

In Line With The Class of '59

Volume 3

August 2002

Rockford Mini Reunion Saturday, September 7, 2002

Noon until ? : Picnic at Sinnissippi Shelter # One. Bring your own lunch. Charcoal will be supplied for anyone who wishes to grill.



6:00 PM: Lino's Restaurant: (5611 E State St) Happy Hour followed by **Pasta Fest Dinner**, served family style at **7:00 PM**. Your check for \$12.50 per person is your reservation. Send checks to Pete Zammuto, 5182 Welsh Rd, Rockford, IL 61107. If you need a special diet, please contact Pete at 1-815-282-8288.

The Class of '59 and the 9/11 Tragedy...laying it on the line

by Al Acker

The first e-mail message came from **Sharyn Simpson Sbragia**, in Colorado, asking that all of us take a moment to pray for the victims and wishing "May God be with us all." **Howard Partch** was awakened in Alaska by a phone call from his daughter in Oregon and later expressed his feelings in a poem. **Rick Mayes** lost his cousin who worked on the 95th floor of the south tower. **Beth VanSickle Metz** got the news during her weekly meeting with the prayer team at her church.

In many ways those of us in the West Rockford Class of 1959 were personally touched by the tragedies of September 11, 2001. For some, like **Rick Mayes**, the pain was very direct. For others, early worries were allayed when loved ones were found to be safe. Still others feared that the attacks in New York, Washington, D.C. and in the skies above Pennsylvania were only the beginning—like **Sharon Manning Weigand**, who was concerned about Sears Tower becoming a target, just three blocks from where her daughter lives.

The e-mail file reveals great concern over the safety of **Russell Rudolph** and **Margaret Holm Rudolph**, married classmates living in the DC area. After a couple days of suspense, **Mike Messman**, who lives in the same area, confirmed that the Rudolphs were "alive and well." Other DC residents in the class were also safe.

Reaction around the world was reported—by telephone and from personal experience. **Earlynne Morris Desmond's** foreign exchange student from Sweden called and described TV pictures of Palestinians dancing in the streets, while **Sanchia Bruer Mazza** experienced first hand the reaction of the Austrian people. On a Danube River cruise with some friends, the Mazzas heard of the tragedy while touring Vienna. Throughout the rest of their trip in Austria and Germany, the couple was warmed by the expressions of sympathy they personally received and observed, including special church services, impromptu memorials of candles and notes, moments of silence, etc. **John Haggstrom** was sitting in his office in the American Embassy in Paris, France, as he watched the Parisians pile bouquets of flowers and cards against the embassy gates. Wherever John went in Paris, he was stopped by the French who wished to express their concern and condolences for the tragedy.

For **Rick Mayes** and his family, the tragedy held both sadness and irony. Rick's cousin, **John C. Hartz**, a Senior Vice-president of Fidelity Trust Corporation on the 95th floor of the World Trade Center's south tower was only a year from retirement when he was killed. A widower, he had just begun a new life by remarrying and spent the final minutes of his life talking with his son by cell phone. In a twist of fate, Rick's brother **Bob**, (West Class of '61) a United Airlines captain assigned to train his peers, schooled and befriended the captain of the airliner that was forced to crash into the same tower.

Other classmates had direct or indirect acquaintance with principals in the tragedy. **Betsy Ross Pierce's** son was a college baseball teammate of Flight 93 hero **Todd Beamer**. This connection prompted son **Steve** to organize a fundraiser for the Beamer children at the junior high school where he is an assistant principal. Betsy says, "the outpouring of funds and help for the victims...makes me more proud than ever of our spirit in America." **John Dowling** knew **Tom Burnett**, another hero on the same flight. **Bob Armstrong** lost several close friends who worked in the twin towers.

The e-mail conversations lasted for several weeks and make a fascinating history of opinions and reactions to the tragedy by the class of 1959. **Kathy McIntosh MacLeod** forwarded two insightful articles she received from her daughter. **Ted Hollander** shared his feelings in an article called "Response to Terrorism." In part, he details some things we "may have to give up (for a while, at least): tolerating unusual behaviors...innocent ethnic humor...freedom to carry possessions...ridiculing 'tattletales'... not getting involved." He ends with a potent observation, " Terrorists have produced positive attitudes of unity and reverence that our politicians, educators, clergy, and parents couldn't." You can read the whole article by

visiting Ted's web site at
<http://hometown.aol.com/complusgrp> Look under
"Articles by Ted Hollander."

As you might expect from such a diverse class as ours, there were open disagreements about what was the real tragedy. **Gloria Smith Shafer** expressed concern that the U.S. response might turn out to be worse than the original tragedy. This opposing view—shared by others in the class, incidentally, was met by such strong negative, bitter reaction that Gloria felt it necessary to resign from the e-mail group. Others forwarded written reactions ranging from poetry and prayers to a Dr. Seuss parody and various images and writings that later turned out to be hoaxes as unmasked by the ever-vigilant **Gordon Hall**. Proud mother **Phyllis Taylor Peterson** provided a link to an article written by her daughter for *Mothering*. If you would like a copy of a 17-page summary of the 911 e-mails (minus the hoaxes,) contact Al Acker at ackera@hotmail.com

Perhaps the conflicting reactions felt and expressed by members of the West Rockford High School Class of 1959 are best reflected by a short poem written by class member Howard Partch:

Dear Class: There is horror in our streets.

