

Issue 4
October 16, 2021

GBS Class of 1969 Newsletter

Hello and
welcome!

This is our fourth class newsletter following our 50th Reunion. Each classmate's entry is accompanied by an email address so you can follow up and continue to be in touch.

There's more contact information (phone numbers and addresses) in the Directory section of the class website: www.gbs1969.com.

If you want to add to your bio or contact information on the site, send it to rlesaar@mac.com and we'll get it posted.

Stay well.



John Sinnott

jsinnott007@gmail.com

Was called out of retirement to help save the world from, well, you know.

Regards,

Sinnott – John Sinnott



Jonathan Wallace

studio2846@gmail.com

I have been fortunate to isolate in my studios both in Chicago and in Montana, spending most my time in Montana where it is way easier to navigate in some ways and much harder in other ways due to the substantial anti-vaccine contingent. So many people in the small town of Eureka 25 miles north of my property have died in the past two weeks as this new strain races through all the unvaccinated people.

Fortunately where I am the closest neighbor is over a mile away and the property is surrounded by forest allowing me sanctuary and quiet.

I have been working on a series of paintings reflecting what I see unfolding in this period of turmoil. Searching for

some kind of understanding and frame of reference to make sense of all of this in light of all the ignorance, fear and greed that seems to be flourishing right now, then trying to translate that onto a two dimensional surface in paint.

How do we realign ourselves towards an awakening consciousness, a position of positive, loving embrace of life so we can effect change and find purpose in all that we do. Can we find comfort and begin the healing process which, I believe, begins within and leads towards reconciliation and wholeness for ourselves first and then outward towards others? Steering clear of the pitfalls of despair, anger, fear and distrust. These are the thoughts that drive my creativity and compel me to continue to paint.

We were a very unique group of very diverse kids searching for identity in a trying time which ironically seems to be repeating as we all navigate this seventh decade. Who would have thought that would be the case?



Anticipation - 10' x 7' - oil on canvas - 2021



In This, My Prayer Towards Understanding - 11' x 79 - oil on canvas - 2021



Within the Dream of Silence - 8' x 10' - oil on canvas - 2021

Perry Hedstrom (was Lumpp)

phedstrom1050@gmail.com

Finally an escape to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island to visit Manda and Dave for a week snuggled into the 4th of July and all of the glory of island life! It's never long enough with these kids! And Jennie and Dylan moved from north of the Bay Area back to Flagstaff; this is the first time in 20 years that one of our girls is within an hour of Prescott!! I feel very blessed!

Today we are singing and marching through the day with The Music Man tunes galore... one in particular is the show stopper. Geo's birthday brings us to that ditty about the trombones!

Enjoying our home, health, booster shots and being diligent in our safety. Hope you all are doing the same!



John Hibbs

hibbs.j@gmail.com

206.963.7540

On Sept 1, I retired from 36 years as physician-professor with Bastyr University in Seattle. I loved my work, particularly inspired by the medical students, their integrity, grit, effort, positivity, vision, brilliance. I'm happy to

move on from the position, need at this point to re-invent what I'm up to. Teaching and health care will, in some setting, probably continue, perhaps informal clinical mentoring, or community teaching. I've also a fantasy to brush up emergency management skills and begin volunteering for wilderness, national or international response.

Early retirement is, as expected, a time of looking in and out, easing away from so much of what created personal identity for so long. This is good! I still plan to hike the Pacific Crest Trail (in sections (;^)), teach the grandkids to backpack and fish, resume clawhammer banjo lessons, play music out more, continue ballroom dancing and lessons (pandemic allowing...), grow zillions of flowers and add a substantial vegetable garden, write more, continue cycling and try a bikepack, car camp around much of our beautiful country and meet many more of its great people, maybe collaborate on a delicious/easy/healthy cooking/recipe blog. And a couple of us from the Glenview Jr. High class of '65 are considering a canoe trip. But for all of that, it seems a time to choose slowly, take stock of the present, sit under the tulip magnolia.

My Mom's 96 next week, happy and comfortable. She lost much of her eyesight this year, and my sister and I read to her nearly every day (currently I'm reading aloud "The World Without Us", a fabulously interesting coverage of the human-ecosystem relationship going back a million years). I'm building Joan (sweetheart) an outdoor sauna this summer-fall; roof covering is about to go on, and then I do the external wiring (learning how to wire 240v!). My daughter Anna, Ob-Gyn in Portland, OR, this year cut back to 60% full-time to be with family more and loves it, son Otis has growing acupuncture practice in Victoria BC, Canada and the US-CA border just opened this month (quarantine-free) so I got to visit him there for the first time in a couple years, yay.

Love ya, and see you at our 55th or 60th.

Linda Hopkins (was Murowchick)

lmhopkins14@gmail.com

Jim and I took a week-long trip to the Seattle area a few weeks ago to see family. It was jammed (both the plane & the airport) - but apparently we didn't get sick. Stayed pretty local.

We just got our booster shots yesterday, so we're planning to go ahead with an AMA River Cruise from Paris to Barcelona via southeastern France (Lyon to Arles) in several weeks. I'll just feel safer having had the booster...

We're also headed off to Door Co. for a long cousins' weekend soon. We always enjoy it up there - and the weather's been beautiful (cool, but it IS fall...)

Still busy with a variety of classes - yoga, qi gong, exercise, book club and a number of classes through The [Women's Exchange in Winnetka](#). The best WE class this fall is a 12 week discussion class going through the book [Dignity by Dr. Donna Hicks](#), who's been heavily involved in international conflict resolution for decades. VERY interesting and insightful.

Doing some (lots) of repair / upgrades to our house, now that some tradespeople are available...cutting into our travel budget, though....!

Not our class, but we were so sad to hear that [Steve Eich](#) (?70) had passed away.... terrible loss...

Hope everyone is healthy and well!!

Frank Cioffi

Frank.Cioffi@baruch.cuny.edu

The problem right now is the booster shot issue. We have been getting mixed messages on this matter, I fear. The Pfizer booster was nixed this week, but on the other hand, the same official group of FDA experts that nixed it said it was actually a good idea for people over 65 to get a booster. So evidently it does have some protective value.

This week's editorials (in various papers) suggest that we should eschew the booster and send the vaccines to Africa and the Third World, where they are much more desperately needed. Well, OK. In New York City, where I typically work (I've not gone in to the office since March 12, 2020), the public schools have opened up, and they are all experiencing a huge number of coronavirus cases of the delta variant. So, many classrooms are shutting down, and one entire school in Harlem closed its doors. Meanwhile, we are being asked to decide whether we want to teach our classes in person next semester. I said no. The department chair thought I might consider doing a "hybrid" course, though, one in which I met one-third of the class sessions in person. I said I didn't think so.

