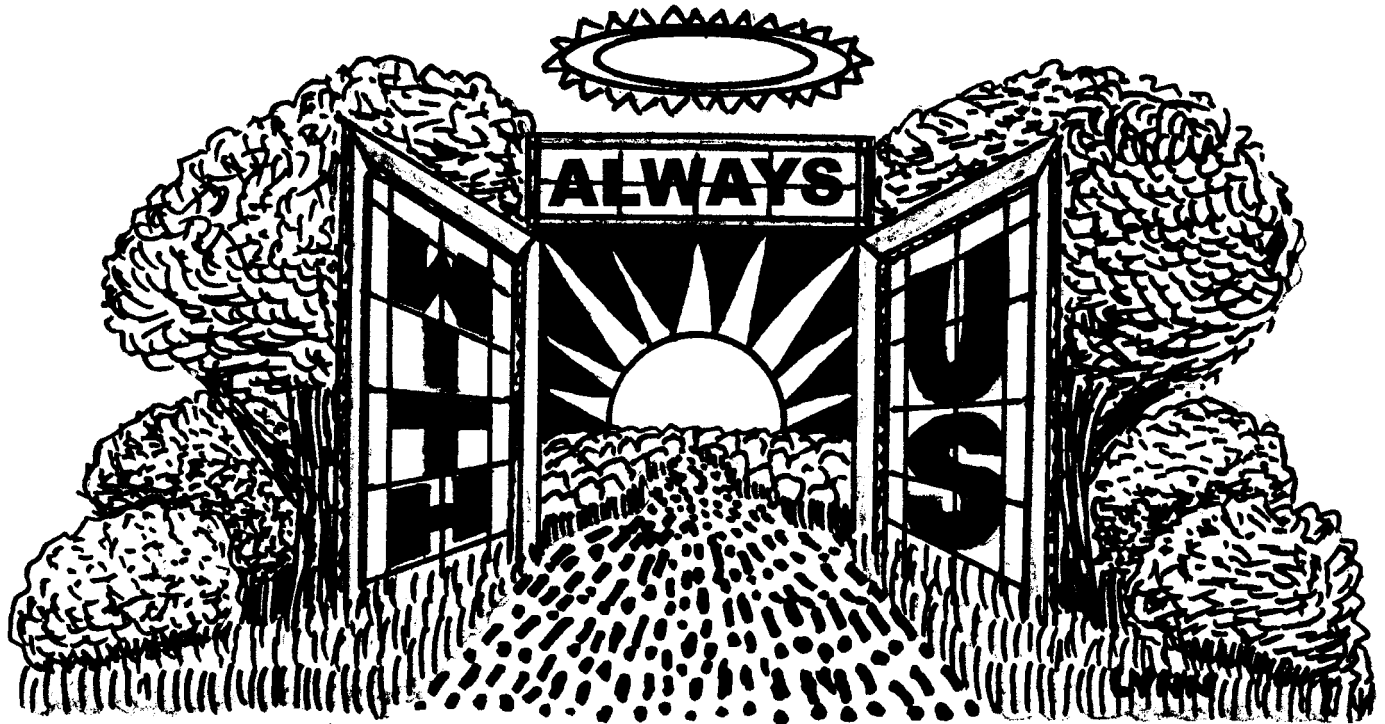


In dedicated Tribute to those who have passed on to their personal journey



Bloomington High School's class members of 1960

BHS CLASS OF '60 FOOTPRINTS

These classmates are gone, but forgotten? Hardly. Over the past year, we have collected these vivid memories for all those class members we have lost. They range from the silly to the profound, from small to large, from childhood to retirement years. Many thanks to all of you who participated in "footprint" project, and to Peg Rust who proofread the material so as to hide our spelling shortcomings.

