

# In Line With The Class of 59

2005

## **IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN!! THE 1959 WHS CLASS YEARLY MINI REUNION**

**WHAT:** Dinner/Mixer {Casual Dress}....."PASTA FEST"

Includes: relish tray, special salad, bread,  
3 varieties of pasta, meatballs, coffee, and spumoni ice cream. {cash bar}  
All Served Family Style

**WHERE:** Lino's Italian Restaurant....5611 E. State St. Rkd. Il.

**WHEN:** Sat. Sept. 10th 2005

**TIME:** 6:00 to 7:00 P.M. Cocktail Hour

7:00 to ????? Dinner/Mixer

**Only \$13.50 per person! {includes tip}**

Make checks payable to "PETE ZAMMUTO" and send to 5182 Welsh Rd. Rkd. 61107  
{Sept. 1st reservation deadline}

### **ALSO PLAN TO ATTEND THE MINI REUNION PICNIC**

**Bring your own food and join in the fun**

**Sat. Sept. 10TH 2005**

**TIME:** 12:00 to 4:00 P.M.

**WHERE:** Sinnissippi Park {main shelter house across the road from  
golf starter house} {charcoal provided}

## The First East vs. West Rivalry

When the schools split into East and West, one big question came up. How the teams would end up where players were concerned. For football, which was the first competition between the schools, the split worked. The quality of the players seemed even, but the first game was going to be the real "Who was best test!" Needless to say, the night before the game there was concern as to what might happen. Rumor had it that there would be tight security at both schools. After school that day three "plotters" cruised the area to formulate a plan of action. That night one of the conspirators acquired an old bed sheet on which he painted "**BEAT WEST**". At about 2:00 AM the conspirators drove to West. To their surprise, not a police car was in sight. Since West was built on level land, not too far from the street, the culprits ran the risk of being easily spotted. Undaunted, the three E-Rabs went to work. One of them, with the home-made bed sheet "flag" draped over his shoulder and axle grease in his hip pocket, climbed the flag pole. When he reached the top of the pole, he attached the flag. As he descended the pole, he greased the pole, thus insuring the "safety" of his labors. Early the next morning the three E-Rabs returned to the scene of their nightly adventure. There, in all of its glory, gently flowing in the breeze, in front of West High school, was the "**BEAT WEST**" flag.

West Students, entering school that morning were greeted with the flag, while maintenance men wrung their hands, unable to remove the offending flag. Later the fire department was called to use their hook and ladder unit to remove the flag and clean the pole.

*A message, dated August 30, 2004  
from our classmate,  
Jerry (J. Paul) Moore*

I am alive and well in North Hollywood, CA. I have made my living in the entertainment industry all along, doing a few commercials, a bit of film work and LOTS of live performing as an actor as well as a Magician. I married Sandra Weiss from Cleveland, OH. in April of 1976. We have three children, our son Ryan 27, daughter Morgan, 25 and daughter Courtney, 17. I have worked with the original Renaissance Pleasure Faire since 1967 as actor, writer, director and teacher. My son is now a Department Head with them. Morgan is pursuing a law degree at Kent State, (with a 3.8 grade point average I might add) and Courtney is in her senior year (with honors) at Brush High School in Cleveland where she lives with her mother. Sandy and I parted, amicably, about 10 years ago and she lives in Cleveland with Morgan and Courtney. I look forward to attending our 50th Reunion to see how old all you folks have become! Oh yes, I go by the name of J. Paul Moore now rather than Jerry or Gerald. Oh, and another thing, I was crowned King of the Fools this year by the Fools' Guild and am known in those circles as Supercilious I, 24th King of Fools. I feel VERY qualified for the job.



## Luanda

By John Haggstrom

Angola has begun to enjoy the fruits of peace since the end of a 27-year civil war in 2002. Fighting between the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), led by Jose Eduardo DOS SANTOS, and the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA), led by Jonas SAVIMBI, followed independence from Portugal in 1975. Peace seemed imminent in 1992 when Angola held national elections, but UNITA renewed fighting after being beaten by the MPLA at the polls.

Up to 1.5 million lives may have been lost - and 4 million people displaced in the quarter century of fighting. (Total population of Angola is just under 11 million people.) SAVIMBI's death in 2002 ended UNITA's insurgency and strengthened the MPLA's hold on power. DOS SANTOS has pledged to hold national elections in 2006.

Angola is larger than Texas and California combined, but only 2.4% of the land is arable, and much of that cannot be farmed because there are still nearly 20,000,000 land mines left over from the civil war.

The country produces over 700,000 barrels of oil a day, but the revenue mostly goes to Dos Santos and his generals, with very little trickling down to the general population. As a result, living conditions for most people here are miserable.

Ninety percent of homes have no electricity, running water, or sanitation, and 70% live below the poverty level. The infant mortality rate is nearly 20%, with one in four children dying before the age of five and in some areas one out of two. Nearly 4% of the population is infected with HIV/AIDS, but the biggest killer here is malaria. The average life expectancy is just under 37 years.

I work in the embassy communications center, helping to keep the phone calls, emails, and cables flowing. No small feat here, with constant power surges and outages wreaking havoc with both hardware and software.