While the virus is still raging—675,000 Americans now dead, which matches the number killed by the Spanish flu of 1917-19—other news seems to be eclipsing it. A big Chinese corporation is apparently going to default on loan payments, an event that drove the U.S. stock market down by 614 points. France is enraged that the U.S. sold Australia the means to make nuclear submarines, thus causing Australia to cancel its order for about sixty French-made diesel subs. (Why have diesel if you can have nuclear, though?) Fires burn in the western part of the country, threatening the old growth Sequoias, some of them 3,000 years old. (The "Four Guardsman" sequoias were spared, however.) 22-year-old Gabby Petito has been capturing people's attention ever since she failed to return with her fiancé from a cross country trip. A body, almost surely hers, was apparently found in a state park in Wyoming. Cause of death: homicide. Her fiancé is now a "person of interest" in the case, yet he has disappeared, leaving his wallet and cellphone behind.

The weather is problematic. We have had a few dry days, but more rain is expected. The East will be hot and very wet this fall; the West will be in a drought-like state of near total desiccation. Here in NJ, where there were more deaths from Ida than there were in Louisiana (where the hurricane made landfall), many people had their homes severely damaged or destroyed. But the FEMA funding has been slow to emerge and will apparently be capped at \$32,000, a pittance when a \$400,000 house has been destroyed. I guess people will have to decide whether they want to declare bankruptcy or just revise their mortgage in order to rebuild on their current property.

A FEMA guy came to our door yesterday, responding to an application by Frank Cioffi for disaster relief funds. He wanted to inspect the damage and make an assessment. Nice, but trouble is, we did not have any damage, and I made no claim or call to FEMA. Hmmm.

I'm worried. It seems that the virus is lurking in the background and taking people daily. The anti-vaxxers are making it really difficult for everyone. An article in Monday's *Times* was headlined, "[They Shunned Covid Vaccines but Lined up for Antibodies.](#)" A friend of mine, an M.D. in Washington state, said he has no problem with anti-vaxxers just so long as they carry a card stating something like, "I have voluntarily refused to get vaccinated and also refuse all medical care for COVID-19, including drugs, a hospital bed, ventilators, or any life-preserving measures." Seems to me a good plan. Hospital beds are scarce. And if you have an overwhelming desire to sacrifice yourself, well, so be it.

I just finished writing a science fiction novel, one I had a full draft of back in 1981 but never bothered trying to publish. It needed significant rewriting. Here is the opening paragraph:

Homo sapiens was in the process of fighting for its life. Unlike the K-Pg Event of 66 million years ago, when a six-mile-wide asteroid going 40,000 mph crashed near the Yucatán Peninsula and killed off three-fourths of all lifeforms on the planet, the present near-extinction resulted from an adversary on the opposite end of the spectrum: about one-ten-thousandth the size of a period on a printed page. This infinitesimally small virus had ravaged all humankind. Vaccinations helped, but not everyone got—or wanted—one. And when the

theta variant of this virus emerged, mortality soared. Theta was as virulent and deadly as the Black Death. But then, almost unimaginably, things seemed to get even worse. The theta mutated into pandemicⁿ—pandemic to the nth degree—and this ruthless strain not only took hundreds of millions of lives but dissolved its victims' bodies in the process. To combat it, the vaccinated population had to queue daily for a booster pill, the makeup of which continually had to be reformulated. The Pill-Queue-Protocol, or PQP, became part of everyone's regular daily routine. The Pill was free. And the choice was straightforward: queue for the Pill, on the one hand—or die a wet and sticky death, on the other.

Pamela Kitts (was Jones)

pam@pamkitts.com

Hello from retirement HA! I keep meaning to stay current with you but I must admit Adoptable Friends has all my time. I do look forward to hearing about fellow alumni and appreciate that you take the time.

[Ed. – Pam is Co-Founder and Chairman of Adoptable Friends, a non-profit, foster-based, animal rescue organization. You can learn more about (--and contribute to--) Adoptable Friends here: <https://www.adoptablefriends.org> and see a brief video of Pam here:



Kathy Magness (was McKiernan)

mkmagness@comcast.net

Like the rest of you, we have continued to quarantine for most of the past 18 months. As a result, we have been unable to visit our home in Canada because the border was closed. Not wanting to spend another summer in Houston, we planned a road trip to California. If the border opened, we would head north at the conclusion of the trip. If not, we'd head home. While on our trip, the border did in fact open and we arrived "home" on September

3rd. We had a wonderful month in California and now are in Canada. We've even felt much safer in those two areas vs. Texas. So much so, that I wrote a letter to the editor of the LA Times comparing Texas to California in regards to COVID protocols. And I got published!! It was also on a newsfeed that we get from Apple.

Milton has been writing books like mad and when we're in Houston, has continued to visit the homeless in one of Houston's large city parks, feeding them a hot meal 3-4 times a week. I began teaching a home based women's Bible Study on Women of the Bible and even launched my own webpage. When I return to Houston in October, I will start teaching my ladies group on the Book of James, and then the Women of the Bible series at our church. Here's a link to the website if you want to take a look. It's been a lot of fun and taken me out of my comfort zone. <https://www.hfmin.net/will-you-be-brave-bible-study-for-women>. Milton is my videographer and editor.

Unfortunately the Cheerleader Reunion has been postponed twice now but hopefully we'll be able to gather in 2022. I really enjoy reading the updates from all of you so I want to echo Rick's request to submit the latest happenings in your life so that the rest of us can enjoy learning what you are up to. This is such an interesting time of life. Health permitting, we now have the resources to do what we want, we can try some new things and just enjoy all that life has to offer. What you are doing and have to say about it is so interesting to me. At the next reunion, we will have so much more to talk about!!

I hope and pray that everyone has fared well during COVID. We're not out of it yet so get vaccinated and still wear your mask. COVID is not going anywhere anytime soon.

Sharon Michalove (was Grodsky)

sdmichalove@gmail.com

Moving back to Chicago originally meant the chance to enjoy the dining and entertainment that the city had to offer. Other joys are living in a 1917 condo building and being walking distance from the lake.

With entertainment on hold, I became much more focused the writing career that I started after the move. And the time has paid off. My transformation from academic and historian to novelist is complete. And the fruits of my labor are available.

At First Sight, the first book in my romantic suspense series, released on Oct. 22 and is available as an e-book on Amazon.

Romance and suspense in Chicago between author who is being threatened and the cybersecurity expert who falls for her.

<https://amzn.to/3kZJsaS>

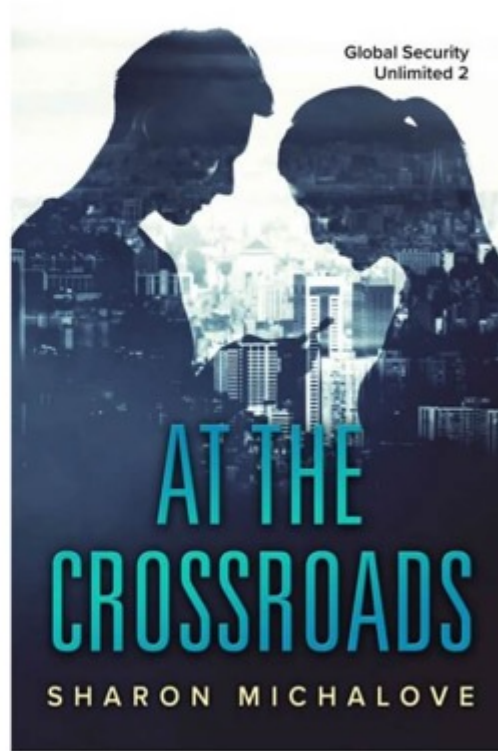
The paperback is available online at Amazon and Barnes and Noble, and can be ordered from your favorite local bookstore.