Sandy Alvis Snow
Sandra Arndt Miller
Sharon Bennett Chestney
Linda Boulware
Russell Colaw
Don Coppenbarger
Robert Feek
Janice Frautschi Kaiser
Patti Hutson Thomas
Patricia Kelley McFetridge
Ann Kelso Losey
Bob Kring
Gene Liscavage
Mary Mitchell Ashenbremer
Donald Peavler
Margaret Raithel
Jerry Rider
Rodney Sakemiller
Vyvyan Snow Daugherty
Larry Streenz
James Tidemann
Harlan Waddell Harlan
Bill Williamson

Kennajean Arbogast
Brenda Batts Fisher
Bryon Bertagnolli
Tom Carson
CarolCookPaternoster
Carol Cufaude
Ronald Fluty
Iladora Hamm Taylor
Susan Keiser Cook
Bud Kelley
Wayne Kettner
Joe Kroutil
Don Lowery
Georgette Morrison Schupe
Geof Proctor
Terry Rider
Judy Robinson Ellington
Terry Smith
Glenn Starkey
Larry Thomas
John Tidemann
John Walker



SANDY ALVIS SNOW

DOD: 4-28-83

Sandy was a beautiful, intelligent girl. I recall spending hours studying for history tests. Sandy could ace the exams and never crack a book.

(Martha Valentine Carlton)

**KENNAJEAN ARBOGAST**

DOD: 2-22-94

Kennajeau was one of the most devoted to BHS in all aspects of school. She was a #1 Fan who attended all kinds of sporting events, always cheering on the teams. Her loyalty was even more impressive when you bear in mind she didn't have a car and had to arrange transportation in advance.

(Mary Moran)

**SANDRA KAY ARNDT MILLER, Spouse: KENNETH**

DOD: 4-6-02

Sandy was one of my good friends at Emerson School and we went to Girl Scout camp together one summer. She had a beautiful complexion. Sandy went to the Lutheran School for jr. high, so we never really connected again.

(Barb Stumm)

Sandy and I were discussing what courses to take. I couldn't decide so Sandy suggested typing and shorthand. I was forever grateful for her advice as these skills helped me throughout my education and employment.

(Martha Valentine Carlton)

Sandy came to Washington Jr. High in 9th grade and I walked to school with her and Jane Scott Foreman (as both of them graduated from Trinity Lutheran Grade School). Our senior year at BHS, Sandy had an old clunker, I don't even remember what kind it was except that it was unreliable. Sandy's car didn't start one morning, so her Dad had to drive us to school-this wrecked my perfect attendance-I was tardy. I remember being really mad and probably stopped talking to Sandy for awhile.

(Suan Guess)

**BRENDA BATTS FISHER, Spouse: DAVID**

DOD: 7-13-09

1959 Bren wrote in my yearbook, "Professor, I can't say knowing you has been fun or even enjoyable, but it's been different to say the least, see you next year I hope!"

In 1960 Brenda wrote, "Dearest Morey, I have really enjoyed knowing you. I'm looking forward to all our fun we're going to have this summer. Boy, what a party! We're going to have tomorrow night. I'm really looking forward to it. I hope everything goes okay. I hope you have the very best of everything throughout your coming life. Your friend always, Brenda."

We both had the loves of our life at the time, but we spent a lot of time together at Bren's home with her mother, Sue, dad Jim, and her wonderful grandmother "Gram." The year went fast and come graduation day, Bren and I decided to spend it at the municipal pool. Oh and did we--all day, graduation night I picked up Bren and we were the lobster twins. The cap & gown were pure misery, and every step hurt. But the four of us had an all night party at Brenda's on the living room floor with Gram looking after us till dawn.

Although we had not been in touch for many years, Brenda was never far from my thoughts and I had the pleasure of meeting her grown son. Rest well my beloved friend for we will meet again.

(Morey Barekman)



SHARON BENNETT CHESTNEY, Spouse: DENNY

DOD: 1-4-08

Sharon was in Mr. Aikin's homeroom with me. I remember her as someone who was willing to step up and help with projects. I believe it was our sophomore year that we entered a float in the Homecoming parade. Only a few, including Mack Beauford, Jerry Alvey and Sharon showed up at my house to work on the float. She was a kind and helpful person, and I am glad that I knew her. We were both in GAA, but my memories of her are more centered on being in homeroom together.

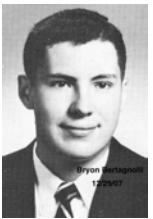
(Susan Bicket)

I believe I met Sharon for the first time in 7th grade. We were in the same home room together. I never got to know her in a deep way but one thing I will always remember about Sharon in all of our school years together was how sweet and friendly she was when I did talk with her. I also remember as well that she had such a nice smile and just from her looks I thought she was a very smart person. Hind sight they say is 20/20 and in this case it is true, because looking back if I know what I know now I would have gotten to know Sharon a lot better. It really would have been worth it.