Thousands sleep dead
beneath the rubble
of our materials,
our fortunes.

All people cry out
for retribution
Retribution cries out
for an enemy.

We are at large in the world
with those who would harm us
But those who would harm us
are hidden within us.

God save us all.

Greetings from Germany Bring Another Perspective on 9/11

In the course of developing the accompanying story on September 11 and the Class of 1959, we contacted **Annegert Klamroth Bock**, our American Field Service exchange student at West during the 1958-59 school year. Her reply is revealing, reflecting as it does, a European perspective on the tragic events and their aftermath. Anna is now a journalist and lives in Neu Ulm, Germany. Following is an edited version of her comments.

The 11th of September will stay in my memory forever. I was preparing to leave my home and attend a meeting of a group I am active with which helps people with Alzheimer disease, when my girlfriend Barbara called me, and told me to turn the television on, that World Trade Center had been torn down. I said, "That's not possible," but then I turned on the TV just in time to see the second tower falling. From that moment on, I stayed paralyzed in front of my TV, thinking all the time, this is the end of hope that mankind will turn to a better future. In the evening I went to see some friends to talk about the pictures we had seen, because they were so threatening that you could not bear them alone.

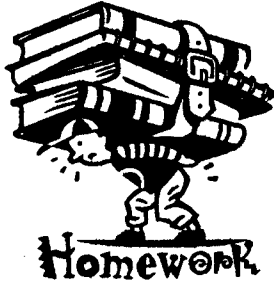
Late in the night I called my cousin living in New York. Nobody in the family was hurt, but you really could feel through the telephone line over the ocean how horrible the situation in the city had been and still was.

For the next several days, everybody watched the story on TV. Of course at my newspaper, *Stuttgarter Zeitung* most people had to work very hard, looking for stories around Ulm and Neu-Ulm, but I had time to watch TV because nobody wanted to read anything else but news around Ground Zero. Most of my friends were concerned deeply that President George W. Bush would start World War III right away. We were very happy that he first asked the democratic governments around the world and then started to fight against the Taliban. It was good that the Americans were successful very fast. But it is not over yet. The terrorists in Israel. The fact that terrorists might repeat their horror every day in the USA or Europe still frightens everybody. But as lives go on, people have stopped talking about September 11th. Now they talk about recession, losing their jobs, having less money since the Euro started.

But I sometimes think, life goes on and nobody knows what the future will be.

By Ann Klamroth

Entrepreneurship at Beloit College: About Jerry Gustafson



After graduation from West High School, Jerry Gustafson went on to earn a BS degree in History and Economics from Beloit College. He then attended John's Hopkins University earning a Master's degree. Eventually he earned a doctorate degree in Political Economy. He joined the faculty of Beloit College in 1967, and there he has remained to this day. However, during those years he has had the pleasure and good fortune of serving as a visiting professor at various educational institutions around the world.

This spring of 2002, Jerry was on the cover and was the lead article in the Beloit College magazine. Professor Jerry Gustafson is the initiator and driving force of a highly successful departmental program in Entrepreneurial Studies, at Beloit College. He has presided over it since its inception to this day. It now has support from top national foundations in the field as well as from a cadre of talented, successful, and resourceful business people.

In 1984, after 20 years of being a highly regarded teacher and scholar of economics and management, Professor Gustafson, known by a generation of students as "Jerry", decided he wanted to venture into a new, fledgling field in economic education. His first class in this new field of Entrepreneurship was an interdisciplinary course, which encouraged students to study the purpose of higher education through many guest lecturers.

In 1985 Jerry decided he needed to learn as much as possible about the discipline. With that goal in mind, he rented an attic room in Wellesley, Mass. and read every book he could find on the subject in the Babson Business Library. To this day he cringes when he thinks of what might have happened had he been given an exam on the material. He says that at that point in his career, he had no business even teaching the subject!

Jerry continued to study and learn more and more about the fledgling field. Through his hard work, study, and contacts, he developed countless relationships with the

movers and shakers in the field. Only two short years after Jerry began the program at Beloit College, he attracted the attention of the Coleman Foundation, well known nationally as being on the cutting edge of Entrepreneurship. This Foundation became most interested in Jerry and in his program at Beloit. The Foundation established an endowed chair of Entrepreneurship at Beloit College, to which Jerry was appointed. Jerry holds one of only five such endowed chairs throughout the country.

Under Jerry's able tutelage, the program has grown from one class to numerous outreach programs as well as a multi-faceted academic program, including three interdisciplinary programs and two types of internships. And, it is still growing.

60th Birthday Reconnection Rendezvous

by Donna Schultz Altman

On July 7, 2002, the first of us gathered in Gordon, WI at Gloria Shafer's family lake home. Chris Mattison Kordash was the first to arrive from her lake home near Lac du Flambeau, WI, followed by Carol Rolig from Goose Creek, SC, Helen Hopkins from Denver, CO, and Donna Schultz Altman from Sarasota, FL. Marilyn Triebel Burgoyne was the last to arrive. She managed to arrive more than fashionably late...she was down right VERY late...arriving the next day.