By Angolan standards, I live like a king. I have a three-bedroom house and small yard, surrounded by an 8 ft. wall topped with razor wire, and the one door and all windows are barred. There is another steel gate at the top of the stairs that can be used to seal off the second floor. I have three guards, one on duty at all times--they work 12-hour shifts, 12 on, 24 off. And this is in the safest, most affluent neighborhood of Luanda, about six blocks from the embassy. The rent on my rather modest house is \$7,000 per month. Others rented by the embassy cost \$8,000, \$9,000, and up to \$12,000 per month. The economy here is waaaaaay out of whack!

When I first arrived here in August of 2003, my electricity was supplied for three months by a large gener-

ator sitting in the front yard, and water was delivered by truck to a 2,500 gallon reservoir under the yard. City power and water eventually became available, but outages of both are frequent. Bottled or distilled water must be used for drinking and cooking.

I do have, however, perhaps the best-equipped kitchen in Angola; three ovens, plus built-in deep fryer, steamer, dishwasher, and six-drawer freezer. I have a satellite dish and decoder that allow me to receive the (U.S.) Armed Forces Television Network. This and a ton of paper-backs are my entertainment--no movie theaters or video stores here.

There are quite a few relatively good restaurants here, but nearly all are expensive--\$25-\$50 for a basic meal, and no fast-food option of any kind. I mostly cook for myself. Food is available, though nearly everything is imported and the variety is very limited--virtually no lettuce (I MISS SALADS!), and the only fresh vegetables available are potatoes, onions, garlic, carrots, cabbage, and occasionally green peppers. For fruit there are apples, oranges, bananas, pineapples, lemons and rarely some grapes and peaches, all at outrageous prices. There are about six supermarkets in Luanda (with a population of three million people), but a fair number of mom-and-pop-sized grocery stores, plus large numbers of street vendors.

Shortly after I arrived here I took over as Treasurer of

the American Recreation Association of Luanda (ARAL). In addition to keeping the books, I do all the ordering, stocking, and selling of items in our small "store" (one small room!) located in a building next to the Consulate. We sell embassy-logo polo shirts, t-shirts, hats, coffee mugs, pub and old-fashion glasses, Zippo lighters, can cozies, and several books about Angola. In addition, I pretty much single-handedly run a weekly Happy Hour on Friday nights. I buy all the drinks and haul them to the club room (in the same building as our store), and every Friday I buy several bags of ice, put the drinks and ice in coolers, and oversee the operation. When our local bartender doesn't show up, I tend bar. Our motto is: "Making Luanda a Better Place, One Ice-Cold Beer at a Time."

This past year I collected Christmas gifts for a village of about 135 people in Kissama National Park, about 30 miles south of Luanda. The village consists of the game wardens and their families. In 2003 an embassy security officer collected gifts, and I took over for 2004. Until a year ago, the children had never seen a piece of candy or a store-bought toy. I solicited donations from friends and family, and ended up with 36 boxes of toys, dolls, games, candy, and clothing, worth about \$2,500. I can send pictures if anyone is interested. I recently got the ARAL Board to approve buying two portable basket-ball backboards and two

large swing sets, which are being shipped and will be donated to Kissama.

Now for the current crises: About three months ago there began an outbreak of Marburg Fever, a hemorrhagic fever very similar to Ebola. So far, the outbreak has been limited to a small area in Uige Province, about three hundred miles north of Luanda, and just over 200 people have died. The fever is only transmitted by bodily fluids, so has less chance of spreading than an air-borne flu-type virus, but is still pretty scary. It kills very quickly and is nearly always fatal. If it should reach Luanda's tight-packed slums, the death toll would be astronomical, so keep your fingers crossed.

The second crisis is that Angolan Customs has impounded a shipment of classified diplomatic pouches, an unprecedented action that is a serious breach of the Vienna Convention governing diplomatic relations the world over. We are all taking turns sitting in the truck containing the pouches. Stay tuned.

That's it for now from Angola. I leave here on July 2nd, and after a short vacation in South Africa and processing in Washington, I'll be off to Honduras in August for a two-year tour.

*A Toast at the 45<sup>th</sup> Class Reunion*  
**TO THE CLASS OF '59**  
*By Pete Zammuto*

A toast to the class of '59...  
A class ahead of its time

To "Party Doll" and "Twelfth of Never"...  
To Friendships that will last forever

Here's to the memories we all share...  
Of ducktails and of crew-cut hair

Black leather jackets on one side...  
Versus school jackets worn with pride

To songs that were just right...  
Little darlin', Earth Angel, Teach me Tonight

Twilight Time and Many more...  
There were too many to keep score

To our baseball, basketball and football teams...  
Their victories were not all dreams

To sock hops and dances in the school gym...  
To poodle skirts with a mid-calf hem

To rolled-up jeans and a cashmere sweater...  
To crinolines, pedal pushers, a school letter

To all the things that set us apart...  
Like it being cool, to be smart

Here's to the education we managed to get...  
While living our lives in the best of times yet

Of love and laughter in the good ole days...  
And the courage to move in separate ways

To some of us with thinning hair...  
Or extra wrinkles here and there

To our schoolmates that passed away...  
They're in our hearts this very day

But we have memories that won't cease...  
You know, we were, the original "Grease"

A final toast from the heart...  
5 years is too long to be apart

Here's to a reunion in 2009...  
God Bless us all, at this time.