(Dave Curry)

Oh Sharon, what fun we had - - A Class called distribution education-- we went into it not really knowing what it was, but a possible future in the business world, plus we got out of gym class. Well, we ended up working a "job" which we received school credit for. Our first project was a display window at school showing the products we were "working" with. I don't remember now what yours was but mine was from Osco Drug. Try displaying that. We all got good grades--you exceeded as always. We all had a great time and it was a learning experience and it was great knowing you.

(Morey Barekman)

**BRYON BERTAGNOLLI**

DOD: 12-29-07

Byron sat behind me in math class at Washington Jr. High. We were all scared to death of strict Mr. Drew who had a rule that if anyone talked during a test, he/she would automatically get a zero. Well, Byron must not have been prepared one time and asked me for an answer when he thought our teacher wasn't looking. Mr. Drew was immediately at our desks! Goody-two-shoes that I was, I hadn't given Byron a reply and was allowed to finish the test, but Byron got his zero. He must have learned his lesson, as I read in my alumni news that he went on to get his doctorate not too many years ago.

(Barb Stumm)

I didn't know Byron too well at BHS, but later, when we were both attending Illinois Wesleyan, I got to know him pretty well. He was a soft-spoken, humble, friendly guy. We had coffee together in the student union from time to time and yakked about lots of things. I found out what an excellent student he was, especially in science and math. I admired him for it. In fact, looking back, I think he had a good influence on me, a mediocre student most of the time.

Byron had played football in high school (he certainly had the size for it) but not, to my surprise, at IWU. His heart was never in football; you could find it in a science lab, though.

Byron's father, Libero, was a well-regarded football coach at BHS and before that, at IWU. No doubt he was disappointed that Byron didn't have more passion for the game. But I'm sure Dad was very proud later on when Byron earned his PhD in biology. RIP, big guy.

(Jim Bennett)

**LINDA BOULWARE**

DOD: 9-24-06

I don't remember what kind of student Linda was in school but I remember that she was always friendly and fun loving.

Linda and I worked together in the food department at Mennonite Hospital every night at 4:00 putting food on trays and delivering it to rooms, and although it was a lot of work, Linda always made it fun and interesting and at the same time was a hard worker. She loved participation in sports and since G.A.A. was a girl's only means of competitive sports, Linda excelled in it. We were in every sport that they had. She and I never did have a drag race down Main Street but we always talked about it and thought it would be cool.

We didn't keep in touch after graduation and my memory has faded, but Linda was my friend and a good person.

(Linda Roberts)



TOM CARSON

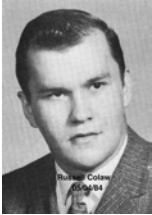
DOD: 2-17-08

Tom Carson (but he'll always be Tommy to me) was my friend from grade school on up through high school. We grew up on the west side of Bloomington, very close to Miller Park and went to Irving School together. A group of us regularly walked to the Methodist Church and every Wednesday, went to KYB Club (Know Your Bible Club). We played a lot of tennis on the Miller Park courts and had so many fun, competitive matches. Tommy went on to be on the tennis team for BHS. Of course we only had in-school tennis for girls but it was fun following the boy's matches.

I hadn't seen Tommy since graduation until I saw him at our last reunion (40th). It was the highlight of my night and was so good to see and talk with him. I sent him a picture that I had taken of the two of us and he wrote back and commented on how happy he was that he went to the reunion.

Just thinking about him not being here any more makes me so sad but I do remember such good times with Tommy.

(Linda Roberts)

**RUSSELL COLAW**

DOD: 5-4-84

Rusty was a very quiet individual who was really interested in cars. Rusty and I were in the same Cub Scout den and his mother was den mother one year and the meetings were at his house. I remember Rusty playing cowboys or army using his finger like a gun, he would say "come on men let's get 'um!" Rusty was on the sixth grade basketball team along with Dave Jones and me.

(Norman Phillips)

**CAROL JANE COOK PATERNOSTER, Spouse: DAVID**

DOD: 8-15-02

Carol Jane Cook Paternoster (Cookie) was a prankster as well as a tough cookie. I knew Carol from having classes with her and remembered how friendly she was, although I think she seemed rather shy to many. She enjoyed a good joke but had a rather subdued laugh, trying not to laugh out loud.