Book two, *At the Crossroads*, is scheduled to come out next May. And I am deep into the planning of a mystery novel that should come out before the end of 2022.

If you want to know more about me as a writer, check out this interview.

<https://romancingthegenres.blogspot.com/2021/10/debut-romance-author-sharon-michalove.html>

The Story Continues



Spike Brodie

agbrodie@yahoo.com

Since our 50th, my wife and I have moved to SW Michigan, near Saugatuck. We built a house here in 2018. After spending many summer vacations in this area we decided to build a vacation /retirement home. We built it large enough for our children and their families to visit us. So far it's worked out well. We've hosted many family visitors this past summer.

In my spare time I continue to play plenty of golf in the warmer months and pickle ball when things cool down. I guess for 70 years old I can hold my own but the ball doesn't fly as far off the tee and my feet don't want to move very quickly on the court.

Sadly, with COVID our distance travel plans are on hold although we do plan to visit family during the holidays and spend a month in California when the snow starts to fly around here.

All the best to you and my fellow GBS classmates of '69.

Susan Selbe

susanselbe@gmail.com

Greetings fellow travelers!

I write as I gaze out on my back garden from my office/art studio in Portland Maine. I live here because I married a Mainer 20 years ago and Mainers like to live in Maine. Now that I've been here a good while, I am in agreement—it is one of the most beautiful places, and as well positioned as anywhere for the coming climate changes. I say this as our springs come earlier, our summers are warmer and our autumns last longer. Not a good thing for the globe but shorter winters here feels good for now.

At the end of 8th grade a car hit my right knee, crushing it and breaking 3 bones. The left knee ground itself out on various hikes, and on the cusp of my 70th birthday, I am looking forward to my 2nd knee replacement next week, as I recover from the 1st one 3 weeks ago. I can't recommend the recovery as a good time, but am so looking forward to being able to bring the grandkids on some modest mountain hikes, which has not been possible for years.

As I mentioned before, I had finally found what I wanted to be when I grew up in my mid 30s, had gone back for another bachelor's, this time in nursing, and eventually became a nurse midwife. I loved that career for about 17 years until an evil empire hospital took over our little community hospital and closed our practice in late 2013. I still enjoy the memories, and watch some of the kiddos grow up on Facebook, which is fun. One favorite patient, who saw me through her 3 pregnancies, was upset when she heard that the unit would be closing 2 weeks before her due date. She wagged her finger at me and said she would go into labor on the last possible day and I would deliver her baby. And she did. It was my last baby, and he is now just about 8 years old.

After that forced retirement, I was herded by my daughter into doing watercolor. She gave me the equipment, and I don't know about you, but I was brought up not to waste things, so I had to use it. I have shown it in a couple of places this summer—a new gallery in Freeport, Maine and a small community theater lobby in Falmouth, Maine. There were a few sales, enough to be encouraging. I will try to attach some samples here.





I've been so lucky this year to be able to spend time with my daughter, who lives in Tasmania, but has been in Massachusetts for a few months. You see, she and a wonderful fellow, (they've known each other from toddler hood/Sunday school and been grand friends all these years) fell in love from half a world away last year, and she came back to see if it would really work. Working it is, and they plan to return to Tas in November, COVID permitting. It is so darned romantic, and they are just adorable together! (By the way, it was a UU church—unitarian universalist for the uninitiated, and is such a wonderful place for those who question a lot and value humanity.)

On the other hand, it's been hard getting together with the grandkids during COVID. They are my son's kids, 12, 10 and 7. They also live in Massachusetts, but the risk of exposing each other was too much for us, and we've seen each other rarely, only after testing. We did have a fantastic week on a NH pond this summer, all kids, partners, and grandkids. Swimming, boating, disc golfing, lazing. Precious times.

My love for those kids has prompted me to do the tiny things I can to reduce climate change. We have an electric car, and a heat pump. Please consider these! Highly recommended!

My memories of our reunion still make me smile! Hopefully we get a chance to do it again.

Hugs, Susan

Margie Skelly

margeskelly@sbcglobal.net

I hope you all are holding up in this ongoing pandemic.

I just learned today [*Ed. – 10.02.21*] that my poem "Common Loons on the Surface of Big Crooked Lake" came in third place in a [Poets and Patrons](#) contest. I joked with another poet friend of mine today that "Common Loons" is a pretty adept description of poets themselves these days, including me--HA! Hope you enjoy the poem. It is short and rather sweet in its own way. Also learned that my short story titled "Fireball" was accepted for publication with the up-and-coming anthology titled "Play," put out by the [Tall Grass Writers' Guild](#), Editor Whitney Scott. It should officially be in print roughly no later than six months from now.

Blessings, Joy, and Laughter,

Margie

Common Loons on the Surface of Big Crooked Lake

How surprised I am to find that your eyes may actually be red!
And close up, your feathers look knitted together
in a fashion past the skills of a seasoned knitter.

My guess is that you have all known each other for a long time,
perhaps since Greek and Shakespearean tragedies:
Oedipus and King Lear, all others still looking for comfort in family.

Your mournful evening chorus of wailing--
too other worldly, too pronounced to be recent or modern.
You belong to the ages and are anything but common.

This morning I knew better than to look for you on the surface
while I mourned the passing of last night's chorus, the closing of your eyes,
your instructions to each other to go deep, and deeper still.

[Ed. – Big Crooked Lake is located about 80 miles due east of Glenview, on the other side of Lake Michigan in lower Michigan, and, yes, as you can see below, the Common Loons do indeed have red eyes. The color filters certain frequencies of light and helps them spot prey when they dive under water.]



Jody Williams (was Dewey)

jodyw926@hotmail.com

WHOOOOAAAA!!! The years (correction... decades!) have flown by too quickly! I'm in awe that I turned 70 a few weeks ago. I don't feel old – probably because of my connection to family, friends, and an attitude that age will not define me.

I retired 5 years ago after a 33-year fulfilling career in corporate America. I didn't spend my workdays thinking about retirement. The decision happened quickly upon realizing that I was Medicare eligible. That's when I first realized, I'm getting “up there” in the years. The past 5 years have been filled with gratitude for the “freedom” that comes with retirement and the blessing of good health.

I have no major accomplishments to brag about – just a joyful life with family and friends. I've had great travel experiences, especially to Scotland with my daughter while my granddaughter attended university in Edinburgh. I'm looking forward to post-COVID times so that I can enjoy travel again.