## **THE 45<sup>TH</sup> REUNION WAS A HIT**

Victor Borge the famous comedian, once said: "Laughter is the shortest distance between two people."

This was certainly proven true by our fellow classmates who attended the 45<sup>th</sup> class reunion. But laughter was only one part of the overall reunion.

The other parts that came together were: the renewing of old friendships, an exchange of life experiences, the sharing and participation of extra reunion activities {i.e. Coronado Theatre Tour, run/walk, Sunday morning breakfast}, and of course the excellent food provided by the Cliffbreakers Restaurant.

An unexpected ramification of the reunion is that some of the single classmates who attended are now dating each other. Who? You ask me! I'll never tell!

The reunion committee and I would like to thank the classmates who attended this reunion. We, also, would like say a big **THANK YOU** to those classmates who sent extra money with their reservations

and to those who were unable to attend but who made contributions anyway.

If you missed the 45<sup>th</sup> reunion, you can still purchase a VHS or DVD of this memorable event {see ad in this newsletter}

## **CLASSMATES THANK YOU FOR YOUR PAST AND FUTURE SUPPORT!!**

## **SEE YOU AT THE 50<sup>TH</sup> REUNION**

### **45<sup>th</sup> REUNION ATTENDEES**

Margaret Alyea Schams  
Bunny Beckovich Cook  
Lynn Blair  
Sanchia Bruer Mazza  
Barbara Budde Arvan  
Virginia Bufalo Harezlak  
Virginia (Ginny) Burke Snyder  
Connie Burns Dorsey  
Mary Ann Cacciatore Segneri  
John Canova  
Flora Carter Samuel  
John Casper  
Marion Cassioppi Ginestra  
Thomas Castree  
Lyle Clugg  
Patricia (Trish) Corirossi  
Rosanne Cuppini Hemmens  
Rita Cruz Elizondo  
James Davis  
Sante De Marco  
Richard Dixon  
Barry Doan  
John Dowling  
Barbara Duffey Lehman  
Karen Fane Tarro

Mona Felvey McHughes  
David Ferreira  
Nancy Ghent Donohue  
Richard Greenbery  
James Harter  
Adrian (Ted) Holander  
Margaret Holm Rudolph  
Helen Hopkins  
Paula Ihne Hawkins  
Ronald Ingrassia  
Charles (Sandy) Jacobson  
Sue Jarrett Martinetti  
Dennis Johnson  
Gerald Johnson  
Janaan (Jan) Johnson Potter  
Judy Jonason Johnson  
Vance (Frank) Jones  
Sandra Jorgeson Nagel  
Caroline King Hansen  
Annegert (Ann) Klamroth Bock  
Julie Lawson Pirrello  
Janice Liles Peterson  
De Anne Lind Kudzma  
James Lindstedt  
Gretchen Lotzer Farbstein  
Christen Mattison Kordash  
Ruth Ann McLaren Stodola  
Harold (Mike) Messman  
Caryl Miller  
Earlyne Morris Desmond  
Marion Anne Nardiello Licari  
John Oberg  
David Ollman  
Sandra Osborne Milligan  
Joseph (Joe) Paravala  
Joan Picken Bailey-Murray  
Julie Peeples Thompson  
Sharon Pekarsky Linsky  
Judith (Judy) Provasi VanHeesch  
Judith (Judy) Rigotti Bates  
Caol Rolig Robb  
Betsy Ross Pearce  
Frank Rotello  
Russell Rudolph  
Georgia Ruthey Marinaro  
Carolyn Sandwick Cunningham  
Michael Sassali  
Henriette Schilling Hagman  
Donna Schultz Altman  
Robert Scofield  
Gloria Shafer

Kathryn (Kathy) Shuga Albert  
Sue Shumway  
Sandra Smith LeVasseur  
Geraldine (Geri) Stevens Hawthorne  
Douglas Stodola  
Ronald Swanson  
Randall Swenson  
Gloria Travis Taylor  
Marilyn Triebel Burgoyne  
Penny Unger Martenson  
Marilyn Vandenberg Williams  
Ester Wetterholm Prentice  
Judy Whitcomb Severson  
James White  
Shirley Wilson Blake  
Judith Wishart Draeger  
Pete Zammuto  
Joanne Zander Finley

My Girlfriend's Back  
(A Story of Rediscovered Love)

By  
Dick Vincent

A bit of sadness crept in as I sped north to Minnesota in 1963. I said obligatory goodbyes to my folks and to my friends, and thought of the wonderful times we had at Rockford West High 4 years ago and the Rockford College graduation last month (1963) – other thoughts drifted in, reluctant to move out of the memory: mainly of a wonderful girl I knew since childhood who I would be leaving behind. We had dated in high school and enjoyed each other's company. We also enjoyed "The Competition".

It seems one of my friends, Mike Segneri, also enjoyed her company. We worked at the same grocery store and would each rush home after work to try to be the first to call Mary Ann. Needless to say, I called first each night, mainly because the owner of the store was my uncle and he believed my

story of massive homework and would let me go 5 minutes early each day. The sad part was I didn't end up with her. The urge to leave my folks and their tight knit Italian traditions, and the urge to try out my new ideas and thoughts just acquired from Rockford College was too great. I continued to speed north to begin my 36 year career in teaching.

