

# James Miller

## Introduction to the Slices of Life

## STHS Class of 1964- 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion

*Denied even to God: power to undo the past.*

– Agathon, quoted by Aristotle

A classmate who is choosing not to attend the reunion, yet lives a half-hour from Harrisburg said, "I hated high school," thinking he was alone. Maybe there are some who think of those years as "the best of times," but I've always considered those years "the worst of times." Indeed, I told my own students - juniors and seniors in high school to distrust anyone who said these were the best years. "These years are the most challenging" I told them, but also, "every year beyond this one gets better."

Still the memories of high school are etched in fire. I cried in the ladies restroom at every dance I ever attended, and I was taller than all of the boys but also shorter than Jane Cheadle! When I asked the talented and popular, Sandy Yeager, what she felt, I was astounded to hear her reply, paraphrased by my dramatic interpretation and fictional memory, "It was a kind of torture!"

So why in the name of the gods and goddesses would any of us return for a class Reunion? Well, because, those were interesting folks we didn't know then, but might get to know now!

The **Slice of Your Life Thus Far** was a project suggested and designed with the assistance of Sandy Schmoyer Scharf. The idea was to give us a chance to add to our individual yearbook histories. To say, "Here's a more recent account of my life, written by me," and "I look forward to meeting you for the first time at our Reunion." We hoped many more would contribute, but apparently some people hate to write even if they are delighted to have dinner at Blue Ridge Country Club! (Please, someone, ask me to dance.) (And if I stay in the Ladies Room too long, come in there and fish me out!)

As a writer, I have realized that the past is never past. In fact, I carry it along, as everyone else does, right into the everyday of this September morning when I'm sitting in my study on 8th Street in Corvallis, Oregon. I can't wait to see you, to talk with you, to share dinner and some crazy fast-dance out there on the hardwood. We will miss those unable to join us, unwilling, and, of course the 30 of us who are deceased, but hopefully looking down on our merriment with the kind of love, ie. nostalgia, that is all about the past.

And, Carl, it doesn't matter what you wear on Saturday night. Even your pj's will be okay with us.

Ann Staley

As the years go by and I am now closer to 70 than 60, I sometimes cannot remember a time in my life that John was not a part of. We both lived in the "uptown" section of the township and attended Herbert Hoover Elementary School. After spending 7th - 9th grades in Susquehanna Township Junior High, we went on the high school. We both graduated in 1964. John's friends were "the shop guys" and I was in the business section. Had anyone told me back then that I would marry one of those "shop guys," my reaction would have been, "Yeah, right."

After graduation, John went to Korea with the US Army and I began working at Merchants and Businessmen's Mutual Insurance Company. After returning from Korea, John went to work at the now, long-gone, Fruehauf Corporation in Middletown. He started to work with Rescue Fire Company, and I was at that time, an active member of the Rescue Auxiliary, so we had the opportunity to be reacquainted. We married in August 1969. Our daughter was born in May 1970. I quit work at the insurance company when Anne was born, but after she started school, I went back to work part-time for the Flower Gallery on North Sixth Street, just down the street from our house.

When Fruehauf dissolved, John spent a few years at Kerry's Lawn and Garden in Mechanicsburg, but eventually found a home at Imperial Beverage Systems, retiring in 2012. He still returns to assist when they need an extra pair of hands. When the Flower Gallery dissolved, I started at Edu-Care Services, part time and became full-time a year later. After 25 years I returned to part time. I am still employed there three days a week and love it. Working keeps me out of trouble.

Anne graduated from STHS in 1968. She and her husband Ronnie gave us a granddaughter, Molly, who is now 13. They live on Potato Valley Road in Middle Paxton Township.

So this year we celebrate 50 years of life since STHS graduation on June 1, 1964. May we all stay well, be happy and meet up again at our 55th in 2019.

## Walking Through Life

My parents used to tell me stories about my escapades as a youngster: climbing to the top of bookshelves in order to see what was happening outdoors, playing outside for hours with neighborhood kids, stripping into my "birthday suit" and running around outside during a summer rainstorm!

My life since high school has been less mischievous but it surely has been interesting, fun and full of various opportunities. After high school graduation I began on the path to become a nurse...a lifelong dream. My nursing education was intense, both academically and physically. After the book learning we kept busy "running the halls" at Harrisburg Hospital, all the while applying the book learning to the real world with patients! After finishing my nursing education my career has taken me to many interesting places-clinics, hospital emergency rooms, a college campus, peoples' homes, doctor's offices and even my Church.

One of the best things about nursing has been the variety of people I've met along my journey. What an eye opener it's been to experience all phases of life-birth to death and every stage in between. My work has shown me the importance of attitude, acceptance, patience, hard work, and much more. I've learned those lessons from little kids having surgery, blind adults and their guide dogs, young men paralyzed in motorcycle accidents, single homeless mothers struggling to feed their family and even from a one hundred six year old woman whose family was supposed to sail on the Titanic!

Three years ago I retired from my favorite nursing role: parish nurse for a large Church. Much of my time there was spent "walking along side" of members as they experienced the joys and challenges of life. How fortunate I was to be mentored by pastors who nourished my own Spirit and mind as well. My role models for my own healthy aging were my patients/clients who were discovering ways to make the best of the inevitable losses that come as the years roll by.

It seems that my mantra in recent years has been: gratitude, gratitude, gratitude. Gratitude for my husband of forty four years. Because I tend to take life too seriously Jerry keeps me laughing. Yes, we've had our hills and valleys along the way. We've been blessed with two great kids-a daughter and a son and two "grand-cats." As a family we love travelling to experience new places and opportunities. We enjoy hiking or exploring the beautiful outdoors, especially in the woods and mountains. I'm grateful for our Church, a special community where we are challenged and supported in our beliefs and encouraged to reach out to those in need. I'm grateful for our community and neighborhood where we live. Our town is a walkable community much like typical towns of the past where we can do our errands walking to local hardware, grocery stores or to the train to travel into Philadelphia or even to the airport.

Lastly, I'm grateful for good health, for memories and continued connections to the past through visits with childhood friends, cousins and summertime weekends spent in the Adams county woods not too far from our roots.

Life is full of surprises!! My path was clear when I graduated from Susquehanna: college, medical school, return to Harrisburg to join a pediatrics practice, probably marry and have children. But surprises happen: college-yes, medical school-no. So here the path began to meander—toward graduate school in Biology at Bryn Mawr and a postdoctoral fellowship in Human Genetics at University of Pennsylvania and along the way I married a fellow grad student. Then another course change: divorce and a move from Bryn Mawr, where I had been teaching, back to Penn as a Research Associate in the Genetics Department.

Then came the interesting part: while at Penn I met and married Warren Ewens, a Professor in the Biology Department who happened to be an Australian who spent 7 months each year in Australia and 5 months in Philadelphia. So now the path took a 15,000 mile southwestward turn and I ended travelling back and forth between Philadelphia and Melbourne, Australia for the next 16 years. From January through July, I was step-mother to 2 teenagers and worked in sheep genetics at the University of Melbourne. In August we would return to Philadelphia and resume working in Human Genetics at Penn.