(Judy Kelly)

**DON COPPENBARGER**

DOD: 8-3-02

Don was a nice guy who was very dependable and a hard worker. He loved to do crafts and was involved for many years with the Pork and Apple Festival in Clinton. Don liked to brag; once he got a dollar for his birthday and was showing everyone. We thought he was rich. Don also was both on the sixth grade basketball team along with Dave Jones and me.

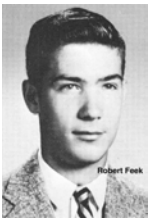
(Norman Phillips)

**CARL CUFAUDE**

DOD: 7-23-86

I remember Carl as being a quiet, always polite young man. We went to Bent jr. High and BHS together. He was the kind of person you would want to just sit and talk with over a cup of coffee. I wish he were here now to share his life stories. I am sure they would be interesting.

(Karen Sperlin)



ROBERT FEEK

DOD: 11-7-01

Probably few knew that Bob Feek and I were first cousins; Even though we looked somewhat alike, we were quite different.

I lost touch with my cousin Bobby (the family called him that to avoid confusion with his Dad who had the same name) after graduation except for news that was passed between our mothers and then forwarded. It came as a shock when he died from a sudden heart attack that seemingly came without warning. I do have some vivid recollections of the times we spent together as kids, however.

One such memory is from a fishing trip to northern Wisconsin, when together with his younger brother, Buzzy, and our dads, we drove up for 10 days of fishing. I don't have the patience for angling and Dad didn't drink beer, so he wasn't much of a fisherman either - but seeing something other than cornfields had a certain appeal. We must have been in our early teens at the time (1956?).

Somehow all the gear and 5 people were stuffed in Uncle Bob's Hudson Hornet and we drove north. The drive was uneventful except for listening to local AM stations and their DJs. Transfusion was the pop song of the day and by the time we arrived we knew most of the words and were "singing" along. I just checked it out - it was #62.

Canya believe 1956 had so many great songs - a mix of R&R, Blues, and Pop (was that the end of Swing?)

Anyway, the weather could not have been worse - it rained every day and the rivers and creeks were in flood stage. The fish were not biting in the lake our cabin was on and we were getting cabin fever. After a few days it became obvious that the weather was not going to improve so my uncle declared the next day we were going to hike to his favorite spot on a nearby river. It was called the Halfway Hole and he said the fish were always biting there. We bit.

Well, it was more of a wade than a hike. The forest was knee-deep in water that hid snags and tangles that caused me to plunge repeatedly into the murk. Uncle Bob, being the trailblazer, carried a compass but no gear - Bobby, Buzzy and I were the mules. Weighted down with tackle boxes, nets, and poles made getting up again a real challenge. My uncle was hard to keep up with and we instinctively knew that complaining would have little effect and bring into question our budding manhood, so it was all very quiet. I kept wondering about quicksand and leeches.

We never found the Halfway Hole - perhaps we waded through it several times. Bobby and I kept our eyes on Buzzy as he was 2 years younger and lagging behind...

probably out of concern that if he went missing we would spend a couple of more days in the swamp trying to find him. Eventually we made it back to the cabin and the bottomless Crock Pot of homemade chili that brought us back to life. The next day we recuperated and rowed the boat around the lake. We took the fishing poles as an excuse to use the boat. I think it was Bobby's idea to see if we could snag some of the bullfrogs that had been keeping us awake at night. After some practice backing the boat up to lily pads we discovered that the frogs would sit still while we edged a treble hook under their chins. We filled a large bait can with what became a change from chili dinners.

The trip home was more top 20 and banging out Transfusion on the dashboard and seats of the car. Maybe Mom has pics of the frogs we caught - Bobby, Buzzy, and I are holding their back feet and the front ones are almost touching the ground.

I'll see about the pics at Xmas time. I will never forget the chili, song, or the time spent with Bobby Feek.
(Ron Doss)

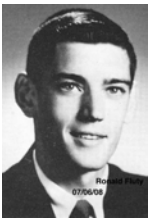
The middle of senior year, Bob recruited me to play on his intramural basketball team. I guess I was sort of flattered that he thought I was a good player. We had gotten to know each other in P.E. class, where we played a lot of informal basketball. Bob and I were the only seniors on the IM team; the rest were juniors or sophomores. Our team probably had a name, but I can't remember it. As luck would have it, we won the IM championship that winter.