I like to be active, and I stay busy with pickleball, jogging and walking. I live in San Marcos, TX so there's plenty to do and see in the beautiful Hill Country as well as Austin and San Antonio. I also stay busy with my grandkids – 7-year-old Porter and 24-year-old Samantha. My adult kids (Tyson and Angie) and grandkids have filled my life and my heart with joy.

Wishing good health and happiness to my GBS classmates!

Scott Buzard

scottbuzard7@gmail.com

I want to thank Rick, for continuing to offer this opportunity for us to stay in touch.

Since the last sharing, I finished up a Spring '21 long-term guest teaching gig in social studies at [Attea Middle School](#) on The Glen. It began with hybrid learning, half the students in class and half at home, alternate days, and then all at school and distanced the final month. Then I started right up in August with another long term opportunity, again covering a paternity leave assignment in social studies, this time at [Springman](#). My wife, Barbara, is also in a long-term role for a maternity leave in sixth grade English in the same building, so we are both up early and preparing late every day. The students I have now have had a tough couple of years. They finished fifth grade totally remote, learning from home. They started sixth grade remotely, then hybrid half and half, and finally all in school but in cohorts with the same students all day in the same classroom, as the teachers moved from room to room. This year they are finally switching classrooms and have varying students in their classes, but it is as if they really don't know how middle school works yet. It has been a challenge. As a teacher it is harder to get to know the students still socially distanced and masked, but combined with required masking and weekly school administered COVID drool testing and the over 12s vaccinated, we have had minimal absences or need to quarantine. After 45 years I have finally retired from organizing the eighth grade Washington, DC trip and handed it off to a couple of social studies teachers who will be good shepherds. I will continue to organize the seventh grade Springfield trip until someone shows an interest in taking that on.

Our three sons, two daughters-in-law, and four grandkids all spent some time with us in Glenview over the past summer, which was great. We stayed close to home but were glad to be able to visit the fabulous Chicago Botanic Garden as well as Ravinia, and Millennium Park. My book recommendation from this summer is [Beyond](#), by Stephen Walker, which is a highly researched and revealing account of the story of Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space. Walker skillfully jumps back and forth between the U.S. space effort, a very public one, and the secretive program that the Soviets were pursuing. Fearing failure, the Soviets would only acknowledge successes, and Walker has used newly available archival materials and interviews to tell the whole story.

A big deal in our neighborhood is a major building addition to our old junior high, now Springman Middle School. The last external addition took place when we were in eighth grade. The large additions, looming over the south side of the current building, will include a state-of-the-art science wing and a huge new gym/fieldhouse, built in place of the newest (1965) South Gym. We were never in that gym, but I coached hundreds of basketball games there, so I grabbed a few souvenir bricks. Next year the old East Gym of our youth will be transformed into a modern cafeteria and the old cafeteria will be reconfigured as classroom space.

Recently the Glenbrook High School District 225, which is both South and North, was ranked as the number 2 high school district in the entire United States. The two schools separately were ranked in the top 50 high schools in the nation. I am not sure of the criteria, but it is a nice honor and good for home values! Glenbrook South had Homecoming this year and I watched the parade. There were very few alumni marching and as I check in on the Glenbrook South Alumni Facebook postings, most classes have downsized their plans or postponed them. My wife's GBN class of 1970 has switched from a 50th Reunion to a planned "The Class of '70 Turns 70" celebration next summer. I will attach some photos of the school construction, my latest "school picture" taken for the '21-'22 Springman yearbook, and the current Springman staff. I am with a lot of young people! I hope everyone is healthy and living their best life and I really feel blessed to have opportunities to continue to connect as we can.



New Gyms (in place of South gym)



New Gyms (operable wall to separate into two gyms)



Cafeteria exit to playground



Science Wing

New South gym foundation, science wing emerging



Fieldhouse under construction.





[Ed. – Photo above is the Springman Middle School staff. I believe Scott is dead center, back row, behind the woman in the pink blouse. And to the left is Scott's latest school picture.]

Jim Siwy

james.m.siwy@gmail.com

I remain *so* glad that we were able to have the reunion two years ago before everything went crazy with the pandemic. If it were scheduled now, I don't know if I could attend, as I am presently a candidate for a hip replacement, to be scheduled soon. Just when it seemed that passing the age 70 milestone was a breeze, now I am hobbling around like the old grandpa who I am! I have been told, though, that this surgery usually has a very good outcome.

Since I enjoy a sedentary occupation which I can do remotely, the pandemic has not been hard for me as it has been for so many people, often in tragic ways. We are grateful that none of our family has contracted COVID; I was delighted to get the Pfizer booster a couple weeks ago.

I feel like I am just getting in the groove of my work as a psychotherapist and now psychoanalyst, with no plans for retirement. This month I should complete the advanced training program that I have been in for the past five-and-a-half years.

A surprise highlight this June was a visit from our classmate, George Christensen, who was cycling through Georgia, visiting Carnegie libraries. Everyone, please check out his belated bio entry on our website or go directly to georgethecyclist.blogspot.com. George has been riding his bicycle around the world for decades, including traversing the entire continents of North and South America and Australia, not to mention significant sections of Africa, Europe and Asia, e.g. China, Japan and India. In fact there seem to be few countries which he has not cycled. His current gig is visiting Carnegie libraries in the U.S. Apparently there are hundreds of them. I just checked

his blog; as I type this, he is touring northern Michigan. He camps out in a little tent and seems as content as anyone could be. He does have a home base in the Chicago area. If any of you considers yourself physically fit, please think again, as I believe that George sets the standard. I cannot imagine anyone who has seen the diversity of the world as close up as he has. I have attached a photo of the two of us in our front yard in June.

I remain in wonder at the interesting stories that can be told by GBS '69. I hope y'all are well and flourishing.

[Ed. – From Wikipedia: "A Carnegie library is a library built with money donated by Scottish-American businessman and philanthropist Andrew Carnegie. A total of 2,509 Carnegie libraries were built between 1883 and 1929, including some belonging to public and university library systems. 1,689 were built in the United States, 660 in the United Kingdom and Ireland, 125 in Canada, and others in Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Serbia, Belgium, France, the Caribbean, Mauritius, Malaysia, and Fiji."]



Bev Rautenberg

brautenberg@hotmail.com



“The 7th Decade Birthday Lunch”
(aka “70 Is The New 40!!”)

Bev Rautenberg (Left), Becky (Felden) Grimm (Middle) and Jan Topercer (Right) all celebrated their (Big) Birthday’s together for a 3-Hour Brunch, at [Egg Harbor Café in Barrington](#). Carol (Swenson) Rose was not able to attend, but was there in spirit!! (They even “smuggled” in a Portillo’s Chocolate Cake for the occasion!!) These three (and Carol) all met in 7th grade, at Glenview Jr. High, and their good times continued throughout their 4 years at GBS. The 50 Year GBS Reunion re-connected them and they are “still crazy after all these years!!!”