The purpose of this reunion was to celebrate the SIXTIETH birthday of each one of us. Since Sunday was the only day that everyone would be in attendance, that day was chosen as the big birthday for each of us. Thus, the day was spent in preparation for the celebration. Everyone (except Marilyn, who STILL had not arrived) contributed something to the dinner preparations. Cake was ruled out as the desert of choice. Instead, cherry pie, with candles in it, was selected. About the time that all the work was done, Marilyn FINALLY arrived. Her timing was perfect too late to do any work, but just in time to go for a swim and enjoy the party!

Relishing the lake, the woods, and the wildlife of the region was an exquisite background for reminiscing about schools, teachers, friends, and events. Laughing and enjoying each other's company were the orders of the week. As the participants gradually departed, the numbers remaining dwindled down to Helen, Donna, and Gloria. On their last full day there, the three decided to pack a picnic lunch and take a canoe trip. Well, you guessed it... as their canoe turned over, they watched their lunch go floating past. They spent more time IN the water than ON it, and were they starved when they returned home!

The feeling of all who attended the birthday reconnection was that of love and respect for lifetime friendships. The hope of each one of us is that another decade will NOT pass before we see each other again.

Las Vegas Mini Reunion

By John Contarino

Editor's Note: *Sadly, this piece accidentally was left out of last year's newsletter. The reunion took place in October, 2000. Our apologies to Joan Picken Bailey-Murray who hand delivered it so that it would make the 2001 newsletter deadline, and to Vance and John.*

This last October (2000) I was on a business trip to Las Vegas (ya, really). I had given Vance Jones, who now goes by the name of Frank Jones, a call prior to my trip, hoping that my long time friend, who I had not seen in years, would be available. He was, and we met and had a MOST enjoyable evening. Vance was the perfect host...giving me a "non-tourist" tour of Vegas. We dined at one of the finest restaurants in Vegas...while we caught up on over 35 years of news. . .talking of our families, careers (Vance is retired from the Air Force) and of course you and our days at West High.

We both agreed that those days were the best days.

Vance looks the same (well almost) and acts the same. He is the good friend I remembered. His son was getting his "wings" the day of our 40th reunion, which prevented Vance from joining us. However, I filled him in on all of you. I told him that the girls were more beautiful than I remembered and the guys were all showing their age.

Vance sends his best to all of you!

Florida Reunion

By Betsy Ross Pearce

February 15, 2002 Jan Liles, Joan Picken Bailey-Murray and Betsy Ross Pearce all were vacationing on Florida's Gulf Coast. The three "girls" met in Port Charlotte for a reunion breakfast.

They spent a delightful morning reminiscing about the neighborhood where they grew up, the time spent at Walker, Roosevelt, and West. All three girls were in the same morning carpool for West High. In spite of the many years that have passed since those carpool days, Jan remembered the exact order in which each girl was picked up every morning. Joan recalled the specific route that each parent drove once the car was filled.

Wow! What memories!

A Note From AZ

by Larry Lathom

Carol and I are completing our 6th year in AZ and are really enjoying it. It's a great place to live if you can handle the summers. I manage by scheduling business trips to cooler climates, during the hottest times of the

year. I am Corporate Controller for Amtech Systems, a company that makes machinery used in the manufacture of semiconductor chips. The accounting world is getting a little old so I have reached an agreement with Amtech to begin retiring one day a week over the next few years.

I have gotten more involved with music as I approach retirement. I "fell heir to" the Organist position at the Sun Lakes United Methodist Church. We have a large choir of 55-70 people when all the snowbirds are in town. We also have a very gifted choir director. She is chorale director at one of the Chandler High schools and her husband is the choral director at a high school in Mesa. We do a number of joint programs with their respective schools and the blending of the young and the old voices makes for a richer sound than either group by itself. Unfortunately, my weekend commitment means I am working virtually seven days a week. That is why I told my boss at Amtech that something had to give. So I am looking forward to more music and less accounting over the next few years.

A Note from California

by Linda Kincade Huckaba

Harlan and I have traveled a lot thru the years, and I guess I never really tried to keep in touch much with West High people.

In 1990 we bought a house on a lake about 25 miles out of Branson, MO, but it was just a summer place. We ran our business here in CA and spent as much time and vacations as we could there in MO. We love the area and decided we wanted to build a more permanent home, selling that original place in 1998. We had already bought the woods beside that property and are currently in the process of building a real log cabin there. We contracted for the logs, windows, doors and roof which are in place. Harlan will complete the interior as we can find time to work on it.

We have 3 daughters, two here in CA and one in MO. Four grandsons are in MO, one in Irvine. We had our first granddaughter two years ago. As with all grandparents, we think our grandchildren are very special and we try to spend as much time with all of them as we can.

Are You Missing Out?

If you are not a member on the Class of '59 list serve, you are missing out.

On almost a weekly basis those who are members here travel stories from some member but especially Lyle Clugg. The mastery with which he shares his travels allow some people the opportunity to feel like they were there on their own trip.