In the years that followed, both Mary Ann and I enjoyed wonderfully happy lives with our mates. I started my teaching career in a small town just outside of St. Paul, Minnesota, and Mary Ann began her career here in Rockford in hair styling. I taught high school English for 5 years, then married and taught in Fairmont, Minnesota until I retired in 1999. My youngest son, Brandon, after graduation from William Mitchell Law School, became an attorney in St. Paul, Minnesota; my oldest, Chadwick, was an accomplished pianist and a vocalist. All of this produced a wonderfully busy and happy life. Then in 2000 my wife developed cancer – suffered for 4 years and past away last year. During these 40 years I kept in contact with my friends, Mike and Mary Ann, who enjoyed a busy and happy life of their own.

After Mike and Mary Ann married, Mike went into the Army Reserves for 6 years. Upon completion of the reserves, he opened a hair salon and Mary Ann went to beauty school and became a teacher. After teaching for 5 years, she decided to open her own salon and is still working (part-time semi-retired). Despite this work schedule, she and Mike worked with theatre groups in Rockford. They even worked on one movie made in Rockford, "Personal Foul".

Later they had a daughter, Shelly, who brought them an incredible amount of joy. Shelly attended and graduated from

Rockford College as a teacher where she met her future husband, Shannon Blake. They are married and have 3 children; Allison, Hannah, and Bryan. Amidst this full and happy life came tragedy. In 1999 Mike developed cancer and 2 years later passed away. Mary Ann continued to manage both salons, hers and Mike's until 2004, when she sold Mike's salon, but continued to work her own. Suddenly her rich, fast paced life became lonely and quieter.

I too felt the loneliness and non-direction of widowed life. Being retired and alone, I began traveling. One trip consisted of coming to Rockford to visit my aunts and cousins and just maybe take my "old friend" Mary Ann, to dinner and catch up on the news. As Dean Martin once said in a popular song:

When the moon hits your eye  
Like a bigga pizza pie  
That's Amore!

**Bam!** A bolt of lightning hit me, and my girlfriend was back: I found myself driving back and forth from Minnesota, thinking about 40 years ago when I dated a beautiful, fun loving girl.

I had come full circle: I ran away from my Italian heritage and now embraced it.

LaFamilia was back!  
My girlfriend's back!

And so a new chapter begins...



**Dick and Mary Ann will be married  
October 28, 2005 in Rockford.**

# My Knight in Shining Armor

By Marilyn Triebel

August 20, 2004, the first night of our 45<sup>th</sup> class reunion, I strolled into the party room alone, as was my penchant. Casually standing beside the bar, with a glass of wine in his hand, was a tall, slender, good looking man. Although I had never known him well during our Roosevelt, West, and University of Illinois years, I immediately recognized that this man was Dennis Johnson. We struck up a brief conversation and then I went my way and he went his. The next night was a repeat performance. We ran into each other, spoke for a few moments, and then he went his way and I went mine. Sunday morning, at the reunion breakfast, I arrived late, with my hair still wringing wet from a fast shower. There was an empty seat beside this tall man, and he acquiesced to my query about if it was available for me. He did not seem to mind that my hair dripped water all over him. We enjoyed our morning with a high spirited group of entertaining people at our table. And he and I began the process of becoming acquainted.

A few days later, after returning to his home in Canton, Ohio, we began emailing each other. We were attempting to update the email address list of classmates for the data base. Soon these emails increased in number and frequency; and the content became less and less about email addresses and more and more about conversation between the two of us. One evening, as I was headed out the door, my phone rang. At the other end was Dennis. We talked for some time, making me late to whatever it was that I was doing that night. But, I did not mind my tardiness, and in fact, wished that I could totally skip my commitment and continue talking to this fascinating man.

As had been the progression with our emails, the phone calls gradually increased in frequency as well as duration. Over the miles, a deep friendship was developing between the two of

us. Then one day, saying that he would be in Rockford for Thanksgiving, Dennis invited me to go to dinner with him. Panic set in! WHAT was I to do?????? For reasons that I will not mention, I had sworn off men! No way was I going to EVER look at another man, let alone spend time ALONE with one! EEEEEEEK! Thinking quickly, I stammered out something about that would be OK, but what about including a few others as well. And in fact, how about having those others to my house for a drink first, and then go to dinner in ONE LARGE GROUP. You see, I figured there was safety in numbers, and these "extra" classmates would protect me from this tall, handsome man.

Dennis was startled at my suggestion, to say the least. He did, however, agree to it. We invited three other couples to join us. But, I must admit that by the time the appointed day arrived, I wished that I had never opened my big mouth and suggested including a few others. Enough time had elapsed, and enough phone calls and emails had passed between us, that all my fears were allayed, and to my total amazement, all I wanted to do was, indeed, to spend an evening alone with this man. We did, however, have a fantastic time with our classmates, and look forward to a repeat dinner in the future. But, we also had a superb evening together. So began a new saga in each of our lives.

Which brings us to May 12, 2005...

May 12, 2005

Marilyn Triebel and Dennis Johnson were married in Redwood City (a small community South of San Francisco), California, with Linda and Dick Greenberg as their witnesses. The newly weds plan to live in Dennis' home in Canton, Ohio. However, due to the failing health of their parents, they will be spending the majority of their time in Rockford.