Very Special Life-Long Friends. ❤️❤️❤️❤️

Judy Norton (was Ainscough)

brautenberg@hotmail.com

STILL living in Glenview. I retired from the Deans’ Office at GBS IN 2014, after 26 yrs. - SO MANY CHANGES !! Tom and I have 2 daughters, who have blessed us with 5 grandkiddos, ranging from 2 yr. to 6 yrs. One family lives In Wisconsin, and the other in Colorado, so we’re traveling between the (2) — from north to west ! Now, we’re just getting thru COVID, like everyone else. “Masks are our new accessory!”

We’ll get through itsee you on the other side.

Dave Bracken

dwbracken@gmail.com

Liz and I have moved from Atlanta to Chattanooga, TN to be closer to our daughters' families (5 grandchildren) here and in Nashville. Sorry, Jim Siwy! I doubt that makes us any more accessible to classmates. I will continue teaching graduate school online since my location does not matter. Looking forward to a Xmas trip for all 11 of us to AZ!

[Ed. – Dave's new address is # 421, 337 Broomsedge Trail, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37405-1132 and his new phone number is 404.660.7799.]

Doug Woodworth

douglaswoodworth@comcast.net

I don't really have a formal update, I'd just like to encourage everyone that hasn't gotten their COVID shots to do so right away. Though things seem to be getting better down here, during the recent "surge" our hospitals were running over capacity and canceling any elective surgery. Heaven help you if you had a car accident or heart attack. I understand all the arguments about personal freedom, but to me it's not much different than requiring people to get drivers licenses or other regulations in a civilized society.

Over 90% of the COVID patients had not been vaccinated and that almost all the deaths occurred in unvaccinated people.

It's not just protecting you, but others as well.

To all those who didn't get the shots, they should also refrain from going to the hospitals for treatment. If they don't believe in the science, then they shouldn't be taking up space that others need for treatment.

Thanks!

Larry McNamara

lj76us@yahoo.com

[Ed. – Back in April, Larry mentioned that he'd participated in the Pfizer trial and I asked if he'd share his experience with the rest of us. He graciously agreed. Here's Larry's account.]

In late July 2020, with the pandemic in full force, I read somewhere that Pfizer had begun trials of a prospective COVID vaccine. I did some internet sleuthing and ultimately discovered the locations where Pfizer had contracted with a research clinic near Dallas to conduct the trial. I then contacted [Ventavia Research](#), and asked to be considered as a guinea pig for the program, thinking that doing so might contribute at least minutely to the effort to regain some normalcy and to limit the death toll. After subsequent telephone screening, I was invited to appear for a physical and some blood tests to ensure that I was indeed a good trial candidate (and had not been previously infected with COVID), and once I passed I was scheduled to re-appear for the vaccine or placebo shot.

The shot process itself required waiting around for about a half-hour for the substance I was to be given to warm up, and then it was administered. I was, of course, not informed as to whether I had received the vaccine or merely a placebo. I returned for the second shot about 3 weeks later. The only side effect I experienced to both shots was a sore arm for a few days thereafter. Trial participants were required to download an app and to report through it weekly any symptoms of illness, and we returned to the clinic for follow-up visits about every two months after the round of shots. Although my son and others I was around developed COVID, I did not.

In early 2021, when the CDC approved Pfizer's vaccine for general distribution, trial participants were called and "unblinded," that is, informed as to whether they had received the real stuff or merely a placebo. Those who had received the latter were scheduled to come in to be the first amongst the general public to be inoculated with the approved vaccine. I learned I had received the vaccine, not a placebo.

Pfizer began trials of a booster shot in July 2021, and participants in the original vaccine trial were invited to again participate. As it had been over 11 months since my first shot, research was indicating a reduced immune response six to eight months following receipt of the original vaccine, and the Delta variant was reported to be highly contagious, I was certainly interested in a possible booster. After another screening, I again was approved, and following a rudimentary physical was administered a shot. While I was again not told whether the shot was of the vaccine or a placebo, I guessed that I had received the "real stuff" again as my arm was sore for several days, as before, and I speculated that merely saline or another placebo substance would not likely cause that, but would instead be absorbed rapidly.

On October 11, after the CDC recommended booster shots for segments of the general public, I was again "unblinded" and informed that I had indeed received the vaccine, not a placebo.

All in all, I am quite happy I participated in the trials, and perhaps contributed in a very tiny way to the effort to end the pandemic and its effects. The only downsides to my participation are that I have read on the Internet and been informed by Fox News talking heads (which, of course, together have the veracity of Gospel), that I am likely now "magnetic," and consequently I avoid walking through parking lots and near light poles so that I do not end up plastered helplessly against cars, or with my face glued to a light pole as was the kid in *A Christmas Story*. Moreover, I was informed by the same utterly reliable sources that Bill Gates has had inserted a microchip into the vaccine so he can track my whereabouts and activities. While I am certain Gates is, and certainly should be, absolutely fascinated by my daily routine, and now likely spends *all* his time closely tracking me, I am disappointed I have not yet personally heard from him, but perhaps that is a coming attraction given that the booster shot apparently also included an improved microchip. Do let me know if you would like me to pass along any messages to him. I am not quite self-aware enough to be able to determine whether the Internet's revelation that the vaccine turns recipients into zombies has yet had that effect upon me, but I am watchful nonetheless.

Phil Levy

phillevy100@aol.com

Greetings to all my Glenbrook friends.

Well, hi again to my old and new friends from Glenbrook! I am so glad that Rick is so energetic as our "den mother," keeping the fabric of our alumni community alive and thriving. At the last re-union, we had questioned the conventional wisdom of having the next re-union in 10 years from the 50th. That works better when you are in your 30's but at our tender age, new decades don't grow on trees. So, it was suggested that we have the next one in 5 years and I hope that will come to pass as I found it one of the most valuable and memorable things I have ever done, to interact with you guys. It is one of the paradoxes of life that it is easier to recognize the true value of things, looking back on them, rather than in the moment, when we all could have taken better advantage of connecting, in deep and meaningful ways.



My Dad said that you get there when you get there and he was one wise man. Some degree of structure is provided by things like Facebook. Even if you don't have much to do with it as I do in the last couple years, it is still there as an archive and caretaker of your Facebook friends and the relationships that are so easily re-kindled with a new private message or post or reply, etc. So, I encourage any of you that are not already my Facebook friends to send me an invite and we can establish at least a beginning of a connection. If you would like to email or talk on the phone, I would welcome that even more.

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water.....surprise....it wasn't. The pandemic has changed everything for everybody and we are still tethered to availability of our masks. Ordinary activities come bundled with the feature of considering the relative safety of who we are interacting with, how close they are to our face and where we go and where we sit when we get there. I was “opening up” my personal economy and seeing live music and doing things like attending the [Immersive Van Gogh exhibit](#). But now, there is trepidation for me in doing any activities in public even though I have gotten the Pfizer booster, considering the new kid on the block; breakthrough infections. It appears that this stuff will be our unwelcome passenger in to the future and finding a middle ground of being protected and being able to take advantage of the cultural, culinary and social opportunities that we need and love to make life as rich as it can be.