Friends Reunited in Arizona

Judy Cox and Rosemarie Sansone

Judy Cox Lyford and her husband retired and moved to Sun Lakes, AZ in December, 1999, to be close to their son. They love the area as well as the beautiful sunny days.

Rosemarie Sansone Gulatto and her husband have been in Scottsdale, AZ for 14 years. Rosemarie married Pete Gulatto, WHS class of '57. He is a State Manager for California and German wines. They have 3 children and 4 grandchildren.

Rosemarie and Judy held their first "mini-reunion" late last summer over lunch, enjoying the photos from last year's newsletter and reminiscing about friends and fun from high school days. They had so much fun that they now have a "mini-reunion" of lunch and shopping once a month!

Rockford Mini Reunion September 8, 2001

The Second Annual Rockford Mini Reunion was a huge success. The day began with dreary skies and the threat of rain. But for those hearty souls who ignored the dark clouds and attended the picnic at Sinnissippi Park, the day was wonderful. As the picnic progressed, the skies cleared, the sun shone brightly, and a beautiful afternoon greeted the revelers. The evening festivities were held at Lino's Restaurant on East state Street. In a private dining room, the class of '59 enjoyed each other's company and saw classmates they had not seen in 42 years. One classmate drove a very long distance, at the insistence of her husband, who told her she had better hurry up and attend a reunion while there still were classmates to "reunion" with!

Attending this year's mini reunion were: Julie Lawson Pirrello, Sandy Osborne Milligan, Majorie Jost Schumacher and hubby, Sue Shumway, Marilyn VanDenBerg Williams and hubby, Jerry Berwald and wife, Gloria Shafer, Marilyn Triebel Burgoyne, Doug Stodola and Ruth McLaren Stodola, Sue Jarrett Martinetti, Pat Roth Deck and hubby, Connie Burns Dorsey, Virginia Burke Snyder and hubby, Caroline King Hansen, Flora Jean Carter Samuel and hubby, John Contarino and friend, Janice Liles Petersen, Lyle Clugg, Betsy Ross Pearce and hubby, Judith Provasi VanHeesch, Ted Hollander and wife, Elizabeth VanSickle Metz and hubby, Deanne Lind Kudzma and hubby, Joan Picken Bailey-Murray, Jim Davis, Janaan Johnson Potter and hubby, Mona Felvy McHughes, Barb Duffey Lehman, Julie Peeples Thompson, Phyllis Taylor Peterson and hubby, PeteZammuto and wife. In addition, Darlene Myers Hanna, and Earlynnne Morris Desmond and hubby attended the picnic but were unable to attend the dinner.

Message From one of Our Stars

Glad to hear of the mini reunion. Unable to attend as I will be performing in "Antony and Cleopatra" for San Francisco's Fringe Festival. My best to any and all who may remember me.

Jerry Moore (J. Paul Moore)

UPDATES NEEDED

New email address? New snail mail address? New name? News of classmates?

Please notify any of the following:

Marilyn Triebel Burgoyne
2604 Chickadee Tr.
Rockford, IL 61107
Kees3plus@insightbb.com

Gordon Hall
78-754 Cimmaron Canyon
Palm Desert, CA 92211
AEROSTAR7@MAIL.LINKLINE.COM

Ella Cavitt Frese
PO Box 1421
Mississippi State, MS 39762
Ella@SAffairs.MsState.Edu

Contributions

Since 2001 report:

Carol McColl Halderson
Ted Marzorati
Dick Greenberg
Ella Cavitt Frese
Darlene Meyers Hanna
Sharon Manning Weigand
Diane Labowitz Portnoff
Lorraine Lehto (Ruth Lehto's Mom)
Donna Shultz Altman
Larry Lathom
Howard Partch
John Contarino
Judith Provasi VanHeesch
Gloria Shafer
Pat Roth Deck
Mini-reunion cash
Eugene Hoel
Carol Fagerstrom Counts
Joan Picken Bailey-Murray
Geraldine Stevens Hawthorne
Betty Lund Ainsworth
Albert Acker

David Hallmark
Connie Burns Dorsey
Margaret (Peggy) Alyea Shams
Dave Ishizaki
Carl and Jacki Maggio
Mini-Reunion/Pete Zammuto
Mike Messman
Michael LeParte

Carol McColl Halderson

For 26 years my husband, Wendell, worked at Goss and Publishers' Equipment Company, building printing presses. Our classmate, Reg Ring, was there when Wendell was! In 1998 Wendell "retired" after 4 years at Ingersoll as an assembler. Several of our classmates worked at Ingersoll as well, including Barry Doan and Bob Leach.

In 1999, I retired from being a Rockford School District librarian, most recently at Flinn Middle School. While at Flinn I worked with some West High Warriors, including Nate Martin, Ken Kloweit, and Carol Ekdahl (class of '58). It was great fun to see them on a regular basis.

In 1982 my husband and I purchased some property in Tennessee. Once we left Rockford in July of 1999 and moved south, we designed our own house plans. While our dream home was being constructed, we lived in our garage from July of 1999 until mid-May, 2000. Living in the garage was a real challenge! ☺ My husband did a wonderful job in finishing the house. We both love the home and the beautiful surrounding area. Wendell loves Tennessee. I try hard to keep involved by participating in several organizations, but I sure do miss my friends and home in Rockford.