# The Little Gal From Roosevelt

By Dennis Johnson

Read to the meter of "Little Gal in Calico"

There was a gal at Roosevelt  
A long time ago  
Did not know her very well  
She showed up at West as well  
Saw her more from far away  
While she was a star  
Then I went to Illinois  
Not knowing she was there  
Many years have passed since then  
46 years since West  
Communication tools have changed since then  
Found her online in 2004  
Introduced myself online  
Emails flew from her and me  
Until we became friends online  
Then wanting to hear each others voice  
We started a phone friendship  
And after many hours on the phone  
I made a date with her  
Then I met her for the first time as a friend  
Spent some time together  
Then we went away  
Will he love her?  
Does he love her?  
Yes, wait and see  
That little gal from Roosevelt  
Yes he loved her  
Yes he loves her  
Then a short time ago  
He married her  
That little gal from Roosevelt

## Donors since 12/2003:

Vince Provenzano  
Carolyn Alexander  
Bob Armstrong  
Andrea Helton Clausen  
Anonymous

## OBITUARIES

Donna Gale Schultz Altman

September 10, 1941- November 24, 2004

Donna Gale Schultz Altman moved to Sarasota, Florida from Plano, Texas in 1980. She was a teacher and an academic adviser to student athletes at Riverview High school for 15 years. She passed away after a five year valiant battle with cancer. Survivors include her husband, son, step children, mother, and brother

James LaVern George Whitt

June 14, 1941 to October 30,2004

Sadly no information is available on the passing of LeVern Whitt. He was an intelligent, friendly, popular member of the class of 1959, who participated fully in high school activities. One can only assume that he lived his adult life as effectively as he did his formative years.

## Financial Statement

Balance: 12/15/2003	\$760.13
Income:	140.00

Total \$900.13

Disbursements: Vol 4 and Vol 5

Postage, to date	\$188.00
Supplies (Ink/labels/envelopes)	132.86
Printing	373.82

Total \$694.68

Balance: 4/20/2005 \$205.45

## THANK YOU!

A HUGE THANK YOU is due Dennis Johnson, Sue Jarrett Martinetti, and Ella Cavitt Frese. Dennis spent hours changing the data base from one program to another so that he could print the address labels. In addition, he spent long hours selecting, sizing and preparing for printing and taking to the printer the photo page that appears with this newsletter. Sue Jarrett Martinetti was the photographer par excellence who took all the photos at the reunion. Ella Cavitt Frese did the layout for the newsletter, printed and collated it, stuffed it in the envelopes and hauled it to the post office for mailing. Without the tireless help of all three of these stalwart classmates, the newsletter would not now be in your hands.

### **Peace Corps Samoa** by Beth (Pease) Wycoff

Sorry that I missed the reunion in August. I had just sold my house and was on the way to California, and then to a two-year stint in Samoa (pronounced Sah-moh-ah) with the Peace Corps. Marilyn asked me to write something about my experience for the newsletter, so here it is. If anyone has questions or comments, or just wants to drop me a line, my email address is: [hewycoff@samoa.ws](mailto:hewycoff@samoa.ws). I am told that there are intermittent difficulties with email, but it does work, so, if at first you don't succeed. Also, in the world of the internet, I have uploaded several albums of pictures. There are narratives that go with each album; if you are interested, email me and I will send them to you. Here are the links:

<http://share-dell.shutterfly.com/osi.jsp?i=EeANmLNkxatG7rw>

<http://share-dell.shutterfly.com/osi.jsp?i=EeANmLNkxatG7nA>

<http://share-dell.shutterfly.com/osi.jsp?i=EeANmLNkxatG7ll>

<http://share-dell.shutterfly.com/osi.jsp?i=EeANmLNkxatG7hY>

<http://share-dell.shutterfly.com/osi.jsp?i=EeANmLNkxatG7wY>

Upon arrival in Samoa, the Peace Corps treated us to a 2-month in-country training period that included language, cultural issues, safety and security and medical issues. Although there had been no rain for 2 months, we brought it with us and were treated to incessant rain and dampness. It is very hot and there is no air conditioning in most of the country, and no hot water for showers, dishwashing, etc.

### Samoa History, Language, Culture

As the "developed" countries are wont to do, there was a divvying up of properties, whereby Samoa was divided into American Samoa, and Western Samoa was taken over from the Germans by New Zealand. Located in American Samoa are Pango Pango, Margaret Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa*, and the island of Manu which was recently devastated by cyclones. I am in what is now independent Samoa, a country of two major inhabited islands, one other inhabited islands, and several small uninhabited islands, all volcanic in origin.

The language of Samoan is difficult because it is highly loaded with vowels. There are only 12 consonants, the 5 vowels, but four different ways to say each vowel, which makes a total of 20 vowel sounds. There is no verb "to be" and that also makes for confusion. Most verbs, but not all, are the

same in singular and plural forms and in different tenses, but there are tense markers and a host of different pronouns-- independent and dependent (different for singular and plural nouns). English is the language of government and business and is taught in schools from about the third grade. However, Samoan is the predominant language in the villages and is also widely used in the capital city, Apia which is the only real city in the country.