My time in Melbourne was exciting and I made many new friends, developed new interests and have some wonderful travel opportunities due to the close proximity to Southeast Asia and the Pacific Islands. I get to go back to Melbourne about every 18 months (3 grandchildren are a big draw), but life in Philadelphia is busy and active with lots of friends who keep me sane. I still work part-time for a friend in the Genetics Department at Penn and enjoy home with its (too large) garden.

Did I ever imagine in June 1964 that I would end up living in Australia, having lots of wonderful travel opportunities, and having had a rewarding research career? Certainly not---but then who knows what path life will present to us?



**Alan Hepford**

**September 2014**

**A Slice of My Life**

Here is a slice of the good life from Colorado. College was interrupted by military service and work at the PA State Capital. I left PA in August 1969 and joined my parents in Kaysville, Utah. Finished college and met a cute little freshman named Connie. That was 45 years ago and we just celebrated our 43 wedding anniversary. We have 3 children and 8 grandchildren.

After 37 years of federal service and a quad-by-pass, we retired in 2003. During the working years we spent time in Utah, Idaho, California, Georgia, Washington D.C., Germany and Colorado. I thought I would have time to play golf, hunt and fish but our family and grandchildren seem to take up most of the time.

Come and see us anytime but be advised our house sits just above 7,000 feet and the air is thin.

Best Wishes,

Alan and Connie Hepford

By the time I graduated high school I had my hairdressing license and started working in a salon. In 1972 I opened my own shop and still work on a semi-retired basis. I am married to a great man a few years my junior: we have two fur babies, a parrot and we helped raise our niece and nephew.

My life has been very interesting, I have been involved in starting a few nonprofit organizations over the years, one, Life Spectrums is an international organization to help further education in the holistic and new age field.

For the past 20 years I have been a jewelry artist creating my work from my studio. I sell my work in galleries and at art shows; and now teach jewelry making throughout the east coast. A few years ago I started the Central Pa. Bead and Jewelry Society that helps further the interest in the jewelry arts providing workshops and networking.

I have been blessed to travel the world and gained some very interesting friends along the way. I don't see myself slowing down anytime soon, I love my life.

I am sure all of you remember the seven minute organ piece I composed for commencement. Classmates described the audience slowly sinking in their seats in that hot and humid auditorium. There was nice applause after I finished played the piece, but that was not because they enjoyed it - they were just glad it was over!

I went on to Oberlin primarily to study voice, but I fell in love with the pipe organ. As such I practiced diligently to pass the necessary sophomore piano evaluation before being allowed to take organ. Even though my senior recital was in voice, the pipe organ beckoned.....so much so that I went on to SMU in Dallas to pursue my organ studies. All the while I was composing, but never had a lesson. Even at SMU I was told I was "too advanced" for the class. It wasn't until I matriculated at Eastman School of Music that I had my first actual composition lesson. I chose Eastman because it was performance oriented and required both an organ recital and a composition recital for graduation. I worked rather furiously, and in two years had my doctorate with no idea what I was going to do.

Even though I had conducted church choirs for a number of years, I only had one course in choral conducting - but somehow I ended up at Notre Dame to take over the Glee Club (hence the name "Coach" sprang up) and to begin their mixed choral program, as they had just become a coed university. Those were great years, and I am fortunately asked back to conduct a few pieces at every Glee Club reunion. I am still in contact with many former "clubbers".

Then on to Otterbein for a one year appointment, which was a great experience. This small college has asked me back as guest composer, conductor, and organist.

The magic call then came from The University of Tampa. I thought "No more snow". I still maintain great friendships with former students and some former and current faculty. Now I do free lance composing, conducting, and vocal coaching. We never know where paths will lead us. This is something I have told every student who came for an audition at UT. Just learn and doors will open. Also, I have told every class - whether music history, choral conducting, or form and analysis: "Always be kind. You will never regret it."



I graduated from Muhlenberg College with a B.S. Degree in Biology. After college, I worked as an electron microscopy technician at the Primate Center at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, where my husband, Ed, was a graduate student, and later at the VA Hospital in San Francisco, CA.

After Ed's army service in San Francisco, we moved back to Madison, WI. Our daughter, Melanie, now 42 years old, was born there. Melanie is a physical therapist at a hospital and healthplex in Cincinnati. Later we moved to Cincinnati, OH, because Ed took a job at The Procter & Gamble Company there. Our son, Tim, now 38 years old, was born in Cincinnati. Tim is an industrial designer in Los Angeles, CA, and designs large fountains programmed to music. One of his notable projects was his design for the cauldron for the 2002 Winter Olympics in Salt Lake City.

During the 1980s, I took nutrition and dietetics classes at the University of Cincinnati and at Cincinnati State Technical and Community College. Subsequently, I worked part-time as a dietetic technician at a lipid research clinic in Cincinnati.

Over the years, I have done considerable volunteer work. At my church, I have helped prepare meals for the congregation and have served as both an elder and a deacon. I have helped at local running club races, and I have interviewed clients for a local food and clothing distribution center for the needy. For several years I was a volunteer at the Cincinnati Nature Center and took children on nature hikes. In August 2013, Ed and I were volunteer marshals at the Western & Southern Open Tennis Tournament in Mason, OH. Marshals help provide security for the players. This is the major tennis tournament before the U.S. Open in late summer. We will be marshals again at the 2014 W&S Tournament.

Among my outside interests, physical activity has always been important in my life. I played field hockey in high school. I have enjoyed walking and hiking, and Ed and I have hiked extensively in the major U.S. national parks. I was a runner for 28 years and completed many races including two full marathons. Currently I swim five mornings a week and take walks. Ed and I enjoy traveling. Places we have visited include Alaska, Hawaii, Europe, and Taiwan. In addition, I enjoy gardening. We have a butterfly garden which attracts many species of butterflies and also hummingbirds.

We have two grandchildren in Cincinnati, Colin, age 12, and Roxy, age 9, and love spending time with them.

Maybe it's because I'm an architect, but "home" has always been important to me. I grew up first in a "twin" house in the Allison Hill section of Harrisburg until we moved to Susquehanna Township during the summer before my start in 4<sup>th</sup> grade at Progress Elementary. Little did I know at the time that this move in 1955 was part of the great post-WW II move to suburban sprawl. Ours was a new modest brick bungalow, but it had a large backyard with a "big woods" behind...great for exploring as a grade schooler and we "explorers" could get to Wedgewood Hills on the other side of the creek. Most of our neighbors went to Catholic schools....St. Margaret Mary was nearby in our little enclave S of Penbrook and E of Edgemont. I could walk to both elementary and junior high school, which was pretty neat (except in the winter ☹). Once we moved on to the new high school, a few parents put together a car pool....until some of the neighbor kids were old enough to drive sometimes. We're friendly with Susie (Grubb) Keller '63 who was in the carpool...lives near us now

For the next 6 years after STHS, I spent 9 months of the year at a college campus in Upstate NY, but "home" was still 2832 Spruce Street in Harrisburg until the summer of 1970. Kathy and I were married in August, so we spent the last year of my grad school in the "ivory tower" of Ithaca NY....great fun, many stories and many friends to this day. Our first married "home" was a basement apartment not far from campus.