We still own our farmland near Rockford, and have wonderful renters who care for our place as if it were their own. We continue to farm here in Tennessee, but on a smaller scale. The flowers and the garden are my pride and joy. (*Editor's note: I understand that they are a sight to behold; gorgeous!*) This past summer our winter wheat produced 93 bushels to the acre. This probably was the best crop ever produced in this area.

We have adopted a beagle, a year old throw away. It has been 40 years since we have had a small dog, and we love her dearly. Guess we have joined other classmates who do dog rescue!

Virginia Burke Snyder stayed with us overnight on her return home from attending Sharyn Koontz Mattus' funeral. We were sorry for the reason of her visit. However, it was great fun to see Virginia again.

Speaking of Sharyn's funeral, those who attended were given a packet of wild flower seeds and asked to plant the

seeds in her memory. Gardening was one of her favorite activities. She made a few visits to me, and I treasure those memories. I'm just sorry they ended far too soon!

There are not many '59 Warriors here in Tennessee. But, if anyone is passing by our home, the welcome mat ALWAYS is out. We even have accommodations for an RV water, electricity, and a sanitary dump. Come see us, with or without a camper! We would love to see you!

David Ollman and Daphne April 22, 2002

What's the deal with newsletters? Every time I get rid of one, someone wants me to do another, even my wife. She said that since I was no longer doing the Condominium Association's newsletter, I could do one from here - just a monthly to keep everyone informed. I mean - ***HOW AM I GOING TO GET MY DAILY BEACH TIME IF I HAVE TO DO NEWSLETTERS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEWSLETTERS? HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO WORK ON A LAPTOP WHILE IN A MEDITERRANEAN BEACH ENVIRONMENT?***

First of all, there are all of those distractions, a 60-year-old encounters while on the beach. Secondly, the monitor is very hard to see in the sun, and third, why waste precious beach time thinking?

Just kidding, of course, so here goes.

What are we doing in Israel?

It's simple. A job opened up for an editor at the Tel Aviv Bureau as part of the expanding United States presence in the Middle East in the department where my wife works. After much consideration, Daphne applied for the position, and, much to her surprise, was selected. The surprise was tempered some what when she found out that she was the only one who applied. It seems that Israel is considered a dangerous post, and no one else wanted to risk it for one reason or another.

When she got official notification that she would be going to Tel Aviv just before Christmas, the first question she was asked was: "When can you leave?" She said the end of January, but the government's ASAP stretched to the first week of March.

In the eight weeks before our departure, we had to get our personal affairs in order, prepare our condo for rental while we are away, make certain our farm was in good hands with our son Ted, and sort out the things we wanted to take with us. And in those eight weeks where I was winding up my job, Daphne was in training for two weeks, in class for two weeks, and in mandatory briefings for a week. Of course, she was expected to put in time at the office, where she was training someone to take her job,

and working too. She left her office at 2pm on the afternoon we departed for London, an hour before we were to check out of our hotel, and just four hours before our flight. Since then, it's been non-stop. Vice President Cheney arrived on the 18th. Anthony Zinni dropped in for a stay later in the week, and then the Secretary of State was here on his peace-making mission. And "the situation" (as the Israelis call it) got progressively worse, culminating with the Passover Massacre in Netanya and the Israeli response. All of this has meant non-stop work for Daphne. She is one of three Americans in her office, and one has been on maternity leave since her baby was born April 2, and the other (the bureau chief) went back to Washington for a month of conferences and vacation.

The big surprise is that the bureau is not in Tel Aviv, but is in Herzliya Petuach (Herzliya By-The-Sea), a sea-side resort community just north of Tel Aviv. Our temporary housing is a top floor, two-bedroom apartment at the arched entrance to the beach, and on Sharon Square, a delightful place of restaurants, cafes, and small grocery stores. We will miss the beach when we move to our new house, a 20-minute walk away in Herzliya Bet (Herzliya Heights). flight left.

Daphne is an editor/translator with the embassy's press office. While she is a Turkish translator, she edits translations from other languages into English from various media sources. Basically, they are the US government's translators and handle requests from several departments including State, Commerce, Defense and Treasury.

We, of course, looked at it as an opportunity to live in a part of the world where we have always wanted to see and explore for an extended period. And it's kind of like an all-expense-paid two-year (minimum) trip in return for a little work. Well, it can be a lot of work, depending on the circumstances.

And we encountered those circumstances from the beginning.

We arrived on March 17 after a five-day stopover in London where Daphne spent time at their London Bureau. We managed to find enough time to visit the British Museum, which was right around the corner from our Bed and Breakfast, go to St. Paul's Cathedral and see Agatha Christie's Mouse Trap (now in it's 50th year) at the St. Martin Theatre; tourist things we did not have the opportunity to do when we living in Durham, England, in the early 70s.