### Peace Corps in Samoa

My training group, Samoa 73, includes only 3 of 14 Volunteers right out of college. We have people involved in information technology, special education (me), vocational education, health, music and mentoring in government programs. Three volunteers in our group are over 50, and there were more from other groups who are in "our" age group. There are a total of about 50 Volunteers in the country. Peace Corps is actively recruiting retired people; it is not only for the youngsters anymore. Anyone interested? Check the website, or write to me.

I was especially interested in serving in Samoa because of information that there was some work going on with children who have autism. In order to be assigned here, I agreed to a primary assignment in Information Technology. However, during the second week of training, I was excited to learn that my job would be in special education, as a teacher trainer. This is much more relevant to my most recent career as a School Psychologist. Still looking for children with autism.

Approximately 5 of the 8 weeks of training were spent in a village, each of us living with a family and having daily classes as a group. There was a welcoming 'ava ceremony. My family has a mother (Mireta),

father (Niu), four boys and two girls. Niu has a brother whose wife works at the government hospital in Apia, close to where I am now working, so I am able to stay in contact with the family. They have a TV, so we were able to keep up with at least some of the news. The CNN international news comes from New Zealand and Australia, and they are in a different day from us! The western edge of Savai'i, the largest of the (Independent) Samoa islands is practically sitting on the International Dateline.

The school where I am working (Senese) is currently in meetings to try to combine this special ed school with another private school (Robert Louis Stevenson) that has primary and secondary sections. Inclusion is a major topic in education here now, and the idea of combining the schools is to include all or most of the Senese students in regular classes, at least most of the time, and to provide resource services to some special needs students currently attending RLS. I am currently acting as the teacher for 7 children while we wait for our new teacher to become available in June. The government is making Inclusion a major priority in education and is committed to providing education for all, including those with disabilities.

### Village Life

The village consists of an undetermined number of buildings, most pretty close to the paved road. It seems there are several related groups--my family is related to at least 3 other families across the road. Extended families are very important to the social and economic structure of Samoa. The house is a fairly large structure, fale (fah ley), only partially enclosed, with a tin roof that makes so much noise when it rains that you can hardly hear people talk. The front part of the house is an open "porch" where it is much cooler if there is any breeze. I had

a separate room that was locked when I was not there—all trainees spent most of the day at the training fale. Windows in my room and the front room are screened, but there is no glass. When it rains hard, large plastic sheets are dropped over the open spaces. Of course, this also blocks any breeze. It is very hot and humid. Clothes and sheets don't really get dry from one day to another. Yes, there are BIG bugs and lots of mosquitoes. There is no malaria in Samoa, however, and no rabies. The latter is good, as there seem to be dogs everywhere. In the village, they stay near the houses and provide an early warning system about visitors. In Apia, the dogs appear to be running wild. During the week, there are nightly prayers, usually between about 7:00 and 7:30. Life in the village stops during that time, and there is a curfew. No one is supposed to be outside, or walking along the road, from the time of the first bell (or horn or gong) until the "all clear" is sounded. This does not happen in Apia, but is almost universal in the rest of the country.

The food is interesting. The pineapple was in season when we were in the village and was incredible! It is so sweet and tender that you can even eat the core. There are several kinds of bananas, papaya, breadfruit, and the ever present coconut. You find coconut cream on everything, and you can drink the juice of the young coconuts. The fish is very good, and there is also chicken, pork, and some beef. Unfortunately, there is also a lot of tinned (canned) meat and fish that are very fatty. In my family, they got crabs for dinner, cracked the claws for me, then they ate the WHOLE THING. And I mean the WHOLE THING (except for the shell), including all of the insides, lungs, intestines, and all!!!! As you might guess, I declined, except for the claws.

During training, I spent 3 days on the big island of Savai'i. They tell me that in several of the Polynesian islands the "i'i" means "big island," as in Savai'i, Hawai'i, etc. It is beautiful over there, much more scarcely populated than the island of Upolu, and definitely more rural than Apia. The Volunteers I visited there were mostly in Village Development, and had only been in their villages for about 90 days. They are supposed to spend those first 90 days getting to know the village, its politics, and determining the villagers' priorities for development. I stayed with a young Volunteer who has a degree in civil engineering. She will be working one day per month on a National Water Project, and the rest of the time on water and agricultural projects in her village. They are very isolated out there, are living with families, and coming up against inertia relating to change and conflicting priorities among the people. My hat is off to them; they are doing the job that we all think the Peace Corps is doing!

The district where I stayed in Savai'i has a relatively new land mass, caused by lava flow, and the sea flows under a large part of the island. Although there is a fresh water table under the land, it is permeated by sea water, so that all of the piped water available is salty. This is the water that people use for drinking, cooking, bathing and washing clothes. It is not healthy for people and is also not the best thing for agricultural products. Most, but not all, houses or compounds have water tanks that are used for collecting rainwater. These are only good, safe sources of water if the tanks are kept clean. Since most of them are made of cement, it is difficult to keep them free of bacteria, fungus, and other undesirable elements. Rainwater runs down the metal roofs, into gutters and into the water tanks—only during the rainy season, of course.