Moving back to Harrisburg in late 1971 seemed like the likely thing to do; I had an easy "in" at the architecture firm where I had several jobs...starting at \$1.25/hour! This time "home" was the top 1-1/2 floors of 321 North Front Street...right along the river; there was an apartment on the top 1-1/2 floors overlooking the Susquehanna. It was a great deal and our daughter was born while we lived there for 3 years. During this "Brigadoon" period, many high school friends still came back to town and it was easier to stay connected. Another component of "home" was added in summer 1974 when friends asked us to "house sit" in Camp Hill; they also let us use their summer cottage near Gettysburg. More on this later.

Fall of 1974 brought a job offer for me from Philadelphia, and we moved to the "small town" of Narberth, which is just W of the city limits in the "Main Line" inner west suburbs. After renting an apartment and then buying a small house up the street, arrival of our son in 1983 suggested the need for more space; we were extremely lucky to find a great "Arts & Crafts" house in a small 1915 "garden development" a couple blocks away. We have now lived in the same house for almost 40 years and still love the community. It's too large for us "empty nesters" but we've decided to stay for another 5 years or so; there are too many "pluses" to downsize yet. By the way, our "kids" are Ben (31-in grad school) and Melissa (41- pastor/hospice chaplain).

This brings me back to that summer cottage in Adams County...built in 1920. After spending time at "Waldheim" for almost 20 years, our friends decided to sell; after some heavy lobbying from our children, we made the decision to buy a "weekend house" in 1993. At least half of our "memories" were made at this simple cottage over the past 21 years, and it has allowed us to keep a "toehold" in Central PA. Several of our STHS classmates have visited over the years and know that it's a world away from metro Philly: 25 acres of woods and fields shared with 5 other cottages, a wide stream for swimming and canoeing, and a much less hectic vibe. It's not fancy but it is "home" in the truest sense of the word. We love the quietness of the rural area and the blackness of the night sky; lots of back-roads and a 1950's ice cream drive-in to visit in my 1968 Dodge Dart. I expect to have this vintage Dart at the reunion....if anyone wants to "ride back to the 60's" ☺

The "homes" in Harrisburg city and Susquehanna Twp are gone; the college era "home" and others along the way are gone; our current main home will be history by the time of the 60<sup>th</sup> reunion. Fingers-crossed: As long as we can handle the modest upkeep and navigate the stairs, I hope that our cottage will remain as a Central PA "home" for our family for a longer time. Drop in if you are in the Gettysburg area in the summer.

The same year I was born my grandfather, Samuel Emswiler, built Sam's Ice Cream on Paxton Street and we made and dipped ice cream for 34 years. We all worked in the family business both on Paxton Street and on Progress Avenue. In fact, I got off the bus from STHS to work with my dad (also named Sam) at the Progress Avenue store after school.

After graduating from Shippensburg State College, Mike Putt and I got married 45 years ago with my 4th grade class from Progress Elementary School (where I was teaching with some of the teachers I had while attending there) attending the wedding. After a graduate degree from Temple University, we had 2 children, Cherie & Charlie, and they were the focus of my life for several years. By that time Mike and his father had started another family business at Susquehanna Decorating Products. As we took over the business from his parents, Mike and I opened more stores and worked hard to "paint the town" whatever color anyone bought from us. During the kids' school years we were active in PTA and various local business organizations. After the decorating business I went back to teaching Kindergarten and became director of two day care facilities. Then Mike's dad needed my full time care and after his death, I fulfilled a childhood dream of becoming a ride operator at Hersheypark.

My grandparents had been circus performers and owners of the Red Lion Circus in Red Lion, PA, and had family that ran an amusement park for years. I guess it's in my blood! I am still at Hersheypark and loving every minute of it!

Cherie and Charlie grew to become wonderful parents of their own and blessed us with 5 grandchildren, Joey & Chelsea, Kacandra & Lucas, and Madison. Now we also have 3 great-grandchildren, Dominic & Stella & Chloe.

Mike and I are active 50+ yr. members of Pine Street Presbyterian Church and love to sing in the choir and participate in numerous mission projects locally, nationally and internationally. We also enjoy our friends and business partners from all over the world with Market America/Shop.com.

We love to travel and enjoy the sand between our toes at the beach whenever we can. There are a lot of places to see and things we want to do as we continue to live our dreams!

The water and boats of any type have always beckoned to me. I left Harrisburg for Ithaca College where I could stare at Cayuga Lake and plot various ways to be on the water. After four years at Ithaca I went on to Springfield College to study Park and Recreation Administration. Married a fellow sailor and moved to the Eastern Shore of Maryland and then on to New Hampshire.

In 1973 I moved to Geneva New York in the Finger Lakes. I got divorced and settled into becoming the Director of Parks and Recreation for the City of Geneva, sailing coach at William Smith College and adjunct at Finger Lakes Community College. Salt water always called and I bought a cottage in Wellfleet Massachusetts. For many years I balanced life in Geneva with a growing summer rental business in Wellfleet. Six years ago I "retired" to Wellfleet to operate my rental business.

Water and boats are still very much a part of my life. I am fortunate to spend my time on the Cape sailing, fishing, helping out with oyster and clam grants and assisting with a charter fishing business. In the winter I spend several months in a small Puerto Rican waterfront community.

One of the great joys in my life has been my interaction with people. I have been especially fortunate to work with a large number of young people - many who have become lifelong friends.

Along the way - in a fashion inspired by my parents - I have been able to give back many of the opportunities and blessings that I have received.

I am passionate about my friends, two little Episcopal churches on the Outer Cape. the water, music, reading, theater, traveling, food and have an innate curiosity and a good sense of humor.

STHS was certainly a part of all of our lives. It will be interesting to learn of the roads travelled by our classmates since June 1, 1964: A time that seems so long ago and that has gone by so quickly.

## Fifty Years

How can it be fifty years since 1964? I am sure most of you feel 29, as I do, even though our bodies often tell us differently.

Immediately after graduation from Lebanon Valley College, I spent three weeks visiting my French friend in Paris. When I came home, I taught English for one year at good old STHS. After that, I held various jobs – in Philadelphia for two years, then back to Harrisburg at WHP-TV, at an advertising agency, at a luggage store – before heading back to graduate school for a Masters in Deaf Education.

I spent the next 25 years teaching deaf and hard-of-hearing students, first at The American School for the Deaf in West Hartford, CT., then for Montgomery County Public Schools in Maryland.

My free time has been spent traveling (mostly to France), reading, dining with friends, attending concerts, theatre, and movies. Now all my time is free since I retired in 2005. For the past 14 years I have lived with Joan, my partner of 24 years, in Washington, DC. Through her I have a wonderful in-law family that includes her two beautiful children and their children. Life is Good!

I look forward to seeing you all again at our 60<sup>th</sup>? 70<sup>Th</sup>? \_\_\_th?

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Born at a very young age, my earliest recollection of myself was that I was very young. I was christened James (pronounced 'Jaym-may'—it's French) George (either after my father, or just a coincidence) Miller (pronounced 'Mill-lar', yep, French again). Like most men destined for notorious greatness or maybe great notoriety, my beginnings were humble. My father and grandfather worked with steel, my brother was an only child, and my first home was the second floor of my great uncle's printing press in the heart of downtown Penbrook.