Our permanent residence (#9 Nof Schdemot), is a four-bedroom townhouse, with a large family room on the first floor, a kitchen, living room, dining room and large terrace on the second level, and the bedrooms, two baths and a laundry room on the third floor. Our townhouse is one of four in the complex, built into a hillside so that the units are not directly above one another. Workmen are putting

the finishing touches on our house, and then we will select our furniture from the embassy warehouse. We hope to be in our house by the end of the month, but there is a lot of work yet to be done. We will also have a place to put the household effects, including the rest of our clothes, which were shipped from Reston, VA. We have been living out of suitcases since March 1, and those were packed for late winter weather in the US, and cold rainy weather in London. We have very few clothes with us suitable for the Mediterranean Spring.

But Israel is dress-down Friday every day, and, while Daphne has certain office and embassy dress requirements, I have no trouble with jeans or shorts and a T-shirt, the attire needed for walking on the beach or around town. We do try to spruce up for parties (dress shirt and khakis), but ties are not worn except by the serious, blue blazer/gray pants State Department types, and you see a few of those walking around the chancery during working hours.

What am I doing in Israel? Well, I'm working hard at doing nothing, and getting pretty good at it, too.

Actually, I've applied for several jobs at the embassy, but with the uproar over all of the VIP visits and the shortness of staff there, it's a slow process. And to tell the truth, I am enjoying my idleness, doing the shopping, e-mailing our friends, walking on the beach, and being a "house husband" dependent. That will change when I get a job.

That's about it. We will have plenty of room in our house, if you want to come and visit. Just let us know beforehand in case we have plans to be in Cairo, Istanbul, Athens, Amman, Cyprus, Italy, Prague or some of the other places nearby that we want to visit.

June 12, 2002

Well, it's been almost three months since Daphne and I arrived in Israel, but we are still finding things to be new and different even as we settle into a normal routine. We have also had our first taste of hot, desert weather, and we have been reminded of the war that still grips Israel.

Last night's bombing in which a 15-year-old girl was killed was about a mile from our house and just past a mall where we shop in Herzliya. We could watch the ambulances as they raced to the restaurant and watch the helicopters circle overhead as they searched for accomplices and the vehicle that brought the killer to downtown Herzliya.

It was the first attack in Herzliya since the intifada started in Sept. 2000, and it has everyone on edge because there is a large diplomatic presence in Herzliya. A lot of Americans live here along with a significant number of ambassadors. Even the local newspapers were commenting on the attack being the first in this city. The attempted bombing of the fuel depot a couple of weeks ago was just outside of Herzliya.

Still, it's a matter of being in the wrong place at the wrong time, and security was definitely increased today. I had to show one guard that the bulge in my back pocket was my wallet.

But life goes on. Our house, with the 70-foot wide terrace, has been designated as the official party house for Daphne's office. One night we hosted seven people who were visiting from the states, and on Saturday evening we had 30 people here for the farewell party for Daphne's colleague who returned to the states on Tuesday after 30 months in Israel. It was a wonderful party as the people from the bureau and their spouses gathered here to see our house and say goodbye to the Fischers.

Of course, Saturday was our first taste of desert heat. The temperature was a record-setting 104, with a dry wind blowing from the east, and the hottest sun I have ever felt. I kept thinking what a great day it would be to make hay. It was also the first chance we had to use our air-conditioning system. It's a new, modern, smart system, and we quickly discovered it wasn't working quite right and needs major adjustments. Fortunately, it's under warranty. The owner's son-in-law who lives in the top unit, also had problems, and that's when we found out that the repair people who handle the warranty work are two-weeks behind. David (the son-in-law) and I made some adjustments and got the remote controls working to tide us over until the repair people can get here. I have a feeling that air-conditioning is going to play a major role in our life here for the next three years. People tell us that it gets really hot in July and August.

But the heat wave broke on Monday and we are back to the 80s with a pleasant breeze to keep us cool during the day and temperatures in the low 70s at night. The sun is surprisingly hot, and there is a lot of it to go around.

Daphne has been very busy, especially with Lynn's departure. Twice last week she was called back to work in the early am. She is mostly working evening shifts, and will until Lynn's replacement arrives in July and they can get back to a three-person rotation. Actually, she prefers the evening shift because the morning shift starts at 7 am, and that's kind of early. We are taking a couple of days this weekend and going to the Golan Heights area with a friend from the embassy. It should be interesting.

We also had our first visit to the ambassador's residence. Actually, two. The first was a Sunday afternoon picnic for Marine Appreciation Day (Daphne had to work), and the second was an evening ice cream social to welcome the new arrivals (Daphne was one) and say goodbye to those who are leaving this summer. The ambassador has a beautifully landscaped villa on the cliffs overlooking the sea. The western view at sunset is picture-postcard perfect. And it's a chance for us to see our new friends. The next party there is the 4th of July celebration which will be here sooner than we think.

That's the latest update. We think often of all of our friends back "home", but, if you've ever thought about visiting Israel, now is the time to do it. The lines are short and the bargains are real. And we have lots of room.

July 6, 2002

Well, Israel seems to be the only place where things can cool off and heat up at the same time.

