay was fun in the summer with my Grandfather. Going to the creamery with him was fun. He would always buy us a treat at the store. My sister loved to ride the horses when our grandfather or uncle was plowing the fields or cultivating. It wasn't something for me, though. We got involved with the butchering and taking care of the meat. They always raised a couple of pigs and a beef for our meat. We had chickens too. Whenever a chicken dinner was planned my uncle would get the hen that wasn't a good

layer and process it for dinner. I picked feathers from chickens many times and helped Grammy cook.

Another memory: there was a huge rock, really part of a ledge on the side of the driveway and we would slide down that, being sure not to disturb Grammy's hens and chicken plants in the crack of the big rock. We would slide on large pieces of cardboard.

In the late 1950s my dad taught me how to drive on the roads there. Those were the best lessons I ever had. Backing up was a challenge for me. He had me back up the hill on snowy roads and also into the driveway. *– Ellen Morris Goodhue*

As a child of five I came to Burlington during WWII. My father was a West Point graduate and army officer. When my father was sent to the Pacific Theatre, my mother left the army base in North Carolina and brought three young children back Vermont to wait for the end of the war. She settled in her childhood home. It was a large Victorian house on Brooks Avenue minutes from the UVM campus. My grandfather was also living there. He was managing the family business at Penick & Ford, makers of Vermont Maid maple syrup.

My father came from a small farming town in northern Nebraska. His father was of German descent and a Lutheran minister. (My grandfather did not shorten the long name of Schimmelpfennig as he passed through Ellis Island.) In l945, my father was tragically killed by a Japanese sniper in the Philippines. My mother, widowed with three children, had no choice but to remain in her family home.

Skinny, unsure of myself, and armed with a long name of Schimmelpfennig I began my education in the public schools: Taft school, Adams School, and ultimately BHS.

It was not the academics at BHS that allowed me to flourish in my teenage years. I was but an average student. (Though Miss Allen in seventh grade taught me how to diagram sentences so accurately, it became an essential skill in graduate school). It was the experience of two institutions.

One was the BHS band: I was part of the eight-member drum majorette squad. There I developed a love of music – its rhythm and phrasing – and a sense of leadership. I became a part of a popular clique. I was able leave high school with some sense of social confidence and an understanding of the value of teamwork.

The second was my experience at Camp Hochelaga in South Hero. For twelve consecutive summers I was sent to South Hero where I learned how to live sparsely in nature, surrounded by green mountains and the crystal clear lake. At that time campers were required to swim in Lake Champlain every morning regardless of weather conditions. I now relish the cold water dips in the ocean near my home.

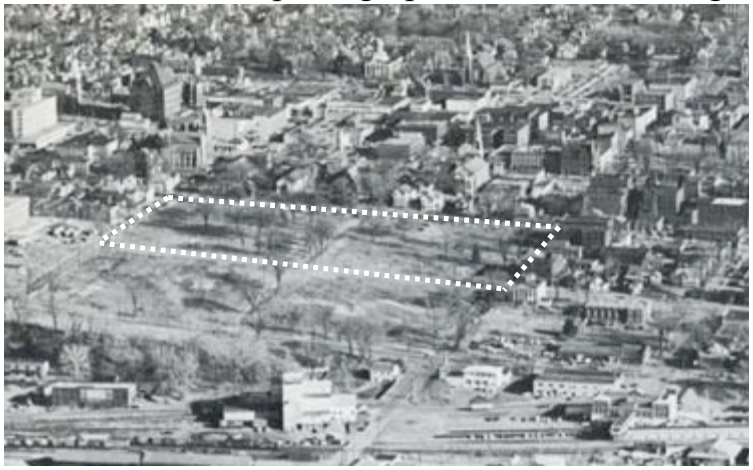
These are contemporary photographs of the kind of activities I experienced when I attended Camp Hochelaga in the 1940s and 1950s. From my training and work as a camp counselor at Hochelaga I developed an interest in teaching young children. – Louise Schimmelpfennig Marsh

From my training and work as a camp counselor at Hochelaga I developed an interest in teaching young children. I have a Master's degree in early childhood education and a Montessori Certification. For six months (in l995) I taught English as a second language to children in a city near Canton, Southern China. Presently I teach at nearby Montessori School and tutor local Brazilian immigrants.

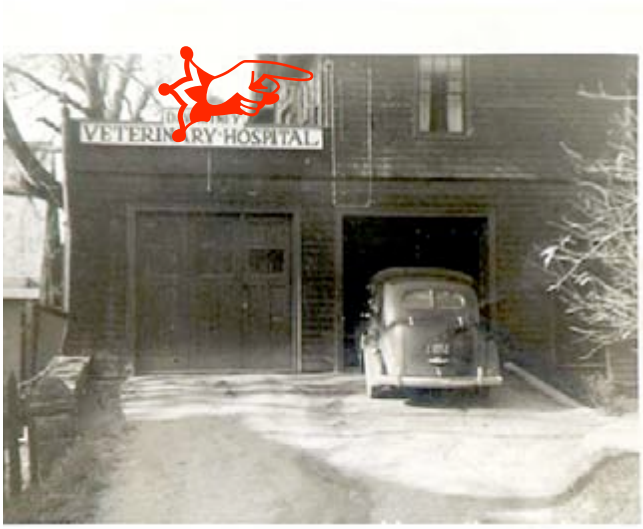
I am fortunate to have settled in a community similar to Burlington. Gloucester, Massachusetts, on Cape Ann is located in a magnificent natural setting. It is forty-five minutes by train from Boston. Yet it has a unique character of its own: it is noted for its fabled fishing history and ethnically diverse population. The beauty of its rugged coastline draws people to come here and remain here

These are but a few defining experiences woven into my Vermont childhood and teenage years that led me to my current career and deepest interests. I feel blessed and proud that I grew up in a state that is environmentally progressive, now socially liberal, and always serenely beautiful. *– Louise Schimmelpfennig Marsh*

Homage to Pine Street Until I was nine I lived and spent most of my time in the two-block area outlined by the dotted lines in the aerial photograph. Pine Street along the top; South Champlain at the bottom; Cherry Street on the left and College Street on the right. That small circumscribed area surprises me now, since I live in Hawai'i, about five thousand miles from there. The area is in the heart of Burlington, Vermont. It was demolished in the early days of the Urban Renewal Program in the 1960s that was intended to provide federal funds to help cities wipe out their slums and provide open land that would be attractive for modern urban development. I was shocked one day in the 1970s to return to Burlington



The area outlined with dots shows Pine Street on top, College Street on the right, South Champlain Street on the bottom and Cherry Street on the left. It pretty much defined my life until the fourth grade when we moved. The area was destroyed as part of the federal Urban Renewal program. It was my home ground!



My father, Charles T. Whitney, D.V.M, a new graduate of Cornell University in New York State, established his veterinary practice at 73 Pine Street in 1940. Our family lived in the apartment for a few years, then we moved to the apartment on the second story of the front house on the property. Mrs. Hazel Rust owned the house. We lived there until 1949, when we moved to Shelburne Road, three miles from the center of town.

The 2003 photograph above right shows the Chittenden Trust Company now on the same site.

The hands pointing show approximately the same point in space. My second story bedroom in the left hand picture is in the same approximate location in space as a second floor office at Chittenden Trust today. – Tom Whitney

and find the buildings in the area gone.

I guess I felt a bit resentful that my childhood home was considered a slum by the town leaders. It seemed like a respectable, if not rich, area. When I was in the fourth grade my family moved to a fifteen-acre place on Shelburne Road, in 1949. In a little over ten more years, that place on Shelburne Road had been replaced by a Volkswagen dealership. There is something psychologically unsettling about this constant erasing of one's special places. Now it is only a memory on paper and in my mind for a few more years. – *Tom Whitney*

Jumping up and down on steel cans to flatten them for the WW2 war drive; helping plant and tend our backyard Victory Garden to grow our own veggies; helping tear out ration stamps for meat, milk, gas, etc., CAREFULLY from the books we were given and memorizing what the different colors meant; getting taught to read by Dad, who trained me to read the war headlines from the Burlington Daily News and articles from LIFE magazine and The Saturday Evening Post; watching the lights out my bedroom window shining from Bell Aircraft (formerly cotton mills, now General Dynamics Weapons Systems). Bell made P-39s, P-59s, and armament systems. – *Bradley Butler*

The early 1950s were spent mostly with my brothers sisters and parents. I played A lot of tennis on the U.V.M. clay courts off East Avenue with Mary Twitchell. She was an excellent player and her parents also played. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

We're about the youngest age group to have any memories of WW II. At that time, our family lived in Arlington and then Winchester, Massachusetts. I remember blackout curtains, ration coupons, white oleo with a bright yellow spot that could be kneaded to make the oleo the color of butter, and I have a vivid memory of marching down the street with the neighborhood kids and banging on my toy drum as we all chanted, "Hooray, hooray for VJ Day." – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

During my younger years I spent a lot of time with my grandparents in Morrisville, Vermont. They truly had a tremendous influence on my life. When I look back, my grandfather was very quiet, but he let me in on his life. Every night after dinner we'd walk through his garden and check every growing thing. He was an "overseer of the poor" and would let me stay in his office when people came to see him. I also got to spend time on his farm, delivered milk with my cousins, and watched them make maple syrup.

Grandma and Grandpa Lanpher

Joan's mom with her young basketball player.

Probably my grandmother was the most influential. She was the most giving and kindest person ever. I was being brought up in the Catholic faith and she was a Methodist, but she brought me to church and camp meetings and showed me that it really didn't matter what church you went to as long as you believed and followed the "Golden Rule." These were awesome times in my life.

Another thing I remember, which is so different from today, was walking to school every day, going home for lunch, and walking back. Movies were another thing we did after school. Those 12 cent movies and a visit to Concord Candy Kitchen or Young's Pharmacy was a great day back then. – *Joan Papin Basillion*

I learned from my years in Burlington that happiness was not attained by a large bank account and that hard work and self-discipline would be good foundations for success in family life as well as professional endeavors.

Life was fairly simple in Burlington but I had fun playing sports; enjoying our Lake

Champlain; working on the ferryboats that were later owned by our classmate Ray Pecor; and maple sugaring with my relatives in Enosburg Falls. Life was uncomplicated and good! – *Jim McCarthy*

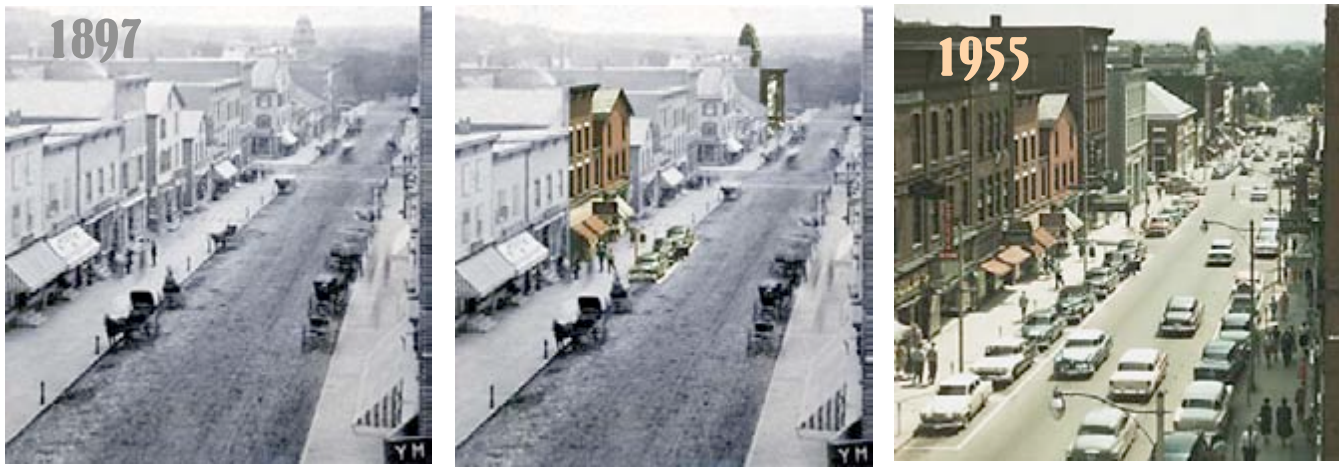
This is a post card view of the "Y," the Young Men's Christian Association, the Y.M.C.A. on College and South Union Streets. In this compact space was a swimming pool, a gymnasium on top of that, bowling alleys, a snack bar, ping-pong tables and rooms for rent. It was an intensely active social center for many students in their pre-teen and high school years. Lou Garcia mentioned the fun he had playing in church league basketball, and I remember it well. It was a great place. – Tom Whitney

Remember the Old Man of the Mountain at the White Mountains in New Hampshire? I think our family took a trip there and I was able to point the family camera through the telescope viewer and take my first "real" picture. In recent years the rocks that formed the face have crumbled and the face no longer exists. For many years the rocks had been supported in place with wire cables, but finally they were not enough.

I went on in my life to be attracted to arrangements of trees and stones that seemed to show faces. A good example is the cover of the "Growing Older" chapter on page 341. – Tom Whitney

This was a familiar stop for people who lived out along Shelburne Road, the little store with gas pumps owned by Leon Bouchard. Many young people bought bubble gum and Cracker Jacks there. This view was taken in 1939. The photographer is unknown. It was collected by Steve Candiotti, a Burlington writer who has been making a visual study of the changes along Shelburne Road over the years and was gracious enough to share this photograph with us.

Church Street through the last 100 years



I may have been anticipating this project when I was in high school. I became interested in photography in the ninth grade. There was a nice guy named Ken LaPierre who had a camera shop next to the Kelly Pharmacy in the building across from Louise Magram's father's store. One day in 1955 he gave me a stereo-opticon slidse that showed two views of Church Street. I thought about it for a few days and then began to take a series of photographs from the same vantage points. Above is the series looking south on Church Street. The span of time is from about 1895 on the upper left, to 1955 on the upper right, and about 2003 in the lower picture. The middle photograph above shows the few buildings that survived until 1954. You could almost make a movie, playing with concepts like that. Four buildings made it until the turn of the century. As I visited Burlington over the years, I would climb the rickety iron ladder to the roof and update the series. Over the years I have come to realize that every time we take a photograph we are documenting history.
– Tom Whitney

Learning about the World in School

First day I recall the first day of school at Central School in South Burlington, Vermont. A highly wrinkled, old beyond description, priceless Mrs. Chamberlain, our first teacher had us awed and squirming in little chairs, absorbing a new social order along with the smell of recently waxed floors, the sight of fall ornaments and printed letters (yes, big and little) posted above the blackboard, and our fellow classmates – all hesitant and uncomfortable – dressed in new clothes to meet the big unknown. For most of us it was our first social experience. When the bell went off, Mrs. (Ms. had not happened yet) Chamberlain's age-spotted fingers went to her lips, and at that very moment, we began a lifetime of decisions as to how we are going to value ourselves and others, anarchy versus authority, civility versus brutism. They were first lessons in doing the right thing.

I miss our collective youthful innocence but I never really lost all the innocence of the first grade. I'm sixty-seven and that sense of wonder, being lost in some grand mystery, affects me still. I may never revisit this subject again, but to Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Coughlin and all those teachers who directed and shaped me: thank you for everything. Never in my lifetime could I repay the order, service, dedication and knowledge that you freely offered. – *Layne Prebor*

Mr. Buck's chemistry drills helped me to score extremely high on a Naval Academy entrance test. This put me in a class with the geniuses that I had no business being in. – *Jim Bicknell*

Mr. Buck's chemistry class. From left to right Anthony Wasilkowski, Brian Machanic, Margo Hathaway, Mr. Buck, Fred Robinson by Mr. Buck's chin, Chuck Eldred in front, Gordon Perlmutter middle rear and Fred Raab behind Rick Foster in front behind Chuck, Betsy Samuelson way back, Tom Hackett smiling, Toni Franceschi, Jim Bicknell second from right in front and Bob Billings behind Jim.

I had a hard time in high school because my mom and dad were both diagnosed with tuberculosis and spent a year at the Pittsford Sanitarium. My brother Milton, three years older than me, and I both went to work to pay the bills. We had just bought our house on Edgemoor Drive off North Avenue. My grandmother lived in the apartment house upstairs and watched over us. Despite this I did enjoy a couple of things in high school. Chorus and Allstate Chorus for two years with Mrs. Pappoutsakis and Wood Shop with Mr. Caswell. I still have the step table I made beside my chair. It is in better condition after fifty years than I am. It doesn't sound like I got much of the three 'Rs but I did get through with a little help from God. – *Tim Fay*

My recollections of high school are divided between Rutland High School which I attended for three years and Burlington High School for one. My happiest memories are of the music department and all that it afforded me: All State and All New England - but mostly good fun. Youth Group and wonderful times at Rock Point are all wonderful memories. – *Debby Galbraith*

I remember these happy events: the making and taking of the extremely wide class photograph and the photographer, and singing with Mr. Hurd and Mrs. Pappoutsakis. I also want to mention others who still impress me with their warmth for all their students, their love of subject, their iron hand in obliging us to learn it and their personal way of imparting it: Mr. Green, Language; Miss Perrin, Latin; Miss Courtney, Literature; Mr. Hinckley, Science; Miss Akins, History; Mrs. Clark, Art; Miss Kimball, Mathematics; Miss White, English; Miss Dyke, English; and our Junior High School Latin (agricola, agriculorum!) and Home-making teachers (stitches, aprons, desserts!). I remember admiring certain abilities: Louis Garcia's to draw; Fredrik Raab's with the violin; Jacqueline Washburn's with the piano; and Judy Truax with skis.

I think Burlington High School taught me to be strict with myself in everything I do and not to leave things half-done. – *Toni Franceschi Esteban*

Lou Garcia and Mr. Trono, his art teacher, looking at the mural Lou created for the back wall in the cafeteria.

One of my lasting recollections of my immediate post high school years is the perception that we were at a disadvantage in attending a public school compared to those who went off to private schools. In our graduation year, 1957, four of us, namely Bill Green, Eric Foster, Steve Bradish, and myself, were accepted at Dartmouth College. We were made keenly aware of the fact that we were going to have to struggle to keep up with the freshmen who graduated from private schools such as Exeter and Andover Academy. Dartmouth tracked the performance of freshmen who graduated from

any public or private school if four or more were accepted at Dartmouth in any given year. As a tribute to the education we received at Burlington High School, all four of us made the Dean's List in our freshman year. A diploma from BHS does not reflect an inferior education but rather is something we can point to with pride. – *Gordon Perlmutter*

My high school years have always been memorable. I was a regular country bumpkin going to the big city. I made friends but was always shy and it was hard for me to be involved. I had some very good friends through the years, Ida O'Neil, Janet and Janice Halvosa and Marilyn James.

On the day the Class of 1957 graduated, I was in the Rose Garden of the White House in Washington, D.C., meeting President Dwight Eisenhower, along with other 4H representatives. Only four from each state are chosen. I have always thought that was such an honor. – *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

Vermont representatives to the 1957 National 4-H conference include, from left to right: M. Pauline Rowe, associate state leader from Burlington; Orin Adams, from Rutland; Georgia Buzzell from Essex Junction; R. William Daniels, from East Montpelier; Barbara Fallon, from Mendon; and John Merchant, State 4-H leader from Essex Junction.

In Junior High from our old Central School days, Dan Simpson, Leo Bergeron, Bobby Young and I remained close friends. The camaraderie slipped away in our senior high days (young males driven from the main herd, trying to find identities). I did get into amateur radio, played baseball, made a lot of friends, maybe we could have became close friends I don't know. But in the end, I had no friends. My home was not the sort you brought friends over much. Overall a good experience. I never had a girlfriend for long but remember them well, loved them all and still love them 50 – 60 years later. In passing, I think it was a good experience.

I learned to roller skate at a pavilion out on North Avenue, I liked it and enjoyed the music and lights at night. There was a park nearby called Ethan Allen. I climbed that hill so many times to reach some tower made from rock. Never knew why the tower was built. It was probably frequented by Ethan Allen and his men.

Junior high school which was the 7th and 8th grade seemed to have a lot of memories, more so than high school and as mentioned this is selective remembering: playing around the neighborhood, baseball, always and more baseball; throwing soft rubber balls up

against any walls, which returned the ball; the making of friends and the making of enemies. In our youth and the creativity only owned by youth, we made every store and every parking lot a playground.

There was a special time of growing up between the freshman and sophomore years for me when the friends came and went, until at some moment I closed the last door to the outside world. I became a lone desperado acquiring skills of survival.

But in the end, I had no friends . . . I became a lone desperado acquiring skills of survival.

There was an electronics curricula and it was much like the traditional "trade school" offerings. Our training was quite good and prepared me for the Navy in which I aced the pre-test for electronics technician school. It was an exciting time in electronics, with vacuum tubes and multimeters and diagnostic thinking which still appeals to me today. The class was loaded with “trade school types” like me, not going to college, and would probably end up in the service. It was a thrill to understand that heterodyne noise as the automatic tuner sought stations with the up and down whoooing sound which we knew to be the tuning coil and variable capacitor zeroing in on the frequency. Electronics and the miracle of vacuum tubes with their grids was a prize of knowledge; I felt stronger knowing how the damned things operated. The electronics school was in a little old building, probably a former school building converted to this special format. We were upstairs. In fact, the smell of gasoline and oil penetrated our classes from downstairs where the future mechanics were in training.

We were all friends back then; neophytes discovering the mystery of electronics and those unseen television and radio waves. It must have been close to Burlington High School. That part of Burlington was a beautiful place, as I remember it, with trees on every street. *– Layne Prebor*

I enjoyed my high school years tremendously. It was nice going to a smaller school where one could get involved in a myriad of activities and sports – all you needed was the desire. I found the teachers to be caring, interesting and helpful on a personal level that one might not find in a large urban complex. *– Louise Magram Weiner*

I always thought boys were important at that time of my life in high school. Man, how stupid I was. Ha!

Moments and experiences of high school would be the hot cars and hot boys on Church Street. Just the whole idea of growing up at the school, meeting new people, getting to know the teachers was a high point of my life during that time. I was one of two people in my family who graduated from high school at that time. I always thought boys were important at that time of my life in high school. Man, how stupid I was. Ha! *– Ruth Khoury Rothenberg*

Going from the one-room school in second grade to big South Burlington Central School was a huge change for me. The teachers were wonderful. The principal was Miss Stebbins. I couldn't be active in gym because of my hip condition but Mr. Lavalley always involved me in some way. He always made me feel important.

Don Maley posing with students.

I always loved hobbies – drawing, painting, crafts, etc. Babysitting when I got thirteen and fourteen was a good job for me and I had regular jobs all the time. I loved doing this. The Schneider and Babcock families were hit by polio and I helped one of the Schneider boys learn to walk and climb again.

I always had a lot of challenges but the one I can remember well was in the seventh grade when our eyes were being tested. The charts had been changed that year and they had changed the procedure by covering the separate eyes. I learned that I couldn't see and had never seen from my right eye. There were no cells in the back of it. My parents didn't take long getting me to a specialist. This explained a lot of my handicaps. I never did feel handicapped. I was treated just like anyone else – which was just the way I wanted it.

The most fun things to do were making scrapbooks for school projects with Joyce Wagner Carlin. She was an inspiration in my school years and still is today. We became friends in the fifth grade and remain friends to this day. Another person I became good friends with was a girl named Mary Waller. She moved to Rhode Island and I lost touch with her. I would like to think everyone is my friend. That is just the way I am. There were a few boys in the fifth and sixth grade that did nasty things to me but that happens no matter what.

Miss Ready was a wonderful person and in the sixth grade decided with my parents and me that I should stay back a grade instead of moving on. It was the best thing that happened to me, as it was easier the second time around.

I think that loving and caring parents, my sister and other relatives, as well as Betsy Schneider, Miss Ready, Mr. Lavalley and in high school the guidance counselors, the typing teacher - all shaped me into the person I have become.

Live every day to the best you can and don't judge others just because they don't do what you thought they should have said or done.

It was fun sliding down Van Sicklin Road in the winter. There were no cars to speak of then. That was a very fun thing to do with friends and family and neighbors. Another very close and good friend in high school and now is Sandra Bassett Richards. Also Charlene Hunt, who quit school in the tenth grade, but I am still in touch with her where she lives now in South Carolina. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Starting high school was tough for me, not knowing all the Burlington kids, etc. I got involved with a group that hung out at the "Y" that included Lou Garcia, Charlie Edwards, George Parker, Mahlon Teachout and others. I played junior varsity baseball for two years, then track for the last two.

My favorite subject was economic geography, probably because Lefty Albergheri, the junior varsity coach, taught it. I really liked Lefty and often did yard work for him in South Burlington. After I started doing tax work he was a client for many years until his death. His wife Connie continued until I retired in 1997. – *Jack Lamson*

A Sentimental Return The Edmunds School Centennial Celebration was held on May 13, 2000, at the former high school. It was described as the "one hundredth anniversary of the finest school in Vermont." I was privileged to have attended the ceremony and drove from my Massachusetts home for the event.

Accompanied by my sister, Judy, Class of '58, we walked up the familiar pathway toward the main entrance. The building was still imposing after so many years, inspiring a sense of awe at its brick and terra cotta stonework and massive windows. The rededication ceremony was quite nostalgic. Our former principal Holland L. Smith was present and received special recognition and honor. The open house that followed afforded us the opportunity to explore the school, to reminisce and to listen for faint echoes from the high school years.

It was a sentimental experience transporting me back over time to an early September morning in 1954 when as a shy, timid fourteen-year-old youth, I first stood outside the junior high among many strangers, apprehensive about the future. It was all so overwhelming and I felt so alone. My home was not in the Burlington area but in South Hero, approximately twenty miles away. There were only nine in my south hero class.

Each day represented a special challenge due to the necessity of commuting by car from home to school and back - some wintry days not arriving home until well past 6:00 p.m. Most afternoons were spent in the library after school, studying while awaiting the scheduled 5:00 p.m. departure time. I was never able to completely overcome the realization of being a non-resident of Burlington and continued to carry some envy of my classmates who lived nearby.

In retrospect, the four high school years passed all too quickly and following graduation and accompanied by several classmates, I moved up the hill to the University of Vermont. – *Bob McBride*

B.H.S. had a savings program sponsored by the Burlington Savings Bank. Each home room had a designated "Cashier" to collect the money from the students who chose to participate. I was Head Cashier which meant that I went to each home room and collected the envelopes with the students' money from the homeroom cashier. The money was verified by me and a teacher before being taken to the

bank and put in the students' individual savings accounts. I believe that was done once a month, but I am not certain. – *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

I was in Montpelier through the 10th grade, spending only the last two years at B.H.S. Best course(s) in my mind were Karl Buck's physics and chemistry courses. They were hard work; I learned a lot and got a great foundation for college physics and chemistry.

Strangely, one other course gave me a lot of lifetime knowledge. B.H.S. had a freshman civics requirement, which I had not taken in Montpelier. Holland Smith said it might not be appropriate for me to take civics as a junior, but that if I took modern history, he would waive the requirement for the civics course. The material I learned about the world in the first 50 years of the 20th century gave me a good general knowledge that I have found many adults do not have.

Karl Buck stands above all my teachers.

I took drafting for about 4 months, dropping it because I wanted more time for the ski team. I don't remember the teacher's name, but he was a big, outspoken guy that left a big impression. When Wilbur Bull, the ski coach told him that I was an ace skier, he asked if that was spelled ASS. He was a no-nonsense, get down to work and you'll succeed kind of a guy. – *Steve Berry.*

Steve's experience with Mr. Schultz, the drafting teacher, reminded me that once Shultz called me a "pimple on the threshold of progress" because I was too slow. In later years I ended up using the same implements for about thirty years: T-square, triangles, drawing board, as I became – not a draftsman like he was teaching us – but a graphic designer. And I was, if anything, an early adopter of progress. - Tom Whitney

And then there was high school. Guess I got way too interested in the opposite sex because the grades started to suffer. I had so many great friends and shared so many fun activities - like dancing to Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock," sun bathing at Oakledge, and hanging out in friends' rooms just chatting. One thing I learned was just how important it is to study and learn and I always tried to pass that on.

Basketball was a great outlet for me. I loved playing for Mr. Lambert and our team was great. Many friendships were made, as we spent lot of time together.

Another thing I remember, which is so different from today, was walking to school every day, going home for lunch, and walking back. Movies were another thing we did after school. Those 12 cents movies and a visit to Concord Candy Kitchen or Young's Pharmacy was a great day back then.

When I was a senior, Bunny came into my life and we dated off and on for the next five years. – *Joan Papin Bisaillon*

I went to junior high school for a year at South Burlington Central School after our family moved there from Montpelier. In the following June we moved into Burlington so I started high school not knowing many people. I do remember ninth grade Latin and also English with Miss Dyke who asked questions from flash cards. We then moved to the other building where I remember some of our more eccentric teachers. I liked taking chorus and I think I tried to be conscientious about the courses I took.

It was fun to be a cheerleader especially at one close game in Barre when the enthusiastic roar of the crowd practically lifted the roof off the gym. I talked with Brianne and Ann to help remember the cheer. – *Lynn Dawson*

Old Fight

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah
Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah
Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah
Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight

Burlington Fight
Burlington Fight
Fight Burlington Fight

YEA TEAM

T - E – A - M
Yea Team

T – E – A – M
Yea Team

T – E – A – M
Yea Team

1957 B.H.S. cheerleaders included, from left, Ann Wakefield, Brianne Eastman sitting, Lynn Dawson, Linda Foley and Janet Andrews.

On the following pages is the South Burlington Central Junior High School 1954 Class Prophecy, written by Lynn Dawson. I am reprinting it because many of those eighth graders went on the B.H.S. Lynn didn't think it was so appropriate here in our B.H.S book but I am exercising my editor's minor prerogative: the book is not so much about B.H.S. as a document about the times we lived through. – *Tom Whitney*

BY LYNN DAWSON

CLASS PROPHECY

Mr. Lull, Miss Stebbins, members of the Schoolboard, parents, teachers, friends, and fellow class mates.

Would you like to take a look into the future with me.

For weeks the newspapers had been publicizing famous stunt fliers of 1973. When I read that Leo Bergeron, Charles Eldred, Betsey Alfred, Shirley Zeno, and Stanley Barnes former classmates of mine at Central were performing I knew had to go.

Mayor Frank Suitor gave a stirring speech about the growing prosperity and advancement in South Burlington. There were also short talks by the Superintendent of the airport, Jack Hadman and chief mechanic Roddy Lavigne. General Donald Adams, Admiral Robert Young and Commander Jack Lamson, and Lt. Marlene Howard were there as representatives of the Armed Forces.

One of the features of the day was a new rocket ship "Venus or Bust" invented by Danny Simpson in co-operation with James Mee. Its hostess was Judy Cairnes. Judy had just returned from New York City where she had seen and heard "Yodelin" Doris Jacob famed as the only singer who could hit high "C" and chew gum at the same time. She also saw Gladys Kenna, whose dancing is the talk of New York.

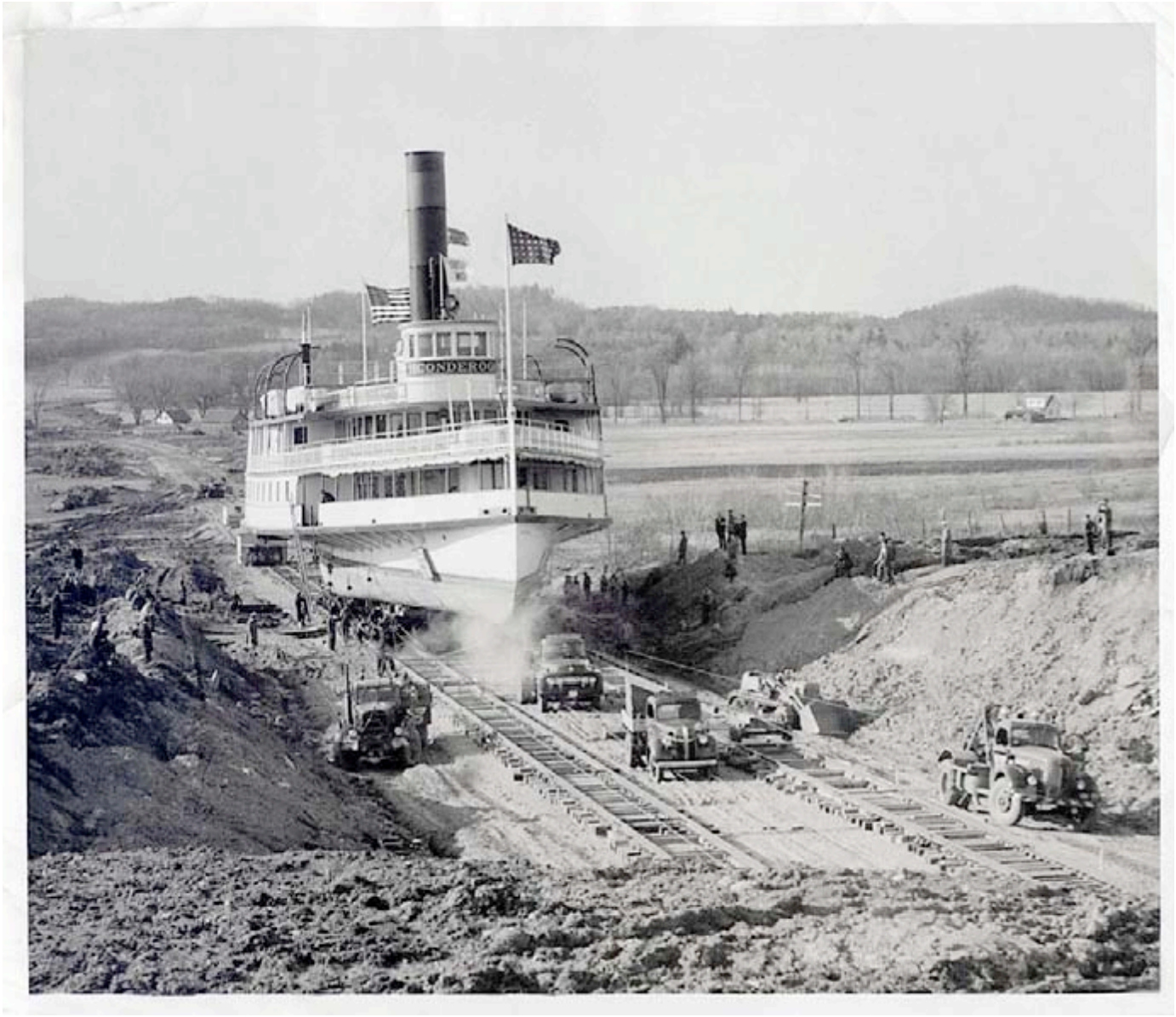
Beneath the advertisement of the stunt fliers was an article announcing that the new South Burlington High School would open that night. As long as I was in South Burlington I decided that I might as well go to the opening.

The school was designed by Robert Quinville and built by Pizzagali Construction Company. The land on which the school stands was sold to South Burlington through the Morgan Real Estate Agency. The staff will include Gayle Johnson, mathematics; Pat

Menard, English; Ellen Morris, Art; Pat Poirer, singing; and Joyce Wagner, School Nurse. The Superintendent will be ~~Thom~~ Tom Whitney who is adding a new course to the cirriculum, "the photography of the potato bugs" which will be taught on Gary Wright's farm. Ida O'Neil will be the Principal. Tom's secretary will be Patty Darling. Ida's, Charlotte Bowley. The new gymnasium of which South Burlington is very proud will be staffed by Layne Prebor first to teach successfully the art of standing on ~~your~~ the head and spinning nickels.

When I arrived at the school there were so many cars that I had to park at McCormick's garage down the road. The auditorium was quite crowded. Most of the prominent South Burlingtonians were there including Billy Gabbiet of "Gabbiet's Enterprises," William Chittenden who invented a new vegetable the turntomat, by crossing the turnip and the tomato, Norman Leduc who was awarded the franchise on South Burlington buses and trucking service, Joyce Lavalette who was awarded a medal for bravery beyond the call of duty for her work over seas, and Betty Howard and Mary Tilley nurses at the South Burlington Hospitol. It is rumored that Betty will soon become the new Supervisor of nurses there.

It certainly was a full day. I went home in the late evening. The next morning, I woke up to find I had been dreaming----But I hope that all of your dreams come true in 1973.



The steamboat Ticonderoga played a role in many of our lives and in the romances that brought some of our parents together. I remember riding on it with my family and watching the huge walking beams and feeling the wind on my face on beautiful Lake Champlain.

I had the opportunity to take this photograph because I was working with Roger Conant, Sam Conant's uncle, a commercial photographer in Burlington, when I was in high school. He was documenting the effort for the Shelburne Museum and invited me to come along. Roger coached me as photography became my passion in the first three years of high school time. He gave me some professional pictures to shoot and get paid for. I went to my first Bar Mitzva with him, Once I went with him when we were covering a military funeral. He was shooting movies and one of my still photographs went on the Associated Press wire. I covered everything going on in town and sold photographs to the Free Press and Daily News. One summer I worked at the Basin

Harbor Club as a photographer. Another summer I was vacation relief for the Daily News staff photographer. It was a thrill. I loved seeing my byline.

The "Ti" was built at the Shelburne Shipyard in 1906 and served as a day boat connecting ports in New York and Vermont until 1953. In 1955 a two-mile route was surveyed from the south end of Shelburne Bay and tracks were laid to begin the final journey over land of this venerable side-wheeler. It had been the last walking-beam side-wheeler in existence. As you can see in the photograph, it took only a relatively short length of track that was pulled up after the Ti had passed and re-laid in front. It stands, the Shelburne Museum web site tells us, as one of the great feats of maritime preservation. – *Tom Whitney*

I want to thank my fourth grade teacher Mrs. McGrath at Converse School. It was the day of the 1948 presidential election when she was reviewing for the class various things they could write about. She mentioned a report about an election. I spoke up and said "Oh, I can do that." "OK, do it," she said. Whoops, maybe I spoke too quickly, I thought.

I got up early the next morning and picked up the Burlington Free Press as soon as it hit the driveway and read that, then turned on the WCAX the CBS radio station and took notes. I went to the old Remington typewriter my father had in his veterinary office and started typing what became a half page, single spaced story. I ended with the humorous note that Arthur Godfrey had received two votes.

She had me read it to the class. And after lunch she had me read it to the sixth grade class, who seemed pointedly uninterested by this fourth grader telling them something. They were tough. But the point was that my teacher liked it and wanted me to get some attention for what I had done. It was my first foray into something resembling journalism and writing.

I think she may have set me on a path that led through editing a national magazine and other writing jobs - and ultimately led to the book you are reading now. Those early sparks can lead to long burning fires. – *Tom Whitney*

Parenthood & the High School Years

Things you thought were important when you were young that you later learned were not so important?

I did seem to focus on a lot of superficial things: girls, clothing, appearance – that I now realize were not that important. – *Jim Bicknell*

During my early career in broadcasting and broadcast news, I spent a lot of time working nights, weekends, and holidays, missing a lot of time with my children. I expressed this regret to my adult children not so long ago and both said they had fond memories of growing up and realized that I was the 'bread winner' and had to spend time making a living. They claim it didn't affect them, but I still missed many special moments with my youngsters. One of the best things we did as a young family was to agree on something we'd like to do together – camping. I firmly believe those many weekends we spent camping in the Adirondacks was instrumental in neither son doing drugs or getting in any significant trouble. They both bought campers when they became parents and camp out every chance they can today. – *Carl Loveday*

The biggest for me was, my mother taught me to listen to my children. I always thought as a young person I would graduate high school and get married forever and raise children. I was not prepared for the real life that was ahead of me. It does not go that easy. Our life style in Burlington had its bad moments but basically it was a good one. You had more time for family and to be involved not only with your own but you were involved with the lives of your neighbors' children also. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

It is very important that teenagers sit down and talk about the day's activities with their parents. The parent needs to listen and digest the messages. I think it is important that the issues that trouble them are addressed as soon as possible. Sometimes it is not the resolution that counts as much as the young ones knowing that somebody is listening. We need a morality and need to relearn the lessons of being fair – doing the "right thing" – over and over again. – *Layne Prebor*

The unimportant "important" things: mostly what other people think, have and do. Money is nice but not overwhelmingly important. Following one's dreams is important. – *Margo Hathaway Thomas*

I always thought boys were important at that time of my life in high school. Man, how stupid I was. Ha! – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

Being a parent during the high school years did have its challenges. Come to think of it, being a child during the high school years wasn't always the greatest either. I joke that my parents were nice, reasonable people until I hit high school and then

they became very difficult to deal with. Fortunately, they were fine again once I left home. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

I GAVE IT MY BEST SHOT My two boys became involved in drugs in high school. I tried to do the right thing and was not a negative role model. My wife and I were steady workers, not drug users, provided a good home for the kids, lived in good neighborhoods, played with them, respected them, urged them to do homework, were not irrational or unrealistic in our expectations, etc.

We became involved in the alternative school movement within the Los Angeles County educational system. My eldest son went to a Quaker school in first grade.

The boys are in their late thirties now and doing better. They are nice guys. But they seem to have a pattern where things will go all right for a number of years, and then they will get back into drinking or drugs. They will think they are doing ok, will have a few beers over a period of a few weeks, think that was ok, then a taste of drugs – and they are gone again. That seems clear evidence to me for the AAA idea of abstinence. But I cannot live their lives for them. I keep my fingers crossed.

What do I have to say about it? Not much except to share my reaction: I gave it my best shot. And that was not good enough in these two instances. Of course that is slim satisfaction. My boys are doing better the older they get. I love them. They are good people.

I don't beat myself up over it – too much. But I do wish things had fallen the other way. And I marvel that so many people raise kids who don't become drug users and go to jail.

In retrospect, I realize now how much I was involved in going to church youth groups through high school, so if I had it to do over, even though I am not religious convert, I would pick a church, the Unitarian, I think, and become involved in that with the boys. Just perhaps, they could have become involved with other friends and could have chosen another path. I also think I would not put them in the alternative schools now. Did the alternative schools give them an unrealistic attitude about life? There is so much to learn in all that goes with school and its activities that is useful – if uninspiring - training for life – which can be full of hypocrisy and double standards and unimaginative rote repetition: but there is an important life lesson it all that! A lot of living is boring and repetitious, doing the same job day after day, year after year, to raise your family.

One of the most difficult things to deal with was learning how to do the "Tough Love" thing with my youngest drug-using son. As an adult he would call me up to ask for a small loan here and there. And it was invariably related to his beginning to use drugs again, I now realize. The reasons he gave were all very believable at first. But before long it became obvious I was being used. So, I eventually learned to say no. One time he called me in the middle of the night and said he needed me to put some money in his Pay Pal account right away so he could cash it at the ATM to pay off some drug dealer lurking nearby who is going hurt him bad if he does not get the money. I had to say, decisively, "NO!" Not easy. – *Tom Whitney*

Tenacity

Growing up rough: fights for real, working, National Guard, Golden Gloves, more working, high school prom night, the Navy & beyond

By Jim Hale

Jim Hale 8 17 18 34 37 44 66

Tough areas There were three or four areas in Burlington, Vermont, in the 1940s where you could get into fights for just passing through. They were North Street/ North Avenue, Archibald /Riverside Avenue, Queen City Park and Battery Street. Once my brothers and I had it out with some of them.

The city dump back then was in the Intervale off North Avenue. The Intervale is the low-lying area on the north side of Burlington. The road to it was down a big hill. We thought this was the best hill for sleds in the city so my older brother and I went over there with our sleds. We didn't even think about being in someone else's turf. We made a few good slides down the hill and when were about to make another run we noticed some guys looking very unfriendly at us.

The bigger kid punched my brother right in the nose. Splat! Blood was all over his face and clothes. I never used to fight or argue but I went into a rage.

The hill was not dangerous but the kids around there were tough and mean. Three of them came over to us and said to my brother, "Hey kid, let me try your sled." My brother said "No!" The bigger kid punched my brother right in the nose. Splat! Blood was all over his face and clothes.

I never used to fight or argue but I went into a rage. I took my sled and swung it hard and hit some of them many times in the head and shoulders. They left yelling that I must be crazy. My brother Paul and I left. I was crying and he was laughing, saying "I don't think they'll mess with us anymore."

Playing around

North Avenue and Manhattan Drive border the Intervale area. Manhattan Drive was called North Bend Street in the '50s. That whole area was divided by the Rutland Railroad tracks. On the north side of the tracks there were two active farms. One on the North Avenue side is the Ethan Allen Homestead farm. We would go over the bank past

the old dump and into one of the pasture areas. We would milk the cows squirting milk on the ground. One of the young farm hands would chase us away. One time he caught us and insisted all of come closer and listen to his scolding. We thought he was going to beat us, but he didn't.

There was a natural cave on the North Avenue side. Our imaginations about that cave were something. That cave was our headquarters when we fought battles with Indians, the Japanese, Germans, and other enemies.

Hunting was very popular with most Vermonters in the '50s. We hunted with my cousins in Westford. We all had guns. I would take my .22 rifle and go down into the Intervale. There was a sly fox that I would follow around trying to shoot. In the fall there were wild ducks. One time I shot one. I saw him fall. I was so excited I thought I would take him home and eat him. He must not have been hurt much because I never found him. I was so disappointed because I wanted to show it to my brothers and friends.

They asked us if we had ever played "spin the bottle" before. We said no. They told us the rules. I had never kissed a girl before. So when they would see us I knew we were going to play that almost sinful game

There were lots of rats around that old dump. They provided good target practice. There must have been garbage mixed with the trash that attracted the rats. You never see rats anymore, thankfully. They used to have private dump trucks to pick up barrels that everyone had in their back yards. Those haulers used to take it to the Burlington dump in the Intervale.

We used to hang a rope from the trees on the steep part of the bank. We would swing out from the bank making a noise like Tarzan. One time we took my father over there to show him the neat swing we had. We kept pestering him to try it. He was such a good sport that he did. When he swung out, the tree really bent towards the bank because he was heavier then we were. When he tried to pull off, he let go of the rope. The tree sprang back and his foot got caught in the noose. There he was hanging in the air by one foot. All of his change and keys were falling out of his pockets. We were scrambling around trying to help him saying: "Don't worry, Dad, we'll get you down." We did. From then on he would tell people that maybe he was too old to keep up with us.

One time one of us stole four or five of his cigarettes. We went down into the swamp where no one would see us. We all smoked one cigarette apiece. We made a big cloud of smoke. None of us took up smoking after that experiment.

We had other interesting discoveries like "spin the bottle." Two girls were flirting with my older brother. They asked us if we had ever played "spin the bottle." We said no. They told us the rules and we played. I had never kissed a girl before. So when they saw us after that I knew we were going to play that almost sinful game again.

My Dad

Everyone loved my father. He was so friendly and polite to everyone. We would go on hikes with him every Sunday after mass. Many times in the summer, we would go to McKenzie's and ask, "Hey Dad, can we go to White Rocks and cook hot dogs?" He would always say ok. Then he would wrap up a package of freshly made hot dogs and we would walk to the beach to cook our hot dogs. White Rocks was an area south of North Beach owned by the Rutland Railroad. You could make a fire to cook your hot dogs and marshmallows.

My father was a grand mal epileptic. They didn't expect much from epileptics at that time, so he was advised to take a job after high school. Grand mal epileptics fall on the ground convulsing; sometimes saliva foams out of their mouth. He was never able to get a driver's license. His sickness was caused by difficulties and a head injury at childbirth. He was a butcher and meat cutter working all of his life at McKenzie's.

Meat packers and butchers *In the 1930s McKenzie's Meat Packing Company owners and employees posed for a company photograph. Jim Hale's father is second from the left in the front row. Moose Fuller's father is in the back row, second from left. Moose was Judy Truax's husband. The "N.R.A. We'll do our part" sign refers to the National Recovery Administration set up by President Roosevelt to help stimulate the economy to recover from the depression.*

North Beach was beautiful

Not too many other cities had a big sandy beach on a huge fresh water lake like our North Beach. The bathhouse was an old wooden structure with a big porch in the front. It had a certain smell to it. It was the smell of hot dogs and French fries and sun tan lotion. Even the shower rooms had a distinctive clean smell about them.

The Beach had six rafts and as you got older, you would progress from one raft to another. Some of the farther rafts had plain diving boards on them. The farthest raft had a diving board on a platform. We would swim out there with my father. He was a terrific diver. He could do all the qualifying dives that are still used to quality for the Olympics. He was third in the State American Athletic Union championships.

We always needed money for soda or candy. One way to get that money was to walk up and down the beach looking for soda bottles we could return and collect the deposit for. We tried to be polite. If they were empty and no one was around, they were yours. Sometimes if you saw an empty bottle near someone's blanket, you would politely say "Can I have that bottle when you are finished with it?"

In the afternoon we would hear a train whistle. Everyone would yell, "Here comes the train!" We would run up to the tracks with a few nickels or pennies and lay them on the tracks. The train would flatten the coins to the size of a quarter. At that time we thought it was awesome.

Another kid thing we used to do was to get into the tunnel. People coming from the North Avenue bus or the parking lot had to pass under the old Rutland Railroad train tracks by going through the tunnel. We would wait for the train to come rumbling over our heads. Those old steam powered trains were huge. They made a lot of noise. You could see and hear a lot of steam.

Kids were allowed to roam unsupervised quite a distance from their homes during those years. We did not hear of so many kidnapping and child abuse cases as we do now.

Good marks in grade school; bad ones in high school

My brothers and I had started real well at Nazareth School. It was very strict. All the nuns came from France. My two brothers and I got good grades. We often had to put our homework on the board. If the nun said "Math problem number six, Jim," I had to put it up there. The kids graduating Nazareth were put into the "A" group when they went to Cathedral High School.

My mother and father were going through a divorce and custody battle around the time we were ready for high school. My mother was non-Catholic and did not want us to go to Cathedral. So after such a good academic beginning, we all fell apart at B.H.S. We rebelled, stopped studying, took courses with little challenge and didn't even apply ourselves in the very easy classes. My mother was working and we had to take care of ourselves. I ate at restaurants where I was working: Concord Candy or Howard Johnson's. I had money from those jobs so I bought my own food and clothes. I did

mopping and cleaning at the Hitching Post, Concord Candy, Alphonso's and a business office before school each day.

My mother always wanted us to work

She treated us like hired hands and would make statements like, if you were living on a farm you can bet your bottom you would have daily chores like milking, haying and working in the garden. When we were real small we had this make-work project. The idea came from the fact that our house had a normal cellar under the main structure. There was an add-on portion in the back with no cellar. Well, she had an idea that we could use our little Radio Flyer cart to remove this sand and cart it down to Manhattan Drive and dump it over the bank. We put in many hours going back and forth. We never seemed to accomplish much. As we got older we were told to get jobs and help out. We had to give her half of what we earned. We were never allowed to hang around, play baseball, basketball or normal kid games that young people played.

Teenage work history

My very first attempt to make money was to go down to the old Daily News building. The entrance was in the back alley in the basement. It was dark, dirty and gloomy. We would stand in line to get papers. It was the evening news. There was a long line. You had to be careful. Some of the kids were mean. We sold the papers around Church Street for five cents. We returned unsold papers and three cents for each paper sold. We kept two. One kid told me about this bakery across from the Police Station. You could get a bag full of day-old pastry for fifteen cents after 5:30 p.m.

Another money scheme was picking string beans out on the Old North Avenue Extension Road. This was very hard work for the money you made. We only did that a few times.

I did a paper route for the Burlington Free Press.

I was a caddy at the Burlington Country Club.

The next summer I took a job as a dishwasher at Howard Johnson's on Shelburne Road. I started at 3:00 p.m. and finished at 11:00 p.m. I walked back and forth from Rose Street in the North End. The other dishwasher was an old grumpy woman. She worked from 7:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m. She was always angry if I left something from the night shift. The business was owned by the Graves family, father, mother and son. They were always after me to speak well. They didn't like me to say "Yeah." they insisted that I say, "Yes." I was irritated. The other dishwasher was a cave lady. She spoke rarely with a lot of grunts and sighs. I was told my reward for speaking well would be to work on the fountain the next year.

Peer pressure can be good

Classmates in high school often make critical judgments of each other. Sometimes that criticism - peer pressure – is not good for your self-image and sometimes it is motivation to change. The first two years of high school, I wore dungarees and plain shirts. Often

my shoes and pants were dirty. I would go into the Intervale exploring or even hunting after school when I was not working and wear those clothes the next day. One time a senior in Trade School was making fun of my muddy pants. I put that in the back of my mind and started to clean my clothes before I went to school. By the time I got to be a junior I was taking all my shirts and slacks to Lenny's Shirt Laundry on Elmwood Avenue. I completely stopped wearing dungarees. Remember when they added that little buckle to the backs of our trousers? That is what I wore.

The Golden Gloves

We were never involved in organized sports early on in high school. My brothers and I were either working or entertaining ourselves at the beach or in Westford, Vermont. My uncle had a small farm in Westford. We liked the hunting and guns.

As we progressed through school, I noticed that people admired athletes and realized that most were too advanced for us to compete. For example in football it was best to start in the ninth grade so you could learn all the plays and how to play the various positions. It took time.

I had heard about boxing at the old Daily News building when I delivered papers and I went there and started training. I was 16 and a year too young to compete. At that time the town of Colchester made their birth certificates hand-written. It was real easy for me to drop a dot of Clorox on a 9 and touch it up to make a 7 – 1937.

So at 16 with my forged certificate I was ready to enter the Golden Gloves. We sparred with each other several times a week. I sparred with heavyweights and lightweights. So I got banged around by guys that were older, tougher and who had a lot of fighting experience. Many other tournaments had a novice division. Unfortunately our tournament did not.

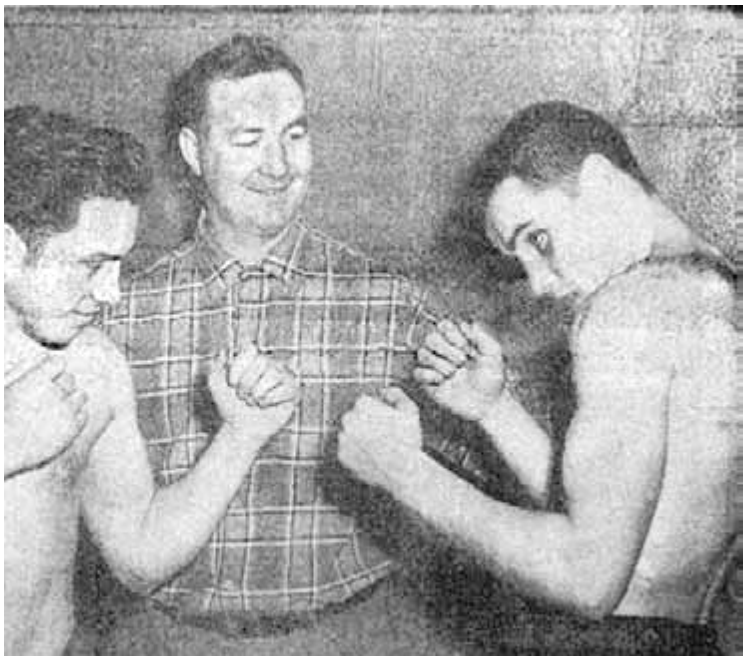
The National Guard

But first I joined the National Guard. This was actually the first time I used my forged birth certificate. It was the summer of my sophomore year in 1955. I thought I would get a chance to fire the artillery at the drones flying by the range. Unfortunately they had four of us dig a huge pit in the sand for ammo storage. It seems like we dug for days. At each mess – the meals – we washed all the cooking gear.

A few days later we started artillery practice. I handed up 40mm ammo to a loader while a gunner rapidly fired at the drone. We worked right next to these cannons without ear protection. I think the gunners had something on their ears. I don’t know if it was for protection or communication. Needless to say, I had problems with my hearing after that.

We stopped at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, on the way down and back. We slept in tents and drank beer. At age 15, I thought that was great. Some of the guys in that unit had kids that were my age. It was fun walking around town near Fort Devens with my uniform. I’m sure some people were wondering, “How did he get that old that fast?” I didn’t wear it on the streets or at B.H.S. in Burlington.

If you don't go to the weekly meetings, they threaten you with the draft. After a while I got tired of the guard and became more serious with school and jobs and boxing. I turned in my uniforms and was confident that they realized I was too young to be drafted. The release from the guard was a little more complicated. A commander in the Army Reserve said he wanted me to be in his Military Police unit. He said he would take care of the National Guard release. He owned that cigar and tobacco store across from McAuliffe's. I felt dishonest when I did not join his unit. Later on when I joined the Navy at 17, my military superiors questioned me about my almost two years of longevity.



Daily News Staff Photo: Callahan.
Here I am with Bernie Cummings in the middle. Bernie was the director of the Boys Club and the person who taught me and many other young guys about boxing. Here we are doing a Daily News publicity picture for an upcoming Golden Gloves fight with George Byrd of Cathedral High School in January 1957.

My first tournament

It was held from late January to early February of 1956. My first fight was about in the middle of the program. I waited for my fight in a large room. As the boxers returned from their bouts, some guys had been knocked out and some were bleeding - and the winners were ecstatic.

My first step into the ring was scary. There were fresh bloodstains scattered on the mat and hundreds of fight fans screaming as loud as they could. I was about to fight welter-weight champion Dave Donovan. Dave was a strong, tough police officer from Platts-burg, New York. I lost that first fight by TKO. They stopped the fight in the first round. The next week I fought an exhibition against one of our B.H.S. classmates. I won that fight. Our Vermont-Northern New York Tournament needed a novice division. Without it, you had fighters who were almost semi-pros fighting young boys with no experience.

Work in the Concord Candy Kitchen

The Concord was across from Magram's and the Kelly Pharmacy on Church Street. I worked there after school and on weekends for about three years. I was taught how to make ice cream, syrups, sundaes, ice cream sodas and small order cooking. I started there when I was fourteen. Many people working or shopping on Church Street ate lunch or snacked at the Concord. We made our own ice cream. George Palans (BHS '56) taught me to make ice cream, how to use corn syrup and other flavors, blanch French fries, etc.

In the evening it was an entirely different crowd. The Ethan Allen Air Force Base was still open and active. The Concord was a meeting place for the airmen. Girls coming from Winooski, Essex Junction and the poorer sections of Burlington went there to meet airmen. We sometimes had to break up fights or had to ask troublemakers to leave. A couple of times some of the red necks would try to push the owner around and I would get involved.

Because I was involved in the Golden Gloves later, sometimes hotshots came into the Concord Candy Kitchen when I was working to ask me outside because they wanted to duke it out and see who was tougher.

The Police Department would frequent the place. They always sat at the counter and I would wait on them. Between my junior and senior year, I was all excited about being hired at the Drury Brick Company in Essex Junction. One officer asked me if I had any steel-toed construction boots. I said no. The next time he came in he had a pair for me. They came in real handy. When they open one of those big mound kilns the workers form a line from top to bottom to sample the first hundred or so bricks. They toss four bricks at a time. The first time you do it some land on your toes.

I used to mop the floors and clean the Concord and some other businesses before they opened in the morning. Quite a few times, when I opened the door and turned on the lights, I would wake cops who would be in there to snack and sleep.

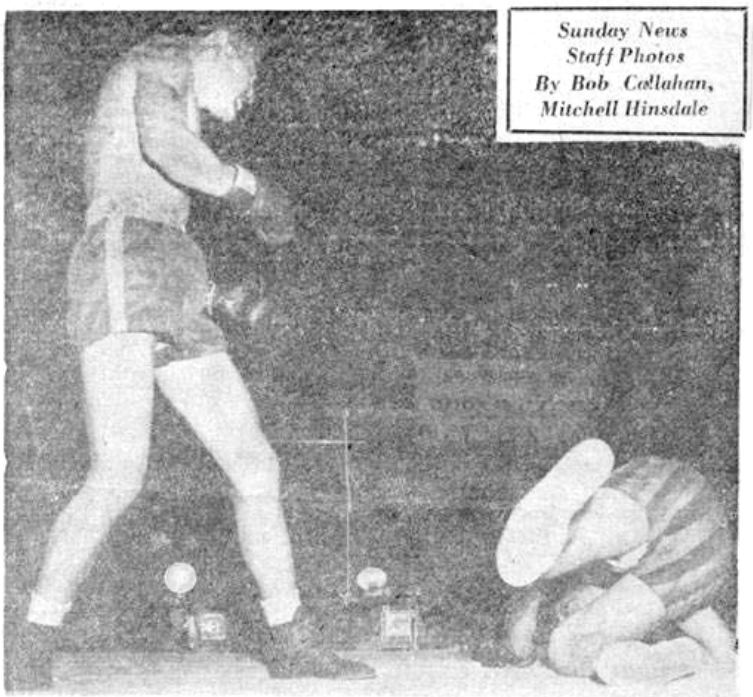
They had a huge jukebox. I would play one of my old favorites like "Moonglow," the theme from Picnic, and just before the song would end I would pick up the front of the machine and let it drop. The arm would go scratching across the record and play over again.

Older and more experienced

The next year I was older and more experienced. The first fight I fought a tough railroad worker from St. Albans. He looked very ugly and threatening. I was 17 and he was in his mid-twenties. I was more of a boxer than a puncher.

Bumper Goodroe was a slugger. He started so fast that we were both slugging it out. The first round ended and when they rang the bell for the second round he did not answer the bell. I had won by a TKO.

The next week I fought a St. Michaels College student. He had previous experience form



END OVER END goes Joe Maloney, St. Michael's College welterweight as Burlington High student Jimmy Hale advanced to semi-finals with unanimous verdict during Golden Gloves second night action.

B.H.S high school shop class. Here Bob Stannard and I are being shown something by the instructor Mr. Clark in a photograph that appeared in the yearbook.

Springfield, Mass. I won again. I just kept punching. He was bleeding; my left jab was really hurting him. He told some friends of mine that he thought he was fighting a light heavyweight. I was taller than all the welterweights.

My next fight was against a guy that had beat last year's champ, Dave Donovan – the guy who TKO'd me in my first fight. A TKO is a technical knock out. I thought I could out box him but ended up slugging it out and was KO'd. Most young fighters quit when they lose by a KO but I was determined to do better. The poor girl I was dating then was at ringside. It must have been tough for her to see her friend get knocked unconscious.

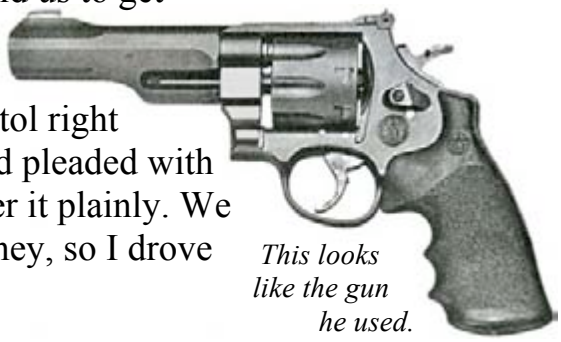
I knew by the end of my junior year that I wasn't prepared to have what you would call a successful and interesting life. Bernie Cummings was talking about one of my classmates one time. The guy either wanted to become a boxer or he liked boxing and came to the Boys Club to learn how. One day he was sparring and holding his arms straight out trying to stop boxers from pounding him. I felt sorry because he was having a tough time. A night later as we were training Bernie said that the guy was real smart and he should give up boxing. He said he might lose some of his smarts or brains. I thought at the time that Bernie might have thought a guy like me didn't have any brains to lose so boxing was OK for me. This I realize now was that poor self-image I had at the time that was talking to me. Bernie didn't think that of me. He knew that I had to have something to be proud of. I needed success with something before I could work on more important things.

Prom night

But first there was high school graduation and prom night. On prom night we knew that everyone else was going to have a really good time. We felt like we were missing something. Most of us had not felt like asking someone to the prom. We especially did not want the expense of a tuxedo, etc. We liked impulsive affairs without the day-after obligations. We all decided to go to Canada for our celebration.

The trip was in two cars. We ended up at the Champlain House, a hotel-bar just across the border in Philipsburg, Quebec. We were having a good time laughing and telling stories. Then we heard a commotion out in the dining area. I was sitting in the bar section

with two of the guys. All of a sudden there was arguing in the other room. Then the manager was talking to some of our guys and saying they would have to leave. I didn't think he meant us. Then the manager told us to get out. We asked him "What did we do?" He exploded, ran behind the bar and came out with a handgun. For some reason he walked over to me and pointed the pistol right at my face. One of our guys got down on his knees and pleaded with the outraged manager not to shoot. I can still remember it plainly. We left. I wasn't drinking much that night, for lack of money, so I drove us home. I still wonder why he singled me out.



This looks like the gun he used.

Summer job workin' on the railroad

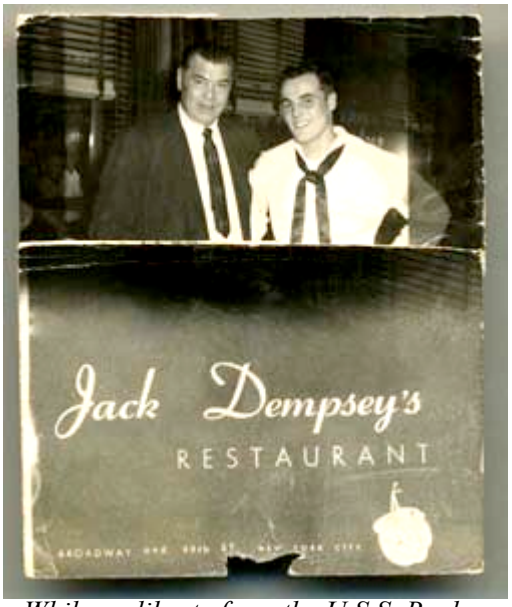
That summer I worked on the Central Vermont Rail-road. It was a good summer job for a young guy. We rode the evening trains from Essex to our work site. We slept on bunk beds in converted cabooses. We put in new switch tracks, swung sledgehammers at spikes. Some of the older men could really swing a sledgehammer. If they had come from different backgrounds, they would have been home run hitters or long drivers in golf. One of the guys I fought in Golden Gloves had worked on this same gang. I heard them say I had beat Cortez Goodroe. They were probably wondering how this skinny kid could fight. I was always aware of my limitations.

When I was 15 I forged my birth certificate so I could fight in the Golden Gloves and join the National Guard two years early. It was the beginning of a colorful and different high school experience. This is a 1958 photograph when I was in the Navy still fighting.

I loved that job. Those laborers were real good family men. In the evenings they were not drinkers. They would rest up, play cards and tell stories. I would go to the little grocery stores in the small towns and get an ice cream cone – a 17-year-old half-man, half-boy.

I worked there all summer but knew I had to get my military duty taken care of. My last few years in high school I was going out with two girls who were going to college and had a much better idea of what they wanted in life. I realized then that I was headed down the road to a very mediocre and boring life. I thought I might get some training in the Navy.

So in September 1957, I signed up. They promised me schools and training. I was trained to be an electrician. The Navy quickly shows you the value of college. The officers were treated so much better than the enlisted personnel. They ate better food, had better quarters and they even had other sailors to wait on them. I had left a $52 a week job for an $8 a week job.



While on liberty from the U.S.S. Bache in New York City one night I went to Jack Dempsey's Restaurant. He was one of my heroes.

Boxing continued on in my life in the Navy.

I was in boot camp when an order came down for me to report to the boxing coach, Navy Chief Petty Officer Santaqua. Another fellow and myself were told to shadow box. He wanted to see left jabs, right hands, hooks, and how fast we were and how we moved. He liked the way I moved and jabbed. I was told to report to the athlete's barracks. I remained on the team for the three-month boxing season. I was placed in the open division (i.e. open versus novice). Novice fighters did not stay in the athletes' barracks or with the open team. We trained every other day, sparring, punching bags, jumping rope, etc. We had roadwork, running every morning.

They already had a welterweight, a black guy, when I started training with the team. We were both young and friendly teenagers. When we would spar, he had trouble with my left jab. After a couple of weeks he left the team. Nothing was said, no reasons given why he left.

Some of the other guys didn't like all the work, stress and training. We lost our heavy weight and bantamweight because Chief Santaqua was so demanding. I liked the Chief. He would come and get me every Sunday morning for mass.

I was not able to save much money in the Navy. My mother asked me to ask the recruiter about a Basic Allowance for Quarters allotment. I did and my mother qualified. She was not making enough money to support herself and my younger brother. So the Navy took half my pay and matched my amount and sent her monthly checks. She and my younger brother lived pretty good and I received $38 per month. That is $8 per week before taxes. I had more money in grammar school from paper routes and odd jobs.

A Good Boxer

When I got back from the Navy, I was a good boxer. I fought for the VFW, the good Veterans of Foreign Wars team. We had two New England champions, Bob Lefebvre and Allen Shangraw. Bob Lefebvre kept winning and fought Al Pell for the National Championship.

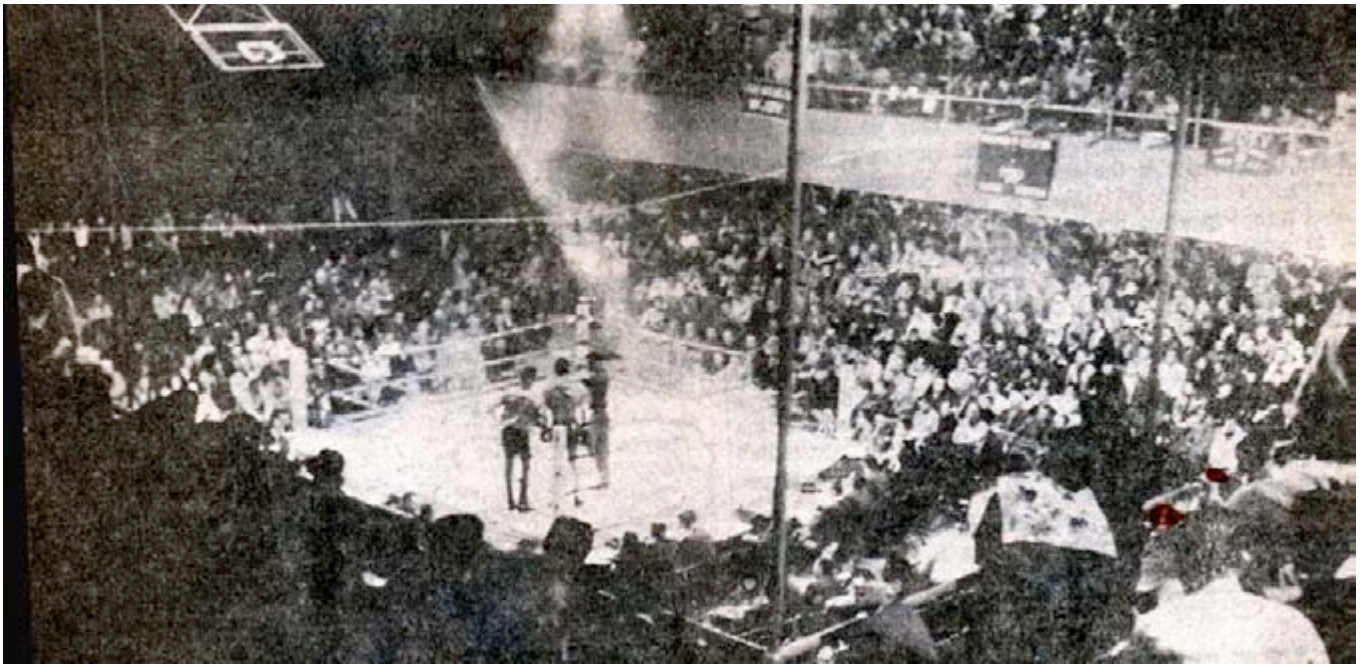
Moose Gregory was our heavyweight. He was Judy Truax's husband. In the welter and middleweight classes there were many fighters; in the heavy and light heavy weights

there were often only two or three fighters (one fight for the championship). We had to fight two fights in one night to get down to two for the championship.

When I say I was a good fighter, I mean that I could fight with just about any amateur fighter. I could pace myself, and I didn't get too tired. My opponents had a difficult time hitting me, yet I could hit them often.

A BHS Post-Graduate Program

When I was discharged from the Navy, my brother persuaded me to take post-graduate classes at Burlington High School! So while I was fighting I took the courses I needed to be able to get into college. A very nice counselor set up the courses. He suggested that after I took a year of courses at B.H.S. I try to get into Wentworth Institute in Boston.



Burlington Daily News Staff Photographer Bob Callahan gave a crow's nest view of the Golden Gloves Tournament at the Memorial Auditorium. Here the crowd and boxers await a decision during a 16-bout card, 12 of which ended in knockouts. That night I won my first fight by unanimous decision and lost the second fight, a split decision versus Tony Lavelle – my last fight.

Progress

In the 1961 Golden Gloves tournament I won the first night. The next week I fought Tony Lavelle from Plattsburgh Air Base. They had the best team in the Air Force. Tony, my opponent, had well over a hundred amateur fights. We both had two fights that night. He knocked out his first opponent in the first round. I ended up fighting six rounds. He fought only three-plus rounds. He was a big city wise guy always jabbering trying to get me mad. He said during the fight with that Brooklyn accent "are you getting tired now." I thought it was funny and smiled. I thought I had won that fight. The crowd booed when he won a split decision. I lost a very close decision to him. I really out-boxed him the first two rounds but I was a little tired in the third round. The crowd booed but it was all over. He ended up being the champ.

Boxing was a lot of fun at this point. I tried to be classy. I had these long red socks that came up to my knees. The radio announcers said my girl friend knitted them for me.

There were some colorful characters in the Golden Gloves. There was a fighter named Cowboy Lewis. His wife was tougher than he was. He actually sparred with her. I remember the year he fought Alonso Moore. Alonso came from the Ethan Allen Army Base, I think. Both fighters got into the ring and Cowboy went into his routine where he would sit down and jump up and down off his stool trying to intimidate his opponents. Well, one time he jumped up and Alonso thought the fight had started. Alonso came to the center of the ring. Cowboy ran over and knocked Alonso out. He was laying on the canvas unconscious. They revived him and had him go back to his corner. They had not rung the bell. So they started the fight over again. I forgot what round but Alonso knocked out Cowboy.

I lived at the YMCA during that Post Graduate Year at BHS. I took odd jobs. Charlie Edwards, who had also attended B.H.S., was managing the bowling alley at the "Y." I decided to set pins for him on league nights. All the other bowling alleys had automatic pinsetters. Charlie had young kids who did not know how to set pins. The bowlers were really happy to have an experienced pinsetter. The kids were too slow. I could set four alleys faster than they could set one. So at 21, I am sitting in high school classes with very young people and working in a bowling alley setting pins. Some progress!

But it was progress. I was going to school, working and training for the Golden Gloves and on the weekends I would hitchhike to Quebec City to see Rita, my future wife, whom I had met while I was in the Navy. Going to Quebec took a lot of time.

Bernie Cummings

Bernie Cummings is one person I should take a moment to pay my respects to. He did so much for poorer young boys in Burlington as Director of the Burlington Boy's Club. My brothers and I started going there on Friday nights to watch free movies: Donald O'Connor, Ma & Pa Kettle, war movies, etc.

You could do so much there. He had woodworking, painting, table tennis, pool and a little library. You could play basketball in the summer and he had a room for boxing, punching bags, both light and heavy, jump ropes and boxing gloves.

Bernie Cummings

The first year I boxed, Bernie had a team in the old Daily News building. This was in 1956. He had some excellent fighters and some raw novices like me. He really taught us the right way. You had to learn to use the left jab. He said you could build up points in a tournament but it was also the very best offense and defense weapon. I worked so hard to do it just right. Many said I had a

You had to learn to use the left jab. You could build up points in a tournament but it was also the very best offense and defense weapon.

terrific jab. So many times it would cut and give opponents bloody noses. A jab is a good measurement; they can't hit you with right hands or hooks from that distance.

In the 1957 tournament Bernie decided that having another team was too time-consuming. At that time there were four very tough teams and several very small teams.

The four big teams, Plattsburg Air Force Base, Plattsburg Boys Club, VFW-Burlington and the Burlington Boys Club. So in 1957 Bernie agreed to train only two fighters: George Byrd and me. The two of us and Bernie were in that little room training. There were always spectators and "wannabe" boxers who would spar with us. Some of them were real good punchers but had little defense. Bernie knew that I didn't have much to be positive about and that I didn't have a good self-image. He could see that boxing was making me proud and I was doing better in school.

Later on he would ask me to do things. He was going to start a Boy Scout troop and I agreed to be Assistant Scout Master. I was also a flag football coach for one of the teams out on North Avenue. I would stop by the Boy's Club to pick up kids from that area and bring them all the way down to the North Avenue League and back. I lost contact with Bernie in 1972 when I moved with General Electric to Louisville, Kentucky. Bernie was a remarkable person who was able to have the new Boys Club building built and have it maintained and heated with very little city financial aid.

He was a director of the Champlain Valley Exposition and a leader at the state level in the Knights of Columbus. These are only two of the many civic positions he

Taking up a sport like boxing was very stressful when I was in high school. Guys who thought they were tough and wise guys would start fights with me. Others would want to put the gloves on and spar at the YMCA. Some came into the Concord Candy Kitchen where I was working to ask me outside. One guy I didn't even know slugged me at a dance. Another time, I fought with a big football player from UVM when I was with some of our classmates at a drive-in theatre. For six or seven years the so-called street fights continued. I am sure that if I were bigger, a heavy weight, or one of the smaller weights, I would not have had such a problem. I was lucky. All of the street fights turned out ok and I was only knocked out once in the ring at age 17.

held. Everyone liked him and respected him. He put in long hours. The Club was open seven days a week until nine or ten in the evening.

Wentworth, General Electric, meeting the President, then the University of Louisville

I finally made it through BHS again as a post-graduate, and then went to Wentworth Institute. Those two years were the worst of my life financially. Many times I would run out of money completely. I worked in the school cafeteria washing dishes. It didn't pay well but the food was great. The summers were better. I could get full time jobs and I worked at Sonny's out at Mallets' Bay.

Jim Hale shaking hands with President Lyndon Johnson in Battery Park in Burlington, Vermont.

After the Wentworth Institute I married Rita and started working at General Electric in Burlington for a seven-year spell.

In 1967 I was the vice-president of the Burlington JC's, the Junior Chamber of Commerce. I got a call from the Secret Service asking if I would be willing to "serve the President." I asked what that meant. They said they might need help controlling the crowd. The agent asked me if I minded having a security check. I said no. He then asked for my social security number. We met at Acme Glass near Battery Park. They said if people try to push the snow fence down help push it back. There were a lot of war protests at that time. As you can see in the photo, National Guard troops were stationed at intervals by the snow fence. So there walking through the park was the governor, the President and me. I can't believe that I was so close to the President for such a long time and finally getting a picture with him. They had a helicopter for him at the corner of Pearl, Park and Battery Streets. Just before he boarded, he shook my hand. It was a very quick trip; he was probably building support for the war and his reelection. A short time after the visit, the city park commissioner Mr. Keough, called me and said "Jimmy, I have a picture of you with the President." Later on Johnson announced that he would not run for a second term.

The University of Louisville

To all to whom these Letters shall come, Greeting:

The trustees of the University on the recommendation of the University faculty and by virtue of the authority vested in them have conferred on

James Arthur Hale

who has satisfactorily pursued the studies and passed the examinations required therefor the degree of

Bachelor of Science in Commerce

with all the rights, privileges and honors pertaining thereto.

Given at the University of Louisville in the Commonwealth of Kentucky on the Ninth day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred Seventy-sixth, of the City of Louisville the One Hundred Ninety-eighth, of the Commonwealth of Kentucky the One Hundred Eighty-fourth, and of the University of Louisville the One Hundred Seventy-eighth.

Then I was transferred to General Electric in Louisville, Kentucky, where I started to take courses at the University of Louisville. The first semester turned out so great I started working toward a degree, and received a Bachelor of Science degree in 1976. Shortly after that I was promoted to Manager of Drafting. G.E. had me attend the Crotonville Management Training Center in Crotonville,

New York. From that time on I went from one interesting position to another.

Jim and Rita Hale

Tenacity and doing the honorable thing

I have always tried to take the honorable path. I always tried to finish what I started. I did not want people to think I failed.

I think I had that same tenacity in boxing.

But we came from a very dysfunctional family. We stood out in a society that did not accept broken families. My family had a reasonable income when my parents were together but when the divorce came we were poor. We had to struggle to be average. We hated our new life style so much that we brothers fought – not the normal pushing and shoving but bloody fist fights, so violent that one B.H.S. teacher that I liked came to me and said, "What did you do to your brother?" She said it was awful. It was. I was younger but I was in training and learning how to punch effectively. I felt bad because it was far from my desire to just be average. I did not want to drop the sport until I had achieved some success and until I became competitive with any type of fighter. Unfortunately sometimes my brother felt the brunt of that determination.

Tenacity pulled me through, if not always smoothly.

From 17 on I never was knocked down and was only knocked out once when I was in high school. After the 1961 tournament, I knew that I had reached the point where I saw that boxing would not benefit my future. Going to school and study time was affecting my training. I wasn't fighting in top shape.

I stuck with the studying but I felt like dropping out of Wentworth. The financial problems that I had paying for tuition, room, and clothes were over-whelming. I continued on to graduation wondering what the reward would be and will it be worth all of this struggle.