Growing up in Penbrook, I was an accomplice in a crime so nefarious (at least for a five year old) that it is no doubt still talked about in the bars and bordellos of downtown Penbrook. Alas, we were caught, and were subjected to punishment suitable for the era but which in this age of unbridled political correctness would be considered child abuse, the details of which I omit.

Having tarnished my family's good name, we were forced to flee to the neighboring borough of Progress. I can imagine no greater trauma to one's psyche than having to start the first grade twice in one year. This no doubt explains a lot about future events.

My years at Progress Elementary were happy ones, although there were some bumps like throwing up on my third grade teacher to convince her that her doubts about my feeling sick and needing to go home were not unfounded. (I can't remember her name as her picture does not appear in our fifth grade Memory Book. Hopefully she didn't leave on my account.) My literary talents received early recognition when in Mrs. Hilton's fourth grade class I was commissioned to write a short play about the end of the misnamed Civil War. My acting talents were given due recognition when I was fired from the lead role of Robert E. Lee because I could not bring myself to hug my fellow cast members of the female sex as called for by the script. (And should any of my classmates reading this recall that it was they whom I was to hug, please give me another chance! I no longer consider girls yucky.) The lesson here is never cast a playwright in one of his plays.

Around age nine the family acquired its first TV set and learning took a backseat for the next ten years or so. Fortunately, it arrived in time to catch the final episodes of Space Patrol and Tom Corbett Space Cadet. As a result of being exposed to the higher culture of juvenile science fiction as well as endless commercials for Pep cereal (not to be confused with cardboard) and Ovaltine, one evening as I stood in my backyard staring at the stars—stop me if you heard this—I recall a strange voice that reached into the very depths of my mind with the sonorous refrain, "Snarffle." If that doesn't mean anything to you, forget that I mentioned it.

Junior High. What a horror show. Does anyone have any good memories of junior high? I mean having a principle with the name of Ax should have been a dead giveaway of the hell that awaited us.

High school. High school was really cool even if I was a band geek.

College. Even better. I went to Shippensburg which considering the number of our former classmates that ended up there was sort of like STHS Part II. In college I discovered that I had no idea what in Hades was the symbolism behind the park bench in Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, that there was more fiction in the content of my psychology and sociology courses than in my literature courses, that my speech teacher was the world's biggest bitch (shooting would have

been too good for her), and that the former Hitler Youth who was my German professor felt really bad about WWII. (On an up note, Dean Koontz attended Shippensburg while I was there.) Of course these were all 'required' courses because no rational being (or irrational for that matter) would willingly subject themselves to such abuse. After four wonderful years (mostly outside the classroom) I obtained a B.A. degree (no doubt designating that I had successfully mastered the first two letters of the Roman alphabet, backwards) and moved on to appendicitis, graduate school and the draft.

In 1969, to the detriment of both myself and the American military, I enlisted in the U.S. Navy and, through some administrative snafu, ended up in an oxymoron known as Naval Intelligence. In four years of naval service (?) I never got on a ship or even left the United States except for one brief jaunt to Tijuana (the less said about that the better). For reasons of national security I cannot reveal anything about my military duties except to say that they mostly involved a lot of floor wax. Also the combination of my collegiate and Naval experience made me swear off chicken for life.

Upon discharge (the terms of which escape me), I ended up at the state pen—eh, Penn State as a graduate student in astrophysics. One day as I lay in my dorm room stricken with mono, no doubt delirious with whatever it is you get with mono, I heard a voice—a seductive whisper if you would (see prior reference to 'strange voice'). It kept repeating over and over, "Jim, come over to the dark side...come over to the dark side." Now to some I may look stupid, but I'm not dumb enough to ignore a hallucination like that, so naturally I concluded that my future lay not with the stars but with the design of thermonuclear devices that go boom or the CIA or perhaps Disneyland. I can't say anything about how the CIA thing worked out—you understand—but for the sake of finishing this, we'll assume it didn't.

In 1975 I arrived in Richmond, Virginia, to start a career with VEPCO. Back then the official motto of the Old Dominion was, "Welcome to Virginia, owned and operated by VEPCO." Operating nukes was just rubbing salt into the open wound.

One problem with being a nuclear engineer is I could never discuss work with my charming wife Jean and two children around the dinner table. "Hey, Dad, do anything exciting at work today?"

"I sure did. I found a bug in line 9541 of the CESIC core neutron flux map code."

Some days I just yearned for some accident at one of our plants on the scale of Chernobyl so I would have something exciting to talk about, but no such luck.

After thirty some years of engineering nukes, I retired, or at least tried to, for like the Al Pacino character in *Godfather III*, it seems like every time I try to get out "they pull me back in." Once you get a sufficient dose of the good stuff (probably the gamma radiation) you just can't leave it alone. Today the shoe is on the other foot and I'm on the other side of the lectern, and believe me, the Boltzmann neutron transport equation never smelled so good.

I think it is only proper that I conclude with a bit of deep wisdom from composer Richard Strauss who in his *Ten Golden Rules for Young Conductors* stated, "Never look at the brass, as it only encourages them."

Disclaimer: No autos were injured in the making of this autobiography.

If anyone suggested to me that I would live the life I have lived, I would have laughed in his or her face. Can you believe that this is my first reunion? I can't! Every reunion time, I was out of town for business, pleasure, or family. So, I am excited to see you all again!

I left STHS for Millersville University in the fall of 1964. I loved Millersville and it was quite an adventure for me. I was involved with student government, girls' basketball, the drama club, and directed my first show while a student. I married Ron Kirkland between my junior and senior years, but unfortunately, we were not together for the "hereafter" – we were not here after the same things in life, so I am here after he is gone. We did have two wonderful children, however. Trish is 41 and a PhD candidate at Columbia University. This is her fourth year, and she loves it. Jeffrey, 38, lives and works in Seattle and could not be happier!

Apparently, I am one of those kids who could not decide what she wanted to be when she grew up, so I tried to be as many things as I could. I was a teacher, a floral designer, a delivery driver, a restoration contractor followed by a restoration supervisor. I worked as a receptionist, a company manager for a travelling theatrical company, wardrobe and eventually costume designer on two films, and I was the marketing director for a regional theater company. Currently, and for the past 13 years, I have worked as a grant writer for a non-profit corporation. I am still working -none of my medley of jobs came with retirement! I envy my classmates and friends who have retired and are enjoying the good life! My life is good, just not as relaxing.

Probably the most constant thing in my life since college has been involvement with regional and community theater. I began by auditioning for a small area theater company, expanded to larger companies and have done almost everything a volunteer can do! For several years I was the company manager for a regional company and we travelled to different parts of the US to perform. I would not trade the time I spent in area theater, but it never paid the bills! I am still living out my dream of getting young people involved with theater because it provides another dimension to life for them. Shout outs to Carol Putt and Pat Kint Lego who helped me with theater events!



**Mary Ruth Parker**

**September 2014**

**A Slice of My Life**

WOW, 50 years!

Life has been good to me. I am now retired after 36 years of teaching. Most of my teaching career was in the Harrisburg School District where I taught second grade.

In 1984, I decided to take a break, so I applied to the Department of Defense for Dependent Children to teach overseas. I thought this would be a good opportunity to see the world. I was stationed in Nurnberg, Germany where I taught second and third grades. Because Germany is centrally located, I got to see a lot of Europe. This was a great experience.