Life sometimes brings you back to a place of beginning or to revisit a path that you once tread. Some of you may remember that in sophomore year, when I was 15, I went on a school sponsored trip to Europe. It was a collaboration between Glenbrook North and South. We went for six weeks, one week in London, one week in Paris and four weeks in Madrid to study Spanish. As I walked down the Gran Via each morning to the school, the one month length of it made me feel like this was my routing, my daily life and it was like I was a resident. One great aspect of the trip was that I was one of the few boys; it was almost all girls; works for me.

This was a highlight of my young dating life and as the trip grew longer, it seemed that their passions more intensely ignited. When you couple this with the feature that when me and one of the girls went out on the town, they served us alcoholic drinks and called me sir. Wow, what a combination! This was a recipe for “trouble brewing in River City” and I was being constantly reprimanded by the trip chaperone, my Spanish teacher. She had memorialized my bad boy behavior by presenting videos she had taken of me going off into the bushes with one coed or another. They threatened to send me home and that scared me straight and I then walked a more reverent path. In hindsight, I should have continued to taste of the fruits and taken the risk as such opportunities would not be plentiful for me as a 69 year old man, even one who is 17 years old inside.

So, back to the circular feature in life. I was watching a TV series called Mediterranean Life and they go out with a realtor and look at places to rent or buy as these folks are planning to find a new life and re-locate to Europe. Well, even though I had spent almost two months in Spain in several trips, I had never visited the Southern coastal regions and was amazed at the beauty and drama of it. They remarked about its perfect San-Diego weather, the cuisine, the friendly locals, the huge English-speaking expatriate community from all over the world and my appetite was whet. Then they visited these amazing homes, some, up on a mountain with views over the Pueblos Blancos, the white villages, some almost three thousand years old; to the very blue Mediterranean Sea! The frosting on this cake came when they mentioned the cost of this paradise. It was surprisingly affordable. And I thought that I could actually afford such a proposition. Of course, as I looked into the reality after the program, it was not quite as cheap, but still affordable.

Eight months of research into the nuts and bolts of what such a project would involve, revealed a few unpleasant realities but overwhelmingly positive attributes. So a decision was forming. My entire family lives across this valley in Phoenix/Scottsdale and this is my downside, giving up the proximity and convenience of our weekly get-togethers. All choices come with trade-offs. My Mom said to me “Phil, this is your time; go live your life.” And so that is what is to come to be. I will as soon as possible be moving to the Costa del Sol, the Spanish Riviera, learning Spanish, feasting on Jamon de Serrano, bluefin tuna sashimi and all the varied cuisines, sailing the blue water, making new international friends, hopefully meeting a woman to fall in love with and share life and adventure with. This is an amazing opportunity. It involves heading off into the wild blue yonder, not really knowing what to expect but

having the faith that it will be good and satisfying and bring happiness. I will have a guest room, so please come and share some time with me.

Chao.....Phil

Bill Kaye (was Kucharski)

bk182@luckymail.com

Would like to say Hi to everybody. I have included a few pictures of Myself and My Wife. Notable accomplishments include an 18-year fundraiser put together by my brothers and I which has raised approx. 1/2 million dollars all donated to the Vets and food shelf on every Fourth of July. Event includes ww2 aircraft fly overs and fireworks. Event titled "[One Nation Under God.](#)"

With my son Billy, I own a very successful business, [St. Croix Classics](#), while my other son, Cody, operates the [Yellowhouse Vineyard](#) located on my estate. We just harvested 10,000 pounds of grapes a few weeks ago. It's a lot of fun. My wife, Lynn, and I also operate [Kaye Family Wealth Management](#).

Thank you for your time and efforts for putting together such a nice website and newsletter. Also I have been flying aircraft since high school and have recorded over 5100 hours in many different aircraft. My Father taught me how to fly since he had a lot of experience flying B-29 bomber aircraft with 26 missions from Guam over Japan during ww2. All for now. 10-4 over and out. Bill Kucharski aka Bill Kaye.



Bill Whitehead

w.d.whitehead@gmail.com

When the pandemic seemed to be receding, we started tiptoeing back to normal life...but, then...it was BACK! OMG! As John McEnroe used to say, "You cannot be serious!"

So here we go again. Anyway, we're still skittish about indoor restaurant dining, but make exceptions now and then if it meets certain criteria. I hear things are improving again. Well...we'll see.

I'm still churning out a daily cartoon for LA based Creators syndicate and playing guitar in my blues band around town. Since moving back to Chicago from Kansas City about 10 years ago, we're enjoying living next to the lake and have gotten very involved in boating. We have a sailboat we keep in Belmont Harbor and my wife Tanya is on the board of the Belmont Yacht Club. Our grandson Zachary recently turned 9 years old and he's crazy about baseball. He plays in two leagues and has games in Glenview on rare occasions, which are a lot of fun and remind me of playing little league ball for Jennings Chevrolet back in the day.



That's about it. Cheers to all!

[Ed. – Bill was kind enough to lend his talents to our reunion, as you can see on [this page](#) (complete with our own Waldo, too!) I've added one of Bill's works above and you can see several hundred more of Bill's cartoon's [here](#); just the thing when you're having a tough day.]

Fred Grenning

depthwish1111@gmail.com

After GBS I worked in one of the local factories located near the Lake Avenue entrance to the Glenview Naval Air Base. Then spent a half year vagabonding around Europe and Asia.

Career:

I Returned to Glenview and began working in the fire sprinkler industry as an installer. My grandfather had been in fire sprinkler contracting since the 1920's and there was still a family business. That's what got me involved. Over those previous decades the industry evolved, but company not enough. It would close in a few short years. Before it did I worked in various jobs including sales so that when it closed, I continued on with a supply company which I owned and operated until 1995, when it was bought out by the Viking Corporation.

Then I started the Hose Monster Company. It manufactured fire pump test and hydrant testing equipment which was used by pump testing companies and municipalities. In 2019 the HM Company sold and I retired.

Family:

Way early on when my career was just a baby, Mary O'Grady and I got married. We went to grade school together. Kind of. When she was in fourth grade, I was in seventh. So maybe, technically, that's "together" but we didn't know each other yet. We met in the summer after high school. (My high school). Sometime after my return from the vagabond months, we began dating. Since then we got married and had three boys. All three were born when we lived in the Northfield Woods subdivision. (SW quadrant of Milwaukee & Euclid). We moved to Palatine to raise them. When the last one was away in college we moved to Lake Bluff, where we still do. Two of our boys live in the City and one Lake Forest. Each one gave us a beautiful grandchild.

Retirement:

Summers here in Chicagoland. Winters, starting with this one will be spent in Bonita Springs Florida. My hobby/sport is freediving. Pool practices up north and exotic places with deep, warm and clear water to go and do it.

Still happy being a husband and father.

Deb Fortune (was Owen)

songbirdcv@comcast.net

The last time some of you saw me was at our reunion. For those who I did not see, I'm pleased to say that I have had a great life. My career path has taken me from being an interior designer to working with architectural firms, then trading my design tools in for a new direction in marketing and business development. I ended my career being a VP working for a multi-branch public library, complete with a performing arts center which I ran for over a year along with overseeing the marketing and community relations department!