It was worth it, I found out later. Tenacity pulled me through, if not always smoothly. I had an unconventional high school career, not headed to college. Boxing did give me self-confidence, but I wasn't headed in a good direction. I served my country, learned some skills, and wised up. I came back to high school after the Navy and took the courses I needed to go to college, struggled through it, married a great woman (a nice reward!) and became an engineer. It took a while, but I am proud of that university degree I received 19 years after graduating from Burlington High School.

It has been a challenging and interesting life.

Sports

The only sport I became involved with was Golden Gloves Boxing where I got the crap knocked out me in my first year out. It was good conditioning though. – *Bob Badger*

My sport was skiing, and had been in Montpelier. As a junior at B.H.S. I did four skiing events: slalom, downhill, cross-country skiing, and jumping. I wasn't much of a jumper and my cross-country skills were not as strong as my teammates, but Wilber Bull, the coach, and my teammates taught me a lot and I was able to beat many of the runners we competed against. My main skills were in slalom and downhill, and I won a few of those races my junior year. Early in my senior year, during Christmas vacation, I broke my back skiing at Stowe and spent six weeks out of school recovering. So ended my high school ski-racing career. – *Steve Berry*

Sports were and are very important. Most important were the not-necessarily-youthful sports like biking and soccer - I played on a master's team from age 40 to 52 – and swimming. Lessons learned? It is ok to be a role player on a team; everyone can't be a star. Conditioning and diet are important year-around, not just in season. – *Jim Bicknell*

I played football for three years. One year we were state champs.
– *Bill Chittenden*

I was in a class with Moose Fuller. He played football and was on the track team as a shot putter. He was on the '56 undefeated football team. He suggested that I join the track team. The team did not have a discus thrower so I tried to fill in. I was too small for the weights but I wanted to be with a friend. At the time, I asked Coach Adams about try-outs for the next year's football team. He told me that he did not take seniors as new recruits for football. He said it was too much to learn in such a short time. I tried out anyway and made the team. But it was a mistake. I was overwhelmed with learning plays, how to block, etc.

When I look back, I am sorry I tried out. Boxing had given me pride and self-confidence, but the football experience brought me down again. The guys on the team were great. I wished I could have started at an earlier age. I might have been able to contribute. – *Jim Hale*

I became a soccer mom and a lacrosse mom and my advice to my kids about sports was, "You use it, don't let it use you." In other words, if it isn't fun, don't bother. We didn't expect to raise sports stars. Both boys played division three lacrosse in college. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

Sports were everything. I fantasized when I was actually playing. I could play alone or could play on teams. In my fantasies I am always the hero who saves the game in the last play**.** In honest retrospect, if retrospect can be honest, I didn't always win. I think I was a physical rather than mental lad, preferring a physical something to doing nothing or thinking.

I played Babe Ruth League baseball starting at the age of 12 and played for four years. I was not great but I tried and enjoyed it. I also played with the Central School basketball and baseball teams. I was good at ping-pong and just about any throwing games, except basketball. I had good reflexes and speed so football on the made-up fields was good for me. Later in life, I got into running and ended up running a few marathons. Golf is still a major sport for me but now everyone in my crowd rides the carts while I enjoy walking. Played ball in the Navy. Now it is golf and lots of it.

I watched and played baseball on and off for a time, a diehard Yankee fan and a major league wannabe. They actually had tryouts in Burlington, maybe it was the Cardinals, I was more or less invited for the tryouts, but I didn't go. I was afraid of inside fastballs and couldn't focus on an incoming baseball well enough to hit it regularly.

I watched a lot of sports on TV, much to the displeasure of my wife, but now have lost interest in watching and prefer any activity over watching sports.

I recently went to Europe and missed the final action of the March Madness. Once this was big stuff but for some strange reasons, the Final Four lost its hold on me. as did all

It was fun going to Centennial Field and watching the Burlington Cardinals play. Our town is part of the tradition of this most American of sports. According to the web site of the Vermont Expos, shown here, Centennial Field is the oldest minor league ballpark in use in the country in 2006. This is a recent photograph of Centennial Field and the Expos playing. B.H.S. classmate Ray Pecor owns the team and helped pay for the field's restoration. The field is also used and owned by the University of Vermont.

professional sports. However I took up golf with a vengeance. For a time, I became quite good and then slowly started to fall off. I practiced constantly. Now I like to play a good game, but will not practice anymore. It is just not that important. – *Layne Prebor*

I remember one summer vowing with Frank Suitor to play baseball every day. That was the spring of 1952 and we were playing on a Little League team with Jim Bicknell that ended the season with a perfect record: 0 and 20. That's right, we never won a game. But there was no agony in defeat. What I remember is the fun of it. The early morning bike rides to the South End, the North End, almost to Winooski from Shelburne Road, and other fields. I loved that smell of newly mown grass on fresh mornings. It sure was fun. Yes, we wanted to win, and we gave it our best, but we never did. I think it was a blessing that we never had parents around pressuring us or insulting the umpires; a blessing that we had to find our own transportation by bicycle even though we had to ride for miles – we were not nagging our parents for rides; and it was a blessing that we didn't have to have discussions about the game at home. Competitive pressure over the dinner table was not on our menu. It was just us kids having fun. It probably didn't matter whether we won or not because we were Boston Red Sox fans. They never won the big games and we didn't have high expectations.

This is an old baseball card for Larry Gardner, a nice unassuming man I got to know when I became a clerk at the Camera Shop on College Street in 1955. He worked there part time in his retirement years. He is the only professional baseball player I ever met. He played third base for the Red Sox from 1908 through 1917, part of that time with fellow teammate Babe Ruth. He was born in Enosburg.

We built a backstop and made a little ball field at our place on Shelburne Road and would throw pitches to each other all the time. We never, ever did get my father to play with us, although we tried.

Frank and I would sit listening to Red Sox games in his room that was actually a closet with the bed filling the space. Frank had a big collection of baseball cards we would look through and talk about the players. The ball games were broadcast by a station that would get the information sent to them by a teletype machine from somebody at Fenway Park. The announcers would then read the copy over the air. It was really boring. You could hear the teletype in the background. But we were baseball fanatics that summer.

In high school high hurdles became my sport in my senior year after trying the mile and shot. I finally beat the best high hurdler on the BHS team one time at a meet at Centennial Field. Winning that race was a great feeling and my greatest sports

experience. The thrill of victory was finally mine. Alone. But every time I think about it, which isn't that often, I feel good. I was tested; I worked at it and finally won. Soon came my worst sports experience.

A few weeks later was the state meet, where I came in fifth, but someone dropped out so I got into the New England High School Track Championship meet. It was held that year at Centennial Field in Burlington.

The big day came. There we were, warming up for the first qualifying heat. I looked at the other hot runners from around New England and I felt pretty good to be there.

The starter fired his pistol and we took off.

I looked over and saw that I was keeping up with them going into the first hurdle. *Hmm, this is impressive*, *I thought to myself*, *then I finally turned my attention back to that first hurdle* which to my shock I went over wrong and knocked over, and it was the first of five I flattened in the next few seconds. *I had never touched a hurdle during the regular season*. That was agony, for a minute. Because no one had come to watch me, no one noticed. No one from my family ever came to watch a sporting event I participated in.

It was a lesson I never forgot. Keep my eyes straight ahead and concentrate on my own race. And I also learned I was pretty much on my own. – *Tom Whitney*

Sports were a big part of my life in high school and then at UVM. Skiing was my passion and cross-country and track kept me in shape during the off-winter season. Participating in sports had an additional reward as it provided friendships that have lasted through the years.

However, the final semester of college provided a drastic change. A bad fall on a downhill race put me in the hospital for 3 ½ months. I can't say it was a horrible experience as I ended up with the highest grades for that semester and I got to know many of the hospital staff who provided wonderful care. *–Tom Hackett*

I played sports in Phys Ed and later coached a championship Little League softball (14-15 year old) team. The thing I learned from this experience is that if you aren't having fun then sit on the bench, you can be miserable there without affecting the rest of the team. Another thing is that winning isn't everything! – *Margo Thomas*

I did play in state tennis tournaments and won some trophies. I also did downhill skiing. I taught my son and daughter tennis and my son still plays three times a week at forty-seven years old. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

Fortunately, I did not spend all my time at Dartmouth over the books in the library. I met and became lifelong friends with people from a wide range of backgrounds that did expand, and has continued to expand my social horizons. And, I got to participate in athletics on a national level. I rowed heavyweight crew at Dartmouth for four years, was captain my senior year, and went to the U.S. Olympic Trials in 1960. Our

shell lost in the finals to a boat from The Lake Washington Boat Club in Seattle, and they went on to win the gold medal that year at the Rome Olympics. – *Eric Foster*

I rowed heavyweight crew at Dartmouth. In 1960 we went to the U.S. Olympic Trials where we lost to the team that went on to win the gold medal. – Eric Foster *– Dartmouth web site photograph*

My basketball career My shining moments were against Cathedral, both on the junior varsity and varsity teams. I have a clipping from the paper about the big junior varsity game. I don't know who wrote it but this is how it reads. "That Burlington - Cathedral J.V. clash was the best show we've happened to see this winter. Perhaps it was not the best brand of ball but it was very fast and keenly contested and free from deliberate roughness. Close all the way, the score was 33 all with 45 seconds remaining. Then a foul by an over-anxious Cathedral player put Joan Papin on the charity stripe. Fleet little Joan not only sank the free one but grabbed the ball on the ensuing out-of-bounds play and lofted the insurance shot. That was the game."

I wish I could remember how that shot felt but really can't. The one thing I do remember was the gym we played in at Cathedral as being really tiny with the basket on the wall at one end. "Fleet little " - wish I could say that today.

Then came my worst moment in basketball. I was headed to practice before the season began and was with Bunny. For whatever reason I was running and Bunny tackled me (probably for a kiss) and I fell breaking my wrist and missed the first half of the season. What a story to tell the grandchildren! After 45 years of marriage I still remind him that he ruined my basketball career. – *Joan Papin Bisaillon*

Importance of College – *or not* – in Shaping Our Lives

Probably college, the Army, and graduate school all played major roles in influencing my life. I went to U.V.M. along with some forty other B.H.S. classmates and got a degree in electrical engineering. Four years after college, I returned to school and got an MBA from Harvard Business School. That totally changed my focus from engineering to management, which is where I spent my following working career. – *Steve Berry*

Photograph by the National Trust for Historic Preservation.
U.V.M. campus

No military, I was 4-F due to two botched operations on my right knee following a farm accident at 16. My view is that college administration and bureaucracy was EVIL then and it is EVIL now. I obtained a degree from Bates College in Maine in 1963 after working two years at Chittenden Bank on Church Street; the building is now a Ri-Ra pub and it is a million percent improved. – *Bradley Butler*

For myself, after leaving B.H.S. I went on to college at Dartmouth, along with classmates Steve Bradish, Gordon Perlmutter, and Bill Green. I enrolled in the premed program there and struggled through all the required science courses, but I majored in history. I have enjoyed historical study and research ever since, and it has provided a wonderful intellectual contrast and relief to my medical career.

Fortunately, I did not spend all my time at Dartmouth over the books in the library. I met and became lifelong friends with people from a wide range of backgrounds which did expand, and has continued to expand my social horizons. And I got to participate in athletics on a national level. I rowed heavyweight crew at Dartmouth for four years, was captain my senior year, and went to the U.S. Olympic Trials in 1960. Our shell lost in the finals to a boat from The Lake Washington Boat Club in Seattle, and they went on to win the gold medal that year at the Rome Olympics.

After graduation from Dartmouth in 1961 I entered McGill Medical School in Montreal that fall. There, I really had to bear down academically!! There were times that I questioned whether I was capable of making the grade of that challenge. But I did. Medical school was a life-changing event for me. Medicine has provided me a fulfilling

career of personal satisfaction beyond description in helping sick men and women, young and old. – *Eric Foster*

My time at UVM was almost an extension of high school. I lived at home and continued my sports activities as I pursued my studies. – *Tom Hackett*

College: simply, it taught me to think and that was big for me: everything was not black and white. Professors and students did not have all the answers. – *Ray Pecor*

I graduated from U.V.M in 1963 with a BA in history. I met my future wife Robin at U.V.M. and she was in the College of Education, which prompted me to consider teaching. Here are some paintings I did when I was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia where I was obtaining the credits I needed to get into the Temple program where I received a Masters in Education. Then I taught for thirty years in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Now I live in Vermont. – *Lou Garcia*

College was of supreme importance to me. I came of age in college, attended the University of Florida and stayed around academia until I received my doctorate in the sciences of communication. I learned from my fellow students. In fact, I obtained the beginning on an identity while at the University.

With a minor in Psychology, I came to understand myself better. Developmental, organizational and communication skills improved and this made life easier. Easier in the sense that I could explain behavior, explain myself better, maybe right or maybe wrong, but an explanation could be derived. The wordy rationales I developed seem fake now. I never took the pure psychoanalytic approach to a healthier personal psychology. At the time I was in school, behaviorism with its emphasis on reward or reinforcement was the rage. At the time, I bought this approach until I realized that life was much more than simple stimuli and response and rewards and punishments. The black box was never enough. For example, it couldn't explain original behavior or anyone who acted outside the positive and negative reinforcement paradigm.

I took my undergraduate degree in psychology. Later I obtained my masters and a doctorate in the communication sciences with social psychology as a minor. I learned important explanations in the process, for example, the importance of defense mechanisms. From statistics I learned probability theory and organizational skills using rank ordering and the importance of continuums in defining an issue and paradigmatic thinking. Adopting these paradigms also introduced fence building; I acquired and transmitted information that worked for me. I still use all these tools. Sounds academic but they are extremely important to me and have been throughout my life, helping me to understand and gain a handle on some difficult topics. I am forever trying to explain the world.

Statistics, about four years worth, helped a great deal and that is an area of knowledge I have been able to successfully use throughout my life, forever asking, "What is the likelihood this is going to happen or this is true." Gambling is fun and I never really lost

much in my lifetime even though I did gamble with some pleasure. Casinos and the lottery have odds that are overwhelmingly against winning but there is always the pleasure of gambling as a recreational event. I think that period is over. I have learned their program, but it was fun learning.

I am still learning everyday and am as excited with the history of man as ever. I can thank my college experience for the methods and tools of understanding that is necessary for development. I am more ignorant than ever. I understand less however I am capable of putting together words that might impress some people, but I know what I don't know.

In graduate school, I attended some strange classes where people unloaded their personal problems on a class. I couldn't do that although I am sure there is some healing, but protecting some portion of myself was important. In some sense, I wasn't individual psychology material but I was more interested in the condition of humanity. – *Layne Prebor*

I feel that college gave me a broader outlook on life and a smattering of knowledge about many things. In my working life, I found a one semester course in "Accounting for Economics Majors" to be the most useful. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

After high school graduation I went off to college in Boston, but only finished two years before I was married and by the age of 26 we had three daughters. My husband completed his education and worked a couple of years before we moved back to Burlington and built a house two doors down from my family home. Our daughters went to the same grade school and to B.H.S., the third generation to do so. We have one daughter still in Burlington so we will probably have a fourth generation there also.

My primary occupation was homemaker and volunteer. In my early '40s I decided I needed to get my college degree, not for profit but for the personal satisfaction. I enrolled at Trinity College's adult program and in 1985 received a BA in social sciences. It was while working at that that I discovered what a good background I had received at B.H.S. We were taught by such as Miss Urie, Miss Jones and others how to write and put thoughts on paper in a logical way. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

After B.H.S. I stayed in Burlington and chose the University of Vermont as my home for the next four years. I really liked meeting contemporaries from all over the country and still maintain a friendship with many of them. Just before the beginning of my senior year, I married a fellow U.V.M. student and we will celebrate our 47th anniversary in 2007.

U.V.M. was good to me in other ways as well! I learned to think outside the box, to wonder, to look for answers, to develop new interests, to take risks and to form a special bond with the institution.

I have chaired every U.V.M. class reunion and am now working with Steve Berry on our 50th! It was an honor for me to chair U.V.M.'s Bicentennial Celebration in 1991 - it was an event to remember! – *Louise Magram Weiner*

I have attended U.V.M., U.C.L.A., Los Angeles City College (L.A.C.C.), Los Angeles Trade Technical College, Antioch College, Sacramento City College and the University of Hawai‘i at Hilo. All fed what has been a lifelong thirst for knowledge but the accumulated credits have not led to a degree. I nearly always just took courses I was interested in, not required ones.

I thought at one point I wanted to teach development economics, then philosophy, then urban planning.

The last course I took was “The Movie in Your Backyard: Digital Film Making & Screenwriting” taught by Christine Ranier at the University of Hawaii in Hilo in 1965.

In the Navy I saved money to put me through a year at U.V.M., where tuition cost $250 per semester. The G.I Bill also helped. In Los Angeles a year later tuition was $2.50 per semester, much more affordable for a self-supporting person. I went to L.A.C.C. for ten years, often taking two or three classes in the evenings. I made the Dean’s List a number of times. I liked the higher age brackets of people in night school. Questions were more mature. Students were more diverse. It was like a melting pot of cultures there. The California junior college system is a wonderful institution, as was L.A. Trade Tech, an adult trade school.

This is the great U.C.L.A. Library where I obtained my first job in Los Angeles for about a year and a half working for the library photographic department. There was a fabulous Special Collections department there where I was able to see pages from the Gutenberg Bible and some printed by William Caxton and other pioneering printers. Ten years later I returned as a student for a year and directed the first official effort in the University of California system to have the students evaluate their learning experience. – Tom Whitney

When I retired I thought I might go back and get my degree in planning, but that same year I was featured in a Sacramento business magazine as a community leader because of my voluntary community planning activities, so I ran for public office instead - and was elected! I grew up in a time when being smart and having a good portfolio was the most important thing. Now in many of the jobs I held you couldn’t even get in the door if you do not have a college degree.

Students evaluate their learning experience. When I attended U.C.L.A. for a year and worked full time at night at printing companies to support my wife who was bed ridden so we could see if we could have a successful pregnancy, I also directed a successful project to have the students rate their learning experience.

Increasingly in this country undergraduate teaching was being downplayed by professors who were caught up in a "publish or perish" routine. Students would go to a great university like U.C.L.A. and be taught by graduate student assistants! I did not think that was acceptable so I joined a project someone else had started and soon was directing it. It was the first time a project like this had been done officially within the huge California system of higher education, one of the best in the country at the time.

Such survey efforts had been attempted at other campuses and usually were shot down because they attempted too much: to judge the qualifications of professors. The faculty advisor I identified, Education Professor Peter Pace, pointed out that our effort would be intellectually unassailable if we focused on the *students' learning experience* with each professor.

Our committee came up with a half-dozen questions to be answered on a numerical scale; one for a letter grade (How would you rate this person as an effective teacher: A,B,C,D,F (which some teachers said was unfair) and three essay questions. I put the questions on IBM punch cards and sent five cards out with University registration materials for the spring semester to each student. The letter explaining them had many imperative words implying students must participate. There was no such requirement. Our percentage of replies was the highest that had been accomplished by students at any other of the few dozen colleges where this had been attempted. Our student computer consultant tabulated the numerical results on a huge IBM 360 computer for each teacher and produced a little summary of the essay questions. I designed the book and we printed 10,000 copies. The student association funded the project. It was printed over the summer and was available for sale at the beginning of the next fall semester.

It was a thrill indeed to be down in the bookstore and note that almost every student was buying a copy, so that sound of the chinka-ching of the cash registers was music to my ears. In the spring, a few department heads had come to my office to look at our feedback on some professors they were evaluating for retention and tenure. They were respectful of our effort. We had entered an intellectual minefield and come out the other side with a successful effort.

Elvie's and my first son Garth was born during that year after four previous pregnancies. Elvie had been bedridden during much of the year. So there were two great accomplishments: our fine son, and the project. On the other hand, I ended the year on academic probation and never did go back to college fulltime. I had started the year thinking I might like to become a philosophy professor, but they were focusing on linguistic analysis at U.C.L.A., not social philosophy, and I ended up getting a "D" in logic. Oops. That's life. You win sometimes and you lose sometimes – *sometimes at the same time! Tom Whitney*

I have always been amazed that during my college days, all emphasis (at three different schools attended) was on technical skills such as accounting, marketing, etc. No classes were required relating to human relations or job application skills. This has pretty much changed today. I left college with a "kill or be killed" attitude. This has all

changed as a result of changes in the work place where attitude and customer service is paramount to success - and enjoyment of life.

From almost being a near failure in high school I was rescued by the half-day electronics program, I went on later to obtain a master's in business and attain certified public manager status in 2000, and full law enforcement status in Florida in 1985. In other words, I like to learn. – *Bob Badger*

I only wanted to go beyond high school if I could do art. When I learned that was not a good occupation for my back and well being I just wanted to work in an office typing and filing. I did that for five or six years. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

I received my honorable discharge from the Navy and in 1968 moved to Missouri to enroll at (then) Southwest Missouri State College - now Missouri State University. In January 1970, I received the BS Ed. degree, and took a job teaching in what I learned later was an "Ozarks John Birch Society" community. I survived a year as a high school social studies teacher.

In 1971, I was accepted for a job with the Missouri Department of Welfare - and literally found a niche from which I've never looked back. I am sure that most BHS graduates who recall me, even knew that I was a WW II orphan whose brother and grandmother (primary parental guardian and role model) lived on public support.

In addition to requiring a degree for that public welfare job, I was required to complete a three-week training program at the School of Social Work, University of Missouri, in Columbia. I had applied for and been accepted to enter a PhD Social Psychology program in Kansas but, by the time I had met the Missouri school's faculty, it was clear to me that social work was the profession for me. In the early summer of 1970, I notified Kansas that I wouldn't be traveling there, and applied for admission and tuition assistance at the University of Missouri.

I completed the Master of Science degree in Social Work in the spring of 1972, and moved back to Vermont for a program management job with Middlebury's Counseling Service of Addison County, and a program development contract with the State of Vermont to develop and implement an intoxicated driver and alcoholism/mental health treatment model for the State. That program continues today as the "Crash Program."

In 1975, I was asked to take on a federal grant/program to better serve victims of child abuse and neglect for New England, and accepted only to work in Vermont directly and consult with other New England states.

In 1977, I agreed to chair a small group of social worker educators and practitioners to ascertain whether or not a graduate school of social work was needed and could be successful in rural, northern New England. In 1978, having contracted with Adelphi University's (Long Island) School of Social Work for faculty mentors, the Adelphi/Vermont Graduate Social Work Program began with offices on the Trinity College campus in Burlington, Vermont. I became the Assistant Director and an Associate Professor accountable to the Long Island-based Dean of the school. My goal,

having our efforts rejected by University of Vermont senior academic and administrative leaders, was to embarrass the university into mounting a viable, fully accredited graduate social work education program. During the 10+ years of the program's operations, we established extension campuses in Ogdensburg and Watertown, NY, Springfield, MA, Oneonta, NY, and we had contracts with 40 agencies, hospitals and other entities throughout New England and Quebec where students completed their internship requirements. The program was the first graduate school branch program to receive full accreditation by the Council on Social Work Education.

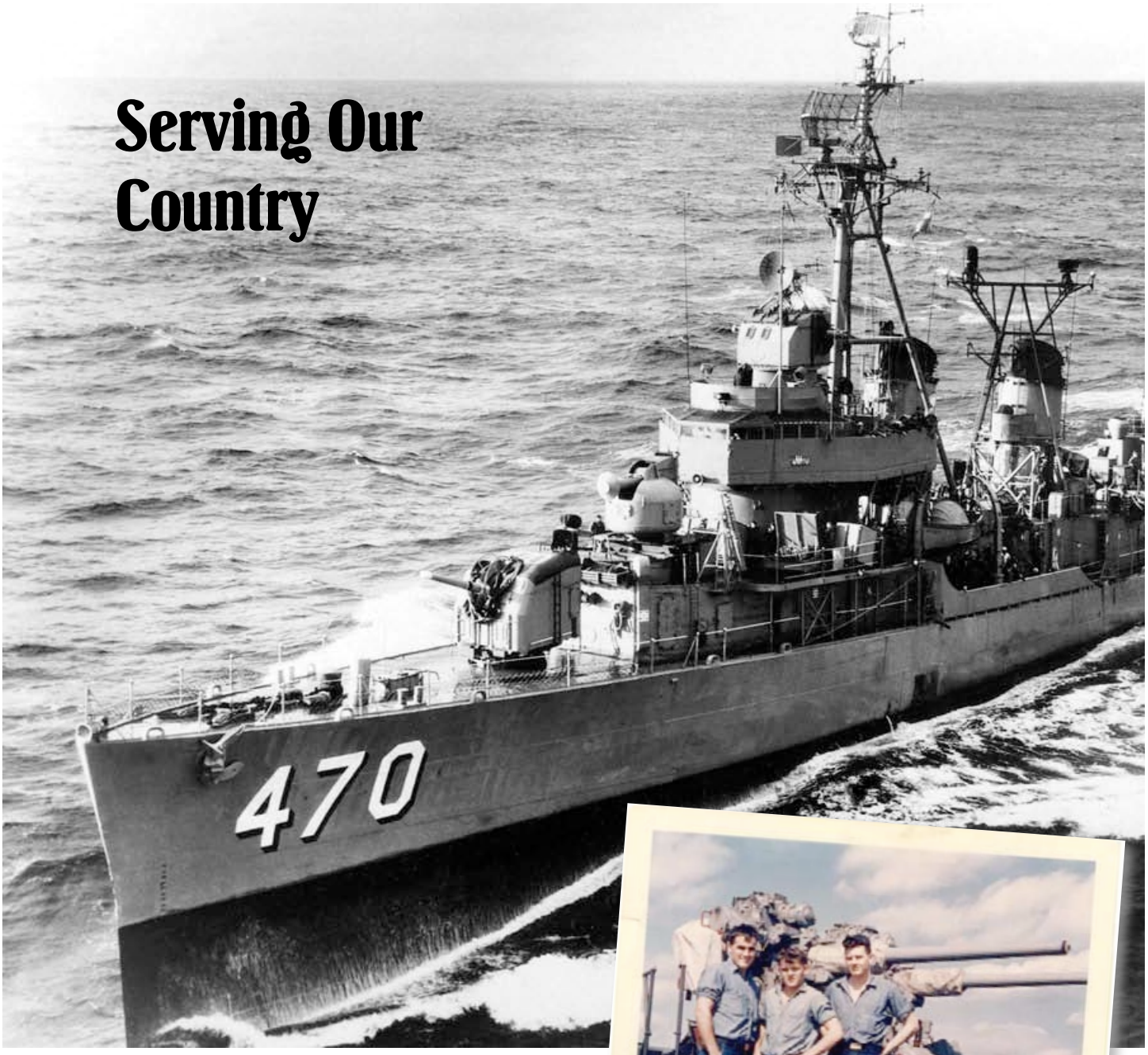
When UVM announced its intention to create a graduate social work program, we agreed to transition our program into that one, we donated our extensive library holding to UVM, and we phased the program out.

During my tenure with the university, I opened a private mental health/social work practice in Burlington and hired two colleagues to share in the practice. We continued until 1998, and helped develop an "open adoption" agency that continues today. – *Sam Conant*

I graduated from U.V.M in 1963 with a BA in history. I met my future wife Robin at U.V.M. and she was in the College of Education, which prompted me to consider teaching. Here are some paintings I did when I was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia where I was obtaining the credits I needed to get into the Temple program where I received a Masters in Education. Then I taught for thirty years in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Now I live in Vermont. – *Lou Garcia*

These were done when I was a student at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art in Philadelphia around 1963. I

Serving Our Country



The U.S.S. Bache, a destroyer commissioned in 1941, was Jim Hale's ship in the Navy. In the photograph on the right, Jim is on the left with other friends he met in the service.

The U.S.S. Bache was a destroyer. We were on antisubmarine duty in the stormy North Atlantic. My ship had made quite a few around-the-world cruises. During my tour we visited Cuba, Jamaica, Bermuda and an important visit to Quebec where I met my future wife Rita.

There was camaraderie on the ship. We were all guys in our teens or early twenties interested in girls and music. Most were bored and homesick and counting the days or months left in their enlistment. I would say it was mainly a Mid-Atlantic crew. The

Southern guys liking country music and the other guys liked pop. We would gather on the fantail of the ship with those old radios. The songs would fade in and out. We were miles out in the North Atlantic. The North Atlantic was always cold with rough seas and many storms so any time it was nice we would be there. Some times we would congregate on the 01 level behind one of the stacks out of the wind, singing songs like "16 Tons" or whatever. Some groups would play cards or tell stories. The sonar guys were always playing Charades. It was interesting to watch. They were pros at it. Charades was a game where one guy would have a movie or a song that he wanted the other guys to identify within a certain time. There was a television series called something like "Charades Quiz" in the late ‘40's.

There was a public address system on ship. Some of the guys asked for permission to play songs on it. So we collected everybody's records and had our own little radio station. At first we had just music, but after a while this ham bone took it over, acting like a disc jockey. Well, we got so tired of him acting like a DJ that we went back to our songs fading in and out on the fan tail.

We had another guy when we were in the Caribbean trying to catch sharks. He made up his own hooks and got meat from the cooks. It took a little while; his hooks would bend or break. He would go down to the electricians’ workshop and I would find him banging out a better-designed hook. He finally caught one. He didn't keep the shark because it was too messy. He had it tied up to the handrail. After a short time he let it flip back into the ocean.

Some crewmembers from the U.S.S. Bache in 1959.

We had our own bar in downtown Norfolk called Carl's bar. Canadians and some of the other allied ships had beer rations and could drink on ship. Alcoholic beverages were not allowed on American ships. So the single sailors had only a few days to satisfy their thirst. We would always meet in Carl's bar to drink and tell stories. Every ship had its own bar. That was a good idea because if two ships shared the same bar, there would be trouble. The submarine guys had only one bar, they did not have a big enough crew to have their own. The aircraft carrier guys were tied up in New Port News or Portsmouth. They probably had several bars. The only time we saw

them was when we would be in the same Port like Quebec or Bermuda. In Bermuda, they had to anchor out in the harbor but used boats next to our ship to go back and forth.

Every so often they send these ships in for overhaul. There were six ships in for work one time. We all decided to form a touch football league. We had a great quarterback from California, a super passer. We also had some huge players from Pennsylvania. At that time, Pennsylvania players were top notch. Well, "Bache 470" was undefeated.

Another time we had to go to port to have the bottom of our ship sand blasted. Once there were two ships in dry dock. They were about 25 to 30 yards apart. It was Christmas Eve. Someone from the other ship threw a snowball at someone on our ship. So we threw one back. Well, that started a snowball war that became our "Battle of Quonset Point, Rhode Island." We had this comical Hispanic gunners' mate. He took over and led us to victory. We put on our battle gear: steel helmets. Rudy gave us the location and gave the command to fire. The poor guy on the other side would have about 20 snowballs to dodge. They didn't have a plan or a leader like we did and quickly surrendered. Needless to say, there were some alcoholic beverages smuggled aboard. We were all restricted to ship the next morning. We were at skeleton-crew strength. Most of the officers were gone. The Junior Officer in Charge later on let us to go on liberty so we could celebrate the winning battle.

My rate at discharge was IC 3P1. The IC means Interior Communications. 3P1 means 3rd class Petty Officer with proficiency pay. You took a test for proficiency pay, which meant you were good enough to be a 2nd class but did not have enough time in service. I had to repair and maintain all of the internal communications aboard our ship. This included the gyrocompass and all of the gages, public address system, indicators, etc. It was a very old ship commissioned in 1941. It was well worn. All of the equipment, cables and connection boxes were 17 years old. You had to be resourceful to keep things running. I was the leading IC man for my last 2 years on the ship. I came aboard in May 1958 and was discharged in late Oct. 1960.

I went to a couple of reunions of crewmembers - both were great. We had veterans from WWII, Korea, Vietnam, the Cuba blockage, etc. The WWII guys showed me their medals for stopping and sinking two big Japanese ships coming to reinforce the Japanese on Iwo Jima. When I was on the ship I had seen the Japanese flags painted on the bridge but did not get the historic meaning until I met with the men at the reunion. It was in Mystic, Connecticut. We visited historic ships in the area and ate lunch on the battleship Massachusetts. In October 2006, we got together in Virginia Beach and visited Jamestown and the Yorktown Battlefield where on October 19, 1781, the British army under General Cornwallis surrendered to George Washington. There were guys that were on the ship with me at the reunion. We have a book of that visit to Quebec. The guys were impressed at Rita's and my long courtship and that we are still happy as we were back then. My ship came back to Quebec a year after I was discharged. I went aboard and the guys were yelling "Hey Punchy." We were so glad to see each other and it was only a year. Punchy was my nickname back then on the ship referring to my boxing.

The skills I learned in the Navy would have helped if I became an electrician after the Navy. I think I became a whole lot more resourceful in my approach to life. Many problems and repairs were not repairable using manuals. You had to think: what are my options? How fast can it be fixed? Some repairs were tricky. The captain a few times would call down and say, "Hale, when do you think the gyro will be up and running." In that case it better be quick because all of our fire control and the ship's location and direction ran from the gyrocompass. – *Jim Hale*

The military was very important. I went to the U.S. Naval Academy and served almost six years active duty. I learned to give orders and take orders. I learned loyalty up and down the ranks. I learned basic leadership tenets that I see ignored at all levels almost daily. – *Jim Bicknell*

I took Army ROTC in College so that I would be an officer and hopefully gain some meaningful experience out of the expected mandatory service time. I spent two years in the Army as an infantry officer. Significant experiences included the infantry training (how to kill people), and having leadership positions at the age of 22 for groups of 40 to 200 men. You grow up fast dealing with the personnel issues of 200 GI's.
- *Steve Berry*

I joined the Vermont National Guard and served eight years; two of those were on active duty. – *Bill Chittenden*

Upon graduation from McGill in 1965 I entered the U.S. Navy, and spent the next three plus years fulfilling my military obligation. That was the Vietnam era, and in July 1965 the government drafted 2000 doctors for the war effort. I joined the submarine service, went to the submarine medical program at New London, Connecticut, and was assigned to the U.S.S. James K. Polk, the newest version of the ballistic missile submarine.

Subsequently, I made three patrols on this boat in the North Atlantic, each consisting of two months submerged off Scandinavia and the then U.S.S.R. In addition to being the doctor on board, I was one of the diving officers, which allowed me to participate in the submarine's operation on a regular watch schedule. Although I did not practice much medicine during those years, my time in the Navy is one of my life's highlights. That experience and the people I met in the Navy were outstanding. – *Eric Foster*

I joined the United States Air Force after graduation from ROTC and the University of Vermont in 1962- and I stayed for 33 years. As a civil engineering officer I was involved with building, operating and maintaining air bases worldwide. My family and I lived at 19 addresses including five that were overseas. I worked hard, received strong and enthusiastic support from Linda, and was lucky. In 1995 I retired from the position of Air Force Civil Engineer in the grade of Major General. – *Jim McCarthy*

I joined the Navy and learned during boot camp at Great Lakes Naval Training Center near Chicago I didn't want to be a mess cook. I qualified for Radioman "A" school and spent six months learning dots, dashes, teletype and electronics. Following completion of Radioman School I was assigned to the U.S.S. Philip, DDE 498, based at Pearl Harbor. Six months later I was transferred to the Naval Communications Station at Kodiak, Alaska. I liked the duty and during my time off volunteered at the Armed Forces Radio and Television station producing a disk jockey program in the evenings. I worked on a couple of television productions, as well. It turned into a two-year assignment. My last year and a half was aboard a troop ship, the U.S.S. Bexar, APA 237, based at San Diego, California. We took a cruise to the western Pacific that included stops at Pearl Harbor, Subic Bay, Philippines, Hong Kong, and Yokosuka, Japan. One day while enjoying liberty in Hong Kong, I was notified President Kennedy had sent me a message: well, more accurately the Bureau of Naval Personnel thought my service was critically needed for the latest world crisis and my service was extended six months.

During that last six months people began talking with me about re-enlisting.

One day I was standing watch in the radio shack and because I had risen to Radioman Second Class Petty Officer, I was in charge. We received an S.O.S. message from a Japanese merchant ship. The captain ordered an immediate response by the Bexar and drafted an emergency message to go to his superiors at Pearl Harbor and Washington, D.C.

Navy communications crew in the radio shack of U.S.S. Bexar include, left to right, Loveday, Johnson, Foreman, Gonzales and Watson.

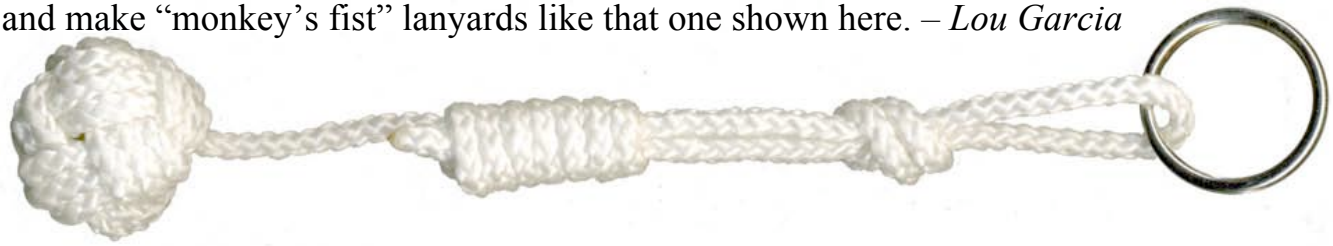
The radiomen working with me immediately began attempting to send the message out. It was apparent in very short order we were going to have difficulty contacting anyone due to some radio signal gremlins. Not much time went by before the captain was on the intercom wondering if the emergency message was sent. I notified him we were having difficulty contacting anyone. I notified our chief petty officer and the communications officer. Both came to the radio shack and we soon called in other radiomen to help out. More than 15 minutes went by as some of us were changing the frequencies on transmitters and receivers while others were on Morse code speed keys attempting to send the message – to no avail.

Suddenly the interior door to the radio shack burst open. It was the captain yelling at us, wondering why we couldn't send the message. He then began jumping up and down on the deck waving his hands in the air like a small child having a temper tantrum. It was a pivotal moment for me. I thought: if this older gentleman and senior officer lost his temper and lost control during this kind of minor emergency what would happen during a war?

I had a lot of fun. I learned a lot. I gained confidence and discipline. I learned thanks to the S.O.S. experience I didn't want to make it a career. – *Carl Loveday*

I was in the six-year reserve program so I only did two years active duty. Having a high school record of "college prep" courses with no typing or mechanical skills I ended up on the deck force. In hindsight being a "deck ape" wasn't a bad thing. It was real sailor experience. It actually furnished me with some art and craft related skills.

I got interested in fancy knot work and still decorate walking sticks with Turk's head and make "monkey's fist" lanyards like that one shown here. – *Lou Garcia*



I had been recruited at the U.V.M. campus by the State of California Department of Water Resources to work on the aqueduct project. After six months there, I entered active military duty and was soon in flight school where I graduated as an attack helicopter pilot. With this rating it was inevitable that I'd be off to Vietnam in March of 1964.

At Ton Son Nuit Airport, Saigon

Two memorable events from my Vietnam experiences come to mind. One was a visit from my wife Sandi who was working as a travel agent who stopped by Saigon on a trip around the world. I was able to share a bit of Vietnam with her as well as a short trip to Hong Kong. In 1996 we returned once again to enjoy this beautiful country, north and south, without fear of being shot at.

The second event was when I received a call one day to pick up General Westmoreland and party. As the entourage approached the aircraft after landing I could not believe my eyes, it was Richard M. Nixon!

Last I recalled, after his defeat running for California Governor in 1962 he told the press, "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around anymore." Well, the rest is history!!!

I would later fly General Westmoreland, his wife and daughter in 1973 when I was with the Vermont National Guard to Norwich University where he gave the graduation address just before he retired as U.S. Army Chief of Staff. General Westmoreland was also a rated pilot and took the aircraft controls for our return flight back to Burlington.

This is the second time I met and ferried General Westmorland in a helicopter. Here we are at the Burlington airport.

This picture showing me in Dalat, Viet Nam, in 1964, brings back fond memories as this was one of my favorite places in Vietnam. Located about 150 miles northwest of Saigon (aka Ho Chi Minh City) it was high up in a mountain setting. It reminded me of the mountains of Vermont with all of its trees, and would cool off enough at night to require blankets for comfortable sleeping.

Many people got caught up and messed up over the U.S. Vietnam War involvement; I found the country and its people to be very beautiful. It just got screwed up by a stupid war contrived by the Kennedy and Johnson whiz kids. When I visited again in '96, most of the country's people were not yet born before the war's end and knew of no war that had ravaged their country for decades. A pleasant surprise was finding how friendly the people were to Americans. I "visited" Ho Chi Minh in his mausoleum in Hanoi and all I could think was, "OK, you won." And now the unofficial bird of Hanoi and Saigon is the building crane. Very interesting. – Jim Viele

I did fly in combat almost every day, but I have tried to repress those memories from my past. – *Jim Viele*

I went into the Navy upon graduation. Jim Mee, Lou Garcia and I joined the reserves as soon as we were old enough in our junior year. Lou and I ended up on the same ship, the U.S.S. Grand Canyon AD 28 out of Newport, Rhode Island. Jim went to a destroyer, the U.S.S. Fiske where he ran the post office. I ran the post office on the Canyon. Small world. The Navy years were a great experience. I saw Europe and the Mediterranean countries and Cuba. I was actually in Rome when Pope Pius died and was in the throng at St. Peter's Square and saw the puffs of white smoke released when the new pope was elected. – *Jack Lamson*

US Navy from July 4, 1957 to September 30,1960. I was a kiddy cruiser (Join before 18; out the day before 21.). Lead electronics technician on USS Remey, DD-688, a destroyer out of Brooklyn, New York. I learned a lot about growing up, from personal hygiene to walking the back streets of big cities at night.

I tend to make the military experience a trivial event but it actually shaped me in many important ways. For starters, it taught me a sense of responsibility, personal care, some leadership skills, and doing the right thing by people. I went to Manhattan frequently and enjoyed the city at that time. Generally choosing upscale bars and rubbing elbows and sharing thoughts with interesting people.

To talk about the military and not talk about the paranoia of the cold war is silly. The enemies were always the Russians; they were always spying on us Americans for the purpose of overthrowing our system and converting it communism. So my ship was devoted to anti-submarine warfare. Using sonar and radar, we waited for the right moment. It was full of weapons, the most powerful being the 5" 38s mounting in boxes at 4 or 5 points around the ship. I was Lead Electronics Technician during some of that period. Keeping the radars going was tough and forever required work. I had over 250 pieces of electronic equipment to maintain with two other guys. I couldn't do it; a normal crew of electronics technicians would have been 8.

I remember the electronics school Class A and I think Class B in Great Lakes, Illinois. We sat in class while smoking, apron-wearing instructors taught electronics with a lot of equipment. We were introduced to radar. Eventually I became a radar electronic technician. I never really understood the thing until I went aboard the U.S.S. Remey and was responsible for maintaining the equipment. A crazy place was the Navy. We spent nights guarding class rooms (from what enemy?) Long, long buildings with classrooms on each side of a long hall. Sometimes it would spook me but soon I learned how to screw around and make it more interesting. Like making coffee and probably reading. Stupid in retrospect, but I think they assigned this job to keep us from having too much free time.

I remember my service number 487-73-85. I guess it was an important number.

I made some good friends but never maintained contact with them. Each of us went the ways that men do – into an unknown future, still searching for that elusive person within us. The final act of self-discovery, searching for our true identity. In my case, it never happened and I am glad. I may not reach the top of Maslow's hierarchy (a natural progression for the mental health "haves") but I wonder what self-actualization is anyway. Maybe we all start self-actualizing when we realize objects are different from us (around 18 months). I lead a life of personal decisions but couldn't have done well without a lot of support from friends though. Helping others to realize their potential and being happy over the success of others-another level of achievement.

I was stationed in Brooklyn, New York, which was a maturing experience but the maturation is obtained in retrospect. I never had any trouble in New York City, successfully recognizing and avoiding bad situations, but the waterfront was rich in violence as most of the contractors and men working were on the edge of being nice. Everything had its price and I learned that here. My age during this period was between 18 and nearly 21. Manhattan was the great escape and I ran over there all the time. Brooklyn had few attractions except the bars, which I enjoyed also. Super dumps filled with desperate women and even more desperate men. I liked the homely spirit of the places. I look back on the Brooklyn area now with more interest than dismay. Bars are typically filled with people drinking, and they drink for lots of reasons, but it was the emptiness of the conversation, people with shells trying to break free with booze which I remember. The song "Piano Man" really captures the bar people. Still using the library

for much of my stimulation, I tried the macho thing and the tough thing, and drinking until I dropped. It didn't work, at least for me, so I ran to Manhattan where I dealt with a much higher class of drunk and some non-drinkers. We drank espresso in Greenwich Village where the hippy movement was in full swing. The espresso was a terrible drink, but fashionable. Funny thing about the village, I was never bothered by gay men. One would think the heart of the gay community would be non-stop harassment, but it wasn't. On the other hand, homosexuals were a problem just about every place else.

The cold war was in full swing at the time, the bad guys were communists and I assume we spent all our time waiting for their imminent attack. Perhaps it was in the reading of 1984 that I realized much of it was bullshit and still is. But that occurred much later in my life. – *Layne Prebor*

Get the knife! The Navy was my destination two months after high school graduation. The Navy had a program where, if you joined before you were eighteen, you could get two schools, the same amount of schooling as in a four-year enlistment. So on August 6, 1957, six days before I turned 18, other recruits and I took the train to Springfield, Massachusetts, and received our initial physical exams and intelligence tests. Those of us who passed took another train to Bainbridge, Maryland.

The caduceus, the lower symbol, is the Hospital Corps insignia we wore on our Navy uniforms. This is the patch for a Third Class Petty Officer, which rate I attained. Interest was a symbol sacred to the god Hermes – the Roman god Mercury. It has been a symbol for the healing arts for thousands of years. My experience was that we were not so far removed from those ancient days in our lack of sophistication in treating mental illness.

Navy boot camp was amazingly easy; I am almost ashamed to report this in today's world of tough guy posing. There was one day we were supposed to go through an obstacle course, but it was threatening rain, so it was *cancelled*. On the other hand I was amazed how much practical knowledge we learned.

I found the Navy intelligence test, the GCT, very personally encouraging after my poor high school experience. I scored high enough that I could have joined Mensa that welcomes people in the top 2%. Hmm, me, the academically poor high school student who had stayed back one year. I did obtain consistently high marks in Navy schools. And I found that, if I was not near sighted, I could have become a Navy pilot. I had previously thought a person had to be a college graduate to do that.

Entering the Navy I had told the recruiter, who was a youth leader at the Baptist Church that I wanted to become a Navy photographer, since I had already been doing that for a few years during high school years. He told me to tell them what I wanted when I got to boot camp. That was a misleading statement. When we had a chance to pick schools at Bainbridge, I was told that I was below the age limit for photographers; you had to be twenty-one. Watch what those recruiters say, even if they are church leaders! So I picked

Hospital Corps School and was accepted. I was not too young to help save someone's life, but I was too young to take and develop photographs – that didn't make any sense.

The four-month hospital corps school took place in Great Lakes, Illinois, half way between Chicago and Milwaukee where I took the train on weekends. Once I saw an impressive Picasso retrospective at the Chicago Art Institute. One room was filled with his "blue" period paintings, another with the "red" period.

One weekend I was at a bar in Chicago and started talking with a man who seemed pleasant enough. When it came time to find a place to stay for the night he said I could stay at his place. He had not said anything weird so he seemed ok. When we arrived at his small apartment I asked where I could sleep. He made a sweeping motion with his hand to the one bed with the covers neatly pulled back. I - finally - figured out what he had in mind, that we would spend the night together, and told him no thanks and walked out and found an inexpensive room by myself.

I liked the experience of being in Newport. It is a beautiful old historic town. There are many mansions lining the coast. President Eisenhower would come by boat on Sunday mornings to attend services at the chapel on the hospital grounds. I noticed that there were so many photographers scurrying around; their behavior did not contribute to the image of a dignified profession. The illustration above is an image from an old matchbook.

At Hospital Corps School I had signed up to go to Neuropsychiatric Technician School in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. But first they sent me to Newport, Rhode Island, to work in the Navy Hospital there. Eventually I was assigned to the intense care ward. This was the most interesting one: all the post-operative patients came through as well as the sickest people in the hospital and those who had come into the emergency room. We once had a man who weighed three hundred pounds who had been burned on about 80 per cent of his body in a ship fire in Newport Bay. Changing his sheets was a challenge for two young corpsmen and me. After a while we noticed that a quiet, short corpsman with the stripe of a Third Class Petty Officer named Arturo Cruz was able to change them by himself. He taught well by example. Another time there was a man with delirium tremens, which people get when they have become habitual drinkers. We had to tie him down. If we didn't he would jump up and be pointing to weird creatures crawling on the walls of his mind.

I was constantly reading the Merck Manual, as each new illness presented itself on the ward. It was known as the "Intern's Bible." Sometimes we had to help interns learn how insert intravenous needles. The training we had been given allowed us to do more than nurses in civilian hospitals at that time. Eventually we might be the only medical person on a destroyer in mid-ocean or as a medic with the marines on a battlefield and we had to be competent and resourceful, able to handle anything that might come up. I took that

The Philadelphia Naval Hospital was demolished recently, I was shocked to learn one day while watching the History Channel. It is, like my two homesteads in Burlington, Vermont, a distant memory. They have also been demolished and replaced by newer buildings. Traces of my existence are disappearing.

seriously, and the learning came easily to me. I received outstanding grades in the Navy schools, where it seemed I could hardly make passing grades in high school.

Once a woman came from the operating room after a dilation and curettage had been performed on her. It used to be a common form of abortion and a routine procedure, often performed.

Then her heart stopped! Uh oh.

The chief of surgery yelled, "Get the knife!"

Because no one was expecting anything unusual, the heart surgery kit was down the ward. I ran fast to get the kit with special scalpels and clamps we had in our clean room. Meanwhile the chief of medicine injected some cafergot with a long needle straight into her heart and massaged her chest. Her heart had started beating by the time I had raced back with the scalpels. Whew!

The surgeon asked the medical guy what would have happened if the surgery kit had been readily available. The medical chief said that the surgeon would have had to cut through his fingers. Here I had just missed a tense debate of medical philosophies with one man with a knife in his hand and a person's life hanging in the balance! Thankfully.

Not long after that I was finally transferred to Pennsylvania to Philadelphia Naval Hospital to become a Psychiatric "Technician" – as if you can treat mental illness like you can fix electronic gear.

At the time I arrived there were thirty-five patients getting electro-convulsive shock treatments three times a week. A patient's head would be shaved around the temples and electrodes affixed to the scalp with a gel so the skin would not burn. Then six people would hold a person down and a doctor would send short bursts of about 9 amps of current with voltage varying up to 450 volts jolting through the poor person's brain. They were trying to induce seizures, which would last about 60 seconds. They *were* using electronics.

About a year later, in mid 1959, the doctors started using Thorazine, and people were walking around like zombies all the time, not just in the few hours after their shocks. In those early years, over-dosage was common. Now electro-convulsive shock is used mainly for treating severe depression. In earlier years it had been a common treatment for

One of the great benefits of military life is travel. In my case I went from Vermont to Maryland, then to Great Lakes, Illinois, Newport, Rhode Island, and then Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

In Philadelphia I met Howard Kaiser, who was also in the Navy. He lived in Collingswood, New Jersey, across the river. Howard introduced me to the intellectual side of Philadelphia. We went to the Unitarian Church. We visited the Theosophical Society, an esoteric organization that had been organized in 1875 "To form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity," according to one of their pamphlets, "Without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or color; to encourage the comparative study of religion, philosophy, and science; and to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in humanity." We only went to a few meetings. Their ideals seemed fine, but all of the people connected to it looked like they were about seventy-five years old. We visited the Philadelphia Art Museum. I grew to love that place.

Howard's brother Paul was very much involved with the teachings of Mohandas Gandhi, the small man who brought huge changes in India in the late 1940s. Paul would sit in the middle of the floor of their upstairs room in Collingswood and practice yoga cross-legged for hours, while Howard and I sipped Taylor's Tawny Port wine and talked. Howard is an artist and later moved to Johnson, Vermont. Above is some of his work and a photograph of him from the early 2000s. This is my way of saying thank you to an old friend who helped my mind wake up in that personal transitional time in the Navy.

mood disorders, for which pharmaceuticals have revolutionized treatment.

This was all slightly better than the prefrontal lobotomies enterprising doctors were performing only a few years earlier into the early fifties. The Portuguese neuro-psychiatrist who discovered the procedure, Dr. Antônio Egas Moniz, was awarded a Nobel Prize for medicine in 1949 for his work! (Even the Nobel judges can make mistakes.) U.S. doctors perfected the procedure. They would extend a sterilized ice pick up through someone's eye socket and wiggle it around, severing the frontal lobe's connection with the rest of the brain, supposedly altering people's symptoms. The procedure became so efficient it could be performed in a few minutes in a doctor's office. Over 18,000 lobotomies were performed in the U.S. from 1939 until 1951. Finally studies were performed and it was found to be an ineffective procedure.

My experience of assisting with the shock treatments and reading taught me that psychiatry at that time was fairly primitive, barely out of a dark ages approach in dealing with mental illness. Long ago when people were sick doctors would bleed them as a standard part of the treatment. Were prefrontal lobotomies and shock treatments much different in quality than this? I didn't think so. They were still enthusiastically doing lobotomies when I was in grade school.

My main job was as Senior Corpsman on Ward 9, the locked intake ward. I prided myself that there were never any fights on a ward where I was senior corpsman, as there had been in most others. This was my *only* demonstrable accomplishment. This relative calm may have occurred because I was always out there talking to people and interacting

on the ward. I got a bunch of art supplies and a whole lot of paper and regularly encouraged people to mess around with it, and then put the results up on the walls. One day, a fellow was leaving to go to another hospital. We had had some interaction, nothing of note. I kind of liked him. Just before he left he told me there was one thing he regretted. "What's that?" "That I never gave you a sock in the jaw." My guess is I had kept him busy, kept emotions in control on the ward - and his medications did help. He was one of the people who made the transition to Thorazine. He had escaped the knife or the ice pick by a few years, survived convulsive shocks through his brain, and hopefully would find a better life through pharmaceuticals once the doctors adjusted the dose.

I noticed that people usually came in after they had done some strange, odd action, maybe technically illegal, maybe not, but not normal behavior. After they were there for a week or two, the symptoms would fade away, whether they received treatment or not. There wasn't much therapy. The doctors - all psychiatrists, no psychologists - were busy and could not spend a lot of time in counseling sessions. This taught me that the symptoms fade. Things may be weird with someone for a while, but it will pass.

While there in the psychiatric hospital I read widely. I read Freud, a giant in the field of psychiatry. One book was gripping: his "Psychopathology of Everyday Life." Try it sometime if you want to induce a paranoiac state within yourself. Freud analyses things that you do that may seem accidental and convincingly shows that they could be revealing of inner conflict. I went about halfway through the book and put it down; it was sort of scary. A few years later when I attended Los Angeles City College I was introduced to the ideas of Abraham Maslow in a psychology class. Where Freud based his theory of personality on people with problems, Maslow took a more common sense approach, it seemed to me. He looked at successful, productive, creative and happy people and built his theory on them. Those ideas led to a different approach to dealing with psychological problems, which I later experienced.

Overall, I loved the Navy experience and recommend it to others. I think it offers an excellent transition time when young people are just out of high school and are not college-bond then. It provides a regular job, a roof over their heads, opportunities for travel and learning some very technical and high-paying skills, and they can go to college afterward. Of course, I joined between the Korean and Vietnam Wars. It enabled me to qualify for the GI Bill college education benefit that, besides my savings, helped put me through a year at the University of Vermont when I was discharged. – *Tom Whitney.*

I became a member of the Vermont Air National Guard between junior and senior years at BHS and went to basic training in San Antonio for thirteen weeks that summer. That was tough for a geek electronic freak but the discipline learned still lives within me. – *Bob Badger*

Following BHS graduation in 1957, I joined the US Navy. I had served in the Vermont-Air National Guard for a couple prior years, so I went in being one-step above the typical recruit level. I had been guaranteed a post-boot camp aviation (aerography) school, but goofed when they put the recruits with me through a serious of

vocational aptitude tests. As a Boy Scout, I had learned the Morse Code, and could recall the code for "SOS."

Following Boot Camp, I traveled to Bainbridge Maryland for the 16-week Radio School, after which I was assigned to the Fleet Oiler, U.S.S. Truckee in 1958. I remained aboard Truckee and advanced several levels before being transferred to the Naval Explosive Ordnance Disposal School located at Indian Head, Maryland.

Following that school, I went to what I call "mud-mucking" schools and got experience in leaving aircraft and undersea "facilities." I was at Indian Head when J.F.K. was killed, and during the Cuban missile crisis, and had a few interesting temporary Washington, D.C. assignments during each event. Along the way, J.F.K. had decided that he really didn't like having any of his naval forces identified as croaking, web-footed amphibians, and he changed our designation to that of a barking, flippered mammal. During what became my last assignment as a terrorist, I decided that neither my family nor personal ethics and honor could any longer tolerate feeling like a terrorist, along with some other team mates, I requested strongly a transfer back to the fleet as a surface sailor in my former Radioman rating. My request was turned down, and then I stated unequivocally that I would not return to Southeast Asia under any military circumstances and that I was fully prepared to meet with major print and broadcast media to describe some of the assignments I had experienced and survived. I was transferred to the U.S. Naval Station at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, where for more than two years I worked in the communi-cation center and, once my records caught up with me, the base recreation program where I played tennis, golf, and did a lot of both "exploratory" and recreational diving.

Later, after enrolling at Southwest Missouri State, I enlisted in a naval reserve unit, and saw sea duty on the U.S.S. Purdy and U.S.S. Joseph Kennedy. After I enrolled at the University of Missouri, I transferred to a naval reserve research unit attached to the University and the admiral in charge of all naval reserves at Omaha, Nebraska. Assignments focused on leadership development criteria for the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Zumwalt.

Then I entered the world or civilian work.

I had transferred my Naval reserve affiliation to a Vermont unit when I move back in 1972 but, as my two sons became teens, it was apparent that they enjoyed my weekends away as a reservist far too much, so I transferred to a local U.S. Army Reserve unit as a leadership instructor. At the end of a 10 mile "jog" over Mount Mansfield, as I neared the trail's end, I fell and broke a leg seriously, and this convinced me that "being all I can be" did not require my involvement in an army unit, so I transferred to the Vermont Air National Guard where I had begun my checkered military career at age 16 as a "cook and baker" while still in high school.

Fortunately for me, there was a senior slot open and I became the N.C.O. in Charge of the U.S.A.F. Tactical Medical Clinic assigned at the base in Burlington. In the late 1980s, I retired from military services with 35 years of honorable service in three of our armed forces organizations. – *Sam Conant*

Four Years in the South Pacific

By Clare Adams Whitney

I met my husband Ken when I was attending Boston University. He became a Methodist clergyman and served in churches in Boston and Hartford for the next nine years. In 1970 we joined a faith-based non-profit, the Ecumenical Institute/Institute of Cultural Affairs, based in Chicago, which took us around the world for the next 18 years.

In 1982 we were asked to go to the Kingdom of Tonga (go to Honolulu and turn left, and stop about 1500 miles north of New Zealand) to work with the churches and communities in developing local, homegrown initiatives to improve their lives. The President of the Wesleyan Church, the largest church in the islands, knew the work of the Ecumenical Institute from visits to Chicago, was concerned that the people of Tonga considered themselves poor and thus in need of whatever aid came with whichever agency was "working the Pacific" that moment.

There were a lot of agencies, and many of them were doing good things, especially with infrastructure like water tanks, concrete block housing, sanitary systems, etc. There were the Peace Corps, and governmental authorities from New Zealand, Taiwan and Australia as well. But he thought we had something special to offer.

The land and people

Tonga is a combination of volcanic rock and atoll in geography, and the soil is very rich. Tonga is a group of about 136 islands spread over an immense expanse of ocean. There are four main island groups. The population when we were there was about 100,000. The capital is Nuku'alofa, which is where we lived. We would pick a willow branch to support pole beans and the branch would sprout at the same time the beans blossomed. Fishing and subsistence agriculture, with some export of zucchini and cantaloupe were the main economic vehicles. Nuku'alofa, as the capital, was of course the 'big city' and attracted many young people to the city lights, causing severe unemployment. The education system is British based, with much learning done by rote, partly due to lack of books, paper and pencils. The idea of working on the land was seldom acknowledged as a viable way to raise a family and earn money. Government work was much higher rated and valuable.

Pacific Training School

Our work started with a program developed by the Institute staff called Pacific Training School. We taught workshop methods to the Tongans that contained the elements of consensus building, which was practiced by those attending, and then they went to

villages nearby to practice more, and help them create a plan that the people in the village could accomplish on their own.

This might include plans for placement of a rainwater catchments, or improving the road into the village so children could get to school easier, or the farmers pooling resources to build a portable pig confinement pen that would keep the pigs from ravaging gardens and fields, as they (and all the other animals) were free-ranging. There were many more, but that's an example of the kind of practical work that was promoted at the School.

All of this was to be taken back to their own villages to be implemented. We had other activities at the schools that were aimed at helping these new facilitators to care for themselves, including song writing, Scripture study and conversations around old Tongan legends and myths.

The School was three weeks long, and was held during the long school vacation in January (summertime). Attendance was usually around 100 people, usually two or three from each village in the island group we were working in. People brought food with them as payment, and we received grants from Australia to cover some of the other expenses. The facilities were free, compliments of the Wesleyan Church.

Clare and Ken Whitney at loose upon the world in their 18-year odyssey; here in 1984/85 in front of their house in Nuku'alofa, Tonga.

The first training school was all in English, with a group of about 20 Tongans who were bilingual who worked with the staff. The President of the Wesleyan Church had handpicked these, so they were really remarkable in their own right. Most of them were in their late 20s, a few had more than secondary education, and they were mostly teachers by profession. It was held on the main island of Tongatapu in January 1982.

In March or April of that year a hurricane struck the islands, and enormous damage was done to the villages on the west end of the island, mainly by storm surge and high wind. This group of Tongans was instrumental in organizing some very intensive recovery efforts, which gave them a great sense of fellowship and a chance to apply what they had learned at the training school in a whole new way. This was the core group that worked with us for the next four years.

We, I should say, were a group of four Americans, two Philippinos, one or two British volunteers, occasional Australians and this group of Tongans plus some elder Tongans who kept watch to see that all was as it should be and keep us from getting into trouble because we did not understand the culture or customs. We called them our guardians.

During the next three years, we together took the Pacific Training School to the other island groups: Vava'u, Ha'ap'ai, and Eua. Each year the training was held less and less in English and more and more in Tongan.

What was my job?

What did I do? I produced materials, learning to type in Tongan (which mercifully has the same alphabet as English, but only 19 letters) by rote, as we never grasped more than the basic social language. This was done on an old Royal typewriter with a wide carriage on stencils that were then run off on a Gestener mimeograph machine, hand operated. This 'blessed' machine was attached to a base that we screwed a top on to while traveling. I was really excited when somehow we acquired a small electric typewriter, but it was so delicate it would not make good impressions on stencils, so back to pounding I went. I also worked with the Tongans on the materials they were presenting, and their presentation skills, through many mornings and evenings of practice.

I was also responsible for the logistics of moving us each January to the next training school for a month. This always involved going by ship. There was one inter-island ferry, which was an old German/Baltic Sea cargo transport that loaded by dropping the stern and you, animals, and all the stuff walked on and found a place to hang out. Then you found a place on the deck (there were only four bunkrooms) and camped out for the duration. The trip from Nuku'alofa to Vava'u was about 24 hours, so if you wanted food you brought it with you and it was shared around. A line was also tied to the stern while underway and occasionally a fish would be caught, pulled on board and eaten raw – the freshest sushi in the world.

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Clare asks for mercy for those who must ride this ferry. It provides a very rough ride for passengers camped out on deck.

If you needed something while at the School, you had to have brought it, as the chances of finding it were slim to none. That included ink for the Gestetner, toilet paper, canned meat, bedding, etc. That took some time to assemble and then get to the boat. At the end of the month, you assembled everything that was left, and back you went. And started planning for the next School.

Photo: Development of Sustainable Agriculture in the Pacific web site. Demonstration of bucket irrigation in Tonga.

Agriculture, a profession

During the last two years, one of our staff had a weekly radio broadcast on the only radio station in the country, which was in large part interviews with people who had developed some new or innovative way of working, especially focused on agriculture. The slogan was "Agriculture, a profession." We

also started working more with a group of young farmers, which had been organized around the Wesleyan Church that had acquired an export license, which was hard to come by.

Many small farms look like this.

In January 1986 we gathered a group of the wealthy farmers together with a group of young farmers to create a project on all the islands of agricultural products that could be exported that would offer the young farmers a way to make a living, feed their families, and have some left over to sell locally or export. This was an exciting time for all of us, because it was a culmination of all the work we had done. One of the documents produced was a booklet on how to grow any of twenty crops on their land, with basics like when to plant, how to care for the plants while growing, when to harvest. The young farmers were very excited about this booklet, and the work they had done. They took it around to all the island groups and it sparked more interest in agriculture as a profession, especially with export potential.

Living in Tonga

Living in the Kingdom of Tonga was full of strange and interesting experiences for me. My sister gave me money for a bicycle so I could get around easier. By the time I left, it had worn through several sets of tires and inner tubes – coral roads are terribly hard on tires – and it was reduced to the essence of bicycle – handle bars, seat, tires and frame.

We attended church regularly at the largest Wesleyan church on the island, and sat in the "visitor" section directly across the church from the royal family. The services were in Tongan, the choir was magnificent, and upon occasion the Tonga Military Band would accompany them. We would have time off occasionally and spent as much time as possible at the beaches on the ocean side of the island, including a small 'resort' run by one of the Tongan women and ocean side of the island, including a small 'resort' run by one of the Tongan women and her French

Photographs on this page are from www.tongatourismo.info/pictures/indes.htm

husband, who was the best chef in the Pacific.

I would walk to the market to grocery shop for fruit and vegetables; bought bread at the bread store, along with butter. If we ran out of bread on Sunday, we had to wait until midnight for one of the Tongans to go knock on the back door of one of the bread stores for a loaf for Monday morning. We shared cooking with the Tongans, and mainly ate Tongan food, fish, taro, mangos, papaya and bananas (grown in our yard), and tried to grow vegetables in our own garden. The only really successful crop was eggplant, which is why I refuse to eat it any more. Most meat was imported from New Zealand and most canned goods came from either Australia or Taiwan, so we learned to eat quite healthy foods. Chickens were free-range (and all of them knew our garden), so once caught and cooked were so tough as to be nearly inedible. On Sundays, when nothing was open, the extra-nationals would walk to the International Dateline Hotel to swim and try to experience a little 'international culture'. I recall from 20 years later that I spent a lot of time fighting dirt, mosquitoes, crawling 'things', ants, etc., that come from living in a sub-tropical paradise.

This young woman is explaining the role of the coconut in traditional Tongan culture.

I got to travel outside the country – to Hong Kong, Taiwan, Indonesia, Australia and New Zealand, on Institute business, but that's another story.

Native culture is alive and well. Here Tongans prepare kava, a ceremonial drink.

Coconut time

I learned the arrival and departure times of every airline that flew into and out of Tonga – that was my way of coping with the isolation. I learned deep respect for the Tongan women and the difficulties they overcame on a daily basis in cooking, health, cleanliness, and childcare. I learned that the young adults that we worked with were the hope of the future of the Kingdom. I learned

deep appreciation for another culture and its way of thinking, of acting, of being. Living for four years immersed in another world, I had an opportunity to deeply appreciate its gifts. I learned coconut time: when it is ready the coconut will fall, not before its time or after.

I have come to understand that we lived in a particular unrepeatable moment in the history of that Kingdom that could not happen now, and might not have happened before that time. I am deeply grateful for all of it.

We returned to the United States in the summer of 1986, and moved to Denver. Our main criteria were "four seasons and no humidity."

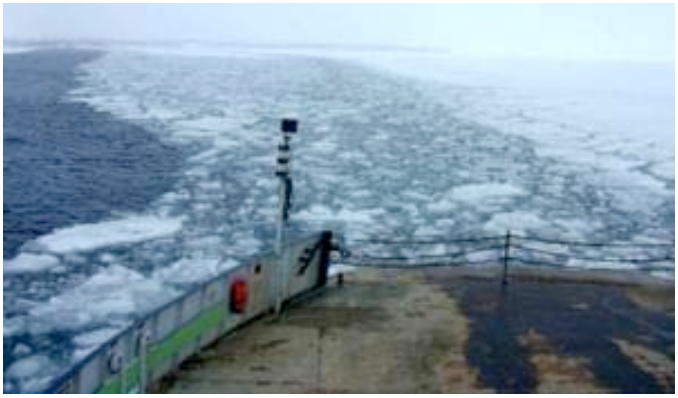
People attending a Christian church on Sunday morning.
Photographs on these two pages are used with permission of Galen R. Frysinger
www.galenfrysinger.com/ tonga.htm

According to the web site of the Vermont Expos, Centennial Field is the oldest minor league ballpark in use in the country in 2006. This is a recent photograph of Centennial Field and the Expos playing. B.H.S. Class of 1957 classmate Ray Pecor owns the team and helped pay for the field's restoration. The field is also used and owned by the University of Vermont. Ray has helped keep alive the venerable American tradition of minor league baseball.

Stories of Entrepreneurship

In the discussion below I don't want to seem to be bragging! I have been a very fortunate person. Tom wanted us to document what we have done. Here is my story.

I started selling mobile homes from 1961 to 1976. Then I purchased the ferryboat company. This was a very lucky event in my life. It was a small seasonal company with 35 year-round employees when I purchased it. Now it is a year-round company with over 100 year-round employees. The company was started in 1846 and ran only when there was no ice.



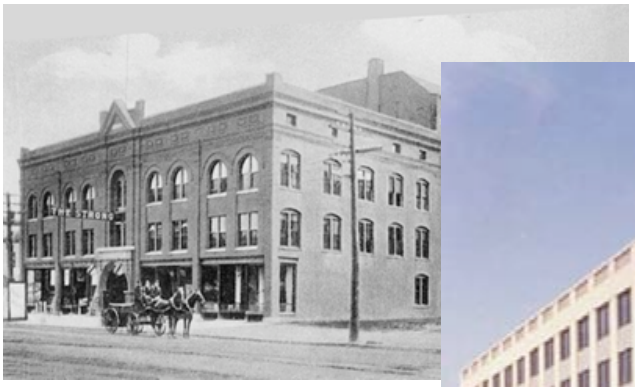
As the ferries cross the lake in winter they break ice at the edges of the channels.

Here I am in 2004 and 1957

When I purchased the company, I tried to run it year around. We had to make some adjustments and changes. We put bubblers around the docks and kept them on 24/7 to keep the ice from forming. We increased the amount of steel on the hulls. The Grand Isle-Plattsburgh route is short enough to maintain an open channel. The ferries used on this run can break ice. Their hulls and propellers are built more sturdy to allow the boats to operate through thin or broken ice. By operating around the clock the ferries keep an open channel through the winter ice season. Also, without the experience and dedication of the crew, the team that is out there during extremely cold winter conditions to keep the boats running, it would not work.

It was a challenge, trying something that had not been done for over 120 years – running ferryboats all year round thru the ice – and IT WORKED!!

It was a challenge, trying something that had not been done for over 120 years – running ferry boats all year round thru the ice – and IT WORKED!!



The Strong Theatre opened in 1904 and through the years had been the focus of many young people on Saturday afternoons when they would fill the theatre to see movies 12 cents. After the movies, many ones would go behind the Strong and play cow boys and Indians in the hills and alleys there. But many good things come to an end and the Strong burned in the 1970s. Finally in the late 1980s Ray Pecor was able to develop Courthouse Plaza on the same site. As part of the construction of the Plaza, Ray commissioned a sculpture piece named "Democracy" by W.F. Herrick that is composed of puzzle pieces of granite. The City's Public Arts brochure tells us that "the theme of democracy as a puzzle reflects the events of the early 1990s as the collapse of the Berlin Wall and the Soviet Union brought the possibility of democracy to two countries in need of "puzzle solving." The concept of the piece clearly focuses on the purpose of the courthouse using justice through democracy." *Photography by Michael Wizenegger.*

I have done my best to turn Champlain Mill, the old woolen mill building just upstream of the bridge that connects Burlington and Winooski, into apartments, offices, stores and restaurants. It is a national historic site. It was an old building, built in 1912, vacant, with holes in roof. But the jury is still out for it being successful!

I was able to create Courthouse Plaza in 1987 where Strong Hardware and Strong Theater used to be on Main Street. The Strong Theatre opened in October 1904. It burned in the 1970s.

The Strong Theatre was a part of so many people's lives. Who can forget those 12-cent movies on Saturday afternoons?

With Courthouse Plaza it was nice to be able to commission the public art sculpture piece "Democracy" by W.F. Herrick - the frosting on a solid development project.

I have owned two minor league baseball teams in Single A and AAA. I have owned the Expos for about twelve years. The fan support has been great with over 100,000 fans per year. We have to have a new stadium soon! It is not fan-friendly as far as seating and parking is concerned. It also it does not meet minor league requirements as far as locker rooms for home and visiting teams, upgraded umpire rooms, etc.

With my projects I am trying to give something back to the community and State: more jobs, some fun, some good buildings, and renovations of historic ones. – *Ray Pecor*

Entrepreneurial Politics In the 1970s after the Republicans got creamed in the Colorado elections, I was part of a small group that rewrote the Denver County Republican Party rules and bylaws, etc. We then went to all districts go sell the changes. Lesson learned: inertia is a very strong force. People are very resistant to any change, even if it is for the better. – *Jim Bicknell*

I worked at the Stop and Shop on Main Street for most of my high school years and a couple of years after that. This was my training for most of the rest of my work life spent in the grocery and convenience store business. During these years I did everything from stocking to management. I also tried ❖ bartending, ❖ restaurant cooking, ❖ tobacco salesman and ❖ one very short stint as a factory worker at the Vermont Spindle and Bobbin Company. I was not cut out for the assembly line.

With this experience I went into business on my own. The list starts with a ❖ discount beverage store, ❖ then an auction, which transitioned into a couple of years on the auction circuit. This took me to South Carolina where Anita and I chose to make our final home.

We did it all: slaughtered, processed, and sold retail and wholesale to stores and restaurants. This was in Edgefield, South Carolina, from 1987 to 1989.

This was my second business, 1964. It was on North Avenue at the Corner of Tracy Drive.

Continuing the list, ❖ I have had a meat locker plant, ❖ a pest control service, ❖ a small construction company and ❖ a bait and tackle shop. As you can see I never had what would be classified as a career but I always seemed to earn enough to support my family, to own my own home and best of all, learn new things while enjoying life. – *Tim Fay*

My college skiing accident did change the course of my life. I had a commission in the Air Force but because of the accident they no longer wanted me. With no idea of what I would do if I didn't go into the service, my father and brother provided the answer. They had started an investment company along with their insurance agency and in 1961 I joined them in that capacity. Forty-five years later, the investment business continues to be my life work.

I ran Hackett and Company from 1961-1978. Following the recommendation of our boys' doctors, we moved to Arizona and I took a job with a Chicago-based Bank that had opened an office in the Southwest. After 14 years with Harris Bank, I left to start my own investment advisory company and three years ago, I joined our business with another investment company to make sure that our clients will have continuing service when I begin to retire in 5-6 years. – *Tom Hackett*

All through high school and college I worked part time in the family business, Magram's. Retailing remained in my blood and I stayed active as we grew to 6 locations in three states. It was challenging, thrilling, scary and rewarding, all rolled into one, as I grew into the position of President and Chief Executive Officer which brought with it an awesome responsibility to the employees, the communities and the customers. My three children grew up in the business as well and we were all sorry when Magram's closed after 75 years in business but I did learn that "for everything there is a season" and we had a fun run! – *Louise Magram Weiner*

Making and selling toys was a fun business. Toy making was difficult work but it didn't seem so at the time. I had a basement full of woodworking tools and I became pretty good at the production required. I loved working with white pine because it takes on a beauty turned a little gold when rubbed with baby oil. Did quite well. About the time I learned how to really make money, things changed and I moved on**.** An individual in Morganton gave me a brief seminar in making money at the business. I'll never forget rule #1, <u>don't make anything yourself</u>, only merchandise products for others. He made a small fortune as a middleman for people without the merchandising skills setting up a mail-order business on small tables for living rooms etc. He contracted the work with an older guy, perhaps others. Rule #1 shocked me but it is so true. Don't work with your hands; work with your mind. This rule was traumatic at first, but the more generally heard statement about working with the mind and not with the hands is true in most circumstances.

My family and I did some very brief private contractor work for a consumer electronics firm. We made good money until the Feds told the firm they could not farm out work. It was easy work at home, done in the evening hours and the boys enjoyed it as much as my wife and I did. It was easy as electronics was a simple thing of soldering and checking the final product for errors. It was also something one could do while watching TV, listening to the radio, sitting down. Minimal outlay for materials. I wanted to expand the operation eventually creating a company if things went well.

I created some developmental programs and submitted them to child development groups, Play School and Fisher Price. Came close to advertising but I am glad I did not. The reason is pretty clear. A really good idea will be picked up by the big boys with merchandising skills and marketed. A small timer will be wiped out in no time. The programs were based on assumptions that child development occurs in four major developmental areas and at four main levels: cognitive, communication, gross and fine motor skills. The programs were excellent covering most aspects of child development through the age of four years.

The programs were really complicated to write as a consideration of the child's level of development must precede the intervention strategy. It was fun for parents though and that is why we wrote the program. It gave parents who wanted the best possible development for their child a chance to intervene in a proactive way. My wife and I and the local head of the library created learning classes for kids 4-9 years old and we enjoyed that a lot. The kids received a lot of stimulation and exposure to situations. Naturally it was all centered on books and parental stimulation.

My son and I made quite a bit of money selling books at a flea market. We obtained books from people, many of which were recent best sellers and sitting otherwise in people's homes. Had a good market as a lot of people who attend flea markets really like to buy them. I liked this job as the product was positive and the customers didn't have to be sold. We thought of expanding this model by getting into the book business, which is interesting and fun. I had known some people who were already in the old book business and they taught me about making money with books.

Like most things, a great knowledge of books is necessary. Almost always one wanted first run books, which generally meant old. One has to be willing to spend a lot of money for a valuable book. Throughout Western Carolina there were lots of homes with old books in the attic, which would never be read or used. This is expensive traveling to a home, going through the books, and trying to determine its value. Fortunately there are ways of knowing. The buying and selling of books is a business. It has been years since I have seen an old book.

One occupation which I never followed but I think would have been fun and mildly profitable was selling nature's treasures, God's crafts, or whatever you want to call them.
Since I enjoyed going to the beach or going to the mountains to hike, I was forever finding odd pieces, stone, wood, shells, which were special. The idea was to create an inventory, big enough to display and sell the items. It also allowed visiting parts of the world I had not previously visited with an excuse for being there. – *Layne Prebor*

Feats of negotiation or management? See below # 11, #13, #15, and #18.

11. **Primary occupation**: Small Town New England Housewife
13. **Proud accomplishment**: Motherhood

15. **Public life, non profit groups, political perspective**: I spent some years on the Conservation Commission which mostly was involved in preserving wetlands from new construction. I found the laws were difficult to apply evenly and decided I no longer wanted to tell others what they could or could not do on their property. I was active in the usual Boy Scouts, PTO, and Volunteers in Public Schools" Recreation Association, etc. At present I'm on the Board of a Credit Union. (Credit Union Boards are unpaid). Politically, I consider myself a moderate.
18. **Marriage**: We have been happily married for almost 38 years. - *Lynn Dawson Shea*

Things I Wish I Had Known Then !! Reflecting on changes I might have made way back in high school days, the top of the list would involve strategic planning. Acceptance at a college and having the means to pay for it seemed enough at the time; however I would recommend going much deeper - develop a longer range plan including career options and possibly geographical locations. Most important - develop a plan on how to reach that goal(s).

In my own life, I studied business with hopes of ending up in broadcast management - a goal I achieved by accident - not at all by design. A basic personal strategic plan should not only include the components of getting the degree or certification but also developing professional and personal relationships in your field of endeavor. Attend association meetings and read trade publications and newsletters. Stay on top of trends. A strategic plan should not be cast in stone. It should be reviewed frequently and continually improved to meet your needs and changes in the industry, technology, etc.

Volumes have been written about how to be a "winner" in a chosen career as an individual or organization. One of my favorites is "The Deming Management Method," highlighting the

organizational strategies of Dr. Edward Deming. Dr. Deming served as a consultant to Japanese industry following World War II and instituted guidelines of quality that are still practiced today. He later spread his system to major firms in the U.S. In one passage in the book, Dr. Deming lists some guiding principles for "winning:" "Continuous improvement is essential to our success. We must strive for excellence in everything we do: in our products, in their safety and value - and our services, our human relations, our competitiveness and our profitability." Those are tall orders but can be achieved with planning and work. "**Those who act receive the Prizes**." – *Bob Badger*

We have been working a few different jobs.