When I returned to the States, I continued teaching in the Harrisburg School District. I retired in 2006.

Through my church and sorority, I am involved in many community projects. One project that I really enjoy is Reading Is Fundamental. I am also involved with Making Strides Against Breast Cancer. If you are able, please join me in the **Walk** on October 18 on City Island.

MARY RUTH PARKER

It's fascinating looking back on fifty years since graduating from Susquehanna in 1964. A lot has happened in our world and in own lives. For me, I'm happily retired after a career spent working in parks and recreation (which was actually listed as a goal in the yearbook!). I spent two good years at Harrisburg Community College (first students there!) and then went onto Northeastern University in Boston getting both a bachelor's degree and then a master's degree (Public Administration).

I served in the USAF from 1971-74 with assignments in California and Italy and then returned home to work in Massachusetts, eventually ending up with the National Park Service in Washington, DC from 1980 to 2006, retiring as an Assistant Director. I also worked for six years as the Executive Director for the Maryland Recreation and Park Association.

Along the way, I married my wonderful wife, Barbara, had two terrific sons and now enjoy retirement in Fairfax, Virginia. We have a beautiful five year old grandson who starts kindergarten this fall and I stay involved in various community activities and my favorite pastimes which include swimming, biking, golfing, skiing (yes downhill!), and travelling.

Do I miss Harrisburg, PA? Of course, but I love living where we do with access to so much in the area. There's never a dull moment in our lives. Best wishes to all my classmates.

After graduating, I wanted to see the world. Allegheny Airlines had an ad in the paper looking for flight attendants. If you were accepted for an interview, you would have a free flight out to Pittsburgh. I had never been on a plane before. The interviewer was nice and we chatted for an hour. He asked me if I wanted to come to training. Wow, that gave me something to think about. I made it through training and worked for them for 4 years. Before being hired officially, I had to sign a paper saying that I would voluntarily quit if I got married. How times have changed. I loved flying because it was always a sunny day if you were working.

My favorite experience was preparing a hot chocolate for a passenger as another fashionably dressed passenger sat in a seat next to the galley. He was drinking a martini and as I chatted with him and shook the contents to the bottom of the bag, the bag tore, went sailing through the air and hit him in the face. I looked at him, was mortified. When he took off his glasses, he resembled a raccoon. I couldn't contain myself. I was laughing hysterically, saying how sorry I was, and continued to guffaw. I was sure I was going to be fired. Luckily he had a sense of humor.

While living and working in DC, I met and married the man who has put up with me for 45 years. We have children, a daughter who lives in Savannah, and a son who lives in Nashville, TN. We live in the middle, just below the southernmost tip of the Appalachian Trail. If anyone decides to hike it, come and see us. It passes through Harrisburg. I bet most people reading this think of Georgia as flat. Our house is half way up the mountain at 1700 feet, the tallest mountain is 4500. We moved to the outskirts of Atlanta in 1982, which is where the kids grew up.

Now we are happy being grandparents to three little girls, volunteering at an animal shelter that our community operates. I have not been very successful at fostering, we seem to adopt. My husband went to get a new battery for his car in August and returned with a Chihuahua. I know, Discover thought of that line first.

If any of you would like to see the tallest water fall east of the Mississippi, come see us. Amicalola Falls is 457 feet tall.

Larry Shapiro

August 2014

A Slice of My Life

First of all, we wish we were with you to celebrate the big 50<sup>th</sup>. Certainly, we will be there in spirit.

Barbara and I were married 47 years ago in Harrisburg and lived there until we sold our apparel manufacturing business in 1990 and moved to Sarasota , Florida where Barbara was born and raised.

After trying retirement for a short amount of time and becoming bored, I went into Real Estate eventually establishing our own RE Brokerage Company. Barbara and I officially retired in September 2014. We have plenty of interests including tennis, volunteer work and travel to keep us busy. In addition to leisure travel, just visiting our children keeps us on the move.

We have two wonderful children, Debra (45) and Ken (43). Debra lives in Israel with her husband (Ronnie) and has three children. Aviel (18) who is in the Israel Military – Emmi (16) a junior in high school and Shani (13) a freshman in high school.

Ken and his wife Tara live in the San Francisco area and have two children . Willa (4) and Archer (2.5)

So, this is the "slice" of our life.

Larry Shapiro

**Betty Spickler Manning**

**September 2014**

**A Slice of My Life**

I have nothing exciting in my life except I was married to Cloyd Motter; divorced in 1983; stayed single until 1999; remarried a wonderful man named Bob, who sadly passed away November 24, 2011.

I have 3 children 5 grandchildren and 2 great grandchildren. After my husband passed, I had to go back to work. Nothing exciting but content!

I know some of our classmates became actors lawyers and doctors plus a senator, but I am still just me. The only difference is I am older and of course I look older!

As far as your question, I would think since no one could find J Ray Stutts, she may be famous somewhere! See you soon!

Betty Spickler Manning

I knew I wanted to be a teacher in second grade, and because I had Mrs. Kitchen as a model. She "taught up" to us, reading aloud from a New York Times Best Seller, *Kon Tiki*, for the final hour on Friday's, seating us in a circle, teaching us about Cro Magnon man. We were 8 years old! So every year after I was watching for "teacher's licks" and discovered that even some of our most boring teachers had things I wanted to use in my own classroom.

I retired after 40 years in classrooms - working with high school juniors and seniors, and also supervising new teachers. Teaching has been, and still is, my vocation and my avocation. I've always been a swimmer, though everyone else in my family played golf.

After a Peace Corp/Brazil experience, I drove 10K miles across the country visiting everyone I knew and taking hitchhikers wherever they were headed. Willa Cather's novel, *My Antonia*, required reading in our 10th grade class remains a favorite, the coming-home-from-Viet Nam movie starring Robert de Niro is still outstanding and vies with *To Kill A Mockingbird* as my favorite movie. Hey! And has there ever been anyone as fabulous as Roy Orbison singing *Pretty Woman* or *Sweet Dreams, Baby*.

I have published two books of poetry, third one "in the works" for January 2015. I've been married to Courtney Cloyd, a geologist and Oregon native, for thirty years. I've had students and cats instead of children. I miss our classmates, Bob and Betty Tarman, still. "The twins" lived up the street from me in Green Acres and were part of my life for the first eighteen years.

How did I end up in Georgia? To tell you the truth, I'm not sure. I lived in Las Vegas for over 20 years. Dad had been living in Georgia, where our family had to move back in 1964 - after graduation, because he worked at Olmsted Air Force Base and when they were closing it, they gave the employees a choice: move to Warner Robins, GA or unemployment. I left Warner Robins in 1968 for Hollywood, CA with my guitar, the 300 songs I had written, a suitcase and \$30.00. I met people in the movie business, recording business, and married my agent - over time. (Charlie, my husband, has since passed on.)