Bob took the role of captain pretty seriously; he expected us to play hard and with focus. He led by example--not only was he a very good player, he was also extremely competitive. He was in it to win it, as the kids say nowadays.

Feek was a really good player. He was strong and a tenacious rebounder. I think he would have served our varsity team well. But he told me he had a part-time job and didn't have the time to go to practice every day.

Bob was a good outfielder on the varsity baseball team and by the end of that winter, he convinced me to go out for Coach Saar's team. Feek was a guy who took an interest in me and helped me have a better senior year than I would have had otherwise. I've always remembered that.

(Jim Bennett)



RONALD FLUTY

DOD: 7-6-08

Ron and I were great buddies in junior high and high school. I think Ron was one of the best athletes to come out of Bloomington High. He was great in all three sports. Much of the time I lived with my uncle on W Walnut St. and Ron lived close by. We would walk to Bent School together everyday. Two funny incidents I remember with Ron are as follows. When we were in the 8th grade we had to take home education. One day we had to bake a lemon cream pie. We had our class in the house next to Bent School. When we finished it just so happened that the principal Mr. Anderson walked by right past the kitchen window. Ron and I took the pie and dropped on the top of his head just perfect. It was really funny but of course we both got kicked out of school for two days.

Another time, we were at Reads Sporting Goods. Ron played catcher on the baseball team. We were both 15 at the time. I didn't know until after we left that he stole a catchers glove until we got outside the store. He tried in on and didn't like it and gave it to me. I still have that glove today and use it to play catch with my grandson. It is 52 years old. I will bring it with me to the reunion. There is so much more I could write about but maybe I will send some more when I have time. Looking forward to being there.

(Dave Curry)

Because Bob Feek talked me into it, I went out for the baseball team the spring of senior year. It wasn't easy to do that; although I had played some baseball for Canton High School (the school I transferred from in September of '58) I hadn't played as a junior, and I was always a shy guy anyway. If I joined the baseball team, it wouldn't be with any confidence.

Ron Fluty and I were somewhat friendly, as we sat next to each other in English class, and in a study hall as well. We were out taking batting practice one day before the season started (it was a chilly spring that often turned nasty, as anyone who played a spring sport may remember). Fluty was catching. I found myself missing pitches altogether, or popping up. Fluty stood up and said to me, "Keep your head still; you're jerking your head when you swing. Stay down on the ball."

And so I did, with good results. I hit some line drives to center and right center. I think even Coach Saar noticed.

Most of us will remember what an outstanding baseball player--and all-around athlete--Fluty was. He was one of the better high school catchers to come along in a while. And he could hit. On that day, at least for me, he showed team leadership. Baseball is more than hitting home runs. Helping a teammate improve makes you a leader.

It's only one moment in time, but one I haven't forgotten.

(Jim Bennett)



JANICE FRAUTSCHI KAISER, Spouse: STEVE

DOD: 6-21-70

Jan and I always had alot of fun "getting into trouble" together. Ha. The ONLY time I ever skipped school was one day after we had spent the night together at her house and got up the next morning and decided to just not go to school. Of course we got caught and payed dearly for this from our parents.

(Andrea Brown)



ILADORA HAMM TAYLOR, Spouse: ROGER

DOD: 5-10-04

The last time I saw her she was being pushed in a wheel chair by her husband of a number of years. I believe that Roger, her last husband treated her well. She endured a hard life.

I undoubtedly knew Iladora better than anyone in our class. We went thru grade and high school together. I first knew her in first grade. "Way back then" kindergarten was not required and her family was too financially challenged to send her to kindergarten.

I never knew too much about her family. I believe she had a number of older brothers and sisters. Her father died relatively early leaving Iladora and her mom to fend for themselves thru much of Iladora's school years.

While I may not have been a real close friend of Iladora's, we got to know each other pretty well. She is the only classmate I can truly say accompanied me all thru grade and high school.

She frequently had a big smile on her face even though one would think she wouldn't have much to smile about. She was more outgoing than I but didn't seem to make many friends.

Between my sophomore year at NCHS and junior year at BHS, my family moved from Normal to Bloomington less than 2 weeks before school started. I was sure I'd feel lonely and scared as I would know no one at BHS. I was so surprised to see Iladora walking the halls of old BHS downtown too. Neither of us knew the other had moved to Bloomington.