Members of the Class of 1957 at Burlington High School have had some interesting jobs during their fifty years after leaving high school. They include accountant; bookkeeper; small business owner; care giver; civil engineer; college professor; computer programmer; construction contractor; cotton picker; deck ape; demolition coordinator; developer; environmentalist; elected official; electronics test technician; engineer; exterminator; frogman, graphic designer; heart surgeon; jet pilot; lawyer; manager; military officer; newspaper reporter; nurse; police dispatcher; postal worker; printer; radiologist; salesman; secretary; space scientist; submarine officer; teacher; telephone operator; test technician; theatre person; television news broadcaster; Wife; and, thank you very much, Small Town New England Housewife and MOTHER

NASA photograph of the blastoff of Apollo 11, the rocket that put a man on the moon. Chuck Eldred of the B.H.S. Class of 1957 was an engineer on the project.

A Career in Space America's space program was just starting as we graduated from high school in 1957, and it would become the driving force in my career. The early space program achievements during my four years at the University of Vermont were captivating the attention of the nation and inspired me to find a way to get involved.

The draft loomed over us and motivated me to pursue a Reserve Officer Training Corps commission in the Air Force. I delayed entering the service to pursue a master's degree in aerospace engineering at Cornell University. After my first year at Cornell, three of us graduate students got summer jobs in the aerospace industry in Los Angeles. Driving across the country doing Route 66 and then experiencing the California culture was a great adventure. During my second Cornell year, I met my future wife Gail, a psychology graduate student.

Completing my degree in the spring of 1963 meant honoring my military commitment. I was extremely fortunate that my desire to get involved in the space program converged with the Air Force plans to develop a military manned (as it was known in the 60's) space program. The Air Force was detailing personnel to work in the NASA space program. I was assigned to the new NASA Manned Spacecraft Center (later renamed the Johnson Spacecraft Center) in Houston, Texas.

What an incredible challenge! Our first successful satellite launch was just five years earlier. The space race was on! Our job for the Earth Landing System was to assure success on the final phase of the mission, the return to earth, and also provide recovery of the astronauts in the case of a launch abort.

Following our marriage in August, Gail and I headed for Houston in our MG-A. I was assigned to a civilian office involved in the engineering and development of the Apollo spacecraft, with a presidential directive to land on the moon before the end of the decade. What more could a space nut ask for? My focus for the next seven years would be the parachute recovery system officially known as the Earth Landing System (ELS).

President Kennedy paid a brief visit to Houston on November 21, 1963. I stood on a freeway overpass as his open limousine passed below me. The next day, he was assassinated in Dallas.

What an incredible challenge! Our first successful satellite launch was just five years earlier. The space race was on! Our job for the Earth Landing System was to assure success on the final phase of the mission, the return to earth, and also provide recovery of the astronauts in the case of a launch abort – a failure of the Saturn launch vehicle – in the very first phase of the mission. The launch abort problem turned out to be a much greater challenge than the normal entry, so most of the engineering and test efforts

focused on the abort cases. To assure success, the ELS was required to operate in worst-case scenarios where lots of bad luck things were combined. The result would be a very tough system for the normal return mission.

At its journey's end, the Apollo 14 command module splashes down into the sparkling South Pacific, some 900 miles south of Samoa. The parachutes collapse as they are freed of their load. On this occasion, the command module remained right side up in the water after landing. Like a kayak, a command module was just as stable in the water when it was upside-down (stable two). If it toppled over to an inverted position, as happened on other splashdowns, the crew could right it by means of inflatable airbags.
NASA photographs and caption.

In 1966, I completed my commitment to the Air Force and was able to convert to a civilian position doing essentially the same job, but with a significant raise in pay.

The Apollo -1 fire in January 1967 would require a major redesign of the parachute system. Changes in the design caused more than 25% growth in the command module weight - and the schedule target "by the end of the decade" was still the goal. The parachute system redesign was one of the primary constraints to meeting the schedule – we were in the hot seat! An intense testing program that included several spectacular test failures did nevertheless certify the new design in time to meet the schedule.

We watched in awe, along with the rest of the country, as we landed on the moon and returned the astronauts safely back to earth. It was a privilege to have been a part of the Apollo program.

Shortly after our first landing on the moon, Gail and I moved from Houston to the NASA Langley Research Center in Hampton, Virginia. At Langley, I worked on the development of the Space Shuttle and then on the development of technologies for the next generation of launch vehicle systems. I retired in 1998, after 35 years in the space program. It was a great career! – *Chuck Eldred*

Just about all of my working career, I have been a test technician working for Westinghouse, Control Data, and now a small company called Cambex. I had started out wanting to be an engineer and was accepted at UVM, but because of the move back to D.C., I started at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. I quickly found out that engineering isn't what I really wanted to do since I just wanted to do hands-on work on electronic equipment, and not get involved with some of the boring engineering side of the business which involves a lot of paperwork, and figuring out the cost of a new design. I finally decided to go to a school that prepared you to be an electronic technician and gives and A.A.S. degree. Right now, my official title is Engineering Technician and because this is a small company which has now down sized to about six people, I wear many hats. Not only do I test new hardware and software, but I take care of shipping, the phone system, the computer network, all the PC's, all the other computers plus documentation of new products, the company web site and customer support. All of this keeps me pretty busy and at my age, I would like to give it all up and do something more relaxing. – *Carl Benvenuto*

From 1961 to 1967 I worked at New England Telephone Company. First I was a Radio Transmission Engineer. This was interrupted by a leave of absence for two years of military service. Then I worked a year as the Telephone Business Office manager for Vermont's Northeast Kingdom, with the office in St. Johnsbury. Then I took a two-year leave of absence to attend Harvard Business School. I never returned to the telephone company.

From 1967 – 2001 I worked for Polaroid Corporation. First I was a manufacturing supervisor, then a telecommunications manager, then Material Services Manager responsible for warehousing, stockrooms, central receiving, and miscellaneous general services. After that I was purchasing manager for a number of organizations. – *Steve Berry*

Naval officer, application engineer for Honeywell, Inc., general practical lawyer (drunk driving, divorce, etc.,), disability lawyer for over 30 years. Now I am retired doing volunteer work for the library, botanic gardens and am serving on the condo association board of directors. – *Jim Bicknell*

I am working at Microsoft Corporation as a writer these days. It is interesting working with a group whose average age is half mine and a boss younger than my son. I worked my way through college, and have been working almost my entire adult life with computers. I started my career pushing the last vacuum tube made out the door, and now I'm working on computers that fit in your hand. I took a brief break to pick up a Masters in cinema from University of Southern California, but was doing too well in computing so I never made the plunge into films. – *Sheldon Blauman*

Secretary, Wife, Mother, Caregiver, Grandmother, Friend. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

My primary occupation was at the shipyard, working every aspect of piping systems on twenty submarines and three aircraft carriers including those with nuclear power plants. The last ten years I worked in the quality inspection department for the nuclear power plants. It was a very interesting job following the power plant all the way through being installed, tested and becoming operational.

One of my most exhilarating experiences was going on sea trials on two submarines for twenty days. The subs

Ballistic Missile Submarine 654, the George C. Marshall

were the George C. Marshall, Ballistic Missile Submarine SSBN 654; and the Oklahoma City, Fast Attack Submarine SSN 723. This was an experience that not many people outside the Navy get to have.

My wife and I went out on a one-day excursion on the aircraft carrier Harry Truman to watch flight deck operations.

After working on these vessels with my crew of pipe fitters – it gives you a feeling of a job well done by all of us. – *Bill Chittenden*

I went to work directly following graduation for IBM at their Space Guidance Center in Owego, New York. Having a keen interest in aviation, this job was well suited for me. During my eight-year tenure at the Space Guidance Center's Final System Test area, I worked on the computer systems for the following programs: OAO, the Orbiting Astronomical Observatory; B-70, the complete system for the first super sonic bomber that was a predecessor to the B1 Bomber; Saturn V LVDC (Launch Vehicle Digital Computer) used in the Saturn V moon missions; F-111 Aircraft Weapons Delivery / Navigation System; and the EA6B Aircraft Navigation system

When the opportunity presented itself, in 1970, I transferred to IBM's Semiconductor Manufacturing facility in Essex Junction, Vermont. In order to return to Vermont, I sacrificed my interest in aviation computer systems for a job in the semiconductor-manufacturing field. My assignments at IBM Burlington were in the Semiconductor Final Test and Semiconductor In-Line Test areas, both as a manufacturing engineer and manager. In both cases, it was the responsibility of our group to: ensure the integrity of the product being tested; determine the cause of failure of the circuit undergoing testing and to make recommendations to the process area for corrective action. – *M. Robert Ciardelli*

These are photographs of two carvings.

Flagman on a state construction crew; ❖ a surveyor's helper, same outfit; ❖ painter of houses, exterior and interior; ❖ waiter; ❖ sander at an auto body shop; ❖ ceramics decorator; ❖ leather sandal maker; and ❖ a junior high school art teacher.

I taught for thirty years in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, for 30 years.

Art was a "special area;" Home Economics, Shop and Music were the other three. Kids changed specials every twelve weeks. Over those years I had about 15,000 go through my class.

When I was in high school art was definitely my strong area. A talent for arts and crafts was the only marketable ability I saw myself as having and this

pretty much dictated the directions I took in my life. I had utmost respect for Mr. Trono and he was certainly skilled enough to help me. But overall the art curriculum at B.H.S. was definitely limited compared to other subject areas. Most teachers were teaching it as a second subject. They were a far cry from the high school art departments you find today.

I get most of my feelings of self worth from things I make that will be used, worn, carried or handled, as opposed to contemplated. I consider myself more a craftsman than an artist. I feel the term 'artist' is used much too frequently and loosely today. I guess I've run into too many individuals who throw something together (having zero knowledge regarding art elements or principles) and call it art because they want it to be. I realize lucky accidents happen but it's a stretch to call it art.

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When you point out something that would not have been seen otherwise you're dealing in art at some level. One of my favorite art definitions is "the purpose of art is to change or intensify one's perceptions of reality. – *Lou Garcia*

I was married after graduating from William Smith College, raised three children in Burlington, Buffalo, New York, and Hartford Connecticut. I graduated from U.V.M. School of Nursing and had a successful career as a neonatal intensive care nurse and later as a maternal and child nurse. My last stint was with the Lund Family Center when we returned to Vermont to follow my husband's career in public health as an epidemiologist. – *Debby Butterfield Galbraith*

I flew Skyraiders in Vietnam and went to United Airlines for 28 years after that. – *Jerry Julson*

FULL CIRCLE The year was 1957. Not in my wildest dreams did I ever think that someday I might be a nurse! Varsity basketball was high on my list of thoughts, as well as my recent dating of a young man named Lance who was in my fourth period art class. Finally the Big Day came. Graduation came and went with all the excitement and parties. I received my diploma and the warm summer was ahead of me. Job-hunting was somewhere in a corner of my thoughts - as was Lance, who had become a student at the University of Vermont in Burlington.

What was I going to do? My guidance counselor had been of little help to me, as my marks were hovering around average and not what most colleges were looking for, as I was told by my guidance teacher. I quickly secured a job in the accounting department at our local hospital. After the first week I realized that entering numbers on an old clunky metal accounting machine was not how I wanted to start adulthood!

A friend of my parents met me in the business office hall one day during that first week. She was a L.P.N. (licensed practical nurse) and asked how I liked my new job. "Horrible" I told her! She then said the nursing office was looking for a nurse's aide and the pay was the same as I was receiving - perhaps I might enjoy that. I learned I could go into a L.P.N. nursing program. There were three of them in the state at that time.

A few days later I was wearing a white uniform and shoes! Even though I was frightened some of the times in the hospital I enjoyed what I was doing. By October of the next year I was on my way to the Henry W. Putnam Memorial Hospital School of Practical Nursing and very excited!

It was a delightful year. I made lots of new friends and memories and had a good feeling about me and my future! Graduation came and went and I was back at my work's starting point at the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington - only this time as a graduate licensed practical nurse and working in the emergency department. I loved it.

And soon I was to be married to Lance Meade.

Almost two years had passed by when one day while working in the emergency room I was handed a copy of a letter by the charge nurse. It was to the director of nursing from the chief of surgery at the college of medicine and about me!! He was commending me for my exceptional quality of work in the ER! For the purpose of uplifting professional morale, he felt it was important to make a point of recognizing outstanding service!

I had come Full Circle thanks to the suggestion of my parents' friend and my taking action on it! – *Joyce Labelle Meade*

Military service became my main life job I joined the United States Air Force after graduation from ROTC and the University of Vermont in 1962- and I stayed for 33 years. As a civil engineering officer I was involved with building, operating and maintaining air bases worldwide. My family and I lived at 19 addresses including five that were overseas. I worked hard, received strong and enthusiastic support from Linda, and was lucky. In 1995 I joined the private sector and led environmental services, engineering and construction organizations with many interesting projects including building and operating plants to demilitarize chemical weapons in Indiana and also in Russia. – *Jim McCarthy*

My professional goal in life came to me early on – I wanted to be and educator. Only once for a brief period did I deviate from that direction. Early in my teens I thought perhaps a secretary might be a good vocation, but after flunking typing I knew this was not the direction for me. My mother was a teacher as was my aunt and I worked often with children in various capacities as I was growing up. B.H.S. provided me with the opportunity to try my hand in the elementary schools through Future Teachers Association and I was hooked. My teaching experiences have covered many areas and been done in both public and private educations.

I often thought it would be interesting to work with specialized children, but early opportunities did not foster this. However, an unexpected turn of events got me interested

in working with learning disabled children and my most cherished memories are those that come from 11 years in a learning disabilities classroom. They were challenging, rewarding and at times frustrating years, but definitely ones that best define me as an educator.

My teaching career began after college and except for one year was spent in various classrooms and learning environments. I love learning and being a communicator of knowledge, but most of all I love being with children. – *Lynn Coburn Nack*

DR. DEMO was my nickname in the last job I held. Prior to that I have worked at the following: ❖ Electronics Technician in the Navy in New York City; ❖ environmental testing at General Electric in Burlington, Vermont; ❖ various jobs at the University of Florida in Gainsville. ❖ I was a psychologist at the Western Carolina Center, a facility for the developmentally disabled in Morgantown, North Carolina. It was a blue ribbon place, state-of-the-art, and received lots of funding from the Federal government. It was largely the result of the Kennedy family and their interest in mental retardation.

I worked in ❖ quality control, ensuring products met standards of acceptance before shipping to the wholesale outlets at Marantz. This was the consumer electronics firm that gave us those digital readout-advertising boxes, great stereo and speaker systems and the famous electronic piano, which played itself. It had a manufacturing facility in Morgantown, North Carolina, where I worked.

❖ I worked in Polk County government in Central Florida in Bartow. I was with them for 13 years until I retired.

To give you an idea in some detail of the Polk County Community Development job, one aspect of it was to complete environmental reviews of projects. We used the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development criteria outlined in 24 CFR 58. (This is the acronym for regulations that can be found in the Code of Federal Regulations (CFR)). This job got me out of the office and into the field a few hundred hours each year. The major categories included floodplain and wetlands reviews, which I referred to the appropriate agency after my visit to determine if further review was necessary.

An odd fact, pointed out to me by someone pretty smart, was that homes that were lived in, even though uncared for, did much better than homes that were completely abandoned.

If you do pull up 24 CFR 58, the major environmental areas are listed in Section 5. Aquifers, endangered species, historic structures, toxic materials were among the three major categories. I was pretty good at it and may have completed over 1,000 Format 2 environmental assessments over my span of employment. I made lots of judgments calls (most of my decisions were judgments calls) and usually tried to err on the side of common sense. At the end of the review, since the document became a part of

the public record, I wrote a finding of no significant environmental impact (FONSI) or raised the possibility of an adverse environmental impact, which stopped or delayed to project until mitigation procedures were considered. I submitted these to a higher Federal level and with their approval I completed a Notice of Intent to Proceed. Notice of the process was published in a newspaper of larger circulation, and the documents were available for public review in my office at any time during this phase. I can't make light of it because it was serious stuff and I erred if at all it was on the side of protecting the environment. We didn't take down a tree without approval. Bald eagles using a site always signal the end of a project. Active railroad tracks and propane storage tanks were a toss-up. Asbestos couldn't be ignored.

❖ In the last ten years I was also the Demolition Coordinator for Polk County. Primarily I pushed the papers that allowed us to take down old abandoned structures throughout the huge county. I was known as Dr. Demo. An odd fact, pointed out to me by someone pretty smart, was that homes that were lived in, even though uncared for, did much better than homes that were completely abandoned. Completely abandoned homes, even good homes, suffered from collapsing beams and trusses whereas occupied homes experienced the knocks of life, the opening and closing of doors, windows, closets, people walking around in them, etc., basically the movement of life, whereas abandoned homes received none of this.

Whether true or not, the idea that homes to be healthy need to be beat about occasionally by the minor stresses of daily living and rowdy children is interesting. I have heard this related to many of the things of life: cars, tools, ceiling fans, and on and on. Better to be used than allowed to sit. – *Layne Prebor*

My first job was at the Howard Bank as a secretary's assistant. That started in February of my senior year and if I had to do it again, I wouldn't have done it. I missed out on a lot of the activities for my senior year. My grades were based on my work record.

I already mentioned my first job at the bank. I worked there off and on during my married life. When I moved to Shelburne, I went to work as a teacher's aide at the school. I worked there for ten years. What an experience! Kids can be so much fun to work with.

I worked at some department stores at Christmas season but the last two jobs I worked were at a motel working the front desk. It was very busy and I met some very interesting people. I wish I could have done that when I was younger. Harrington's was my last job. They are, always, after me to go back there. The work atmosphere was enjoyable and of course I just loved being around people. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

I was a Stay-At-Home Mom until the boys started school, then I worked as a police dispatcher and later as a receptionist at various local businesses. – *Sandy Bassett Richards*

Small Town New England Housewife – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

My first job was working in a store (no longer there) called Fishman's at the candy counter. ❖ The second job was working the A & W root beer store behind the counter. ❖ Third job was as a waitress and short order cook in a bowling alley in Idaho. ❖ Fourth job for about three weeks was in a spaghetti factory in Texas. ❖ Fifth was working in a vidicon tube factory as a tester. ❖ Sixth was as a assembler in the same place then I eventually went into Quality Assurance as an inspector.

I stayed with Quality Assurance and worked with defense contractors in electronics: ❖ Electrospace, Inc., in Richardson, Texas; ❖ Sperry Flight Systems in Albuquerque, New Mexico; ❖ E-System Garland, Texas; ❖ Spectra Point Wireless LLC in Richardson, Texas, and ❖ Raytheon Corp. in Dallas, Texas, where I am still employed.

But my primary role was ❖ wife and ❖ mother and ❖ caretaker and ❖ helper to my grandparents and mother. Even though the girls have been grown and married with families of their own there are times when they still come to mother to talk to. The grandchildren come to grandma from time to time to talk also. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

Paperboys The Burlington Daily News had afternoon paper routes and the Free Press was the morning paper. I sold both. We found out that you did not need to have a paper route to sell the Daily News. You could sell papers in just the downtown area. You would walk all over asking people. Some of the restaurants and businesses did not want you to sell papers inside. Some kids had steady customers and they were very protective of their customers. You could get into a fight if you sold papers to their customers. There was an older man, not retarded, but slow, who always was in the same place. He sold quite a few papers. Quite a few businessmen would always buy papers from him on their way home. I did not sell too many. I tried to sell enough to get at least 16 cents because there was this bakery on Church Street across from the old police station where I could buy a whole bag of day old pastry. You only received 2 cents for each paper you sold. The ones you did not sell you had to return to the news building. You would give them three cents for each one you sold.

I eventually had a Free Press route. I made quite a bit more money that I saved for a bike. I purchased a brand new Schwinn bike for $69. It had everything: chrome fenders, four speed shifting mechanism, a generator and a light. Most bikes had big balloon tires around that time. My bike had the little skinny tires that you see on today's bikes. On weekends we would take biking hikes. When my father would get tired pedaling his old bike, I would give him a rest and switch bikes with him. I wasn't so generous with my brothers; they had to beg. – *Jim Hale*

The first twenty years I was a homemaker rising five children. One had cerebral palsy, epilepsy and severe retardation. Then I worked as a cafeteria manager at the kids' high school. I also worked with the police department as a crossing guard downtown in front of the Capitol. I also worked twenty years with weight watchers in the field and in the office. I have retired and we enjoy traveling and cruising. – *Gail Charron Gilmore*

I worked at various places as a ❖ Medical/Psychiatric Social Worker in the Burlington area. After marriage I worked as a ❖ school bus driver, ❖ worked with my husband in his auto body shop and worked as a ❖ Correctional Services Specialist at Northwest State Correctional Facility in the violent offender's unit. ❖ I carried that program onto the streets with Probation and Parole in Barre and then in Morrisville. I retired at age 62 and moved on to ❖ working in an insurance office and am now a ❖ substitute teacher at Lamoille Union High School and at Waterville Elementary School.

I have a "job-non-seeking-tale." I was helping John in the shop one day when the telephone rang. When I answered it the lady on the other end said that my name was on the Reduction In Force (R.I.F.) list of former state employees and they were interviewing for the position of correctional caseworker. The last time I had been the victim of R.I.F. was in the late 1960's so my name should not have been on the list. Well needless to say I got a job with ❖ Department of Corrections and retired from that position.

My primary occupation was Social Worker/Teacher. Even as a school bus driver I was doing "therapy" with some of the children who had less that ideal homes or thought they did. I think I have always had a teacher in me. Even as a Lay Minister I am "teaching."

Good jobs are lower level government jobs – the ones that are necessary and not dependant upon the public's whim. I say this because the benefits are well worth some of the not so desirable aspects of Government jobs. – *Margoj Thomas*

After graduation from college, I married six weeks later – there were so few choices for women after college then. My husband was a student at Boston University School of Theology, and my dad really struggled with having a clergy person in the family. My husband and I served three churches in the Boston and Hartford areas for nine years. In 1970 we joined a faith-based non-profit, the Ecumenical Institute/Institute of Cultural Affairs (E.I./I.C.A.), based in Chicago, which took us around the world for the next 18 years. When we finally decided that a life of self-imposed poverty would not sustain us through retirement, we received a transfer to Denver.

At left, Ken and Clare in 2006; above, Clare in 1957.

Over the years I have worked at some interesting jobs, mostly a ❖ secretary/ book-keeper, including a ❖ meat-packing company in Portland, Maine; ❖ a lawyer in Glasgow, Scotland; ❖ an international consulting/construction company in Amarillo, Texas; ❖ a United Nations Agency in Rome; ❖ an architect in Nuku'alofa, Tonga. One of the strangest was ❖ teaching English as a second language in Surabaya, Indonesia, on contract with a sugar plantation.

After returning to the U.S., I went back to bookkeeping for ❖ a geophysical company in Golden, Colorado, and then ❖ a small boat/retail company in Denver. Sometimes it is hard to explain, but I've had a great wealth of experience working around the world.

During our years with E.I./I.C.A., I had a few times when I did not have to 'work' in the usual sense. One was in Belgium, when ❖ I participated in a year-long series of events in small communities in a process which was to raise awareness that change can happen without waiting for the government to decide to do it; or to be victimized by the government's inability to respond. ❖ I also had this opportunity in Tonga when we worked across the island groups with people from local villages in creating their own development projects. This usually involved travel on inter-island ferries, and I discovered to my intense dismay that I get VERY seasick. But over the four years we were there, we transferred the methods we had brought from English to Tongan, and had the satisfaction of seeing the training programs being done entirely in the local language. We were blessed.

❖ In 1996 we purchased a small business in Denver that offers seminars in behavior change for court-assigned misdemeanor offenders. This includes shoplifting, traffic violations such as aggressive behavior or road rage, conflict management, both for juveniles and adults, in Spanish and English. This has provided us with a good income, great satisfaction at the changes we have enabled people to make, and an opportunity to retire with some security. We are still involved in the business, which is now being run by our older son, Mark. I continue to do the books, and Ken works on the newsletters and teaches a few seminars. We have been greatly blessed. – *Clare Adams Whitney*

I went into the Air Force after high school and stayed nine years as a radio technician. It was at the radar station in St. Albans, where I met my wife, a former Bellows Falls Academy cheerleader. I did a fair amount of travel: Newfoundland, Mississippi, New Mexico, Japan, and Okinawa. We had three children and a few remote tours possible, so I decided to become a civilian.

We moved to Vermont in 1967 and worked for U.V.M. when we built the ETV state network. I also worked at the WVNY-TV startup in 1968 and became their chief engineer in '1971. Moved to Albany, New York, in 1982 and built an independent television station, now a Fox affiliate, WXXA-TV, and am still here. I plan on working another two years, but the company is going to be sold, and that may force my hand. – *Sargent Cathrall*

Bob Badger and I first became friends in grade school. He was a ham radio operator (youngest licensed by the FCC at the time) and we used to 'play' radio broadcasting when we were very young. That experience later led to both our vocations.

During my grade school days is when I first thought about a career in broadcasting. Bob Badger and I played being radio broadcasters in the basement of his home. I didn't know it at the time but it led to careers we both pursued. I couldn't work in broadcasting in the U.S. Navy so I signed up for the next best thing, being a radioman. Morse code, teletype and cryptography were my life for four and half years. While I was stationed at Kodiak, Alaska, there wasn't much to do during my off duty hours so I volunteered to be a disc jockey at the Kodiak Armed Forces Radio and Television station.

Following four years in the U.S. Navy I began my broadcast news career in 1962 at WIRD radio in Lake Placid, New York. My first interview was with Louis Armstrong. He granted me my first radio interview at the old Olympic Arena in Lake Placid. When I approached him with my tape recorder he was dressing for a performance. I explained that I was new on the job and probably not as prepared as I should be. He said – "Sit down son; I was new at my job once, too." It was a memorable experience. It taught me the stars in our world became stars because first they were nice people. People who think they are going to be stars and aren't nice, never reach stardom.

I moved to Rutland, Vermont where I worked as News Director at WHWB radio.

In 1967 I began my television career as News Director of WPTZ TV5 the NBC affiliate in Plattsburgh, New York. In 1969 my group vice president invited me to become News Director of the CBS affiliate in Lexington, Kentucky, WKYT TV27. In 1972 I was invited to return to WPTZ where I worked with a great news team for twelve years. The station received several Associated Press (AP) Broadcast News awards in that time.

Some memorable moments include:

• Covering the Lake Placid Olympics story for more than 8 years.

• Walking backwards with a secret service agent gently touching my stomach now and then as I videotaped President Ford's visit to Plattsburgh for the send off of the 1976 US Olympic team to Montreal. For some reason, interviewing him later wasn't nearly as memorable.

That is me on the television screen. The woman on the left is Bonnie MacKenzie, a City Council Member and later Mayor of Naples who became my second wife after my first wife died.

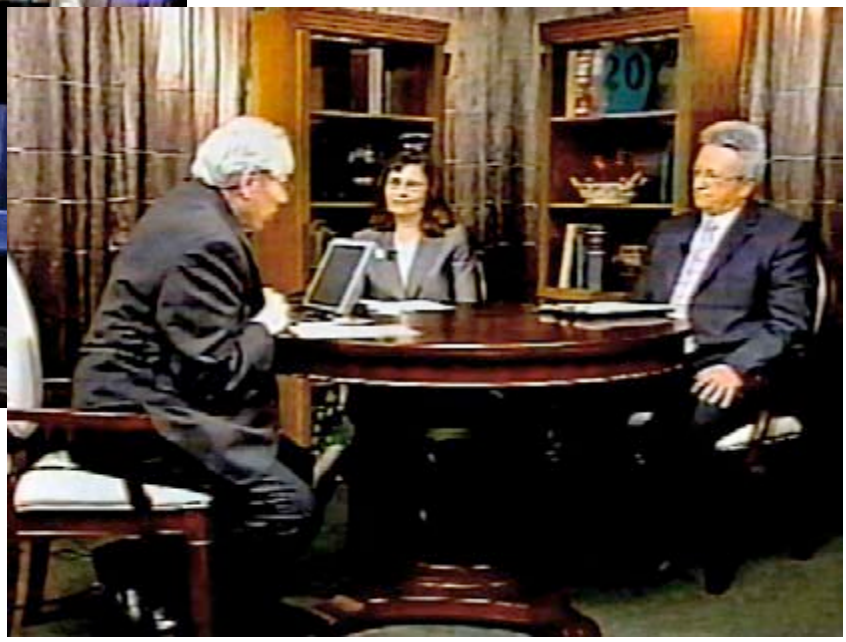
• Being one of the first in the United States to report on a little known disease with the long name "acquired immune deficiency syndrome" which had infected a few people at New York's largest state prison at Dannemora. When I telephoned the Associated Press to share the story*, they expressed no interest*! I told the editor he was making a mistake because this was a story that would have huge implications then and in the future.

In 1984 I searched for new opportunities and was invited to become News Director at Palmer Cablevision in Naples, Florida. Palmer Cablevision was credited with creating the first regularly scheduled cable newscasts in the nation. CNN came along later. Due to growing unbeatable competition from television stations in Fort Myers the company closed the cable television newsroom in Naples in 1986 and I was asked to become News Director of the company's radio stations, WNOG FM 93.5, WNOG AM 1270 and WARO FM 94.5. When those stations were sold in December 1996, I was one of several employees who sought new opportunities.

WNOG was the Emergency Broadcast Station for Collier County. I spent a lot of 'quality time' inside the county's bunkered Emergency Operations Center with my colleagues broadcasting the events leading up to and through the storm events that struck our area from 1984 to 1996. Although Hurricane Andrew passed directly over Collier County August 24, 1992, it went by so fast; it wasn't much more than a wind event. Early in the Hurricane Season the following year we had a no-name storm that caused much more extensive damage in our community and received almost no outside media attention.

1989 was the year I was asked to team up with Naples Daily News columnist, John Lunsford, to conduct a one hour television interview program titled *"Loveday and Lunsford"* on local cable television. A few years later Lunsford left the program and I was teamed with Naples Daily News Editorial Page Editor Jeff Lytle for *"Loveday and Lytle"* which was telecast until December 1996.

I went to work for the NCH Healthcare System in Naples, Florida, in 1996 and conducted a weekly television program titled *"The Medical Journal"* which included weekly videotaping of surgical



My second part time job is conducting television interviews each month with Superintendent Ray Baker and one member of the Collier County School Board on a program titled "eConnection."

procedures and was seen on WEVU TV10 from 1997-2003. I produced other hospital projects for presentation on television. The Medical Journal program received three Telly awards and four Crystal Communicator awards. I retired from the NCH on my 65th birthday.

I also conducted a monthly television program for the City of Naples titled *"The Naples Report"* on WEVU TV10 for three years, 1998-2000. The program was recorded and repeated several times a month on Collier County's Government Access cable channel.

After leaving WNOG during emergency storm events I volunteered at the Collier County Emergency Management Office broadcasting storm information on the EAS Radio Station for Collier County from 1996 through 2003 because that's what I did during my days at Palmer and WNOG. During the same time period I volunteered for the Collier County, Florida, Supervisor of Elections telecasting election results on the County's Government Access Television Station during elections.

I was one of the first in the United States to report on a little known disease with the long name acquired immune deficiency syndrome that had infected a few people at New York's largest state prison at Dannemora.

I created and maintain the award winning website for the Rotary Club of Naples North at http://www.naplesnorthrotary.org Today I have two part-time jobs. I work for the Collier County Supervisor of Elections, Jennifer Edwards assisting her with voter education programs, writing training manuals, news releases and managing the website http://www.colliervotes.com.

My second part time job is conducting television interviews each month with the Superintendent, Ray Baker and one member of the Collier County School Board on a program titled *"eConnection"* telecast Mon. Wed. Fri. and Sat. at 8:30PM. Another program is titled *"Closeup"* just getting underway. – *Carl Loveday*

After B.H.S. I graduated from U.V.M., drove cross-country with Linda (Foley) Blevins and lived in Los Angeles for a year. Then back to the University of Pennsylvania for a year of graduate work in education. I soon discovered that education was not for me and moved to New York City where I pursued my first love (thanks to my Magram's Fashion Shop experience) and became an associate buyer with Alexander's department stores. I met Harvey there and married in 1965. After a few years as a stay-at-home mom I got my New York state real estate sales license in 1974. Ten years later I became a broker and after selling, training and managing for several large offices, with a partner I opened my own office in 1997. I still have an interest in the business although my partner runs it. – *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein*

After completing my Navy stint, I returned to Montreal and entered the surgical residency program at the McGill University Teaching Hospitals. Over the course of the next six years I completed the general, and cardiovascular and thoracic surgery residencies. Bonnie and I were married at this time, and two of our children, Gardner and Kristen, were born at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Although they are both US citizens now, they are quick to acknowledge their "Canadian" origins.

Finally, at age 35, having completed all the surgical training programs, I could begin medical practice, or start a career, much to the relief of my wife!! I joined the Boston University Medical School as an assistant professor, and did cardiovascular and thoracic surgery at the Boston University Hospital and Boston City Hospital.

Although I enjoyed Boston University, the practice there involved only adult patients. I wanted to do heart surgery on children as well. In 1975, an opportunity arose at the Albany Medical College. Bonnie and I moved the family there. Lea had joined us by then, having been born during our stay in Boston. Ryan was born in Albany. We bought an old farmhouse in Voorheesville, New York, a village on the outskirts of Albany. We spent the next five years restoring the place. Remember the movie "The Money Pit?" We lived it!!! But, we finally finished it to our liking and raised our family there. We still live there, and love it. I spent the next 23 years on the staff of Albany Medical College, and practiced cardiothoracic surgery at the Albany teaching hospitals. And, I was able to do heart surgery on both adults and children. It was a tremendously rewarding professional career, and I consider it an honor and privilege to have been given the opportunity to do it. – *Eric Foster*

Gerritt started working on his Uncle's farm at age 8, driving a tractor. By age 10 he was driving farm trucks on the road. At 16 he started working part-time for S.R. Carter – a wholesale farm equipment company. After high school graduation, under pressure from his parents and Mr. Carter, he took a one-year course at Champlain College. Not liking school, this was another year of agony for him but he did graduate in 1958 and started full-time for S.R. Carter traveling Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. In 1962 Gerritt started working for the Reliance Company of Connecticut, selling the same products, traveling Vermont, Northern New York, New Hampshire and Maine. By 1966 traveling was putting a strain on home life as we had three children by then so he joined his two brothers in the Crowley Insurance Agency, a business his parents had started in 1947.

Earlier by the mid – fifties the Agency had grown enough for part-time help so it was only natural for me to work there part-time while in high school. I stayed on full-time after graduation until our first child was born in November of '61. By the time Gerritt joined the Agency I was home being a full-time mom with three children – fourth came along in '71. We had two boys, two girls and lived in the South End of Burlington.

When the kids started school at Champlain Elementary, I became involved as a room mother, library volunteer, field trip driver, etc. By the time our youngest was in school, I was offered a full-time job as an assistant in the Learning Center. I was not at all

interested as I finally had free time to play tennis, ski, shop, etc. but the principal wore me down over a three-year period and I agreed to give it a try for six weeks – 26 years later I am still there!

In the early 60's Gerritt, with help from family and friends, built a camp on Lake Champlain in South Hero. We spent every summer there for over thirty years and when the kids were grown and gone, Gerritt wanted to winterize the camp and live there year around. I was not keen on this idea – I loved the transition of being there all summer and moving back to Burlington in the fall – but after dragging my feet for about five years I gave in. We moved to South Hero full time in May of 1996 – best decision we ever made. As I am writing this today, it is snowing hard and beautiful outside – just as pretty on the Lake in the winter as in the summer.

Gerritt retired from the insurance industry in 2003, selling out to a long-time employee. After a couple of years, finding time heavy on his hands, he started working part-time delivering auto parts for a local dealer. He is still delivering parts today, along with former classmate and long-time friend Ken Bessette. – *Nancy & Gerritt Crowley*

I always worked full-time while going to school so overlap exists. I started delivering newspapers (Burlington Daily News) when I was 10. One of the customers on my long route was WJOY radio at 633 Main Street. Used to stop there and warm up. It led to my fascination with radio and a nearly 50-year career in all aspects of broadcast radio. In radio I worked as on-air disc jockey in Denver, Florida and Albany, New York. I managed stations in New York State, New Jersey and Florida.

In law enforcement I was a part-time law enforcement officer with the Florida Marine Patrol and the Florida Fish and Wildlife Commission from 1985 - 2007.

I worked as a full-time investigator with the Florida Department of Business & Professional Regulation and later managed the section that issues the licenses and regulates yacht and shipbrokers in the state. I supervised investigators and worked with attorneys to prosecute cases. The job involved attending boat shows and conducting educational seminars statewide. I "retired" last year after 14 years.

Now I am working full-time with the Capital Health Plan in Tallahassee involved in security and safety. It is a great place to work and I don't have all the pressures and deadlines prevalent in management. – *Bob Badger*

My jobs during my life have been baby sitting, secretary for Hoag and Associates (a surveyor), answering the phone for Crowley Insurance Agency, filing for Hickok and Boardman and then my present job of homemaker. Of course, put wife and mother in too – probably my most important jobs of all. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

I got married shortly after getting out of the Navy and had two wonderful daughters. I decided to put myself through college so I went to Champlain College for two years for the Associate Accounting degree. I then finished up over the next several years at Trinity College on nights and weekends. I worked for a Burlington accounting firm for nine years, and then went on my own in 1969. I had a thriving practice for 28 years in the

Burlington area. I sold it to one of my employees in 1997 and retired. I had just had cancer surgery and was told I only had two years and decided to enjoy life to the fullest. Ten years later I am still going strong. – *Jack Lamson*

With a promise of another Vietnam tour on the horizon I opted off active duty in early 1966, and it was back to Burlington. After a short stint with Vermont Structural Steel, I moved on to IBM. The first part of my career involved managing major facility portfolio expansion during IBM's growth years. This was an exciting time, but it came to a screeching halt in the mid-80s when the mainframe business was declared a "dinosaur" with early out "opportunities" beginning in earnest.

Seeing the handwriting on the wall, I was fortunate enough to jump careers into the environmental management arena when U.S. Environmental Protection Agency started coming into vogue and before layoffs became "fashionable." So, it was back to school for post-graduate degree studies in Environmental Management at the University of California, Davis.

The latter part of my career involved managing IBM's chemical and environmental management infrastructure operations, establishing common business practices for the worldwide development and manufacturing locations and developing the supporting information technology infrastructure. It was a rewarding challenge indeed, facing the many cultures, languages, and laws around the world. I was fortunate to have the IBM facility in Essex Junction available to call my business home away from home when I was in the Burlington area visiting relatives and friends and during times when we needed to help our aging parents.

I switched careers at IBM and managed chemical and environmental management infrastructure operations, establishing common business practices for the worldwide development and manufacturing locations.

In late 1996, with some heavy persuasion from Sandi, we decided it was time to come full circle back to the Sacramento area and after 22 moves we now call Roseville home. Fortunately, our two daughters followed suit and it's great having them and two grandchildren living nearby. – *Jim Viele*

I was involved in my two kids' sports activities for about twenty-five years: first as a coach, than an official; then to administration. Being a sole-practitioner lawyer gave me the flexibility to do this. As far as "good jobs:" find something you love to do that will pay the bills. – *Jim Bicknell*

I have been a student and practitioner of best practices management for several years. I enjoy identifying the "winners" and "losers," both from an individual and organization viewpoint. Customer service is high on the list of winner ingredients. – *Bob Badger*

I think any job you choose to do or are elected to do should be important no matter what it is. It always helps to like the job and if you don't love it you should do your best until you can find something you love to do. Good jobs are what you create. I love being a wife and mother and grandmother now and making a home a home. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Following the closure of my private mental health practice, I became a full time volunteer with the Disaster Response organization of the American Red Cross. They had a major need for amateur radio licensed communicators and licensed mental health professionals as well as people with educational experience. So, from 1998 until 2003, I was "on the road" managing disaster response operations and training volunteers throughout the American Red Cross service area.

In 2003, having listened to many concerns about my wife's solo primary care practice management and employees, I took a leave of absence from the Red Cross and vowed to learn and administer every non-medical task in the office. So, from early in 2003 until now, I have had a substantial set of business management responsibilities in health care as a receptionist, a file clerk, a clinical assistant, a book keeper, and an insurance claims' processor. One kind of humorous result of this experience is that the male receptionist I hired to replace the blond, brassy former U.S. Marine Gunny Sargent (I'm joking, but I learned after I let her go that she carried a 9mm glock in her pocketbook every day) my wife had hired, and I (as the other male in the office) had a neat influence in the office. The elderly women began to dress up and wear make up and the men began to shave and look less unkempt when they arrived for their appointments.

And, lest I forget, I should mention that from 1996-2003, I was a full time disaster service volunteer with the American Red Cross. In that organization, I was either a direct service provider (communications, family services, mental health, kitchen staff) doing structural damage assessments, or public affairs (media liaison) of set up and managed disaster shelters. I was also on the national Aviation Disaster Team and saw duty on a few of those operations providing liaison work with other responder organizations and mental health services. I was a member of the organization's Disaster Mental Health national instructor group and traveled throughout Red Cross jurisdiction recruiting and training mental health professionals for disaster operations work.

Following 9/11, I was assigned into the New York City operation and worked providing public affairs announcements and as a Headquarters Officer for Mental Health training and assigning new volunteers. On that operation, a conservative figure re the number of mental health service professionals we documented, trained and assigned every day is probably 200-300. Some had traveled from Canada as well as from American Samoa, Guam, and the other territories and states including Alaska and Hawaii. I spent some time in Giuliani's office as a liaison between that group and the Red Cross, and a fair amount of time at the Big White Tent adjacent to the World Trade Center pile, and made it a point to work with a team at the Disaster Morgue so I could understand that we had to move workers in and out on a 1-3 hours 24/7 basis.

I have also taught (adjunct) in a couple of colleges: University of Missouri, Castleton State College (VT) and the Community College of Vermont where I taught business and marketing classes as well as courses for potential human service employment.

I chaired the group which developed Vermont's first graduate school of social work and was the Administrator as well as Associate Professor for the program.

I also helped develop "Friends in Adoption," which continues today as a private "open adoption" agency.

I was recruited to return to Vermont to help create Vermont's intoxicated driver program in 1972 and the state's mental health/alcoholism treatment program.

In 1975, I joined the New England Resource Center for Protective Services and developed Vermont's legislation and community-based statewide network of services for "at risk" children and families. – *Sam Conant*

Biggest areas have been as a v corporate training instructor in computer-aided engineering. I have done v private education and tutoring. I was a full-time employee of a subcontractor to the Texas Department of Criminal Justice - Institutional Division. That's the Division that runs all the state prisons. The company licensed all their teachers with the Windham School District of Texas, which specified the programs for all those in prison in the state. We were v teachers of prison inmates in areas that would help them after their release from prison on parole: taking the high school equivalency General Educational Development test, vocational trades, computer science for those qualified to take training in that field. This last was my field, and the students did basic computer literacy, word processing, graphics, things like that. The prison was a brand-new facility that had been built to European specs and it was located about 20 miles south of Austin. The certification to teach was site-specific and job-specific and did not travel with me when I moved back East. That's why I'm seeking another one.

Now I am preparing to take a Massachusetts Department of Education certification test for a license to v teach English as a Second language; getting a student from the University of Vermont through an internship in Nuclear Radiation Technology at Harvard; applying for a Master's degree at New York University in the combined fields of theatre and medical education.

I was also a v contract employee as a Counselor/Group Facilitator for the Travis County Texas Counseling Center in Austin itself, where the staff led group discussions specified by a curriculum developer out-of-state. – *Bradley Butler*

I sold shoes at Abernathy's while in high school. I worked from graduation on at New England Telephone until I had a son. I stayed home for six years and then had a daughter. Then I went back to the telephone company and stayed for thirty-three years, retiring in 1997.

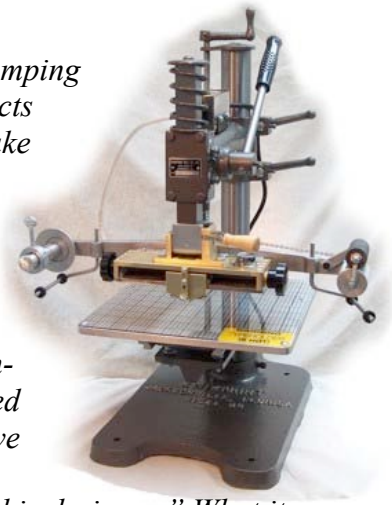
My most important role was being a good mother. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

After graduation I went to work for New England Telephone Co. for 18 years. After my third son Curt was born I decided the kids needed me at home so I stopped working for a while. Then I started working part time helping a friend in the oil business, which I'm still doing today. – *Joan Papin Bisailllon*

MILKED COWS; ❖ cleaned dog and cat kennels; ❖ mowed lawns; ❖ fed pigs and chickens; ❖ cleaned university laboratory equipment; ❖ was a clerk in camera store; ❖ daily newspaper photographer; photographer at Basin Harbor resort for a summer; ❖ freelance photographer. After high school I was a dishwasher; ❖ Navy Hospital Corpsman and a Psychiatric Technician; ❖ UVM student for a year; ❖ studied existential anthropology in Merida, Yucatan; ❖ gold miner in Arizona for three months; ❖ cotton picker north of Phoenix for one hour; ❖ door-to-door salesman of Great Books of the Western World for a week; ❖ microfilmer for a year and a half at U.C.L.A.; ❖ printer; ❖ manager of photocopy centers; ❖ writer of a technical article for national library journal; ❖ sign-maker; ❖ janitor; ❖ printer again; ❖ silk screener; ❖ graphic design teacher; ❖ editor and designer of national grants magazine; ❖ weekend staff at halfway house for women parolees; ❖ associate publisher of national art magazine; ❖ printer again; ❖ editor and designer of a California State Governor's Office of Appropriate Technology (OAT) publication; ❖ consultant on urban forest planning; ❖ vocational teacher of printing, copywriting, graphic design and photography at Folsom Prison; ❖ graphic designer at a bus and light rail company for ten years to the very day my retirement vested; ❖ environmental planner of the 12-square-mile North Natomas development in Sacramento (on a volunteer basis); ❖ elected flood control official; ❖ curator and designer of Hawaiian culture-oriented museum exhibitions; ❖ editor of Hawaiian culture-oriented curriculum for domestic violence offenders; ❖ more freelance graphic design in retirement doing posters cards, books and ❖ working with my classmates to produce a 50-year history of our high-school graduating class. – *Tom Whitney*

A young production guy who didn't become a manager In Los Angeles in 1965 I went to work at Vomar Products, a small architectural sign company where I was a fast producer of quality signs but I was not able to make the transition to become a good supervisor.

I was the company's first good part time employee when it was a weekend business for the guy



This is a QuikPrint Model 86 hot stamping machine. I worked for Vomar Products for two years using this device to make door name and desk name signs. I look at it now and think it is kind of odd to spend forty hours a week tied to a thing like this. But it paid good money and at night I was going to college for $2.50 a semester. Observing the man who started the company, Paul Van Ostrand, gave me a sense of what my "profession" would be in the future: that of "graphic designer." What it meant was that I could put together anything that used type. and have it look good. I went on to design books, magazines, posters, signs, information kiosks, flyers – and communities.

who started it, and me who had a fulltime job doing printing during the day at an architectural firm. I quit that job when my first wife and I took a two-month trip back east. When we returned to Los Angeles, Paul had started the business full time. He asked me to go to work for him.

I produced fine quality signs, the backbone of the business, better than the boss. We started getting more business, and I trained more sign-makers and was the foreman of the sign printers. But delivery schedules started to get raggedy; we were missing deadlines. The boss finally solved the problem by hiring a new person to organize the scheduling of the work better. That person became my supervisor.

What I did not grasp at the time, and the big lesson I learned there, was that to grow in my job, on my own I should have expanded the scope of my responsibilities to aggressively learn how handle the order processing and scheduling of the jobs, and the follow-through to assure that work was flowing smoothly and on time. Since I was working there to make money, I should have lifted my attention from the production I was so good at, to the "paperwork" that is essential for smart business functioning. I should have transitioned from a production to a management role, and hired another production person to take up my slack there. I could have done this because the business was so small then and the boss had his hands full doing the design and marketing. I was bright enough, but it was too late before I realized how I could have handled it better. I left to go to school full time and work night shifts doing printing not long after that. The sign company went on to become a multi-million dollar business. I left with a name for the profession I would primarily follow: graphic design. – *Tom Whitney*

These were the types of signs I would make. They were neat, inexpensive and looked good. Today Vomar has grown into an international supplier of all kinds of signs for business. I was there at the beginning.

It was during the time Jimmy Carter was president in 1979. The Shah had fled and Ayatollah Khomeini took over Iran. There were oil shortages and lines of cars at gas stations. On March 28, 1979 the most serious accident in U.S. history at a nuclear power plant occurred at Three Mile Island near Middletown, Pennsylvania. This happened in uncanny fashion a few days after the release of the movie "*The China Syndrome*," with Jane Fonda as a news reporter at a California TV station. On April 18, President Jimmy Carter gave a speech announcing his energy policy, calling for an energy effort that "will be the 'moral equivalent

The State Capitol in Sacramento. Sometimes the Governor and his staff would meet famous authors for question and answer sessions. Hazel Henderson, a futurist and evolutionary economist originally from England spoke to us once.

of war'– except that we will be uniting our efforts to build and not destroy." On July 15 he called for an unprecedented national commitment to achieving energy independence and the development of alternative energy sources to end our dependence on oil from the Middle East.

I had recently moved to Sacramento because Governor Jerry Brown had appointed my first wife Elvie to be deputy director of the California State Arts Council. Elvie's and my old friend Judy Michaelowski recommended that I be hired to design an annual report for Brown's Governor's Office of Appropriate Technology, or OAT. Judy was working there promoting community gardens, a passion with her for the rest of her life. She thought I would be good because I had been editor of The Grantsmanship Center News, an award-winning national magazine that taught people how to obtain grants from foundations and the federal government.

The cooling towers of the Rancho Seco Nuclear Generating Station at Clay Station near Sacramento. It operated from 1976 to 1989 when it was closed by public vote and is being decommissioned. It was operated by the Sacramento Municipal Utilities District. SMUD is one of the ten largest publicly owned utilities in the country and has an excellent reputation of looking ahead to solve problems before a crisis occurs. They installed the first and largest utility photovoltaic generating plant in the nation; they have been early adopters of electric vehicles and have a tree planting program that has, since 1990 in collaboration with the Sacramento Tree Foundation, planted more than 350.000 trees in the Sacramento area.

It was exciting to become part of history, working for the governor of the biggest state in the nation, with an economy that ranks seventh largest in the world.[13] California had a good progressive reputation from what I had heard. And here was an office working out of a converted small market with people scurrying around promoting the most important policies the nation needed, as recently outlined by the president.

The photograph tells part of the story of the Office of Appropriate Technology: use what works that doesn't cost a lot of money and doesn't pollute the environment. The photograph above shows the remnants of one of the old farm windmills that were used all over the country to lift water from farm wells for cattle and irrigation. Why not use them today? In the background are some modern wind energy generators.

Who was this young governor with an office with a funny name? "Appropriate" Technology? He *was* a guy who picked my wife, a radical black playwright, to work in one of his agencies, that's who. Smart.

Jerry Brown was the young Secretary of State who became governor when Ronald Reagan left office. His father, Pat Brown, had been governor

[13] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Economy_of_California#California_as_an_independent_nation

before Reagan. A former Catholic seminarian, Brown slept in a simple apartment across from the Capitol Building, drove an old car, and would take regular sojourns meditating at the Zen Center in the Bay area. He was breath of fresh air in the political winds – and he dated Linda Ronstadt, my favorite singer to this day. For two terms he was governor, then ran for president but was not successful.

Later he became Mayor of Oakland, California, the city about which Gertrude Stein said "there is no there, there." Most recently he has run successfully for California State Attorney General.

In 1980 OAT was exploring and encouraging alternative energy sources by promoting wind energy, solar heating of water, using photovoltaic cells for generating energy, small hydro power, energy conservation, passive solar architecture, and biological treatment of sewage waste. These were unfamiliar programs to many Assembly people and Senators and so OAT managers had to go to the legislature to defend their budget every year. The annual report I was designing never was printed but Bob Judd showed the proofs to to Carol Hallett, a Republican leader in the Assembly. I had given one of the proposed articles in it the headline "Who Will Help Nipomo?" The article explained how biological treatment of sewage waste was a possible low cost solution to Nipomo's sewage treatment problem. Nipomo is a small town in Central California that has a problem that afflicts dozens of small California communities. Sewage treatment plants are very expensive. OAT was promoting the low cost alternative. This headline caught the Hallett's eye. She cared about Nipomo because it was in her district, and this among OAT's other programs helped convince her to support OAT funding.

Then I was interviewed to be hired to work for the OAT's Energy Extension Service unit, or EES. Kirk Marckwald interviewed me. One question he asked was what I would do if I had been told to work on something very hard – and was suddenly told to stop and work on something else. That sounded like something that had happened to him. Here he was doing OAT things; later he became Deputy Director of the State Resources Agency. I said that there was enough going on that I would turn and work on the next thing, which seemed to satisfy him. Marckwald said about me later, somewhat ruefully, that he thought I could squeeze in more information per square inch than anyone he had ever met. He might have been saying I should use a little more white space. Sometimes I did, sometimes not.

The O•A•T t-shirt image by Caitlin Rivers shows the spirit with which Oatians went about their business. It was fun!

EES was a federally funded program that was modeled after the U.S. Department of Agriculture's

Agricultural Extension Service. I had learned abut Ag Extension as I would accompany my veterinarian father to the Ag Extension's laboratory at the University of Vermont as

. *Glass plate photograph by McCurry from the California State Archives*

"This country of ours – we are not building it for a day. It is to last through the ages." Theodore Roosevelt said this when he was president and took a trip to California and visited Yosemite with John Muir, the famous naturalist. After that he visited Sacramento with Muir, and spoke the words at the State Capitol.

he would take some part of a dead cow's liver to be examined in their lab to determine its cause of death.

Ag Extension is part of the programs of the land grant colleges started by a great Vermonter in the 1800s. On July 2, 1862, President Abraham Lincoln signed into law what is generally referred to as the Land Grant Act. The new piece of legislation introduced by U.S. Representative Justin Morrill of Strafford, Vermont, granted to each state 30,000 acres of public land for each Senator and Representative under an apportionment based on the 1860 census. Proceeds from the sale of these lands were to be invested in a perpetual endowment fund that would provide support for colleges of agriculture and mechanical arts in each of the states.

The origin of extension activities is uncertain,[14] but they are thought to have started in China thousands of years ago, then more recently in England after the potato famine. But they really got their start from the land grant colleges in the United States. Extension agents from the colleges go out to bring farmers demonstrations and information about new and more efficient methods of farming. College farms are usually models of the new methods. I think we bandied about the idea that it takes something like 18 years for a new method or technique to be come widely adopted. Practical demonstrations are very important in convincing people.

Extension agents taught farmers about marketing and helped farm groups organize both buying and selling cooperatives. At the same time, extension home economists taught farm women - who traditionally maintained the household—good nutrition, canning surplus foods, house gardening, home poultry production, home nursing, furniture refinishing, and sewing—skills that helped many farm families survive the years of economic depression and drought. My mother's family were Finnish people and they became involved in a cooperative market in Spencer, New York, to sell their eggs.

The Victory Garden Program was one of the most popular Extension programs in the World War II period, and extension agents developed programs to provide seed, fertilizer, and simple gardening tools for victory gardeners. An estimated 15 million families planted victory gardens in 1942, and in 1943 some 20 million victory gar-dens produced more than 40 percent of the vegetables grown for that year's fresh consumption.[15]

Our family had a Victory Garden during the Second World War in Vermont. It was located on a plot of ground across the road from Fort Ethan Allen, our local Army base near Essex Junction, Vermont, about ten miles from our house in down-town Burlington. I would go with my father to gather vegetables from it.

Another extension program is 4-H, an agricultural youth organization, administered by United States Department of Agriculture Cooperative Extension System with the mission of "engaging youth to reach their fullest potential while advancing the field of youth development." 4-H serves over 9 million members in the United States from ages 5 to 21 in almost 100,000 clubs. Although typically considered to be an agriculturally focused organization, 4-H today encourages members to learn about many topics, such as geographic information science, computer science, and even public speaking.[16] I was a member of a 4-H club in my junior high school years in South Burlington, Vermont.

[14] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Agricultural_extension
[15] http://www.uaex.edu/AboutUs/history.htm.
[16] http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/4-h

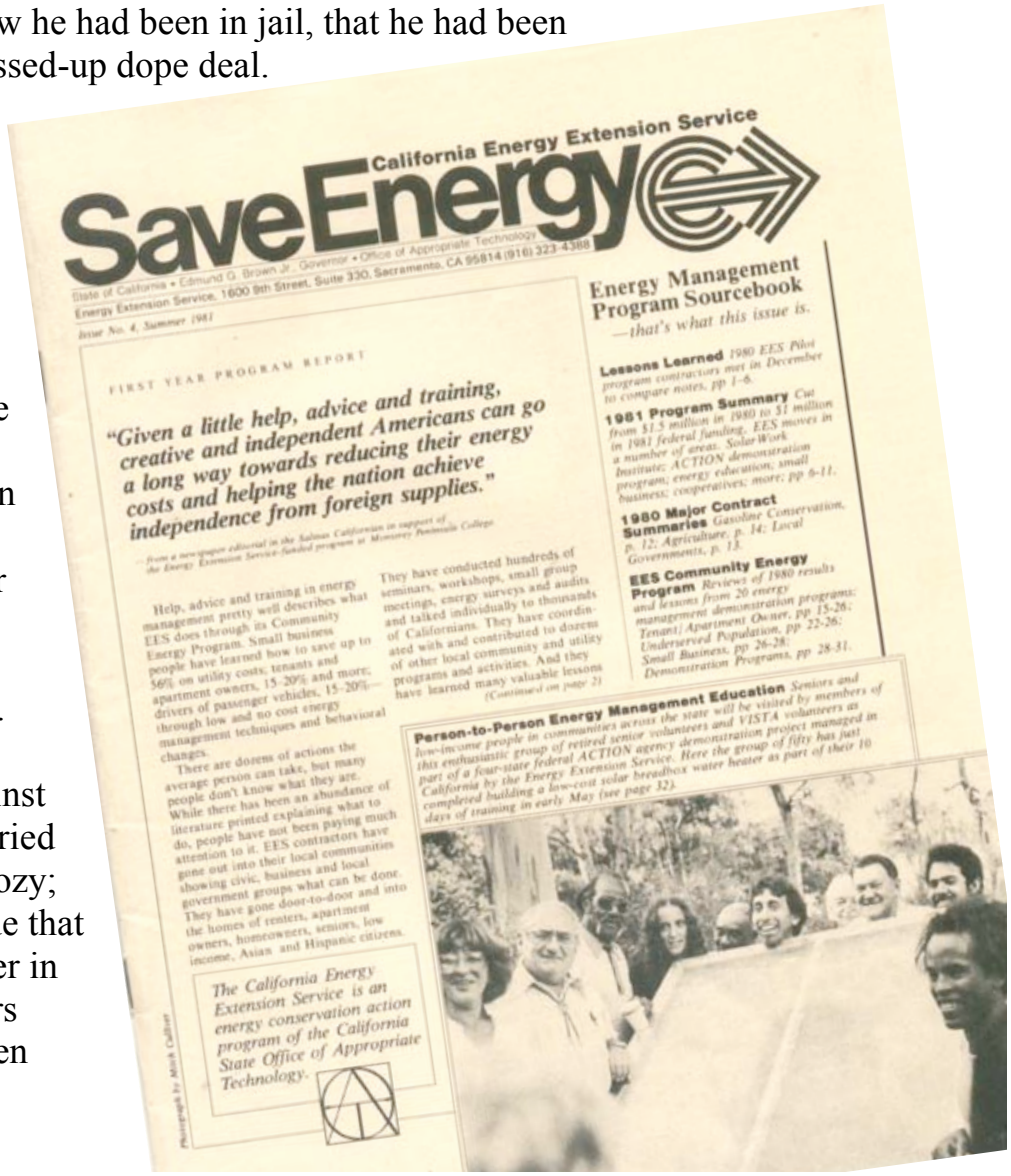
California EES

Our California Energy Extension Service gave out in grants about a million dollars in federal money each year (the money was apportioned to states on the basis of population) to promote and conduct community energy conservation programs.

In most states this federal money went to large state agencies, often for infrastructure efficiency projects. We wanted to show that there were plenty of smart local people out there who could spend money effectively to encourage interest in conservation. We were right. Ours was one of the few EES programs in the country that used this model. The headline on the EES newsletter I designed on this page carries that message. I think that this program typifies a California attitude: we are up to any challenge.

For a while at OAT I hired as my graphic arts assistant a person who was living in Betsy's and my apartment house on 12th Street. I had been impressed when I had seen string art he had learned how to create in prison. It was detailed, creative and neat. He seemed earnest and dependable. He worked with me for about five months and learned how to do layout and paste-up, the term for putting rubber cement on the back of type proofs and pasting them in place for a publication. He did an acceptable job. I never did tell my co-workers, who knew he had been in jail, that he had been there for murder in some messed-up dope deal.

Betsy and I started a project called "H.E.A.T." – the Handicapped Energy Assistance Team. The idea was to provide energy conservation materials to people with disabilities and assist in their installation. We worked on that for about a year. We had hoped to obtain funding from the Energy Extension Service for it. Our proposal made it to the final round of consideration. And there was discussion about it. Dennis Sykes, who was the director of the EES, was against funding it because I was married to Betsy. It would look too cozy; the implication could be made that there was something improper in awarding the contract. Others among the group that had been



California Energy Extension Service

SaveEnergy

State of California • Edmund G. Brown Jr., Governor • Office of Appropriate Technology
Energy Extension Service, 1600 9th Street, Suite 330, Sacramento, CA 95814 (916) 323-4388

Issue No. 4, Summer 1981

FIRST YEAR PROGRAM REPORT

"Given a little help, advice and training, creative and independent Americans can go a long way towards reducing their energy costs and helping the nation achieve independence from foreign supplies."

—From a newspaper editorial in the Salinas Californian in support of the Energy Extension Service-funded program at Monterey Peninsula College

Help, advice and training in energy management pretty well describes what EES does through its Community Energy Program. Small business people have learned how to save up to 56% on utility costs; tenants and apartment owners, 15-20% and more; drivers of passenger vehicles, 15-20%— through low and no cost energy management techniques and behavioral changes.

There are dozens of actions the average person can take, but many people don't know what they are. While there has been an abundance of literature printed explaining what to do, people have not been paying much attention to it. EES contractors have gone out into their local communities showing civic, business and local government groups what can be done. They have gone door-to-door and into the homes of renters, apartment owners, homeowners, seniors, low income, Asian and Hispanic citizens.

They have conducted hundreds of seminars, workshops, small group meetings, energy surveys and audits and talked individually to thousands of Californians. They have coordinated with and contributed to dozens of other local community and utility programs and activities. And they have learned many valuable lessons

(Continued on page 2)

The California Energy Extension Service is an energy conservation action program of the California State Office of Appropriate Technology.

Photograph by Mark Collier

Energy Management Program Sourcebook —that's what this issue is.

Lessons Learned 1980 EES Pilot program contractors met in December to compare notes, pp. 1-6.

1981 Program Summary Cut from $1.5 million in 1980 to $1 million in 1981 federal funding, EES moves in a number of areas. Solar-Work Institute; ACTION demonstration program; energy education; small business; cooperatives; more; pp. 9-11.

1980 Major Contract Summaries Gasoline Conservation, p. 12; Agriculture, p. 14; Local Governments, p. 13.

EES Community Energy Program Reviews of 1980 results and lessons from 20 energy management demonstration programs: Tenant/Apartment Owner, pp. 15-26; Underserved Population, pp. 22-26; Small Business, pp. 26-28; Demonstration Programs, pp. 28-31.

Person-to-Person Energy Management Education Seniors and low-income people in communities across the state will be visited by members of this enthusiastic group of retired senior volunteers and VISTA volunteers as part of a four-state federal ACTION agency demonstration project managed in California by the Energy Extension Service. Here the group of fifty has just completed building a low-cost solar breadbox water heater as part of their 10 days of training in early May (see page 32).

assembled to make the grant decision disagreed. A person who ran an organization that made grants to agriculture and housing cooperatives said that they made grants like that all the time and he didn't see anything wrong with it. However, Dennis's view prevailed. We did get some other funding.

It was a thrill to be able to work my heart out once again for something I solidly believed in, and which is still as important today as it was then. – *Tom Whitney*

Job seeking & getting fired

When I first got out of the Navy I wanted to be a stockbroker. I applied to and tested for about seven or eight brokerages. They all had the same IQ test and sales aptitude test. (I always flunked the sales aptitude test.) When I finally gave up and applied to Honeywell to be an engineer – lo and behold, they used the same IQ test. They thought I was brilliant, but I wasn't. – *Jim Bicknell*

Who doesn't have some of these stories? One odd job interview came to mind. I was trying to get into the child development area with the State of Florida in the Division of Child Welfare or something like that. I showed up on time in the dirtiest, most drab office imaginable. And wondered how they could tolerate the filth. The Bradley McGee case was over and the State of Florida was in a quandary about correcting huge deficiencies in the agency. The person doing the interview was pitifully unsure of herself and her job. Having been accustomed to well run, well-financed operations, I left in wonderment at the chaos of the office and the personnel. Their problems in Florida were just beginning.

Alan Lomax offered me a position at Columbia University, which I turned down outright. It was my skill in electronic analysis that would have carried me in the job but I still wonder if I did the right thing. The country bumpkin in me had difficulty seeing myself in New York City especially with my family.

I was fired from one job for lack of interest and competence. It was in the automotive area selling batteries, generators, and rebuilt everything. I was glad I was fired as it solidified my decision to go to college.

One job I created. I was offered an interview to become a psychologist in the mountains of North Carolina. I literally had to create a test kit for the job. It was a Sunday and I bought stuff at a Walmart and trained myself during the night for the interview the next day. I was a hero with the staff, as it turned out in this strange event. I still remember it as everyone on the staff, pediatricians, nurse field workers and others watched through a glass mirror as I worked with the test children. I did well.

Later on that job, I heard that the director of the facility was getting tired of me and I quit the job. It was not a good fit for me anyway as the level of retardation was more than I could bear. I felt sorry for the parents and realized that all the hard work in the world wasn't going to make things much better. At any rate, the warnings of a future firing triggered a desire to leave and I wrote a letter of resignation. I really don't think I would have been fired. I think it was a stupid thing to do, as I should have waited until I was fired. Anyway, I survived that and did ok for a while but it was hard. I only felt alive again when I left the mountains of North Carolina altogether and returned to Florida. – *Layne Prebor*

I put myself in the position of getting fired from WKYT TV Lexington, Kentucky, to collect unemployment because the chairman of the parent company, Kentucky Central Life Insurance, Garvis Kincaid, telephoned me after almost every newscast and asked me why we covered various political stories and why we did not. In his mind it was ok to cover accidents, crimes, fires and other disasters – but leave the politics, city and county government for him to privately manipulate. This probably doesn't make sense to anyone except someone who knew Garvis Kincaid. Coincidently, my current employer, a University of Kentucky graduate, knew him and his reputation and commiserates. – *Carl Loveday*

Tales of Love

Bill, who was never sick, was diagnosed in the fall of 2000 with stomach cancer and given two years. He survived until May 9, 2003. Bill and I were and in my case I still am Roman Catholic. We first met while attending Christ the King School in Burlington where we were taught by nuns from the Sisters of Mercy order who influenced both our lives. Without the strong faith in the Holy Trinity and the promise of salvation and because of our belief in Christ's death for our sins, I doubt that Bill would have endured the pain of his own death. And I know I couldn't have asked at his death, "How much longer are you going to let him suffer?" And then prayed "Into your hands, oh Lord, I commend his soul." And watched his spirit and breath leaving his body.

It is hard to realize that Bill – the man I knew from first grade who asked me to marry him – no actually told me at age seven: "Some day I'm going to marry you," – is no longer in my life.

I cried for three years and I still cry today for him, but not as often as in the beginning because I've felt from the beginning a peace for him. My faith literally walked me through his grieving process. Today I offer my mass and communion each week and go to his grave-site after to let him know I still love him.

Bill's death was the hardest thing life has given me to handle. I mourned him from day one and keep very busy. If I stop it hits me that the man I knew from first grade who asked me to marry him – no, he actually told me at age seven: "Someday I'm going to marry you," and never asked me formally – is no longer in my life.

I just re-read what I have written so far and it sounds sad, but I hope you aren't reading it that way. My life has been full and happy and though I miss him still and probably always will, I have great faith that at some point he will meet me and take me to the house on the water where we can canoe and swim – that I sent him ahead to find. Once we fished and rested a year at my favorite spot in North Randolph – Lake Champagne (yes, that's right!).

Thursday nights I square dance. The men who already have life partners are generous with their time and their partners generously allow me to "borrow" them for a dance or two. We all hug and so on Thursdays I socialize. I'm not there looking for another partner. I had one for forty-three years and they know it and feel comfortable enough with me to joke and hug and twirl. I drive home with a smile every week. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin or "Jo" as my dance partners know me.*

This is where it all started for Bill and I, at Christ the King School in the first grade in 1945. Here we are at the First Grade Communion. During this first grade year Bill told me, "Someday I'm going to marry you."

I am sixth from left, bottom row, and Bill, a boy of his word, fourth from left, top row in the Communion photograph above.

Bill and I resting just prior to getting married in September '59.

Bill and I in 1999.

Bill and I attended Christ the King until the fifth grade when my family moved to South Burlington on Williston Road into a house that dad had built on spec. When it had not sold in a timely fashion, we moved in. It was considered too far out in the country and people weren't interested in moving so far out of Burlington! I went to Central School until the beginning of ninth grade when I went by bus to B.H.S.

Meanwhile Bill finished eighth grade at Christ the King and then went to Cathedral, the Catholic high school, for the ninth grade. He transferred to B.H.S. in his sophomore year where we met up again and started going steady. It was as if there had been a minor interruption in our plans and now we were back on track.

After high school graduation Bill went into the Navy and although we had planned to be married in June, 1960, he was to be stationed at a naval security group in Sakata, Japan, and couldn't take a dependent as some of their time was to be spent in a tent on a mountaintop. When he found this was the case he called me and I remember saying "now what do we do?" There was a long pause, and then he told me he would come home in two weeks for a few days before he shipped out. I said I could manage it all if he didn't want to wait for the year he was to be in Japan. That's how it was decided – long distance by phone. I managed it all, somehow. We were married September 26, 1959, and had a long weekend before he left for the next 13 months and I stayed at home with my parents; a married woman of sorts. – *Joyce Wagner*

In the spring of 1957, the Navy Department sent representatives to BHS to recruit people who were taking business classes. A few of us took the exam more or less as a joke to see if we could pass. We passed, but only Ida and I decided to go to Washington, D.C. We couldn't go until I was 18 so on July 26 we left by train for Washington, D.C. We were scared but we did it. I got married two months after getting there and Ida became engaged, married and moved to Massachusetts.

Cliff and Georgia Foltz in 2006; Georgia in the 1957 Oread.

I was married nine years and divorced. I had married someone who was older and I guess at 18 I really didn't know what I wanted and maybe it should have been just an affair but back in the '50's I think you thought the word was "marriage." We didn't do a lot of fun things but just lived like a couple of old married folks. When things got to the point that I felt he thought of me as a daughter rather than his wife, it was time to end it. It was dull and boring.

I know that my life didn't really start until I was married the second time at age 28. Since then I have done and seen things that I never dreamed I would do in my lifetime. I was in limbo those first ten years even though there were some good times too. Life is maybe just better the second time around, like the song.

I had a chance to work in the White House but turned it down twice which now I think was stupid - but I was young. I later did work for Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory and the Bureau of National Affairs.

When I met Cliff, through his sister and brother-in-law with whom I worked, my life changed. We discovered we were both "outdoor" people and both raised on farms so we had that common ground. Plus we both felt needed and loved which is VERY important. We camped, partied and were always busy doing something. He has a very out-going family so we also were busy with them. I loved that because I didn't have that kind of upbringing. Don't get me wrong, I was close to my sisters, but this new family was just so different and fun.

After Cliff and I were married our lives changed because his ex-wife died so we had an instant family when his two children came and lived with us, which wasn't easy. Then the following year we had our first son and five years later a second son. I stayed home to raise my family after we were married for fifteen years. I only went back to work because I needed something different to do and of course the money helped with all the extra things we liked doing. I did everything during the week so that our weekends were free and we could spend them together as a family. Maybe that just meant spending the weekend on his family farm, camping, baseball fields as the kids were growing up or whatever. We just had a busy joyous family life. – *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

I met my husband through Paul Tremblay who had moved to Florida in our sophomore year. Tedd and I went on two dates in 1956 and wrote letters for a year. In 1957 I went to Florida for two weeks and on September 1, 1958, we were married. I got my engagement diamond thru the mail for Christmas in 1957. Then he came to Vermont a week before we got married. We were driving along two days before the wedding and I mentioned that he had never really asked me to marry him. He abruptly stopped the car on a highway in Milton and got on one knee in the middle of the road and asked me to marry him. I said yes before he got run over.

He abruptly stopped the car on a highway in Milton and got on one knee in the middle of the road and asked me to marry him. I said yes before he got run over.

My view on marriage is you make a commitment and you take the good with the bad and make it work. Getting married was one of the better decisions in my life. I learned to ease up on others and myself. I also learned if everything wasn't neat and tidy it was okay. – *Gail Charron Gilmore*

AS IT WAS It was only yesterday when I was living on a farm in Vermont with my three brothers. I was the only girl and I did envy my brothers because they were able to do the farm work and experience the joy of the outdoors. Housework was not my

idea of fun. My need to be needed became evident even in my early years. I was always adopting a stray animal and becoming its ever-loving mother. My sheep nursed from the bottle so long, its eyes crossed. I did enjoy my animals and also the fantasy world I made up. As I look back, my preadolescent days were quiet with only a few events to deter my life.

I know one can start over no matter what their age, if the health and desire are there.

As I approached adolescence and high school my life became happier and fuller. I had a little car to share with my brother and we drove fifteen miles to high school. I was able to excel in high school, becoming a class officer, being chosen for Girls' State and other honors. My grades were average but my self-esteem grew greatly. I look upon my high school years as my happiest years.

I met my husband in high school and followed him to the University of Vermont. After one year in college I decided to pin my future to his. We got married and I became a bank teller, being the breadwinner as he finished his engineering degree.

We decided to start our family right away, as my husband's first career choice was not Vietnam. He graduated from college and received one job offer in Detroit, Michigan. We took off on our big adventure. Neither of us had any traveling experience. We were native Vermonters off to the big city with our first child on the way. After two years and two children, we left Detroit and moved about, following space age employment.

I had a strong desire for a large family. This wish was not to be. After seven more pregnancies I was blessed with only three, that is, one more living child. I now had my three children, replacing myself, my husband and contributing one to mankind.

By this time we had moved back to my hometown in Vermont. We built a home in the country and our children started school having some of the same grade school teachers we had in our grade school days.

Not too long after settling in to our new home I discovered I was pregnant again. Everything went along fine until the ninth month when I woke up to find myself in pain. I lost my little girl and almost lost my life. After my near death experience and hysterectomy I left the hospital feeling a bit lost and alone. All this before the age of thirty.

Nursing was my first career choice many years ago. I decided to follow my first dream, even though it would take years.

In those days there was little known about treating women who have lost children. My cure for depression was being told to start a career, get involved in the outside world. I became a Realtor and started our business selling real estate working out of my home.

This period in my life was a period of great stress caused by my occupation and trying to be a "Super Mom" of the seventies. I laugh at some of the medication I was given. The seventies brought in all sorts of uppers and downers and doctors who liked to try them out. My husband traveled

a great deal. I had to deal with the children who had to be taken from here to there. Country life is great but carting children was a full time occupation – let alone running a business.

We prospered financially by investing in apartments, we had a camp at the lake and I even drove a BMW. True yuppies, always on the go. The children were great; I had no trouble with them during their teenage years. We were always able to communicate.

As I reflect on this time I realize my husband was becoming quieter and quieter; he was home less and less. He was either working or fixing the apartments and telling me to stay home instead of asking for my help as he used to in the past. He withdrew from me and I became more depressed. I left real estate for a couple of years only to find I was really alone. Even though there was a nine-year gap between my first two children and my youngest I felt all my family was leaving. The very thought of being alone left me terrified. In the end that's what happened: my husband passed on to his secretary as my older children graduated from college. I went to a psychiatrist – the best thing I ever did for myself.

I left my home and started a new life as a single woman in a nearby town. I soon opened another real estate business and after five successful years sold it and moved to Florida. One year in real estate there made me realize that the thrill I used to get from a sale was no longer with me. I had burned out. Selling was no longer my cup of tea.

Nursing was my first career choice many years ago. I decided to follow my first dream, even though it would take years. I felt I might be able to get my degree before I would go for my first Social Security check. After two years, I became a CAN, a Certified Nursing Assistant, and was well on my way to nursing school. During this time also I took a very sick mother out of a nursing home and brought her home to live with me. My part-time work at Blake Hospital on the cancer floor made me more determined to follow this new career choice. I became a staff nurse for ten years before my health required a change and I moved to Indiana near my daughter and her children. I now have two granddaughters at Purdue. Having passed through many seasons of life I am not ready to retire. I am looking for a fourth career.

I know one can start over no matter what their age, if the health and desire are there. Pondering my past has made me realize how far I have come from that dejected housewife. I no longer carry fear and the guilt baggage so common with women of the '60s. – *Phyllis Clark Turner*

Judge David Jenkins, also a B.H.S. grad, married Tom and Colleen under a Grand Canyon waterfall.

Life continues to provide new challenges and adventures. After 20 years of marriage, Jean and I divorced. In 1989 I remarried. Colleen and I planned a rafting trip down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon and we decided this would be the ideal time and place for our wedding. We were married at Stone Creek – standing in a pool of water under a

waterfall. A retired Vermont Judge and BHS graduate himself came on the trip to do the honors. Ten years later, we decided to run the river again and this time two more of my classmates came out to join us. – *Tom Hackett*

I have been married to the same woman since 1965. I was a disk jockey at WPTR in Albany and I met her on the "WPTR Music Request Line." – *Bob Badger*

Falling in love with the sailor from Vermont Jim Hale's task group came to Quebec in July 1960. The task group had an aircraft carrier "Randolph," a submarine and 6 destroyers. Jim's ship was tied up next to a submarine. My friends wanted to see the inside of a submarine. We had to pass across Jim's destroyer. He was on the quarterdeck aiding people viewing the American ships.

Jim was the first American who spoke to us in French. Instead of going to the submarine, he asked if we wanted to tour his boat. There were six girls and my sister's boyfriend. After the tour, he asked one of the girls if she wanted to go out dancing or to a restaurant. We were too shy to say yes and each had an excuse why we could not go. We liked him but when the first girl declined, the rest followed suit. Later on he dated another girl, also a friend of mine. He made friends with my sister's friend. They had something in common: they drank beer.

This is a photograph of Jim's task force group. His destroyer is one of the smaller ships on the sides of the carrier.

The ships left and to my surprise Jim remained. He had persuaded his officer to grant him leave in Quebec. I was just starting to work as a secretary and Jim would meet me where I took the bus at noon and when I finished. We were not dating yet but it was so nice to meet him at the bus stop. He stayed in Quebec for a few days and then he left to see his family in Burlington. We said good-bye.

He said he would come back. I was wondering if he would. Everyone said don't think about him, he won't come back. A couple of days went by and, surprise, he did come back with a friend from Burlington who had a car. When his leave was finished he hitchhiked back to Norfolk, Virginia, from Burlington.

One day I came home and my father, with a big smile on his face, told me I had a letter from Jimmy. We started writing back & forth. My family would ask “Where is Jimmy?” and I would tell them he is out to sea, or in Brooklyn or Norfolk. My father was a big strong longshoreman. He was as excited as I was when a letter would come from the "USS Bache." Jim got along extremely well with my father. My father liked him very much; he admired his courage and strong determination. Jim was very friendly with a big smile and he was very easy to talk with.

I had this little French/English book. We knew we liked each other even though we had a small language problem. I never realized how far he had to travel. We knew it was a long way but never realized until I made the trip: WOW! He wanted me to meet his family a year after we met. I told my father that we would take the bus. We did! We took the city bus out of town and started to hitchhike to Burlington. We were lucky to get a ride right away to Montreal. Somehow we got down to Plattsburgh, New York, and took the ferry to Burlington. Jim said it was easier to hitch a ride with a girl. A friend of Jim's gave us a ride back to Quebec. My parents never asked about the bus trip and I did not elaborate.

Jim started to go to school when he got out of the Navy. The next four years were tough. He bought a car for a couple of months but could not afford it and had to sell it. We thought it was great for a minute, a 1953 Plymouth, it was only eight years old: ha! He hitchhiked for four years. We did not go on normal dates like other young people did at that time. We used to walk and stop for a soda and fries or ice cream. We walked all over the old city of Quebec on dates. He would come up no matter what the weather, rain, snow, hot or cold. He never had any money. He traveled with everything he owned in a great big Navy sea bag. His winter clothes would be good for a fall day but not for winter.

He did not realize that from 1960 on, he would have to make that long trip to Quebec. All of my family loved him. My little brothers at the time acted like he was their older brother, they still do. Broken English one way and broken French the other way. If it got complicated I would help out.