Jumping ahead 20+ years, I moved to Las Vegas and Dad, having retired from the Air Base job and the Macon, GA symphony orchestra (played 1st violin)... decided to move to Las Vegas. He loved it out there. We shared a large condo and I did almost 13,000 weddings (my book I Do In Las Vegas is on Amazon.com). Dad died in 2010 and (I also worked as a RE Agent, Property Manager, and licensed Community Manager for 1,600 condo conversion units--- got burned out, I guess.) I decided to pack it up and drive cross country: sold condo, packed 'stuff' in storage unit, packed car and started driving east. I originally thought that I was going to 'stop off' in GA to visit some old friends and then drive up to PA and NY to visit other old friends. Somehow, God seems to have had other plans. Within 3 weeks of staying with an older couple our family has known for years, I suddenly had a small house with a big backyard, 2 huge pecan trees, and 1 fig tree, complete with 7 squirrels and cardinals galore. Finally I felt like I had a home.....

Been here a year and have published 5 books on Amazon, 3 CDs, and I'm working on music and another 2 books... even do property management part time for an RE Company. I oversee the Free Church of Antioch from a small chapel/cyberspace point of view with correspondence and prayer, and am content. Don't know what the future holds... the winds of change 'puff up' when one is not looking... but I'm ready if they do.

I enjoy catching up with all the 'happenings' of the PA scene and fellow STHS -ers. Am looking forward to the 50 reunion and some old, familiar faces.....

NOTE: After sharing this story in an early email, Michelina later moved back to Las Vegas, but she plans to attend the reunion....so ask her for an update if you are there!

After I graduated from STHS I went to Thompson Institute to study accounting. I married my high school sweetheart Donnie Farner in 1965. We celebrated our 49th anniversary this year. We have three children, Donnie Jr., Toni and Douglas. They have blessed us with 9 grand children. Our oldest granddaughter blessed us with a great granddaughter last year.

We moved to Enola in 1969 and continue to live there when we are not in our motor-home camping and enjoying life. Don and I are "on the road" about 10 months out of the year!

I retired from Hospice of Central PA after 20 years. It was there I learned so much about life and the journey faced at the end of life. It was a priceless experience.

What a joy it is to be able to write this for my 50th Reunion!!

Not sure how time flew by so quickly! Weren't we Just at the cottage cruising...yesterday??



### **A FAMILY TRADITION WOVEN IN EXCELLENCE**

After graduation, I walked out of school to get in our horse van with my beloved "Whispering Sam". We drove to Gladstone, NJ where the selection trials were being held for placement on the US 3-Day Eventing Team. That year I won Gladstone, I was the leading horseman for the year and my horse was leading horse of the year. I then became the first woman to be invited to train and join the US Olympic team which had previously been an all military team dominated by men.

I have never known a moment when there was not a horse on our property— and in my life. My mother started Runnymede School of Horsemanship in 1956, and to this day it still has the same federal ID number. I joined my mother in the business after the tragic death of my first husband "Al Ruth". We had just gotten married when he was struck by an asthma attack and died. I had known early on that I would be with horses all of my life so at the age of 21, I decided to give up my amateur status and turn professional. In those days to you had to be an amateur to compete so it was a huge decision but one that has turned out well as I am still in business today! In 1977 I married Ken Johnson and he joined us in the business. It has not always been easy, especially when we suffered the loss of our barn and all the horses in the early 80's. But that tragedy moved us to the state of Oklahoma which has become my second home where I have continued to have a life full of success, adventure and many, many stories - some funny, some sad, some shocking, but all touched by horses and the people surrounding them.

In the late 80's after the country was in a terrible recession, our business barely surviving, I was asked to be the talent for some "how to" videos about horse training. I agreed. That worked out well, and it moved into my starting another business called "Sunrise Video." Eventually I hired a staff and started to film horse shows and rodeos on a larger scale. Although the company did very well, after 20 years I decided to give it up. At that point, equipment was going digital, I was worn out, and my wonderful kids wanted to pursue their own interests

instead of standing behind big cameras for hours. It was time to move on. I closed Sunrise in 2000 and refocused on the horse business.

As time rolls on and I look back at my past, I see my family woven into the traditions of the horse industry dating back to the 1930's. I have great pride in the accomplishments of Runnymede Stables and my family.

It is an industry that has given me an extended family that blends with my own 2 beautiful children as well as many, many kids. The past 50 years I have been given the chance to travel extensively. In those travels, I have seen several countries and met people from all walks of life and many of them have entrusted their children to me to foster their interest in horses. I have had a life of training and exhibiting beautiful horses, helping mould children into productive citizens, and doing it all on my own time. One couldn't ask for more. It is always so rewarding to have my old students get in touch with me and thank me for all we did for them and the fond memories they all have as young horseman fulfilling a dream.

My children now have families of their own. My son, who was himself short-listed for the Olympic team in 2000, has become another generation of horseman in the family and now owns and operates Johnson Performance Horses. My daughter, while a very accomplished rider in her own right, decided that it was a business that was just not meant for her. After years of riding and wearing out my body and several back surgeries the doctors suggested I slow down. When they finally said I had to quit riding I was devastated! I did continue to teach and take kids to horse shows but I followed their advice. I quit riding for several years and was truly miserable. Now after rigorous training and help from great professionals, I am able to ride and teach again. The horse business is very hard profession, but for me it has been my life, my passion, my salvation, my lifeline, my success, and my happiness. I have come to know that my true reward and inner strength is the horse.

I have been in Atlanta since I was 19 years old, so you can imagine that it's home. I graduated from the University of Georgia and started an advertising career in Atlanta.

My husband, Don, and I met through our work. He was in advertising on the media side of the business and I was on the agency side. We have been happily married for almost 38 years. He is originally from Birmingham, AL. We have one child, a wonderful daughter named Anna. She married Daniel Armstrong five years ago and they are expecting a little boy in January. We're thrilled at the prospect of becoming grandparents!

# Union Family Series: Red & Wally Malone

by Alex Walsh

Red and Wally Malone are a father and son union dynamo. After a long career as a jazz, Dixieland, and big band drummer, Red served as Secretary-Treasurer and Vice-President in the now merged Santa Cruz Local 346. Wally, bassist extraordinaire, followed in his father's footsteps by serving as Board Member, Secretary-Treasurer and President for Local 153, and as a Trustee for the Reno Local 368. He now serves as the Western Field Representative for the AFM. They are both very proud of their union heritage.

## RED

When Red was ten years old, he fell in love with three things—music, magic, and archery—and made a living at all three. He joined Local 60 (Pittsburgh, PA) when one had to take a test to be in the union. The first job he had they took his sticks away and told him to play the bass drum. "I could read but I wasn't a good set player," said Red. "But then I learned to play a set of drums, and that was a lot of fun."

In the 1950s, Red played in clubs that were run by the mafia. They would tell the big stars where to go after their regular shows. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, people like Sammy Davis, Jr., Sinatra, and Tony Bennett, would go to the Allegany Beneficial Association, a private club that Red worked. "It was one of the typical clubs with a guy at the door that filled the whole door," said Red. "We'd start at 2:00 in the morning and go until 4:00. We never knew who we were going to play for until we got there. They'd come in with their music, hand it to us and say, 'fake it'. That's where I really learned sight reading."