At BHS she got into the day work program so less chance for her to know her classmates. I don't remember if this was both her junior and senior year - or just senior year.

After graduation she came to where I lived several times and we had lunch together. I do remember going with her to see the movie "Dr. Zhivago" at the old Castle theater on Washington St. in 1966 or 1967.

She worked a number of years in the kitchen at the old Mennonite Hospital on Main St.

Iladora was married at least twice. Not sure, maybe a 3rd time. The first marriage didn't work out at all. Their daughter, Tracy, was a result of that union and a joy to Iladora. The two of them lived in Washington, IL. for a while for a job opportunity. Tracy was good at keeping her mom on her toes. Lots of energy and she looked like her mom in her younger days.

I lost track of her for a number of years although I would happen to see her in stores in Bloomington after she moved back to Mc Lean County. She married again later, to Roger and they lived in El Paso for a while and then in Gridley.

She developed health problems in her later years. Complications of diabetes, I believe. Later in life she did indeed develop diabetic problems. And, as I remember, some pulmonary problems as well. But she was never a complainer. I don't believe I ever saw Iladora come to our clinic without a smile and a wonderful attitude. She simply accepted things that happened to her as God's plan, I assume. She certainly didn't complain.

Her life was never easy, but her perseverance was worthy of respect. Hopefully, the Lord has blessed her many times over since her death.

(Roselyn Nelson)

**PATTI HUTSON THOMAS**

DOD: 4-21-10

Patty was a friend from Sunday school and Youth Activities. I remember that Patty lived on Behrens Place which had the terra cotta relief sculptures on the entrance gates. I thought it was such a cool street. Her Dad was a used car salesman who had his car lot nearby on Main Street and he went to FL in the winter to sell cars there. We built a homecoming float (Miss Lorraine Kraft's homeroom) at the dealership. Patty moved to FL during her senior year. Patty liked to laugh and she laughed a lot.

(Suan Guess)

**SUSAN KEISER COOK, Spouse: DAVID**

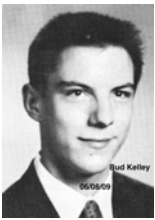
DOD: 9-13-09

Susie was a sweet, fun-loving friend with a delightful laugh. We had many good times together.

Once I was trying to teach her to drive a straight shift car. We lurched and jumped through every stop sign and stoplight we came to. The more it happened the funnier it became until finally we pulled over to the curb so we could calm down enough to continue. It never became her favorite type of car to drive, although she did get better.

Another recollection was an evening when Susie and I were going to a high school play. Naturally, we were dressed up and wearing heels, which everyone did at that time. We had my red 1939 Chevy and were crossing the multiple train tracks on West Oakland Ave. when my car stalled right in the middle. We tried and tried to get it started but it wouldn't budge. Trains regularly used those tracks, so we jumped out and in our heels pushed the car across the tracks to get it off before a train came along. I am sure we were a sight to everyone who drove by, but no one offered to help. I guess it was a rare form of entertainment to watch 2 gals in heels struggle to push a red 1939 Chevy off the railroad tracks.

(Judy Kelly)



BUD KELLEY

DOD: 6-8-09

In January, 1960, we had a terrible snowstorm. My car got stuck in the snow in the parking lot as I attempted to leave the school. I tried to rock the car back and forth, but nothing helped.

Then I looked up, and there stood Bud Kelly. I don't believe I had ever talked with him before that day, but he offered to help me get my car moving. He motioned to some friends of his that were still in the parking lot, and together, they pushed my car until I was able to drive it away.

Although Bud did not really know me, that was an example of his kindness. I have never forgotten his kind deed.

(Linda Alexander)

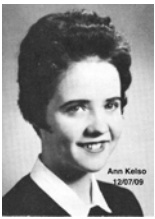
**PATRICIA KELLEY MCFETRIDGE, Spouse: CHARLES**

DOD: 1998

I remember Pat as a friendly, high spirited, somewhat athletic girl.

Pat had wanted to borrow a formal dress from me for something she was attending. I loaned her the dress. Several months later I tried to contact her regarding the return of the dress. She had moved away. That was the last time I saw Pat or the dress.