Jim came down with cancer in 1997. They removed a tumor and he completed chemotherapy. I was worried that our long-term love affair would end. It's stronger than ever. He won again. – *Rita Hale*

I met Paul in 1980 and we got married in 1982. Paul introduced me to square dancing and camping. What a GREAT time we have had traveling these past 24 yrs. We met wonderful people and always looked forward to seeing them again annually (around mid-July) at each of our camping conventions. We belonged to a camping square dance group in Florida and got together once a month (except summer time - all the snow birds went back North and came back around October) and at the end of October we had an Annual State Camporee. Again they were LOTS and LOTS of fun. Due to illness, Paul finally could no longer dance but we did continue meeting with them as often as we

meeting with them as often as we could until he could no longer handle the truck and camper any more so we decided to call it quits. I miss it very much. Thank God for the phone and e-mail to keep in touch with everyone. Paul went to be with Lord and the rest of my family this past August 28. If he had lived we would have fulfilled 25 years at the end of January this year. – *Claire English Rae*

Above are some of the over 500 who came to our camporees. We usually camped at a fairground in whatever state we were in. The picture on the left is of Paul and me standing outside our camper with our Florida State Outfit.

We have been happily married for almost 38 years. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

PFLAG My work with Parents & Friends of Lesbians & Gays, PFLAG, came about when we found out our middle daughter is lesbian. That was in 1978 when she was still in high school and there was no literature for parents aside from that which said she was sick and it was my fault. I was totally ignorant about what teens go through, even today, until years after I knew of her orientation. I wanted to spare other parents of some of the confusion and loneliness I went through, thus the beginning of the local PFLAG. PFLAG began in 1972 in New York City and now comprises 500 chapters and 250,000 members nationwide. PFLAG has many programs now that deal with these issues. See their web site: http://www.pflag.org,

There are many publications today – unlike when I first learned about my daughter in 1978. The parents' response is usually the same today, however.

There are many books for parents who suspect their children are gay. PFLAG has an extensive site. I usually recommend a book called "The Family Heart," by Robb Forman Dew as a starting place, but there are many publications – unlike when I first learned about Karen in 1978. The parents' response is usually the same today however.

I have also worked locally and nationally to change the policies of the Methodist Church. That's still a long way from happening but we keep trying. I have marched in many gay pride parades including a huge one in Washington, D.C. I spoke to the legislature in Montpelier during the Civil Union debate, and I have met many great people I would never have known except for my association with gay and lesbian civil rights. But more important it forced me to look at what I believed; what were my prejudices in all areas; and what could one person do to change hearts and minds. It also caused me to examine what the church was saying versus what God might say or desire for creation. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

Betsy with Molly

I said I would marry her on two conditions:

1. If she never ever felt an obligation to cook me a meal again.

2. I did not want her doing my laundry.

It took her a split second to yes.

When I proposed to Betsy a second time, I told her I would marry her under two conditions. It was kind of amusing to watch her expression. It seemed to say: "Conditions?! Just who do you think you are? You're in trouble, Mister. This better be good or you can try your conditions on someone else." We had been married for about ten years, then split up. We had been apart for ten years and had recently got back together. And things were going along fine.

I felt the conditions were necessary because I had observed something about me that I was not happy with.

All my life I had agreed intellectually with the idea that women are as smart as men, they should get equal pay and deserved all the rights any man has. Women's Liberation is fine with me; it is overdue.

But I had noticed that my behavior was different than my ideas. In relationships I found my partners and I dividing up the house and family work in very traditional ways according the old men's and women's roles. We were just so used to it, we never talked about it. It was ingrained in our behavior. Since I desired to live a life of consistency in this modern society, I needed the conditions in order to help *me* change *my* behavior.

I must also tell you that Betsy is a great cook. She has never cooked something I did not like. She can walk up to any refrigerator and concoct something delicious on the spur of the moment. For me to cook I need a recipe, which I follow slavishly.

I said I would marry her if she never ever felt an obligation to cook me a meal again.

The second condition was that I did not want her doing my laundry.

It took her a split second to say yes.

After seven years, it has worked out perfectly. Here is my thinking.

The preparation of meals has for so long been something that women usually do. They scratch their heads, come up with menu ideas, (often met with indifference by their spouses and families) go through the trouble to do the shopping, fix the meals on time, and then have to convince the family and spouse to sit down at the table. Or wait and keep the food hot until they arrive much later than they said they would be home. Then after dinner, who cleans up? Usually not the husband; maybe the kids until they leave home. Then the wife gets to do it day after day, three times a day, year after year for the rest of her natural life. And then she does the laundry and cleans up the house and the smelly bathroom. The woman is the man's servant! The man is king of the house! When does the woman get to retire from this indentured slavery? Not in her lifetime.

In our house, that indentured slavery ended the day I proposed.

We fix something to eat when each of us feels like it. Usually we will ask the other person if they would like to share in what we are preparing, but often enough they don't. Or we'll ask if the other wants a refill of their cup of coffee when we get one. A couple of times a week we might share in preparing a casserole. This new way has just magically lifted away a whole complex of unspoken and previously tension-producing issues. Whenever one of us prepares something special it is viewed as a real treat by the other person. There is a thankfulness that did not used to be there before.

As far as the laundry goes, who doesn't think that as adults we should all clean up after ourselves?

One other element of marital harmony I have learned to practice is that when I use the bathroom, I always sit down. And I always wash my hands. Enough said. Marital harmony flows. – *Tom Whitney*

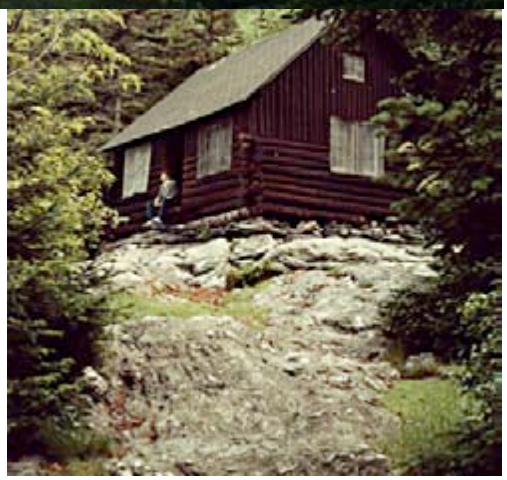
I married my first boyfriend, Seth, who is my best friend to this day. We courted for about five months and became engaged in 1959. We got married on 9/10/1960. We bought the property we are living on in August 1960 for $500 and still live here in our second mobile home. It is country but not far from stores, medical help and most family. There have been many changes over the years in our area but I have learned to accept them and live with them. I am very happy! – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Thank You to my High School Sweetheart

Some of my most lovely memories of the high school years were the times we spent together. Early on she took me to a special place in a cemetery where she would go and sit sometimes at night soaking in the mood. It was indeed spooky and beautiful. Some afternoons we would sit around and

listen to classical music. We would hold hands. We would talk. She introduced me to "Slaughter on 10th Avenue," by Richard Rogers; "Bolero," by Maurice Ravel; "Rhapsody in Blue," by George Gershwin. She really liked the book "My Antonia," by Willa Cather, which I read. She emotionally felt the poem "Dover Beach," by Matthew Arnold. It was fun going to the movies with her, going to dances in the auditorium, walking home through the snow with my arm around her, talking, hugging. It was the perfect introduction to romance. I remember a few times hanging out with her and Mariska Stades, an exchange student from Holland. Where is Mariska now?

Once we walked up to Butler Lodge on Mount Mansfield to visit my adventurous younger brother Dave who was staying up there as caretaker for the summer. She remembered that time recently: "We sat at the top of Mount Mansfield in the clouds with God surveying our Vermont world – and saw that it was good. The steak that David cooked was the tastiest I've ever had before or since. Ours was a passion of two innocents for philosophy and art that often kept us talking all through the night with such energy! Ours was a brave new world."



Butler Lodge in the lower photograph with Dave Whitney sitting in the door surveying Vermont. Mount Mansfield at the top.

I was interested in photography and took her down to the harbor one time – and it was a mess in those years. She didn't enjoy the excursion so much; it was not quite the fun I had thought it might be. The happiest subjects for my camera that day were her red shoes. She wrote recently about that picture she had not seen in fifty years. "Oh – the red shoes photo – what a delightful surprise! How I loved those red shoes – the red shoes of the fisher man or fisher lady. At one time in my adolescence I had a fantasy of becoming a missionary – well, Clare Adams did!"

She was a lovely, smart and good person and I thank my lucky stars I met her. We drifted apart as she went to college and I joined the Navy after high school.

Actually, how we drifted apart is a story a young person might like to know. The lesson to be learned is that you can make decisions when you are young and emotionally immature and carry that behavior through your life – when you might be better off if you stopped acting that way.

We would see each other some weekends when I could get liberty and travel back from Newport, Rhode Island first, then Philadelphia. But one day a couple of years later she sent me a letter[17] suggesting that perhaps we should both consider the possibility of dating other people. I don't remember her exact words, but I do remember my exact interpretation: this is a "Dear John" letter. She has found someone else. She didn't say that, but that is how I took it, whether it was true or not. I never spoke to her again until years later. I later realized that it was a gesture on her part to remain emotionally honest with me. That is a mature thing. I was immature.

During the year after the Navy I went to U.V.M. One day she was walking up a big sidewalk and I was walking down on the other side. We saw each other and I think both hesitated for a split second, but walked on and did not speak.

Recently I have thought that decision not to speak may have been a turning point in my life. If we had talked, it is just possible that we might have got back together. And from that moment on my whole life might have been different. Not better or worse, just different. As it was, in a month I was off to Mexico for a few months and then forty years in California. I don't wish my life had been any different. But I recognize that it might have been. The course of people's lives can be altered by spur-of-the-moment decisions.

I am glad Betsy did not have my attitude of not looking back, a behavior pattern I had carried through my life from when I was emotionally immature in my teen-age years.

This became a pattern with me. When a relationship was over, I figured, it was over. I did not attempt to go back to the person. I somehow automatically adopted that reaction and did not question it.

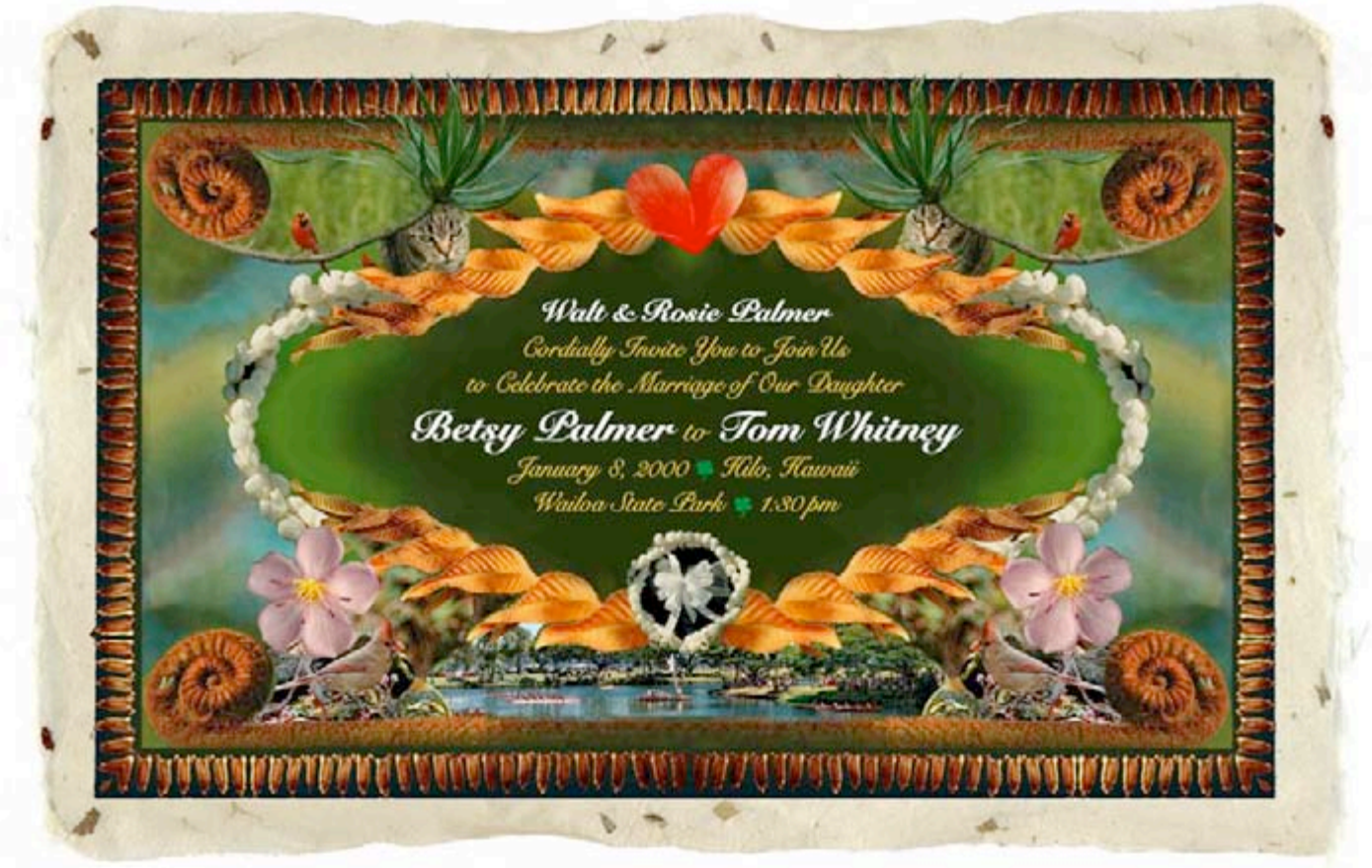
When my first wife and I split up after ten years, and even though we had children, I did not try to get back together. The same also happened in another relationship. Then I met Betsy and we were married and lived together ten years. We split up.

My attitude was the same. It was over. But Betsy had a different way of doing things. She calls her good friends every year on their birthdays and chats. Even though we had parted she still considered me a good

[17] Recently as I was sharing the draft of this chapter with my high school sweetheart she had this observation that I do not dispute, but my memory remains as described in the text above: "You know, we are all victims of selective memory. I hesitate to correct your impression of who first sent the Dear John or Dear Jane, but it was you! I reacted 'in kind' as I recall, and threw in some zinger home truths for good measure (hell hath no wrath like a woman scorned). I guess I was voted best in dramatics for a reason." Again, I accept this. I know I do have a conveniently faulty memory at times."

friend. She moved to Hawai‘i soon after we split up, and would call me on my birthday and in the course of the conversation would usually ask me if I was ever going to visit. My image of Hawai‘i was the same as my unappealing image of Miami Beach: high-rise hotels and a narrow strip of beach. I would offer some original wisecrack to this question, like “When hell freezes over.”

My attitude was still intact until 1998. I was then ready for a vacation. I had recently retired, had a part time job and had been elected to public office. That year, her call was the only remembrance of my birthday anyone noted. When she mentioned a visit, I said yes. I went over a few weeks later. We hit it off just great. I went back to Sacramento, resigned my elected office and moved to Hawai‘i – for love.



So I am glad Betsy did not have my attitude of not looking back, a behavior pattern I had carried through my life from when I was emotionally immature in my teen-age years.

I am a lucky man and I commemorated my good fortune on my wedding ring, designing it so it shows four-leaf clovers. We designed Betsy’s to show pikake flowers.

This is my wedding ring. I designed it with four-leaf clovers because I thought I was a lucky guy to hook up with such a nice woman.

Our wedding was fun. I had been volunteering my services to Hawaiian and Tahitian cultural groups and both groups volunteered to participate in our wedding. The Tahitian group danced. As Betsy and I walked up to the podium to be wed we

followed a dozen Hawaiians from the Royal Order of Kamehameha who were stomping their feet and chanting. It was like a dream.

On the previous page is our invitation I designed using Photoshop from photographs of plants in our back yard and Hawaiian gourd seeds. In the old Hawaiian mythology gourd seeds were thrown up into the sky and became stars. – *Tom Whitney*

Courtship and marriage was with my husband Dan. I went on dates before but not many. Our dating back then was kind of restricted, more so than today.

Civil unions and marriages are not something I believe in. It is all against my teaching but if it makes the couples happy, who am I to judge. Marriages between husbands and wives should be based on friendship. If you don't want it to happen to you, don't do it to your spouse. Giving is so much important than taking.

Dan and I recently in our warm Shelburne kitchen.

My most romantic place was wherever I was with my husband. Some the places that stand out in my mind are Hawaii, Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam, Las Vegas, Thousand Islands and Montreal. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

Being the independent soul that I am when I saw John a year or so after his wife had passed away I knew he and I were to be married someday. We just sort of drifted in and out of each other's lives for a couple of years and then it just all fell into place. We got married on August 9, 1980. While we were waiting for the guests to arrive at my sister's house in Fairfax the minister was looking out the window and he suddenly asked if we raised pigs. Well, we did, and the little porkers had gotten out and were galloping up Highway 104 toward the village. So before the "I dos" we all

participated in “pig round up” dressed to the nines in our best bib and tucker. – *Margo Thomas*

I have loved and married two wonderful women. The first, Marcy, was a secretary at my first employer WIRD in Lake Placid, NY. We courted secretly because employee fraternization was prohibited; then were discovered; I was fired; we married and reared two wonderful sons. Thirty-three years later she died suddenly in 1994.

In 1996 I conducted one of thousands of broadcast interviews with a political candidate. Her name was Bonnie MacKenzie. She lost her husband suddenly two years earlier. I was attracted to her and sought permission from my boss to call her up for a date (it was a conflict of interest for a news-person to date someone he/she was assigned to cover). My boss said, “yes” with the understanding one of my colleagues would be assigned to Mrs. MacKenzie in the future. I agreed and dated her from 1996 until April 1, 2004 when we were married. We were secretly engaged from 1998 until August of 2003. She didn’t want to marry while she was on the Naples, Florida City Council and later when she was Mayor. Four months later she was diagnosed with terminal breast, lung, and brain cancer. She died peacefully June 13, 2005. – *Carl Loveday*

The secret to a successful marriage? “Yes, dear.” – *Jim Bicknell*

During the years prior to the cancer I divorced after 23 years and remarried soon after, but that only lasted six years. I learned from all that that it is cheaper to stay single compared to buying a house every few years and giving it to some woman I don’t like! - *Jack Lamson*

I have always told my children and grands that love was the most important thing of all and the reason I am here and what I would want them to remember. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

When I was a senior, Bunny came into my life and we dated off and on for the next five years. Early on I was headed to basketball practice before the season began and was with Bunny. For whatever reason I was running and Bunny tackled me (probably for a kiss) and I fell, breaking my wrist and missing the first half of the season. What a story to tell the grandchildren! After 45 years of marriage I still remind him that he ruined my basketball career.

After graduation I went to work for New England Telephone Co. for 18 years. During those years, Bunny and I got married and started raising our family.

Bunny is still at IBM so maybe when he gets done I'll totally "retire." – *Joan Papin Bisaillon*

My wife's name is Lynn Pellerin. She is a medical doctor who left home after high school, moved to Boston and worked her way through college at the University of Massachusetts as a carpenter and renovation laborer. She moved back to Vermont in 1994, into a medical practice in the first "Thayer School" building where my practice was located. We said, "Hi" to one another in passing in the parking lot for a year or so, noticed one another differently one day, dated a year and got married in August 1996. If asked how we met, my typical answer is that we met in a parking lot. – *Sam Conant*

I married classmate Frank McDonough for twenty years. We divorced. He re-married for eleven years and then his nice wife unfortunately passed unexpectedly. Frank and I are now traveling and keeping each other company. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

Life-Threatening Moments

Let's start with *terrifying*: I was on a training run up Table Rock Mountain Road in Western North Carolina alone, the nearest home maybe 1 or 2 miles away. On the return run, a vicious and wild dog pack surrounded me. Foaming at the mouth, bared fangs, they made a circle around me in the dirt road. I was frozen with more fear than I had ever experienced. All of a sudden, there was a terrible dogfight in the woods maybe 50 feet off the road. Screaming dogs, snapping, growling, I could hear them rolling in the leaves. The whole pack left me and ran into the woods to see what was happening. I ran to the bend and climbed a tree. Then I bushwhacked in the opposite direction and found my way home from there. I reported it to a neighbor who was a warden with the Fish and Game Commission, and the guy told me these dogs were abandoned animals. Later in that same month, I know he shot them but he never admitted it to anyone or me.

Foaming at the mouth, bared fangs, they made a circle around me in the dirt road. I was frozen, with more fear than I had ever experienced.

My earliest terrifying experience was when some boy and girl friends and I went to the Flynn Theater in Burlington to see "The Thing" one evening in 1951. I was 11. We walked home after the movie to our home on Park Street. We were all totally in fear. Every night for a month, I dreamed of "The Thing." It is now defined as cold war allegory but for me it was real and, in some sense, still evokes a terror when I recall the scene.

I woke up in fear. Later in life, I saw the movies "Pulp Fiction" and "Goodfellows." The violence upset my sleep so much that I swore never to watch another such movie. Other movies left their impact like "Murders in the Rue Morgue," etc. I dislike violence. What do these movies do to kids?

I had an aunt who had a mother who was severely mentally ill. My aunt was married to an interesting guy and our family visited them occasionally. The mentally ill mother was

How do you convey imminent danger visually? This photograph of the wolf was taken by Norman Kwiecien at Yellowstone Park in 2006. It is used with Norman's permission. An accomplished photographer, Norman lived for many years on the Big Island of Hawai'i where I met him at my favorite coffee shop but he has moved near Yellowstone and feels that he has found his paradise there. The photograph fits with Layne's words.

Norman told me that one trick to photographing animals is to find a carcass because it attracts ravens, magpies, eagles, coyotes, wolves and other scavengers. "Most of the dead animals are taken down by the wolves, he said, "Once in a while there's an animal killed by a car. This was the case with the coyote picture. During the night a car hit a buffalo and the carcass was about 10 feet off the road I can't imagine what the car looked like. So, the coyote that came to feast on the buffalo was close to the road and I was using a telephoto lens. I don't think there was any real danger, at least not life-threatening. I just happened to capture him when he moved away from the kill and showed his teeth."
- Tom Whitney

locked in this room at the top of the stairs. We had been told she had homicidal impulses. During one hectic play period, I was pushed against a door and broke the lock maybe. Anyway I fell inside and she was there. She had long gray hair and it was combed completely over her face. I ran like hell and haven't stopped. Most of the stories about her are true; eventually she went to Waterbury where there was an institution for people with mental problems. There are follow-ups to the story, in particular apparitions of her in other homes I lived in.

I actually was alone on Park Street for a period and did see someone at the top of the stairs. Not the mother, someone else. I was much older but I still ran from the house. Never shared the story with anyone. Our house on Park Street was built on a burial mound I think, as I was forever digging up bones in the dirt cellar.

Unusual: in the Navy, I was on a tin can (Navy Destroyer USS Remey DD-688) and a huge wave suddenly hit the ship causing it to roll severely. It was a sunshiny day, no clouds in the sky, a calm sea. I later found out that sailors had been washed overboard on such occurrences. This was the mid-Atlantic, still no explanation.

Exhilarating: My wife and two boys for some crazy reason had decided to take the old Volkswagen beetle on a ride through snow country. Really big snowfalls are unusual and the taste for adventure in deep snow was too inviting. We drove until we found a road leading into the back country, I had to guess where the road was by the trees, there were no others cars that day so the unbroken snow was my guide leading to what might be another road and hiked in to the Linville Gorge. What a thrill crossing the Linville River, we walked on snow-covered rocks to cross the river finally reaching a four-foot divide. I was carrying my 18-month-old boy in a back carrier. Had to throw him to my wife on the other side. Kind of foolish but the alternative was a long hike back to the original crossing point

Another time, I was hiking alone in Bryce Canyon Utah. I came to some dry grass which must have been used by some animals, maybe mule deer for sleeping and I fell asleep briefly. I never felt so alive when I woke. Is it the mountain air or the utter euphoria of being alone in nature?

I could write forever on this topic.

Humorous: Mom and Dad drank a lot and frequently left my sister and I alone for long periods at a time, frequently overnight or more. They came home one afternoon, I don't know how many days they had been gone and Dad drove into the driveway and drove right into the porch on which Peggy and I were standing. It crushed the stairs and the pillars supporting the porch. I had to hold on to a nearby post to keep from falling. I laugh like hell about it now. I think it was his way of saying "we're home." I am glad they got home though. It is a funny world when "fucked-up" means normal.

Dad took me for a ride once in the backwoods of Vermont and stopped at a sugar shack. It was one of those sheds of ancient weathered wood with a wood heated system for boiling down the sap to make maple syrup. There was a little trick on us neophytes. My

dad asked the man for a sample for me. He poured the maple syrup from a spigot. It was steamy when it came out but it soon formed a hard surface. I held the small metal cup and was advised to drink heartily from the cup. Every membrane in my mouth and throat was destroyed with that swallow, as the burning was intense. Dad and the old guy laughed like hell. I never forgot the incident and laugh about it today. – *Layne Prebor*

Facing a masked man with a machine gun. I haven't moved far in life and I now live less than a mile from where I grew up in Burlington, Vermont, so you might be surprised to learn that my scariest experience was having the small boat we were on in the Amazon River boarded at midnight by Columbian guerrillas and opening my door and facing a masked man with a machine gun. Needless to say, he got our money, cameras, binoculars, and my wedding band with a small diamond, but no one was killed.

Photograph courtesy of Lillian Venner
This was one of the tributaries of the greatest river in the world, the Amazon River. In some places the river is over six miles wide – in the dry season!

We went to the Amazon because we felt that in years to come some of the primary forests and ways of life there would no longer exist. It was a super experience as we went up the little tributaries, cruised along this huge river and watched the way people lived and worked. We saw lots of bird life. But the robbery put a damper on the trip.

We didn't lose much money, as we didn't need any money there because it was prepaid. We did a lot of bartering of fishhooks, nail polish, t-shirts, etcetera. At first after the robbery we were going to go home, but we had a few days before we got back to Quito, Peru, and by then decided to continue on to see Machu Pichu, that mysterious hidden city in the Andes.

We stayed 24 hours at Machu Pichu right outside the national park. I went in as soon as it opened at 6 a.m. and was alone there except for some alpacas. The mist was floating over the stone structures that were all intact except for thatched roofs. It was almost like I could hear footsteps of the people who lived there early in the last century. It is an amazing place. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

Photograph by Charles Sugiyama, a friend of Tom Whitney's. Used with permission.
Machu Pichu is the secret ceremonial city on a mountaintop in the Andes that was rediscovered in 1911. It was used by the Incas from at least the 1400s on, but may have been used at an earlier time as well.

Funny you ask. In October 2006, I was participating in a routine firearms exercise at the local law enforcement academy. So I am told, I passed out to the ground with my blazing 9mm in hand. An ambulance was summoned and I was later told my pulse had dropped to 20 beats per minute. Fortunately, two helicopters were present at the site for some kind of training. I was moved to one of them and flown to a Tallahassee hospital. I spent that Wednesday night in ICU and the next day a pacemaker was installed. On Friday I was released and back at work on Saturday. – *Bob Badger*

One time I was taken hostage at the prison for a short period of time until I was able to reason with "my boys" and they decided to go a different route. I work in the Violent Offenders Program unit at the Northwest State Correctional Facility in Swanton. My position was as a Correctional Services Specialist, a caseworker-social worker in a program that housed all the violent offenders who were not in 23-hour lockdown or in the maximum-security unit.

What happened was this. My office, which I shared with the Director of the program, was in the largest unit in that section. I was heading for work in the unit that day, as was my habit. My day started at 11:30 a.m. on Fridays because I had worked until 8:30 p.m. the night before running the groups we held at night for the inmates who were working during the day. This particular day the inmates had asked for a raise in pay and were staging a sit-in until the Superintendent came to talk to them about their request.

Well, the Superintendent decided to treat it as an uprising and he exacerbated the situation by his ridiculous response. I went to the unit control room, commonly referred to as the mini-bubble. In the unit were two "negotiators" who were also exacerbating the situation. I finally got all the outsiders out of the unit.

I went in and immediately faced a very angry group of inmates. They blocked the door and said I wasn't going to leave until the Superintendent came down. I began talking and asked them to do a "thinking report" on what had led to their actions and what were some of the alternative actions they could have taken. It took a bit of time and what started the turn around was that one of the inmates doing life for murder grabbed a piece of thinking report paper and headed for his room. The rest followed suit and I went into my office to wait for their reports. Crisis over. What had been going on for about five hours took approximately one hour to diffuse using the major principle of the program: treat everybody with unconditional courtesy and respect.

What had been going on for about five hours took approximately one hour to diffuse using the major principle of the program: treat everybody with unconditional courtesy and respect.

"My boys" were part of the Violent Offenders Program and one of the things we did with these guys was "thinking reports" and that is the tool I used with the hostage takers.

Basically they are required to write down their thoughts leading to their actions. Once we put that process into place, the guys quickly decided that they did not want to continue with what was becoming apparent was a stupid plan. – *Margoj Hathaway Thomas*

When I first arrived in Saigon in 1965, every time I would walk on the streets I imagined every Vietnamese person I saw was a Viet Cong/or was he/she? Finally after about two weeks I realized I would have to relax. If it was my time, it was my time. I then proceeded to enjoy the rest of my year in Viet Nam which was easier because I did not have a combat role. – *Jim Bicknell*

Rattled No near death experiences. I'm surprised by the effect the news of Judy Hunt's had on me. I was feeling a little mortal in the moments after I heard the news. Carpe diem and that sort of thing. I know others have gone. Bob Billings, Fred Robinson and Joan Murphy to name a few. Judy's death hit me harder. – *Steve Berry*

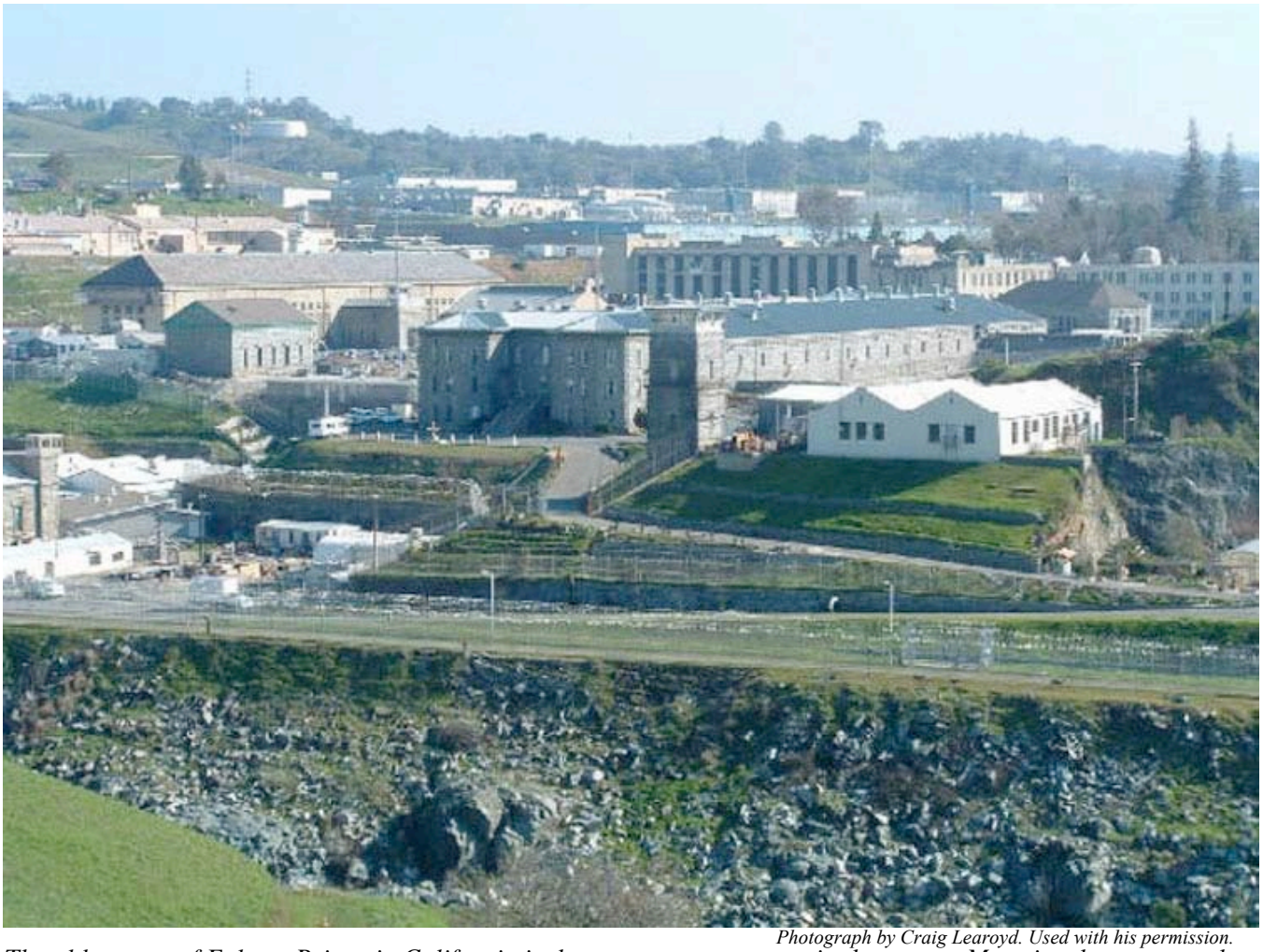
You can be reach with death in Orangevale." "This death speak to you." These were the ungrammatical texts of two notes I received one day as I worked as a vocational teacher of printing and graphic design at Folsom Prison in California.

But first - you feel like you are a character in an old West drama just coming to work each day at Folsom, one of the oldest prisons still in operation in the United States, and we were in the oldest part. That big old gate clangs shut behind you, reverberating, and it send chills down your back.

I worked with a fellow who had been teaching printing there for close to twenty years. He said that when he first came to work there, most of the convicts knew how to work; they had worked at jobs on the outside. But there was a gradual change to the time when I started to work there in the middle 1980s when many had never worked and had grown up in welfare families. Hard drugs were the preferred intoxicant, where in the old days, alcohol was preferred.

One day on the yard I saw a young inmate who had his gang name tattooed in three-inch Old English letters across his forehead. Occasionally there would be violence among the inmate groups and there would be a lockdown. On those days the vocational teachers would all go to the cafeteria and make thousands of sandwiches that would be delivered to the inmates' cells. I was dumping trash during one of these lockdown days and an inmate was wheeled out of one of the high security lock-up units on a gurney. He was a man who had only a few days left at Folsom before his discharge. He had been walking along an upper story corridor escorted by two correctional officers when he was stabbed by a spear thrown by an inmate in one of the cells he passed by.

The spear point was a piece of license plate metal that had been sharpened by rubbing it on concrete. The shaft was formed from newspaper, which had been tightly rolled and peed on repeatedly until it became stiff. The influence of the prison gangs was such that the inmate in his high security cell had more to fear from the prison gang than from the authorities, so he went ahead with his attempted murder.



Photograph by Craig Learoyd. Used with his permission.

The oldest part of Folsom Prison in California is the grey stone structure in the center. My print shop was on the second floor at the stop of the stairway. It is the second oldest prison in California. Its doors opened in 1880. When first built there were no walls. The guards in the towers like the one in the middle were always on alert and if any prisoner crossed the outside line of the killing zone they were shot. In the foreground is the bed of the American River. A quarter mile to the left is Folsom Dam, which protects Sacramento from flooding. Prisoners built the first Folsom Dam, downstream from this site. Thomas Edison designed power equipment originally installed in the stone building barely visible on the far lower left corner. – Tom Whitney

About half way through my time there my co-worker retired on stress leave, leaving me alone with twenty inmates. There were about eight different activity areas in the print shop. A correctional officer would stroll through maybe once an hour.

My primary focus with the inmates was to teach them practical skills with a minimum of bookwork. I had a separate learning program going on with each inmate in a skill area I thought that person showed the capacity to learn: hand typesetting, computer typesetting, small offset press work; letterpress work; bindery operations; folding, darkroom work; or plate making.

There came a time when rumors began to circulate that a "hit" was being planned on staff. A hit would be an assault, perhaps death. One day I received the two notes threatening my life. One around noon; one around quitting time. Each appeared to have been written by a different person: one in pencil, the other in pen. The note that said "This death speak to you," had my home address on it. I think someone got my address

because I had brought some printing and graphic design magazines from home to share with the guys and one of them had the address on it.

I immediately went to talk with my fellow teachers. One teacher said that one time he had been the recipient of threatening telephone calls to his home. He advised me that next day I should look around and see if there was anyone who looked at me in an odd way. If there was, I should have a private conversation with him. Don't accuse him of writing the notes, but let him know we'll be on his case if it happens again.

I found a guy who fit the bill, a young Hispanic fellow named Ruben. I had that private talk, well away from anyone else. He didn't say much and frowned all the way through my talk, not admitting a thing. That is one lesson I have learned through the years. If you are going to criticize someone, you do it privately.

A couple of weeks later around one o'clock in the afternoon the print shop was swarmed by correctional officers. Why? The sequence of events was this.

That is one lesson I have learned through the years. If you are going to criticize someone, or call them out, you do it privately. You don't embarrass people in front of their friends or associates.

About eleven a.m. that day an older inmate also named Ruben whom I trusted had come up to me at my desk in the front and asked me a question. He saw I was busy and likely to be at the desk for a while. He proceeded to go into the back of the shop and invite his cellmate Ruben, the younger guy I had talked with, into the paper storage room, which was supposed to be locked from inmate access. I thought I had the only key. Once he got him in there, he proceeded to beat him unconscious with a hefty piece of lead that was used in the linotype machine. Then the older Ruben went out the back door, down the stairs and presented himself at the nearby inner gate to be admitted further inside of the prison. He asked the officers at the gate to be put in administrative segregation because he feared for his life!

Then about an hour later, the younger Ruben awakened from unconsciousness and walked, all bloody, down the back stairs and went up to the same back gate and also asked to be put in administrative segregation because he feared for *his* life.

Soon after, over an hour after the first inmate left my shop and went through the gate, the correctional officers at the inside gate figured they should check out the print shop – over an hour later! It made me highly irritated when I later heard correctional officers complaining about how hard they had it, how the inmate-to-officer ratio was so high. The whiners! Well, it was much higher in the print shop. Of course, by the time they swarmed in, there was no reason for them to be there.

It was a tense time for me. Trying to play the tough guy, I did not tell my wife for a week what had happened. I took to staying up late working on stained octagonal glass panels I was making and playing the beautiful and haunting work by Carl Orff, "Carmina

Burana," and watching my life scroll slowly by on the garage wall, not knowing what the next day would bring. When I finally told her she said, "That's it. You're not going to work tomorrow." I took a couple of days off but went back a week later.

I learned about six months later that the younger Ruben had sent me the notes as his way to tell me to get off his back with my little learning program. I had asked him merely to write down the steps he follows to use the process camera to make negatives for printing and post them on the wall. He did the camera work very well so I thought he could easily complete the project. Instead he decided to become angry with me. But the method he chose to do that with the notes caused some problems for the Mexican Mafia inmate boss in the prison. It was a time when the staff hit was being planned, and pressure was put on the Mexican Mafia boss by the officers because of the notes young Ruben sent to me. Ruben had stepped beyond the realm of acceptable gang behavior by sending the notes without checking with the inmate boss of his gang. It was the inmate boss's prerogative to pressure staff in a way he thought appropriate. This was not it. So young Ruben had to be disciplined. His roomie, the older Ruben, was chosen to do that to test the older Ruben's loyalty.

Soon after the incident I started looking for a new job and found one at Sacramento Regional Transit. In the space on the application form where they ask why you left your previous job. I wrote, "Because my life was threatened." – *Tom Whitney*

A dangerous non-military event occurred to me in the early morning, stormy, dark hours in the North Atlantic off shore of Iceland. The Navy supply ship I rode was the command SAR/Supply vessel for a fleet of combat ships steaming on their stations from Nova Scotia to the Firth of Clyde, Scotland. Eisenhower was flying from the U.S. to Scotland for meetings and to play golf.

We were in extreme gale conditions, waves 80-100 feet and all vessels either in safe harbors or bouncing like we were in a swirling toilet bowl where someone continued flushing. Beneath our main deck (grating so waves could break through, was what we called our Jungle Deck. It was approximate 6 feet above the ocean's surface on a calm day, and underwater most of the time when we were steaming in storms. Our acetylene, O_2 and other gas-filled tanks began to break loose and damage fuel piping that traversed the jungle deck bow to stern, and the skipper asked for volunteers to go below and secure/snug all the gas tanks that were loose and/or still held.

"Man overboard, starboard side." I recall feeling the "thump, thump, thump" of the ship's screw not far astern of where I went in.

Volunteers were to be given a week of shore leave in Scotland for the effort. My hand went up quickly. Now, I don't know if you recall that in my high school years, I had been a somewhat height- and weight-challenged lad. Looking back to that period, two- to three-years out of high school, I doubt I weighed more than 125 pounds on a wet day.

Down below I went getting slammed around by green water that came crashing across the deck and down through the overhead grating of the main deck. We worked in teams of two, but were not hitched together. We were all clothed in foul weather gear with a safety light pinned to each shoulder, and we each had a long, coiled life line snap-hooked to another ship mounted life line.

Anyway, after an hour or so, I knew I was getting tired and I got careless with my feet. A wave came in and I got lifted into the water and over the side. Later, I remembered the skipper (he was below with us) yelling at me to swim away, and the ship's whistle blowing as the shout came out, "Man overboard, starboard side." I recall feeling the "thump, thump, thump" of the ships screw not far astern of where I went in and I remember swimming like a bat out of hell to get away from the screw and the ship was slowly turning to starboard trying to make a lee for me in the water.

Son, it ain't fear that will kill ya. Its what you do with it that will either keep you alive or kill ya.

Later in sick bay, I learned I had been in the water somewhere between 30-60 seconds at most, but that time I was hypothermic and unconscious until I came awake in sick bay an hour or so after being hauled back aboard. I've never forgotten the guys I learned had pulled me aboard and bucket-brigade-like got me to the main deck and aft to sick bay.

Another time a gunnery sergeant, just before he threw me out a hatch of an airplane a hundred or so feet over the Gulf of Mexico at 1:00 a.m. several miles from the horizon where we could see Florida lights on a stormy morning told me, "Son, It ain't fear that will kill ya. Its what you do with it that will either keep you alive or kill ya." He followed me out of the hatch and stayed with us until we crawled ashore at about 8:00 a.m. that morning with our knives and compasses intact. That lesson about fear was one which has remained with to this day. – *Sam Conant*

I had a terrifying experience on Lake Champlain on a houseboat that sank because of a very sudden, violent old-fashioned Lake Champlain storm. There were three other people on board who could not swim. I had to keep them afloat with life jackets on and they pulled me under a few times. Yes, I was terrified I was going to drown - it was an awful feeling. I thought that was it for me, but a boat came along and picked us up. And I am none the worse for the wear – for *that* experience. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

We *are* having fun, yet.

Bonnie and I are enjoying these retirement years together. We have purchased a winter home in the Florida Keys, and we escape the cold of the Northeast from December to April. In May we return to the home in Voorheesville, New York, for the glorious spring and summer there. I enjoy gardening, a hobby that I can pursue both in New York and Florida. And, I love to fly-fish. I have been able to fish many wonderful spots around the world over the years. The attached photo shows me with a brown trout, caught in the Waipunga River on New Zealand's North Island. After the photo taken by my guide Mark Aspinall, the fish was released back into the river where, hopefully, he swims today!!

Bonnie and I both enjoy traveling, and retirement has allowed us to do a great deal. We know we are very fortunate people, and blessed to have each other. – *Eric Foster*

I love skiing and have since high school. This is my first 360-degree panoramic mountain picture on the top of Lone Peak at Big Sky, Montana, in 2006. The lower view is part of the panorama.

I recently completed a lifetime quest to climb the 48 peaks in New Hampshire that are over 4000 feet. I have always been a hiker, and although I climbed the first New Hampshire peak in 1964 (Mount Washington), and Cannon Mountain in 1965, I didn't set a goal of climbing all 48 peaks until 1979. At this point I was living in Lexington, Massachusetts, with two young kids, and I found it a nice way of getting away for a day of exercise and relaxation. Even then I did not make this an aggressive program. I intentionally hike only 2-4 peaks a year, usually in the September-early October time frame when the hiking days were cooler and there were fewer bugs (In the spring, the black flies can be a problem).

So since I climbed the first New Hampshire peak in 1964, and did the last unclimbed one in 2004, you can say this project took me 40 years. Along the way and since, I have climbed some of the peaks a second and third time. – Steve Berry

I retired in October, 2001. Among my major activities include the following. I ski 50 days a year in Vermont (every winter weekend we can in Stowe), Western United States, and Europe.

I'm First Vice President of the Polaroid Retirees Association – a social group of about 1600 members. I coordinate an email list of 450 retirees.

Board of Directors of the Direct Federal Credit Union – a $750 million operation.

U.V.M. Alumni Council, U.V.M. fundraising activities, and U.V.M. class activities.

I do a lot of hiking. I recently completed a lifetime quest to climb the 48 peaks in New Hampshire that are over 4000 feet.

For the past four summers I have hiked in Europe. I am thinking about tackling the Long Trail in Vermont.

Since retirement, I have picked up an interest in family genealogy. I have researched over 1000 ancestors, including five that were on the Mayflower. I spend about one day a week on this in fall-spring time of year. I take the summers off.

My wife and I like to travel, and usually do two to three major trips a year. In the past 12 months we have spent a month in New Zealand, and three weeks in Eastern Europe.

Golf – it's a terrible thing to start at age 62, but I did.

We have a vacation home on Martha's Vineyard.

Reading: fiction and non-fiction. I have a post-retirement goal of reading biographies of every president – maybe two to four a year. Millard Fillmore is next. I just finished an interesting book: "The Basque History of the World," by Mark Kurlansky; and "1776," by David McCullough. - *Steve Berry*

Traveling to different parts of our wonderful country and world has become a passion for Colleen and I. We now try to explore at least two new places every year. Some of our favorites have been Alaska (including the Bering Sea), French Polynesia, Germany, Austria, Slovenia, Hungary, and the Czech Republic. – *Tom Hackett*

In 2005 I retired from paid work and live with Paula and Ian in the mountains of Durango, Colorado. The mountains are not as green, but they remind me of Vermont and we enjoy many outdoor activities. Yesterday, at the top of Purgatory ski area I recalled being a ski bum and six-dollar day passes at Stowe. I serve on the county planning commission and a committee of our homeowners association as well as volunteer time and money for the Armed Forces Support Coalition – an organization that helps military people and their families. – *Jim McCarthy*

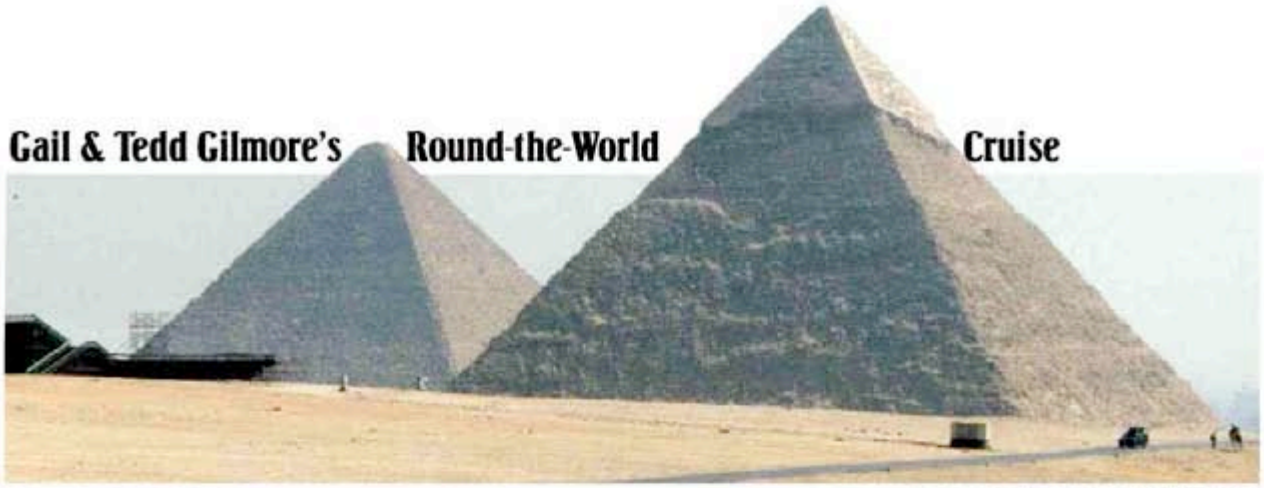
I'm retired now. I play golf three times a week, work in my shop on my woodcrafts for a little spending money, and spend time with Anita. We have three sons, one daughter; two daughters-in-law, one son-in-law; three grandsons, and two granddaughters. We return to Vermont each summer for a week. Looking back, it's been a pretty good life and with God on my side I'm assured of a great future. – *Tim Fay*

I am still working in Quality Assurance as an inspector and looking forward to hopefully retiring in the next year. I enjoy a variety of things. I like arts & crafts, dancing and hope to travel a little bit after I retire. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

My creative efforts have been as a broadcast journalist and preserving news stories, films and videotape archives at my work places and creating websites - but in the beginning in 1994 I had no idea what I was doing. – *Carl Loveday*

Tedd and I take one day at a time and plan and pack and take off to see more of this great big world. We have traveled extensively on the road and by boat. We have gone on a 105-day World Cruise. On that first cruise we took 124 rolls of pictures, a few of which Tom asked us to share. – *Gail Charron Gilmore*

Gail & Tedd Gilmore's Round-the-World Cruise



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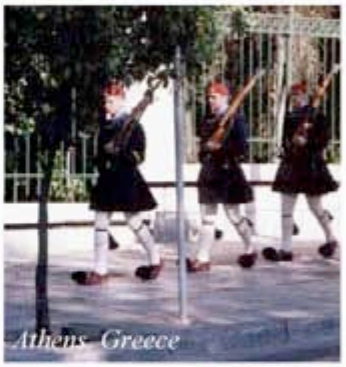
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Cochin, India

Ephesus, Turkey, the Library

Mumbai, India

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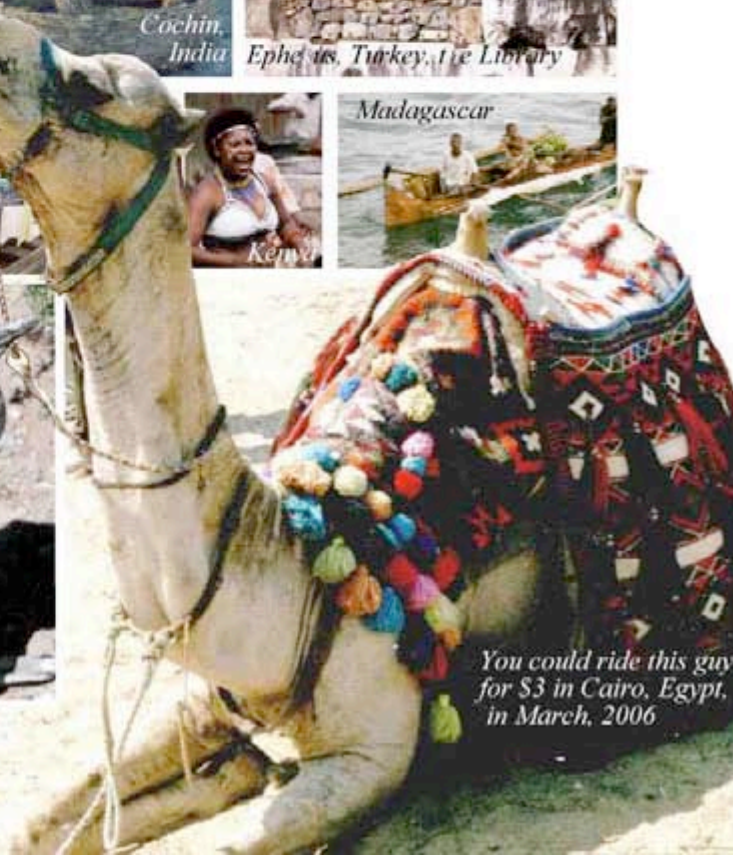
Madagascar

Magellan penguin, Argentina


You could ride this guy for $3 in Cairo, Egypt, in March, 2006

At present I am learning to engrave using a basic chasing hammer and graver – a small chisel – doing the kind of engraving you see on firearms, knife bolsters, etcetera, with lots of scroll designs. – Lou Garcia

Something not many people know: I like to walk across countries. I have walked across England, France, and have 170 miles to go to complete Spain. – *Ray Pecor*

I am doing a lot of things, and this autobiographical treatment is at the top right now. I retired at the age of 61 deciding that was enough. Prior to the Italy/Sicily trip, I had made a commitment to run another race with my son who is into running. I hit bottom on that serious daily training regimen. So I stopped. I am trying to bring my golf game to a higher level, at least to the skill level of which I am capable. The recent trip has limited my range of motion, hell, it is really the age, and I am trying to bring that level back. Somehow the muscle groups, which are required for good club head speed, do not want to perform. Since writing this my swing and health have improved – I even took another summer membership to complete the process. Still I am getting older and should put aside this need to improve.

My wife and I watch television together after hours and I do crossword puzzles and Sudoku because I really don't like television that much except for its history and documentary programs. I keep up the lawn and landscape on our new house and generally try to keep things in order while my wife works.

I made a huge commitment to learning about classical architecture and culture and all the things associated with the Egyptian, Greek and Roman, and Renaissance periods. I have learned a lot. The impact has been great and some days I do too much but there is an excitement having just returned from this area.

As I am retired, I try to get together with my family as much as possible, either breakfast at a dinner or a visit to the house. By my family, I mean my sister and three brothers. We have a pretty good relationship as they are all bright and interesting to talk with as are their spouses.

I fantasize a lot and my fantasies are really pretty well tuned. I get consistently better at whatever I am doing in the fantasy, and they get pretty elaborate. Frequently I find myself doing things no other human being in the world can accomplish. For example, when I fantasize about being a singer.

My golf fantasies are always great. My shots to the green are always on target, the hook always curves into the hole and drops the correct distance from the hole to insure a birdie.

I never stay with the same fantasy long, it usually runs it course. Am I escaping from reality? Hell yeah.

Regarding making a million dollars on the stock exchange: not quite! In fact, I pull out once in a while with a $60 profit minus commissions. I could shoot myself on occasion, today for example. I took $74 of profit out of Starbucks before its big run up. To be honest, I invest tiny amounts of money and trade for minimal profit. As long as I make a little money, I'm ok. I don't have a lot of money so I never bet the farm. I have a good life and am quite happy, with a little money, good friends, and occasionally a good book is all I need. – *Layne Prebor*

I have helped preserve history with my hobby of collecting old stock certificates. The birth and death of typical American corporation is a fascinating story. – *Jim Bicknell*

I am still an active ham radio operator. First obtained license in 1952 in Burlington. Boating and marine activities have played an important part of my life. – *Bob Badger*

We are now almost fully retired, at least as much as is possible for two very active seniors. We travel as much as possible. We both are quite involved in our

THE LADIES HIT THE LANES

On January 31, 2005, the Crimson Ladies demonstrated their prowess as bowlers at the Bowl-O-Mat on River Street. Bowlers included Barbara Ryan, Lynn Nack, Alice Gabriel, Lydia Weston, Charlene Arena with Ginny Garland as cheerleader. Alice toppled the most pins that day.

Linda Morgan and Pat Cassola joined the bowlers for dinner at the River Street Grille. The ladies in their red hats created a topic for friendly chatter for diners. Even the chef visited the table.

Lynn Nack, Burlington High School Class of 1957, is second from right in the photograph. The text with the photograph is from her club newsletter. She has fun with the Red Hats, that is primarily a social club with older women who have fun together. It is a national organization with chapters in many cities.

church, and assisting at the company we purchased. I have learned to play golf, and love it. We have a wide group of friends to interact and travel with and talk on the phone to, so our lives are filled with love and hope and determination to keep going as long as possible. Would we trade anything in our lives for something else? Probably a few events, but overall, what we've become is what we've come through and that is all good.

We do love to travel. In June 2005 we drove 3600 miles through Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and Montana, and then Wyoming again, visiting family (my cousin and sister) and seeing Glacier National Park for the first time. What a glorious place that is!

We celebrated our 45th anniversary by spending a week in Amsterdam and Brussels, where we had lived 25 years ago. It was a wonderful visit. We enjoyed every moment.

In August we went to see our Vermont kids and spent a week in Maine – Bar Harbor and Acadia National Park, also where we had never been. So, you can see that we have pretty well covered a huge chunk of this great land.

When we wrote this we were about to embark on a two week trip through Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and southern Colorado with a couple who are old friends from college and the school of theology. It is the "Canyons" tour. So, not too shabby a summer in 2006. - *Clare Adams Whitney*

I have written some short stories, got a couple in small presses somewhere. Since writing the stories, I have had a chance to read good writers; I want to make their freedoms and flavor emerge in my work, in my own way. So I am still writing. I will never achieve John LeCarré's skills so I have no pretensions about writing.

I have worked in wood in various ways, carving, making toys, furniture. I am happy to have done it, but that's over.

I wrote computer programs of child development for parents who want to stimulate their child. There are basically four major areas of development. Actually there are milestones that occur in the first four years of life relating to cognitive, communication, and fine and gross motor skills. I submitted them to Playschool but they were not interested. Others were doing similar things at the time. Someone probably picked them up later, but I had left the field of child development by then.

I have one published work on the subject of Paralanguage. Basically it looks at interpersonal distance and the changes in pitch, loudness and tempo based on gender. It was an interesting study: most research on human behavior is confounded by uncontrollable variables. Like what the person brings to the table.

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today. Of course, that may not be true. The price may have been too great. You never know. – *Layne Prebor*

Dan and I do a lot of walking and biking if he isn't playing golf. If he is, I walk, bike and garden. Dan is retired from IBM and worked for temporary services for a while but now enjoys being home and selling things on EBAY or Toy Peddler.

Ruth's lovely amarylis and her award-winning crocheted lovebirds.

Five hobbies have developed into life long happiness for me: keeping our home and children; crocheting; gardening; reading books; and exercising. Gardening is an obsession with me. Crocheting now keeps me awake while watching television in the evenings.

My passions in life are to keep a happy home and trying to get "best of show" at the fair for my crocheting. I am now the owner of first place blue ribbons and yellow best of division ribbons. And I love flowers. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

We purchased a Tag-A-Long travel trailer and decided to camp. We were seasonal for about thirteen years at a place called Will-O-Wood in Westmore, Vermont, on Lake Willoughby. Some of our fondest memories are from there.

Then we purchased a fifth wheel and a truck to handle it. It was 35 feet long. Then in 1992 we purchased a new 36-foot Carriage Fifth Wheel trailer and did some traveling, going to Florida many times. Trips on our own included Branson, Missouri, New York State and Pennsylvania in Dutch and Amish country. With the Carriage Travel Club both national and local we got involved in trips all over New England. National trips were to Indiana, Michigan, Virginia, and South Carolina. At this time we would like to travel more in the U.S.A., but we have obligations here at home now, so probably will do that in future years.

We are planning to attend a Grand National Rally in Makinaw City, Michigan. We have rallies once a month for a four-day-weekend from May through October. A wagonmaster sets up a campground or fairgrounds for us to meet and then plans something for us to do in that area. It was a great way to see the six New England states. We never would have seen the things we have seen without this group we call family. We have a 1996 Carriage now; second-hand but in great shape. Our '92 got totaled in Florida in 2002. Fortunately there were no injuries. *– Ellen Morris Goodhue*

I enjoy gardening, reading cooking, and playing cards with friends. I am working on writing a cookbook of our favorite recipes for our family. One recipe that is going into the family cookbook is this:

Vermont Mud Pie

20 cream-filled chocolate sandwich cookies, crushed (like Oreos)
1/3 cup butter, melted
1 pint dark chocolate ice cream, slightly softened
1 pint coffee ice cream, slightly softened
2 tablespoons coffee liquor (optional)
1/4 cup pure maple syrup
1/3 cup chopped walnuts or pecans

This ice cream cake is one I made for my son Stephen's birthday. He works for the U.S. Department of Homeland

Combine cookie crumbs with melted butter. Mix well. Press mixture into bottom and sides of 9-inch pie pan to form a crust. Place in freezer until firm.

Spoon chocolate ice cream into crust. Press firmly to make an even surface. Replace in freezer until firm.

Mix coffee ice cream with liqueur. Spoon coffee ice cream over chocolate layer. Replace in freezer until firm.

Drizzle maple syrup over ice cream, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Store pie in freezer.

Makes 8 servings. Very good and easy.

From Faith United Methodist Church cookbook (25th anniversary) page 79. *– Sandy Bassett Richards*

I call this a "Whale of a Tail." It was taken when I took a whale-watching trip out of Gloucester, Massachusetts. It was a lucky shot and the only one of all that I had taken that day that was any good. – Carl Benvenuto

Even though I lived in Burlington for only one year, I think I remember Tom Whitney. B.H.S. offered a Geology course that we took. I remember going on a field trip to the Barre Granite Quarry. There, somebody, I think was him, took a bunch of photos that he then developed in his own darkroom. The only reason I remember this is because that incident inspired me to get involved with photography and to do my own darkroom work, which I did for many years. I'm still active in photography today but no longer do darkroom work. Everything has changed. It is all done with computers now. I belong to a local camera club and am the web master of their web site: www.ccofb.org.

Some of those historical types of photos that would be nice to have for this 50-year B.H.S. memory project are of subjects that most of us never thought of photographing. It would be nice to have photos of the YMCA, Charlie's Red Hots, the A&W packed with cars and kids on Friday night, drive in theatres, etc. When you're growing up, you get the feeling that nothing is going to change. Inevitably things do change and sometimes those memories are just in our head and there are no photos to remind us of them. What I am now realizing is that we should take photos of things and places we want to remember. I have gotten into some bad habits being a member of a Camera Club. I tend to take photos

of things that I feel will please the judges when I should be taking photos of things that I would like to remember. - *Carl Benvenuto*

I love refinishing furniture. I like the feel of wood in my hands and the glow of a finished project. The largest to date was a hoosier with a zinc counter top. We bought it at auction and found tiny paint spots. Someone left it uncovered as they painted the walls all over it. This was not something I could live with of course. I began refinishing the base one year, and the next year I did the top. I display all my special white china pieces on it in my family room. Since finishing it I have been offered more than I paid for it. I guess the integrity of the piece is still there.

When Bill was diagnosed, I took a watercolor class that I had always wanted to do. I actually painted and framed two of my pictures – one that Bill wanted for his den of a white house with a road from foreground and fields behind the house to a tiny barn in the background. The other, now in my family room, is a winter scene of a barn with outbuildings and a father, son and dog bringing home their Christmas tree. They are both small pieces as I enjoy working on a small scale.

I have pretty created it all from my children and refinishing furniture for my home. I sew, knit, and crochet, thereby making clothes for my family and me. I spent years helping with craft projects at school with the kids in a group of women friends who met at each other's homes for crafts and lunch.

In 1992, I started a journal that I'm still writing. The notebooks are in piles under a bed and in a bureau – mostly the record what I did during a day thoughts, comments, etc. I also have started a notebook on my life from the very beginning for my children and a separate notebook of memorable moments in my life for them; and a notebook on meditation thoughts and three prayers of thankfulness for things in my life.

At one point I had a "blue" notebook where I wrote my feelings when I was that feeling like I was that color. Not so much lately – I must be progressing! I keep track of the birds in the yard and am a note writer of epic proportions. They get transferred to my journal at day's end. Thus my life. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

I collect dolls, but I am ready to start giving them to the grand daughters (only some them). – *Gail Gilmore Charron*

I enjoy woodworking and fishing as hobbies. I also enjoy traveling: I have been in every state except Alaska and Hawai‘i. I also like to work word puzzles and collect ball caps, especially caps from different naval ships that I have helped build. - *Bill Chittenden*

My hobbies are sewing, cross-stitching, ceramics, and various other crafts. I love them all and just don't have enough time in the day to do what I want - have lots of unfinished projects I'm trying to complete before my move by the end of this year.

I am doing ceramics. The fisherman is an object I cleaned out of "greenware," had it fired in a kiln and then painted it and gave it to one of my co-workers who loved fishing when he retired. The wreath (the first of four I made) is a "Wildlife Wreath" portraying various animals in the wilderness - i.e. deer, bear, wolf, etc. I do not make the ceramics objects themselves - they are poured in molds by someone who has a lot of molds (well over 2000) and fired in a kiln to bake them in after each step is completed. After the pieces are painted to our satisfaction, then a protective spray is put on so they can be washed after hanging on a wall for a while without hurting the colors. – *Claire English Rae*

The "Peace" wall hanging was made of satin fabrics; traced various parts on paper, cut them out, then cut them out of appropriate colors of the satin, and put together in the same manner as the covered bridge.

The best vacation I have had to date was an eight-day raft trip down the Grand Canyon. I have been to forty-one states on my motorcycle and plan to do at least seven more next year.

I moved out of the Burlington area after my second divorce, going to Albany, Vermont, in the Northeast Kingdom where I had a nice home on a mountain and a few acres of land to roam around on. It is here that I healed myself physically and mentally for several years.

In 2004 with my cancer in remission and feeling like I needed some changes, I sold my place in Albany and moved to Florida. I still keep a small place in Barton, Vermont, where I spend my summers playing golf and riding my motorcycles.

Being in Florida in the winter allows me to golf and ride year around. What a great life!

I have two great daughters, four grand kids and many many dear friends in Vermont and Florida. I am totally enjoying retirement. – *Jack Lamson*

This and the "Peace" piece are quilted wall hangings I made as gifts; this is my very favorite hobby now - don't get too much time to do it though - I'm retired.

The covered bridge was done in cotton fabric, pieced together from various pieces & colors of fabric to make the picture (to look like a tree, bridge, water, etc.) then put on batting and a solid backing then sewn together. Once all that is done, then I made the border out of grey colored fabric (like barn board) to make it look like a frame. – Claire English Rae

I have written some short stories, got a couple in small presses somewhere. Since writing the stories, I have had a chance to read good writers; I want to make their freedoms and flavor emerge in my work, in my own way. So I am still writing. I will never achieve John LeCarré's skills so I have no pretensions about writing.

I have worked in wood in various ways, carving, making toys, furniture. I am happy to have done it, but that's over.

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I have enjoyed being involved in music, volunteering and being active in my church wherever we have lived. I would have to say that raising our children and seeing their lifestyles and values has been extremely rewarding to me. – *Debby Galbraith*

We built this new house last year. We were the general contractors who kept things moving in a timely manner and we also did a lot of the work ourselves. It was a very rewarding and satisfying accomplishment that we love and now enjoy. I don't plan to ever move, for this is all that I want.

When the kids were on their own we were able to retire at 55. We owned property here in North Carolina but also checked places in South Carolina and Georgia. We knew we didn't want to stay in Maryland because the cost of living was getting out of hand there. We decided to build a house in North Carolina on a lake. It ended up that our sons decided to move here too, getting away from the life in the fast lane generated by the Washington lifestyle. They both live near us which is wonderful, of course. The stepchildren have their own lives and one lives not far and the other is in Florida. One son has three sons and needed a larger house so we sold them ours that was a four bedroom and we built the new one last year. I don't plan to ever move for this is all that I want. It is near the ocean and the Cape Fear River. Comfy, cozy and just right for us and our needs as we age. We were the general contractors who kept things moving in a timely manner and we also did a lot of the work ourselves. It was a very rewarding and satisfying accomplishment that we love and now enjoy. It was hard work that I don't plan to do again in the near future. – *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

I think it is kind of fun that Troy Good Medicine DeRoche, a member of the Blackfeet Nation, asked this whitebread honky haole[18] Vermonter to design the poster for the tribal powwow in Hilo, Hawaii, in May, 2007. I took many photographs along with my friend Gladys Suzuki at last year's powwow. Primarily I was there covering the welcoming ceremony being conducted by my best friend Kimo

[18] "Whitebread" and "honky" are derisive terms used to describe white people that I have heard in my life – so far as I know never directed at me, of course. "Haole" is a pejorative term used by Hawaiians to describe foreigners.

Pihana and his family. Troy saw what I did with those photographs and asked me to do the poster honors this year. I did not do the logo; I designed the poster here incorporating the logo. – *Tom Whitney*

Here I am in 2007 wearing one of our cultural icons, whether we want to acknowledge it or not: a tie-dye shirt. I never have worn them much. – Tom Whitney

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I still play two hours of tennis at least twice a week and sometimes three, and those days that I don't play tennis, I walk. I am a member of Curves, a strength-building, muscle-toning exercise program for middle-aged, gray-haired ladies. I ice-skate, an activity I enjoyed many years at South Park, in Burlington. (The Washington Capitals just built their practice skating rink one block from my Arlington home. I shall be doing a lot of ice-skating in Fall 2006 and Winter 2007.) I enjoy golf, but I don't golf as much as I did when my husband was alive. We'd golf at least three times a week. (He died in January 2003 of leukemia.)

Betsy Samuelson

I do take time off from all my mental health advocacy activities. Before he died, my husband and I bought a condominium at the Atlantic shore in Delaware. I live there during the summer, reading my trash novels (P.D. James, Michael Connolly, Steve Martini, Elizabeth George) and sometimes a good history book (David McCullough's "*John Adams"*). Tennis, golf and walking are a part of my daily life, along with many hours of sitting on the beach, watching the waves and the children with their boogie-boards.

I love college basketball and enjoy the Frozen Four college ice hockey. Law and Order, Law and Order SVU, Law and Order Criminal Intent, and Animal Planet's Emergency Vets and Animal Cops are my main TV fare! – *Betsy Samuelson Greer* *Photograph of Betsy by Bobby Jack*

In late 2004 after nearly 38 years I put IBM in my rearview mirror. While I may be retired from work, I'm not retired from life. My daily routine starts off most every morning out cycling 20-25 miles and up skiing the slopes at Lake Tahoe a couple of times a week during the winter. I am also completing my 4th year serving on the board of directors for Sun City Roseville where we live. Roseville is about twenty miles from Sacramento in northern California.

Sandi and I visiting Veliko Tarnovo, Bulgaria, in 2006.

We love the Sierras and all it has to offer. Roseville is an ideal spot with its quick access up Interstate 80, yet it is out of the snow! Roseville is in Placer County that has ideal demographics. We can live, work, and play all the way to Lake Tahoe, and be in the same county. With the brain trusts that are centered in California, good things develop and happen here and spread out across the country and the rest of the globe. California does have its warts, but so far I believe the good far outweighs the bad.

Bottom-line, life has been good to us the past 50 years since BHS. – *Jim Viele*

At the top Barbara McDonough and Frank, Jr., at one of their stops on the sports car circuit. Below, a few of the many beautiful wedding cakes Barb has decorated.

My hobby for many years was competing in shows with my Corvette along with my son and his car. We went all over the East Coast. I also have made many beautiful wedding cakes. Also I have loved different crafty challenges throughout my life. I used to make all my own clothes. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

I feel busier than when I was working although that can't be true. I am a person who puts lots of stuff on her plate and when there is a bit of room because one project is completed I throw another on in its place. I am still on the board of my national realtor organization – thus the Stowe conference last November. Also I am involved with my Homemowners Association, my temple and a couple of charities. In addition Harv and I are working in the merchandise shop at Raley Field this summer. This is the new local minor league baseball stadium in West Sacramento. Raley is the home of the Rivercats – the farm team of Oakland Athletics. It is fun and mindless and I've always enjoyed baseball.

I wish each of you good health, happiness and a long road on which to continue your journey. – *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein*

Pat and Jack in Stowe in '02.

When I am not busy mowing my large lawn I'm usually spending time in the summer metal detecting for coins and artifacts. I've been doing this for 38 years and have found it to be a great hobby. I got started with it as a result of my hobby of collecting coins that started in 1953.

In the fall I deer hunt with my oldest son starting in early October until the middle of December. We hunt with bow and arrow in October, rifle hunt in November and muzzle loader hunt in December. We have hunted a lot in Pennsylvania with a lot of success. I enjoy the outdoors. When I was in my sophomore year at BHS I shot my first buck, a 9 point, 211 lb. buck. I guess this is where I got my first start.

My wife Pat's hobby is with crafts, quilts sewing etc. She is exceptionally talented. I quite often go with her to quilt shows, stores etc. – *Jack Hedman*

Surviving the wrath of the Lamoille River

By Margo Jean Thomas

Early in August, 1995, we had a close encounter with the wrath of the Lamoille River. The summer had been very dry and the ground was hard. I hung the laundry out on a Saturday. The rain began later in an inconspicuous manner. It intensified through the night. My husband went to work at Copley Hospital at 11 p.m. the night of August 5, 1995. I finished the housework before going to bed. I heard the rain beating down and looked out the back door frequently, checking the level of the river. By morning the water was on the front lawn at about a one-inch depth. I started to get the laundry in and noticed that the river was roaring and the water was rising fast.

Johnson Fire Department member Gidget Dolan came down at about 6:30 a.m. to tell me to leave the house. My husband called to tell me that the Bridge Street Bridge over the Lamoille River was not passable in Morrisville. I moved my car to the end of the driveway and then I put the rabbit in a cage on my sewing machine. I checked the front steps and could still see the top step. I decided to wait it out at home.

I stepped on the top step and discovered that it was floating and I sank to my waist in water.

Gidget returned an hour later to beg me to get out of the house because it was obvious to the Fire Department that the flood was going to be far worse than anything we had experienced during prior high water. I stepped on the top step and discovered that it was floating and I sank to my waist in water.

I hitched up the three dogs and gave my pocketbook to Gidget. I gave the leash of our Norwegian Elkhound, Iko, to one of the firemen and took Rufus and Julie-Bee, with me. The cats had disappeared and so were on their own. We stepped off the top step and made our way to the car. The dogs were quite frightened and became a handful. They were going away from the car and needed to be "convinced" to go to it. We finally got all three into the car and I headed out of town.

I headed toward Morrisville and a place I had always considered a friendly haven, Hillary's Restaurant. I was somewhat disoriented and was totally unaware of the time I met Cindy and Alan. I told them I had just made it out of our house and it was underwater. I was soaking wet. They told me to take a seat and gave me a cup of coffee. I told them I didn't know where John was and couldn't get a hold of him. They were very kind and when my husband showed up, even though they were not open they fed us breakfast and let us stay there until we had regrouped.

We then headed back toward Johnson. We couldn't get far in the town because the water was so high. As the water receded we moved down Main Street toward home. We could only get as far as opposite Bernard Sheltra's driveway. We were finally able to go

to the house around midnight. The water was still in the house, but we did get in. I was totally unprepared for the devastation, made even more eerie by flashlight. The rabbit had been hurtled around the house and was dead in his cage.

When we drove down the drive at midnight our orange tabby cat better known as Squawk (because of his propensity for squawking instead of meowing) was sitting on the screen house (which was leaning sideways against our porch) squawking and complaining about being there. The other two cats – Bear and DD – were on top of the china cabinet in what used to be the dining room. I can't imagine what went through their minds as they observed the swirling flood below them throughout the day. The cats were wide eyed with fright and angry with us, and they were very much alive. We loaded them into our vehicles.

We were finally able to go to the house around midnight. The water was still in the house, but we did get in. I was totally unprepared for the devastation, made even more eerie by flashlight.

It was then that it registered with me; we were homeless and desperately needed a place to stay. We made our way to the Long Trail Tavern and called my sister in Waterville. She said, "where have you been, I have been calling all day and the line has been busy, don't you ever hang up?" I started to laugh and told her the line was busy because it was underwater and not because I was talking on it. She then said to get our butts over to her house and she would get some supper even though it was after midnight. That ended a day made in Hades and started a strange odyssey for our animals and us.

The first day following the water receding was extremely hot and sticky. When we woke up in my sister's attic, I was not sure the whole thing was real. Yes I was in my sister's attic with my cats and husband; yes – my dogs were in the car and truck; finally I had nothing except the clothes on my back and the nightgown I had borrowed from my sister. I had my life and my family.

We needed to get started on our way to recovery. John and I sat at the table to plan our days ahead. I wanted to get to the house to assess what was salvageable. John wanted to get the animals settled first. The cats could stay with us in my sister's attic; the dogs could not because they would have to stay in the vehicles. We called the vets and went down to settle them in.

Once the animals were taken care of we headed down to Johnson to take stock of the situation. As we traveled toward the homestead, I kept thinking I would wake up and the world would return to normal. Not so.

We turned into the driveway and the full impact of our situation hit me in the head. We were indeed homeless. We got out of the truck and began to walk the perimeter of the structures we had called home for so long. There were no steps either front or back. John rigged up a ramp from planks we had in the shed. We went in and the stench was

overwhelming. The destruction was also overwhelming. I found my poor rabbit in a totally different room from where I had placed him. He had drowned in his cage and I felt terrible about having left him there. John buried him under his apple tree and we moved on. I basically was functioning in a robotic fashion.

While we were roaming around in the flood soaked house, our neighbor showed up. The floodwaters had gotten into Heidi and Paul's cellar and they were there to assess the damage as well. Paul was talking about their loss and ended his sentence by saying "This is a very inconvenient time for a flood." I was a little startled by that remark and told him if he found a convenient time to let me know. The laugh did us all good.

Within an hour of our arrival at the home, Paul Neskie from the Grandey Insurance Agency showed up. He walked through the house and assessed the damages. He told us what we were covered for and what we needed to provide for paperwork. He also told us to take lots of pictures for proof of loss. He was great and he helped us a great deal in the months that followed.

We were forced to deal with all manner of government and non-government agencies to begin the road to recovery. We met with the American Red Cross and they helped with supplies and tips for clean up; we met with FEMA and they spent several days assessing the remains of our home and the auto body shop before declaring it a total loss; we then met with SBA regarding money to rise from the ashes so to speak. I began calling the weeks and months following the flood the "Phoenix Project of the Thomas Family" because it reminded me of that mythical bird and its rise from the ashes.

We decided to go room by room to clean up. The logical thing to do was start with the living room. We removed the chairs, new couch, television, radio, etc. The wood stove looked a little worse for wear and of course it was still useable. We were able to salvage little or nothing from the living room. Our 20-year-old TV required repairs; however the tiny 9" set worked well and we were able to watch the news while breaking for lunch and snacks. For a short time John took time off from his job at Copley Hospital. Eventually he had to return to work as a housekeeper/security person. The word went out for folks from Copley to help us with our monumental job of clean up. Steve, a young fellow who worked in Environmental Services spent an afternoon assisting me while John was at work. I was very grateful for his help, because he could handle some of the heaviest trash. My friend Melanie called one evening to check on me. She came up from her home and family in Colchester to spend her weekends with me throwing our life into a dumpster.

Melanie and I were working and laughing one day when this lady drove down the driveway to inquire if we were having a lawn sale. That question provided us with a great deal of humor over the weeks and months ahead. Our days fell into a rather surreal routine. Weekdays John and I would head out at daybreak. We stopped at Bradley's store for food and coffee. For the most part we were not charged for these items and our lunch often came without a tab as well. We are grateful for friends like Keith and his manager Lori. Their kindness and help will not be forgotten. Anyway, pick up food and

head to the “Phoenix”. We would eat our “vitals” and get to work. Work until noon and eat lunch. Take a short break to drive to Jeffersonville and walk the dogs. Return to the “Phoenix” and work until dark then head for my sister’s home. Carol had supper ready when we got there. We would eat and then relax by playing cards with my sister and brother-in-law.

The photos of our life were for the most part destroyed. All of our movies were gone as were the wedding pictures of the children and of our own wedding. The stereo was totaled, as were the records and tapes. My stationary bike was salvageable Melanie and I would sometimes hop on it in the yard just to work off some unproductive energy. We got to giggling about what we must look like pedaling away in the middle of all the destruction. Anyway it did not matter what we looked like, what mattered is that we were able to return to the task at hand.

Throughout all of these days, John and I would discuss what we were going to do next. Do we stay in the village? Do we “get out of Dodge?” Do we move into our cabin? What was next for us was a mystery and we were working through the maze of solving that mystery.