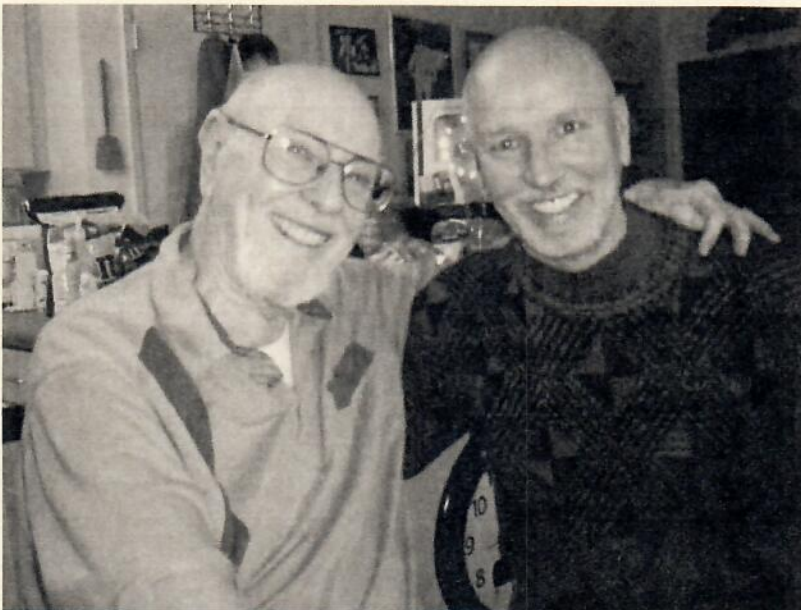
Red eventually started his own archery company, Redhead Archery. When he found out his business partners were cheating on him, he moved his wife and seven children to nearby Harrisburg, and joined the Ben Pearson Archery Company, where he helped design their first bow, the Palimino. Red says it was such a good bow that within a year every top archer in the world was shooting a Palimino.

"All my kids shot, and I took each of them hunting," said Red. "One year I made the mistake of taking the wife. When she saw her first deer, at 40 yards, she nailed it through the heart. 'You always said it was so hard, but this was easy' she said. I never took her again."

Red also taught music, privately and in the public schools. By now the Dixieland revival had swept the country, and Red joined his first Dixieland band, the New Orleans 6. They were very successful and went on to release an album locally. One of his other regular bands included Tom Darlington, His Electric Violin, and His Philadelphia Musically Yours Orchestra. "I don't know how he got it all on a business card," said Red. "If you ever saw that band, there wasn't a sheet of music onstage. We



Red on Johnny Carson with his trick shooting act, 1962



Red & Wally Malone

played twice a year for the mafia, the Liquor Dealers Association, in New Jersey. The boss would ask us to play a tune, and we'd play it, no music."

## WALLY

"I joined the union when you didn't have to take the test anymore," said Wally. "I started playing late, as a senior in high school, and learned by lifting bass parts off of records by ear. I was into R&B, all the hits of the day—Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding, James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Booker T and the MG's—that was where I came from musically." Wally eventually had his own band called the Fourmations. When they started playing

fly to see each other in our off times," said Wally, "Eventually she got a gig as the house singer and guitar player at a club up in Boston. I quit the band I was in, went to Boston, and we got married. That's when we started our career together."

While in Boston, they met a band from New Orleans who were touring as The American Soul Train Review. They were known as The Boogie Kings in the South, but the booking agent didn't like the name. The Boogie Kings asked Lady Bo and Wally to join their band, and they spent the next six months performing all over Louisiana and Texas.

"We were recently inducted into the Louisiana Hall of Fame," said Wally, "Everybody who played with the Boogie Kings has had that honor."

After a few personnel changes, it was time to leave the Boogie Kings. With encouragement from Lady Bo's previous drummer, George Ostrander, they drove out to San Jose in the spring of 1969. "George was in a band in the hippie movement called Throckmorton," said Wally. "They had a hippie commune type of house on 5<sup>th</sup> street, the house they talk about from the hippie days when Ken Kesey was in San Jose. We stayed there for a month or so until we found a place." They formed a trio and began working casuals. "It was a unique environment for us," said Wally. "I was used to the type of bands that all dressed up." Wally eventually grew his hair and took on the persona of the Sly and the Family Stone style of the time.



Wally in his first travelling band, Loren Peck and the Blues Scandal, 1968

professionally, his Dad said, "If you're going to be making money, you should be a member of the union." Wally joined local 269 in Harrisburg and was soon offered a road gig in a traveling band.

"When Wally told me he was quitting college and going on the road, I wasn't happy," said Red. "But he did great."

Wally's first stop was Philadelphia where their agent had set the band up to get new suits, and then on to New York for a professional photo shoot and a few club dates. "We were booked in a club in NYC and there were two bands playing alternate sets," said Wally. "That's where I met my wife, then professionally known as Little Jewel, and in the early 70's then called Lady Bo. She was playing in the other band."

Lady Bo was the guitar player for Bo Diddley during his rise to fame in the late 50s. She got off the road with him in 1962 to help with her ailing mother, and had been playing locally in the New York area ever since. During this time she fronted one of the biggest bands in New York, the Jewels, and was playing with a travelling band called The King's Paupers when she met Wally. "We would

"In 1969, we went to the Fillmore when Bo Diddley was playing," said Wally. "That was the reuniting, she hadn't seen him since 1962. We did a few Fillmore shows with him, and then started travelling all over." Lady Bo and Wally continued with Bo Diddley until the early 90s.



The Malone Family, 2006



Red performing with his big band, Esquire, in the 90s

**RED**

From Harrisburg, Red moved to Louisville, Kentucky, where they have the Kentucky Derby. "I loved it," said Red. "You could make a ton of money in Louisville playing drums. I played with a band called the Rascals of Ragtime. We played at the track every morning, Monday through Thursday, during derby week. On Friday we played near the betting windows. On Wednesdays in the afternoon we put on bandanas and cowboy hats and became the Swinging Cowboy band. We'd get all the big stars from Nashville, like Johnny Cash. The ragtime band became a cowboy band, all union, all good musicians."

After Louisville, Red moved to Kansas City, MS, where he played in a local Dixieland band. In 1982, he followed Wally to San Jose, and eventually settled in Boulder Creek. "I started a Dixieland band called the Rascals of Ragtime," said Red. "I had the top musicians in the area. We travelled to Oregon, LA, Arizona, and New Mexico."

Red also started a big band, Esquire, which played at the Mount Madonna Inn the first Sunday of every month for 12 years. "Eventually, non-union bands came and said they'd play for free," said Red. "So they started splitting up the Sundays and I told them I quit. People kept calling me, 'when are you coming back?' I never came back. The place closed soon after that."

During the 80s and 90s, Red became involved in the former Santa Cruz Local 346, holding several officer positions, including Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer. He was instrumental in creating MPTF gigs in the area, including Wednesday



Wally and Bo Diddley, Germany, 1987

night summer gigs in Capitola, which have since gone non-union. He continues to attend AFM conventions and plans to attend the next Western Conference which will be held in San Jose in 2015. Both Red and Wally are past Presidents of the Western Conference of Musicians.

"I was never late to a job, I was always the early guy," said Red. I believe that's the only way to be when you're a drummer, because you have to set up. At my age, it was getting so I couldn't set them up anymore without breaking my back, so this Christmas I sold my drums. I sat and cried for half an hour."

These days Red keeps a minimal kit, snare, ride cymbal, brushes and sticks, and plays in senior homes. "We do the old tunes and they love it," said Red. "I bring a five piece band plus a girl singer, and we do one set and go home. Senior places do not want you all night."