I had a great career path and along the way I have met some wonderful people, many who have become good friends.

Since the reunion I've been busy being retired, but doing a lot. I've always been a DIY kind of person and I enjoy spending many hours working on my home.

A few years ago now I started volunteering at a local hospital system. At one point in my career I designed hospital and clinic facilities so volunteering for one of the hospital systems where I had done design work seemed like a good idea. I volunteer with the best bunch of people.

Here we are years later and I am now the President of the [Volunteer Association](#). I just started my term so many meetings to run and fundraisers to attend. I also continue volunteer in [their gift shops](#). That is fun; I love their unique offerings, so I tend to be one of their best customers too.

When I'm not volunteering or doing some DIY project, I hike. I belong to a hiking club that meets once a week. Who knew that in the county where I live, there are 45 preserves with great hiking trails? We hike all over northern Illinois and into Southern Wisconsin too.

Hopefully sooner than later I will be able take a long awaited road trip. A good friend and I have talked about driving Rte. 66. We both are car nuts so driving along and seeing the sights is right up our alley.

Colleen Malany

colleen@jkbfoundation.org

Greetings, Fellow '69ers! Hard to believe that our 50th reunion is already 2 years behind us. It's fantastic to be able to keep up with so many via social media, zoom, and other options. It's so much easier now-a-days. Shout out to Rick for keeping our newsletter alive. You are much appreciated.

Since our last soiree, I have sold the Ranch in Colorado, sold my townhouse in Las Vegas, and moved to Goodyear, AZ. The sale of the Ranch was bittersweet. I was able to spend last summer (2020) at the Ranch which was a welcomed blessing. It was sold to a father/son non-profit wanting to use it as a facility offering horse therapy for challenged youth. My wish is that they realize that vision soon.

Because the golf course that I lived on in Vegas has been in litigation since September 2015, moving was an easier decision. After visiting a friend who had moved to Goodyear (Pebble Creek Community), and after their impressive persuasive tactics, I moved there. It was an excellent decision. I absolutely love all the activities available and have met many new friends. My problem is how to fit everything in during a 12-hour day! Good problem to have. I'm honing my skills at pickleball and enjoying golf as well.

Somewhere along the line last year, my foundation's website disappeared. UGH! I am currently reconstructing one and hope to have it back before the end of the month. If it was to happen, now was good timing as I am now transitioning the focus of the organization (JKB Experiential Education Foundation). I had decided to end the leadership program after 25 years. The last sessions ended in August of 2018. Had we not done that, students would have been selected only to have their participation canceled because of the pandemic. So, we are now focusing on the partnership with Watts of Love and the distribution of solar lights into some of the most underserved, poverty-stricken areas in the World. To start, our emphasis will be in Kenya. Our teams will be mostly comprised of alumni but will include past volunteers and friends of the foundation. Many of you supported this mission and your generosity is so appreciated. Even though our trip (June 2020) was cancelled, 300 of our 1,000 lights made their way into Kenya prior to the country's shut down. We trained local contacts in the distribution & education process. The impact has been immediate and impressive. More information will be available on the new website <https://jkbfoundation.org>.

I'm grateful to remain as busy as possible which includes lots of fun & enjoyment. Good health to everyone. It's so great to be in contact with so many.



Sex for Fish.... No Longer



1st 300 lights in Kenya



Mark Maloney

bengalscribe@yahoo.com

From Mark Maloney in Nicholasville, KY – Like most of us, I have daily struggles and challenges. Rather than drag you through downer details, though, I'll give the “good news” version of what I've been up to.

Health has been fine, good enough that I have visited 18 states –some of them multiple times– in the past year. Now more than six years retired from a career as a sports writer, I try to make a positive impact on my community. I am immediate past president of my local Rotary Club and continue to serve on the board of directors. I also serve as financial secretary of my church's Knights of Columbus council.

By far the most time that I am able to give, though, goes to the [Jessamine County Food Pantry](#). I drive a 15-foot truck four mornings a week, picking up food donated by Walmart, three Kroger (grocery) stores, Starbucks and sometimes Sam's Club. Mondays, I also pick up from God's Pantry in Lexington, where we purchase bulk items at reduced prices. Wife Margie rides with me Thursdays and serves on the Food Pantry board of directors.

On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, I also work in the Pantry “store” by stocking shelves, building boxes, filling those boxes with dry goods, then delivering food to homebound clients. The thanks shines from their eyes, and the recipients offer more kind words than anyone can deserve to hear. I am truly blessed to be able to participate in this effort.

For kicks, and as a way to stay in touch with the local sports scene, I work for a private company that tracks statistics for high school and small-college football and basketball teams.

As a Master-level U.S. Track & Field Association official, I spend most weekends at cross country and track competitions. In addition to high school and Junior Olympics events, my collegiate assignments this season include Kentucky, Louisville, Indiana, Indiana State, Michigan, Vanderbilt, Virginia, Florida State, Marshall, SPIRE (Ohio) Institute, the Atlantic Coast Conference (at Virginia Tech and Duke), Mid-South Conference (at University of the Cumberlands), Atlantic Independent Championships (at Berea College) and NCAA Southeast Regional (at Louisville). I have applied to work several national and regional meets, a competitive process that will be decided in December. I also have a (very) long shot at working next Summer's World Track and Field Championships in Oregon but, just in case I am not selected, I also have tickets to go as a fan.

Best wishes to all from the Class of '69. If you ever are in Central Kentucky, you are always welcome at the Maloney house. Plenty of fast horses and fine Bourbon here to foster good times!





Last month James Eldert sent a note to many of you, which read, in part:

Most of us grew up with either Parents or relatives that served in WWII or even in my case, WWI. In fact, I had the privilege of working with a "young man" in 1978 who was 80 years old, and was a WWI veteran. I was a Laboratory Manager for a company in Harvey Illinois, and he was already employed when I was hired as a Laboratory Manger--Hey, I loved Chemistry!.

Also, I had a Great Uncle who served under General Pershing in WWI, and even met him, and it is likely that we all have stories to share about Viet Nam or other conflicts--either personally or thru others.

Now folks, I am not trying to be political here, but, perhaps for the next issue, we could all share some heartfelt stories about those loved ones that may have told a few tales around the Thanksgiving or Christmas table about their experiences in these world changing events. I have quite a few.

I will endeavour to do so (sorry Canadian Spelling) for the next issue.

Please join me in this effort.

The following were submitted in response to James's request.

James Eldert

eldertjamesharrison@gmail.com

Hi sir! So, my Dad was a tech sergeant in WWII. That is, he was a radar O'Reilly. Because he could type. He was in France and the Philippines. He once had to clean up a whole warehouse of Old Dynamite, which is diatomaceous earth and nitro glycerin. The nitro had leaked out over the floor.

My Uncle operated Amphibious tanks in the Philippines and fought the Japanese there.

My great uncle was in WWI. Was responsible for mules which hauled artillery. He met General Pershing.