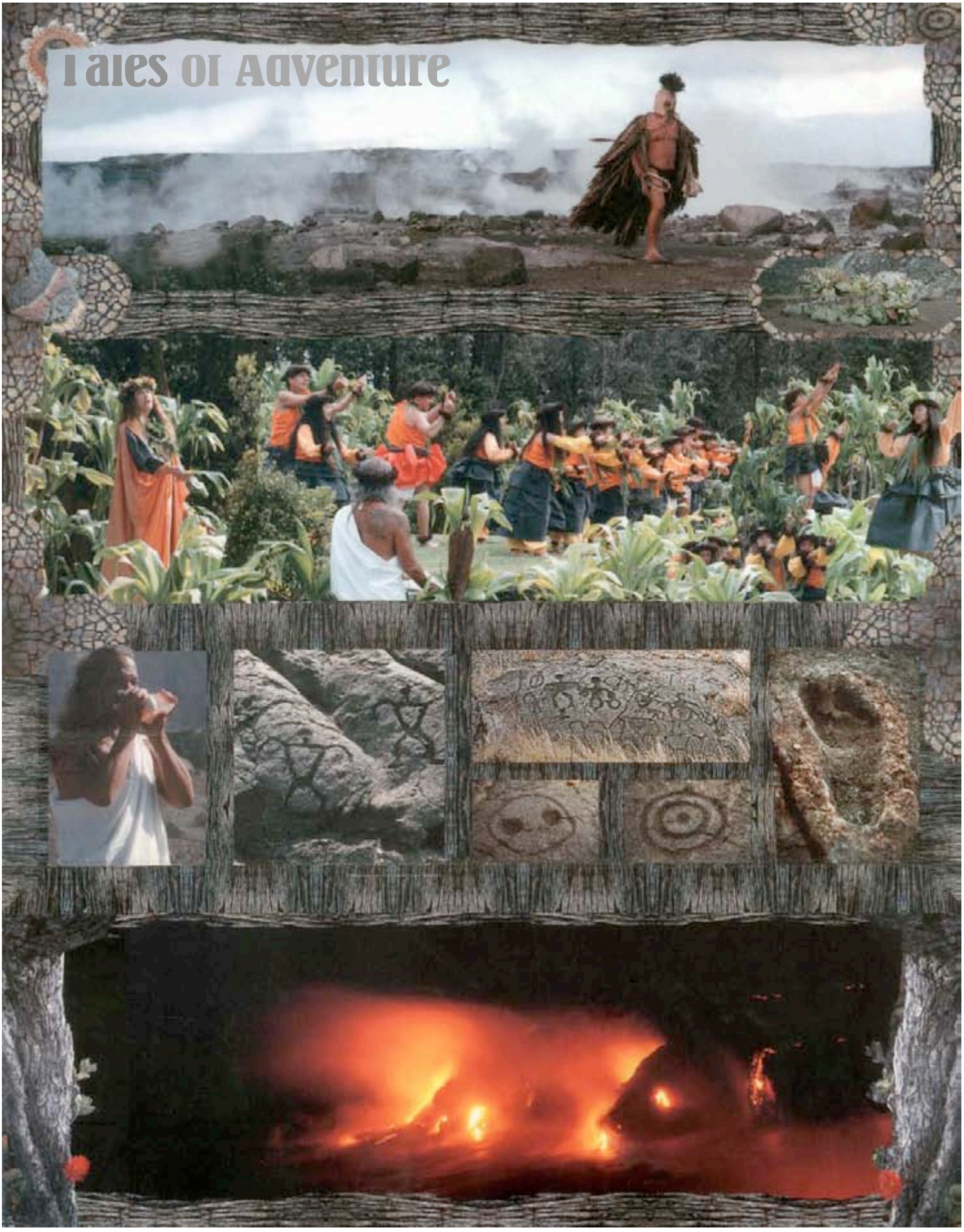
Eventually we made the decision to stay in the village. We had to get rid of the old place and find something new. We tore down and disposed of the old home. My sister and I went to look at ASTRO homes. The first one we went into was beautiful and we both decided it was the one we wanted. The next order of business was to prepare the lot. George Desmarais helped with that part of it. We built a dike type affair to raise our home by some three to five feet. We angled it so that it no longer sat perpendicular to the river. Part of the destruction to our old home was the fact that it became similar to a tidal bore when the river hit the back door and roared through it. We got our furniture and moved in. We moved into our new home in October of 1995, just three months after being destroyed by the flood.

Since moving in we have had a lot of changes in our life. Our animal survivors are all gone except DD. My sister has gone home to our Lord. We still sometimes feel like visitors in our own home. I have retired from the State of Vermont Department of Corrections and John has retired from Copley Hospital. The Body Shop remains closed and probably will do so for the duration because the equipment was all destroyed and replacing it was not an option for us at this juncture.

I have often said that John and I are survivors and the summer of `95 just tested our mettle as nothing else in our lives had done before or since.

After the flood there were articles in the TRANSCRIPT, our local newspaper. One quoted a letter giving a first hand account of Johnson Vermont’s 1927 flood. It talked of Harry Roger’s releasing his herd and taking Marion, the boys, and the baby to higher ground. I was married to John Thomas, who was married to Nancy Rogers (the baby mentioned.) We live on the Lamoille River just about one and one half miles down river from the Roger’s farm. My husband John has gone home to God by now. – *Margo Hathaway Thomas*

Tales of Adventure



When I first arrived in Saigon in 1965, every time I would walk on the streets I imagined every Vietnamese person I saw was a Viet Cong/or was he/she? Finally after about two weeks I realized I would have to relax. If it was my time, it was my time. I then proceeded to enjoy the rest of my year in Viet Nam which was easier because I did not have a combat role. – *Jim Bicknell*

An Outward Bound course at H-12 Hurricane Island, Maine in 1969 ranks at the top of my adventure list. I took it because a colleague was trying to get a similar type of program started as part of the high school curriculum and I was interested in being an instructor. He had been involved with them so I got a free ride. It was basically a sea course although we still had to do rock climbing, rope courses, the morning run and dip into forty-degree ocean water, etc. The high school program did not happen. - *Lou Garcia*

My tale of adventure was to take a trip to Europe all by myself. I flew to London and met up with a granddaughter for a few days. I took tour buses and met up with some very nice people. Then I took the Chunnel train under the English Channel to Paris by myself. I knew absolutely no one in Paris. I stayed there six days and flew back to Texas. It was scary, it was exhilarating and I would do it again if I could. - *Theresa Fortin Moore*

Wild adventures? Good grief. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

I have had some great adventures – this has been a wonderful journey in which I would not change a thing – only tweak a few things. – *Ray Pecor*

How a sense of humor may have saved my life Being a Vermonter and of American Indian/English/Welsh and Irish descent I have some very compelling values so it was easy for me to work in the Violent Offenders Program unit at the Northwest State Correctional Facility in Swanton. My position was as a Correctional Services Specialist, a caseworker-social worker in a program that housed all the violent offenders who were not in 23-hour lockdown or in the maximum-security unit.

Well it's this way. When you die the newspaper will say you died at the age of 72 but with good time you were only 60.

When I first got to Northwest State Correctional Facility in Swanton I was told that I would be responsible for dispensing "good time" to inmates who had met certain criteria.

I had several "lifers" so good time seemed ludicrous for them. The very first day I handed out good time sheets a young man came in to get his. We talked a while and he said, "What good is good time to me?" Without blinking an eye I said, "Well, it's this way. When you die the newspaper will say you died at the age of 72 but with good time

you were only 60." He stared for a minute and then he just laughed like a hyena. He was my buddy after that and I thank God for him to this day.

Not too long after that I was in my office and I had to meet with a newly sentenced offender who had been convicted of attempted murder of a police officer. He was yelling about being innocent and I was trying to make him understand that he had been found guilty and I had to deal with that.

I finally got fed up with his whining and said, "The court doesn't send me innocent people." He leapt over my desk to assault me. (Now you have to understand that my office was on the unit out of sight of the officers on duty and I was without any means of contacting the officer.) Well, the guy I had talked about earlier about good time was headed down to talk to me and when he entered the office and saw what was going on he grabbed the guy off my desk and threw him into the hall. He may have saved my life and I will never forget that. Bottom line – I got a telephone and an intercom in very short order. – *Margo Thomas*

Castro, Castro! I was sitting in the square in Merida, Yucatan, one Saturday evening in 1961. I was bearded, wearing those big pocket military pants and absorbing the scenery. Many people and whole families were out and about. There were some strolling musicians. One policemen at the street corner was always a pleasure to watch because he held up the traffic with one hand and would then turn to us on the sidewalk and with his other hand do a sweeping and elegant gesture with a slight bow to indicate that we had safe passage across the street. His clothes were immaculate and he had a long mustache, twirled to a point. I liked his style and good humor. He elevated directing traffic to a high level of performance art that warmed your heart.

Well, there I was minding my own business, thinking I was invisible, studying my Spanish/English pocket dictionary.

Suddenly up walked a drunken Mayan man who dropped a live .45 caliber slug in the gutter of my book and started yelling something incomprehensible about Castro, Castro!

"Castro no mi amigo!" "Castro no mi amigo!" "Castro no mi amigo!" I kept babbling and in a few minutes a policeman strolled up and guided the man away. That was the end of that.

A few weeks later I was in the town of Motul not far from the Gulf on a Sunday afternoon, the day before a weeklong festival began. I was watching a practice bull fight in some improvised stands. I was approached by another drunken Mayan who also yelled about Castro. A teenager quietly said to me, "Come on, mister." He led me down out of the stands. Behind me was the yelling man, and behind him was a growing crowd of people in this slow tableau down the center of the street. The kid led me in front of the police station and an officer came out. The boy talked to him, the policeman guided the Mayan away and that was the end of that.

Curious.

I later learned that Motul was a staging area for Castro a few years previously before he secretly made his way to Cuba to begin the revolution. In Mexico at that time there were slogans painted on walls everywhere: “Communismo No! Patriotismo Si!”

I was down in Mexico supposedly studying “Existential Anthropology” with an Ohio State professor. We never cracked a book in the two months there. But we did experience Mexico!

My brother had heard about the course as he was attending his first year at Marlboro College in Southern Vermont paid for by my mother. I had put myself through my first year at the University of Vermont. She was going to pay to send him for this summer experience and said she didn’t see why she shouldn’t send me also, so she did.

The dozen people stayed in a small hotel, a pension called Casa Gamboa. We paid $2.50 per day and for that we were served two meals, our rooms were cleaned and we could swim in the old pool in the courtyard. What a deal!

Houses there were built right up to the street with high walls. Inside was a huge garden area and the pool. Rooms were built along the walls. It seemed much more efficient use of space that the front yards with small lawns that we have in the U.S.

We wandered around the town and countryside visiting odd and interesting people the professor knew. One was a professor of biology. Another was a guy who was probably in his early thirties who took on the whole Merida chess club by himself and beat them all. The guy was obviously brilliant. What was he doing there? We went to Motul. We went to Dzibilchaltun, an archeological site where restoration was in its beginning stages.

Dzibilchaltun, Yucatan

I read in the paper one day the Ernest Hemingway had shot himself. I didn’t know what to make of that. It was like we were in Hemingway country.

Finally everyone else left but I had to wait for my mother to send an $80 tax refund check so I went to stay for a week on Isla Mujeres, a slim half-mile wide island off the east coast of Yucatan. I took the ferry out there, found an abandoned shack to string my hammock and stayed a week. There was a Mayan temple at the end of the island. Isla Mujeres means the island of women. It was named that because when the Spanish came they found many cult images of the moon goddess Ix Chel. One day wandering around the village I saw a man inside an open door of a house and his wall was filled with audio equipment. He told me he worked for a shipping company monitoring radio traffic between ships. I figured he worked for the C.I.A. There were just some weird people like himself, the chess player, the biology professor, and others. I had never seen characters like them in the states. One day the harbor was filled with Cuban fishing boats because there had been a hurricane warning the night before.

The day I was leaving I was at the harbor waiting for the ferry and an older white guy sat down beside me and asked if I had gone fishing. I told him no, that I did not speak the language. He said that should not have stopped me. I should have been persistent and every morning gone to where the boats were and told them I wanted to go fishing with them. One of them would have taken me he said. He was a political science professor at a New Mexico University who went down there every summer.

My mother said the experience was like my hand had reached across a generation.

I took the bus back to Merida and in a few days the money came, and I was off to gold mining in Arizona after taking a 3,000-mile bus trip through Mexico.

One day in Merida at Casa Gamboa before leaving I was looking at the wooden closet in our room and saw a guy's name and address, somewhere in upper New York State. It was written in pencil and looked fresh. I decided to send him a postcard as if he were a good friend. As a return address I used my Mom's house in Burlington. A couple of years later after I was in California, a somewhat portly, balding middle-aged man knocked on Mom's door. He had been the person who wrote his name on the cabinet at Casa Gamboa twenty years previously. The card had gone to his mother's house, from which he had long since moved away. I think he had become an accountant. At the time he was doing the same thing I was. My mother said the experience was like my hand had reached across a generation. – *Tom Whitney*

Gold mining in the back hills of Arizona

Leaving Yucatan with my $80 tax refund check in August 1961, I took a bus 3,000 miles through Mexico to Nogales then up to my uncle's house in Tempe, Arizona. Along the way I stopped in smoggy Mexico City and saw the huge murals by Diego Rivera, José Clemente Orozco and David Alfaro Siqueiros depicting the Mexican Revolution. They were spectacular. And now that I have been in Hawai'i photographing Hawaiians, I can see a resemblance (in my own mind) in some of my photography work to the great Mexican muralists.

I became a gold miner for a few months as Uncle Arne Westerinen, my mother's half-brother, was managing the preliminary setup work in establishing a gold mine in Morristown, 70 miles north of Phoenix and twenty miles off the highway in the back hills. He had persuaded my mother to invest in the scheme.

I stayed in the cabin in the Arizona hills and listened to the wolves howl at night. I would occasionally go and talk with an old one-legged cowpoke named Cap who was the watchman. He had his own cement-block cabin near the entrance gate. Cap lost his leg herding cattle one day, even though he was wearing chaps, when he fell off his horse onto some cactus that so seriously damaged his leg before he could get good medical treatment that they had to amputate it. His job at the Big Reef Mine was necessary because there were some wild men out in the hills who had been hired by the big mining companies to scare off small miners, plus there were some thieves as well.

My room and board salary was the princely sum of $35 per week. I took flying lessons a couple of weekends in Phoenix at Sky Harbor airport for $35 per hour, and otherwise got books out of the local library and read them by light of the kerosene lamp.

Some weekends I would stay with my uncle in Tempe. At every breakfast he would make toast for his new wife who was still in bed, and each time he would tell me that she likes to have the butter spread all the way to the very edges of the bread. He would demonstrate this to me. He was like a little kid, proud of his knowledge, and treated me like one because he told it so many times which irritated me.

That was then. Now that I am 67 I realize I practice on a daily basis doing household tasks just the way my sweetheart likes them done, and I take a simple happiness from performing them correctly. (Boy am I whipped.) From this perspective I can see that it took me 45 years to understand my uncle's behavior. Please forgive me, uncle. Please excuse me, nephews and nieces.

The mine work finally came to an end when the bosses figured out that the terraces of which my uncle had been supervising the construction were too wide to allow rock to slide by gravity easily down the chutes from one terrace to another into the rock crusher. They ran out of money to fix it. On went uncle to some other job. I bought an old 1952 Plymouth for $100 and drove it across the desert (without a spare tire) and the start of my 20 years in the City of Angels. – *Tom Whitney*

A visit from the Secret Service Once I answered a knock on our front door in Los Angeles and opened it to see two men dressed in suits. They announced they were from the U.S. Secret Service. They were inquiring about my activities in North Hollywood. I had rented a printing shop there where I printed some of John Weatherwax's booklets about the history of people in Africa.

I told them the story that while working there one day I strolled around to visit some of the other shops. There were four people working in one. Two were printing a photograph in some blue-green ink on the Multilith 1250 press in there. They were friendly. They actually said, "Oh we're just making a little money" when I asked them what kind of work they were doing. I didn't see anything incriminating on my visit besides the green-blue ink. I chitchatted a bit and went on my way.

The men in suits said that someone had found copies of smudged dollar bills on printed sheets in trash bins in the area near the print shops. I never heard from the Secret Service again. – *Tom Whitney*

One adventure that I really remember that pleased me was going with the Bassetts to climb Camel's Hump. We have also taken many trips with our travel club and done things like walking on sand dunes (hard work for me). I am not fond of boats or water. I have been on boat rides through different scenic areas allover and enjoyed them once I could put fear in the back seat. One time I got awful sick while whale watching in Maine. I will never do that again, but I did see a whale with my pale face.

Life-threatening times? I have had nine surgeries and five were so-called major. I had my right blind eye removed and the most scary of all was having my stage two bladder cancer removed, then I got chemo for six weeks and then another tumor grew and that was removed. I have been cancer free for about six years now. Thank You God! – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Journey to Hawaii - Where I Found My Vermont & American Roots By Tom Whitney

Photograph © Gladys. Suzuki. Used with permission.

The Hokule'a is a Hawaiian double-hulled canoe similar to those that traversed the Pacific Ocean a thousand years before the explorers I read about in the second grade. Here it leaves Hilo on the last leg of its journey to Rapa Nui, or Easter Island, in 1993 to complete the voyages around Polynesian triangle, thus proving to doubters that Hawaii's Polynesian ancestors were Masters of the Pacific Ocean long before it occurred to Europeans to give it a try.

The world began to open up to me in the second grade. Our Converse School class in Burlington, Vermont, walked to the Fletcher Free Library on College Street one momentous day in 1946. It was my first visit. The librarian showed me a special shelf and told me in dramatic hushed tones that I could find books about explorers there.

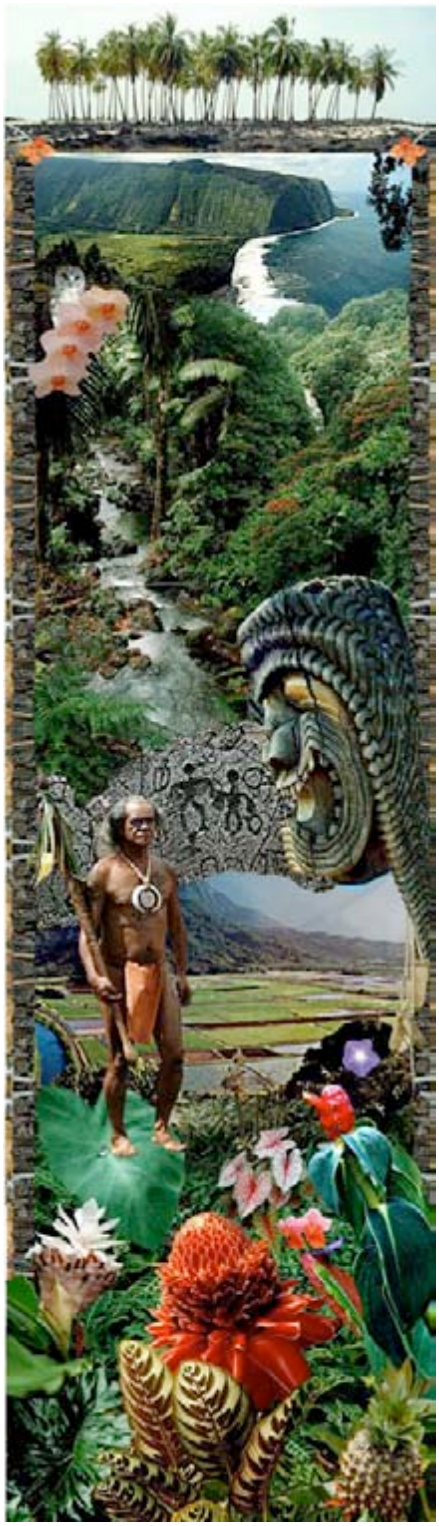
Fletcher Free Library in Burlington, Vermont, built with funds provided by Andrew Carnegie, who became one of the richest men in America in steel and railroads. He was a penniless Scottish immigrant who provided $40 million that paid for construction of 1,679 new libraries in communities across the United States. This is an old postcard view.

Ohhhh. I returned often to take out books about Magellan, Francis Drake, Columbus, Marco Polo, Amerigo Vespucci and other famous explorers. I imagined myself on those ships as an earnest young seaman. My lifetime's journey sixty years later has taken me to Hilo, Hawaii, the rainiest city in the nation in the most ethnically diverse county in the United States out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, 5,000 miles from Vermont.

I have a tale to tell. I had to leave to appreciate what I left behind.

When I arrived in Hawai'i I had escaped from car-crazy California where – while keeping my day job - for ten years I had been working very hard with friends in the Sierra Club and the Environmental Council in Sacramento, California, to achieve more rational land use planning to tame the auto-monster that has devoured Los Angeles. Environmentalists were effective and respected in Sacramento and we made important contributions to improve the community. But it was exhausting; I had given it ten years.

I moved to Hawai'i for love, to re-unite with my sweetheart Betsy. We had been married for ten years but split up in 1989. We realized almost ten years later that we still deeply loved each other after Betsy called to wish me happy birthday in 1998. We



This is an award-winning collage I created. This and all photographs not otherwise credited are by Tom Whitney.

reawakened our loving history together.

Burned out from the demands of the environmental work in Sacramento, I had retired and buried myself in reading novels and some history for the first six months. I gave myself permission to mentally recuperate and allow a new sense of direction to arise within me.

Remembering the wonderful adventure photography had been in my teenage years, I took some nice photographic trips around the island - but mostly it was pretty scenery. There were the fascinating footprints of long-gone Hawaiians who had fled from heavy volcanic dust in the lava at the Ka‘u desert. And there were petroglyphs of Hawaiian warriors at Volcano National Park and other interesting shapes emerging. But where were the Native Hawaiians?

Footprints of Hawaiian attempting to escape an erup-tion of hot lava dust. Their footprints have turned to lava rock.

One book in particular provided me with a grand awakening. Pamela Frierson, Hilo author of “The Burning Island,”[19] wrote that “mainland environmental groups have often been ignorant of or insensitive to local traditions . . . fighting small pitched battles to save specific resources or conserve certain lands, a style of defense that has allowed little time to consider larger issues of nature and culture . . . a real kinship with place, an acceptance of the land that is identical to an acceptance of one’s ancestors. This is a wisdom that the twentieth-century nomad has - almost - forgotten: that the land itself can be law and revelation, that it can be, if you acknowledge its claim on you, the deepest part of yourself.” Thus these environmental groups have not related very well with Hawaiians who still feel a deep connection to the land.

This got my attention. Perhaps we need to enlarge the scope of what it means to be an environmentalist with this insight, but how?

At about the same time in 1999 the annual Merrie Monarch

[19] **The Burning Island: A Journey Through Myth and History in Volcano Country, Hawaii**; 1991; by Pamela Frierson; Published by Sierra Club Books, San Francisco; 267p.

Festival occurred. To me it was a revelation to see Hawaiian hula and dancers with green head leis reflecting a culture that honors the land.

In the parade that Saturday was a Hawaiian man in his malo (loin cloth) walking slowly along who looked like he had walked straight out of the ancient jungle and was thoughtfully examining all he saw around him. He was neither smiling nor frowning. He just looked like he had been deposited here by a time machine. Fascinating.

I took his picture and put it together in a composite with about 25 other pictures of this Hawaiian land. I tracked him down a month or so later to ask permission to use the photograph. That composite won a statewide photography award.

Kimo Pihana was the man in the malo, and he has become my best friend over the years. He introduced me to his family and friends, and invited me to participate in ceremonies honoring Mauna Kea, the most sacred mountain in Hawai‘i.

Kimo said that the composite of photographs captured the way he saw himself in his mind’s eye as he pursues his own journey to recover his Hawaiian roots.

Koa El

Harold Käula

Calvin Kalavahea

Many of the Hawaiians I met are moved with great intensity to recover the culture in their lives. Koa El, on the left in the photograph above, was born in Panama, and like most people alive today has a number of genetic strains in her background. But Koa has returned to Hawaii and found jobs that honor her Hawaiian ancestry. Calvin Kalavahea, on the right, traces a tiny part of his ancestry back to the same family as Princess Diana, the Spencers, whose distant relatives came on early English sailing ships, but he is mostly Hawaiian and proud of it. Harold Kāula, in the center, has a deep ancestral connection to the land he is walking on, Mauna Kea.

These activists I came to know are serious. Many are angry at the way their culture was taken over and shoved aside by the explorers and ship captains I was so interested in when I first started to read. I have matured in my understanding of the world, learned

Many Hawaiians are concerned that there has been massive development of telescopes on Mauna Kea, Hawaiian sacred land, with little regard for the culture, as documented by the State's Auditor in 1998.

about the unanticipated consequences of actions. In the past 30 years in Hawai‘i there has been a big effort to teach the Hawaiian language. This "Renaissance" began with the construction of the Hokule‘a, a double-hulled canoe similar to those used a thousand years before Galileo invented the telescope. It has traveled the Pacific Ocean, its navigators guided by reading the stars without modern electronic navigation aids.

One of my high school classmates has spent his life in the theatre. I shared with him a photograph I took of a very dedicated Hawaiian named Keoni Choy who is a friend and is one of the greatest natural actors I have ever seen. But he does not act for an audience.

In the photograph at the top of the next page, he carries himself with great dignity as if he is striding out of the depths of ancient Hawaii. Here he is the forward warrior, assuring that no danger will befall the hula group that is following behind him. They will be performing a ceremony with chants at the edge of the Kilauea crater and will be making plant offerings called ho'okupu to the goddess Pele. They are paying their respects as a way of asking permission of the goddess to perform hula in a few hours.

And my friend Keoni's audience when he walked so magnificently here? Me alone, the trusted invisible documentary photographer, scrambling unobtrusively to stay ahead of him and memorialize this magic moment on the crest of the steaming Kilauea Crater in Hawaii so others could see the re-emergence of the Hawaiian. This is an almost-vanished moment of instant history mystery recorded on film here showing a true Hawaiian ceremony not being performed for public display, but for a direct communion with the one of the elemental spirits that abound in Hawaii, the Goddess Pele.

What is God, you ask yourself here in Hawai‘i. According the World Council of Churches there are more that 30,000 Christian denominations and thousands more of other religions. But here two hundred years ago, Hawaiians had no written literature, no recorded history, nor any concern for

the ideas of what people a half a world away in the Eastern Mediterranean were thinking about god. But they knew who Pele was down through the millennia, and Poliahu, the Snow Goddess, and Wakea and Papa, the father and mother of the human family.

Whatever name we can give to the creator of the elemental forces of nature, there is no question the creator's work is manifest here. *How can you doubt her living power? Her lava, flowing up hot and red from the center of the earth would sizzle us today, because it flows, today. The land here is elemental. You have to take time with it to feel it.* The spirit connection can be strong. Aloha 'Aina. Love the Land. Many Hawaiians know this about their ancestral homeland, but most others do not.

Hawaiians also honor their living elders and beyond them their ancestors. Kimo Pihana talked to me about this: "We often talk with our kupuna, our wise elders. But our kupuna are dying, rapidly, and we don't have enough answers yet. How do we deal with this?

"Imua (move forward) – with humility. And expect you're going to get criticism whatever you do. And expect the unexpected – you've gotta deal with it all. How?

Kimo Pihana
All photographs in this story © 2007 by Tom Whitney

"Go back to the beginning, within: are you pure your heart and soul. Are you spiritually pono? "Go to that spiritual fire that is deep inside. Romance that fire. Take time with it.

"There's a magic that each of us carries.

"Let it come out."

Pihana is not attempting to recreate the past. He is a modern man, was in the merchant marine, wounded in Viet Nam, worked at a power company for twenty years, tried various businesses and is now a ranger on Mauna Kea, one of the world's great sites of astronomy and a Hawaiian sacred mountain. With his cultural activities he is honoring his culture, sharing and contributing to a rebirth of Hawaiian cultural consciousness.

My experiences over the five years in Hawai'i finally led me to ask what *my* culture is. Here there are so many people in Hawai'i who are very earnest about reclaiming their culture and their land.

Where is my homeland? What is my culture? Who am I?

This questioning led to my creation of this "Book of Years" micro history project and an increased awareness of my American culture in Burlington, Vermont. – *Tom Whitney*

My big mistake in Turkey My Navy ship was steaming in the Aegean Sea to an anchorage in the Dardenelles off Istanbul, Turkey. We arrived during the latter days of Ramadan, and had been well alerted about acceptable and not acceptable liberty party behavior. A couple of us met friends who were stationed there, and couch surfed (a later genre term) in their apartments as bases for our partying. Each had married a Turk woman, so we had guides for some of our outings.

A couple of evenings before we were due to unhook from the anchorage, a shipmate and I were heading back to the landing to be picked up by the whaleboat and taken out to the ship. He and I had the "Mid-Watch" in the Radio Shack that night. We had consumed a bit more than a fair amount of Raki and beer and were feeling sort of adolescent, I suppose. Anyhow a couple of women were walking up the hilly street toward us and, as they came alongside, I moved over in front of one, said "Hi" and reached up and lifted her dark veil. Big error. The two of them began screaming and shouting, pointing fingers at us, and people (men and women) almost immediately came out of doorways running at the situation. Jim and I took off down the hilly street that fortunately ended at the shoreside landing. Now, neither Jim nor I had been sprinters or "star quality" long distance runners in high school. Needless to say that our dress blue uniforms made us look fairly unique in Istanbul and ours was the only U.S. Navy ship in town that week.

I recall looking back and seeing what looked like hordes of people waving sticks, knives and guns racing down after us.

As we neared the buildings adjacent to the landing, we saw the boat move swiftly away from the quay and stand off perhaps 15 or more feet. Jim and I never lost stride at the edge of the quay. We leaped and landed in what felt like the North Atlantic or Lake Champlain in February. I swam to the whaleboat and Jim must have run across because neither his head nor the tops of his uniform were wet when they hauled us aboard. Once aboard, the skipper met us on the quarterdeck, heard our side of what had happened and sent us below with orders to not show our faces during daytime hours for any reason, including an abandon ship order until we left port two days later.

For the next two days, Turkish police and civilians motored out to the boat and, using megaphones, demanded that those sailors who had insulted their women be turned over. – *Sam Conant*

How we have dealt with hardships

What doesn't kill you or maim you, strengthens you.
- Jim Bicknell

Positive attitude When I lost my larynx to cancer I kept a positive attitude. At first it was a shock but after the operation I decided to let nothing keep me from what I wanted to do. I have traveled across the country three times and go to Vermont every year and to visit my daughters in Kentucky. Every year that I am able, I will not slow down. I always have something to do. I have lost two grandsons but I have learned that death is a process of life that can happen. You have to keep going and carry on with life. I have come through the loss of my larynx and live with it and am doing real good with that six years later.

But I have to let you know I have to fight another battle with cancer now. I lost my larynx to cancer seven years ago and now I have discovered lung cancer and hope we caught it early. Take care. – *Bill Chittenden.*

Your kind words were appreciated. That's all any of us can do – speak from our hearts to those who lose someone in their lives. It happens to all of us - and more so with age. Anyone who hasn't lost hasn't known the joy of survival. I thought Bill's death would take me too! I wanted to be with him. The thought of the aloneness I would have to endure seemed impossible to me. But there's the pride of accomplishment from doing something well. I did his death well. I never had a moment of what-ifs or "I wish I had" – not at least that lasted. I knew I had loved him with every fiber of my being in life and in death and somehow that gave me such a sense of pride. I think those who suffer so much have regrets of one sort or another. No regrets here.

I asked her if she was afraid to die. "No," she said, "God looks down and if you're busy he leaves you to finish."

Once I was sleeping over with my Gram, my dad's mom who seemed quite old – probably my current age – and I asked her if she was afraid to die. "No," she said, "God looks down and if you're busy he leaves you to finish." It sounded good then and I've lived by her bit of wisdom ever since.

I had mass said this morning for Bill. Tomorrow is the second anniversary of his death. So today is bittersweet for me. Father had all the mothers come to the altar, blessed us, prayed over us and gave each of us a Saint Anne Novena Card which I doubly appreciated as she is my patron saint. My faith and those who practice it with me are dear to my soul and are the reason I came through such an untimely event.

I firmly believe that no matter what you go through, you gain something from it. It may take time to realize, but it is a part of the tapestry of your life and it colors thread by thread the changes that eventually occur.

I firmly believe that no matter what you go through, you gain something from it. It may take time to realize, but it is a part of the tapestry of your life and it colors thread by thread the changes that eventually occur.

I was shy most of my life and Bill was the dominant one who laughed or coughed when he entered a room. I usually was behind him wishing he could walk in quietly. But he was a Leo and loved holding court. I think his death liberated me in some ways. I've learned to deal with spiders, solve problems and ever learned directions better when driving. I never thought that would be the outcome. I was actually worried for myself that I would close down and stay in the house. If anything, I've become more of a person on my own. It surprised me. I like myself better than I thought I would. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

Responsibility. Compassion. Patience. Letting go. We have lost two children, one to surgery and the other thru an automobile accident. You learn as we did when we had Johnny to grow up and think and act responsibility. When Penny died you learn compassion for other people in the same position. We lost a niece only two weeks after Penny. When our third daughter was involved in a car wreck we learned patience and now since this past November when she finally had an amputation of her lower leg we've learned to accept other peoples' decisions and realize you no longer can lead someone else's life, you have to let go and let them decide. – *Gail Gilmore Charron*

For me, life has been filled with good and difficult times. We make the best of what we are given and often with good results. My skiing accident kept me out of the service and closed the door to what I had expected would be the next chapter of my life. But then another door opened to provide another opportunity – the chance to build a business of my own, which would provide great joy and satisfaction. While the skiing accident has posed some health challenges, I feel fortunate to live in a time that

replacement joints are available – and this provides jobs for airport security personnel who can puzzle over mine every time I fly - so I am happy to be helping the economy. – *Tom Hackett*

How have I turned challenges into growing experiences? Slowly. *-Lynn Dawson Shay*

At this point I can look back and laugh at the crap life threw at me. And it threw a lot. It was never smooth sailing but somehow here I sit, writing at the age of 66 and I am surprised that I even survived this long.

I think I am doing better now than at any other point in my life. Tom Whitney's bigger purpose is driving me to clean up the memories. I am actually glad to turn my memories with humor.

I believe my parent's drinking made me much of what I am today. So there was a most positive side: I learned self-sufficiency although I recognize my need for other people to help me through some problems, I learned to make the most of a situation. I can enjoy almost anything or anyplace, and perhaps I learned to listen better. The downside is that "trust" is elusive although not out of sight, and I don't make friends easily.

I don't have an enemy in the world, most people that know me like me and I seem to be gregarious to observers. My self-esteem has never been high, but high enough to hold my own in life.

I had relocated so many times in my life and each of the relocations required I assume/learn new strategies for living. I am glad for the experience. Some relocations never quite worked. For example, after the service I moved to Norfolk, Virginia, to open a TV repair shop with my brother. At no point did I ever arrive at a comfort level in Norfolk. I always felt displaced and not connected to the city. I don't know why except for a couple of factors. Norfolk was a navy town, there were many ex-sailors living there and this made it a mix of homies, transplants, and service-related people. Norfolk was not a pretty town and seemed to have no redeeming features. Finally, another factor was the "Southernness" of the place. I did get to know some of the landed gentry and they were quick to point out that the "Southern Tradition" was prominent. My Yankee background was not welcome. I remember conversations to that effect. It was not the only time I had encountered this.

There was a wealthy landowner in Morganton, North Carolina, who also ran the center where I worked and openly expressed his dislike of Yankees. His was a historic home in the area, previously a large mansion with numerous slaves. He still mentioned the name "Sherman" from the Civil War as if it was yesterday. He was very strong on tradition. He and I had our problems but never directly. I realize he was a real whacko. Communication between us was usually and faithfully communicated by a coworker who was from Atlanta. – *Layne Prebor*

Hospice I have been a hospice volunteer for 26 years. My life has intersected with innumerable dying people and their families. Of course there have been sad times, but these interactions have taught me a lot about living each day with thanksgiving

and not putting things off for a tomorrow that may never come.

There is no duplication of effort from family to family. Volunteers go in to do whatever is most important to the family to improve the quality of the time left to the person dying. I have done everything from cleaning the globes of a light in a living room to taking the patient to see the apple blossoms in the islands, to having a milk shake at Joe's Snack Bar in Jericho, to playing computer games with a dying child.

Your presence there in a non-judgmental way is what is needed.

Right now I have a colorful woman who wants to go out to eat as she thinks the food at her assisted living place is disgusting. This involves a wheelchair and sometimes oxygen, and she takes a great pleasure in good food.

Usually it is simply sitting with a person and giving respite to the primary caregiver. The important thing for dealing with the dying is this: it is not so important what you say or do. Your presence there in a non-judgmental way is what is needed. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

Going to see the shrink I sought psychological counseling a few times. The first time was after my separation from my first wife. I went to a group sponsored by a couple who were ministers at a Church of Christ in Los Angeles and were doing the work necessary to become Transactional Analysis counselors. They got the whole church involved. People gathered there and then divided into groups of about ten to fifteen people. With each group was an experienced person designated as the leader of the group. I was nervous at first, and didn't say anything during the sessions for a few months. I observed that people would tell about a problem they were having and then people would comment on it. Sometimes someone in the group had a similar problem currently or had had it in the past and offered their results of some experience. Usually but not always the person who was the group leader would comment.

The idea is, if you have a problem, there is no magic bullet to fix it, you need to change your behavior and try it out to see if it affects the problem.

Then a little plan of action was devised. The idea was if you had a problem, there is no magic bullet to fix it; you just needed to change your behavior and try it out to see if it affected the problem. People would agree to try something and report back to the group.

Usually the sessions opened with a call for anyone to report back on what had been happening with him or her. Sometimes the plans worked, sometimes not. When they didn't, other plans would be developed and tried out. After about nine months, I stopped going. My overall lesson from the experience was: if I have a problem, I need to change my behavior.

Recently I talked with a friend, Andrew Bissett, who is an Army psychiatrist. He said that with the workload he has to deal with, he essentially is just pushing pills. "But what

people don't seem to realize is that the problems don't go away with the pills. They still have to change their behavior."

Once I was counseled to do just that. I had split up from my second wife Betsy (with whom I am now happily remarried) and was living in an apartment. I had a regular job. I was not particularly depressed or upset. But I had what I now see as an odd routine going. I loved to drink dark French roast coffee until late into the evening as I read and worked on project ideas. Then I would take a drink or two of whisky to slow my body down so I could sleep for a few hours. Usually I would buy a half pint of Southern Comfort. This time I had bought a pint. I kept drinking and reading and thinking, and about 4 a.m. realized that I would have to call in sick. I made that call. Then I thought about it with my typically insightful and crackling sharp reasoning powers three sheets to the wind, and realized that I should make another call at 4:30 a.m. to clarify matters. I did that and soon enough I went to sleep.

When I went to work the day after, my boss wanted to see me right away. She told me that she had been the first person at work that morning and when she heard me, drunk as I was, she ripped the tape out of the answering machine so no one else would hear it.

She gave me an order: "Get help." Fortunately I had been saved, because my boss had been through virtually every twelve-step program known to mankind and recognized a person with a problem and did not make a big issue out of it.

Fortunately, the company psychologist was in the office next to mine, so I easily made an appointment. When she saw me, I explained what had occurred. I told her that drinking was not a problem with me. (Right!) She said, "OK, if it is no problem, give it up."

"OK."

Right then, I gave up coffee, cigarettes, alcohol and the occasional joint and vowed to keep this up for a month.

I was successful. I had no withdrawal symptoms of any kind. I found this strange because people talk about feeling the withdrawals all the time when stopping smoking or coffee.

So the final day came. Day 31. I worked all day and came home. I was mostly desirous of having a few tokes of marijuana. I did that, and relaxed, sitting at my art table – and then almost automatically reached my hand out and turned in my chair, taking in the whole room. It was like I wanted to reach out, light up a cigarette, and then have a drink of coffee. It was a moment of realization – that I had been hooked on a cycle of using legal drugs found in coffee, alcohol and cigarettes and I was constantly bouncing around the walls going from one to the other.

I stayed off cigarettes for about six years. The two other times I have quit (and am presently a non-smoker) I have done it cold turkey with no pills, group therapy or the rest of the rigmarole. I drank decaf coffee for about two months, and then went back to regular coffee although I didn't notice any difference in taste. I still don't have a problem with drinking; once in a great while will I have a glass of wine or a beer; and still only

very occasionally will I have a smoke of the weed, maybe once a month.
I had adopted a behavior pattern that caused me problems. I changed it. – *Tom Whitney.*

Every challenge and every cause for sadness is a learning experience and can be used as ways to move on to the next stage of life. – *Margoj Thomas*

When one door closes, another opens. My broadcast journalism career was cut short by the sale of the Naples stations where I was employed, I had two lucrative job offers both paying more than I was making. I accepted the one at NCH Healthcare System and found it challenging, and rewarding. The secretary for the CEO was a long-time friend and she gave me a card with that old expression "When one door closes, another opens." How true. When I retired at age 65 I thought I'd go off with my new wife and tour the world. Following her untimely death, I found a new (albeit part-time) career at the Supervisor of Elections Office, and a part-time position at the local School Board producing twice a month TV interview programs. – *Carl Loveday*

I guess the death of my son at the age of twenty-five was a sadness I would not wish on anyone but it was a lesson to me to enjoy every moment I have. Live life to the fullest.
I always tell my grandchildren to have fun but don't be stupid. Not too sure how much they retained when you are trying to help them out but later on down the road, I hope it will mean something to them. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

We all need to accept whatever comes along good or bad and deal with it and move on and not dwell on the past. Let go and do some forgiving and realize that being sad and upset is reality. Remember the good times in sadness. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Life does go on even though we lose loved ones. Hopefully this makes us stronger. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

Part of the inspiration for this project *was suggested by Michele Kort. We worked together at the Grantsmanship Center News 25 years ago and she produced a nice book called "Friends" with a photograph and paragraph about each friend on separate pages. It was a sweet book by a loving person. Now Michele is Senior Editor at Ms. Magazine. I told her about this project and sent her the list of possible questions. She said she liked the idea, but there was one area I had not really covered: how do people deal with hardships in their lives and how do they turn them into growing experiences. She had had some tough times and would like to know how others had dealt with their own. I thought it was a great question, the best one, and asked her permission to use it, which she graciously gave. The actual text of the question I asked was "How have you turned the challenges and sadnesses of your life into growing experiences?" – Tom Whitney*

Giving Back

Social, political & community issues

Habitat for Humanity sponsors annual "Blitz Build" projects. Here Ex-President Jimmy Carter participated in one that Lillian and her husband Bruce also worked at.

We have been active with Habitat for Humanity locally and worked in several developing countries. The important part of our ventures with them for me has been the relationships formed and the hope that is infused when we go. My husband is big on the construction part, as that is what he is best at. I am better at meeting the people, playing with the children, sharing in the day-to-day activities.

Photographs provided courtesy of the Venner Family.
Habitat for Humanity Project in Ghana. Lillian's husband Bruce is third from left in the foreground.

We were part of a Jimmy Carter Blitz Build in South Dakota on a reservation. From Monday through Friday thirty houses were built and ready to move into using thousands of volunteers including the Carters.

Every experience holds special memories.

One of my favorite memories was in Guatemala where we were able to attend a Habitat home dedication.

Lillian spending time with the young ones.

We had brought Spanish Children's Bibles and presented one of them to the family. The father had signed his house papers house papers with an "X." After the dedication of the home and the Bible presentation the 10-year-old son took the bible, sat on the only chair while the family gathered around, and he read from the bible, which was the only book the family owned. The father looked at his son with such pride and with tears running down his face to watch him read.

Father at dedication ceremony.

When we go on any service trip, Habitat or church – we pay our own way. We stay in hostels, churches,

guesthouses, motels, tents – whatever is available and negotiated with those we're coming to work with.

We also do outreach with the United Methodist Church and have worked in Africa, South America, the USA and on Native American reservations. These experiences have done more to enrich our lives and broaden our view of people and the world than any formal education.

Aside from travel and Habitat for Humanity the activities that have influenced my life the most have been three areas of volunteerism that have taken up much of my time. These include my work with elders, hospice and PFLAG (in the Love Stories chapter).

Working with elders My work with elders involves much of what Hospice does: a friendly visit, a game of cards, a ride in the car, a long-awaited trip for ice cream, a special treat brought into the nursing home to take away the monotony (one lady loved clam rolls from Henry's and oyster stew), listening time and time again to stories, - but above all learning from them how they lived their lives, how they survived heartbreak, war, poverty, et cetera. I also do a short devotional time twice a month at a nursing home. The thing to remember is that there is as much diversity among our older citizens as there is anywhere. Some are old in their fifties, and I have met people in their nineties who are still young although they may be frail. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

I use the term elders: that's anyone older than 67.

Community Nursery School: When my kids were attending a local Community-non-profit nursery school, I became treasurer for two years. This involved running the payroll, paying social security taxes, being the finance guy for a small business. It was a great little learning experience.

Direct Federal Credit Union: Around 1980 I got involved in a volunteer committee at the company's credit union, and later got elected to the Board of Directors--a position that I hold to this day. When I joined, we had assets of under $100 million, and have grown to have assets of $600 million in 2005. It is a volunteer, unpaid role. The rewards come from learning how a banking institution runs; taking some business risks and seeing the organization grow and prosper from them.

University of Vermont Alumni Activities: I have been very active for years, in various UVM Alumni activities. I have been the Class Agent for Fundraising activities. I co-led the class fundraising for our last reunion year (with Tom Hackett); I am currently Vice President of the class (Louise Magram Weiner is class president). For the last four years I have been on the UVM Alumni Council, a group of 18 people that heads the alumni organization. – *Steve Berry*

Currently I am the treasurer of the North Florida Chapter of Certified Public Managers. I obtained this training between 1998 and 2000. – *Bob Badger*

LOST BOYS Our involvement with the Sudanese refugees (aka Lost Boys) has been an extraordinary experience and I can't tell you how much this involvement has broadened my understanding of what it means to be "my brothers' keeper." The first five of these refugees arrived in Burlington on February 14, 2001 and by September 14, 2001 they numbered about forty. The Vermont Refugee Resettlement Program applied to the State Department for their settlement.

Imagine leaving home as a young child, being caught in the middle of a war without your parents, traveling many miles often without food or water and seeing some of your fellow travelers eaten by animals or drowning while crossing a river. About 2,000,000 were killed in this war and millions more were displaced. When these young boys arrived in Ethiopia they crowded into refugee camps run by the Red Cross. There they were safe, had a small amount of food and each other for support. Although they were expecting to stay for a short while they were there for about four years.

Photograph by Alison Redlich, Burlington Free Press
Mawut Alier of Winooski (center) sings and dances with dozens of members of the Sudanese youth choir as they gather at St. James Episcopal Church in Essex Junction on Monday evening to celebrate a peace accord between the government of Sudan and rebels from their Dinka homeland. TOP: Simon Ateny of Winooski (left) and Chol Atem sing Sudanese songs.

When war broke out between Ethiopia and Eritrea they fled again - this time back into Southern Sudan and on to Kakuma refugee camp in Kenya. You may have seen some of the haunting pictures of these boys, often naked, very thin and very young. Some of the stories they tell are hard to listen to much less imagine how they survived such hardship. They lived in this camp from 10 to 15 years.

There was some schooling available in the refugee camp and the classes were taught in English that gave them a huge advantage when they arrived in this country. After a very long application and interview process some were selected to come to the United States. It wasn't until they arrived at LaGuardia that they learned their final destination.

How surprised they must have been to be greeted in Burlington by people from the refugee program with snow and ice on the ground! We coordinated a group of volunteers from the area Episcopal Churches and did our best to help with their transition to life in our community. Often communication was difficult because we didn't understand their language - Dinka - and they were used to a British accent and not to our northern New

England speech.

There were many, many volunteers who were curious to help these young men (ages 19 to 24) and took them to doctors' appointments, grocery shopping, enrolled them in schools, tutored, taught them how to cook, invited them to their homes, taught them to drive, how to pay bills, how to read a bus schedule, and anything you can imagine.

We learned so much from the young men – much more than we taught them. We learned that they are not victims but survivors, they have a great faith in God's love, and they are generous, care much about family and feel that education is very important. Most of them have high self-esteem and are doing well. There are now close to 100 living in Chittenden County and it has been wonderful to see them grow and succeed.

Last Spring (2006) four graduated from UVM, one from St. Michael's and this year more will finish high school and college.

It has not been an easy life in any way. Besides going to school full time they have held down full time jobs, tried to learn our culture (not easy by any stretch of the imagination) and have tried to reconnect with family back in Africa. Most of them are working entry-level jobs and manage to send money back to relatives in Africa. Some have returned to marry and then come back to Vermont leaving wives behind. They hope to save enough money and complete paper work to bring their wives here.

In order to become a naturalized citizen one must live here for five years, take an exam, pay $400.00 and go through the naturalization ceremony and then you're in! We couldn't be prouder of the accomplishments of so many of them. Our family has grown exponentially and we feel blessed. – *Debbie Butterfield Galbraith*

I have never seriously worked for any causes in public. But a major issue in education today (as it always was to some degree) is “bullying.” As a teacher I absolutely did not tolerate this in my classes. There are a lot of “new thinking” solutions being proposed, none of which seem to be working.

One constant rule was that no one could pick on, make fun of, honk on, harass, etc., etc., the terminology changing on the mood and situation – anyone else in the class. No one had special privileges. If this behavior occurred a short initial meeting after class was guaranteed. Most times it stopped there. No doubt it continued in the halls and other places but there wasn’t much I could do about that.

I’ve always loved the outdoors and consider myself an environmentalist. However I have seen several situations here in Vermont since I retired that make me feel that the pendulum may be swinging a bit too far to one side. One of my favorite quotes is (author unknown) “Tolerance is the privilege of those who have nothing much to lose by it.”

Lately I guess I’m seeing too much influence being wielded by armchair environmentalists and extreme tree huggers and bunny huggers who are totally opposed to hunting and reasonable forest management. I live on ten acres on a Class 4 road virtually in the woods and I love it. I hate hearing radical environmentalist rants from someone who came from (say) New York City or Boston to live in Burlington and who

very seldom if ever goes into the woods except perhaps to hike a crowded public trail to a famous overlook. Enough of that, I'm ranting. – *Lou Garcia*

I have always found ways to give back to the community. In Vermont it was the Jaycees, church, scouts, UVM alumni and teaching at Champlain College. In Arizona, I continued with church and scout activities and I also served on two hospital boards. As chairman of both, I had the opportunity to better understand the problems we all face with our country's medical care and its costs. I now serve as president of a fairly new foundation which promotes outdoor activities for young and old. – *Tom Hackett*

I have been a town auditor, a school board member, and treasurer or board member of many many organizations. – *Jack Lamson*

I was first introduced to Rotary International when a man I saw every day while reporting for WHWB in Rutland, Vermont, State Police Lieutenant Lloyd Potter invited me to become a member of the Rotary Club of Wallingford, Vermont, where he was Club President. I had no idea what it was all about but soon learned the Wallingford Club is one of a handful of the 32,000 clubs in the world to own its own building. The building is the one-room schoolhouse where the founder of this now 1.2 million-member organization went to school. Paul Harris went on to live in Burlington, attend the University of Vermont for a year and a half, and then went to Princeton. He toured the world and ended up in Chicago where in 1905 he and a group of four men met each week, rotating their meetings from office to office. Harris used this to inspire the name for this new organization, Rotary, and it was born. Today, the Wallingford one-room schoolhouse is a state historical site.

I was named to the Board of Directors soon after I joined the club in 1964. As a member of the Board I had to add my signature to the mortgage on the schoolhouse. It was for a lot more than my house and it meant working to make the monthly payments. I soon learned the main objective of Rotary is service — in the community, in the workplace, and throughout the world. Rotarians develop community service projects that address many of today's most critical issues, such as children at risk, poverty and hunger, the environment, illiteracy, and violence. They also support programs for youth, educational opportunities and international exchanges for

Photograph provided courtesy of Carl Loveday
This is a schoolhouse in Wallingford, Vermont where Paul Harris went to his early years of school. Harris created Rotary International, now a 1.2 million-member organization with 32,000 clubs in 170 countries. B.H.S. classmate Carl Loveday was a board member of the Rotary Group that still meets here. The site is designated as a State Historic Site.

students, teachers, and other professionals, and vocational and career development. The Rotary motto is Service Above Self.

After leaving the Rutland area to become News Director of WPTZ-TV5 in Plattsburgh, I put my membership in Rotary on hold. When I moved to Naples, Florida, in 1984 I was invited to join the Rotary Club of Naples North, one of ten in Collier County. This 110-member group of Rotarians is dedicated to raising money for scholarships for deserving senior high graduates and more importantly for young working adults at the Lorenzo Walker Institute of Technology.

In addition our club has adopted a project with our sister-club, the Rotary Club of Kingston, Jamaica, to fund an $80,000 park project converting a large sand lot into lush green grass and native vegetation so nearby school children can breathe fresh air instead of dust laden air that was resulting in severe lung problems for those youngsters.

Photograph provided courtesy of Carl Loveday

Our Naples Rotary Club has provided a dictionary and another book to keep for each child in the Avalon Elementary School.

We're also dedicated to working with an elementary school in a district where most of the students speak and write English as a second language and more than half are on free or reduced lunch costs. We've purchased and distributed a dictionary to every student. We've purchased and distributed a book for each one of the students to keep two years in a row.

Our club members are also working with the non-profit Naples Botanical Gardens to assist in cleaning up the brush, removing exotic plants and trees, spraying the stumps to prevent their return, building Chickee huts and benches for visitors. A chickee hut is an open air shelter with a roof made of woven palm fronds.

This is what we do.

The global effort of Rotary International in collaboration with the World Health Organization and now assisted by the Bill Gates Foundation is to eradicate polio world- wide. It's a monumental project. It's been successful in all but two or three third world countries still remaining to be freed of this dread disease. It's the fond hope of everyone in Rotary to accomplish the goal. As one of our members is fond of saying, "It's not about the money, but about what the money can do!"

I strive to live by the Four-Way Test of Rotary International developed by Herbert J. Taylor in 1932.

As part of my Rotary service, I created an award-winning web site for the Club: http://www.naplesnorthrotary.org.

See also “My Road to Rotary.” By Paul Harris
http://www.whatpaulharriswrote.org/library/myroad/#kroch_publisher . – *Carl Loveday*

I have donated over 25 gallons of blood to our local blood bank to help save lives. – *Claire English Rae*

I am a trustee of now of the University of Vermont. I was a past Trustee of Champlain College and am a Director of Merchants’ Bank. I am involved with profit companies such as Greater Burlington Industrial Corporation and Cynosure. I do support Nichols College and many nonprofits like King Street Youth Center, Boys and Girls Club, YMCA and the Lund Home. – *Ray Pecor*

I spent some years on our local Conservation Commission that mostly was involved in preserving wetlands from new construction. I found the laws were difficult to apply evenly and decided I no longer wanted to tell others what they could or could not do on their property. I was active in the usual Boy Scouts, PTO, and Volunteers in Public Schools, the Recreation Association and etcetera. At present I’m on the board of a credit union. Credit Union Boards are unpaid. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

Giving back has become a way of life for me. Throughout my life I volunteered to do printing and graphic design work free for many organizations. For a decade or more I was essentially a printer. Either my bosses would let me print stuff free as long as I supplied paper and ink, or I would print it on the sly. I designed what I printed. This free work gave me a great portfolio of color printed pieces that I had designed that helped me obtain actual paying jobs including a teaching job.
For example, I did flyers and posters for plays and art exhibits by many artists of African descent; that got me a portfolio of all volunteer work that helped me get a job as the only white person teaching at the Watts Media Center after the first Watts riots in 1965.

The guy who started a new local grants organization came by and I volunteered to design brochures for the Grantsmanship Center. That turned into a five-year job where we built it into the most effective national organ-ization in the field and I created, edited and designed an award-winning national magazine. That job gave me the portfolio to get another magazine job and then the three-year job with the California Governor's Office of Appropriate Technology.

I have always tried to obtain the help from the best artists I know, and they have often been willing to help design posters and illustrations for good causes. Above left, Caitlin Rivers designed the Tree Foundation poster, in the center I did the photography, and on the right Larry Siddon drew the happy dog. I created the concepts, did the typography and found printers who would print the work often for discounts or free. I was like the producer of these and countless other posters and fliers for non-profit organizations. I felt good doing it, the artists and printers felt good doing their part. A key to it all for me was that I was not trying to make money doing it. I was giving away my services – and everyone else pitched in too. As I think about it now I recall Bill Chittenden's definition of a Vermonter: "Being a Vermonter to me means being hard working, honest, and not afraid to jump in when help is needed. I jump in first and others follow.

When I got to Sacramento, that grew into the most exciting experience of my life, which was working with the Environmental Council of Sacramento and designing the equivalent of new city – an area where of 60,000 people would live and work – in an environmentally friendly way. It was my personal efforts that got the $5 million planning process started. That place is called North Natomas.

Susan Perlberg Weinstein, one of my high school classmates from Vermont, moved into the place and thinks it turned out pretty well. That endorsement from Susan, who spent her life in real estate, made me feel pretty good. The project also won a couple of planning awards. And I did all that work as a volunteer, also. It was worth it. It was the thrill of a lifetime. There has been a very popular computer game called Sim City that gives people the opportunity to design a community. This was the real thing. And today, I continue to volunteer, with photography, working with Hawaiians and Native Americans.

In a nutshell here is the story of the North Natomas negotiation.

Negotiating with the powerful: obtain a commitment to make decisions by consensus

Equalizing the power relationships in negotiations is key for environmentalists and community people to have any effect.

In Sacramento, California, I helped re-start the planning process for North Natomas, a twelve-square-mile patch of farmland surround Arco Arena, where the Sacramento Kings have been playing professional basketball in the National Basketball Association. In order to build the arena, developers, who were steadily buying the farmland had to agree to a phased process before developing the whole area. But the phasing process had stalled because the original arena developer had gone bankrupt. I got the process off the dime by examining the results of those who had successfully sued over the process and obtaining their agreement that if a number of conditions were favorably met, development could commence.

Arco Arena is in the right center. This is a decade-old photograph; now about half the area in the medium foreground is extensively developed.

The Old City Guardian

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The Adventures of a Small Electric Vehicle Named "Underdog"

Tom Whitney

I love my little yellow "City-el." I never thought driving it would be so much fun.

People often beep their horns and give me the thumbs up sign and big smiles.

One woman who runs a food booth in Miller Park put her hands on her hips and turned her head as I drove by and said "cute," and meant it. A semi-truck driver asked me a dozen questions about it earlier that same day.

Homeless people have given me small, almost private, waves of their hands as if the vehicle and I were their special friends. The last time that happened, I decided to name the car "Underdog." It is especially fitting since the big auto companies are going to be spending millions trying to overturn California's requirement that in 1998, 2% of the autos offered for sale must be electric. We need all the friends we can get.

Universally, kids will nudge or call out to other kids to look. Older ones about 12 or 13 get this plaintive special yearning look that seems to say "I *know* I could drive this, if only they'd let me." And they could.

"Hi, neighbor," said one jovial kid on a bike as I waited at a stop sign with my helmet on and the top down for him to pass by in front of me. (It's a neat little convertible.) You have to like a kid like that.

In the previous block, a whole yard full of kids turned to look when their parents pointed to us (me and Underdog).

It's a sure fire cure for the introvert because people are always stopping to talk about it when I park it somewhere. I give them my standard rap:

"It's electric. Three twelve-volt deep cycle batteries.

"Top speed is about 38 miles an hour so I can't take it on the freeway, but it's fine for my commute of about 2.6 miles a day on city streets. I probably average about 8 or 9 miles a day. The average commute in Sacramento is about 10 miles. Range is about 20 to 25 miles between charges.

"I just plug it into my 110 volt house current and it takes about five hours to fully charge the batteries. It should cost me about $70 for the electricity for a year of travel. Every two years I'll have to replace the three batteries at a total cost of about $200. I'm leasing it for $130 per month from Drive Electric at 12th and C Streets.

"Safe! It's safer than my bicycle with its roll bar, safety belt and the helmet I wear.

"It was designed by a company in Denmark."

This City-el is one of the first newly designed electric vehicles. It is lightweight (650 lbs.) with many plastic parts, aerodynamic, and it is one of the most efficient of motor vehicles.

I go shopping and throw stuff in the back with no problem. There's no room for another person so I'm now part of the single-occupancy-vehicle crowd, which has caused a few wise cracks from my air quality friends.

Downtown there are dozens of places to recharge it. SMUD has installed about 70 charging stations (more than any other city in the country) in local public garages like the one by City Hall at 10th and I. The Food Co-op has a charging station. Many light rail stations now do.

Tom Whitney and his electric car. PHOTO: Raven.

"I just plug it into my 110 volt house current and it takes about five hours to fully charge the batteries. It should cost me about $70 for the electricity for a year of travel."

The folks at SMUD are national leaders in developing and testing electric vehicle technology, new auto designs, and infrastructure. Mike Winch, Jose Bear, Ruth MacDougall, Lois Wright, Bill Farmer and Henning Bitsch of SMUD's overworked staff have sure earned my respect.

My friend Micky Oros is designing the charging stations for SMUD and is working on a low cost home charging station controller. Lois Wright, Mickey and I put a meeting together last year to explain to developers very low cost ways they could prepare new homes for charging electric vehicles. With Mickey's follow-up, Mike Winn of Winncrest Homes figured the ideas made sense and helped the Building Industry Association to overcome their resistance to a proposed county general plan policy that all new homes should have power stubbed to garages to enable recharging of electric vehicles. Now we're the first county in the nation to have such a policy.

SMUD brought the City-el to Sacramento, working with Bill Warf at Pacific Electric Vehicles on Power Inn Road to design a test of small "neighborhood electric vehicles."

If you are interested in learning more about electric vehicles, come to the monthly meetings of the Sacramento Electric Vehicle Association held the second Saturday of each month from 9:30 to noon at SMUD headquarters, 6201 S Street.

I know the novelty will wear off after a while, but meanwhile, if you see us on the street, give a holler and wave to a couple of friends. ✖✖

Tom Whitney is a graphic designer at Regional Transit and Vice President of the Environmental Council of Sacramento.

Naively, I sent a long letter to the City Planning Department outlining the basis for a discussion. Incredibly a developer, Mike Winn, responded to the long letter with a half-page analysis of each of forty-four points I had raised in my letter. (So much for short, one-page business letters!) The City and the development community moved on it and a two-year process unprecedented in California planning circles began: developers, landowners, environmentalists and community association representatives negotiated on an equal footing. Each had

veto power over proposed principles and policies. That's unheard of.

The environmental and community groups could have been overwhelmed. We had neither staff nor money for studies. We were volunteers with full-time day jobs and families. The other side had money, lawyers and professional planning companies. Our motives were to do it right by minimize environmental damage and pollution and improving livability. They were spurred by the prospect of making hundreds of millions, perhaps billions of dollars from the development. Developers and land owners ended up spending about $5 million (by my unofficial estimate) to pay for a contingent of full-time City staff, planning consultants and legal fees before the effort was complete. We did not receive a nickel for all the time we spent.

The key for us was that every decision was made by consensus, a possibly unprecedented situation in California in dealing with development issues. This meant that the four groups at the negotiation each had a *veto* over any proposed policies. So when I went into a room alone against three or four developers and one or two of their lawyers and planning people, I was not overwhelmed. If they tried to steamroller me, our side would veto the result.

The nature of such a negotiation is that you often don't get exactly what you want, but you do get what you can live with. If you cannot live with it, it gets changed. You usually find that you learn things from the other side, or City staff, or consultants, that you had not been aware of before and become more realistic in your approach. It is give and take.

The key to our side having a seat at the table and the veto process being accepted clearly was the success of our side in slowing development through lawsuits.
. – *Tom Whitney*

I have been a registered Boy Scout since I was 11 with only a few years when I wasn't registered as an adult. The mantra, "Be Prepared" learned in adolescence continues to work for me. I created and led one of the rural Maryland's first racially integrated scout troops and, in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, took over a troop for a transferring sailor and recruited my Admiral's Downs Syndrome son into the troop where the rest of the boys and he worked hard learning from one another.

After I returned to live in Burlington, I was humbled to be asked by one of my deceased father's best friends from high school (B.H.S.) to become an Assistant Scoutmaster and work with Larry Dean who was still the Scoutmaster, and who was showing signs of slowing down. The boys and I took Larry on weekends at Eden, and to summer camp in Plymouth, Vermont, even as he demonstrated clear signs of dementia to the extent that a boy kept watch on a 24/7 basis because he "wandered." When he resigned the Scoutmaster role, I was tapped and served for more than a year.

My sole-parent responsibilities began to interfere with scouting activities, so I had to resign from George Washington Troop 1 regretfully. Now, I'm registered as a merit badge counselor for the Colchester, Vermont troop.

Probably lessons learned from my scouting years are to try and always be prepared for what comes my way, whether it is a dreaded situation or an exciting one, and always be

an integrative, committed, and accountable person encouraging inter-ethnic and inter-racial joining and collaboration in our schools, in our communities and nation and in our world. – *Sam Conant*

I am in support of women's rights. I assisted a Women's Rape Crisis Center in Austin, Texas, and in Burlington, as a volunteer. I worked with Theaters Against War (THAW) in New York City. – *Bradley Butler*

Personal Heroes

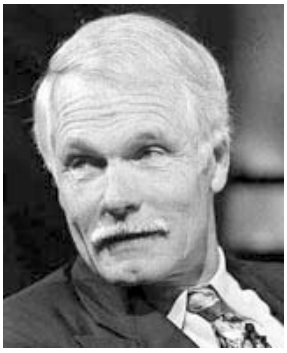
I was fortunate to meet and interview many celebs during my radio days. I worked for **Merv Griffin**, the former TV talk show host and former owner of a chain of radio stations. His human relations skills along with an ability to remember names and facts about people always amazed me. – *Bob Badger*

Always older people! I have a ninety-year-old friend **Ruthie** from Malone, New York. She is writing a history of the town. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

One of my personal heroines is my high school English teacher, **Esther Urie**. She assisted me more than she'll ever know in writing and grammar. ❖ Another hero is **Louis Armstrong**. He granted me my first radio interview at the old Olympic Arena in Lake Placid, NY. When I approached him with my tape recorder he was dressing for a performance. I explained that I was new on the job and probably not as prepared as I should be. He said "Sit down son, I was new at my job once, too." – and it was a memorable experience. It taught me that the stars in our world became stars because first they were nice people. People who think they are going to be stars and aren't nice, never reach stardom. – *Carl Loveday*

Louis Armstrong

My personal heroes are **Mom & Dad**, banker **Dudley Davis** and **Ted Turner**. – *Ray Pecor*



Ted Turner. He took over his father's billboard company, used it to buy WTBS, built it up; then bought the Atlanta Braves; and Hawks; won the America's Cup sailboat race; started CNN; next?

Cain Kennedy. I met him in the service. Both of us had studied philosophy, he had an education, perhaps some junior college, I did not have a formal education beyond high school. Circumstances of our meeting were very peculiar because I was being punished for something having to do with threatening another petty officer. I was assigned what was supposed to be shit duty in the bowels of the ship. On the contrary, I met Cain and we discussed philosophy, the meaning of everything, he opened a lot of doors for me and it was a growing experience. Cain was the ultimate free thinker and helped me to find myself in the years to come. There were other free thinkers whom I met in my life, and whether they were famous or became famous I do not know.

I admired **Einstein** for his breakthrough knowledge and later found out he was a humanitarian and I respected him even more for that. One of my goals is read more about the man and may start some Internet searches to learn more. Apparently he had a depth beyond e=mc2

Michelangelo and **Bernini** for their art and sculpture. I admire anyone who makes a life's commitment to something and is willing to work for years on a project. I couldn't do it but I appreciate those that do.

The common man: rarely mentioned is that person who without thoughts of reward creates or modifies until the job gets done better or faster or easier. Unknowns but they are my heroes. Who is the common man? I think I am included in that category.

The person who has to make a life-changing decision and is able to muster the courage to pursue his or her dreams. Usually it means walking away from a comfortable situation into an unknown. Something dies so something new is born. – *Layne Prebor*

Esther Urie, my high school teacher who encouraged my writing and journalism; ❖ **Socrates**, a clear thinker and thoughtful companion during the Navy; ❖ **R. Buckminster Fuller**, legendary thinker, engineer and inventor; ❖ **Benjamin Franklin**, printer, inventor, diplomat and co-founder of the U.S.A. who did his most important work after he was 65; ❖ **Abraham Maslow**, the psychologist who examined the lives of successful, happy and creative people to develop a theory of personality instead of the unbalanced people Freud used; ❖ **I. F. Stone**, fearless journalist and newsletter author who dug deep for the documentation and told the truth; ❖ **Thomas Edward Lawrence**, "Lawrence of Arabia," who rode in the lead on a camel surrounded by a gang of cutthroats to throw off 500 years of Turkish domination of Arabic tribes; ❖ **Jean Giono**, the man who wrote about "The Man Who Planted Trees," a book that changed my life; ❖ **Christopher Alexander**, primary author of "A Pattern Language," one of the best planning books ever written; ❖ the **Common Man,** ❖ the **Ordinary Person,** ❖ the **Citizen** who takes his or her duties seriously and makes this democracy function well. – *Tom Whitney*

Favorite Books & Authors

Mark Twain, **Ernest Hemingway**, **Robert Service** – *Jim Bicknell*

Currently I am reading a **Philip Roth** novel called "**Everyman**," which intrigues me because it is about an older man who has made a lot of mistakes with his children, wives, but who tries to reconcile everything by saying. "What the hell, what's done is done." Roth plays the "guilt" card throughout the tiny novel, but in fact the main character is someone with whom I can identify, with all his faults, etc. I didn't do all that much better with my life but then again, I survived without hurting anyone beyond repair and helped some. I repress the "house of pain" recall.

"All Quiet on the Western Front," "**The Stone Diaries**," "**The Story of Philosophy**" by **Will Durant**. There was an excellent writer called **Eugene Robinson** who defined Havana in a way that was so accurate. I like **Lawrence Block** for his humanity of his characters. His books are easily read, easily finished.

Tristan Rainer's book "**Your Life as Story**" is excellent. Her background, knowledge and personal experience even changed the way I write.
– *Layne Prebor*

Reading: I read fiction and non-fiction. I have a post-retirement goal of reading biographies of every President – maybe two to four a year. Millard Fillmore is next. I just finished an interesting book: "**The Basque History of the World**," by **Mark Kurlansky**; and another one: "**1776**." by **David McCullough**. - *Steve Berry*

I like "**Red October**," "**Patriot Games**," and the **Bible**. It is clear I like the story lines of **Tom Clancy**. I live by the Bible. – *Bill Chittenden*

The **Bible** is an interesting read! I loved "**Tuesdays with Morrie**" by **Mitch Albom** and "**The Bridges of Madison County,**" by **Robert James Waller**. I loved **Robert Frost** poems; anything by **Edgar Cayce** on the Shroud; cookbooks of all sorts; "**The Prophet**" by **Kahlil Gibran**; "**Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus**" by **John Gray**. I have read lots through the years. You have to catch me from the first page. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

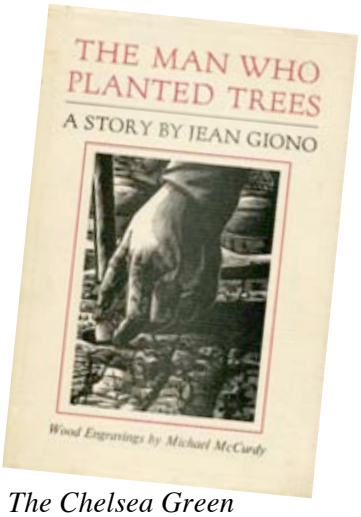
I have read so many, many books but it is very difficult to name an important one. I have enjoyed reading about "**Sacagawea**," the most famous of Native American women who went with Lewis and Clark. There was a Public Broadcasting special about her. I am a reader of romance, detective and mystery books. I used to read anywhere from five to seven books a week. Now, I pick one up and it is a perfect time for a nap. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

I loved the book, "**The Secret Garden,**" by **Frances Hodgson Burnett** and read it off and on from age eight to twelve. - *Lynn Dawson Shay*

The Five People You Meet in Heaven," by **Mitch Albom**, is the story about his Uncle Eddy, a gruff old guy who was veteran of World War II and always thought his life didn't matter. Mitch traces his life and shows that Eddy's life did count, he did touch people, there are reasons we are whom we are. I read Mitch's book after starting this project and it was kind of comforting, like our project is like taking our first step into heaven, if there is one. It can be good for those who believe the Christian God and those who don't. We are looking at those things and experiences and people that have mattered in our lives. We are making connections, forgiving our parents, and understanding what happened better. - *Tom Whitney*

One day in 1981 I noticed a story in the Whole Earth Catalog by the French author **Jean Giono**: "**The Man Who Planted Trees**." It is about a 55-year old man who started planting 100 acorns a day and kept up a similar tree planting pace for the rest of his life and transformed a blighted region in Southern France. It changed my life. It helped me go from being a spectator in life to an actor. I could do something like that. Acorns. Transformed a region, hmmm. The narrator returns to the area of Elzéard Bouffier's life work at the end of the book "and the birds were chirping, the streams were flowing, young families were growing." The land had become productive again.

The opening paragraph of the Giono story provided for me an ethic for behavior that has stayed with me the rest of my life: "For a human character to reveal truly exceptional qualities, one must have the good fortune to be able to observe its performance over many years. If that performance is devoid of all egoism, if its guiding motive is unparalleled generosity, if it absolutely certain that there is no thought of recompense and that in addition, it has left its visible mark upon the earth, then there can be no mistake."



The Chelsea Green Publishing Company of Chelsea, Vermont, published this great book. It includes an Afterward by Norma Goodrich, a native Vermonter who became a Professor of French Literature at the Claremont Colleges in California.

On the next page in the Whole Earth Catalog was a small article about a woman who had taken over a five-acre parcel in Algeria and started planting trees, then started planting other crops between the trees. This is now called agroforestry. The government of Algeria became aware of her success there and started a project to plant a nation-wide belt of trees to stem the spread of the Sahara desert.

I talked earnestly to Bob Judd about this. Judd was the executive director of the Office of Appropriate Technology, acronym OAT, appropriately, that was part of then California Governor Jerry Brown's Governor's Office of Planning and Research. OAT was promoting solar and wind energy, biological treatment of sewage, energy conservation, and passive solar architecture among other

low-cost technologies thirty years ago. I was working as a graphic designer there with the Energy Extension Service.

Jerry Brown was the young Secretary of State who became governor for two terms when Ronald Reagan left that office. A former Catholic seminarian, he slept in a simple apartment across from the Capitol Building, drove an old car, and would take regular sojourns meditating at the Zen Center in the Bay area. He was breath of fresh air in the political winds – and he dated Linda Ronstadt, my favorite singer. Brown later became Mayor of Oakland, California, the city about which **Gertrude Stein** in a famous quote said "There's no there, there." Stein was an influential writer in the first half of the 1900s. In 2006, he ran again for state office again, successfully, for California Attorney General.

*In creating OAT Brown was influenced by the author of "**Small is Beautiful**," by **E. F. Schumacher**. Part of the appeal of that book was building smarter – and smaller, using natural processes. The point of the book is building smarter. This elegant setting in the "Bateson Building" in is one result of doing that. It is the place where I talked with Bob Judd and the OAT offices were located. It is a very innovative energy-efficient building started and finished during Brown's administration and dedicated to another writer and thinker of some repute, **Gregory Bateson**, who was also an inspiration to Brown. Bateson was married to **Margaret Mead**. "**Steps to an Ecology of Mind**," is a collection of essays by this man noted for "a wide diversity of accomplishment," according to Wikipedia. Mead was the famous anthropologist who said, "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it's the only thing that ever has."*

The compelling simplicity and effectiveness of the tree planting stories was contagious. Bob commissioned a little book that OAT published in 1982 called "**Growth Stock – Trees for California**," by **Dennis Hanson**. I was credited with generating the idea.

In the book Hanson told a classic story about the danger inherent in massive tree cutting and the resulting erosion in "Hwang Ho: A Parable." Hanson wrote, after telling the parable, "The Hwang-Ho continues to be China's Sorrow. In July and August 1981, terrible floods along the river's tributaries killed nearly 2,400 people, left 3.5 million homeless and caused over $1 billion in damage.

"In the 2,000 years since the Emperor Chinn," Hanson wrote, "the Yellow River has killed millions of people and caused untold misery. Besides China's Sorrow, the river has become known as the Unconquerable, the Scourge of the Sons of Han. "The Spirits of the Forest are taking revenge," Chinese Taoists say. The Tree Gods were aroused, they believe, and will not relent until the river's woodlands are fully restored."

For the longest time I thought Jean Giono's book was a true story. It could have been. The Chelsea Green Publishing Company produced its version with beautiful wood engravings by Michael McCurdy and cleared up my mystery. In the Giono book an essay by **Norma L. Goodrich**, a native Vermonter, describes how she met Giono a few months before he died in 1970. She tells how he wrote the story in response to a request by some American editors, who wanted a story about an unforgettable character. When they objected that Elzéard Bouffier was not a real person, Giono "donated his pages to all and sundry." It was first published by Vogue in March 1954. Giono told her he "believed he left his mark on the earth because he gave it away for the good of others. 'It is one of my stories of which I am the proudest. It does not bring me in one single penny and that is why it has accomplished what it was written for.'"

The story has been translated into a dozen languages, Goodrich tells us, and has long since inspired reforestation efforts worldwide.

While at OAT I also became aware of a great man from my hometown in Vermont, **George Perkins Marsh**. In 1864 he published "**Man and Nature, Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action**.[20]" **Lewis Mumford** called the book "the fountainhead of the conservation movement." At a time of widespread optimism about supposed inexhaustibility of the country's natural resources Marsh raised the first cry pointing to the damage man has done to the earth in Europe and North America. By 1850 in Vermont there had been extensive over-cutting of trees leading to soil runoff, and floods. In Europe he observed similar patterns. His book suggested methods to reform these destructive practices.

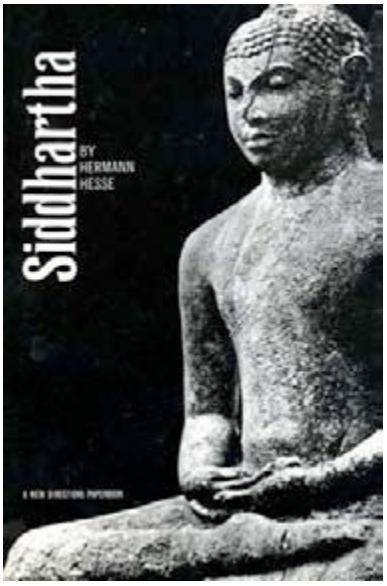
Soon after reading the Giono Story I joined with others to found the Sacramento Tree Foundation. In the following years planting one tree at a time became a way of life for many in Sacramento. The Tree Foundation has sponsored and co-sponsored activities that have resulted in the planting of approximately 380,000 trees by 2004. For more information about the Sacramento Tree Foundation go to this web site <http://www.sactree.com/>. I contributed design and photography work for fund-raising and planted trees.

Later I was a consultant to the City of Sacramento to assess the idea by the Parks Department Manager Gene Robinson about creating an urban forest on the four square miles of land around the regional sanitation plant in South Sacramento. The whole idea was not implemented but a belt of trees around the site that I suggested was partly planted.

And I went on to other environmental activism for the next twenty years in Sacramento.

[20] "Man and Nature: Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action," by George Perkins Marsh, John Harvard Library, Belknap Press

I thought "**Siddartha**," by Herman Hesse was an important book. It has a modern counterpart for me in the books by **Gail Sheehy** starting with "**Passages**." The books describe the stages of adult life. Many cultures pay a lot of attention to helping their people adjust to these stages of development, but the U.S. culture does not. These books help ease the mental anguish and confusion.



Perhaps the best planning book ever written is "**A Pattern Language**," by **Christopher Alexander**, et al. Alexander and his team took ten years to write the book and visited places around the world that people have talked about so much and attempted to understand what the "patterns" of development were that made them great. It is a useful book for designing anything from a room on up to designing cities. – *Tom Whitney*

Favorite Movies

STRONG THEATER The top balcony was so high you felt like you needed to hang on to something. I didn't like to go up there because it was too high, dark and steep. The popular name for that balcony was many kids' first introduction to racial slurs.

The first two rows on the first floor were controlled and occupied by the toughest kids in town. They came from around Archibald Street. We were afraid of them and sat in the fourth or fifth row, out of their sight.

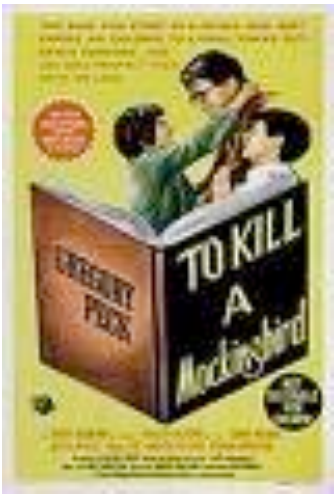
The price of a movie was twelve cents. My older brother always carried the money. The movies were two types, cowboys or war movies. The Ma and Pa Kettle movies were fun.

Strong Theatre, Burlington, Vermont

At the end of the movie we would run out of the theater around the old Strong Hardware and up the huge bank and wooded area shooting each other in mock battles. People shopping at the hardware store were almost trampled by the hundred or so kids running around to the back of the building. – *Jim Hale*

omeone once said that we are defined as a culture by the movies. I think I am: good looks, wealth, intelligence, courage and other traits of the good people were presented on the silver screen. I wonder if I openly copied and later secretly emulated them in life. Remember Gregory Peck playing that southern lawyer in To Kill A Mockingbird?

Lacking other role models, this movie, and Peck's role, became sort of a statement about character, one that I assumed, as I am sure many others did also, and I vicariously adopted those models of "behaving the right way" and "doing the right thing." Lucky I didn't embrace Palance in the movie Shane.



I also liked "Raging Bull" about a boxer who, even with success, did not have the savior-faire to acquire the comfort of living a normal life. I also loved "Death of a Salesman" because of its tragic look at one life. I have seen it played out by many people. I have actually have met some people who later committed suicide when they saw their life as meaningless. I am not talking about tragic depression but intelligent social people who saw that there was no escape from the merry-go-round and I guess wanted to try a new adventure. I have also met some people who turned their life around, after they reviewed where they were.