Jamming room at the 2013 AFM Convention. "I'm what you call a jazz geezer," said Red. "A jazz geezer is someone who knows a thousand tunes written from 1930 to 1945, and forgot 500 of them."

**WALLY**

In 1987, Wally and Lady Bo went on tour with Bo Diddley. "It was the biggest thing we ever did," said Wally. "35 dates in 30 days, in 9 countries. We also recorded a concert documentary for Swedish television. It was released worldwide and is still available on Youtube." After the tour, Wally decided to get a day job so he would not have to play every gig that came along just to put food on the table. "When you're a full time musician, you're working at all levels," said Wally. "To stay at a higher level, and to help my wife's career, I figured it would be better if I had other income. It worked. Of course we were still playing with Bo Diddley during that time."

Wally became active on the Local 153 Board during a desperate time in the locals history when it was about to fold. "A group of active working musicians instituted the Last Chance Coalition and voted all new people into office," said Wally. "We turned the Local around and saved it."



Kurt Ribak, Wally Malone, drummer Steve Pefley, & Bill Noertker hold a workshop with their group Based On Jazz, 2006

In 1993, Wally became Secretary-Treasurer. He was also elected to the Board of the Santa Cruz local, which helped in the merging process. The San Leandro and Monterey Locals were merged soon after. "The merges were good," said Red. "We lost a couple members, but we didn't lose many."

In 1996, Wally was elected as Local 153's first fulltime president. During this time he was heavily involved in the AFM regionalization meetings, and starting the Bay Area-wide musicians referral service. Wally says 153 was considered one of the most progressive locals in the country at that time.

Wally continued to play local and fly out gigs, including a three year run with the show *Tony & Tina's Wedding*. He started a bass ensemble called Based On Jazz, and still holds regular bass player get-togethers. In 2004, Wally was offered the Trustee position for the Reno Local 368, and then the AFM Western Representative position in 2006.

For the future, Wally hopes to tour a little more. In the meantime, he's learning to sing jazz tunes and play upright while doing it. "Lady Bo was just offered a gig in Texas in November, and we always go to New Orleans and do the Ponderosa Stomp. In June I'm playing with a Fleetwood Mac tribute band called Rumours, so I still do an occasional one here and there."

Both Wally and Red agree that the Local 153 and Local 6 merge is a good thing. "If you go from Marin down to Carmel, it's a working area, not just a bunch of farm land," said Wally. "With the merge, we're now close to 2,000 members. I think it makes us a stronger union."



Wally and Lady Bo at a recent Ponderosa Stomp in New Orleans

*Red: I will never leave the union until the day I die.*

*Wally: Especially now that he has a \$2,000 death benefit...*



Susquehanna Township has started a long overdue initiative to honor the men and women of the township that served on active duty in the military during the Vietnam War from February 28, 1961 to May 7, 1975. To this end, they have asked me to collect the names and dates of service for the men and women of our class that served on active duty during that period to ensure this honor is bestowed upon them for their service. I have emailed everyone I could in the class and have had some success from the men. I have not heard anything from the ladies in our class.

Certainly, this war not popular with some of the American people and our service men had to run the gauntlet of sneers and jeers through the airports, train stations and bus depots. Some even being spit upon as they were in transit home, to another duty station, or just on military leave because they wore their uniform and wore it with the pride.

Our class was well represented in the services during this war by a surprising array of individuals. Some had direct contact with the enemy, while others were filling support roles either at the front lines or in the rear echelon. Supporting the efforts of the combat troops took an enormous effort. Support came from places in Southeast Asia like Thailand, the Republic of South Korea, Japan, and the Republic of the Philippines, while more support came from maintenance and training here at home to support the men overseas. No matter the support role or where it came from, it was all partly accomplished in some way by Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen from Susquehanna Township High School class of 1964.

Our troops on the ground in the Nam had an array of jobs like patrolling the jungle perimeter to prevent enemy incursions (often ducking sniper fire), direct fire fights with the Viet Cong, cleaning out underground bunkers, and calling in forward air support for air strikes on highly fortified enemy positions just to name a few. Others repaired equipment, patched holes in Aircraft using anything they could find like Black Label beer cans reshaped and riveted over the shrapnel holes in the fuselages, wings and tail sections. Others drove transport vehicles full of troops and supplies to front line locations under enemy fire at times. We had Security Policemen charged with protecting the outposts, the Bases, and the rear echelon as well. There were also the nightly guard duties at the forward locations protecting the troops while they slept. There were computer technicians that installed sophisticated computer equipment (for that day and time); communications specialists providing communications and radar capability all over the country; food services personnel providing hot meals to the troops when the capability existed. When it didn't, the troops ate C-Rations some of which were of the World War II vintage. Five Lucky Strikes In a box, anyone?

The personnel out of country were tasked with such jobs as repairing and preparing aircraft and equipment for missions in support of the ground troops, receiving wounded soldiers, sailors, and airmen with severe wounds and burns all over their bodies. To be sure, these jobs were not in the direct line of fire but just as taxing, both physically and mentally.

The STHS class of 64 had troops in the air, on the ground, and at sea doing their assigned missions in support of the Vietnam War effort. Some accomplished one tour of duty, others more. Some were wounded in action; others were exposed to dangerous defoliating agents like Agent Orange and still others have stories that will never and can never be told. Some were drafted, some volunteered but all served with distinction to be sure.

The below individuals, listed in alphabetical order, are qualified by their service for inclusion on the Susquehanna Township Vietnam Memorial.

Leonard Paul Adams	Navy	Curtis Randolph Sayers	Air Force
John William Arnold	Army	Glenn Newton Smith	Air Force
Paul Russell Berrier	Navy	Charles Michael Wagner	Army
Raymond Harry Davis	Air Force	Alan Ross Hepford	Army
Daniel Melvin Fraley	Army	Brent Douglas Lawson	Navy
David Warren Funk	Air Force	James Leslie Wooding	Air Force
Robert Lance Gould	Army	John Allen Yeingst	Air Force
Terry David Kerlin	Navy	John Charles Daugherty	Navy
Thomas Gregory McClure	Navy		
James Gregory Miller	Navy		
Richard James Myers	Navy		
James Loy Packer	Army		
Barry Lee Pagliaro	Army		
Robert Joseph Patterson	Army		
Edward Charles Rettinger	Army		
Jeffery Lynn Roller	Army		
Dean Thomas Ross	Air Force		
Dale Patrick Sager	Army		

We are continuing to canvas the Class of 64 to uncover more veterans who qualify to be recognized for this honor. Please help us in this effort by identifying anyone you think may qualify. We will follow up. Send information to: Dave Funk. Email [davefunk11@verizon.net](mailto:davefunk11@verizon.net), phone 757.867.8885.

**We are also asking for monetary donations for this memorial from the class of 64 as a whole and individually for those that wish to donate. If you feel so inclined, please make checks payable to Susquehanna Twp. Alumni Assn. (Vietnam Project in the remarks). Send your donations to Melvin Longenecker (Memorial Gardens Treasurer), 3215 Brookfield Rd., Harrisburg, Pa., 17109. The estimated cost of this project at completion including sidewalks, shrubbery, flagpoles, etc. is \$60,000.00.**