There is a big water shortage problem in the district I visited, for much of the year. To compound the problem, the buildings seem to have gutters on only about 25% of the roof area of each building. The rest of the rain runs off into the soil, largely consisting of lava rocks, and is lost. When asked why this is so, I was told that it is too expensive to have more gutters. But, in addition to the water shortage, people also have to pay for the piped water, so the situation is confusing, at least to me. This is an example, however, of the kinds of things that one has to learn about, try to understand, and adapt to or try to work around. The direct approach usually will not work, at least not in the long run, so things that seem logical to us must be made to fit into the local cultural framework, or there will be no lasting change. There are parallels throughout all areas, including education.

We did have some fun on the visit. Three trainees and two Volunteers took a trip to Faleolupe, an area at the far western end of the island. It is the site of many famous Samoan legends. We arrived there after hitching several rides, including vans and pickup trucks. The International Date Line was very close, so we sat on the beach and looked into tomorrow!! Our ride home was a large dump truck, filled with sand from the beach. The other four rode on top of all of the sand in the truck, and called it a portable beach! I wanted to ride up there, too, but the Samoan driver and workers were apparently offended at the thought, so I rode inside the cab of the truck. Here was a case where the Samoan respect for older people did not work to my advantage, or so it seemed at the time. There is a tremendous respect for older people, and this usually does work to my advantage. I was able to surprise the driver (and myself) with some appropriate Samoan language, so all was not lost.

### Major Hazard—Cyclones!

Cyclone season lasts from about December through March and we had two significant scares, Olaf and Percy. In case of a cyclone (about the same as a hurricane) or other emergency, we all have to go to specified safe points, and all go into the capital city of Apia if there is time. The Peace Corps has a standing agreement with two hotels that are better constructed than many other buildings. If we are in a village and have to stay there, the churches appear to have the most solid construction. The same plan goes for any other kind of emergency, but the most likely one is a cyclone. Cyclone Olaf was a category 5 storm, with 5 being the highest rating. The projected path would have taken in directly over Samoa, specifically Apia, where all Volunteers were holed up in hotels. At the last minute, it took a turn to the east and we were spared, unlike parts of American Samoa and the Cook Islands. Had it hit as projected, I think our job would have been more of a disaster relief effort than our current assignments.

### Fringe Benefit—A Nepalese Cultural Event

We had an interesting event over the Easter weekend. Our Peace Corps Director was a Volunteer in Nepal and married a Nepalese. They had a Hol party, traditional party for Indians and Nepalese to welcome Spring. Of course, we are in opposite seasons in the southern hemisphere, but I guess we were celebrating in Nepalese time. We had lots of great food--Bhase (the husband) runs a restaurant, so you can guess that he is a very good cook! After eating, we did the traditional throwing of colored water and flour at each other. Actually, it was a variation on the traditional colored powders that are usually thrown; but customs here would not let them import the powders. A good time was had by all, although it took me 3 days to get the flour out of my hair!

## **FIFTEEN MONTHS IN NORWAY**

**By Reverend Beverly Bates Crow**

Spending fifteen months in Norway might not sound like too distant or too different a setting to reflect upon, but that is not the conclusion I draw from the experience. My husband, Dave, and

I recently were co-pastors of the International Church in Stavanger. We lived and worked among the international community in that city on the southwest coast, a city of about 100,000 that is the hub of the North Sea oil business.

The congregation we served had people from 15-20 different countries at any given time, all of whom spoke English. We did not have to learn Norwegian for the work we did, but soon learned that English can come with many different accents and may easily be a person's third or fourth language rather than their first, or native tongue. It sometimes takes a great deal of effort to communicate in English! We soon learned that the international community in any city is made up of a few people who have made their home in this "far away" place, but the others are there for a short while: for school, for a business assignment, for pleasure, or for an "interesting experience." They are an adventuresome group, ready and willing to meet new people and to be introduced to new ways of doing things.

Though most of our relationships were with this international community, we all lived in Norway and had to learn and adjust to the Norwegian way of life. The following are some aspects of life in Norway that to me seemed quite different than that in the States

Within the first hour we were introduced to the Norwegian garbage system. The ride from the Stavanger airport to the wonderful,

spacious house that would be "home" took only 20 minutes. We were shown the food provisions for our immediate needs and a chart for our required garbage disposal. Every household has a green plastic container for paper, a brown container for all food and lawn waste, a red container for hazardous items, and a black container for other waste. Plastics, metal, and glass are to be taken to official drop off centers. Every neighborhood has a schedule for which color container will be picked up that week. This schedule is not optional, and abiding by it is serious business. We were told that the neighborhood authorities did have the right to check the containers to make certain the system was being followed in the right manner. Norwegians take waste disposal and recycling very seriously. They are leaders in this effort. They have a clean environment and want to keep it that way.

It seems to be an unwritten, though vitally important, rule among Norwegians that it is mandatory to get outside every day. There are biking / walking paths along side almost every street in towns, cities, and far into the countryside. People use them, in all kinds of weather, and by all ages. Baby buggies are equipped with plastic covering for rainy weather, so that babies can get outside everyday, often taking naps in the buggies outside. People with canes and walkers get out everyday too, even in the snow. Pedestrians are respected and all car traffic must stop whenever someone is in one of the frequent cross walks. Because people are outside a lot, they are experts at picnics and taking along necessary food – fast food is not readily available and tends to be very expensive. Bread and cheese is easy to carry and is always tasty because the bread is fresh, hearty, and oh, so good.