There have been memorable movies that have changed my life. There was one strange movie about a New England town in which Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek and Charles Coburn play out the tragedy of life lived, but not experienced. The winter scenes and the internal action reminded me of home.

The British films about war are usually excellent and there was one about a WW1 officer who just wanted to call it quits because he didn't want to kill. He was deemed mentally ill but at that time, the government didn't allow it. So they put him through various kinds of therapy to "get better" so he could go back to the ditches and fight some more. The movie "4th of July" still gives me the creeps, but it is a good movie.

When I was very young I just loved Randolph Scott movies. – *Layne Prebor*

Meet Me in St. Louis – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

Annual mid-August ceremony at Pu'ukohola National Historic Site at Kawaihae, Hawai'i, 2003. When I take panoramic photographs like this I am reminded every time about the Lawrence of Arabia movie. – Photo by Tom Whitney

My favorite movie of all time is the 1962 film "Lawrence of Arabia," about the adventures of Thomas Edward Lawrence. Educated at Oxford, he was a fabulous, mythical but humble and troubled guy. He was 5' 5.5" tall but during World War II he rode as a giant leading a bodyguard of 25 Arab cutthroats on camels in the vanguard

of thousands united as never before to overthrow the common Turkish enemy that had exercised 500 years of domination over the Arabian tribes in Middle East. I read everything written by and about him. The movie was taken from his book "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

Scene from "Lawrence of Arabia."

The Lawrence movie was spectacularly shot for the wide screen. Here in Hawai'i when I take panoramas of cultural ceremonies, I imagine that I am taking but one frame in a wide-screen movie about Hawaiian history inspired by the movie about Lawrence, one of my heroes.

Prior to leaving high school the movie that probably had the greatest effect on me was the 1955 movie "Picnic," starring William Holden as a drifter who arrives in a Kansas town looking for an old college friend. Once there, however, his good looks and charisma lead to romance with his friend's fiancé. The theme from "Picnic" was my theme as, the Monday after high school graduation; I packed my suitcase and walked out to Route 7 to hitchhike south "to see the world."

I have been involved in editing this project and when I read Rita Hale's story about how she met Jim while he was in the Navy, she was living in Canada, and Jim hitch-hiked up there for a couple of years after the Navy while he was going to school before he was set to where he could formally ask for her hand in marriage – I was certain that the theme from Picnic was Jim's and Rita's theme as well, and directly led to him marrying a fine woman. I asked him about it and he confirmed it. – *Tom Whitney*

I would have to go with the movie with Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor: "Raintree County." – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

Personal heroes are my family and my husband. All time favorite movie is "A Man Called Peter." Favorite music is the music of our high school years, and my favorite books are historical novels or non-fiction. – *Margo Thomas*

Music

I like to compose photos. The girl is daughter Glenda. I call this one "Her life is surrounded by CDs." – Toni Franceschi Esteban

Felix Mendelsohn, **Ludwig von Beethoven**, **Samuel Barber**, **Aaron Copeland**. – *Jim Bicknell*

Rhapsody in Blue, by **George Gershwin**. It is a wonderful piece of music. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

Rock & roll, later rock & roll and folk rock; now rhythm and blues and blues. – *Lou Garcia*

One afternoon in the summer of '57 I was on the beach in front of the Beach house. Someone had one of those huge oversized portable radios and **Patti Page** was singing

"**Old Cape Cod**." One of the guys was saying "Last week I was down on the Cape and that's all I heard all week." It is amazing how these beautiful portraits of your life come back when you hear an old song. "**Moonglow**," the theme from the movie "**Picnic**" has always been a favorite.– *Jim Hale*

Margaritaville, **Piano Man**, **After You've Gone** (Bessie Smith), **Whiskey Bent** and **Hell Bound** by **Hank Williams**, **Patsy Cline's Crazy**. - *Layne Prebor*

One song that sticks in my mind is "**All Shook Up**" by **Elvis Presley**. I remember that one because the kids at school started using that phrase whenever they were talking about being surprised or nervous. - *Carl Benvenuto*

I still like **Elvis Presley**, **Louie Armstrong**, **Johnny Cash**, **Fats Domino**. Now I have switched to jazz and some blues, the music of the 50's with Elvis and some disco. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

Rhapsody in Blue, by **George Gershwin**. It is a wonderful piece of music. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

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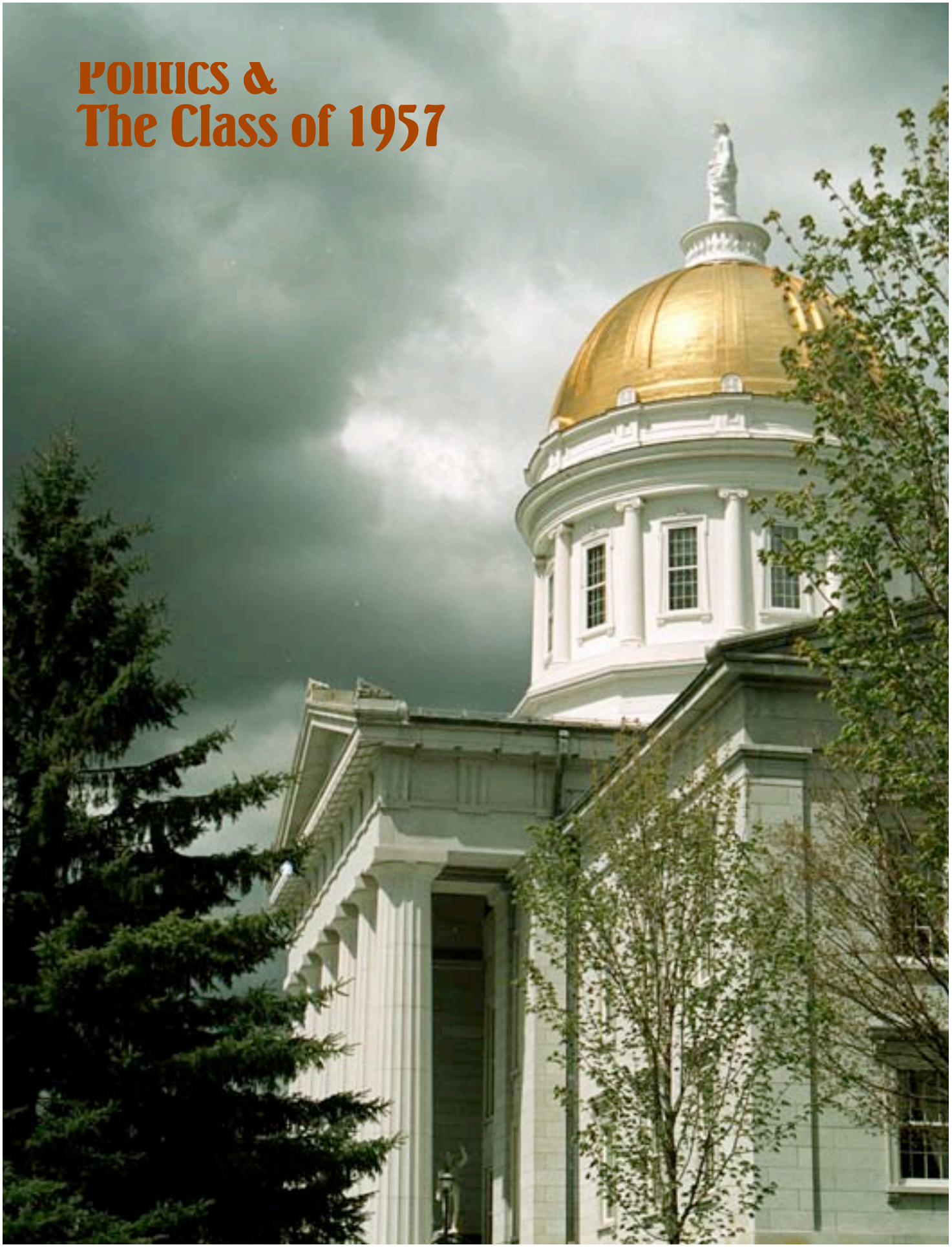
Margaritaville, **Piano Man**, **After You've Gone** (Bessie Smith), **Whiskey Bent** and **Hell Bound** by **Hank Williams**, **Patsy Cline's Crazy**. - *Layne Prebor*

Politics & The Class of 1957



While I have some strong opinions about various public issues – I'm a conservative old Vermont Republican, but don't support the religious right/pro life side of the party – I haven't played a role in politics. – *Steve Berry*

I started life being a rock-ribbed Vermont Republican. Is that our birthright? I have gradually become more liberal, especially in the civil rights and environmental areas. I remain fiscally conservative but believe that the Republican Party has moved away from me. History will not treat this Bush administration very kindly. Now I only work for individual candidates, Democrat or Republican, or specific issues. I really pick my spots. – *Jim Bicknell*

My political views have not changed much. I have very conservative views but do listen to all sides. I favor small government. I have run for office in fraternal organizations and held various positions, but no political office.

One public issue I feel deserves more attention: the penalties for child molesters are not stiff enough. They are the worst of the worst.

– *Bill Chittenden*

While I have some strong opinions about various public issues – I'm a conservative old Vermont Republican, but don't support the religious right/pro life side of the party – I haven't played a role in politics. – *Steve Berry*

In a nutshell I am a conservative. I have learned a lot in my life so I wear a hard shell on my heart, but it bleeds when I see what people do to other people. Our whole family is "Pro Life." – *Gail Charron Gilmore*

Politically, I consider myself a moderate. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

After the civil union legislation passage there were some very conservative people elected from the Northeast Kingdom. Their agenda did not go over: anti-choice, strong anti-gay, etc., and they were not re-elected. It is expected the Democrats will keep the majority in the state although Douglas will most likely get another term. Vermonters seem to resent people from out of state telling them what to do. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

Neighbors here in Texas and myself went to a town meeting to block having a cell phone tower put in real close to home. Proved that it could interfere with our 911 phone calls by being so close and with the help of another group we blocked them from putting it in. They added on to an existing one a few miles away. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

How did the State of Vermont change? The state was Republican as we knew it coming out of high school.

When we grew up, a trip from Burlington to Barre, or Randolph, or St. Albans, or Hardwick was a real trip. Now people commute from those places to Burlington to

work. IBM made a great difference.

Burlington was democratic when we grew up – Paquette was mayor then and for some number of years.

Then many more people became exposed to the city and it became more influential on State budget, both employment- and media-wise. The bigger the population of the state became, the Burlington influence increased and the farms became less influential because of economic reasons – there were more and more people working for IBM, hospital, city and state and were paid by non-business.

People today are generally more liberal than in the past.

We are liberal and environmentally conscious – and also very dependent on the government. With the population changes as people get older in the state – there are not as many 20-year-olds nowadays – there is going to be a day of reckoning in the next 10 years. We are going to have to be more business friendly or we are not going to be able to pay our way.

With the population changes as people get older in the state – there are not as many 20-year-olds nowadays – there is going to be a day of reckoning in the next 10 years. We are going to have to become more business friendly or we are not going to be able to pay our way.

This should get a debate going! – *Ray Pecor*

Organized running events, building of a playground for an elementary school, Assisted schools where I could, I did go to the town meeting in South Burlington and loved it. The Vermonter's I knew were not bourgeois bohemians. Most were pissed off at something and wanted change. No fancy debate in those days.

Yes we had the town drunk in attendance. I knew him; he lived not too far from us – next door. I was only about 12, by that time, I had already acquired a Ph.D. in drunks, and his interruptions never stopped the people of South Burlington though and probably were sources of humor. I also had read the minutes of the meeting. Can't remember the issues of the day. But I am proud of the concept of town meetings and the right of every person to be heard.

I worked with and supported non-profits having an involvement with homeless in Lakeland, Florida.

I believe in preserving the environment but most especially in preserving our freedoms. For me, the original "freedom of religion" became "freedom from religion." I had met the far right Christians with a political agenda while living in North Carolina. At the time, I was like so many people who viewed the Nazi party as a bunch of crackpots with no future. Look what happened. Well, the crackpots of my early Christianity, the nuts, now have a foot in the white house, maybe more. Damned good planning and a lot of underhanded political savvy and they are winning. Hope they don't destroy the AARP (any my last bastion of representation) though and our freedoms in the process. Iraq has

the small component of a holy war, not the prime mover, I know, because I received some emails from the Christian Right. One member of the family stopped this nonsense and it ended. There was lots of anti-Islamic thinking as justification for the war. My trip to Egypt which is 90% Islamic completely changed this as most were very kind and very worshipful of the 5
Pillars of Islam. I gained a lot of admiration for the group.

Over the years, I moved from Republican to Democrat to Independent. I threw in the towel when Congress approved funds for the Iraq thing. I never thought this would happen, couldn't believe a pre-emptive strike against another sovereign nation. Right now, I have no politics, no interest except to protect the rights of people, which due process is observed and that information is never censured.

I believe in abortion as a right for women. My overriding concern is for children born in a world in which they are not wanted, and they are forced to live a loveless early life without a mentor or parent. – *Layne Prebor*

In 1960 Vice President Nixon was campaigning for President and came through Burlington. He was competing with John Kennedy. In the photograph his car is going through the University of Vermont campus and he is shaking hands with some former B.H.S. students who were going to the University. I voted for Nixon in 1960 but after that mostly voted Democrat. A few years earlier I had taken a picture of John Kennedy when he visited the town leaders at City Hall in Burlington, but that became lost when my mom's cellar flooded and many of those early pictures were lost. – *Tom Whitney*

Photograph by Tom Whitney in 1960.
Vice President Richard Nixon campaigning for President in Burlington, Vermont, in 1959 and shaking hands with some members of the Class of 1957, Burlington High School, who were attending the University of Vermont.

Politically, I grew up in an atmosphere of independence and progressive politics so have been fiercely independent my entire life, so far. – *Margoj Thomas*

y only 'involvement' was covering those who were involved in politics. Former (Truman)

White House Press

Secretary, Roger Tubby and then owner and publisher of the Adirondack Enterprise (Saranac Lake, New York) once ran as a Democrat for Congress in northern New York against Republican incumbent, Robert Mc Ewen. I covered and conducted several debates between these two men. I watched McEwen make a point and Tubby, ready with a counterpoint, would say instead, "he's got a good point" and never make his counterpoint. You see, Tubby was basically a journalist who spent a career looking at and appreciating the value of all sides of a story. He was not a politician. He lost the election, not just because he really couldn't argue with McEwen but also because northern New York was a Republican stronghold. Following that experience, I vowed never to run for public office. I knew I'd lose debates because I'd always be saying, "you know, he's got a good point."

During my career as a broadcast journalist, I wrote thousands of stories about politics, politicians, and conducted thousands of interviews with people from all walks of political life ranging from some who were elected President to those elected to the local Mosquito Control Board. Now, retired from all of that, I work part-time at the Supervisor of Elections office writing poll worker training manuals, managing the website and 'other duties as assigned.' *– Carl Loveday*

After the required duty as a secretary (nursing and teaching being the other prominent career paths for women of our era), I ended up covering Vermont and the Vermont legislature for United Press International for five years. I remember Dr. Jonathan Leopold, the commissioner of Mental Health, testifying in 1968 or 1969, about a plan to close Waterbury, the informal way to mention the Vermont State Psychiatric Hospital. I was well into my advocacy on mental illness issues in the 1980s before I learned that three different family members – older cousins – suffered with mental illness. One was a first cousin of my Mom's who was among the last to be released from Waterbury to a community halfway house, where *in 2005* she *died* at 90. My Mother before she died shared that she suffered postpartum depression for a number of months right after I was born.

When covering the legislature in the notoriously overcrowded capitol building, my commute, literally, was to fall out of bed and roll down the steep hill to the Capitol building.

Later in the early 1970s I went to Washington because the late Sen. George D. Aiken (R-VT) asked me to work on his senatorial staff. I was exceedingly fortunate to have such opportunities in my life. I sat on the Senate floor, saw Hubert Humphrey, Barry

I talk to individuals who are living the experience of having a relative with mental illness and one of my first points is, "You are not to blame for this. This is a physical disorder of the functioning of the brain."

Goldwater, Mike Mansfield, Robert Dole, George McGovern, Ted Kennedy etc., all up close.

I was lucky, too, to work in the Senate when I did. I could not stand being in the Senate today. It is an entirely different world. I met my future husband Richard while working there.

When we married, I inherited six kids. Richard and I realized that his youngest son, introduced to me as a child with learning disabilities, was really mentally ill. This occurred just as my husband retired as a U.S. Senate staff member.

National Alliance on Mental Illness

The National Alliance on Mental Illness (NAMI) was organizing and Richard had the knowledge that NAMI needed on how Congress worked. In 1983, he became NAMI's third employee and first lobbyist. We were both on a fast learning curve, and we were learning all the time. (I was working as a member of the Communications Staff of the American Bankers Association. I retired in 1989 as a publicist for the Federal Home Loan Bank Board after running around the country closing down bankrupt S&Ls.)

NAMI was founded as a reaction to deinstitutionalization – the release of those who were mentally ill from psychiatric hospitals to their home communities. We family members found ourselves as the caregivers for our seriously ill relatives with little support from any public system. The biological or medical model of mental illness was beginning to be enunciated and defined, most notably by Dr. E. Fuller Torrey. The psychoanalytical model was shown to be of little help to those with schizophrenia, depression or bipolar disorder.

We were distancing ourselves from the horrors that psychiatric aides witnessed in the 1950s and 1960s in their work on psychiatric wards. Still, we advocates for better mental health services had a long row to hoe.

I watched my Richard get NAMI witnesses and story before Congressional appropriations committees, winning budgetary increases for research on the brain and mental illnesses for the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH). He was successful in "saving" a community program

What is NAMI?

NAMI (the National Alliance on Mental Illness) is the nation's largest grassroots mental health organization dedicated to improving the lives of persons living with serious mental illness and their families. Founded in 1979, NAMI has become the nation's voice on mental illness, a national organization including NAMI organizations in every state and in over 1100 local communities across the country that join together to meet the NAMI mission through advocacy, research, support, and education.

www.nami.org

that funded local mental health programs (only to have the program wrapped into a state block grant during the Reagan Administration). One of his last efforts was to move NIMH, an agency in the Health and Human Services Department, to the National Institutes of Health. At the state level, Richard worked successfully with NAMI-Virginia to obtain parity in insurance coverage for mental illnesses.

Looking back over the past 25 years, NAMI has come a long way. The biological model is accepted, and public awareness has grown. The concept of recovery is gaining adherence. My definition of "recovery" is that it is a personal decision by an individual who is ill to accept his/her illness as a disability and to decide to go beyond that disability to gain a quality of life at his/her highest level of ability. I certainly have seen this happen where severely ill individuals have full part-time jobs (one at the U.S. State Department) or have gained Master's Degrees (at George Mason University).

Medication remains the primary treatment for mental illness, and while the drugs have improved, they are not the "silver bullet" that we seek. They cause a great deal of unwanted side effects, especially weight gain and increased risk for high blood pressure and diabetes. While researchers have learned a great deal in the past 20 years about the workings of the brain, there is so much that they don't know.

My husband and I retired from full-time work in 1989. We became full-time advocates for better services for those with mental illness, primarily at the state and local levels. I am focused at the local level today, coordinating activities for NAMI-Arlington, our local NAMI Chapter (actually a subset of NAMI-Northern Virginia). I served six years on the Arlington Community Services Board, the agency that oversees mental health, mental retardation and substance abuse services, and still serve on the CSB mental health and child and youth committees. I work with the NAMI-Arlington Criminal Justice Committee, which is seeking to divert individuals who are mentally ill from the criminal justice system. I served on a NAMI-Arlington Public School Task Force, which seeks to obtain better educational accommodation for a child with mental illness. I am continuously in tough budget battles for more funding for mental health services from a County Board that is more willing to cut taxes than provide needed services for vulnerable populations. I worked with others in planning a seminar/workshop in the fall 2006 for families with a child, teen or youth with mental illness, an event we plan to replicate in 2007. I write most of the bimonthly newsletter for NAMI-Arlington (although NAMI-Arlington has four others who work with me in editing, formatting and sorting the newsletter for mailing.) I serve as secretary for the Friends of Clarendon House, a local nonprofit that supports the activities of the County's psychosocial program (they didn't have THAT in the 1950s/early 1960s). I am a member of NAMI-National's Literature Committee. I co-facilitate the NAMI-Arlington support group, a NAMI-Arlington Family to Family education course on mental illness and a NAMI Provider Education Course, an education course for professionals who work with individuals with mental illness.

My advocacy focuses on better services, which translates to having more staff resources for case management or doctors for psychiatric hours. I'd like to see more staff for Arlington's supported employment program, which works with individuals with mental illness to find jobs in the competitive marketplace – something that individuals with mental illness dearly want. I want more funding of community-based programs to support the many who live in the community.

Why has mental illness continued to be so important in my life? It is because of my stepson, who today is homeless in our area because he refuses treatment (medication) and has rejected the services offered to him. Our laws today (a reaction, perhaps, to the abuses that occurred pre-1960s, and with Thorazine, etc.) say that if someone wants to be mentally ill, they can be. – *Betsy Samuelson Greer*

My first thought about how Vermont changed from the Republican farm state it was in 1957 to now is that is that back in Republican times in Vermont when we were growing up there was not the overpowering presence of the religious right. There were all degrees of conservative to liberal within the party, but most seemed to be a middle road with an acceptance of differences within the party.

Second, there was an influx of people who lived in communes in the more rural areas. I believe many of them were integrated into Vermont when the communes were dissolved.

Third are the small waves of immigrants who have come from various areas of unrest. – - *Lillian Hauke Venner*

I think keeping our environment safe is important. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

I wish all of our recliner chaired, TV watching, radio/Limbaugh listening, and preaching-from-the-pulpit followers in our nation could even come near to understanding and respecting that there are literally millions of us out here who know (not believe) that George W. Bush, by his very presence in the White House and role as Commander-in-Chief defiles our allegiance, our oath of office and service and our patriotic commitment to our nation and our citizens every day he and Cheney insist they deserve one more chance, one more day in office as President and Vice President of these United States of America. –*Sam Conant*

I successfully ran for public office in Sacramento. I discuss it briefly on page 286 and more in my folder on the CD. – *Tom Whitney*

I took this photograph of the State Capitol building in Montpelier, Vermont, in 2003. – Tom Whitney

Advice for a young person just starting out . . .

Don't get into a pissing contest with a skunk. – Jim Bicknell

✔ Set goals and work hard to meet them. – *Bob Badger*

You never get a second chance to make a good first impression.

☆ Follow your dreams and passions, especially if you can find a way to make a living doing it. – *Jim Bicknell*

♣ Be true to yourself.
♣ Don't follow someone else's lead.
♣ Don't be afraid of people (that one took years).
♣ Love conquers all.
♣ Be patient.
♣ Be understanding.
♣ Do unto others as you would have them unto you is always good.
– *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

I have learned a lot from friends and others, most of which came from simply observing their "style," for lack of a better word.

❂ Don't be forward, overbearing, aggressive or flamboyant in any new situation.

❂ Lay back and observe until you understand the dynamics. – *Lou Garcia*

✤ When I was in school I was not going to attend college. So I never realized until later how important English would be.
When I eventually became a manager and had to write reports I wished I had paid more attention.

✤ Do not get married at a young age. Wait until about 25 to 27 after all the education is completed or you are or settled in a job field.

✤ Get a good education either at college or a good technical school.
If you go to college, get a degree in something other than liberal arts.

✤ Also, it is important that you understand that life will not always be good to you. But to get through it well, you have to keep a positive attitude.
– *Bill Chittenden*

The lesson I learned and passed on to my children is that whining about not being able to find the perfect job is a waste of time and talent. It is better to look for opportunities to try new things and experience life in all its myriad forms. As a result of this life lesson, all of my children are living successful productive lives.
– *Tim Fay*

My father taught that everything was either right or wrong, black or white. One just took a stance and did not budge. There was no middle ground. As I grew older and acquired an education, I came to realize that most of life is middle

ground, that gray area between black and white. How would one tell a young man or woman that ambiguity and uncertainty is a wonderful part of the fabric of life? - *Layne Prebor*

Generally speaking, in this day and age, a high school education is only a start. *– Lynn Dawson Shay*

Best advice I have ever received came from my parents – don't take yourself too seriously!

Rule: if you can't think of something good to say keep quiet.

Rule: close your mouth so you can open your ears. *– Margoj Thomas*

Look beyond your own problems and the world you live in. There is much out there that we never hear about or know about unless we pay attention.

Look for the good in each day, even in the midst of despair, and give thanks.

Each person we meet has a lesson to teach, but we're often too much in a hurry to get on with the next project to wait to hear it.

Don't go into a situation with your mind made up – be open to other people's experiences and opinions.

Don't be afraid to take a risk. *– Lillian Hauke Venner*

I would tell them be true to the way they were raised.

Stick to what they have been taught.

Whatever they want to become they can do it.

Every good thing takes time. *– Theresa Fortin Moore*

You don't know everything and listen, because maybe someone may know a little more than you do. *– Gail Gilmore Charron*

Treat everyone well and make friends.

Treat first encounters as the beginning of a friendship.

Know when to walk away from someone who does not seem to do the right thing.

If you like a girl, approach her and make the pitch, don't be afraid of the consequences.

Step outside yourself and participate in those things around you.

Be as good as you can in everything that you do.

I think every high school student should be notified that they are not alone in feeling alone with what has happened to them. *– Layne Prebor*

"Go for it!" "Try it!" – *Carl Loveday*

✔ It is essential to listen to diverse points of view. You have to be willing to challenge your own beliefs and learn from real world criticism.

✔ Read the book "Siddhartha," by Herman Hesse. A more contemporary book is "Passages" by Gail Sheehy. They point to and explain the *stages in adult life* that are very important for us to understand as we age, I now know.

✔ If you can figure out how to do it, visit some other country for an extended stay of at least three weeks before you are thirty. You will learn a less U.S.A.- centered perspective that is simply more mature and smart preparation for living in the world to come. It is better than carrying a view my generation has grown up with that the U.S.A. way is the best way in all things.

✔ It never hurts to ask, once. This applies to fund-raising ideas, planning ideas, possible marriage partners, girlfriends, you name it. You can be sure that if you want something but never ask for it, you will never get it. Ask once. You might be surprised. It is a good strategy for finding jobs also. Pick out a place you would like to work and knock on their door. That worked for me. – *Tom Whitney*

My advice to our grand daughters, nieces and nephews would be and always has been to do your best at anything you decide to do and grow from your experiences.

- Be happy.
- Make sensible choices, but have fun and laugh.
- Always be safe. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

- Work hard.
- Try to use common sense.
- Pay attention to your fellow man.
- Learn more from listening than talking.
- Surround yourself with people smarter than you. – *Ray Pecor*

❖ The world is ultimately a secure and loving place and it will support you in your efforts to make your own way.

❖ There are numberless talents hidden inside you that you will discover in time, the secret of life is enjoying the passage of time and following your instincts and trusting in the many powers you cannot see or touch or make money from.

❖ The most important person in your life is YOU – if you are unhappy or unfulfilled, you will damage anyone and everyone close to you.

❖ Giving away your choices in life, for others to make for you, will shorten it. Learn how to recognize when relationships – job, wife, children, family of origin – become toxic, then decide whether living with the poison is worth the damage; if it is not, terminate the relationships emotionally, geographically, vocationally, whatever works. – *Bradley Butler*

Get some sleep!

I edited and designed a national magazine when I was in my late twenties and early thirties. When you are young like that you think you have infinite capacity to stay awake. There were times approaching deadline when I would stay up around the clock for *two* days. One brilliant result of that was being at the printer on one Saturday morning and finishing the last page, the back page with an ad to encourage people to subscribe. In 48 point headline type I managed to spell the word wrong: **SUBSCIBE!** Some of the papers got printed that way, then I saw the mistake and corrected it. This was in the early days; we eventually went on to win an award as the best business, government and finance magazine in the western United States. I finally learned that it was *always* better to get *some* sleep every night. If I got three hours sleep I could accomplish in a half an hour what it might take me three hours to do between three and six a.m. You might feel like you are alert at three a.m., but if you let yourself relax you will become restored in energy and clearer thinking after a nap. – *Tom Whitney*

This skunk photograph is from and copyrighted © by Istock In the photograph a black bear cup threatens a striped skunk. The photograph was taken by Holly Kutchera who has an interesting file of over 600 photographs on the site: http://www.istockphoto.com/

Istock was a pleasant discovery. It is possible to obtaint the rights to use over a million photographs for a few dollars each. This one cost $6. Perfect for a budget conscious publisher.

Words to the Wise. Tricks of the Trades.

Hard-won lessons we have learned in our journeys through life

I learned coconut time when I was in Tonga for four years: when it is ripe and ready the coconut will fall, not before its time or after. – *Clare Adams Whitney*

The secret to a successful marriage?
"Yes, dear." – *Jim Bicknell*

Respect
Treat everybody with unconditional courtesy and respect. This helped me when I was working in prison and was held hostage for a while. I always treated the inmates in that way. – *Margo Hathaway Thomas*

Boxing
Bernie Cummings at the Boys Club taught me how to box. I had to learn to use the left jab. He said you could build up points in a tournament with it, but it was also the very best offense and defense weapon. – *Jim Hale*

Dealing with the dying
The important thing for dealing with the dying is this: it is not so important what you say or do. Your presence there in a non-judgmental way is what is needed. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

Have a relative with mental illness?
I talk to individuals who are living the experience of having a relative with mental illness and one of my first points is, "You are not to blame for this. This is a physical disorder of the functioning of the brain." - *Betsy Samuelson Greer*

We already know the answer
I try very hard not to give out words of wisdom - only if I am asked in a particular situation. My take on this is that what I say may or may not matter, but that helping the other person in the conversation understand what they already know to be the decision is more important than my position. – *Clare Adams Whitney*

Don't touch an employee no matter how innocent the gesture
I have been charged with sexual harassment and found not guilty. Lesson: don't touch an employee no matter how innocent the gesture.

I was among those sued by the subject of a series of investigative news stories conducted by my news anchorman (now a New York State Assemblyman). His investigation got ahead of the FBI, SEC, and other investigative bodies. Lesson – don't publish a story until the investigators catch up and make their charges. I and others involved were found not guilty. The truth is a perfect defense) but it was costly, time consuming and painful to gain vindication. – *Carl Loveday*

Starting over
I know one can start over no matter what their age, if the health and desire are there. – *Phyllis Clark Turner*

Enjoy all you can. – *Lynn Dawson Shea*

Losing weight

I worked for Weight Watchers for many years. As long as I worked for the company I stayed at or below the goal weight. But since I retired I've gotten lazy and I'm back up. To be successful you have to be clear in your head and follow a program that's healthy and that you can live with the rest of your life, not just until the weight is off. Everything in moderation and keep the calories below or at 2,000. - *Gail Gilmore Charron*

Plenty of wise thoughts from a wise guy

✔ Most important is the fact that **nothing is that important unless it is life threatening**. I spent my whole life making mountains out of molehills.

✔ One of the most important things I have to mention is that **we never stop growing and learning new ways**. Part of growing older is thinking that you know the right way to do something. But so many things have changed. Whenever I try to make a household repair, I go see the professionals and invariably find out that things are done differently today.

✔ Be careful when things happen: **some blessings are curses, some curses are blessings**. It is our job to try to make all things a blessing but you can't always do it.

When something is a curse for real, try to get out of the situation as soon as you recognize it is not what you want. So many times, I have embraced a bad situation and hung on thinking there were no alternatives. After you reach a certain age you realize that there are *always* other alternatives.

So many times, I have embraced a bad situation and hung on thinking there were no alternatives. After you reach a certain age you realize that there are *always* other alternatives.

✔ **Almost no problem is insoluble**. It may mean asking a lot people but there is a solution around the corner. Try to solve every problem using whatever resources are available.

✔ I think there is validity in getting ready for tomorrow's tests. **Never stop learning**,

✔ **Have a financial cushion in case things go south**. But don't destroy your life in the process.

✔ Do the right thing by people. **Accept everyone in a tolerant, open manner. Destroy any stereotypes you might have based on appearance**.

✔ Don't give everyone a pearl without having a reason, but **don't throw pearls before swine.**

✔ In an uncomfortable situation, you have two choices: go with the situation or escape it. **If you are around someone who is transmitting negative signs, leave that person**. If you feel lost or uncertain, don't travel into that canyon alone. The other choice is to let everything happen as it will. I do not think that is good advice.

✔ **As a general rule don't spend money that you do not have**. Don't buy a bunch of CD's using a credit card if you can't pay the bill. Exceptions to this abound. Buying a house and sometimes a new car although the car is one item that could be avoided.

So the conversation turns to credit cards. They are good things if used wisely but the best people I know have created years of debt without thinking just by not using credit cards

wisely. It may seem silly to mention credit cards but so many people have hurt themselves – people I know. – *Layne Prebor*

Enjoy every minute of living

With the passing away of loved ones, especially my son, it made makes me realize life is short and so I should enjoy the memorable moments of living. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

Politics: work with your opponents to hammer out acceptable solutions

I have come to recognize how essential it is to listen to diverse points of view. You have to be willing to challenge your own beliefs and learn from real world criticism and constructive suggestions. In public situations, if opposing parties can agree on and accept a solution, there is more likelihood that it will last over time. – *Tom Whitney*

To save money buying printing

When getting printing estimates, don't get the usual three estimates: obtain at least five. There is wide variation of costs and quoted prices in the trade. You can save hundreds or thousands of dollars by doing this. Literally a trick of the trade is to seek out "trade" printers who do work for other printers. *In 2006, I helped a person save about $800 by following that advice. – Tom Whitney*

I was a post-grad in high school at B.H.S. four years after graduation!

I had an unconventional high school career. My marks were poor and I was not headed to college. But I wised up and came back to high school after the Navy at the urging of my brother. I took the courses at B.H.S. I needed to go to college, married a great woman named Rita and became an engineer! It took a while, but I am proud of that degree I received from the University of Louisville 19 years after graduating from Burlington High School. Tenacity on a positive course pays dividends. – *Jim Hale*

Being a Vermonter

To me this means being hard working, honest, and not afraid to jump in when help is needed. – *Bill Chittenden*

Coconut time

I learned coconut time when I was in Tonga for four years: when it is ripe and ready the coconut will fall, not before its time or after. – *Clare Adams Whitney*

Being the best?

Life has taught me that being the best is not nearly as important as doing the best that you can. – *Bob McBride*

Seeking contributions, either money or in-kind goods or services for a good cause

You may be nervous, you may be shy, and you may have never done it before: well, steel yourself with words to the wise from a very successful Sacramento public relations

woman (whose name I have forgotten) who told me her secret: **it never hurts to ask, once**. If you never ask, you will never know. – *Tom Whitney*

Be all that you can be

For those who follow in our footsteps, I offer this sage advice. You only get one chance at going down the road of life. We are all cut out to end up doing different things, some of it by our own making and some of it by the making of others. Whatever direction you end up taking, be all that you can be. And above all, don't just take from life, give something back to your family and to society. Volunteer some of your time and skills. You'll be rewarded in countless ways. – *Jim Viele*

Do you have a psychological problem?

If you do, admit it to yourself and go to a counselor. One of our classmates said it was the best move she ever made. Try a psychologist first or seek out a group. To keep expenses low. Just being able to talk about a problem out loud to other adults it a big help.

When I went to a Transactional Analysis therapy group the idea was if you had a problem, there is no magic bullet to fix it; you needed to change your behavior and try it out to see if it affected the problem. If it didn't work, try something else. – *Tom Whitney*

Thinking of running for public office?

I was very surprised how much assistance I received from the Democratic Party organization. They distributed my flyers district-wide to every voter's house. That was a tremendous help. I had been a registered Democrat: on that basis alone they gave me help. It was that simple. I was elected and my expenses were only about $1,500. – *Tom Whitney*

Cold Turkey

I gave up cigarettes after numerous false starts. This detox is real and I am so thankful to be free. My nicotine addiction was beyond expression, beyond anything I thought could happen. I decided I wanted to live a long time so I gave up all things like alcohol and other stuff that pulls one into a place of euphoric comatose retirement. I substituted the inverse propositions: exercise, nutritional concerns, proactive approach to new ideas and charitable mind. I feel great and know this high will end but I would love to spend the next 20 years upwardly mobile as a human being.

My addiction was hardcore and cold turkey was the only way. I had tried cutting back, but in the end, my cigarette count was up and I quit, cold turkey. – *Layne Prebor*

Stay busy – live longer

Once I was sleeping over with my Gram, my dad's mom who seemed quite old – probably my current age – and I asked her if she was afraid to die. "No," she said, "God looks down and if you're busy he leaves you to finish." It sounded good then and I've lived by her bit of wisdom ever since. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

Illustration by Bill McGuire

The Purpose of ECOS

To protect and preserve the environmental integrity and resources within the Sacramento Region; to educate the public regarding the environmental sensitivity and the need to protect this area through mailings, public forums and discussion groups; and direct communication with public officials concerning policy issues relating to the goals of ECOS.

ECOS Priorities

- Enforcing laws that protect the environment – Clean Air, Clean Water, and the Endangered Species Acts.
- Halting sprawl by advocating for the integration of land use planning with air quality and transportation planning.
- Identifying the true costs of sprawl through sewer and road expansions.
- Supporting efforts to preserve open space.
- Advocating reliable flood protection for Sacramento.
- Promoting regional transportation policies that provide for clean air and social equity.
- Promoting infill development in existing under-utilized areas in the region, such as former railroad corridors that with light rail stations.

Join or help create a local coalition of environmental groups. There are not many of them, and they can be very powerful in helping communities become more livable

The Environmental Council of Sacramento is one of the very few organizations of its kind in the nation. ***A group like ECOS is a necessary counter-weight on the scales of public justice for the environment: without it, the scale will lean too far toward what developers want, which can be insensitive to the environment and short change livability factors like better bikeways and more parks and trees and sidewalks and a better variety and mix of home designs and types.***

AN ECOS WORKING PAPER FOR A BETTER SACRAMENTO

WE CAN BUILD A HEALTHY FUTURE FOR SACRAMENTO NEIGHBORHOODS

– for ourselves, our children, and their children with less pollution, less traffic, less stress – and more open space, more safety, more friendliness . . .

We must adopt a land use strategy that allows the billions in public and private money that will be invested into new structures in our community to be applied to an enhancement of our future, and not contribute to the problems.

This was a 16-page position paper on urban development written by David Mogavero, an architect who was ECOS chair when I became involved. This paper (I designed it) became very influential in Sacramento planning circles as it provided our agenda. It enabled me as a representative of ECOS to be able to advocate for and comment on a wide range of issues without having to constantly be checking back with the whole group.

It explained policy ideas that became incorporated into the Sacramento County General Plan and it provided a basis for the re-planning of North Natomas, a 12-square mile area surrounding where the Sacramento Kings NBA team plays.

After a decade as a member I became chair of this organization for a couple of years. The Environmental Council is a 501 (C)(4) nonprofit composed of representatives of virtually all local and national environmental groups in the Sacramento area, as well as some individual members. Its members are architects, lawyers, ornithologists, engineers, water experts, physicians, low-income housing advocates, chemists, PhDs in one field or another, plain vanilla environmentalists average interested citizens and community organizers. By pooling its specialist professional resources and representing

the combined membership of its organizations, numbering about 12,000, the Council is very effective. In existence for 25 years, it has occasionally and carefully sued the City, the County and developers when necessary and usually won. Thus it is granted a grudging and rueful respect by developers and public officials.

I have been surprised to find that there are not such councils all over the nation because the idea makes so much sense.

One of the strengths of ECOS in Sacramento is that many of its members work for the state government. Typically government people hesitate to become involved in advocacy groups like ECOS because they feel it may create conflicts of interest with their jobs. But ECOS members deal with this in a very legal, above-board, way and routine way. When an issue will conflict with a person's job that person will leave the room for the duration of the discussion and vote. Their action is recorded in the minutes of the meeting.

For about thirty years ECOS was an all-volunteer organization. I feel that was one of its strengths. Recently it has hired a person to be the executive director and is now involved in the fund-raising activities necessary to support that person.

You can find out more about ECOS: http://www.ecosacramento.net. - *Tom Whitney*

This smiling man is Eric Chittenden, B.H.S.'60, a cousin of Bill Chittenden, Class of '57, photographed as described here. He loves Vermont, but took to the sea like the first Governor Thomas Chittenden. Then he came back and he and Francine established the Cold Hollow Cider Mill in Waterbury, that became the second most visited tourist attraction in Vermont after Ben & Jerry's. They finally sold that business. Now he has gone back to sea and recently passed the battery of tests to become qualified to be captain of the largest ship in the United States merchant marine fleet. He is a great guy and just about anything he says is a word to the wise. – Tom Whitney

Taking a nice portrait of someone

☞ When taking someone's portrait have someone stand beside you to engage the subject person in serious conversation. Their expressions will be more interesting.

☞ To get one good portrait, figure that you should take at least twenty-four pictures, a whole roll, sometimes snapping them quite quickly as different expressions flit across their faces because of the great conversation going on.

☞ Use natural light, not flash.

☞ Find a place outside in the shade of a tree near the edge of the shade so you can get a darker background but a nice play of light – but not direct sunlight - on the person's face. Snap away. – *Tom Whitney*

Humor

My mother always told us that there is humor in every situation no matter how terrible it seems. She also told us that if we lost sight of the humor we should lie down and put a lily in our hands because we had died. They also believed that going to bed angry was a big taboo. – *Margoj Hathaway Thomas*

Let go and do some forgiving

We all need to accept whatever comes along good or bad and deal with it and move on. Do not dwell on the past. Let go and do some forgiving and realize that being sad and upset is reality. Remember the good times in sadness. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Being the best?

Life has taught me that being the best is not nearly as important as is doing the best that you can. – *Bob McBride*

Hang in there

I firmly believe that no matter what you go through, you gain something from it. It may take time to realize, but it is a part of the tapestry of your life and it colors, thread by thread, the changes in your personal fabric that eventually occur. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

Set goals

My experience has been to always set goals and work hard to meet them. – *Bob Badger*

Relating to people with disabilities

Use "people first language" when talking with and about people with disabilities. My sweetheart is a person who is blind. That she is blind is not important to mention except when her inability to use her eyes has meaning in a conversation. It is not the most significant fact about her. She is a person who happens to be blind.

Many people are surprised to learn that Betsy can cook, that she can dress herself, that she keeps a neat house. Where did all these false ideas come from, that blind people could not do these things?

Betsy is the most organized, efficient, supportive, patient, wise and loveable person I have ever met. In our household, if anything, it is "the blind leading the sighted."

She says that for her, being blind is an inconvenience, not a "handicap."

Betsy started Dolphin Press, a business that translates documents into Braille for public agencies, universities, and individuals. She bids for jobs and wins them because her bids are competitive in the national marketplace. Her customers include the State of California Public Utilities Commission, the University of Montana, other universities, restaurants, hotels, teachers, students, and nonprofit organizations in Hawai‘i and other states.

Her staff of three beside herself includes a person with a disability and two senior citizens, including me. Charlene Ota is a person who is blind who lives 250 miles away on another island but regularly communicates by email with Betsy as they share the translation work that is the heart of the business. It is like Charlene is next door.

This is the bar at the top of Betsy's web page at <dolphinpress.biz>.

Dolphin Press receives work primarily over the Internet. Betsy has a Braille display that enables her to read each line we would see on a computer screen (which she does not need, of course). She can also track the information line-by-line with an audio display. Braille is similar to shorthand in that there are many contractions, so there is an editing process that must occur before the work is sent to the Braille printers. She and Charlene share the editing.

It is a business that she runs out of her home on a mountainside in Hawaii, 2,500 miles from the U.S. mainland. Thanks to Federal Express whose trucks pull up to the house a couple of times a week, she can have a package delivered next day on the mainland. *That* is competitive.

Betsy until recently was Chair of the Board of the statewide Hawaii Centers for Independent Living, a three-million-dollar nonprofit organization. She is a member of the Governor-appointed Planning Council for People with Developmental Disabilities. She regularly flies – by herself - to Honolulu for meetings of these boards. She has frequent flyer miles.

I just told all this to give you an example of a highly functional person who just happens to be blind. Don't treat her or react to her or any other person with a disability any different than you would anyone else.

Betsy's and my friend Sheryl Nelson is marketing her own "Outta Sight" blend of coffee. Dolphin Press designed her label. Sheryl is a person who is blind, making the most of being "Outta Sight." Her web page is ***snelson@aloha.net****.*

People have the oddest, and to me infuriating, reactions to people with disabilities. I have learned to "whistle Dixie" when we are at a store. If Betsy and I go to a cashier at almost any store, and Betsy pulls out her credit card to pay, usually if the clerk has any questions they will ask me instead of Betsy, referring to Betsy as "she" which is a fine use of the pronoun, but "she" is standing right there: why don't they ask her directly? Sometimes if they do talk to her they will raise their voices. She can't see but she is not deaf. Then often when they would want credit slips signed, the clerks would give them to

me. If Betsy pulls out cash and hands them a twenty, say, clerks would often attempt to give me the change! So, to avoid these embarrassments, and train the clerks, now when we get to the front of the line, if she is going to pay, I will wander around nearby looking at magazines or displays, clearly not paying attention. We call this “whistling Dixie.”

The Americans with Disabilities Act passed in 1990, yet all these years later many of its provisions have not been implemented. Have you ever gone to an ATM machine and noticed that there are Braille markings next to the buttons you can push? It is window dressing, because the screen that you view usually has no audio component so a person who is blind could know what is on the screen.

I am proud to be graphic designer for the Dolphin Press. I make nice print covers with logos so the sighted people who order the work can feel reassured it is good work and can sort through the Braille documents. And lovely outta sight projects like Sheryl’s come along. And Betsy occasionally helps sighted people publish their books, too, like she did with this one. – *Tom Whitney*

Use it well and give it back

From my grandmother who raised me, somehow, to adulthood, I leaned a value which costs nothing and brings success which is not countable: "Life is Good. Use It Well and Give It Back." I don't recall the words spoken in such an organized manner, but the lesson has carried me throughout life. – *Sam Conant*

Smile

Try to have a smile each day. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

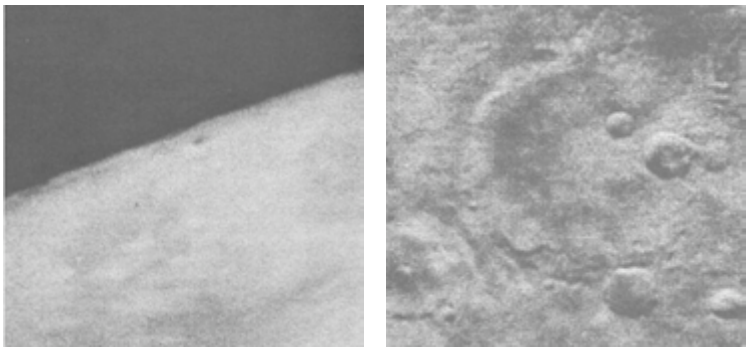
This is also an Istock © 2007 photograph.
This one was taken by David Stivers.

We are proud of these things we have done at various stages of our lives

I have always thought the successful transition from radio to work with the State of Florida, a totally out-of-character environment for me, at age 52, was a prime event. In broadcasting, I represented a team receiving a national highway safety award at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York - many years ago. – *Bob Badger*

As I write these notes, I have 45 years of managing investments for my clients – some of whom I have worked with since the beginning of my career. While the focus of what I do is providing assistance with financial matters, I am also deeply committed to the people part of the business and how to care for families and their individual needs. I think that orientation stems from my roots in Vermont. – *Tom Hackett*

I received the Nate Harris Award in Burlington. *(Editor's note: This award is given "Recognizing an individual for outstanding contribution to the economic vitality of Burlington*."). I was also awarded an Honorary Doctorate of Business and Law from Nichols College. – *Ray Pecor*



The Mars image on the left is #1, on the right is #11: they are among the first set of images to be taken of another planet from a spacecraft. Theresa Fortin Moore helped to build and inspect for quality the vidicon camera tubes that were used to take the images. She helped to make an historic event happen.

I think one of the most satisfying times in my life was the work I did building and inspecting vidicon tubes which were an early type of video camera tubes. We had the distinction at General Electro-Dynamics Corporation that one of the vidicon tubes we built was for the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California to be installed on a rocket to Mars. They took the names of the people who built this tube and put them in a time capsule to go to Mars. The tube we built for the camera worked and sent back pictures from Mars. I have a book on it.

Not too long ago I had to go to Corporate Human Relations concerning my supervisor about raises due to my age and the structure of the company's policy concerning how raises were given. I won the raise and they have changed the way the people are rated concerning raises. I also won an achievement award for saving the company over $10,000 dollars a year in a R6 Sigma program.

I also learned a long time ago if something is worth having you will learn to take up for yourself to get it. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

The most proud things I have accomplished are being married, raising three great children and having the opportunity of babysitting the grandchildren. Three of the grandchildren I was with every day, watching them grow from babies to adults. The others I babysat with from time to time. And of course I am proud of my marriage to a very special man. Spending 48 years together is an oddity nowadays.

I am very proud of my gardening. I am always picking on my neighbor who is a "Master Gardner." It is not strange to find me working in my neighbor's yards. Some neighbors are always asking me to come over and work in theirs. It keeps me busy and out of trouble. A very easy thing for me to do even at my age is to get in trouble. - *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

I am most proud of being the best person I can be with the challenges I had and still have. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

I am extremely proud of my son and daughter. Also I am proud of my work as a member of the Telephone Pioneers of America and a past president of the group. We were a totally volunteer organization and did many projects and won some awards as a group. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

Raising four smart girls with common sense and intelligence. – *Gail Gilmore Charron*

I am most proud of my career in broadcast journalism. It was rewarding, exciting, and at times humbling. I have received Broadcasters Association and Associated Press awards for news coverage in New York and Florida, three Telly awards and four Crystal Communicator awards for videotape presentations with physicians conducting various surgeries including open heart and colon resection and the Rotary Club of Naples North Website. – *Carl Loveday*

I am happy for all of my marriages. All my previous marriages were good and simply went flat. All, including my current wife, helped me to be a better person. I am happy over my two boys and how they turned out. Running my first race was a thrill and I do have a picture. I was 38 and proud. 13.1 miles and I placed second in my age group. 6 months earlier I was at 60+ cigarettes a day. A habit of 22 years erased, picked up again with my third wife.

I have done a good job of leading life, overcoming adversity when it was necessary, achieving success when I put myself into something.

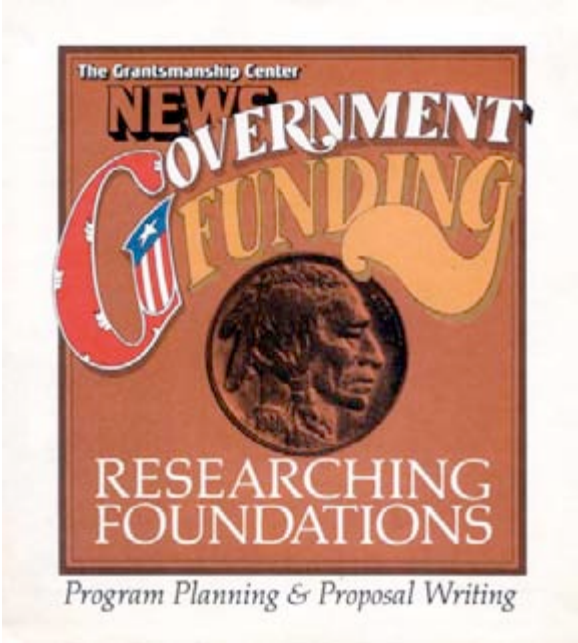
I have a lifetime of achievements, some smaller, some greater. Obtaining my Ph.D., which seemed like a big deal at the time, was quite an achievement that required a lot of sacrifice. It's funny now, because it seems so unimportant. I was neither a scholar, disliked teaching immensely, and although anal to some extent never was a hard-core searcher for truth. Naturally I have always been a student of human behavior but like it not as a research project but as a natural phenomenon. – *Layne Prebor*

There are many things I have done in the course of my life that have made me proud. I started humble out of high school, having stayed back my sophomore year and having to take summer school courses to catch up and get out in the same four year schedule I started with. And in addition to that, I never did receive a college degree although I accumulated almost enough credits. I had the habit of only taking those courses I was interested in. Somehow I acquired a fierce love of learning that manifests itself every day. I always carry a book with me. For me, many "professional" things I have done I figured were very fine accomplishments because I had absolutely no normally accepted qualifications to accomplish them, I just dug in and did them with as much polish as I could muster as an interested Citizen, coming from my original hillbilly, independent Vermont background.

Creating an award-winning national magazine

I was a founding board member of the Grantsmanship Center, a nonprofit organization that started small in Los Angeles and soon became the largest national organization in the counry training people – the activists of the sixties – how to write proposals for funds from foundations and the federal government.

I became involved with the group because I volunteered to design brochures and fund raising materials for them when I was working as a teacher at the Watts Media Center, a federally-funded training program. I was hired there because I had an extensive portfolio of work I had done for Black arts organizations. Then the Media Center job came to an end and I started as the fourth employee of the Granstmanship Center. When I left there were fifty employees. The Center held weeklong training programs in cities around the country. It still does this today.



This is the cover of a direct mail brochure I designed that brought in about $25,000 in subscriptions and helped put us on the national map within the nonprofit world.

I stayed in Los Angeles. I became the editor of what started as a tabloid newspaper and soon became a magazine for nonprofit agencies. For the cost of a $5 subscription we were teaching people how to write proposals. We achieved a national circulation of 25,000, largest in the field, and finally won a "Maggie" award in 1978 from the Western Publications Association as the "Best Business, Government and Finance Magazine" in the Western United States. Some art I had commissioned for a cover and an article were printed in Graphis Annual, an international annual of the best in graphic design. I was a listed as "Art Director." When I won these and other awards for photography and design it gave me a sense of confidence that I could compete successfully on the national stage. I was designing all the direct mail advertising

for the Center and the magazine. We added editorial staff, but still we were having some difficulty always publishing on time, which loomed large later in my career there.

I worked virtually around the clock for five years on that job: holidays, Saturdays, Sundays, and no vacations to produce a 100-page publication with no advertising every two months. Why? I felt we were on a mission to make things better in the society. What could be more worthy?

Finally I felt it was time for a long vacation: we had hired a good editor and I had begun to focus more on the direct mail and magazine design and we had hired an assistant art director. I wanted to take a month off. My boss wanted me to take at most two weeks. I took what became five weeks. I came back to a different atmosphere. Norton Kiritz felt I had transgressed some barrier. He was developing a paper trail on me now. Little things and minor tensions became big things.

Fired A couple of months later one night I was at the magazine printer at midnight approving the final page proofs. This was the same printer that did Newsweek magazine' west coast edition. There is another beautiful sound to me besides Vermont cows that I heard at the printer: when a huge four color magazine press that is about a hundred feet long starts to power up and the presses start to rumble as multiple four-foot bands of paper are rolling through the press as my publication is printed I would experience a feeling of power: what I was creating would soon be going out across the country to assist people in a multitude of nonprofit groups trying to improve conditions in cities across the nation. We were greasing the wheels of constructive social change!

While waiting around that night I met Tom Kellaway who was the publisher of the American Art Review, a color art magazine that is on the newsstands today. He said he was interested to meet me because he had seen my meticulously good magazine design and production work at the printer in previous months. Inside of an hour there after midnight on a Sunday night he offered me a job with his magazine making more that I was receiving at the Grantsmanship Center. I thanked him and gracefully declined, telling him I already had a good job.

Incredibly, when I went in to work the next morning, I was fired.

I suppose I could have fought it, but I had given the Center five years of my best effort, we had recently won industry awards as the best in the business, and at midnight the night before I had been offered more money to go to work for this other guy. I took it as a sign. The new job was still open, I learned an hour later after a delicate telephone call, and I became Associate Publisher of the American Art Review in Laguna Beach for six months until the magazine's income ran very low and everyone was let go.

I had put my heart and soul into the Center and helped it tremendously. We were on a mission to improve our country and help its social services become more effective. We did our part; I had done mine. The Center is still in operation although its founder Norton Kiritz recently passed away. Norton visited me here in Hawaii not long before he passed on, It was good seeing him. I learned that he had told the story of how I came to the Center to every class he taught. I recommend the Center, its training and its reprints.

Becoming elected This was a tremendous experience for me. Mr. Citizen goes for it and wins. Throughout my adult life I had helped various candidates for public office. In Sacramento I had become acquainted with many elected people and I had a good feeling about them as honest, well-meaning people, as I was. You hear people complaining about politics as being corrupt. Not in Sacramento!

I had studied the flood control issues there for years. A few years previously I had been involved in opening up a hug area for development that was surrounded by levees. This was a couple of years before the vast floods in the Midwest. I became a born-again flood control advocate.

I finally ran and was elected as a Trustee of the American River Flood Control District with the highest vote total among five running for that office. The District has responsibility for maintenance of levees in an urban area potentially affecting a couple of hundred thousand people if they should fail. I was appointed from there to the regional flood control agency. It was a thrilling experience.

Learn to negotiate Talk to your political enemies. I have come to recognize how essential it is to listen to diverse points of view. You have to be willing to challenge your own beliefs and learn from real world criticism.

One of my proudest moments in Sacramento was when I stood up with Kim Dellinger of the Building Industry Association two times together at the podium on one afternoon in the Board of Supervisors' chambers. I was there as a representative of the Environmental Council of Sacramento. Once we stood to read Land Use Policy #14 that encouraged multi-family housing within two blocks of transit corridors and later the text for an urban services boundary policy that we had finally hotly debated in whispers minutes before standing up there together. Both were extremely contentious issues. I had taken a lead role over a few-month period in negotiating language both warring groups could agree on.

Community Leadership I had kept my day job at Regional Transit while working on environmental issues in the mid 1990s. I planned to retire in 1997, and did, ten years to day that my retirement vested. Having become so much involved in planning I thought I might finish obtaining my BA degree and do something with that, you know, get a professional job; become an anonymous planner.

Comstock's, a local magazine focusing on "The Business of California's Capital Region," decided to run a series on leadership. They chose to profile two leaders to accompany their initial article "Contemplations on the meaning of leadership." One profile was of Sandra Smoley, the long-time Sacramento County Supervisor and then Secretary of the $36 billion California Health and Welfare Agency, with 42,000 employees. The other person featured was me. It is printed on the next page.

One of my office mates at my Regional Transit full time day job noticed the article and highlighted it with a post-it note, so she could pass it around the office and wrote "There's our Tom!"

TOM WHITNEY ON LEADERSHIP

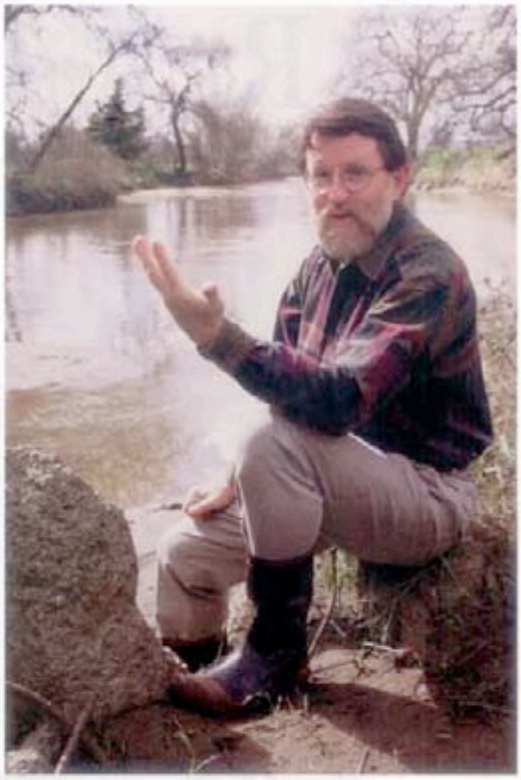


PHOTO BY JIM SEYMAN

Tom Whitney was named Environmentalist of the Year in 1994 by the Environmental Council of Sacramento and will serve as co-president of ECOS this year. Before joining Sacramento Regional Transit as a graphic designer in 1987, Whitney worked as a printer, vocational teacher at Folsom Prison, and a writer and designer with former Governor Jerry Brown's Office of Appropriate Technology.

How do you define leadership?

"Leadership involves people willing to speak up for what they think is right, whether or not it's in their self interest to do so. Perseverance over time in support of values not directly in one's professional interests to pursue is a hallmark for me."

What characteristics are necessary for effective leadership?

"You have to be around year after year to see projects bear fruit, so persistence is an important issue.

"There's also a certain amount of paying your dues to learn what the issues are, how politics functions, how you play the game. And it's being able to involve a wide variety of groups and get them to buy into a solution.

"For example, Bob Thomas, our new Sacramento County executive, has shown exemplary bureaucratic leadership. He started early to involve diverse groups, listen to them, and changed his plans for the better in major pivotal efforts like the North Natomas Planning Principles Process and the Sacramento Area Water Forum. He has involved a wide variety of groups and empowered them to function as equals in a process, where everyone has to buy into the solution and any of the major groups can veto it."

Does leadership differ in the public and private sectors?

"I see more similarities than differences. Jim Jones has been fairly single-mindedly concerned about the American River, much like the proprietor of a business might be. Bob Thomas has taken very seriously the people skills necessary to bring people together to talk about issues, and recognizes that if you don't come up with consensus, the project is not likely to come together."

How has leadership changed?

"Many years ago, there was less widespread community involvement. Now I see this base of involvement widening and including a more diverse base ethnically."

How does the Capital Region rate in the area of leadership?

"The City of Sacramento gets an "A" for citizen involvement and empowerment in planning and decision making. Examples are the North Natomas Planning Principles Process, the Water Forum and reorganization of city services in its Neighborhood Services Division. The County of Sacramento gets a "C minus" for citizen involvement and empowerment. I also give the county an "A" for adopting a good general plan and a "D" for implementing it.

"Environmental leadership here is strong; in other areas, leadership has been less than good. People get elected to office and whatever values they had almost seem invisible. They wait to figure out which way the herd is going and then go in that direction. The effort on the Auburn Dam was like that. City Councilman Steve Cohn was the first person to speak up for a non-Auburn alternative, and I gave him a lot of credit for that."

How can we improve regional leadership?

"Many environmental issues aren't very popular or rewarding if you get the insight that something needs to be done. You're fighting entrenched interests like developers and city and county governments. As an environmentalist, I feel getting people elected is essential. But perhaps we haven't tried to involve more mainstream groups in environmental issues."

What makes you an effective leader?

"My persistence. I do my homework, read these reports, go to meetings and try to put all this information together."

What's your strongest leadership characteristic?

"I've come to recognize how essential it is to listen to diverse points of view. You have to be willing to challenge your own beliefs and learn from real world criticism."

What convinces you that a person or organization has leadership qualities?

"The person's issue goes beyond immediate self interest. He or she seems to be taking the larger community into account."

I'm still kind of amazed by it. Diligent citizen achieves recognition. Nice.

I had earned this recognition with a lot of difficult and time-consuming volunteer environmental work, through hard-nosed negotiating with developers that had helped open up twelve square miles of land to development with environmentally sensitive policies in place and because I was surrounded by many smart people who gave great advice and showed me what leadership was.

The Eighty-per-cent Concept I am the creator of a land use-planning concept that was hammered out in negotiations with environmentalists, developers and landowners in Sacramento, California, and applied in a twelve-square-mile urban development in Sacramento, California. Part of that negotiation was acceptance of my concept that **80% of the homes would be not more than 880 feet from accessible green space**. Underlying acceptance of that idea was a negotiated agreement to allow more liberal park credit for enhanced drainage ways that would be landscaped and function more like streams in nature.

The idea is important because it can help make housing developments more open with more bikeways, drainage "ditches" landscaped to resemble stream beds, more parks and less dead end streets. *– Tom Whitney*

I have written a 65-page illustrated document describing my award-winning environmental work in Sacramento over 20 years and will send it to you on a CD if you'll send me ten dollars to cover making and mailing the CD. Tom Whitney, 137 Kuakolu Place, Hilo HI 96720. <whitneye001@hawaii.rr.com>.

Principal Investigator for the last three years of my boss's Ph.D. thesis in Ed Psych at the University of Texas at Austin, doing lab work, test instrument scoring compilation, and library research while working for her as a treatment systems auditor in her counseling practices. The Ph.D. work was successful and she was awarded it in May 2002.

Also, in 1955 I was Vermont State Champion in a One-Act Play competition as an actor; ditto 1956 as a co-director; that was during my sophomore and junior years at B.H.S. Marjorie Perrin was influential people in my life; she was a B.H.S. Latin instructor and theatre director.

Plus, in 2003 in Burlington there was an artistic reunion of four of the five people in the cast of the 1955 show: Carol Navratil, B.H.S. 1955, who went on to write for the television sitcom "Cheers" and to work for Woody Allen, who now lives in Arizona; Patty Smith, B.H.S.1955, who now lives on a Vermont farm with her husband; Roger Dodge, B.H.S. 1956, who lives in Essex Junction, Vermont, who had a long career as a local musician and actor; and me. The show was a locally written socialist play about labor conditions and women in the Chicago area in the 1890's: I was its lighting designer and control board operator; Roger was in the cast; Carol and Patty were in the audience.

This was the first time we had all been in the same place since 1955. The show was "Inquisitions" by Greg Guma, a local radical, and it was recorded for NPR. – *Bradley Butler*

My accomplishments: I am most proud of my children and grandchildren – probably my major accomplishment. I think I've been a good wife as well. In addition I can honestly say that I was fortunate enough to have chosen a career that proved both exciting and rewarding and has given me great satisfaction. I have always tried to be honest and ethical and hope I have instilled those traits in my children. – *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein*

Beautiful tiny Vermont towns with those white steeples in the center of a small cluster of buildings – they take your breath away. This town was glimpsed from Interstate 89.

Vermont Attitude & Appreciation

Vermont - I believe in the 50's we were all a pretty innocent bunch - not having been exposed to crime, drugs, and violence. Most of us lived the "Ozzie & Harriet" lives. That has all changed and most of us have adapted. It is still great to tell someone "I am from Vermont." I was addressing a convention of the Yacht Brokers Association of America a couple years ago in Fort Lauderdale and somehow got around to saying I grew up on Lake Champlain in Vermont. After the speech a man came up and gave me his business card. He was Jeff Hill from Bruce Hill Yachts in Shelburne. You never know where a Vermonter will appear! – *Bob Badger*

Self-sufficiency and patience. We wait in Vermont – for the sun again after a long winter - and those spring flowers – and for all those things advertised on television that take months to reach the North Country. I've always thought that the cool seasons reflect our cool headedness. People in warmer climates seem to be less patient waiting in lines in stores, cars, etc. Maybe we are just thawing out from those long winters. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

I was taught as a Vermonter to work hard and listen and learn as much as you can. This helped me move up in my work. Vermonters are an independent people and proud of their state. Being a Vermonter to me means being hard working, honest, and not afraid to jump in when help is needed. – *Bill Chittenden*

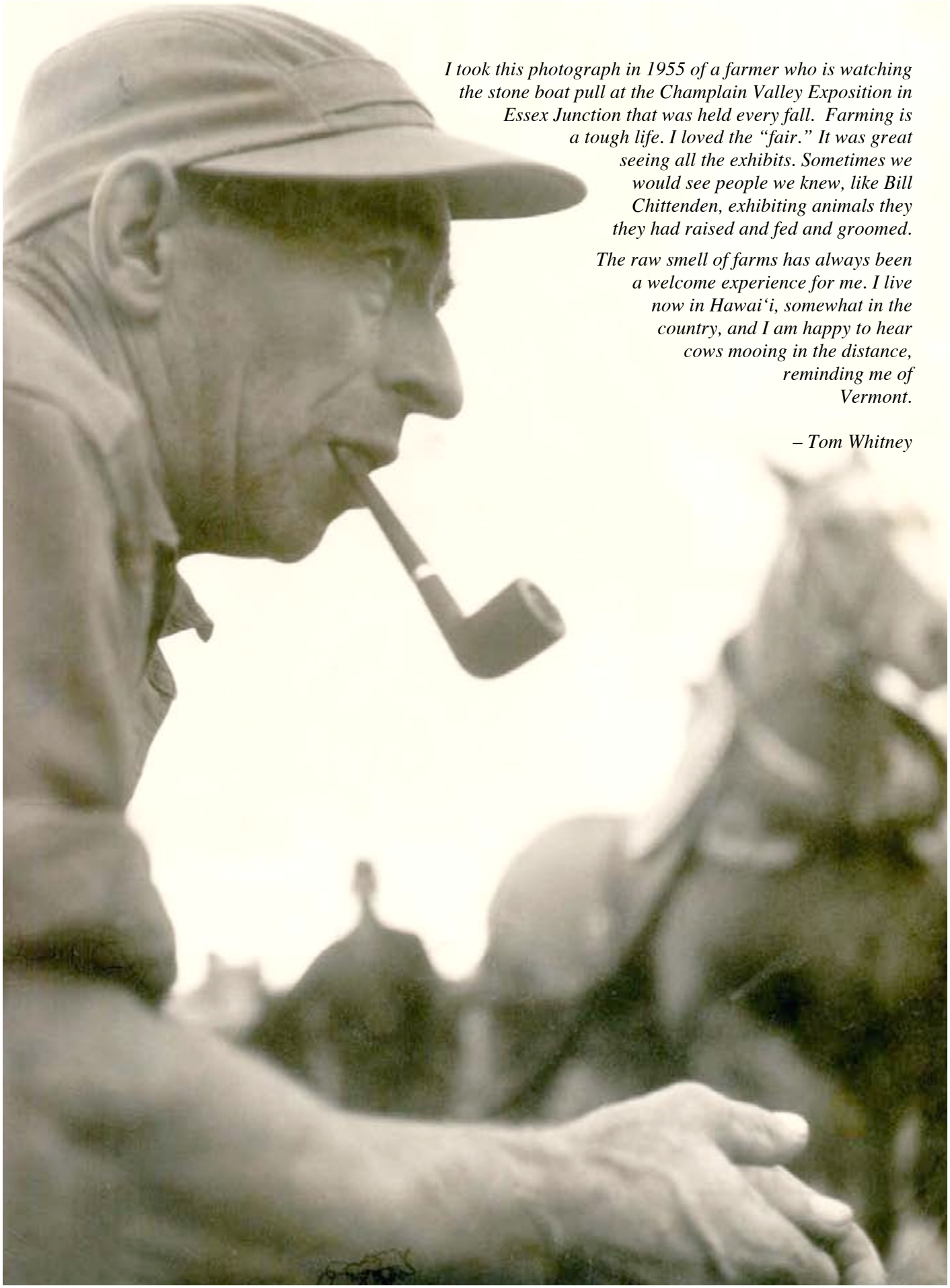
Hard work & self-discipline I learned from my years in Burlington that happiness was not attained by a large bank account and that hard work and self-discipline would be good foundations for success in family life as well as professional endeavors. Life was fairly simple in Burlington but I had fun playing sports; enjoying our Lake Champlain; working on the ferry boats which were later owned by our classmate, Ray Pecor; and maple sugaring with my relatives in Enosburg Falls. Life was uncomplicated and good! – *Jim McCarthy*

I feel blessed and proud that I grew up in a state that is environmentally progressive, now socially liberal, and always serenely beautiful. – *Louise Schimmelpfennig Marsh*

I consider the typical Vermonter to be somewhat reserved, which is not a bad thing. After visiting the Saratoga battlefield, I learned that Seth Warner was a much better military leader that Ethan Allen. When I worked for Honeywell I learned that the first thermostat was invented by a Vermonter. – *Jim Bicknell*

I feel privileged to live in Vermont and Burlington. We have many large city opportunities without some of their problems. We have people in Washington who don't get as carried away with their own desires and egos as many others do. I have noticed that Vermonters seem to resent people from out of state telling them what to do. Vermonters tend to be independent thinkers and not as swayed by the masses. I guess I'll stay for a while. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

Need snow? We are under about twenty-six inches of snow here in Shelburne and the wind is whipping. It snowed anywhere from two to three inches an hour. We cannot see across the road, that is how bad it is. God gave us all the snow we missed this winter in just two days. The malls shut down at one this afternoon and they are telling everyone to stay off the roads. Nice to have good old Vermont back in its normal form.
– *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger, 2/14/2007*



I took this photograph in 1955 of a farmer who is watching the stone boat pull at the Champlain Valley Exposition in Essex Junction that was held every fall. Farming is a tough life. I loved the "fair." It was great seeing all the exhibits. Sometimes we would see people we knew, like Bill Chittenden, exhibiting animals they they had raised and fed and groomed.

The raw smell of farms has always been a welcome experience for me. I live now in Hawai'i, somewhat in the country, and I am happy to hear cows mooing in the distance, reminding me of Vermont.

– Tom Whitney

Vermont humor One time when our family was returning from a week's vacation my father turned the car toward the house. Our large family garden was on the side of that road. Suddenly Dad stopped the car and jumped out. He had seen some big juicy looking tomatoes and was amazed because he thought it was too early in the spring for that. When he got up close he saw that the tomatoes had been attached to the vines with hairpins. Lum Melendy, our neighbor across the street, had known how much Dad loved his garden and played a good joke. – *Tom Whitney*

I grew up with old-fashioned values and traditions that people in southwest did not have. It meant fun in the winters. We learned to work for what we wanted and were proud of the things we accomplished.

Humor? Just the way I still say garage. Some of the old fashioned cold remedies - by the way, that still work today. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

I think it is going to be difficult for Vermonters to talk about themselves because a Vermonter is, above all, modest and humble. On the last occasion I got back to Burlington in 1997 I found the anonymous people on and off Church Street to be very friendly, more so than I remembered. It was a terribly snowy day in November and at the bus stop and coffee shops everyone greeted each other and joked as they waited and warmed up. That was nice. – *Toni Franceschi Esteban*

I am looking out at Shelburne Bay on this frosty morning (-8 degrees) and can't imagine a more beautiful place on the face of the earth. Of course I am a little smug saying that as we leave for six weeks of camping in Florida at the beginning of February and will leave behind some of the downside of living in Vermont. – *Debby Galbraith*

I always had a sense of pride telling people I was a Vermonter. Perhaps it was the small town mentality and as I was growing a time of green followed by white and the mind to appreciate it. As I traveled and met more and more people, everyone had nice comments about the state. Truthfully, they usually said it was a beautiful country. I also

ran into people who subscribed to "Yankee" magazine. So the peace that came with country living always influenced me in choosing a place to live. I try to recapture those moments now.

I learned the virtue of fair play and honesty in Vermont. Honesty in particular. One advantage of being a Vermonter is that there was time and environments that allowed for contemplation. *– Layne Prebor*

Being a Vermonter validates my view that every being is worth preserving and every issue is worth looking at and discussing. I was not aware of the role Vermont played in the Civil War until mother and I took a trip to Gettysburg. Our small state has always contributed to national causes in a somewhat lopsided way per capita.
– Margo Thomas

Vermont work ethic? Really? My brother who has lived most of his adult life in Florida is a big fan of the theory that Vermonters and New Englanders work harder, more diligently and more honestly than any one else.

I don't share that opinion. I think there are all kinds of people in this world with different backgrounds, different values, different family history and it's not only unfair but also foolhardy to group them.

My 67 years on this earth and more than 32 years as a professional broadcast journalist with the background of interviewing thousands of people in four states has taught me there are hard working, diligent and honest people from every part of this country and the world. There are also lazy, disinterested, dishonest people from the same cities, states, and nations. *– Carl Loveday*

I just like the area of Burlington. I don't like Church Street any more as it is too crowded and not always for the best. I cannot walk well on the brick walkways. I think Burlington and the lake are beautiful. The hospital is there which is important to me.

As I said before, Vermont is beautiful and has a lot to offer as far as I'm concerned. Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump are beautiful in all four seasons. That is another reason I like this area.

I would like to add that my husband and I, when we were first married, decided to raise a beef and a pig for our own consumption. It was fun and we never really got attached to them. Seth was a farmer anyway all his life so it came easy to him. I was brought up with farming too. We raised potatoes and many other vegetables for our own use. I did a lot of freezing of vegetables and we had a storage place for the potatoes so all winter we could put a meal on the table and say we raised all this food. Our meat we froze and/or pickled and smoked. Back then it was what we did. Now, no thank you. We stopped doing all this about 1978 or 1979.

I am a Vermonter through and through. I was born in Burlington and have always lived within 25 miles of it. Vermont is important to me. I feel it is a wonderful state and would not want to live anywhere else. I like to visit other states and then come home. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Ida O'Neil and I actually left Vermont on July 26, 1957. My sister Marion and mother lived in Vermont so over the years we would spend our two-week vacation in Burlington and go fishing on the lake. Cliff and I spent many hours on the water fishing in Vermont, Maryland and Virginia with our boys. We camped and took our bass boat everywhere. Back in those days it was the cheapest way to go with a young family and I think we all benefited by doing so. Growing up in Vermont influenced our lives many ways, such as rural living, low crime and strong family roots. We were taught that we had to do our part to help the family manage the farm by doing chores, being responsible and caring for what we had. Our parents were good examples teaching us to be proud of what we had through good times and bad. I think those values taught to us has influenced our way of living, even today. – *Georgia Buzzell Foltz*

When we were growing up people used to say that Burlington was one of the most beautiful cities in the country. . . yada . . . yada . . . yada. Then I thought folks were just kind of prejudiced – but it is really true! I left because I wanted to flex my wings and see other places. – *Jim Bicknell*

I like Vermont because of its independence. And it is small enough so a person can have some little influence to make a difference! You could not do that in a bigger state. – *Ray Pecor*

I love the fact that I was born and raised in Vermont. I do feel this "country" atmosphere has given me the opportunity to be a "kid" much longer that a big city experience. Burlington has grown a lot in the years since we graduated. There is more crime, but it is still a great place to be. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

Photograph by Chuck Eldred of a beautiful October day in Queen City Park showing Shelburne Bay. Shelburne Point is in the center and Redrocks on the right. Chuck grew up there. If we put ourselves back in time to the afternoon of August 2, in 1813, while the War of 1812 was still being fought we could have seen a British gunboat and some row galleys entering Shelburne Bay. For a day the British controlled the local harbors on the water but never came upon the shore around Burlington. The British were held at bay by our cannon operated by U.S. troops on the battery at what is now Battery Park.

Vermont Miscellany

People, places, characters, products, appreciations, experiences, comments, observations & Vermont history you didn't learn in high

Love those fall colors; the changes of seasons; the slow pace; the truthfulness of most people, especially Vermonters; the mountains; the snow; Lake Champlain; Vermonters' memories; maple syrup; Booth Brothers milk; cows; the smell after rain; back country roads; the country store in Weston; covered bridges; camping on a reservoir, that first cool swim; driving around new places.

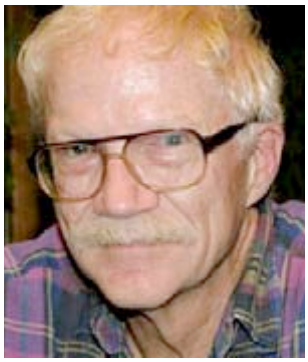
Don't likes: snow, snow, snow when it doesn't stop and you shovel forever; humidity, when it stays for days and you live in the shower; development occurring on formerly beautiful fields; the traffic with out-of-staters who move in and take over and turn nice old houses into modern monstrosities, and vote in favor of anything costing more money because they both work. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

The name of Burlington was probably derived from the Burling family of Westchester County, New York, who were extensive landholders in the several towns that were chartered at the same time with Burlington, although they were not original grantees of Burlington. The town of Colchester was granted to Edward Burling and others, among whom were ten of that name. It seems not impossible, therefore, that the name of Burlington was intended for Colchester, and was by a clerical error given to the town that afterwards transmitted it to the Queen City of Vermont.

This information was found on the delightful Gateway to Vermont web site about early Vermont history: <http://www.rootsweb.com/~vermont/ChittendenBurlington.html>.

Appreciating four wonderful distinct seasons! Having lived in several different climatological areas across the United States, I have developed a greater appreciation for aspects of the Vermont climate than I had growing up.

At Cornell University in upstate New York, I was introduced to fellow graduate students from the South – Virginia and South Carolina – who were mentally and physically traumatized by the winter temperatures. They couldn't get enough layers of sweaters and coats to get warm. They were amazed by the casual, open coat attitudes of us Northerners. I must confess my own perspective that Virginia – the home of my future wife – was in the Deep South from a climate perspective.



Chuck Eldred in 1957, and 2005

After finishing graduate school and getting married, my first job assignment was in Houston, Texas. This was a combination of severe cultural and climatic shock! For me, the Vermont summer had always been a time to enjoy the outdoors – picnics, boating, swimming, camping and cool evenings. Summer in Houston was a time to scurry from one air-conditioned building to an air-conditioned car to another air-conditioned environment. There was a story that the State Department considered Houston a hardship assignment because of the climate, similar to Bombay, India. Summer yard work was miserable. In the Houston winter, a "hard" freeze – 32 degrees Fahrenheit – was a major weather event, especially since many homes had exposed plumbing. And where was spring and fall? To friends that thought of Vermont winters as extreme, I pointed out Houston's extreme summer environment. That climate was totally out of synch with my psyche.