The "situation" seems to have cooled off from the bomb-a-day to no bombs in two weeks, and that's good news. The Israelis say it's because of the decision to send the army into the territories on a more-or-less permanent basis to root out the terrorists. And there may be a certain truth to that, although no one is being lulled into complacency. But it's a welcome change from our first three months in Israel, and if progress towards peace continues, maybe American embassy personnel will be allowed to go to Jerusalem on unofficial visits. We hope so. Jerusalem is high on our wish list of places to see.

On the heat side, summer is here as it is in the states. While the temperature is about the same as where you are, the sun is fierce making it seem hotter than what it really is. We finally had to turn on the air-conditioning to keep our house cool and to ease the humidity that accompanies the heat. When we first arrived and were surprised at the temperate climate, we were warned about July and August. July has just started. I'm somewhat apprehensive about August. On one particularly hot day, Daphne and I were coming out of the store, and noticed that someone had dropped a carton of eggs and wondered if that someone was testing the heat by trying to fry a whole carton of eggs on the sidewalk. I think it could be done.

And speaking of heat...we were spared the intense heat of July during the official 4th of July celebration which was held during the cool of the evening on July 3 at the ambassador's residence. About 1800 invited guests attended the festivities including Israel's Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and President Moshe Katsav. They, along with Ambassador Daniel Kurtzler addressed the crowd in Hebrew, although Sharon mentioned that he had prepared his remarks in English and noted that it was the only July 4th celebration where they were speaking Hebrew. The list of prominent Israelis who attended is long because American embassy personnel are expected to invite there contacts to this most important function of the year, and it's a very big deal to be invited. Among the guests was Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, who also has received the Nobel Peace Prize.

It was a special feeling to see the Marine Color Guard march in with the American Flag flanked by the Marine Corp Flag. Both national anthems were played and Daphne and I were struck at the respect shown both by those in attendance, and by the number of people who sang the national anthems of their respective counties. A moment of silence remembering all victims of terror has a

special meaning in Israel, which has been under terrorist attack for more than 20 continuous months, and for Americans who felt the full meaning of terror on Sept. 11.

Of course there was food and drink, and it was our job to circulate, meet and to see that our Israeli guests got plenty of good old American food, kosher naturally. Thanks to corporate sponsors we had Kentucky Fried Chicken, McDonalds hamburgers, Ben & Jerry's ice cream (sherbet only because in Israel it is not kosher to serve meat and dairy products at the same time and the official dietary laws are very strict), corned beef sandwiches, Mexican and Asian food, a sushi bar and fruit. I know I am leaving something out, but it's probably the ones I did not get a chance to visit. There was Coke, Pepsi, wine and beer and a coffee bar to wash it all down.

The entertainment was a group of black American Israelis who sang gospel songs and popular music. They tour the country giving concerts. A giant screen was showing slides of various scenes across America including Pennsylvania covered bridges, and if you listened you could hear the Americans naming the various scenes that reminded us of home.

The ambassador's residence is located on a cliff over looking the Mediterranean, and the party started just as the sun was setting. The party ended with a spectacular fireworks display over the sea where the sun had set just a few hours earlier.

A cartoon in the local paper on the 4th was especially appropriate. In the four-panel piece on the editorial page, a man is showing waving the American flag, and his friend asks him what he is doing. I'm celebrating American Independence Day, is the reply. Why? he is asked. "Because if they didn't have theirs, we wouldn't have ours," is the answer. And, indeed, celebrating our independence is a special honor for Americans abroad.

For the 4th, Daphne and I took advantage of a rare day off (although Daphne was on call) to go to Bet She'an and Bet Alpha with a friend from the embassy. The three of us had a personal guided tour of the two sites by the curator and director of the Museum of Regional & Mediterranean Archeology, Dror Segal. We left Herzliya just after 8 am, drove north through Megiddo and the Jezreel Valley and met Mr. Segal in Bet She'an about 9:30 a.m.

Bet She'an is an actual town that has been on the same site for thousands of years. We met Mr. Segal at the bank in the center of town and drove down the hill to some of the most impressive ruins in Israel and the place where the Philistines took the headless bodies of King Saul and his son Jonathan after their armies were defeated on the Jezreel plain. The site is huge, with an 8,000 seat theater dominating the ancient town, and that is dwarfed by the tel. If you climb the tel, there is a spectacular view of the Jordan Valley. An ancient amphitheater is on the other side of modern town, and it does not take much imagination to

picture the number of villages that once surrounded Bet She'an or the people who passed through the town through the ages.

Mr. Segal also gave us a tour of his museum of which he is justifiably proud. He has an impressive collection of rare and important artifacts in the museum, but he has also incorporated several interactive exhibits and activities for children. Unfortunately, the museum, which is part of the national park system, is plagued by the lack of tourists as is the whole of Israel because of "the situation".

Mr. Segal also took us to Bet Alpha, an ancient synagogue at the foot of Mt. Gilboa that dates to the 6th century. The mosaic floor is one of the most beautiful and most unusual in Israel.

We enjoyed a wonderful lunch at a fish restaurant just a few yards from the entrance of Bet Alpha. The Jezreel Valley is one of the major agricultural regions in Israel and is home to many fish farms which also serve as irrigation reservoirs. Agricultural multi-tasking.