Two truisms shock most visitors to Norway: taxes are very high and everything seems

very expensive. After the shock begins to wear off, the benefits of this expensive mode of operation become apparent. Life is good. It works relatively well for most people. All jobs are important and thus, offer a decent salary and good benefits. The benefits for all people in the country include education at all levels, excellent medical care, secure retirement, and 4-5 weeks vacation. A shorter work week allows family dinner time and outdoor time after work and school.

Competition plays a minor role in the Norwegian culture when compared to the U.S. The ethos there emphasizes the importance that whatever is good for one, should be shared and made available for all. There is no great drive for show or standing out in the crowd. Pleasure is found in being with friends and family and being out in the countryside among the many lakes, fjords and mountains. Food is relatively simple. Dress is for the comfort of getting around and being outside rather than for fashion.

Family life is not a slogan, but seems to be a value that is lived out. Families do their daily walks together and frequently get out for picnics. Children are planned for in all settings. Restaurants and shops have a corner for children to occupy themselves while parents may be busy. Many trains have a car and ferries have a room especially designated for families and children. In our entire time in Norway we never heard an angry parent or a child's tantrum, yet children were everywhere we went.

It is impossible to be in Norway for very long without seeing some signs of the German invasion and occupation during World War II. The remains of concrete bunkers still dot the farm land and the long west coastal area. The effects of that period of life on the people are slower to discern and can only

be talked about after knowing someone for a long time.

Historically Norway has been a very poor country with few resources. This situation changed rapidly and dramatically in the late 60's and early 70's as oil was discovered in the North Sea. Norway has used this new wealth wisely and with the improvement of the whole country as a goal. Though old as a people and culture, Norway is new as an independent country. This May 17<sup>th</sup> it celebrates its 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary as self governing and not under Danish or Swedish dominance as it had been for the preceding 400 years.

The countryside is extremely rugged making it almost impossible to get from here to there in many sections, but roads have been built where possible and there are good ferry systems where the fjords make road travel impossible. Increasingly they are building under fjord tunnels or long bridges to aid car traffic. We traveled around the country by train and took the time for the six day ferry trip up the entire west coast stopping in the northern most city and then stopping at the Russian border before boarding the ship for the return trip back down the coast.

Living in Norway was a wonderful experience. Fifteen months was long enough to give us a comfort level, to know our way around, to know the local customs and expectations, and to know enough Norwegian to read road signs. Fifteen months also offers enough experience to know that there is a great deal of culture still not understood. We could go back anytime and have more to learn and enjoy. Norway is a small nation with only five million people, but it can teach us all a great deal on ways to enjoy life and ways to make life work well for everyone.

## WHERE ARE THEY??

Edward Adams  
Tommie Adams  
Raymond Babb  
Lucy Bowen  
Margaret Cannon  
Larry Carlson  
Michael Carroll  
Philip Cimino  
Diame Clark  
Donald Clark  
Thomas Clark  
Robert Connors  
Rita Cruz  
Patricia Davenport  
Clifford Gardner  
Jerry Gray  
Bonnie Hale  
Sandra Hall  
Larry Hamill  
Jeanine Hanford  
Terrence Hickey  
Carol Jackson  
Harrietta Jennings  
David Johnson  
Gary Johnson  
Jerry Jones  
Charles Jordan  
James Joyce  
Portia Kafar  
Bonnie Kiesbuy  
Penelope Klewin  
Ella Lane  
Richard Lawson  
Daniel McCarthy  
Louis Mustain  
Diane Oldenburger  
James Perry  
Jacqueline Pagan  
Donald Selski  
Charles Sherbondy  
John Skopinski  
Joe Smith  
Robert Swanson, Jr.  
Michael Thomas

Judith Vance  
Frederick Weitzl  
Joanne Whitlow

Please share this joyous occasion  
with the Ted Hollander family.

The Golden Apple Foundation each year recognizes 10 outstanding teachers in the Chicago metropolitan area. Every child deserves excellent teachers. 32 finalists were named in January 2005 from 747 nominees (from a population of about 50,000 teachers in Cook, Lake and DuPage Counties). Two Awards Committee members observed each of the 32 finalists in the classroom and interviewed their Principal and selected colleagues, parents and students in February. The Award Winners were announced on March 9 and 10.

Each of the 10 Golden Apple Award winners will receive a tuition-free fall-term sabbatical at Northwestern University, a personal computer from Apple, \$2,500, and induction into the Golden Apple Academy. The Academy will number only 200 outstanding teachers after induction of this, its 20th, class. The winners will be honored at a 20th anniversary awards ceremony on May 7, 2005, at the Sheraton Chicago Hotel and Towers, which subsequently will be aired as a one-hour prime-time special on WTTW/Channel 11. Congratulations to all the winners.

As parents of David Hollander, Eleanor and I were pleased by his nomination, impressed by his selection as a finalist and thrilled by his being named a winner. David Hollander is an 8th grade history teacher and football/basketball coach at Kennedy Junior High School in District 203, serving parts of Lisle and Naperville. David and his wife, Amy, are parents of two children, Sarah and Nathan. The family is active in church, community theater, scouting and athletic activities in Naperville.

We love all our boys and their families dearly. That others recognize their excellence is truly gratifying. Thank you for sharing our joy.