After seven years in Houston, we moved to the Tidewater area of southeastern Virginia. Our stay in an un-air-conditioned rental house extended into July and August. Our friends thought we must be suffering but we just smiled, knowing that we had escaped a far worse summer environment. Note the significant change in perspective regarding the Virginia climate.

In the early nineties, my job took me to the Los Angeles area for a year. Our rental apartment in the Palos Verdes area south of LA was not far from the ocean and high enough in altitude to be above the smog of the LA basin. The year-round climate there was so benign that our place had no air conditioning and only modest heat consisting of tiny electric space heaters built into the walls of each room. The problem there was the total lack of recognizable seasons – a nice but very boring climate.

So what is it that I now appreciate about the Vermont climate? Four wonderful distinct seasons! A summer that invigorates that summer vacation. An autumn with stunning colors and crisp weather. A winter cold, dry, and stunningly beautiful. And a spring that generates spring fever like no other climate zone I have lived in. Although we have lived in Virginia for over 35 years, I still feel based in that Vermont climatology. – *Chuck Eldred*

I can say I grew up mostly in Vermont. Born in Manchester, New Hampshire, I lived in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont and by the time my parents moved into Burlington in 1953, after a year in South Burlington where I attended eighth grade, I had lived in twelve different houses. I really didn't spend much time in Burlington after high school. My parents remained in Burlington about 12 years and retired to Montpelier. - *Lynn Dawson Shay*

I am fortunate to be able to return to Vermont each year to visit clients, friends, and family. These trips give me the chance to stay in touch with the memories, values and friendships that were, and still are, so important to me as a Vermonter. – *Tom Hackett*

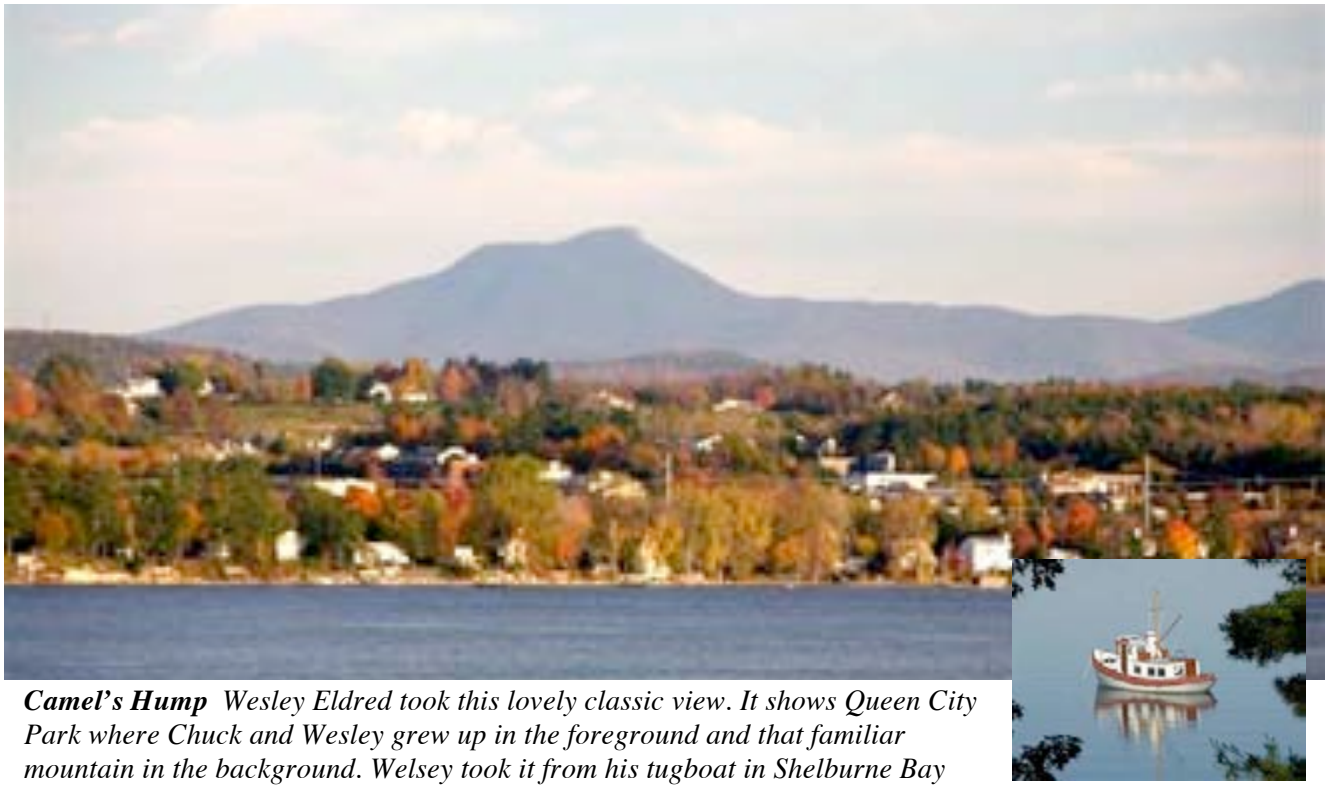
Carol and Gordon Perlmutter, 2006; Gordon, 1957

I came back to Burlington from Hanover, New Hampshire, for medical school at the University of Vermont. I went on to do an internship in New York City and a residency in radiology in Philadelphia. At the time, my goal was ultimately to return to Vermont to practice. In my experience in the big cities, I quickly learned that you could take the Vermonter out of the state, but you couldn't remove the state from the Vermonter. Although I eventually settled in Reading, Pennsylvania, a city of comparable size with comparable demographics to Burlington, the attraction of Burlington and Lake Champlain persisted. While my folks were alive, I realized that my family and I were coming to the Burlington area

Moonlight in Vermont *Here is a typical picture of moonlight in Vermont I took from our back deck in South Hero. Providence Island is in the distance. – Gordon Perlmutter*

for summer visits on a regular basis. Ultimately, in 1992, we built a summer home in South Hero on Lake Champlain and have been spending as much time as possible there. With retirement, this now is just about the entire summer season. Although I don't see much of my former high school colleagues, periodically I do run into those who remained in the Burlington area, or who, like me, come to visit over the summer months. – *Gordon Perlmutter*

Vermont to me is home and has become home to my husband after all these years. All our children are here and my grand children are, except for the four in Pennsylvania. We did move to Pennsylvania and tried it down there but we came back to Vermont. Employment for Dan and I was better here than there. Too bad that is not the case anymore. More and more people are moving out of Vermont in pursuit of better jobs and better living. Most of our children live here, as does my family that has become Dan's family, too. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*



Camel's Hump *Wesley Eldred took this lovely classic view. It shows Queen City Park where Chuck and Wesley grew up in the foreground and that familiar mountain in the background. Welsey took it from his tugboat in Shelburne Bay*

How did the State of Vermont change? The state was Republican as we knew it coming out of high school. When we grew up, a trip from Burlington to Barre, or Randolph, or St. Albans, or Hardwick was a real trip. Now people commute from those places to Burlington to work. IBM made a great difference.

The City of Burlington was democratic when we grew up – Paquette was mayor then and for some number of years!

Then many more people became exposed to the city and it became more influential on State budget, both employment- and media-wise. The bigger the population of the state became, the Burlington influence increased and the farms became less influential because of economic reasons – there were more and more people working for IBM, hospital, city and state and were paid by non-business.

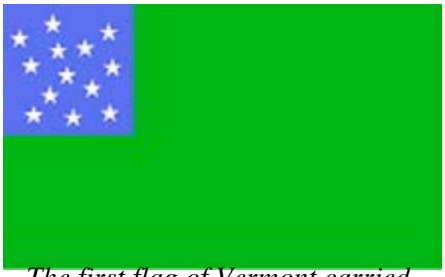
People today *are* generally more liberal than in the past. We are liberal and environmentally conscious – and also very dependent on the government. With the population changes as people get older in the state – there are not as many 20-year-olds nowadays – there is going to be a day of reckoning in the next 10 years. We are going to have to be more business friendly or we are not going to be able to pay our way.

This should get a debate going! – *Ray Pecor*

I love learning the new information about Vermont history since I left the state. Vermont was the only state at the time of its admission to the Union that had outlawed slavery in its constitution. It was the only state where laws against interracial marriage were never introduced. Senator Leahy said, during the confirmation hearings for Judge Roberts

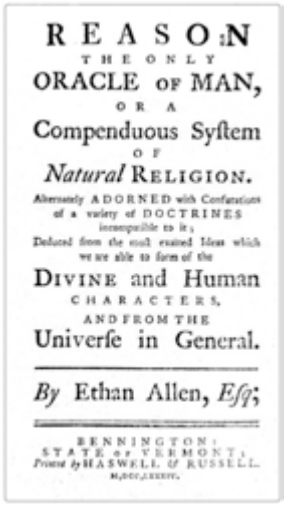
as Chief Justice in 2006, that Vermont had been hesitant to join the union until the Bill of Rights was passed.

I appreciate the odd cast of somewhat rough Vermont historical characters who are so admirable.



The first flag of Vermont carried by the Green Mountain Boys.

❖ **Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys** Allen and the boys fought the first battle of the revolutionary war at Ticonderoga at dawn on May 10, 1775. They carried the green flag with them. They took Crown Point the next day. The web site of the Ethan Allen Homestead describes him as a "flamboyant frontiersman, daring military leader, land speculator, suspected traitor, prisoner of war, philosopher and writer of "Reason the Only Oracle of Man.[21]"



REASON
THE ONLY
ORACLE OF MAN,
OR A
Compendious Syſtem
OF
Natural RELIGION.
Alternately ADORNED with Confutations of a variety of DOCTRINES incompatible to it;
Deduced from the moſt exalted Ideas which we are able to form of the
DIVINE and Human
CHARACTERS,
AND FROM THE
Univerſe in General.
By Ethan Allen, *Eſq;*
BENNINGTON:
STATE of VERMONT.
Printed by HASWELL & RUSSELL.

"Reason" was the first book published in the colonies about the importance of the separation of church and state. Half of the books were lost in a fire caused by a lightning strike. Those that were read may have received the reaction I had – the prose was so opaque that I could hardly follow what he was saying. But that is not important to me. What is, is that he did it. Believed it. Put it out there. An independent Vermonter articulating a fundamentally important principle that anchors in our national politics today.

On a personal note, there is a family snapshot showing my little brother and I about four and six all proud in our Green Mountain Boys outfits with tan shorts and green short-sleeved shirts, probably purchased at Sears or J.C. Penny Company. This shows that he was a folk hero whose legend has come down through the years. Today in 2006, there is a national chain of furniture stores named Ethan Allen. What would he have thought?

❖ **George Perkins Marsh's book was "the fountainhead of the conservation movement."** While I was working at the California Governor's Office of Appropriate Technology (OAT) in the early 1980s I became aware of a great man from my home state of Vermont, George Perkins Marsh. The book was in the OAT library. In 1864 he published "Man and Nature, Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action.[22]" Lewis Mumford, the famous writer and critic of the 1940s and 1950s called the book "the fountainhead of the conservation movement." At a time of widespread

Marsh home on South Willard Street in Burlington, Vermont.

[21] http://www.ethanallenhomestead.org/index.htm

[22] "Man and Nature: Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action," by George Perkins Marsh, John Harvard Library, Belknap Press

optimism about the supposed unlimited natural resources in the country Marsh raised the first cry pointing to the damage man has done to the earth. By 1860 in Vermont there had been extensive over-cutting of trees leading to soil runoff, and floods. In Europe he observed similar patterns over a few decades as he represented the United State as a diplomat. His book suggested methods to reform these destructive practices.

It was twenty-five years after I graduated from high school that I became aware of Marsh and saw him as the giant he was. There I was, working in visionary California Governor Jerry Brown's Office in California in 1981, paying attention to this man. We were trying to save the planet and a guy from my hometown in Vermont had pointed the way, 118 years ago.

Marsh was born in Woodstock, went to college at Dartmouth and spent many years in Burlington as a lawyer, businessman, elected representative, and ultimately a diplomat. "George Perkins Marsh was the quintessential Renaissance man," Stephen Trombulak tells us. "During the course of his long and productive life he was, at various stages and with different degrees of success, a lawyer, businessman, inventor, scholar of languages (coming to speak at least twenty), art collector, politician, bureaucrat, diplomat, explorer, and architect. But his enduring legacy is based on his writings about the relationship between humans and their environment, writings that have at their core observations and perspectives that he gained as a boy growing up in eastern Vermont and supplemented by a lifetime of scholarly reading and international travel.[23]"

Also fascinating to me was his suggestion that we need a new kind of history. In his introduction to the Harvard University Press reprinting of "Man and Nature" in 1974, editor David Lowenthal tells us Marsh felt that a nation must understand its past to realize its potential. To Marsh, "The traditional annals of wars and kings seemed to him trivial and useless; history in a democracy should be about the people themselves, not just about their rulers. Marsh urged historians to inquire into 'the fortunes of the mass, their opinions, their characters, their leading impulses, their ruling hopes and fears, their arts and industry and commerce; we must see them at their daily occupations in the field, the workshop, and the market.[24]'"

This effort to record the history of the Burlington, Vermont, High School Class of 1957 and its fifty years out in the world is an attempt to follow the suggestion of George Perkins Marsh. – *Tom Whitney*

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[23] "So Great a Vision: the conservation writings of George Perkins Marsh," Stephen C. Trombulak, editor. 2001. University Press of New England. Hanover: New Hampshire

[24] "The American Historical School;" a Discourse Delivered before the Literary Societies of Union College (Troy, N.Y., 1847, p. 10

L.L. McAllister

The gnarled old guy on a tall stepladder near a big camera on a tripod was a familiar character around Burlington until his death in 1963. He was usually getting ready to take a panoramic picture of some graduating class or other with his Cirkut camera. He began his career as a photographer in Burlington at the turn of the century.

L. L. McAllister would bark out orders for the crowd he was photographing to be still when he was finally ready. He would yell "cheese." Then he would open the lens and start the large camera that would slowly pan the crowd. For the Burlington High School 1957 class picture teachers had helped arrange the 220+ members of the class in neat rows in a semi-circle so everyone's face was visible. Students were told they had to sit still so their images would be sharp. Even though people were in a semi-circle, in the final print it looked like they were in a straight line. It made the sidewalk look rounded.

The panoramic camera that McAllister used had a long negative in the big box at the back of the camera. The large round gear at the bottom was engaged by a smaller pinion gear driven by a clockwork motor that turned the camera and moved the film past the lens in synchronization with the camera rotation. He never owned an enlarger. All of his prints were contact prints. His cellar, where he did his work, was reported to be extremely untidy with McAllister's collection of animal traps being the most conspicuous impediment to free passage.

Burlington High School Class of 1957

I became interested in learning more about him because in my photography work I have been taking panoramic photographs, but with a 35 millimeter camera. McAllister helped inspire me to go in that direction. My second reason was that I looked on a South Burlington website a couple of years ago and there was a reference to L. L. McAllister, a spiritualist, in Queen City Park, in South Burlington, a mile from where he grew up! A Spiritualist!!?? This surprised me so much I was determined to find out more. B.H.S. classmate Chuck Eldred grew up in Queen City Park and referred me to his brother Wesley for more information. Wes lives there now and has provided much of what follows. In addition our classmate Toni Franceschi-Esteban was curious about him.

- *Tom Whitney*

Queen City Park

McAllister maintained a home in Burlington on South Winooski Avenue but kept a studio and summer home in Queen City Park. McAllister was an official in the Queen City Park Association, a stockholder corporation. He was president of it in 1922.

The Association was organized in 1880 as the Forest Park Association but the name was soon changed to the Queen City Park Association. The Association took over land that had been provided by the Central Vermont Railroad for its employees for picnics.[25] Shares of stock in the Association bought you a tent site. When you were not using the site, it would be rented to others.

There were actually two hotels the Spiritualists owned, each of which burned. In 1920 the hotel had eighty rooms, and the dining hall could seat 150. The second hotel is quite well documented photographically thanks to the popularity of the picture postcards like the one above from 1900. The photograph below by McAllister shows a later view with a new chapel constructed around 1915. The hotel burned in 1939.

Management of an eighty-room hotel, a dining hall that could seat 150, a chapel and entertainment activities were handled by the Association. Like comparable venues these days the property would contract with other organizations for conferences or meetings. The Nazi party held a gathering here during the years before they earned their unsavory reputation. This does not justify a conclusion that all spiritualists were prejudiced against people of African and Jewish descent. At many spiritualist gatherings both abolitionists and women suffragists gave passionate voice to their beliefs.

A wharf was available for Lake Champlain excursion boats and a rail siding welcomed visitors by rail. A streetcar also came here from Burlington. The Association survived on its popularity with dances and the beach because it was before Burlington had a public beach.

Spiritualists

An important summer function from 1880 on were camp meetings of spiritualists. Spiritualists were mostly concerned with communication with the dearly departed. This did not conflict with Christian dogma so believers could go to church, temple or whatever on Sunday and head off to the Spiritualist séance on Saturday. There seems to be a continuing interest in this subject as we can see by the current crop of ghost

[25] Images of America: Burlington, © by David E. Robinson and Mary Ann DiSpirito, 1997, Arcadia Publishing, Dover, New Hampshire, page 40

and haunting programs on popular television.

And it is worth remembering that Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church was born in Sharon, Vermont in 1805. John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the Oneida Community in New York State was born in Brattleboro in 1811. Is there something special about the Vermont ambience that gives rise to theological inspiration?

A brochure for the 1920 Camp Meeting, the 40th Annual in Queen City Park, told about a featured lecturer that year, "Dr. James Alexander McIver Tyndall, the World-Famous Scientist and Popular Lecturer." He "has endeavored to supply a conclusive answer to those great questions of the ages, "After Death, What?" "Can the Dead Communicate With the Living?"

The curious as well as the committed showed up for programs about communicating with the dear departed.

McAllister was Association President in 1922.

The last tent meeting may have been held in 1929, Wes thinks. The Depression that started then coincided with a move towards year-round residents in the community. Fires destroyed a number of camps as well as the hotel. Friction developed between year-around residents and visitors who continued to perceive all of the property as held by the Association. The year-rounders won out.

Wesley said his father and mother bought their place in 1933. The structure was a story-and-a-half uninsulated camp. For a couple of years his parents lived in Burlington during the winters while winterizing and excavating for the cellar by hand. The house served the family well but Wes said it was nice to replace it with something new recently. The community water system was not extended to their end of the park until the late '40's. In the early years water was pumped from the lake and winter transportation was something of a challenge. – *Wesley Eldred and Tom Whitney*

For information on Spiritualists, see Wikipedia on the Internet,

For more on our photographer, see LOUIS L. MCALLISTER (1876-1963) By Jean Innamorati, http://www.uvm.edu/~hp206/2005oldnorthend/mcallister.html. The Special Collections Department of the University of Vermont at the Bailey-Howe Library has an extensive collection of McAllister's work. For more information on Queen City Park, emails Wesley & Patty Eldred: weldred@adelphia.net.

This is a graphic designer's appreciation of the fine signs being created in Vermont

Signs of these times in Vermont are works of high craftsmanship and art seldom seen in other states. They grace the countryside rather than intrude upon it. They introduce their businesses with elegance and the promise of a high quality of service and style and fun in the process.

Looking at Vermont signs one can see that plastic and metal have been the curse of the craft of signage as applied elsewhere. They do carry their messages and blink and get attention, but at a cost, a diminution of the personal and a sense of quality. These signs carry the message that each one was personally crafted and thought about in its creation. Old traditions of wood carving and elegant color choices were employed.

The revolution in sign making came with a 1968 law that prohibits privately owned, off-premises signs and restricts the size, height and distance from the road of on-premises signs. Signs cannot have moving parts or flashing lights.

That law is credited to the determination of Ted Riehle.

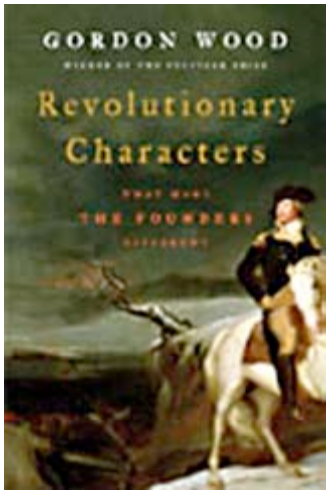
Even the ramp for people with wheel chairs shows a happy fit with the nearby building - where often elsewhere they are not designed to fit in so nicely with the architecture, but stand out like sore thumbs. – *Tom Whitney, Graphic Designer*

Eric Chittenden, B.H.S. 1960, took the photographs, mostly around the Stowe area in late Fall, 2006.

Vermont products available elsewhere

Products on sale in Hawaii in 2006 that are made in Vermont include Bag Balm that is sold in pharmacies for human use; Ben and Jerry's ice cream is widely available in grocery stores and some sausages made in Wisconsin have Vermont maple syrup in them.

Revolutionary Characters, What Made the Founders Different,[26]" Gordon Wood's latest book about the guys who founded the country, and his "The Americanization of Benjamin Franklin," puts Wood at the top of my list as the Best Historian of the American Revolutionary Period.



Why am I mentioning it here in a B.H.S. 50-year class reunion book? One reason is that one of our classmates, Bill Chittenden, is a descendant of the man who was first the governor of the independent nation of Vermont, then governor when it became a state. Another reason is that another classmate's relative was one of the primary organizers of the Mayflower voyage to seek religious freedom. And two other classmates had ancestors on the ship. History has come more alive for me, knowing relatives of these historic figures. This and the earlier material about George Perkins Marsh I discovered in California is history we did not learn in high school, and I feel duty bound to nod toward it. And both Marsh and Franklin urged the kind of book we have created.

The founders all wanted to become gentlemen, as it was understood at that time: people who didn't have to work for a living, similar to the landed aristocracy in England. But it was more difficult for the Americans and the Scotts to pull off, because most had to become very successful businessmen first before they could have the time to improve the society, as was a gentleman's responsibility. It was mostly the southern plantation owners who could fake that kind of a life. But the others wanted it also. Washington was able to marry the daughter of the richest man in Virginia, so he became more gentlemanly more quickly than the others. Jefferson also married well. This goes some way to explain why

[26] "Revolutionary Characters, What Made the Founders Different," © 2006 by Gordon S. Wood, published by the Penguin Press.

the American Revolution was different than the French or the Russian ones. And those early aspiring gentlemen really did not trust democracy as we know it today with “one person, one vote!” This realization gave me an insight as to how people in the Middle East might not find democracy so immediately appealing.

This all amazed me: they wanted to become gentlemen.

Franklin came from a poor background and was a tradesman, a printer (which I myself became with him inspiring me in the background, and I used the press as he had in my own small way), and through diligent entrepreneurial effort and writing became perhaps the richest man in the colonies (although he kept this very quiet) and retired at 42. The idea was that gentlemen would apply themselves to improvement of the society. Franklin first pursued electricity, came up with the lightning rod, did not claim a patent on it, giving it to the world probably because he was so wealthy he could afford it. He wrote papers about it all and became world famous. Then he went to England as Pennsylvania's representative in there.

He was at first committed to being an English gentleman and strengthening the empire. He went over there and spent a few decades in England, then France. He finally saw in England that they regarded the "Americans" as they kept calling them, as another foreign people to rule, not fellow citizens of England. The French thought more highly of him than the Americans did. They loved his writings, his science, his mind, and him as a proto-typical American who was a much-sought-after raconteur.

Franklin's efforts – he was America’s greatest diplomat - to obtain loans from France were central in helping win the Revolutionary War, but many of Franklin's contemporaries despised him and vilified him after the Revolution.

It was not until decades after Franklin's death that the effects of his enormously popular "Autobiography" (which he wrote when he was in his sixties and seventies) began to be felt as rising artisans used it as a guide and gathered with others to conduct their own lives and become an important political force. His life story became the mythical foundation for the American entrepreneurial character. His life epitomized the value of democracy. In a way he got the last laugh over those early critics. His way of life prevailed. But Franklin up to the end was frustrated and apprehensive about how people regarded him.

It was not until decades after Franklin's death that the effects of his enormously popular "Autobiography" (which he wrote when he in his sixties and seventies) began to be felt as rising artisans used it as a guide and gathered with others to conduct their own lives and become an important political force.

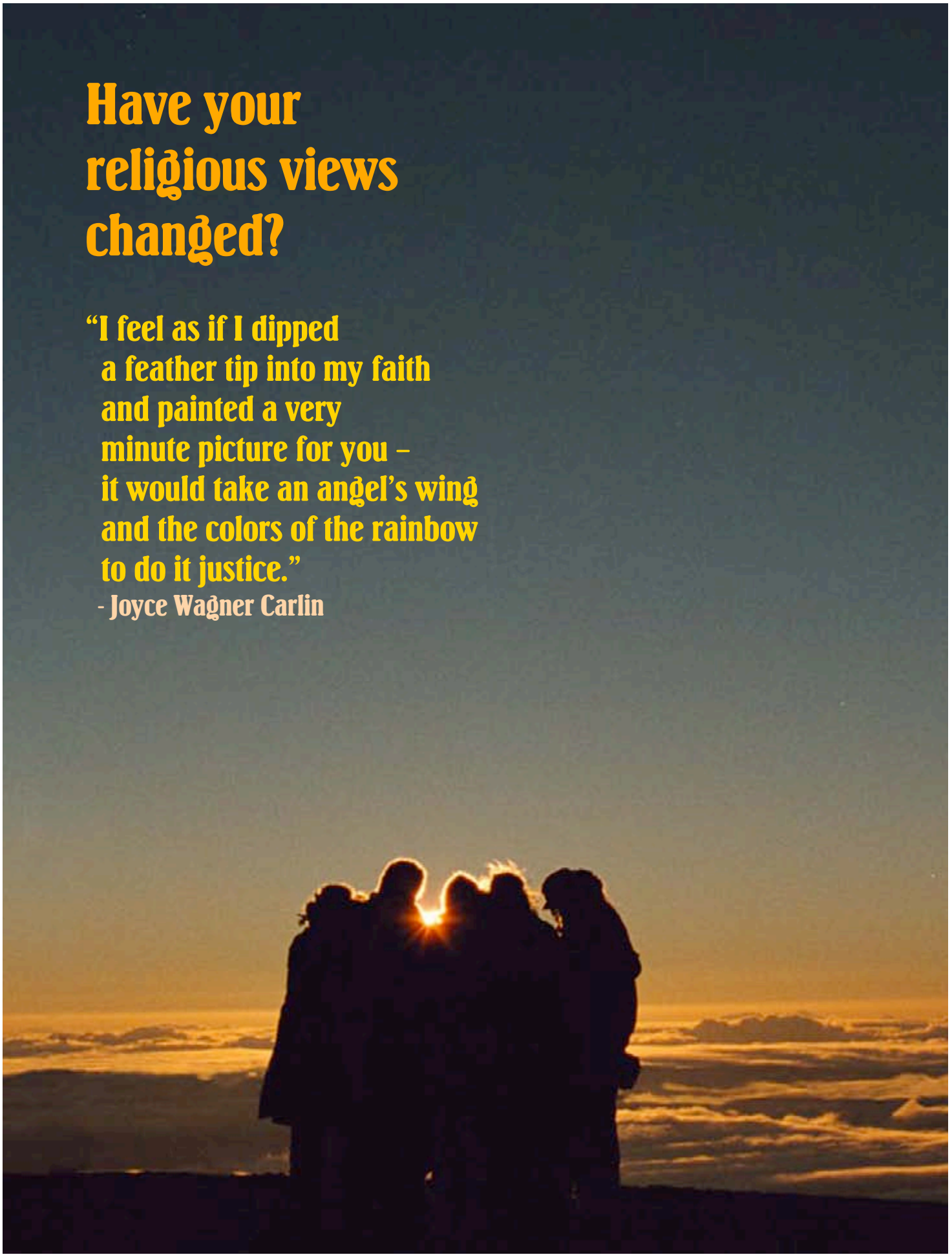
Great stuff, and suddenly, I understand American history better than I ever did before, at this late date.

For Vermonters Gordon Wood had a bonus in both his books because he respectfully talked about Matthew Lyon as a prototypical of the emerging revolutionary personality. Lyon is the same person who was re-elected to Congress from a Rutland jail cell where he had been imprisoned as the first person to violate the Alien and Sedition Act that forbade speaking ill of the president, his party or his actions. John Adams was then the intolerant President. When Lyon's jail term was finished he went to Washington to assume his duties in Congress and his path to the Capitol was lined with cheering citizens. It took a Vermonter to stand up in an epochal way for free speech rights. There is an echo of this in the stifling of dissent in 2006 and the guidance of Senator Leahy on the Senate Judiciary Committee. – *Tom Whitney*

Newfane Green in front of the Windham County Court House. Vermont is full of beautiful small towns like this. This and many other unattributed photographs in the book have been taken by me, Tom Whitney. I just didn't want to be putting my name all over it more than I already have.

Have your religious views changed?

"I feel as if I dipped
a feather tip into my faith
and painted a very
minute picture for you –
it would take an angel's wing
and the colors of the rainbow
to do it justice."
- Joyce Wagner Carlin



Growing up, I was very active in my church activities, including the youth group at the First Congregational Church in Burlington. During my time at UVM, I drifted away from the church, and over time I have become a non-believer. I believe that various biased, self-serving religions have become a major problem in society, not only in the mid-East, but in our country as well. – *Steve Berry*

I am now an atheist. In Burlington I was fairly religious but got cynical about religion as I aged. Contrary to the allegations of the religious right, atheists can have a moral code to live by. – *Jim Bicknell*

I was raised in the Methodist Church in my youth. When I got married I became a Catholic. When I was married the second time I went back to being a Methodist. – *Bill Chittenden*

Never really strong with me and declining with time. However if crunch time came, I'd probably be on my knees. I have not attended services since the first Baptist in the '50s. – *Lou Garcia*

Spiritual values are still very much there. I try to help make this just a little better place to live. – *Ray Pecor*

Letting go of God Life amazes me with its surprises. Like most of the world, I am forever trying to figure it out. Formulas for success, anti-aging remedies, secret of winning at the casino, how to get girls, how to consistently buy low and sell high, how to be cool, path to riches and fame, and all the bullshit nothings of life. Come to find out with education and experience, there is no straight line to the goals of life. Things don't happen because of our manipulations: things just happen. In that sense, life is forever full of wonderment, and life is wonderful once you accept the terms.

Julie Sweeney, an old Saturday Night Live Player, is laying out a scheme called "letting go of God." It is the first time I have heard an argument revealed through comedy and science, that there is no God. I love it because my old life has been filled with the inverse propositions; others attempting to convert me to something else.

Her light-hearted yet intelligent tenets are compelling. Isn't it wonderful that I can do an about-face at age 67? I can now place my atheistic friends alongside all my other friends. I can take an entirely new idea and weave it into my life.

What's wonderful? The realization that life is magic yet we can invest ourselves and our ideas and our creative notions on top of this shifting mass called life and maybe change it a little.

I started at some small Congregational Church in South Burlington as a youth doing Bible study but not understanding any of it. Later when introduced to metaphor and allegory, I could never take the outrageous stories literally. Written by well-meaning men. After that, I began to understand the Bible. I still love the parables and have a favorite book written by Norman Vincent Peale, which discusses some of the major

stories. I do not believe he believed them as literal. I read the Bible completely one time and made numerous comments in the margins. I kept that bible. Glad they wrote it but I couldn't center my life on it.

I almost achieved a deeper religious involvement - not quite born again status, but there was an intellectual me that interrupted that dynamic. Rather than move completely away from religion, I gained a new respect for the values and the home plate created by the church. I also moved away from the church. This factor ended my second marriage where the expectation is that I would be born again. That didn't happen but I retained a strong spirituality while moving away from organized religion. So I gained tolerance. Now I am sure there is a God, but that God relies on us (humanity) to make the right decisions. I think the great mandate is to love others, if not love, then be tolerant of everyone and their culture, beliefs, morals, etc.

Most recently, soon after retirement I became interested in the future of man and what was going to happen in the next 100 years or more. That changed my belief system quite a bit. I read the book "Visions of the 21st Century," by Michio Kaku and enjoyed it.

Then the reverse chronology occurred as I became more aware of the big bang of 4.3 billion years ago and the realization that I was part of the big DNA picture; that the tree, the monkey, the blade of grass, all of us shared a life similarity. I was happy over this to know that the whole process of cellular development linked all of us together in some way. So now I am looking at the beginning of time and the future and this has changed me and continues to overwhelm with its immense implications. Already we see people who modify their born traits, we know that we are chemical/electrical beings and that pharmaceuticals are keeping us alive longer. I am confident that with more selective breeding, cloning the future man will not be like us. We will be engineered better.
– *Layne Prebor*

The Pagan Speaks When I was only 7 or 8, I found myself in a strange cold building; it seemed gothic at the time. The Cathedral Church, off Pearl Street, I think it was St. Paul's Street and the church around on Cherry Street. The Cathedral was near a school sharing the same Catholic spiritual disposition. We were returning from the Strong Theater and a Randolph Scott movie (he was a 'B' grade hero). My Catholic boyhood friend, named Bobby, felt the need for a confession. I am sure he wanted to impress me with his piety, and how could I deny him the catharsis of the wooden booth. He asked me to go into the Cathedral with him and I entered, with some hesitation, that mysterious gothic place of stained glass windows and icons of monks and the Virgin Mary. And, oh yes, the eternally bleeding Jesus. These yellowing plaster statues of the Savior and the bodily mutilation scared the hell out of me then and continues to bother me. I had already established myself as the resident "pagan" in the lower class neighborhood called home. Yep, they called me the pagan and often came to me for pagan advice (Pontius Pilate with a cowlick). I entered the church and enviously watched my friend do the holy water ritual, the clever finger/hand/head/shoulder/chest motion forming a cross. His movements were so smooth, I knew he was one of the initiates. He

entered the door of the confessional and disappeared into a dim-lit grotto of truth while I sat in a pew contemplating purgatory, which my catholic friends explained as a sort of halfway point between heaven and hell. They liked me and suggested this might be my stopping point. Better than hell, I suppose. I loved the shiny icons, stained glass windows, the flickering candles, and mostly, the quiet peace. After the confession and the feelings of other-worldliness, we went down Pearl Street toward Battery Park, (that's a westerly direction for the uninitiated), I naturally wanted to know his confessed sins, and he never told me. It's a lot like blowing out candles, you can't tell anyone your wish otherwise it doesn't come true. I wonder now if my friend chose to bring me there, we did this more than once, in some sort of sneaky proselytizing-by-exposure ritual. Well, it worked. I love the interior of churches and the mystery in their shadows, though I wouldn't give up the openness and tolerance of my paganism for it. – *Layne Prebor*

My mother was a minister. Now I work with the Methodist Church on an on-call basis as a Lay Minister. I really enjoy it and have found that the church family appreciates my kooky sense of humor. Basically what I do is present a worship service in a church where the minister is on vacation or just gone for the day. This means I pick out hymns and present a message as well as pick out appropriate p[illegible]s.

W[illegible]ed to have a bunch of things from my father's people in Cherokee, North Carolina. The '95 flood took them all, unfortunately. – *Margoj Thomas*

hile in the Navy in Philadelphia a friend took me to the Unitarian Church there.

The Unitarians The minister was a former sociology professor and I liked his sermons that related to real world and social issues. They didn't tell me what I should believe, and I liked that. When a Jewish holiday came around they would have Jewish people and artists come and explain what their religion meant to them. They did the same with other religion's special days. Unitarians respect that people have a religious and spiritual part of themselves and support that notion without providing dogmas that they expect their members to express in some rote fashion. In Los Angeles I liked it that Linus Pauling, the two-time Nobel Prize winner, was a member of the congregation.

The Baptists I had been brought up in the Baptist Church in Burlington, (Northern Baptist, so we were not holy rollers)

Photograph by Tom Whitney

The beautiful, classic, Unitarian Church built in 1816 stands at the head of Church Street, the main thoroughfare of the largest city in Vermont. As a young person I had no idea what the values of this church were about. They weren't very good in basketball - which is not relevant to anything important, but a young kid registers information like that. As an adult I came to realize that my values are most consistent with Unitarians. For some reason, young people don't get to shop around for a good church for them. They do what their parents want.

probably because it was across the street from where we lived on Pine Street in Burlington. I went there all the way through high school, but I never did really take Jesus to be my savior. My earliest impression of the church was sitting upstairs and listening to white-haired Doctor Sisson roar on about Burma, where he had spent some time. Foreign missions were part of the church's self-defined role in the world. Then mom would take us downstairs for Sunday school. Mostly I liked the discussion groups through high school with Pastor David, talking about big issues. I was interested in grappling with big issues, learning big lessons. During junior high time I *loved* Church League basketball, so that required some church involvement. I guess it became a habit.

The Baptist Church on St. Paul Street where I attended for twelve years without becoming a convert.

My mother made sure we went, and at one time ran the Sunday School there, but I didn't ever remember hearing her mention God at home. She didn't seem particularly religious or spiritual. I asked my sister Mary recently if she had ever heard mom talk about religion. Mary said the only times were when she might say "My God, are you girls ever going to clean up you rooms!" For my mother, getting her children involved in perhaps any church was a part of her duty as a mother. The Baptist one was originally convenient because it was across the street.

Social interaction is a great part of the appeal, and value, of a church today – more than the doctrinal details.

In later life I have figured that the social interaction is a great part of the appeal, and value, of a church – more than the doctrinal details. It provides something for kids to do. At least in our time, the doctrinal differences were not so crucial and life-threatening as they had been a few hundred years earlier in England and are today in the Middle East. Not being a strong believer, I did not take my children to church regularly and later regretted that. My young ones - maybe - might have made a better set of friends than they did, and not been led into the drug culture.

The Catholics My last year in high school I went to Midnight Mass at a huge Catholic Church on Christmas Eve with my girlfriend Sue. It was an experience much different than the Baptist Church. It was more mysterious and grand; more thrilling with the music and the visually darker mood was more uplifting. It left a lasting impression on me. Later in life I married a woman who was brought up in the Catholic Church. She had left it behind completely. We have never gone to church together in thirty years.

The Quakers A few years after my first wife and I were married we became weekend relief at a halfway house for women parolees in Los Angeles. The house provided a low cost place to live while women become re-oriented to the world outside prison. It was run

by the American Friends Service Committee,[27] the AFSC, and was the first such program in the Western United States. Now there are many halfway houses. The "Friends" are Quakers. This is a group that came to the United States from England at first to Pennsylvania, which was a religious experiment by the Penn family in England who wanted to sponsor a colony that would epitomize religious toleration. In England, every time a king of queen changed from Catholic to Protestant, members of the old faith would be hanged. The Penns wanted to change that.

I grew to respect Quakers. During their services there is mostly silence until people feel moved to get up and express themselves. They are not preached at as in so many churches. AFSC and Quaker people are quiet, but determined. During wars Quakers have often become conscientious objectors and refused to carry guns. They act on their beliefs, firmly but without violence, no matter what the difficulties. The AFSC is often at the forefront of creating programs to deal with emerging social issues. They don't seek headlines, but they do seek solutions, and find them. My friend Ray Tretheway in Sacramento is a Quaker. Talk about solution-oriented. He and his wife Judy built a house with walls and ceilings of very thick foam insulation that has dramatically cut their electric energy costs in the hot Sacramento summers that almost require air conditioners. Anyone could do it. Ray and Judy did, and are reaping the benefits.

So I liked the Unitarians and the Quakers but never went to their churches much during the past 30 years.

Tree of Life Here in Hawai'i in 2002 I was asked to design a "tree of life" mural for a local museum. The job was soon cancelled due to lack of funding, but my research led me to some profound realizations. First, before I tell you what they are, I want you to know my bias here is that I basically accept what reputable science proposes as the latest evidence-based explanation of physical phenomena. I trust the scientific method. Theories have been developed that cover what we know up to this time. When we have more information, those theories will likely change. I am not a religious person, and don't accept attempts by religion to describe physical phenomena. For those who are religious, I respect that. Some religious ideas may be true. What most struck me were the two following phenomena.

We share cell structure and chemicals with every living thing including animals, plants, birds, you name it: they are all our cousins.

Primordial Soup My big realization here is that every living thing on the planet arose out of a primordial soup[28] of single-celled organisms that floated on the planet for a billion years. Lightning strikes, lava eruptions, meteors hitting the earth and a bombardment of star dust caused single cells to unite with others in a more complex soup - and so on up to the present day. We share cell structure and chemicals with every living

[27] The AFSC serves all over the world. See their web site: http://www.afsc.org/
[28] "Primordial Soup," start on Wikipedia,

thing including animals, plants, birds, you name it: they are all our cousins. We have evolved from that soup.

Mitochondrial Eve And then there is Mitochondrial Eve[29]. She is the woman who is the most recent common ancestor of all humans alive today. This is shown by analysis of mitochondria that are passed down from mothers, and change very little through the centuries. Those tiny changes provide just enough information to allow for analysis to track where people have come from and where they have gone. This stupendously prolific Great Grandmother is believed by many scientists to have lived in Kenya, Ethiopia or Tanzania about 150,000 years ago. And yes, there is a Mitochondrial Adam.

No question that all this is a hotly debated topic. Ask Google to search for "origin of life" and it turns up a 5,620,000 entries. I am not here trying to convince you I am correct, just *reporting* where I am with the concept. I have boiled it down to my two paragraphs above, *but* I keep an open mind. The paragraphs reflect my current thinking, subject to change with more convincing evidence.

As we examine our family trees, how far back do we look? I asked one of my classmates, Steve Berry, who has researched about a thousand ancestors, and he said. "The numbers get so mind-boggling, because the number of ancestors doubles each generation as you move back in time, that unless it is only close, like maybe as far out as a third or fourth cousin, I don't pay much attention to it."

I think most of us go back a couple of hundred years. Going much further back than the invention of moveable type in the 1200's and Gutenberg's press in the 1400s is pretty difficult because there were few records, unless you have royalty in your lineage and your ancestors had scribes or stone cutters to record their exploits. Even five hundred years is the blink of an eye in the solar system's time scale.

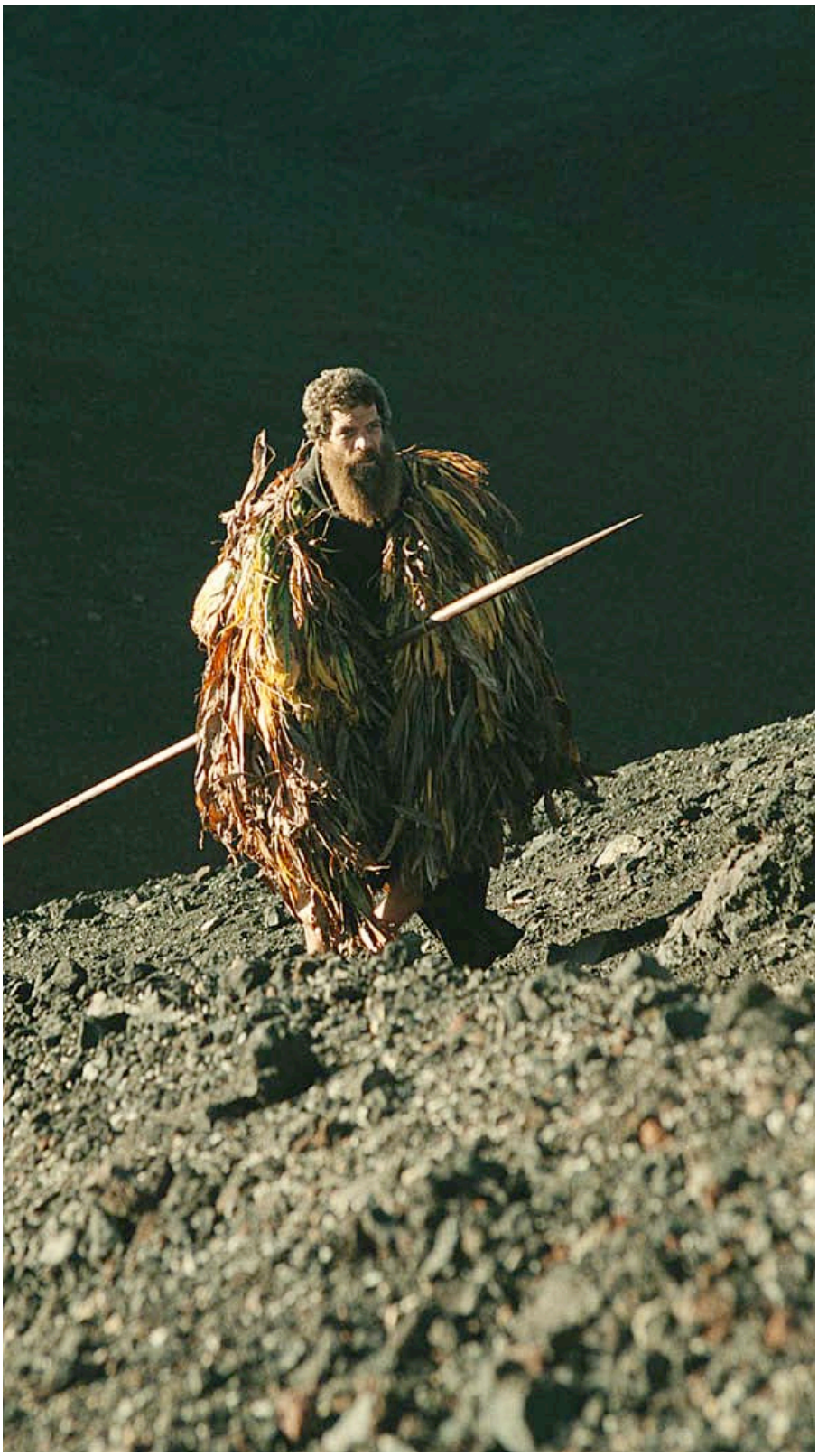
It comforts me to feel that I am related to everything that lives. We are all made of the same chemicals, and have similar structures to a greater or lesser degree.

There should be no conflict between science and religion. Science and rational analysis explores the realm of God. My logic says that if God is all-powerful, it is God's will that his or her domain be analyzed with the mental tools God has provided. It has to be God's will that we use the powerful brains he or she has given us.

If there is a heaven, we are experiencing it now; there may be nothing else after we die. This may be it.

Coming alive spiritually in Hawai'i I feel that my science-based attitude about the world has given me a good background to appreciate the Hawaiian attitude toward nature. Hundreds of years ago, when Hawaiians were going to enter a forest, they would pray to ask the favor of the forest god; if they needed to cut a tree they would ask permission of the tree. Many Hawaiians today have those feelings. To me it expresses a reverence for all. In my view, thinking rationally that we are somehow related to every living thing reinforces this idea of being respectful, and thankful.

[29] "Mitochondrial Eve," a topic on the Wikipedia website: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mitochondrial_Eve>



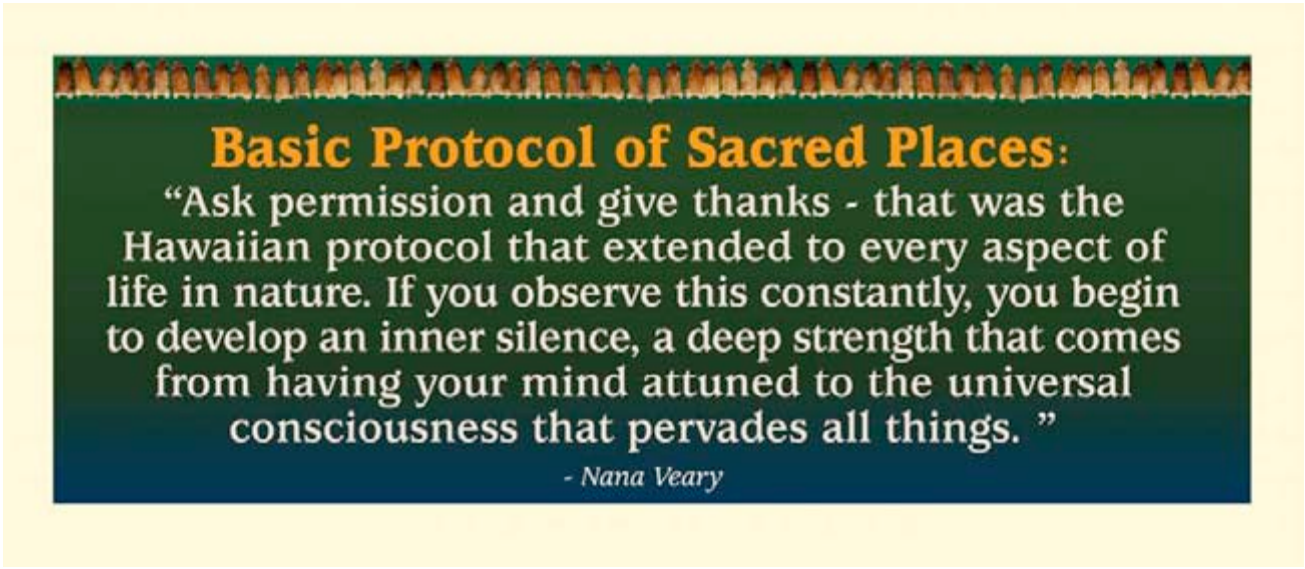
Hawaiian spiritual practitioner Harold Kāula is shown here during the Winter Solstice ceremony at dawn on December 21, 2000, the last spiritual gathering of Hawaiians on Mauna Kea during the second millennium.

Kāula is wearing a long ti leaf cape similar to ones that may have been used by ancient Hawaiians to protect against the freezing weather on the 13, 796-foot peak. The brown ti leaves come from plants in his family cemetery, the yellow ones from the Hawaiian church in Waimea. Kāula asked permission of each plant to pick it for the purpose of making this cape. It was completed in an up-all-night session with another spiritual warrior and many helpers in the dark before the dawn of the Solstice.

Kāula crafted the spear from ironwood.

Kāula traces his family lineage back to ancient Hawai‘i when it was once part of an ahupua‘a on the Kohala side of Mauna Kea. Kāula Gultch is named after a family ancestor. Ahupua‘a are the triangular shaped land divisions that stretched from the seashore at the base up to a point at the mountaintops that encompassed the cycle of life and needs of ancient Hawaiian communities. Here is a man who feels a strong connection to the land of his ancestors.

The most spiritual experience in my life happened on the top of Mauna Kea in Hawai‘i. A few times the leader of the group, Paul Nevis, suggested that after the sunrise ceremony we take a few moments by ourselves to call out the names of our ‘ohana, our family, and send them a prayer. I did that. The first time I called out the names of my mother and father and sons. Three months later I faced the rising sun and called out the name of all family *and* friends I could think of and thought about all our connections. Both times, I was overwhelmed with a feeling of gratitude and appreciation and certainty and peace standing there on the highest point on half the planet.



A Hawaiian woman named Nana Veary[30] gave some good suggestions about how to act when you are on sacred land. Many Hawaiians and Navajo people believe all the land is sacred. How should you act? You ask permission and give thanks - and it can become a way of life. Her book, "Change We Must – My Spiritual Journey," traces her journey through various religious faiths. She finally settled on Buddhism. Her book is the closest thing to a Bible for me.

I have settled on a belief that all land is sacred and that we must walk gently on it and be unconditionally respectful toward the people we meet. If there is a heaven, we are

[30] "Change We Must - My Spiritual Journey," by Nana Veary, copyright © 1989 by the Institute of Zen Studies, Honolulu, HI.

experiencing it now, grounded on this earth, so we should make the best of it while we can, following the golden rule, before the long sleep. – *Tom Whitney*

Don't all our spiritual and religious values change as you grow up? Religion was a must when I was young and in my parents' care. Religion classes two weeks in the summer after regular school, classes after mass and classes while in high school. I don't go to church on a regular basis now but I do say prayers everyday for everyone. I do believe in God but in a different way. The church would probably fall down if I walked in on a regular basis. What keeps me going to church are memory masses, weddings and those dreaded funerals, now that we are at that age. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

We are not religious people, but we do believe in the effect of people's prayers and thoughts and have friends and relatives from England and Germany to the west coast and, now, Hawai‘i, sending positive thoughts our way. We are damned appreciative. I consider myself to be agnostic, and have been since a very early age when my younger brother and I were taken weekly, during summer months, visiting to the cemetery, in New York State, where our parents are buried. I don't recall an epiphany, but I'm sure it was somewhere between age three and six that I knew without a doubt that my parents had not sprouted wings and were not flitting about up in the sky, but were in fact underneath the approximately six-foot-long mounds of grass. I'm a bit of a "Twainian Cynic" (my paraphrase here) " . . . who wonders why humans make such a damn big thing about that place they write, rave and rant about as the best place to go. What with flitting around, having grown wings, once here they listen to loud and soft boring music constantly. But, in that place humans write and rave about; that place they call 'heaven,' the one-thing humans spend a goodly part of their lives seeking and yearning for doesn't exist! In 'heaven' there is no sexual behavior!" – *Sam Conant*

(Editor's note: I noticed that most of the people who commented on this topic mentioned that they were atheists or agnostics and we had few spirited assertions of the faith-based perspective. I was especially sensitive to this after putting my own piece in this section. So I asked Margo Hathaway Thomas and Joyce Wagner Carlin to come up with a more complete assertion of their faiths. I am doing this in the context of my view of the value of this book, that it talks about adults' experiences so young people can understand how adults think and act as they go through life. – Tom Whitney)

You asked for more of an explanation of my religion and I have actually written something on two different occasions. Now I can't make up my mind which actually says what I want to say – I don't know it my words are eloquent enough to describe my faith. Explaining one's religion is not an easy exercise, especially since we grew up in a time when it was not a topic of conversation.

As with any religion, it is based on a set of principles and rules and is practiced only with a strong faith. In Genesis, the first book of the Old Testament in the Bible, Jesus' lineage is traced from the beginning. We believe in a God who created the earth and all that is in it. In time He sent His only begotten son as the baby of a Virgin, Mary, and her betrothed, Joseph. Jesus lived thirty-three years and though many thought he was sent to save them from the oppression of the Romans, He was indeed crucified and took on our sins to save mankind. And our part in this? Believe in this fact, accept Him as our Savior, follow His Ten Commandments and celebrate His Last Supper in the Mass.

Jesus knew what was to happen to Him and surrounded Himself with Disciples – twelve men to carry on His work at His death. One of the twelve, Judas, betrayed Him for a few coins. Of His disciples, He selected Peter to be the "Rock" or foundation of His church. Each Pope is a descendant of Peter as are the Archbishops, Bishops and priests who hear and forgive our confessions in Jesus' name, and celebrate mass as we are asked "Do this in memory of Me."

Good Friday (the day of Jesus' death) is indeed a sad day for us, but is followed on Sunday by Easter, the day he rose from the dead and sits now at the right hand of His Father. He did not leave us to flounder alone, but left His Spirit to guide us. As a young person or a new believer, the concept that these separate three – the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are one God is hard to understand, but this is one of the precepts we as Catholics accept.

This is a brief outline of my faith. We as Catholics (Catholic literally means universal) believe it to be the one true faith and that the way to God is only through our belief in His Son and the sacrifice He made to save us from our sins. *(I want to stop here for a minute in my typing to explain that the last sentence can certainly alienate people of other faiths and this is most certainly the reason we did not discuss religion even though we do believe in this statement above all else.)*

Though Jesus, Himself, was of the Jewish faith, the Jewish community did not accept Him and wait for the coming of the True Messiah. Most other faiths separated in splinter groups for various reasons to form their own church and follow the parts of Catholicism they deemed acceptable. It is not easy to be a Catholic, but the reason we are is simple – we believe!

This was the first account I wrote in November. The next was at a later date and though it may say much of the same as above, I thought you might like to see it from another perspective. I'm sure there are people who will not like some of the things I have said and will consider them fighting words as in politics, money management, etc. There are always those who take personal thoughts a little too personal and the last thing I intend doing here is to upset anyone who reads this. I have thought about this for quite a while and been advised by several people mostly my age or older who may have dealt with this situation with others or even family in the past – it is not an easy collection of words). Putting my trust in your hands is not necessarily an easy thing to do, as I am sure you can surmise by this paragraph. If as you read you were upset by some of my words,

please assume that others might also be and delete their use. I would prefer you not to change my words unless you check with me first in the event you need to use them. Below is the second writing:

I've never studied other religions, though throughout my life I've known people of other faiths. I believe there is a good and bad side to everything and people are no different. I've always been intrigued by Jewish people mainly because Jesus Christ was Jewish and though I am his follower, I am Christian and more precisely Catholic which literally manes universal. Catholicism is my belief system. I grew learning prayers by rote and still say them, but mostly my prayers are a conversation that I continue daily. As you or I would converse, I also converse with God. I thank him for my life, for another day, for my breath, food, and family. I pray for others and their needs. I confess to a priest who is a direct descendant of Peter, Jesus' most trusted disciple and the rock or foundation of His church. I am given absolution and a penance.

The Glory Be
Expresses my thoughts.
Glory Be
to the Father
the Son
and the Holy Spirit
as it was
in the beginning,
is now
and ever shall be,
world
without end.
Amen.

The basis of my belief is a Trinity or three-part God. God, the Father, my creator and the creator of heaven and earth; Jesus, His only begotten son who was conceived of the Virgin Mary, through her Immaculate Conception and who suffered and died on a cross of Calvary bearing our sins on the day we celebrate as Good Friday, was buried and rose on Easter to sit at the right hand of His Father, leaving His Holy Spirit depicted as tongues of fire or a dove of peace and a guide for our lives.

The mass we celebrate is in memory of Jesus and His Last Supper with his disciples. He broke bread and shared it with them saying, "This is my body which will be given up for you" and gave them wine saying "This is my blood, it will be given up for you and for all the forgiveness of sins, do this in memory of me." The priest says His words and others as we commemorate His last meal as He commanded us. Then we receive His body and blood in communion with them.

This is a very simplified version of the truths I believe and fashion my life on. It would take a very long letter to explain angels and saints, sacraments, gifts of the Holy Spirit, mortal and venial sin, prayers we say on various occasions, etc.

You asked how I prayed and how I felt. My god is love, peace and certainty for me. These are hard emotions to express. I believe in the forgiveness of sins and the communion of saints. These are precepts that are part of my prayers. The Glory Be expresses my thoughts. Glory Be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

I feel as if I dipped a feather tip into my faith and painted a very minute picture for you – it would take an angel's wing and the colors of the rainbow to do it justice. – Joyce Wagner Carlin

My spiritual journey and how I respond to atheists and agnostics

My spiritual journey began before I can actually remember. My parents were members of their respective churches and my Mom was a minister. My sister and I just followed their lead. This is not to say we didn't ask questions and wonder about certain things in the Bible. We did and my parents took the time to listen to us as well as answer each query.

Mom always maintained that the Bible was a "road map for living". I took that to heart and look at it that way. It is to be applied to your life at the moment in time you are using it. When reading the Bible we must keep in mind three dimensions, i.e.: the world of the Bible passage, the world of the "church", and the world we are living in.

I know that there are those who say that God doesn't exist because one cannot taste, feel, smell, or touch him. Well, if you stretch your mind you can prove that the chair you sit on doesn't exist except in your mind. God doesn't ask us to taste him, smell him, feel him, or touch him. God asks us to let him taste our needs, feel our emotions, smell our troubles, and touch us with his healing spirit.

God doesn't ask for blind obedience. In fact God and Jesus welcome our questions and doubts. One of the most remembered people in the Bible is "Doubting Thomas." Jesus did not cast him out of the inner circle for doubting, he invited him to investigate and come to his own conclusions.

That is the way I respond to agnostics and atheists. Truly investigate (with an open mind) and come to your own conclusions. I will honor those conclusions and I will fight to the death for your right to hold your beliefs. I will also fight any attempt to force your beliefs on me or mine.

One of the things brought up as a doubtful happening in the Bible is the feeding of the five thousand. Jesus was a man of the people and of that time. When people went to listen to the rabbi (teacher), they took food with them in the sleeves of their tunics. When Jesus broke the bread and dried fish he put them in a basket to be passed around and others contributed what they could to the basket. That is how everyone was fed.

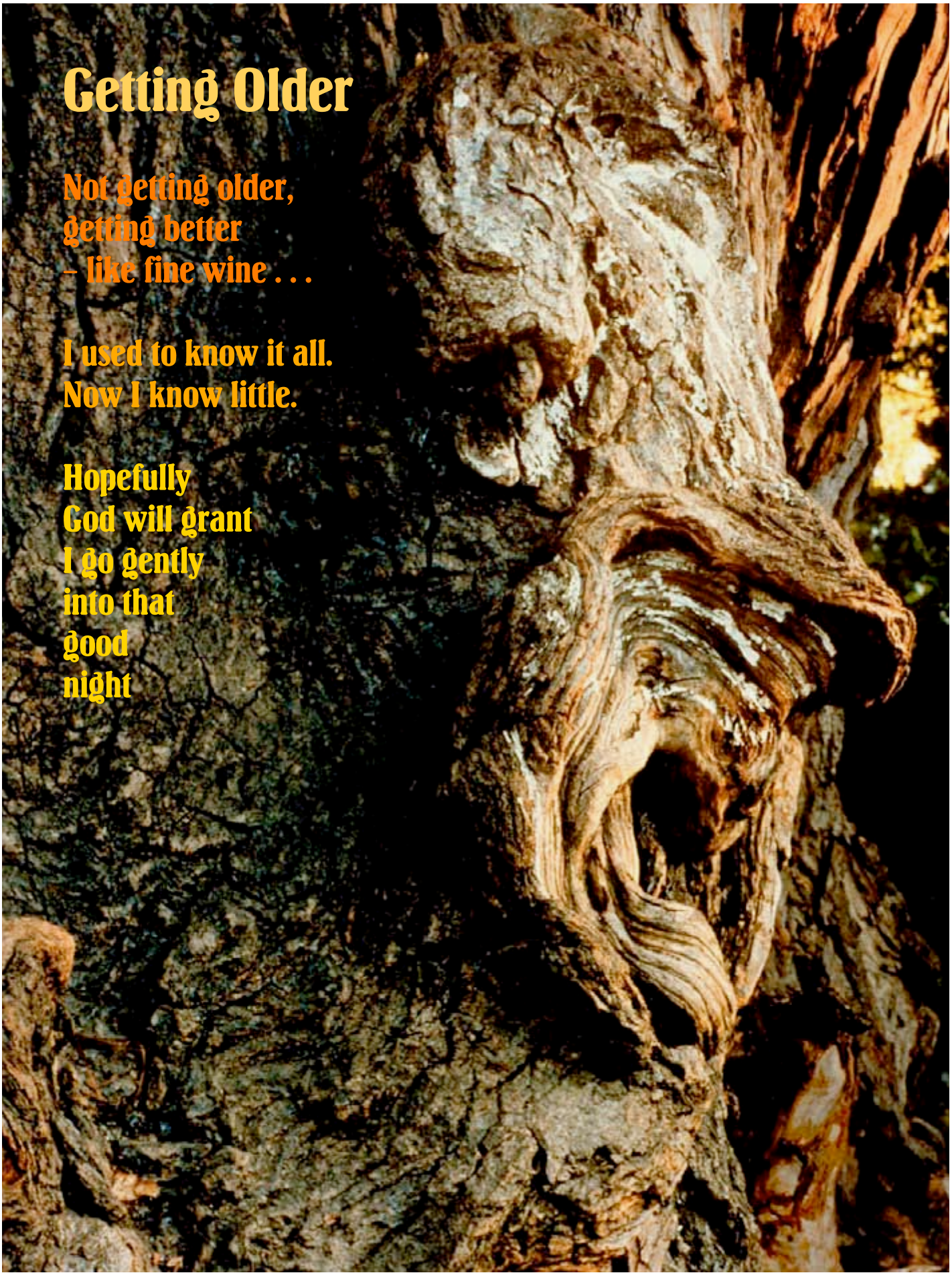
Now let us look at Lazarus, another "doubtful" happening. Jesus waited two days before going to be with Lazarus. By the time that Jesus got to the grave Lazarus had been "dead" four days. Why, you ask, would he wait so long? The answer is simple, Jesus himself alludes to it in John 11:1-12, Jesus was a very discerning person and knew Lazarus well. He knew that Lazarus was a catatonic and would be coming out of that state in about four days.

I know that many people do not like to think of anything as a miracle. What is a miracle? We hear the expression "it's a miracle" a lot when in conversation or listening

to the news, etc. I view a miracle as any thing that is not easily explained under ordinary scrutiny, en event that exceeds the known laws of nature and science. Miracles are usually perceived as an act of God done through a human agent.
– Margo Hathaway Thomas

Photograph by Tom Whitney

Hawaiians greeting the Summer Solstice sunrise in the year 2000 on the top of Mauna Kea, Hawaii.



Getting Older

Not getting older,
getting better
– like fine wine . . .

I used to know it all.
Now I know little.

Hopefully
God will grant
I go gently
into that
good
night

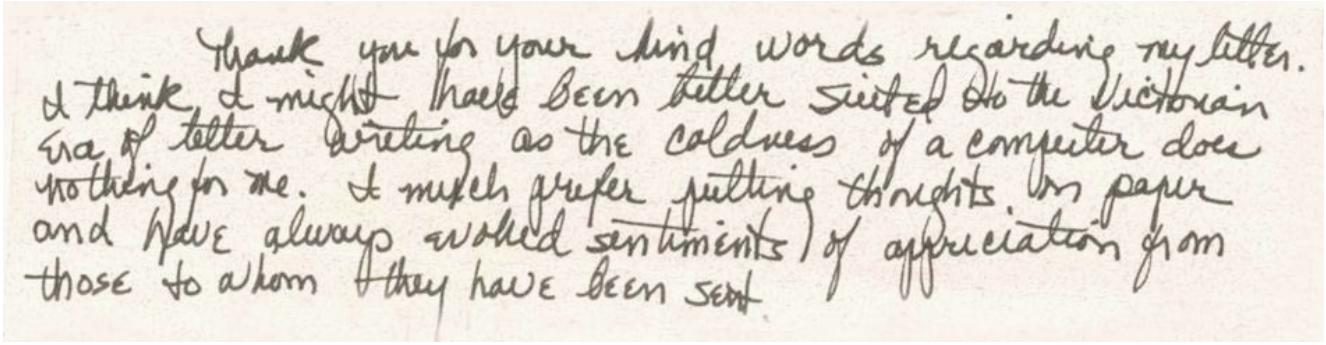
I would like to be 40 - 45 again and stay there. Although that Social Security check is kind of nice. – *Bob Badger*

Not getting older, getting better – like fine wine . . . except for arthritis . . . oh, and the kidney thing . . . and the fading eyesight and the sagging . . . but other than that, not too bad. – *Jim Bicknell*

Old things, furniture, people, etc. – I value them all. Currently I am corresponding with a 96 year old lady from Malone, New York. Who roomed with my mom after she had a fall before Christmas and need relief. This woman is writing her second book on the city's history as she certainly knows a great deal on the subject. She is a direct descendant of the Aldens of Plymouth Rock. She is very intelligent and a superb correspondent. I anxiously await her penned thoughts.

There are sooo many responsibilities, people ill, there was Bill for two years getting sicker, I am my brother's legal guardian and he requires care, my mom, my mother in law – some days I just want to gas up my PT and just drive where there are no people I know and not stop until I get to a place that says "No responsibilities here!" – and sit a spell.

My daughter intends to make me computer literate. I would be looking up something constantly, I know. The kids use Google. But I don't know . . .


Thank you for your kind words regarding my letter. I think it might have been better suited to the Victorian era of letter writing as the coldness of a computer does nothing for me. I much prefer putting thoughts on paper and have always valued sentiments of appreciation from those to whom they have been sent

(Joyce wrote the above in 2005. Her last letter to me was written on a computer in 2000, but not yet sent over the internet. – Tom Whitney). – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

I retired at the start of 1999. I developed osteoarthritis in the early 1990's. Indeed, I had to have a hip replacement in 1993. But by 1998 the arthritic changes in my leg joints, and particularly in my hands, made my continuing to perform surgery impossible. After retirement, I have been asked if I could not have continued to teach, or if I miss the work? My answer to the first question has been that people who teach heart surgery should be doing it every day. I wasn't able to do it any longer; therefore, I shouldn't be trying to teach someone who was able to do it. As to missing the work, yes, initially I did. Very much!! The personal reward for fixing someone's heart, particularly a child's, is very great. But now I miss most the people I worked with for many years, particularly the nurses. Many are retired now as well, but we try to keep in touch with at least a card and note at Christmas. – *Eric Foster*

Growing older? It has been a great journey – so far so good! – *Ray Pecor*

Ecclesiastes has so aptly observed there is a time and a season for all things. Lastly, there is a time to die. Many of us have – and all of us will, Dylan Thomas not withstanding. I, for one, wish not to "rage against the dying of the light" – hopefully God will grant I go gently into that good night.

Someone once wrote, our happiness lies not in what we acquire, but in what we relinquish. Happiness must then be a sad and bittersweet business. An oxymoron that, if ever there was one, and in spirit quite Biblical. I am a somewhat happy person. I have relinquished the dream of a house and family; of home and hearth. I no longer need to know if there "still is a flowering." For me the most difficult of deaths is the death of a dream. – *Sue Minotti Ladue*

I used to know it all. Now I know little. I used to follow people in my car honking my horn after they cut me off. Now I drop back, smile, and wish the other motorist a safe trip in light of his apparent anger at the world he lives in. – *Carl Loveday*

I know we have a lot of technology to help make our lives a lot better but I just wish things were not so stressful on the children growing up. It is a tougher world out there if you live in a big city. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

Everyday I think about getting older and after the overstress involved with retraining for youthful activities, I believe I have learned to temper my enthusiasm to be young again.

Perhaps most important about getting older is that we are leaving a few generations behind us who march to a different drummer. Some of the television ads I don't understand but perhaps immediately strike a nerve for those who are younger.

I attend long parties now, where people drink

Homesick for Spring

Susan Minotti Ladue

If you do go up home
Tell me if the tulips
I planted cloned
And bloom outstripping
The peonies
By the black walnut
Trees

Tell me if our first house
Still sits on the hill
Shingled red, overlooking
The roadbed below

Well, if you do go
Tell me if the French lilacs
Still grow double at the back
Of the kitchen by the climbing
Rose
And if the bleeding hearts
Still blossom their trouble
Prettily

When you go home
Check and see please
If the Bethlehem stars
Have spread their twinklings
On the far side of the garage
Among the crocuses
And look for the irises
The intense blue by the fence
Would you?

My spring is planted there
And I need to know
If there is still a flowering.

and dance. They are fun but become sort of empty for me. I am one of the members of the older group, maybe that is it.

I hate to bring this up, but sometimes I feel that my muscles are just tired even before I get out of bed. I also feel fatigue quicker than previously but it didn't affect me that much while touring in Europe. Maybe it is having a goal. Like many people my age I take pharm's of statin, something to reduce the need to urinate, and faithfully take my vitamins. I eat well though. My hearing started to go, on the high end, but that decay has stopped and believe or not, I am hearing better. My eyesight dims a little each year.

There are cultural issues with aging. I am much more sensitive to war and I guess I am generally anti-war but there are many seniors who keep the magnetic ribbons on our car which says support our troops. I would never have sent them in the first place and feel the ribbons imply a sponsorship. I won't do it. Sports are losing their hold on me. I really don't care that much about Duke and the University of North Carolina as basketball giants, whereas there was a time I wouldn't miss a televised game. NASCAR is a little boring and golf on TV doesn't attract me – I always wanted to be the player not the observer. Also I am moving from other issues with just about everyone as I prize things differently.

The Egyptologist guides opened my eyes about the histories of dynasties of early Egypt. Again, as always, no reference to the common man, doing the common things of living, building their own homes, tools, and the basic survival adjustments.

The hardest part of aging for me has been to adapt to my younger wife's family parties, which go on all night into the next morning. I don't really care except I feel like a senior jerk when I go to bed sometime after midnight around 1 a.m. The parties and the music are fun for about 4 hours and they become empty for me after that. I love their spirit though.

When I was about 55 I would go out, even on weekdays and stay out drinking until the last set ended around 2 a.m. I liked it at the time, but each year after I stopped kept making it harder and harder. It's a personal thing though, as I have seen many seniors who can stay out very, very late without losing a step. I have learned something about getting older; it affects different people in different ways. For a long time, I thought going to bed early was just a habit, maybe it is, but now that I am 66, the fatigue continues. Of course, I always get up in the morning between 6 and 7 and usually go non-stop until I am tired.

I can hardly talk about getting older without the thing called cancer creeping into my thought. No matter how good you live, no matter how healthy you are, that is one little cell division matter that can erase everything in a short or long time.

I don't know if it part of my larger package of getting older and forgetting but I am getting emotionally caught up in our yesterdays. I am reading Reminisce magazine and

really choking up with the recall. I mean experiencing a sad but positive sense of time passing and the milestones of my life. A mourning for yesterday but happy to have experienced my evolution, knowing I cannot go back-not wanting to go back except as an observer. Has this happened to you?

I mentioned this at a party recently and someone gave me an old Bromwell flour sifter with a hand crank. Best gift I have received in a long time. I keep it in front of me now. The Antiques Road Show triggers some thoughts also.

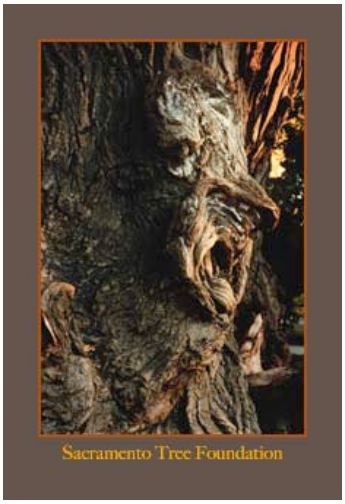
Egypt was an adventure beyond anything I expected. Culture shock and frankly, traveling was hard for me. I knew it would be, but keep hoping that the strength and endurance of my youth will suddenly reemerge and I can power through anything. It didn't happen but I am thankful for the trip. The heat was absolutely beyond my ability, at my age, to accommodate. The Egyptologist guides opened my eyes about the histories of dynasties of early Egypt. Again, as always, no reference to the common man, doing the common things of living, building their own homes, tools, and the basic survival adjustments. It's not all pyramids and tombs. There is much more. - *Layne Prebor*

I was in Stowe in December 2006 enjoying skiing with some of my family over the Christmas to New Year holiday. I rarely see any old Burlington friends on the slopes these days. Most have retired to easier activities. One needs to make new friends as one ages, I guess. – *Steve Berry*

Growing older – hard to believe I am! – *Margoj Thomas*

We all grow older and it doesn't bother me a lot. The only thing is I wish I was as ambitious as I used to be. And not so lame so I could get around better. I can't do a lot of things I used to do – but we move on to what we can do and in the fashion that best suits us. I feel if people drop by and things are not what I think they should be, too bad. Did they come to see us or see how we keep our house? I look around and see that there are many people worse off and needing a lot of help. So we are able to do for ourselves and it doesn't bother me to get older. We are wiser and better. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

Growing older? Although it's not always pleasant, it beats the alternative. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*



I joined with others to form the Sacramento Tree Foundation, and contributed graphic design and photography to help it raise funds. The tree is a cottonwood outside the Native Americans museum in Sutter Fort Park. I found it when I was looking for a good tree trunk to put on the edge of the Tree Foundation's letterhead. It was much older than cottonwoods usually live, about 135 years. My photographing it made it popular and helped forestall its ultimate demise by a couple of years at the hands of the city tree crew. We got a street demonstration going the first time they were going to kill it and it was featured in the newspaper under the headline "Saving Face."

– Tom Whitney

But the real question of life which our classmates should really be trying to figure out is: What in Hell, am I going to do when I grow up next time?"{;?) – *Sam Conant*

Growing older has meant some serious health issues for me. But each day is a new day to fight for better health. I'll not give in. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

There isn't any such thing. The numbers on the years change, so what? The things that matter are touching and loving the dreams inside you, and they are timeless. – *Bradley Butler*

I spent almost ten years with sixth graders and I know they were smarter than me but I had a lot of fun and made a lot of friends. In fact, they taught me a thing or two. There's hope for the future. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

The mellowing process

This is a section suggested by Toni Franceschi Esteban, who also prompted our look into the life of L. L. McAllister on page 304. I asked Toni for a recent photograph and she said she would provide me with one if I put together a page or two that had a number of early and recent photographs of class members. I did this some in the Families chapter on page 335, but am here giving it another try and pulling pictures from a number of chapters. It is fun to see. The most complete collection was sent by Jim Hale.

Bill Chittenden sent a recent photo that has him looking a little severe, but then it fits perfectly with the likeness from perhaps 225 years ago in the 1780s of distant relative Thomas Chittenden, governor for 14 years of the independent nation of Vermont and governor when Vermont became the 14th state in the U.S.A. The family resemblance is there.

Jim Hale 8 17 18 34 37 44 66

I also loved the sequence on the next page from Jim McCarthy. The jaunty smiles of both young Jims are fun to see, as are their smiles today. – *Tom Whitney*

Jim McCarthy helping grandparents with maple syrup, then in 1957, and in 2006 with Paula and son Ian.

Bill Carlin, a boy of his word, (see page 167) and Joyce Wagner in the first grade, in 1959, and in 1999.

Gordon Perlmutter *Dot – Dorothy Knight Barrios* *Sam Conant*

Here Theresa Fortin Moore sits surrounded by her lovely daughters: Vicki on the left, Sandy in the back and Patty on the right. Below the BHS graduate in 1957, and on the left at two years old.

Chuck Eldred *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein* *Bob McBride*

Sandy Bassett Richards *Jim Viele*

So here we are, on the threshold of celebrating fifty years of life after high school and with full recognition that too many of our classmates are no longer with us. I am reminded of an ancient story about a monk who was being chased by a wild tiger. To save himself, he jumped over a cliff – landing on a small ledge several feet below. Although shaken, he was not hurt. Looking up, he saw the tiger peering down at him and another hungry tiger on the ground below. He looked to his right and saw a strawberry growing on a bush within his reach. He picked the berry and ate it, fully enjoying that special moment.

I too, am looking forward to that special moment during the weekend of August 18, 2007, in the company of my high school classmates, when perhaps time will seem to actually stand still. – *Bob McBride*

Toni Franceschi in 1957 and in 2007, where she lives in Spain. She sent her regards to her classmates and wanted pictures of all of them from the 50th Reunion.

Basic Values

I'm a Golden Rule guy and more honest than most – honest to a fault perhaps. I think I am a pretty traditional guy. I went to college, got a job, got married, raised a family, had a solid career, got to be pretty financially secure and am having a good retirement. – *Steve Berry*

1have always told my children and grands that love was the most important thing of all and the reason I am here and what I would want them to remember. – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

The Golden Rule is probably as good as any, although it is not necessarily easy at all times. I've bent a lot of rules in my day. My current rule is to live the remainder of my life without doing something I regret. – *Lou Garcia*

- Wisdom comes with age and you don't have to be as strict as you were when your family was growing up.
- You learn some things are not as important as you once thought they were.
- Honor the values we grew up with: respect for other people and things.
- Learn to be more tolerant and not so quick to judge.
- Treat other people as you would want them to treat you.
  – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

I have learned from difficulties that I can live on my own. I can survive. I taught my daughters that they too could be independent.

- I taught them to have what we used to call a trade, a skill to rely on so we can make our own way in this world if we have to.
- I've learned not to judge people by their looks.
- We all have our stories to tell.
- Sometimes the one you think will always be there won't.
- Continue to trust in God that he will be there for you even if it is not in the way you want him too.
- The biggest one is to **TAKE ONE DAY AT A TIME.** – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

Basic values and rules you live by. Rules you used to live by, but gave up? Boy that is a tough one. Let's take this one at a time. At one time, there was a period I believed in success, materialism, and evident success. I know that is not true and realize that success is something else. Something personal. Until quite, quite recently. At one time, I burned every bridge I crossed. Never saving a memory. Look at me now, trying to capture experiences of 50 years ago.

I also believed that criminals should be punished severely but realize now that the criminals were themselves void of parents, goal setting, and mentors, drifting alone with no one to step in and provide the direction needed. In truth, many of them are innocent victims of a difficult childhood.

At one time, I believed that might makes right. Not true on a personal level. At one time, I believed in the teachings of Machiavelli but not now. I had a stint with neo-Nazism when introduced to Nietzsche but that didn't last.

At one time, I believed that being cool required a certain posture, a certain dress: how untrue.

At another time, I believed in savings and thrift and that saving money was always a good.

Now I have to lecture my son on the importance of spending money, yes wasting it. There was a stint as a Christian in which I generally held dear the teachings of the church. I never went all the way because I always had misgivings about the church culture.

There are some things I held in high esteem that just have to be given up. Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger: at 17, the best novel I had ever read. Read it again at around 21 and began to see flaws in Holden Caulfield's character. The third reading I was about 27 and thought Holden must have been a silly guy, screwing around. I liked J. D. Salinger, but a couple of his later novels were too much like some of Woody Allen's movies. Autobiographical creations with vacuous New York City characters in search of an identity. It gets tiresome when one grows up and rereads or views this material.

There is one thing that I am pretty sure works for me and that is to take things slow and easy. It wasn't always that way, sometimes I would run across the collapsing bridge before it fell down. Now, I am a great believer in slow and steady. – *Layne Prebor*

I do have values, of course, but have given no thought to listing them. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

I always remained true to my family, my friends, and myself. I followed the path God set for me and even though I am now semi-alone having seen my parents, my sister, and most recently my husband go home to God I still look to him for guidance. I am blessed to have my niece, nephew and their families as well as my stepchildren. – *Margoj Thomas*

I try to live my life by the Four Way Test of Rotary International – Is it the TRUTH?
Is it FAIR to all concerned? Will it build GOODWILL and BETTER FRIENDSHIPS?