But for us, it was a Fourth of July we'll never forget.

Daphne and I are really settling into our routine of work, work and more work. Daphne is very busy and continues to work both day and evening shifts. She is waiting the arrival of the other American who is due to arrive in Israel on July 23rd, more than six weeks after the original arrival date. I am working in the embassy as a security escort and am filling in other offices for people who are on home leave. I may have a regular job in the fall editing the embassy's weekly newsletter. Of course, that depends on funding. There are several other jobs opening up now that the summer rotation is in full swing.

We hope you all are well and enjoying the summer.

Financial Statement:

Balance 8/4/01	\$119.68
2002 contributions	\$756.00
Total	\$875.68
Disbursements Vol. 2 and Vol. 3	
Postage, to date	\$215.74
Printing and Paper	478.50
Ink	37.18
Total	\$731.42
Balance 8/6/02	\$143.58

Note that the balance will not cover the cost of postage for this issue. Please be aware that it is necessary to mail First Class to receive address changes. If you wish to continue to receive a yearly newsletter, please feel free to contribute to the cause. **Marilyn Burgoyne, 2604 Chickadee Tr., Rockford, IL 61107**

DECEASED

James Hanford Frithiof
Nov. 20, 1940-Dec. 30, 2001

James Hanford Frithiof, 61, of Jackson Heights, N.Y, died Sunday Dec. 30, 2001 in Elmhurst hospital, after a hard fought battle with cancer. He grew up in Rockford attending Church Elementary School, Roosevelt Jr. High School and West High School. Joined the U.S. Army and served in Vietnam with the 1st Division as a helicopter crew chief and was awarded the Air Medal and Purple Heart. He worked as a die setter for J.L. Clark, Rockford, while taking flying lessons at Rockford Airport in pursuit of his commercial pilot license. His career with Eastern Airlines as an airline mechanic lasted more than 25 years as well as his membership in the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers. He retired from the airline industry in 1997. Survivors include brother John of Waldorf MD; numerous aunts, cousins and friends.

Deceased

Michael Gordon Segneri,
January 25, 1941 to October 13, 2001

Mike Segneri departed this life on October 13, 2001 after a valiant battle with cancer. He graduated from West High School and attended Rockford College. He married his high school sweetheart, classmate, Mary Ann Cacciatore. Among others, he is survived by his wife of 40 years, daughter, three grandchildren, and mother.

Since 1967 he has owned and operated his own business, Hair by Michael Segneri and Associates. For many years he was a member of the Illinois Hair Fashion Committee. Mike believed in contributing to his country and to his community. With that in mind, he enlisted in the US Army reserves. Additionally, he was active in all of the various theater groups in Rockford. He was active with the Festa Italiana, Citywide Fourth of July Committee, and was on the Board of the Metro Center. For many years Mike was active in political elections for both local and state offices. He held office as a Rockford Township Trustee. On October 7, 2001, when he was too sick to attend the ceremonies, his wife Mary Ann accepted for him his induction into the Italian Hall of Fame. And, last but not least, he was a long time member of the reunion committee for the WHS Class of '59. On the day of his funeral, the mayor of Rockford, issued a proclamation, making that day **Michael Segneri Day** in the city of Rockford.

Joy is not in things, it is in us.

Of all the things you wear,
your expression is the most important.

It takes the whole of life to learn how to live.

Little Known Facts

When Jim Davis' younger brother was born, the family had run out of names. Jim had been named for his grandparents, his sister had been named for his parents, so what would the newest Davis be named? At that time, Jim's best friend and constant playmate was our very own Jerry Gustafson. When the family was trying to name the new baby, Jim pointed out his best friend's name. Yup! The newest Davis baby was named after our Jerry Gustafson.

Photo Identification

Each photo has a number in the bottom, left hand corner. Identification is done by photo number, labeling each person left to right. Women are identified by their maiden name.

- 1) Karen Fagerburg
- 2) Janice Brown, Doris Hayden, Bob Quest
- 3) Pat Davenport
- 4) Janaan Johnson
- 5) Pat Corirossi
- 6) Joe Paravala
- 7) Toni Boardman
- 8) Phyllis Taylor
- 9) Caroline King, Connie Burns
- 10) Marilyn VanDenberg
- 11) Chris Saudargas
- 12) Jerry Giolitto
- 13) Dennis Johnson
- 14) Flora Jean Carter
- 15) Carolyn Sandwick
- 16) Sharon Manning
- 17) Carol Rolig, Lynne Walther
- 18) Gary Sbragia
- 19) Pat Roth
- 20) Marjorie Jost, Sandy Osborne
- 21) Curt Washburn
- 22) Betsy Ross
- 23) Mary Ann Cacciatore
- 24) Russell Rudolph
- 25) Judy Cox, Rosemarie Sansone
- 26) Steve Moore
- 27) Julie Peebles
- 28) Darlene Myers
- 29) Don Gronberg, Al Acker
- 30) Linda Groves
- 31) Ella Cavitt
- 32) Jerry Gustafson
- 33) Barb Duffey
- 34) Larry Lathom
- 35) Chris Mattison
- 36) Ted Mazarati
- 37) Donna Schultz