I had the privilege of working with a WWI veteran in 1980 at Allied Tube and Conduit in Harvey Illinois. He was 80. He told me many stories about what was called at the time The Great War.

When I was growing up in the 50s I had an extended family and at each gathering I heard stories about rationing and rubber drives which I still think about today.

Folks, we have it easy today so let's all give Thanks on Thanksgiving!



Jim Wehrheim

climbhigh7@hotmail.com

My Dad, 1st Lieutenant James Wehrheim, served in the United States Army during World War II.

My Dad was selected for a short period of time to be a "bodyguard" for Gen. Eisenhower who would eventually become the president of the United States. Their relationship included drinking a champagne toast together in Eisenhower's tent on New Year's Eve while stationed near the battlefield in Europe.

My Dad was 80 years old when I finally heard the story about the Nazi soldier who rifle-butted out my Dad's teeth before my Dad could kill him with his Thompson sub-machine gun at close range. This injury caused my Dad to secretly wear dentures for the remainder of his life which he kept hidden from his children.

Several weeks or months later, my Dad was wounded by mortar shrapnel at the Battle of The Bulge. The shrapnel was so burning-white-hot, it cauterized and closed the wounds he sustained in his legs and back. My Dad laid in what he described as a small stream for several hours until army sharp shooters could locate and kill the Nazi sniper who was keeping the medics from retrieving my Dad. Not all the shrapnel could be removed, and my Dad would set off metal-detectors when going through security stations at airports.

My Dad spent over a year recovering from his wounds in a London hospital and was awarded the Purple Heart. For the rest of my dad's life, he experienced ringing in his ears from the damage caused from bombs and firing automatic weapons during combat.

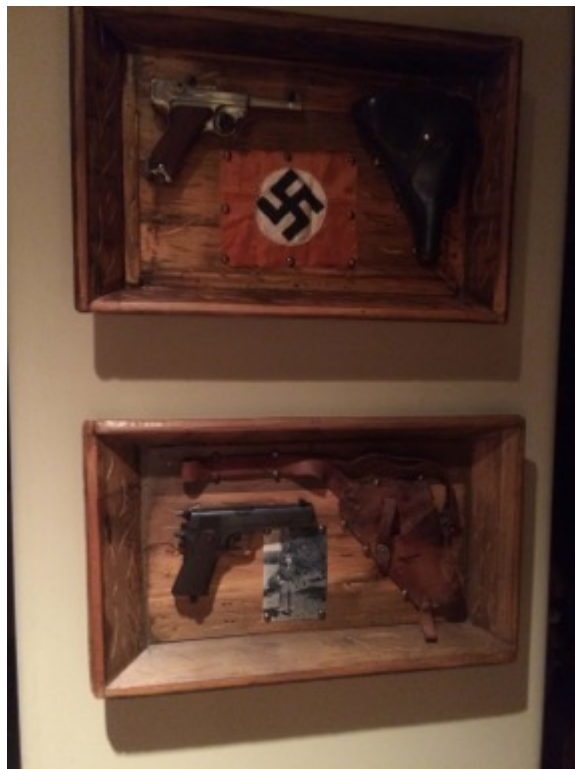
I never really had any idea while attending GBS, the many war-time experiences and sacrifices our parents must have made for us.

I am proud of my Dad and really miss him. He joined my Mom in heaven in October 2007, just ten months after she passed. They were married for 64 years.

Bob Hawkins

bob@westerntree.com

[left below] This pic was painted of my Dad when he was in Germany at the end of the war as occupation forces. He was a captain at that point. [right below] This is the Model 1911 45-automatic Dad carried throughout the war. The other is a German Luger he took from a German officer he found hiding in a barn during the Battle of the Bulge.



[left] These are all the medals Dad accrued during World War II and Korea. He was called up to Korea in 1950 just after I was born and served two years while my Mom, my sister, and I lived in Fort Dix, New Jersey.

[Ed. – Notice the purple heart in the upper left-hand corner.]

Some Thoughts On Getting By

Hotdogs

If you remember the unique composition of Chicago dogs* you might appreciate this:



“You can’t do that, Scott—this is Chicago.”

* Poppy seed roll, yellow mustard, sweet relish, tomato slices, kosher pickle spear, celery salt, sport peppers, diced onion, and of course a dog, but absolutely NO ketchup!

A Point

As editor of the newsletter, I’m claiming a brief point of personal privilege here.

In the course of helping put together the reunion, the website, and the newsletters, I’ve been privileged to be in touch with a number of you and to exchange notes on matters that don’t appear in either in the Directory bios or the newsletter. The messages that I found most disturbing and

saddening were those where some of you shared how much prejudice you had endured at South. For example, would it surprise you to learn that some of your classmates had such a difficult and unhappy time during our time at South, because of the religious and ethnic slurs they experienced, that they had little interest in attending the reunion for fear of re-surfacing all that hatred again? It's certainly not how I remember our time together, but then again, I wasn't a victim and I'm sure my behavior 50 years ago was less than exemplary, too. I apologize to any of you I offended in any way.

It makes me hope that our children are kinder than we were and that students at South today are not victims of such thoughtless behavior. And based on the long list on [this page](#) of the work you all are doing to help others today, I think there's reason for that hope.

Which puts me in mind of the show [Ted Lasso](#). If you haven't seen it, I urge you to watch. And even if you have no interest in watching, then at the very least, please view this brief excerpt. It's less than five minutes: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3S16b-x5mRA> and I think you'll enjoy it and you'll get the connection I'm trying to make. I think there are a lot of people today who are just aching for a little kindness, some respect and consideration, and a sense of community, both large and small. You'll find that and more in this show.

And while I'm at it, I'll leave you with one other suggestion. Watch [This is Water](#) (it's only about nine minutes long) but watch it through to the end, because there's a twist about half-way. It was actually a commencement address, but unlike any you've probably heard before.

It's funny how both *Ted Lasso* and *This is Water* involve gold fish...

Two Reasons

There are two reasons to get a flu shot this year (preferably by the end of October):

1. This year's flu is predicted to be significantly more severe than last year's. And while people over 65 are least likely to get the flu, they are also most likely to suffer serious complications when they do catch it.
2. If you do catch the flu and if you do have some of those complications (like pneumonia, seizures, worsening of chronic medical conditions), you may not get treatment at your local (or any) hospital. With more states and facilities declaring Crisis Standards of Care, you're likely to end up toward the bottom of the list of those receiving any treatment at all. Under these field-hospital, triage-like conditions, top priority is typically given to those who are (a) in an imminent, life-or-death situation, and (b) most likely to survive if treated. Some hospitals are using a point system to determine who gets care, with age being the tie-breaker (i.e., the younger patient will get treatment, the older – i.e., YOU– will not.)

What to get: For all of us (over 65) get the **Fluzone High-Dose Quadrivalent** manufactured by Sanofi Pasteur, Inc. You can get it at CVS, Walgreens, Walmart, Kroger, Albertson's-Safeway-Jewel-Star, etc.