Will it be BENEFICIAL to all concerned? It's a simple series of questions that is sometimes very challenging to follow. – *Carl Loveday*

- We are in charge of our own lives. There's no one to blame, no whining.
- If we have a problem, we need to change our behavior and solve it.
- Respect and treat others the way you want to be respected and treated.
- Don't go overboard – with drinking, drugs, selfish behavior, spending, or sex.
- I can accomplish great things. But if I don't attempt them, I won't. Many times when you start something you are starting on a journey that will present you with unanticipated challenges. You need to be flexible and tenacious.
- By giving, we can receive much. Volunteer to help people and groups working in the public interest. You can learn job skills and maybe get a job or at least try some out.
- I see a glass as half full rather than half empty. It is the measure of optimism or pessimism.
- Patient persistence in pursuit of goals will usually pay off.
- Don't get mad, get even, or transcend the conflict.
- Good looks are not important; good values are. They will attract good people who, really, are the kind of people you most want to attract. – *Tom Whitney*

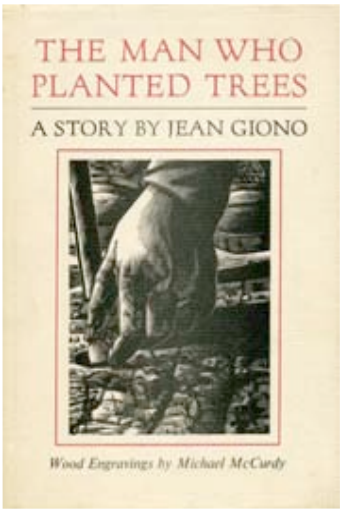
Boy Scouts were very good both for learning to appreciate the outdoors and to learn basic life attitudes, for example: be prepared. – Jim Bicknell

I have always been amazed that during my college days, all emphasis (at 3 different schools attended) was on technical skills such as accounting, marketing, etc. No classes were required relating to human relation or job application skills. This has pretty much changed today. I left college with the "kill or be killed" attitude. This has all changed as a result of changes in the work place where attitude and customer service is paramount to success - and enjoyment of life. – *Bob Badger*

Home? This is a basic value that I have been examining in my life. Is it a place? I always felt like a visitor in Los Angeles. Same in Sacramento, although the downtown looked very much like Burlington of the 1940s and '50s with tall elm trees. There was a pull to go back to Vermont until I connected with Betsy again. I have figured out my home is were my heart is – and that is with my sweetheart in Hilo, Hawaii. – *Tom Whitney*

I still live by the same rules my folks taught us. Do unto others as you want done unto you. Smile when it may hurt. Help others in any way you can even if you wish not to. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

One day in 1981 I noticed a story in the Whole Earth Catalog by the French author Jean Giono who wrote "The Man Who Planted Trees." I went on to read it. It is about a 55-year old man who started planting 100 acorns a day and kept up a similar tree planting pace for the rest of his life and transformed a blighted region in Southern France. It changed my life. It helped me go from being a spectator in life to an actor. I could do something like that, I thought. Acorns; transformed a region, hmmm. The narrator returns to the area of Elzéard Bouffier's life work at the end of the book "and the birds were chirping, the streams were flowing, young families were growing." The land had become productive again.



The Chelsea Green Publishing Company of Chelsea, Vermont, published this great book. It includes an Afterward by Norma Goodrich, a native Vermonter who became a Professor of French Literature at the Claremont Colleges in California.

The opening paragraph of the Giono story provided for me an ethic for behavior that has guided me the rest of my life. I first read it in 1982 when I was 43. It led me to volunteer my services for supporting environmental and other causes on an intensive basis from then on. **"For a human character to reveal truly exceptional qualities, one must have the good fortune to be able to observe its performance over many years. If that performance is devoid of all egoism, if its guiding motive is unparalleled generosity, if it absolutely certain that there is no thought of recompense and that in addition, it has left its visible mark upon the earth, then there can be no mistake."** *– Tom Whitney*

So, where am I now and what of all of this is important? My youth was filled with significant male and female people at home and elsewhere whom I continue to recall fondly and to whom I give credit for who I am.

My early adulthood in the Navy provided sufficient and qualified experiences whereby I experienced leadership models, situations in which ethnic and racial diversity were key opportunities for conflict and resolution. I will never forget the friendship experienced with a skipper's Pilipino Steward First Class, "Boss" Venoya. From him, watching and listening as he prepared meals for and served various ship's Commanding Officers and others in his small galley adjacent to the radio shack where I was in charge, I learned there is little or no royalty left in this world and that the very meek can lead in what for many are genuinely meaningful experiences.

"Boss" was, when I knew him, somewhere beyond the highest stage or honor afforded a Mason and Shriner at the highest (32nd Degree) level. And, one evening while the two of us were sitting out on the 02 level looking at a sea-going sunset, Boss Venoya, speaking a very quiet voice, mentioned that President Eisenhower had bowed before him

during one of the organization's ritual meetings.

My father, my grandfather and several uncles and friends have been and are Masons and Shriners with one-degree level or another. But, regardless of the meanings of those ever so important folks, I'm writing here that the quiet, almost apologetic statement that the President of the United States, because of his commitment to and belief in the coda of a somewhat secret multi-century and multi-generational organization such as the Masons and Shriners, was required to acknowledge personal and thoughtful subservience to an enlisted Steward First Class in the U.S. Navy meant more to me than any other persons's claim of authority and power. More, the fact that the information was shared in confidence, privately and in the loneliness of a sea voyage by two men - each from a very different culture - means more to me today, decades later, than any avowel of commitment and faith represented to me today by most organizations' members.

My military experiences ashore, at sea and in the paddies, rivers and swamps and coastal areas of the world from Cuba and Santo Domingo, Lebanon and Iran, Central America, the Congo and in Southeast Asia provided learning opportunities about what is really important for humans in this world. I am one of the most fortunate humans in the world, and am grateful to have arrived at this point in my life with a fairly intact sense of the realities of war from WWII to the present. – *Sam Conant*

I value respect for good manners. – *Barbara Willard McDonough*

Our Families

We have two daughters. Lisa, age 33 is married, has a masters in social work and works in the field in Nyack, New York. She is expecting with our first grandchild – due in October. Alison, age 31, has a masters in forestry, and works in Bozeman, Montana, for an environmental think tank – working on various forestry management issues. – *Steve Berry*

Louise and I have two daughters. Lisa, is 35 and married, has a Masters in Social Work, and is now "at home" with her son Jonah, being held by her husband Casey. Alison is 33 and married to Kevin, standing next to her. Alison has a Masters in Forestry, and works in Bozeman, Montana, for an environmental think tank working on various forestry management issues. And there I am in 1957 looking into the future. – Steve Berry

I married Sue Pariseau of Boston, who was a physical therapist. We have two children. Patrick, an electrician, lives in Pueblo, Colorado with his wife and our granddaughter Katie, age 3 and a half. Our daughter Becky is an urban planner in Seattle, still single. She won an athletic scholarship to Stanford in swimming. She attended an earlier B.H.S. reunion with me. She is probably the only All-American to swim at Crowley's camp. – *Jim Bicknell*

I still own my folks' house on Home Avenue in Burlington and have it rented. My son's wife and three kids live in the Burlington area. He passed away in 1994. We have a daughter and family near Boston and another daughter and family in Florida and eight grand kids from six to twenty six. – *Sargent Cathrall*

In 1963, I married Annette Marchessault (a 1957 graduate of Cathedral High School). Our son Peter was born in 1966 in Johnson City New York and now lives in Norwich, Vermont, with his wife Brooke and son William. He works at Dartmouth College. Jennifer, our daughter, was born in Burlington in 1971 and lives in Burlington. She teaches at Champlain Valley Union High School in Hinesburg. – *M. Robert Ciardelli*

First and foremost, my family. Bonnie Rae Thomas and I were married in her hometown of Noranda, Quebec, July 4, 1966. Yes, on the fourth of July!! We celebrated our 40th anniversary last July 4th, with lots of fireworks!!! Our children are Gardner, Kristen, Lea, and Ryan, in chronological order. Gardner is married to Connie, no children as yet (!!!), and practices law for the Federal Communications

Commission in Washington. Kristen is married to Tod Hanlon, a hotel executive, and they have given us our two grandsons, Zachary (8 years) and Josh (5 years). Besides being a wonderful mom, Kristen has earned her MBA and is a small business entrepreneur. Lea is married to Tim Warden, a civil engineer, and they reside in beautiful Montana. Lea has her master's degree in anthropology and museum studies, and is deeply involved with preservation and exhibit work. Ryan is our southern gentleman and bachelor, leaving the cold Northeast vowing never to live north of the Mason-Dixon Line again! After graduating from Florida State University, he has settled in Tampa working for a global shipping concern, and leads the good life of an unattached young man. Do I need to say more? Bonnie and I are very proud of them all. *– Eric Foster*

I just like the area of Burlington. I don't like Church Street any more as it is too crowded and not always for the best. I cannot walk well on the brick walkways. I think Burlington and the lake are beautiful. The hospital is there which is important to me. As I said before, Vermont is Beautiful and has a lot to offer as far as I'm concerned. Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump are beautiful in all four seasons. That is another reason I like this area.

I would like to add that my husband and I, when we were first married, decided to raise a beef and a pig for our own consumption. It was fun and we never really got attached to them. Seth was a farmer anyway all his life so it came easy to him. I was brought up with farming too. We raised potatoes and many other vegetables for our own use. I did a lot of freezing of vegetables and we had a storage place for the potatoes so all winter we could put a meal on the table and say we raised all this food. Our meat we froze and/or pickled and smoked. Back then it was what we did. Now, no thank you. We stopped doing all this about 1978 or 1979.

We purchased a Tag-A-Long travel trailer and decided to camp. We were seasonal for about thirteen years at a place called Will-O-Wood in Westmore, Vermont, on Lake Willoughby. Some of our fondest memories are from there.

Then we purchased a fifth wheel and a truck to handle it. It was 35 feet long. Then in 1992 we purchased a new 36-foot Carriage Fifth Wheel trailer and did some traveling, going to Florida many times. Trips on our own included Branson, Missouri, New York State and Pennsylvania in Dutch and Amish country. With the Carriage Travel Club both nationally and locally we got involved in trips all over New England. National trips were to Indiana, Michigan, Virginia, and South Carolina. At this time we would like to travel to more states, but we have obligations here at home now, so probably will do that in future years.

We are planning to attend a Grand National Rally in Makinaw City, Michigan. We have rallies once a month for a four-day-weekends from May through October. A wagon master sets up a campground or fairgrounds for us to meet and the plans something for us to do in that area. It is a great way to see the six New England states. We never would have seen the things we have seen without this group we call family. We have a 1996

Carriage now. It is second hand but in great shape. Out '92 got totaled in Florida in 2002. Fortunately there were not injuries. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

I met Jim in Avalon, Catalina Island, California, when I was a telephone operator living over there years ago. We have one daughter Ann, age 40, who is married to Charles (Chuck) O'Brien and lives in Draper, Utah, and three grandchildren, Cassidy, Courtney and Matthew. Cassidy will be twelve in January 2007. Courtney will be eleven in April and Matthew will be nine next August. One son TJ age 32 is living here. – *Charlene Yandow Jones*

I have two boys, Layne, 38, and Weyland, 32. I am proud of each of them as they continue to carve out a life for themselves. Both are tolerant and intelligent (more than me) and I have to realize they are not boys any-more. My brothers and sisters all live in Central Florida also, as does most of the extended family. We get together on occasion to discuss our lives sort or creating spontaneous family reunions as we go.

In this scene, I am on the left, my wife Isabel is in the middle and her daughter Yamilet is on the right. And above, there I am in 1957.

My brothers and sister are all healthy and happy. I lost one sister to breast cancer about 6 years ago. Her name was Nadine and she was the center of the family for a long time after my parents passed on. I visit them now from time to time and we have occasional reunions. Actually we get together about once a week and sometimes reminisce about things.

My wife's family is very nice and they are Cuban as are all their friends. I have a lot of Cubans I call friends. Of course, I have a new granddaughter named Ellie and the grandchildren Aixa, Nivani, and Jorge, Jr. I am not a doting grandparent, probably will never be as I am still pretty active.

My grandparents came over before the turn of the century and were processed in New Jersey. Like many persons from Eastern Europe, they went to work in

the mines outside of Scranton, Pennsylvania. It was an exciting time. On my visits to Ellis Island I choke up when I realize how these people struggled to make a life and how America evolved in the aspirations of these people. If I want to reminisce I still get that sad, wonderful feeling regarding all those people. I had seen pictures of my ancestors from Eastern Europe, but someone else in Oregon has all the photos now. That reference to people from the old country triggered a vignette.

I remember visiting my grandfather in Essex Jct., he lived in a dark forbidding red brick house (only one small light was allowed in the house at any point in time) we visited only on Christmas Day and my parents always brought one can of Prince Albert pipe tobacco and I would sit looking at a world map with Presidents outlining the border while my father and him struggled to make friends after 40 years. They seldom spoke; sometimes 3 minutes would elapse between the comment and response. This 3-hour ritual lasted for about 12 years. Strange as hell, but I love the memory. – *Layne Prebor*

I did not have any children and my stepchildren are all grown up with children and grandchildren of their own. My niece lives in Essex with her great family. My nephew lives in New York City with his great family. – *Margoj Hathaway Thomas*

This is our last complete family snapshot taken in 1997. My father died in 1998, my mother in 2003: My father Louis Garcia, Senior, my mother Laura Bullock Garcia; my daughter-in-law Jeannie Collins Garcia holding grandson Chris; my wife Robin Hubbard Garcia. In the front row is Grandson Collin; granddaughter Emily; yours truly and my son Chris. – Lou Garcia

My family is growing older. I had three great children: Danny, who works at IBM and is getting ready for retirement in a few years; Sherry, who is a manager at Aeropostle; and Randy, who passed away twenty-one years ago. My grandchildren range from the age of 12-25. I have two granddaughters who are in college: one at Albany State Pharmaceutical (fifth year) the other is in her third year at Hartford College, in Connecticut, studying computer design.

Two are in the restaurant business – one is a manager and the other is a chef. Four grandchildren are in Pennsylvania: one went to college for while and is now working; one is working at UPS; one graduated this year from high school; and one is in

middle school. Two more grandsons in Vermont – one is a freshman in high school and one in eighth grade. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

My husband, John, is retired and enjoying playing lots of golf. He also is an active volunteer on the Board of the Massachusetts Lions Eye Research Fund, The Greater Springfield Senior Services Inc., and the local Council on Aging. Our son, John, lives in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, with his wife, Cathy, and their three sons. John is a Ph.D. Chemist with Sanofi Aventis. Our son, Larry, lives in Waltham, Massachusetts, and is a manager at Ernst & Young. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

Our two sons have been a source of intense delight to us. Mark, his wife Rosa, and two grandchildren live near Denver, so we get to see them often. Rosa is from the Dominican Republic, so our grandchildren are bilingual, which is a source of amazement when a little blond, blue-eyed boy launches into a conversation with his mother in Spanish. Our other son, Peter, lives in East Burke, Vermont, with his wife, Carol, and two granddaughters. It's a long way from Denver, so we visit a few times a year. Peter is the interim Assessor for the Town of St. Johnsbury, and Carol is a nurse. We have been bemused by the journeys they have taken to get to where they are, as we often are of our own journeys. – *Clare English Whitney*

After graduation I went off to college in Boston but only finished two years before I was married and by the age of twenty-six Bruce and I had three daughters. My husband completed his education and worked a couple of years before we moved back to Burlington and built a house two doors down from my family home. Our daughters went to the same grade school and to BHS, the third generation to do so. We have one daughter still in Burlington, so will probably have a fourth generation at BHS.

Our daughters all have professions and families. Pam is a nurse in New Hampshire and has a husband and two children; Lyn in a Physical Therapist in New Jersey and has a husband and four children. Karen is a Certified Public Accountant at Captive Insurance, lives in Burlington, has a special woman in her life, and has four adopted non-white children.

Here Lillian Hauke Venner's granddaughter Nicole is working on the potter's wheel at Sturbridge Village during one of the Elderhostel Intergenerational trips Lillian and her husband Bruce takes with each of their grandchildren. They give the young people their own choice of what to

One important thing that Bruce and I learn a lot from doing involves our grandchildren.

Elderhostel Intergenerationals

These are held in every state and many foreign countries. Anyone old enough for Elderhostel (the principal registrant must be 55) is invited to come and bring a young learner for a five to seven day adventure. The topics covered range from nature to hiking to water adventures to history. We send the participating grand child, ages eight to twelve, a list of six to eight possibilities and they pick. Everything is planned and included in the cost of the programs that range from trips in the U.S. that cost from $500 to $800 per person to much more costly international experiences.

Having fun after the rodeo.

It is a fine chance to get to know a grandchild and build memories. We learn a lot about them away from their parents, as well as joining with other grandparents in a common activity.

It is hard to explain why it is so much fun for adults except that for us it is a joy to do a set program with a grandchild and for a time see the world through their eyes. We always learn as much as the grandchild. We have explored caves, ridden horseback, traveled a day on a raft through the Grand Canyon, canoed on a river in Georgia, watched a grandson climb 75' and jump off a platform attached to a zip line, cooked a complete dinner over an open hearth with a blizzard raging outside, gone out on an oceanographic day on a raft through the Grand Canyon, canoed on a river in Georgia, watched a grandson climb 75' and jump off a platform attached to a zip line, cooked a complete dinner over an open hearth with a blizzard raging outside, gone out on an oceanographic vessel to gather specimens, test currents, measure water temperature, etcetera, slept in a tent in the rain, and above all watched a group of kids go from strangers to friends in sessions that offer everything from sailing, simulated space flight, digging for dinosaur remains, hiking, exploring National Parks, theatre, marine science, Washington, D.C., New York City, kayaking – the list is endless. Once we became involved in exploring caves and looking at nature through hikes and a

Down and dirty after crawling around in a big cave.

float trip. We went to one that was called Cowboys and Indians. We went to a rodeo, rode horseback, did a river-rafting trip and shot a bow and arrow. Most are for ages eight to twelve, but a few are for thirteen through fifteen.

We have completed seven so far and have three to go – hoping we still have the energy. Grandparents need to be a part of their grandchildren's lives, even at a distance. We have much to share. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

I met my wife Jean, a Barre girl whose maiden name is Gianarelli. We have been married 45 years this September. She tries to keep me in line. Jean competes in dressage and is also a judge. Daughter Stacey has four retail women's' stores in Manhattan. Son Trey is the proud owner of the ferryboat company. Both have two children. I have been blessed to have a great family – two good kids who want to help make a difference.

I thought Burlington was a great place to grow up and raise a family and live – so I stayed! – *Ray Pecor*

I have three daughters I gave birth to and inherited two grown ones when I married my second husband. Four are married and all have blessed me with a lot of grandchildren and the fifth will be married next year. Sandra is studying to go back to college to become a teacher, Patty is doing bookkeeping for a nursing home and Vicki is the Executive Administrator to the president of the Wylie School District. These are the two I inherited from my second husband and am very proud to say they are like my own. Arlene is a registered nurse and Melinda is studying to become a court videographer for taking depositions. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

My first grand daughter Jennifer will be married in February 2007. She teaches autistic children. Our oldest daughter Barbara went to veterinary school (this was a child who was afraid of dogs). But she became a mother before her career could take off. Her husband is an electrical engineer. Our second daughter Sue got her degree in accounting and now works as a teacher in Wilmington, North Carolina. She will be moving with her family to Missouri where they have bought her husband's family farm. Our third daughter Julie has been with us since her accident and leg amputation and will stay with us until she is walking again. – *Gail Charron Gilmore*

I've lost two wives unexpectedly and I'm not going to put myself in the horrible painful position of losing another. Both my sons dropped out of college, got married, and both each had two wonderful children. Both returned to college many years later and earned their degrees. My chest swells with pride and is bursting the buttons off my shirt. – *Carl Loveday*

My family begins with my wonderful, tall and handsome husband of 46+ years. After ten and a half years we had a beautiful daughter born six and a half weeks early and weighing only 4.2 pounds. She grew quite fast with our loving care. She graduated from Essex High School as a Dental Assistant and stuck with that profession

for quite a while. She married and has two beautiful girls age 15 and 13. They all live in Barre, Vermont. Her name is Betsy Ellen and her hubby's name is Darrell.

Betsy at present is working for local concerns but not as a dental assistant. She is happy and much into being a Mom. Darrell works for the state doing postal work. Jessica Betsy is in the 10th grade and doing well, especially in Junior R.O.T.C. She is learning leadership – not sure where she is headed with it. Alexis Marie is in the seventh grade and very tall like her grandpa. She says she would like to be a chef someday. They have a dog and three cats.

Seth, my husband, is retired from Vermont Gas Systems after forty-one years in the manufactured and natural gas business. I am semi-retired from being a homemaker since he is home. He does do up firewood for customers here on our property. He has loads of logs brought in and them blocks and splits and delivers through the summer and fall months. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

In 1996 I married a Burlington woman named Lynn Pellerin. She is a medical doctor who left home after high school at Rice Memorial, moved to Boston and worked her way through college at University of Massachusetts as a carpenter and renovation laborer. She had grown up in the South End, only a few blocks from my home place. But she left Vermont for Boston the year I returned - 1972. We met when she returned to Burlington and joined the medical practice adjacent to my mental health offices. The rest is a damned decent history! My two sons had done what I had guaranteed them they would do - they had outgrown me, and were creating their own lives - my eldest in the U.S. Navy for six years and my youngest as a ski bum in Colorado.

I guess I should mention that my wife was diagnosed with a rare sarcoma in November 2006, she had completed her radiation treatment regimen, and began her chemo treatments on Tuesday, this week. – *Sam Conant*

Ryan on top, then Connor, then Megan

During the 18 years I was working for the telephone company, Bunny and I got married and started raising our family. Dale is now 44 and living in Rochester, New York, working at a nuclear power plant. He has our only grand children, Ryan, 13, Connor, 8, and Megan, 1. Lynne is 42, not married but in a committed relationship for 13 years and lives a couple of blocks away from us. Curt is 33 and he's our "surfer dude" living in San Francisco. After Curt was born I decided the kids needed me at home so I stopped working for a while. Then I started working part time helping a friend in the oil business, which I'm still doing today.

Bunny is still at IBM so maybe when he gets done I'll totally "retire." Actually I'm really looking forward to that because I'd love to stay home and "cook and clean" and do some volunteer work with older people. – *Joan Bisaillon*

In 1999, Paula Mills of Laguna Niguel, California, and I married and our son, Ian, was born in 2003.

In 2005 I retired from paid work and live with Paula and Ian in the mountains of Durango, Colorado.

The mountains are not as green, but they remind me of Vermont and we enjoy many outdoor activities.

Yesterday, at the top of Purgatory ski area I recalled being a ski bum and six-dollar day passes at Stowe.

I serve on the county planning commission and a committee of our homeowners association as well as volunteer time and money for the Armed Forces Support Coalition – an organization that helps military people and their families. – *Jim McCarthy*

I have two daughters, Judith, a nurse, Marilyn, an attorney and one son-in-law, Steve, a former computer software specialist and presently a stay-at-home dad to Caleb, 5 years, Noah, 3 years, and Elijah, one year old. This entire gang lives here in Northern California, thus our reason for coming west. Our original plan was to retire to North Carolina but we realized we'd be missing our little ones growing up so we made the 3000-mile journey. – *Susan Pearlberg Weinstein*

Things some don't like about Vermont

Vermont is a beautiful state but being down South since 1958 when we go back we don't fee the warm friendliness we have here in the South not even with my own relatives. They can't understand why we don't do things like they do. As for Burlington it is way to liberal for me to ever consider moving back to live. – *Gail Gilmore Charron*

I don't like snow, grey winter skies, and the cold which is why I've spent more time in Naples, Florida, than anywhere else in my lifetime. And in response to an earlier question: I don't think of myself as a Vermonter. I think of myself as a Floridian who was raised in Vermont. – *Carl Loveday*

It has been said that Vermont was the safest place to live.
I realize that gay and lesbian people will be together but it made me sad to see that they were allowed to get married in Vermont. They are who they are and that is their life style, but I am a person that believes marriage should be between a man and a woman. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

I love to visit and will visit again. The first thing to be addressed is the weather. My immune system will go pluck in cold weather and I get sick for lengthy periods in the cold of Vermont. I like Burlington as a tourist destination but have no idea I want to live there. The fear of the cold may sound wimpy, but it is actually a determining factor. One other reason besides the immune system is that in cold weather my muscle groups tighten up and I get back problems when it happens.

It is more a cute than a practical place to live. Latte towns, "bourgeois bohemians" the terms given by David Brooks in his book "Bobos in Paradise," included Burlington as one of the premiere "latte towns" and Vermont as one of the best places in the country to live at the end of the century couldn't haven't described Burlington better myself. Naturally, Burlington has changed but it is a major improvement compared to the conditions while I was growing up. – *Layne Prebor*

People often ask me how I could have left Burlington, it is so beautiful. That is a hard question to answer. When I was 13, my parents took me (without the other rug-rats) to Montreal for a weekend. We stayed in a hotel on St. Catherine's Street and attended the Ice Capades. I have never understood how this miracle happened. I don't remember much about it except that it was cold. I sat in the window of that hotel for hours in the night, looking at the alive-ness of the city and when I got home, without realizing it, I built a five-year plan to get OUT of Burlington. It worked. I might have built a better one if I had known more, but the one I did create worked. I think I knew that I was an urban creature, and that there was much more to the world than what I could get in Burlington, and I wanted that more than I wanted to stay.

The best years I have spent were when I was living in large, dynamic urban centers; the hardest when I was isolated in small towns or islands. I remember attending a Cleveland Symphony Orchestra concert on tour at Memorial Auditorium when I was in high school. I had never heard a symphony orchestra before, but every bit of my being yearned to go find that experience again. So I did. – *Clare Adams Whitney*

Burlington is amazingly provincial, it's the smallest city I've ever lived in and ever will again. There is superb theatre here from time to time at least, but there is no enduring audience for it, unlike New York City, San Francisco, Berkeley, Ann Arbor, Austin, and the Denver/Boulder area – all of which I've lived in. There are lots more vocational opportunities there beyond theatre, also. – *Bradley Butler*

What we don't like about Burlington/Williston. The climate and all the colds and flu we get in the winter. We love cross-country skiing but when a month or so of the season is knocked out by colds it gets old. Linda loves gardening but wants to do it in a warmer clime.

Much as I have fond memories of my time in Vermont, I also have great memories of the Mediterranean area that I first visited in 1960. Since then I have visited many times and in recent years Linda and I have toured Morocco, Spain, France, Italy, Sicily and Turkey.

This is leading up to saying that in a couple of weeks we are heading to Spain for eight days hunting for a nice rural villa with some olive and almond trees on the coast a couple of hours southeast of Barcelona. It could move rapidly since we are planning to sell the house we built here 11 years ago. – *Steve Bradish*

If We were Philanthropists . . .

✔ I have deep respect for the work done by a local hospice house. – *Bob Badger*

✔ Early elementary reading. Without reading everything else fails. – *Jim Bicknell*

✔ Cancer research, big time: too many lives lost! – *Joyce Wagner Carlin*

✔ Preservation of early Vermont structures, architecture and artifacts. – *Lou Garcia*

✔ If I could I would try to help solve the poverty we saw in Africa. Not by giving to a government who keeps most of the money but to dig wells in the small villages. Also to bring in medical help to those villages and to improve the sanitation for those people. The governments do none of this. – *Gail Charron Gilmore*

✔ I'd give more support to Rotary International in its quest to eliminate polio from the world. I think Bill Gates was right to join Rotary in that continuing battle. – *Carl Loveday*

✔ I would support the medical field especially a search for a cure for ovarian cancer. It is such a deadly silent killer. Also help students who don't have the money for college who really are deserving to go. – *Theresa Fortin Moore*

✔ I do support Nichols College and many nonprofits like King Street Youth Center, Boys and Girls Club, YMCA and the Lund Home. – *Ray Pecor*

✔ I would support feeding and educating the hungry and the poor. I also think we should support those who take care of animals. – *Layne Prebor*

✔ If I was a philanthropist I would support cancer, lung and heart research and of course, the Humane Society. I would also pay for all my grandchildren's college educations. – *Ruth Khoury Rothenberger*

✔ Education and health. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

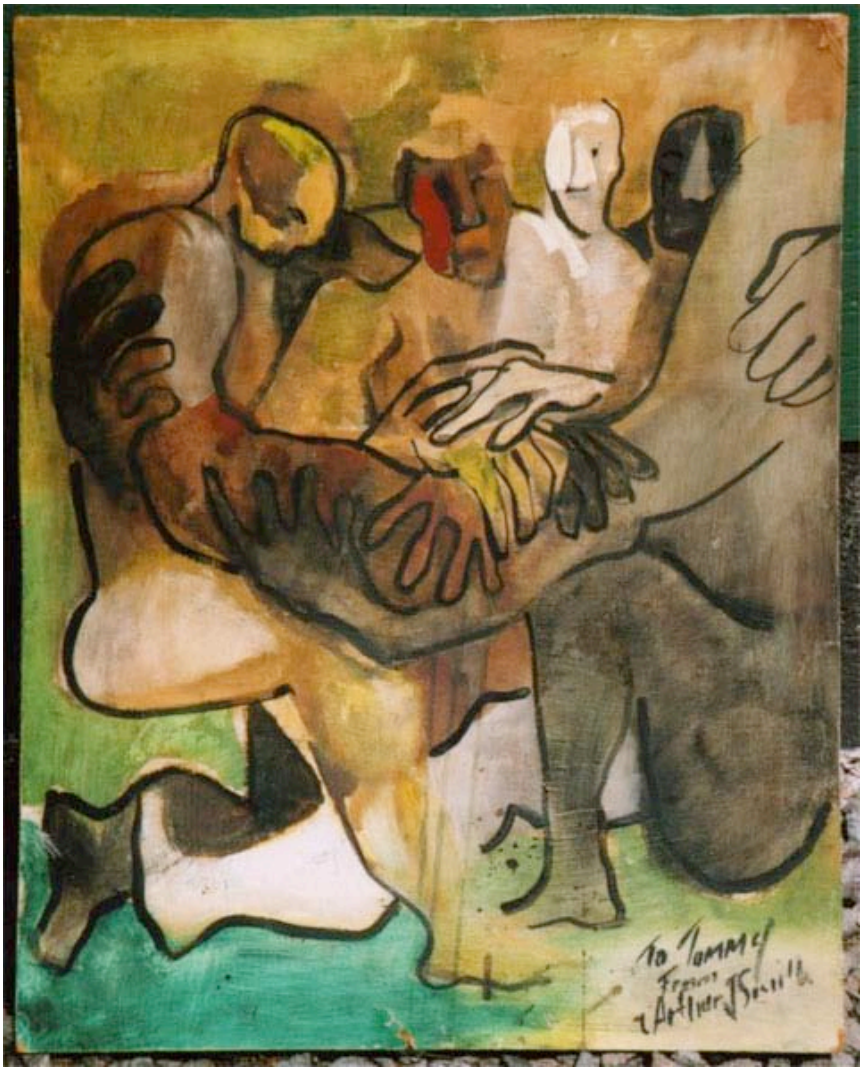
✔ If I were a philanthropist I would support church programs for children who would not be able to go to college or camp, etc. This would include the entire fifty states and would not be limited to any one religion, creed, or color. – *Margoj Thomas*

Culture & Ethnicity

One of the mysteries I tried to explore in the questions for this book in an indirect way[31] *was to increase an understanding of my own unusual experience with cultures starting in Burlington.*

When I joined the Navy I met a woman of African descent whom I eventually married. When I told my mother about my intentions, for the first time in my life mother expressed her prejudice and did her best to dissuade me. I was shocked by her prejudiced attitude, which she had kept hidden for the first 22 years of my life.

My mystery was, how did this happen, that she never expressed her stereotype earlier? Was the social environment in which we grew up one that was relatively devoid of prejudice?



I worked with Arthur J. Smith in the 1960s on some booklets about African history for John Weatherwax. Smith did the illustrations, I did the typography and printing. Art gave me this painting. He was a fine artist and a generous man. – Tom Whitney

In my family experience, I never remember hearing any racial, religious, ethnic or political negative comments about anyone. Nor did I hear such comments from my parents' friends when they would come over for parties.

Nor did I hear such comments at Central School where I went for elementary and junior high school or at Burlington High School. Considering the social milieu today, that is remarkable – it is astonishing!

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[31] **Question 26**. **Thoughts about culture: how do you ethnically, racially or culturally identify yourself – or do you?** Have you explored your ethnic roots or genealogy? Do you observe any time-honored family traditions? Have you observed other cultures? Thoughts about non-ethnic cultures?

At my Central School eighth grade graduation, three of my male classmates and I sang a "Negro spiritual" as part of the ceremony. There were no students of African descent at Central School. I think we did it because the teachers were attempting to nudge us to be sensitive toward and appreciative of people who were (ever-so-slightly) different than we were.

At B.H.S. Wil Clark was the only brown-skinned person in our class and when we were seniors Wil was chair of the student council. I remember taking a picture of him when he was the Boy Scout Mayor of Burlington for a day in 1955. I didn't sense any disrespect toward Wil at all.

The 1957 B.H.S. Student Council. Wilber Clark was the chair.

Only six out of the sixty-two responders chose to answer Question 26. They expressed a lack of prejudice. Three others expressed sympathy with my choice of partners. The nature of this survey is unscientific, of course; I was looking for anecdotal information. I have found a little, but not quite enough. Time to hear from Wil, who didn't respond to the questions for the book. – Tom Whitney

I am a standard cookie-cutter WASP; however thirteen of my years in broadcasting I managed an R&B station where I was one of only two or three non African-Americans of a staff of 15. I represented the company at NAACP and other functions. I learned what it was like to be a minority and really no longer think of a person as being of a certain ethnicity. – *Bob Badger*

I always check the Caucasian box on the forms. The more cultures I observe, the more I realize that there are common threads to all cultures; we really aren't that different. – *Jim Bicknell*

I think of myself as an American. I'm deeply troubled by people who don't or who think of themselves as hyphenated Americans. When I was growing up you didn't have to push "1" for English and I respectfully suggest that's one thing that may lead to the downfall of America as we know it. – *Carl Loveday*

I don't care who they are, where they are from, what color they are, what religion they have, whether they are handicapped or whatever. I never feel any other group is any different than we are. I may not like some things about different people but I am not their enemy and will try to be friends. It is interesting to learn about different cultures but I have not experienced any. I am not much into genealogy. – *Ellen Morris Goodhue*

The following are comments from classmates with whom I shared my experience with my mother. – Tom Whitney

How sad that you had difficulties with your mom who obviously was a product of her age just as you were of yours. What changes there have been since we left high school! I remember giving up a singing trip in college because we were going to the south and one of our group couldn't stay in the hotel with us. That made quite an impression on me. It seemed so stupid. We all agreed we would not take the trip. – *Lynn Dawson Shay*

Your family history is very good. Forgive your mother for her racial disposition. Like yourself I grew up in a household which never used the racial slurs. More recently, I am getting a lot of it lately from my second Cuban family, which is odd. I wonder if I should stand up to these stereotypes or let them pass. From my own family, racial slurs are absent. It really is strange because of the Cuban culture, which is mestizo. The mestizo traits are everywhere except the extreme Spanish, which is not that way at all. But somehow, upon their arrival in America and their movement to middle class, I hear it frequently. Why? I cannot explain it. It has become so predominant that I wonder what the Cubans, who are my friends, picked up such extreme attitudes. Have they experienced something I have not? It has something to do with being different. But in your mother's case, I am sure she developed a mindset, for some unknown reason, and this mindset chose rejection.

I have my stereotypes too. I loved Jim Hale's story of boxing but dislike the idea of one person hitting another. I dislike rodeos, bull riding, fox, deer and raccoon hunts because the animals have no choice. I have a problem with organized religion but respect how well religion has served many and realize my spirituality has served me. Guns, war, and winning at any cost are negatives with me but these are my dispositions – lots of people will tell me and have told me "you just don't understand." Maybe I don't. The ultimate definition of a stereotype would ask that I assign traits to all people who like certain things. Maybe I do but I have not rejected someone from my life because of it.

One thing I do not think I do is assign traits to people based on ethnicity. I think it is the experience at the University of Florida, my 13 years working in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, and perhaps an open acceptance of everyone inherited from my early Vermont experiences. – *Layne Prebor*

Tom, your mother's response to having a non-white family member is not that different from what I have seen in families discovering that a child is gay or lesbian. Even those who had been active in the area of equal rights for all regardless of color, ethnic background or sexual orientation had a rather strong reaction when a child declared themselves to be gay. It is ok if it is not in the family! My father had no apparent reaction to a lesbian granddaughter until I was going to be on the television program "Across the Fence" telling about PFLAG (Parents, Families & Friends of Lesbians and Gays). Then he accused me of airing the family's dirty linen in public. – *Lillian Hauke Venner*

The spirit of the Mahele

These issues of culture and ethnicity have had a big influence on my life, and I continue to follow them. Here are pages from two issues of the Big Island Weekly published in Hilo, Hawaii, during May and June, 2007, featuring photography from the first year I was in Hawaii on the left to last year. In the cover photograph on the right from May 23, 2007, my friend Kimo Pihana greeted a member of a mainland First Nations group and I caught his interested and respectful expression. It shows one culture opening up to and recognizing another. In the photograph on the left, members of the Royal Order of Kamehameha I stand at attention during a 24-hour vigil to honor the Hawaiian sacred mountain Mauna Kea. The Royal Order was established in 1865. The top of Mauna Kea has been taken over by telescopes of 13 nations managed the University of Hawaii, which has shown remarkable insensitivity to Hawaiian culture interests. The Royal Order and other Hawaiian groups have been reasserting the Hawaiian culture claim to the mountain. I have been documenting this. – Tom Whitney

The Register

VOL. 58 NO. 7 — BURLINGTON, VT., JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL — APRIL, 1957

Register Folds-Bankrupt

New Schedule Announced

Principal Holland Smith announced today in an exclusive interview with the REGISTER the new schedule for the next year. He disclosed that the school day will start at the usual 8:30 time. However, he said that next year school will be dismissed for the day at 1:10. This early dismissal will be accomplished by having only an eight-minute noon hour.

All students will be required to eat at the school's cafeteria. To accommodate this great influx of students, the cafeteria will be enlarged to include the whole first floor. This will mean that Rooms 11,12,13,16,18, and 19 will have to be sacrificed in order to enlarge the cafeteria's eating area.

When asked where classroom space would be made up, Mr. Smith was heard to remark, "What's more important, eating or learning?"

This interview was then interrupted as Mr. Smith hurried down to Wintzer's Delicatessen for his usual mid-morning ham and rye sandwich.

Shakespeare Dropped

To the sorrow of a few and the delight of most BHS students, Shakespeare is to be discontinued in both Junior and Senior High school English classes beginning with the 1957-58 school year.

The decision was reached after long discussion at a meeting of the entire English department last Tuesday afternoon. The reasons given for the unprecedented move were announced as being the archaic language and the outmoded plots. A spokesman for the teachers told a REGISTER reporter that it was generally agreed that until some competent authority had brought out a revised edition of the bard's works, the department would substitute plays by Arthur Miller and Tennesee Williams for the traditional tragedies of Shakespeare.

Only Mr. Jay, Senior English teacher, took a strong stand against the group action. When reached by phone for comment, Mr. Jay started, "There's something rotten in the State of Denmark."

Arnold Chosen

John Arnold, BHS Senior, has been chosen to play a bit part in a "rock-n-roll" movie to be entitled "Rock, Baby, Rock."

John was chosen on the basis of his sideburns, his Elvis Presley style of dress, and his personality.

Talent scouts from Universal International of gollywood spotted John from among the entrants in a sideburn contest sponsored by the Barbershop Institute of America. He withdrew from the contest after being picked for the movie because winners of the contest were to have their sideburns shaved off as part of a publicity stunt.

The movie will be filmed this summer near Cleveland, Ohio, to be ready for national release next October.

BHS Cook to Waldorf

Davide Benway recently accepted a position as Chef Boy-ar-dee of the world famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Monsieur Benway plans, after graduation in June, to take a short vacation before starting his job, August 1. During an interview he stated, "Although the wages are not quite what I had expected, I am still pleased to have the job."

From an interview with the Waldorf representative, it was learned that the hotel first heard of Monsieur Benway from two BHS students who spent the Christmas vacation at the hotel. During one of the meals the waiter overheard one of the students say, "Better meals are often served at the BHS cafeteria." Soon after this, the maitre d'hotel presented himself at the table to learn further of this. After speaking with the students, a representative was sent to BHS and when he reported back to the hotel, the hotel promptly hired Monsieur Benway as the head chef.

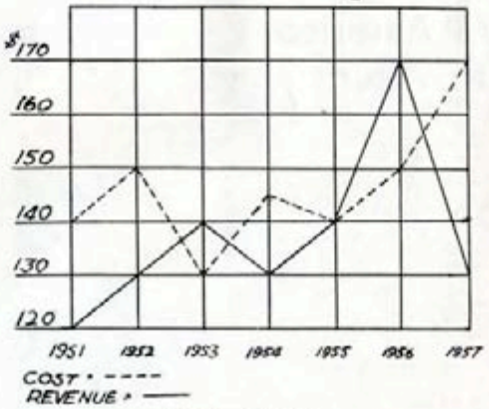
We of BHS will be sorry to have Davide Benway leave, as it will undoubtly affect the quality of our cafeteria food.

Teachers Caught

Today the student body was shocked to learn that two teachers had been found shooting dice in the teachers' dining room. The two were discovered by an alert student on an errand for Mrs. Hitchock.

The student found the two offenders down on their hands and knees, shooting dice for high stakes. When they were discovered, they assumed the air of hunting for lost pepper shaker, but the alert student reported his findings to the proper authorities.

No sentence has yet been announced; however, a decision will soon be reached by the school board. Whatever the decision, it will not affect the teachers involved greatly, as both are eligible for retirement at the end of this year.



HIGH COST - LOW PROFIT

The REGISTER Board regrets to announce that due to financial difficulties the REGISTER will cease publication as of this issue.

The REGISTER, which has been in declining financial health for several years, will pay its debts at the rate of ten cents of the dollar. Its equipment, such as desks, typewriters, etc., will be returned to the School Department to be distributed for other uses. It has not yet been decided whether any subscription money will will be returned.

The present crisis came to a head when the Board found that expenses were running from $30 to $40 above revenue per issue. Subscriptions total about 400, which means $60 an issue. Advertising brings in $60 and homeroom sales usually run about $10. This is a total income of $130. The cost of printing one issue of the REGISTER is from $160 to $170.

The deficit so far has been made up by a small subsidy from the PTA and the surplus carried over from last year, a prosperous one.

The REGISTER has had a long and varied career as the voice of student opinion in BHS since its founding in 1896. It has been a straight newspaper, a literary magazine, and at times a combination of both. Always, however, it has been foremost in spurring students on to better things and seeing that their opinions were put forth.

The REGISTER Board expressed the hope that, provided the school gets behind it and supports it, the REGISTER will resume publication in the fall.

Little Richard to Appear at Burlington High

Stranded in Boston

With the money donated by Burlington businessmen the BHS boys basketball team was able to make a trip to Boston to see the New England Schoolboy Basketball Tournament. The team saw the the Thursday and Friday night games.

Thursday night at the subway station Vern Lovejoy wandered away to a candy machine. When he returned, the team was gone. Everyone in the station was a stranger to Vern, and he did not know where to go because he had forgotten the name of the hotel.

Confused, but not worried, he walked out into the great city of Boston and searched diligently for his unknown hotel until three o'clock in the morning. Vern, thoroughly disgusted by this time, flopped into the nearest park bench and spent the night there.

Meanwhile Coach Waley had contacted the Boston Police to be on the lookout for the missing Burlington boy.

Early Friday morning the police found Vern, sitting dejectedly on the park bench. His first question after he rejoined the team was, "Where have you guys been?"

Little Richard, of *Rocky-Jocky* fame, is to appear at a senior high assembly near the end of this month.

The appearance of this savage teen-age idol was made possible through the efforts of the *Don't Knock the Rock Club*, a new organization formed by the teachers of B.H.S. for the furthering of rock and roll.

The following were reactions of our teachers when they heard that their efforts had been rewarded by Little Richard's agreement to come to B.H.S.:

Mr. Carter: He's a real gone polygon!

Henry Caswell: Egad! Woo! Woo! Woo!

Edmund Deep: Man, I dig that Little Richard cat! He's a cool one, dad, cool! Don't bug me when Little Richard takes the stage, man, don't bug me!

Esther Dris: He sings good. He does a very well job!

Miss Adams: Homme, je crusse ce Petit Richard!

When Little Richard heard that he was coming to Burlington, he came out with this classic statement:

"Oooooooooooo-eeeeeeeeeee!"

During the performance bop lessons for the students will be given by the faculty.

Many thanks to our hard working teachers for obtaining the talents of this great performer.

We had some fun with our school paper on April Fool's Day in our last year, 1957.

John Arnold saved this copy, for which we thank him. I took the photograph of John (my first photo illustration) who looked quite elegant in his contemporary style back then. We prevaricated and said he had been tapped to appear in a movie. It is hysterical: two teachers caught on their hands and knees shooting dice; the geology class strikes uranium;
So – we had a senses of humor: then and now. – *Tom Whitney*

THE REGISTER

BURLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

Published for the last time by sad members of Burlington High School, Main and Union Streets, Burlington, Vermont. Subscriptions sold no more at $1.50 per year or even at $5.75 per copy. This last issue is priceless.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Bill Adams
Assistant Editor .... Wendell Carr
Business Manager ..... Jim Evans
Circulation Manager Peter Martin
1st Associate Editor Tom Whitney
2nd Associate Editor Terry Bates
3rd Associate Editor Betsey Hunt
4th Associate Editor Jerry Julson
5th Associate Editor Steve Perry
6th Associate Editor Dolores Davis
7th Associate Editor Dave Colburn

All American to Attend

Carl Adams' and Don Maley's prayers have been answered. Ted Lyman, a six-foot-eight, two-hundred pound junior from Amarillo, Texas, entered BHS last week.

Ted made Hall Wagoner's Second All-American basketball team in 1957 and was first string tackle on the Texas All-State team last year.

Ted says, "The only thing Wilt the Stilt has on me is four inches and age."

His favorite warming up program is hopping to Elvis Presley records before big games.

WELCOME TO BHS!

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More Bop

Burlington High School teacher's are speaking out for more rock 'n roll at school dances.

Miss Akins, spokesman for the teacher's, comments, "We want the kids to have a wild time at the school dances, but the boys and girls are too quiet. More bop and rock 'n roll would liven things up."

The teacher's have formed a "Don't Knock the Rock" club and have also started local fan clubs for Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Bill Haley, and Gene Vincent.

Asked to comment on Elvis, Miss Olufa Jones giggled, "Gee, I think he's cute!"

The group hopes to promote its ideas through Student Council.

April Fool has come and passed. And you're the biggest fool at last!

WHY WALK AROUND HALF DEAD?
WE WILL BURY YOU
FOR THE LOW
LOW
PRICE OF $65.50
IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK.
DROP DEAD SOON
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MINTZER'S DELICATESSEN

"Just Like New York"

FANCY FOODS
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APPETIZERS

Every Tuesday Is 'Bank Day'

Make a deposit of a nickel or more in your school savings account *every week*. Your money is there when you need it—for holidays, gifts, or future plans—and earns interest while it is waiting. Best of all, you get the habit of saving and of planning for the future.

The old Burlington Savings Bank has run the school savings program for years with the valued help of the teachers and room cashiers. Teaching you *how to save* and letting you see *why to save* are the purposes of this program.

BURLINGTON SAVINGS BANK

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Peanuts will be sold by teachers before tests as an added energy builder and aid to stamina.

* * * *

Students are requested to leave books on shelves during vacations to give the janitors something to read.

April Fool has come and passed. And you're the biggest fool at last!

With fire you can:
(1) Light a cigarette
(2) Kill a witch
(3) Melt a bucket of snow
(4) Roast a whole sheep
"Excellent for burning things!" says Fireman Mortimer Snodgrass.
Beware of cheap imitations -- always insist on genuine fire. Remember -- it was good enough for Nero, so it's good enough for you!

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HAGAR HARDWARE
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FOR ALL HIT RECORDS—
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Girls Sports Open

The spring will mark the first time girls have participated in major spring sports at BHS. The girls will compete with other schools throughout the state in track and baseball. Many of the other schools in the state are also participating in girls spring sports for the first time. Cathedral, Spaulding, B.F.A., Montpelier, Rutland, and St. Johnsbury are expected to field teams this year.

The track team, which will run its home meets at Centennial Field, will be coached by Mr. Dick Wyman.

The baseball team will be under the tutelage of Mr. Edward Deep. Mr. Deep possesses a good knowledge of baseball. The team will play all games at Dealley Park.

Apparently the main reason for organizing baseball and track teams at BHS and other schools in the state is because too much attention is being paid to boys' athletics and the girls have no sports to compete in during the latter part of the school year.

The REGISTER Sports Staff regrets that, because of the departure of the REGISTER form the scene, it will not be able to cover these events.

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April pool has come and passed. And you're the biggest fool at last!

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BAILEY'S
MUSIC ROOMS
80 Church St. Burlington

Class Strikes Uranium

Valuable uranium ore deposits have been discovered on the Winterbotham estate recently acquired by the school department. The geology class, under the direction of Mr. Billings, made this discovery on a recent field trip, armed with geiger counters.

Later explorations of the area by an outstanding geologist, Mr. Georgi Krevinchinov, indicate that the entire area may be one of the most valuable deposits east of the Mississippi. The geiger counters react especially violently over the site of the present high school building.

As the REGISTER goes to press rumors are current that major atomic companies have made offers to purchase the entire estate. The school board is considering plans for the demolition of the present building and construction of a new plant on Juniper Island.

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YOUNG
LIFE!
SPORTSWEAR
LOWER LEVEL

MAGRAMS the Fashion Shop
CHURCH AND BANK STREETS
BURLINGTON VERMONT

Lillian Hauke Venner

Here I am with Bruce just out of a cave in recent years, and in 1957.

One of my mother's relatives named Alice Carpenter lived in England in the 1600s. She married William Bradford who was the first governor in Plymouth after the Mayflower voyage. Bradford's first wife died shortly after the trip over and William sent for Alice and they were married.

We have no stories about Alice that have been passed down and no one, until recently had much interest in genealogy. My aunt belonged to the Daughters of the American Revolution as we had 3 branches that had fought in the revolution. She knew a lot, but is long dead and my mother was never into it. My mother said we had a Mayflower connection, but she doesn't know any more. Alice was connected by her own background, not by marriage. My grandmother was a Carpenter as was Alice.

After high school graduation I went off to college in Boston, but only finished two years before I was married and by the age of 26 we had three daughters. My husband completed his education and worked a couple of years before we moved back to Burlington and built a house two doors down from my family home. Our daughters went to the same grade school and to B.H.S., the third generation to do so. We have one daughter still in Burlington so we will probably have a fourth generation there also.

My primary occupation was homemaker and volunteer. In my early '40s I decided I needed to get my college degree, not for profit, but for the personal satisfaction. I enrolled at Trinity College's adult program and in 1985 received a BA in social sciences. It was while working at that, that I discovered what a good background I had received at B.H.S. We were taught by such as Miss Urie, Miss Jones and others how to write and put thoughts on paper in a logical way.

After the civil union legislation passage there were some very conservative people elected from the Northeast Kingdom. Their agenda did not go over: anti-choice, strong anti-gay, etc., and they were not re-elected. It is expected the Democrats will

keep the majority in the state although Douglas will most likely get another term. Vermonters seem to resent people from out of state telling them what to do.

Near death experience?

Photograph courtesy of Lillian Venner

One of the tributaries of the greatest river in the world, the Amazon. In some places the river is over six miles wide – in the dry season!

Facing a masked man with a machine gun. I haven't moved far in life as I now live less than a mile from where I grew up in Burlington, Vermont, so you might be surprised to learn that my scariest experience was having the small boat we were on in the Amazon River boarded at midnight by Columbian guerrillas and opening my door and facing a masked man with a machine gun. Needless to say, he got our money, cameras, binoculars, and my wedding band with a small diamond, but no one was killed.

We went to the Amazon because we felt that in years to come some of the primary forests and ways of life there would no longer exist. It was a super experience as we went up the little tributaries, cruised along this huge river and watched the way people lived and worked. We saw lots of bird life. But the robbery put a damper on the trip.

We didn't lose much money, as we didn't need any money there because it was prepaid. We did a lot of bartering of fishhooks, nail polish, t-shirts, etcetera. At first after the robbery we were going to go home, but we had a few days before we got back to Quito, Peru, and by then decided to continue on to see Machu Pichu, that mysterious hidden city in the Andes.

We stayed 24 hours at Machu Pichu right outside the national park. I went in as soon as it opened at 6 a.m. and was alone there except for some alpacas. The mist was floating over the stone structures that were all intact except for thatched roofs. It was almost like I could hear footsteps of the people who lived there early in the last century. It is an amazing place.

Photograph by Charles Sugiyama, a friend of Tom Whitney's. Used with permission.

Machu Pichu is the secret ceremonial city on a mountaintop in the Andes that was rediscovered in 1911. It was used by the Incas from at least the 1400s on, but may have been used at an earlier time as well.

I feel privileged to live in Vermont and Burlington. We have many large city opportunities without some of their problems. We have people in Washington who don't get as carried away with their own desires and egos as many others do. I have noticed that Vermonters seem to resent people from out of state telling them what to do. Vermonters tend to be independent thinkers and not as swayed by the masses. I guess I'll stay a while.

Habitat for Humanity sponsors annual "Blitz Build" projects. Here Ex-President Jimmy Carter participated in one that Lillian and her husband Bruce also worked at.

We have been active with Habitat for Humanity locally and worked in several developing countries. The important part of our ventures with them for me has been the relationships formed and the hope that is infused when we go. My husband is big on the construction part, as that is what he is best at. I am better at meeting the people, playing with the children, sharing in the day-to-day activities.

Photographs provided courtesy of the Venner Family.
Habitat for Humanity Project in Ghana. Lillian's husband Bruce is third from left in the foreground.

We were part of a Jimmy Carter Blitz Build in South Dakota on a reservation. From Monday through Friday thirty houses were built and ready to move into using thousands of volunteers including the Carters.

Every experience holds special memories.

One of my favorite memories was in Guatemala where we were able to attend a Habitat home dedication.

We had brought Spanish Children's Bibles and presented one of them to the family. The father had signed his house papers house papers with an "X." After the dedication of the home and the Bible presentation the 10-year-old son took the bible, sat on the only chair while the family gathered around, and he read from the bible, which was the only book the family owned. The father looked at his son with such pride and with tears running down his face to watch him read.

Lillian spending time with the young ones.

Father and son at dedication ceremony.

When we go on any service trip, Habitat or church – we pay our own way. We stay in hostels, churches, guesthouses, motels, tents – whatever is available and negotiated with those we're coming to work with.

We also do outreach with the United Methodist Church and have worked in Africa, South America, the USA and on Native American reservations. These experiences have done more to enrich our lives and broaden our view of people and the world than any formal education.

Aside from travel and Habitat for Humanity the activities that have influenced my life the most have been three areas of volunteerism that have taken up much of my time. These include my work with elders, hospice and PFLAG.

Working with elders My work with elders involves much of what Hospice does: a friendly visit, a game of cards, a ride in the car, a long-awaited trip for ice cream, a special treat brought into the nursing home to take away the monotony (one lady loved clam rolls from Henry's and oyster stew), listening time and time again to stories, - but above all learning from them how they lived their lives, how they survived heartbreak, war, poverty, et cetera. I also do a short devotional time twice a month at a nursing home. The thing to remember is that there is as much diversity among our older citizens as there is anywhere. Some are old in their fifties, and I have met people in their nineties who are still young although they may be frail.

I use the term elders: that's anyone older than 67.

PFLAG My work with Parents & Friends of Lesbians & Gays, PFLAG, came about when we found out our middle daughter is lesbian. That was in 1978 when she was still in high school and there was no literature for parents aside from that which said she was sick and it was my fault. I was totally ignorant about what teens go through, even today, until years after I knew of her orientation. I wanted to spare other parents of some of the confusion and loneliness I went through, thus the beginning of the local PFLAG. PFLAG began in 1972 in New York City and now comprises 500 chapters and 250,000 members nationwide. PFLAG has many programs now that deal with these issues. See their web site: http://www.pflag.org,

There are many publications – unlike when I first learned about my daughter in 1978. The parents' response is usually the same today, however.

There are many books for parents who suspect their children are gay. PFLAG has an extensive site. I usually recommend a book called "The Family Heart," by Robb Forman Dew as a starting place, but there are many publications – unlike when I first learned about Karen in 1978. The parents' response is usually the same today however.

I have also worked locally and nationally to change the policies of the Methodist Church. That's still a long way from happening but we keep trying. I have marched in many gay pride parades including a huge one in Washington, D.C. I spoke to the

legislature in Montpelier during the Civil Union debate, and I have met many great people I would never have known except for my association with gay and lesbian civil rights. But more important it forced me to look at what I believed; what were my prejudices in all areas; and what could one person do to change hearts and minds. It also caused me to examine what the church was saying versus what God might say or desire for creation.

Hospice I have been a hospice volunteer for 26 years. My life has intersected with innumerable dying people and their families. Of course there have been sad times, but these interactions have taught me a lot about living each day with thanksgiving and not putting things off for a tomorrow that may never come.

There is no duplication of effort from family to family. Volunteers go in to do whatever is most important to the family to improve the quality of the time left to the person dying. I have done everything from cleaning the globes of a light in a living room to taking the patient to see the apple blossoms in the islands, to having a milk shake at Joe's Snack Bar in Jericho, to playing computer games with a dying child.

Your presence there in a non-judgmental way is what is needed.

Right now I have a colorful woman who wants to go out to eat as she thinks the food at her assisted living place is disgusting. This involves a wheelchair and sometimes oxygen, and she takes a great pleasure in good food.

Usually it is simply sitting with a person and giving respite to the primary caregiver. The important thing for dealing with the dying is this: it is not so important what you say or do. Your presence there in a non-judgmental way is what is needed.

Advice to young people just starting out

- Look beyond your own problems and the world you live in. There is much out there that we never hear about or know about unless we pay attention.
  - Look for the good in each day, even in the midst of despair, and give thanks.
  - Each person we meet has a lesson to teach, but we're often too much in a hurry to get on with the next project to wait to hear it.
  - Don't go into a situation with your mind made up – be open to other people's experiences and opinions.
  - Don't be afraid to take a risk.

Our daughters all have professions and families. Pam is a nurse in New Hampshire and has a husband and two children; Lyn in a Physical Therapist in New Jersey and has a husband and four children. Karen is a Certified Public Accountant at Captive Insurance, lives in Burlington, has a special woman in her life, and has four adopted non-white children.

Elderhostel Intergenerationals

One important thing that Bruce and I learn a lot from doing involves our grandchildren. These are held in every state and many foreign countries. Anyone old enough for Elderhostel (the principal registrant must be 55) is invited to come and bring a young learner for a five- to seven-day adventure.

The topics covered range from nature to hiking to water adventures to history. We send the participating grand child, ages eight to twelve, a list of six to eight possibilities and they pick. Everything is planned and included in the cost of the programs that range from trips in the U.S. that cost from $500 to $800 per person to much more costly international experiences.

It is a fine chance to get to know a grandchild and build memories. We learn a lot about them away from their parents, as well as joining with other grandparents in a common activity.

It is hard to explain why it is so much fun for adults except that for us it is a joy to do a set program with a grandchild and for a time see the world through their eyes. We always learn as much as the grandchild. We have explored caves, ridden horseback, traveled a day on a raft through the Grand Canyon, canoed on a river in Georgia, watched a grandson climb 75' and jump off a platform attached to a zip line, cooked a complete dinner over an open hearth with a blizzard raging outside, gone out on an oceanographic day on a raft through the Grand Canyon, canoed on a river in Georgia, watched a grandson climb 75' and jump off a platform attached to a zip line, cooked a complete dinner over an open hearth with a blizzard raging outside, gone out on an oceanographic vessel to gather specimens, test currents, measure water temperature, etcetera, slept in a tent in the rain, and above all watched a group of kids go from strangers to friends in sessions that offer everything from sailing, simulated space flight, digging for dinosaur remains, hiking, exploring National Parks, theatre, marine science, Washington, D.C., New York City, kayaking – the list is endless. Once we became involved in exploring caves and looking at nature through hikes and a float.

Here Lillian Hauke Venner's granddaughter Nicole is working on the potter's wheel at Sturbridge Village during one of the Elderhostel Intergenerational trips Lillian and her husband Bruce takes with each of their grandchildren. They give the young people their own choice of what to do.

Having fun after the rodeo

Down and dirty after crawling around in a big cave.

We went to one that was called Cowboys and Indians. We went to a rodeo, rode horseback, did a river-rafting trip and shot a bow and arrow. Most are for ages eight to twelve, but a few are for thirteen through fifteen.

We have completed seven so far and have three to go – hoping we still have the energy. Grandparents need to be a part of their grandchildren's lives, even at a distance. We have much to share.

Letters to Classmates and the Questions

On the following pages are the first letter and 50 questions sent out for the project in early 2005. I wanted people to have a couple of years to respond. I received plenty of feedback that there were too many questions, so I reduced the number to thirty. Following this is letter and 30 questions sent in late 2006, much shorter.

By January 1, 2007 I had 230 pages of typeset text and pictures from about twenty-five people. By the first of May I had pages from sixty-two people. With the introductory pages it is 392 finally. On the first of May 2007 we have 62 authors, a 32.8% response.

A full account of the book's creation is in the Afterword chapter on the CD.

A new way to share what we know and have experienced

I hope this effort opens a new venue for average people as they are finishing their working lives to record the highlights of their history and what they have learned for the benefit of young people just starting out. They don't need to have enough to say to write a whole book, but most people have some significant thoughts and lessons in life they have learned to add grit and good sense to efforts like this one.

I am trying to create a new kind of memoir literature – the 50-year reunion book: small or lengthy items from lifetimes of experience that might help young people as they start their journeys in life. Maybe high schools could collect them. It could become an item on the high schools' web sites: 50-Year Memories.

Jumping in when help is needed – a good Vermont trait

Tom Hackett bears out a fine Vermont trait that Bill Chittenden speaks about in the book: "Being a Vermonter means being hard working, honest, and not afraid to jump in when help is needed." And another saying is out there: if you need help, ask a busy person. Tom jumped in and helped me substantially with critique, answered many questions and was gone in a flash because he *was* busy, still not retired.

Beyond that, he sent me a $300 check (I did not ask for), made about 20 calls, one to Eric Foster who sent me $300; Steve Berry sent $100; Bob McBride pitched in $175; Sue Minotti Ladue sent $20, Lillian Hauke, $100 and Sam Conant $100. All those unsolicited dollars went to help buy ink, paper, stamps, CDs for all and to pay the BookSurge setup charges. I had put in about $800 for paper and ink – besides two years work. I had been following Michael Phillips "First Law of Money:" do the right thing and the money will come.[32] Thanks to Tom, Eric, Steve, Sue, Bob, Lillian and Sam and my credit cards. Total final outlay to get it to the BookSurge, the print-on-demand company: $2,100. Barbara McDonough has been there with moral support all along. Whew! It is done. – *Tom Whitney*

[32] **Phillips, Michael**: *The Seven Laws of Money* (Random House, NY and Word Wheel Books, Menlo Park, CA; 1974)."My understanding of the First Law of Money [money will come when you are doing the right thing] is that a person's focus must be on his passion. He must be able to integrate who he is with what he is doing, see his project as a whole, and do his work systematically in order to legitimately expect the money to take on its secondary "helping" role."

Letter and questions sent early 2005

Dear 1957 Burlington High School Classmate,

This is an idea both for those who have attended previous class reunions and for those who have never attended one.

I recently marked my 65th birthday, as you have: amazing. Officially old, "retired" (is "elderly" far away?) - but who feels that way? I don't move so fast any more. I do have more time now to be reflective.

Having long been a fan of the History Channel and Ken Burns documentaries, I got to thinking about the 50th anniversary since we graduated high school coming in about two and a half years.

This is a pinhole camera picture I took of the house where my family lived on Shelburne Road in 1954, subsequently replaced by the Volkswagon dealership. It looks sort of mysterious now. Our disappearing memories. . .

In 1957 we were 250 teenagers born at the end of the Great Depression who had been thrown together by fate in high school. We were in a rock-ribbed-Republican northern state and about to enter a very socially tumultuous period in American history. The pre-baby-boom generation.

A half century is a pretty good chunk of time that we have been out there pounding the bricks, following our dreams, raising families, working, being citizens, having difficulties, and having fun. Who are we? What did we do? What adventures and interesting, odd, fun or terrifying experiences did we have? What values have we evolved? ***What is our history?***

Many cultures value older people and what they know, but we grew up in a half-century that focused on youth; progress; newer is better. Is it? We *have* learned a thing or two in fifty years. Now it is time to give back. ***What did we learn or experience in the university of hard knocks beyond high school that might help today's students and others?***

Everybody has learned a thing or two. Everybody has a some stories to tell. Some of what we learned could save others from a lot of heartache or trouble if we share it. Some stories and anecdotes would be just be plain fun to read. Some could be quite instructive, our humble gift to posterity.

What has our Vermont upbringing meant to us in our lives? It was the culture we grew up in. Do the 83 of us who left the state have any special perspectives because we came from Burlington and Vermont? - Or not? What are the thoughts of the 102 who stayed, who were able to watch and be part of Vermont as it became transformed from a rural dairy state to an admired, socially progressive, terrific place for business with the best environmental consciousness and perhaps the best quality of life in the nation?

So I came up with a plan: ask a bunch of questions, give people a year and a half to find the time to respond, then figure out what to do with the responses.

We could make a CD or DVD and everyone who participated could get a copy for the cost of materials to duplicate them. And we could make our own book about it. Maybe a real publisher would be interested.

During my adult life I have been a graphic designer and editor of a national magazine, thus have skills to grapple with lots of information and present it in a readable way, so it will be done professionally with respect and good humor.

I have talked with Barb McDonough about this idea. Barb has done a fine job as a prime mover behind most of our reunions and I am grateful to her and everyone who has helped make them happen. She thinks this is a fine idea; I should go with it. I have shared the idea and sample questions with a number of classmates and have incorporated many of their suggestions.

Maybe this effort can help bridge the generation gap. Those teen years can be pivotal for good or bad in people's lives. Something transformative happened during those high school years as we emerged from cocoon of childhood and began exercising our wings. We all went through changes during that time, forging in a halting way the personalities of the people we became.

Church Street - once the main shopping street of the largest city in Vermont, it is now a nationally celebrated pedestrian mall (as featured in Landscape Architecture magazine) and center of one of the premiere "latte towns."

Latte towns are "upscale liberal communities, often in magnificent natural settings, often university based, that have become crucial gestation centers for America's new upscale culture" - according to Weekly Standard Senior Editor David Brooks in his book "BOBOS in Paradise," written with some humor - and accuracy - in 2000. BOBOs, he tells us, are "bourgeois bohemians." "Latte towns" he says, are "fantastic business centers," whose moguls remember that "**business is not about making money; it's about doing something you love.**" *That is how one writer from outside viewed Burlington in recent years. What are your observations?*

When we were in high school I began documenting our fair city. I was given this photograph of Church Street, taken about 1896 in horse and buggy days.

In 1955, I climbed the rickety ladder up the back of the former Kelly Pharmacy building and took another from the same spot.

This view was taken in 2003 - now the celebrated pedestrian mall. Soon the trees will mask the buildings. The iron ladder is still rickety.

I know that many of us didn't really know many people well in our high school class. Many of us were pretty much self-absorbed. **But we shared the experience of growing up in the same special place - Burlington and Vermont - it was the culture we grew up in.**

The focus here is meant to be less on our high school years, and more on the lives we lived around and beyond it, what we have learned and experienced that might be useful or interesting to others and what is special about our Vermont heritage.

Remember the old Strong Theatre? Did you ever go to the 12¢ Saturday afternoon matinees? What were some of your memorable favorites? (And of course there were cars, not horses, when we went there.)

The questions are my way to get you started.

Maybe 50 questions are too many. Don't worry about it. **Just pick and choose until you find some you do want to respond to, even if it is only one or two.** Or just look at the three topic headings, *ignore the questions*, and write something in response to them.

Few of us are writers. But I've never let that stop me, obviously. **Write as if you were writing a letter to a good friend.** Email would be easiest for me to handle. Or tape record your responses. Hand writing is fine. Don't worry about keeping them in any order or about punctuation and grammar: start with a topic heading or the number of a question and write or talk away, as much as you want. And maybe share them with me after you have done a couple. I'll be happy to give you some constructive feedback. The project may grow on you. It could be fun. And it could be something to share with your extended family.

Think about them, take your time, and get back to me eventually. But don't wait toooo long. It was sobering and sad to learn that 36 of our classmates have already passed away before we had a chance to hear from them in this way, and record their thoughts for posterity.

I welcome any questions you think were missed. If you want to help, have some thoughts or any other ideas about what we could do with the project, let me know. If you would like me to email you the list of questions or if you would like the questions in Braille, large print or casette, let me know.

What do you think?

Tom Whitney

137 Kuakolu Place, Hilo, HI 96720
(Yes, I moved to Hawai'i.)
(808) 933-1198
email: whitneye001@hawaii.rr.com

What is your story?

1. Lasting memories of the 1940s and early 1950s?

2. What was jr. and senior high school like for you? *Best course taken?*

3. Teachers you remember? *What, about them?*

4. Were there any defining moments, experiences or involvements in or out of school up to the time of high school graduation that were important to you? *Favorite hangouts? Activities?*

5. Did sports play a role in your life? *Most thrilling memories? Lessons learned, that young athletes of today might benefit from?*

6. How important was college in shaping your life - if it was? *Degrees?*

7. Military experience?

8. Jobs during your life? *Make a generic list of them all.*

9. What was your primary honorable occupation or role in life? *Was there a thread or threads of continuity through your life?*

10. Stories of entrepreneurship? *Or any feats of negotiation or management in which you played a role? Lessons learned?*

11. Personal heroes? *People or books that have guided or inspired you?*

12. Tales of ventures, adventures or unusual, spooky, terrifying or exhilarating experiences? *Hmmm . . .*

13. Participated in public life in some way? *Ever go to a town meeting? Get involved in politics? Run for office? Nonprofit organizations? Any successes? How has your political perspective changed over the years?*

14. Public issues you have worked for, or feel are important?

15. Creative endeavors *(defining 'creative' in a broad sense)*? Avocations or hobbies? Ever invented something? Made any original contributions to some aspect of knowledge? Preserved history? *Share pictures?*

16. Tales of love in your life you care to share? *Courtship? Marriage? Divorce? The "sexual revolution?" Civil-unions? Views on the institution of marriage? Most romantic moments or places? Satisfaction of the single life?*

17. What are you most proud of having done or accomplished at various times in your life? Defining moments? *To what do you attribute your achievements? Do you have any photographs related to these special experiences?*

18. Describe your spiritual or religious beliefs over time.

19. Family? *What are your young ones up to?*

20. What are you doing now? *What do you most enjoy doing?*

Fifty years . . . we learned a thing or two

21. How have you turned the challenges and sadnesses of your life into growing experiences?

22. Thoughts about growing older? *Now you are officially a "senior citizen." Many cultures value older people, but we grew up in a half-century that focused on youth, the new, bigger autos are better, etc. Thoughts?*

23. Basic values and rules you live by. Rules you used to live by, but gave up. *Wisdom you have learned from others?*

24. Had a near death experience - besides this inexorable aging process we are all experiencing? *Describe it. Did it change your life; teach you?*

25. Savvy words to the wise, tricks of the trade, hard-won lessons or humorous but real observations you have learned through experience in any area during your journey through life?

26. Any interesting job-seeking, job-creating, or getting-fired tales?

27. Ever written articles or stories or had them written about you? *Please send us copies.*

28. Ever won an award for professional or civic activity? *What did you do that led to the honor?*

29. All time favorite movies? Music? *Favorites in the 1950s? Later? Now?*

30. All-time favorite books? *Tell us about why you like them. Any books you would now recommend for students to read during the high school years?*

31. Passions? *Any enduring puzzles, enigmas, fascinations, collections, projects or missions that have intrigued and involved you through the years?*

32. Were there particular times that were turning points in your life? *Or times that marked the end of one stage and the beginning of the next?*

33. Are there second chances, second acts, in life?

34. Advice you would give to yourself as a student back in high school, knowing what you know now. *One example: find a way to take auto and wood shop in the college prep program.*

35. Did you have conflicts with your parents during high school? *Were they resolved? This could help today's parents deal with their teenagers.*

36. Thoughts on parenthood - and the high school years? *Speaking from your experience as both a young person and a parent.*

37. Imagine *that you were going to have coffee with the son or daughter of a friend, or a niece or nephew as they get ready to leave home to live on their own or go off to college:* ***What advice would you share with them?***

38. If you were a philanthropist, what would you support?

39. How do you want to be remembered?

What has your Vermont upbringing has meant to you in your life?

40. Do you feel that being a Vermonter has given you useful perspectives as you lived your life? *Could you describe them? Can you give some examples of how your Vermont background has influenced things you have done and choices you have made?*

41. What do you remember learning about Vermont in school? *Interesting information you have learned about Vermont since then? Do you have any knowledge of Vermonters' influence beyond the state? Famous and non-famous Vermonters and what they accomplished?*

42. What did you learn by living in Vermont?

43. Who were your parents? *What was their story? What is the legacy of their lineage to you? Other family history in Vermont? Upon reflection, what have been the influences of your father and mother on the life you have led, or now lead.*

44. Thoughts about culture: *How do you ethnically, racially or culturally identify yourself - or do you? Have you explored your ethnic roots or genealogy? Do you personally observe any time-honored family traditions? Have you observed other cultures? Thoughts about non-ethnic cultures?*

45. Is there a culture of Burlington or Vermonters? *Has it changed over the years?*

46. How did Vermont develop such a prominent environmental and quality-of-life consciousness compared with most other states?

47. How did Vermont become transformed *from the Republican dairy state it was when we graduated through Bernie Sanders, the socialist mayor, and Howard Dean to "one of the crucial gestation centers for America's new upscale culture" if that is an accurate description? Those of you who have watched it all, what are your observations?*

48. Things you like - or don't - about Burlington, or about Vermont.

49. Any Burlington, Vermont, or neighborhood history questions or interests you want more information about? *When we come up with enough questions, we'll see if we can get some students to help us research them.*

50. What does it mean to be a Vermonter?

Letter sent late 2006

Burlington High School **Class of 1957**

50th Reunion Project

I hope you are doing well.

Barbara has announced our reunion gathering next August 18, 2007. I am working on our possibly unique history project. What is our story as told through our individual experiences?

Everybody has some stories to tell: funny, scary, fascinating, hard-earned lessons, disasters, successes – and the years of doing what we had to do to support our families. I am asking you to share them with us. So far as I know, none of us is going to be president or discover a new continent and have biographies written about us. But we have had some interesting experiences, done stuff, and learned a lesson or two. This is a project for those who have never gone to reunions as well as those who have. Take whatever space you need to tell us a good story or two. Not only about what you did but how you did it.

We have been out there fifty years. It is hard to believe. Half a century. Our working life. I am hoping we can leave something behind for young people just starting out: advice, words to the wise, tricks of the many trades we have learned.

There are a bunch of questions. If telling stories is not your thing, everybody can answer some questions. Among them I hope there are some you will find interesting to answer. ***Just respond to the ones you want to.***

We all shared a few years together at BHS. There are only a few questions about high school, most of them ask about the rest of our lives. Not only *what* we did but also *how did we do it*. What did we learn from it all? Was there something special about growing up in Burlington and Vermont?

It is definitely different than what is usually done for reunions. Why not give it a shot? It is our chance to "go down in history," the Vermonter version.

The affordable way to do this is to end up with an 8.5"x11" book with some of the text and pictures and a compact disc. The compact disc will have everything the book does plus a lot of other stuff besides. If you don't have a computer to play it on, a son or daughter or other relative probably does or you can take it to the library and someone will show you how to use it.

I am hoping that you will all get your responses in by the end of February so I will have time to process them.

If you have any questions please send me a note. Email is easiest for me. I can send you some sample draft chapters that have already accumulated.

Take Care,

Tom Whitney

:hool **Class of 1957**

50th Reunion Project

1. **Who were your parents**? What was their story? And your more distant ancestors? What is the legacy of their lineage to you? Relatives in WWII or Korea?
2. **Lasting memories of the 1940s and early 1950s**?
3. **Were there any moments, experiences or involvements** in or out of school up to the time of high school graduation that were important? Activities, hobbies, jobs, hangouts, personal interests, challenges, fun things to do? People in the community who helped or inspired you? What experiences helped shape you into the person you became?
4. **Thoughts on parenthood and the high school years – from being there and being a parent?** Things you thought were important when you were young that you later learned were not so important?
5. **Did sports play a role in your life**? Most thrilling memories? Lesson learned that young athletes today might benefit from?
6. **How important was college and military experience in shaping your life?**
7. **Jobs during your life**? Make a generic list of them all. **What are you doing now?**
8. **Any interesting job-seeking, job-creating, or getting-fired tales?**
9. **What was your primary honorable occupation or role in life?** Was there a thread or threads of continuity through your life? Suggestions about good jobs?
10. **Stories of entrepreneurship or any feats of negotiation or management in which you played a role**? Lessons learned?
11. **What are you most proud of having accomplished at various stages of your life?**
12. **Tales of ventures, adventures, or unusual, spooky, terrifying, or exhilarating experiences or life threatening times when you could have died?**
13. **Participated in public life in some way? Town meetings? Politics? Run for office? Nonprofit groups?** How has your political perspective changed over the years?
14. **Public issues you have worked for, or feel are important**?
15. **Creative endeavors (defining "creative" in the broadest sense)?** Avocations or hobbies? Ever invented something? Made any original contributions to some aspect of knowledge? Preserved history?
16. **Do you feel that being a Vermonter has given a useful perspective as you have**

lived your life? Some examples? Any interesting items of Vermont history you didn't learn in high school?

17. **Tales of love in your life you care to share?** Courtship? Marriage? Divorce? The "sexual revolution?" Civil unions? Views on the institution of marriage? Most romantic moments or places? Satisfaction of the single life?
18. **How have you turned the challenges and sadnesses of your life into growing experiences?**
19. **Advice you would give a young person – a nephew, grandchild – as they are going into the world from high school, knowing what you know now.**
20. **Words to the wise**, tricks of the trade, hard-won lessons you have learned through experience in your journey through life?
21. **Ever written articles or stories or had them written about you?**
22. **Ever won an award for professional or community activity?**
23. **Personal heroes? All-time-favorite movies, music or books?**
24. **Passions?** Any enduring puzzles, enigmas, fascinations, collections, hobbies, projects or missions that have intrigued and involved you through the years?
25. **Thoughts about growing older?**
26. **Thoughts about culture: how do you ethnically, racially or culturally identify yourself – or do you?** Have you explored your ethnic roots or genealogy? Do you personally observe any time-honored family traditions? Have you observed other cultures? Thoughts about non-ethnic cultures?
27. **Basic values and rules you live by?** Rules you used to live by, but gave up? How have your religious or spiritual values changed over time?
28. **Tell us about your family and your sweetheart.** What are your young ones up to?
29. **Things you like – or don't – about Burlington, or about Vermont**. Why did you leave or why did you stay?
30. **If you were a philanthropist, what would you support?**

What did we miss? I know some of you may laugh at this. I *have* cut the number of questions down from the initial 70 to "just" 30. We are a bunch of interesting and complex people who have had an amazing variety of experiences. This is our story.

Thoughts about answering

Some have come up with many stories about various incidents in their lives. Others have just put down a number for a question and start writing the answer; even a few words are fine. Some questions would take a book to answer: give us a hint. **Take the space you need to tell a good story.** Others have done a four or five page chronological story of their lives and observations.

None of it is a competitive bragging contest. The point of it is just telling what our life experiences have been. The ups and the downs. The average. What we have learned. What's done is done. Each of us has had a different life. Now let us share our stories. Imagine we are sitting around a nice fire pit outside at night talking: that's the mood.

Some have written stuff out longhand, others type, and others use the Internet. Internet is easiest for me. But I will be happy to receive your responses in any form: talk into a tape recorder, or call me up, I'll attach my recorder to the phone. I plan to do a minimum of editing. But please do not worry if you send ungrammatical thoughts – you

should see mine when I do my first drafts. I will make your English teacher proud, without a hint that you didn't write perfectly, if he or she is still around.

We will collect responses in a photocopied book. They will also be available on CD discs. I could use some help in gathering responses.

Tom Whitney, <whitneye001@hawaii.rr.com> 137 Kuakolu Place, Hilo, Hawaii 96720 808-933-1198 *P.S. If you send responses by mail please send a few extra stamps so I can send back a proof. This is a low budget – but highest quality – effort out of my own pocket.*