(Marilyn Golden)

**ANN KELSO LOSEY, Spouse: DONALD**

DOD: 12-7-09

Ann was another person who helped me feel welcome at the start of junior year. In September of '58, I was a shy transfer from another high school. I was in two classes with Ann that year--band and Aegis. Ann and I both played the trumpet (I think I remember that accurately, but it's been 52 years). She was kind and open, and easy to talk to, maybe a little too much so. I remember once or twice Mr. Harn got on our case for whispering back and forth when he was talking.

We worked together a little more closely on the Aegis staff. Early in the year, she said to me, "You have to work real hard in here; Mr. H is a tough customer." She meant Roy Hostetler, of course, and she was right. He had standards, and he stuck to them. To this day, I think he had more influence on me than any other public school teacher.

As I remember, when we transferred to the "new" high school, we couldn't take band and Aegis both. I think there was a schedule conflict which hadn't been there when we were juniors. We had to choose one or the other. I'm pretty sure Ann opted for the band, as she wasn't on the newspaper staff senior year.

In any case, I have fond memories of her as a welcoming person who helped me make a difficult transition.

(Jim Bennett)

**WAYNE KETTNER, Spouse: KAROL**

DOD: 9-20-91

My husband's (Don Lowery) cousin, Karol (Lowery Kettner) Bowser, was married to Wayne until his death. I really didn't know Wayne until he was in the family, and then only at our yearly reunions would I see him.

Karol has shared this information about Wayne, and I'm pleased to pass it on:

"Wayne was my husband for 27 years, eight months. Most of you may not have known Wayne, as he came from Downs to BHS his freshman year. He was small but mighty--at the age of three he rode his tricycle two miles to his grandparents' house on a gravel road in the country.

"I met Wayne through his sister, Margaret Curry, who was our neighbor on State Street. I was a sophomore at BHS so his sister asked him to pick me up and take me to school. One morning, his muffler fell off his car and he asked me to pick it up. I did, and--Wow! He didn't think I would because it would be too hot. I guess you could say I just didn't think.

"At the age of 17, Wayne joined the Marines and served from 1960 till 1964.

"We married in January, 1965, and have three children--Bob, Tammie, and JohnWayne. We have seven grandchildren--Jason, Jessica, Tallon, Trentor, Teanna, Trusdin, and Jaclyn. One great granddaughter, Hailey.

"Wayne was a plumbing and heating warehouse manager most of our married life. He was the only person I knew who could watch three football games at once and keep track of all the plays, scores, etc. He didn't have hobbies, he just liked all types of sports. He enjoyed watching his children play sports.

"He died at age 49 of cancer in September of 1991."

(Verma Rediger)



BOB KRING, Spouse: SANDY

DOD: 7-19-09

When I grew up on Fell Ave, Bob lived just a block away. I spent a lot of time at his house and we played a lot of ball together. He was a great guy and I tried my best to see him often when in Denver but only had a few visits. He was a great athlete and was a real good friend growing up. It was sad to be out of town for his funeral but I still think of him often.

(Dave Curry)



JOE KROUTIL

DOD: 8-7-87

Joe asked me to Washington Jr. High's graduation dance, but I already had a date. The next time he asked me out was to our sophomore homecoming dance. I remember my spider mum corsage, the blue dress I wore, and going to Geof Proctor's home after the dance. Joe was a gentleman and we had a good time.

(Barb Stumm)



GENE LISCAVAGE

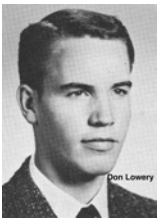
DOD: 11-4-76

Gene was another guy who was also with us on the football team. He was very likeable, a guy who liked to have fun. Like me, he was a small lineman, probably in the 140 pound range. Some of us small guys hung together so we could feel bigger.

Several years after high school, I went out to Hazy Hills, a small golf course near Minier, to play a round or two with my dad and my uncle. Quite unexpectedly, I ran into Gene out there. Afterwards, we shared a cold one in the clubhouse and talked over old times. We sat and talked quite a while, as we hadn't seen one another since our graduation from BHS.

I remember him as one of the real nice guys in our class.

(Ron Price)



DON LOWERY, Spouse: VERMA

DOD: 1-29-99

Don Lowery "My Guy"--"My Husband"--(classmate too)

My first memory of this person happened in my junior year. I saw him walking down the hall and thought how cute he was..He had just moved to Bloomington from Stanford that year.

I remember when we would d have co-ed gym class together, I would ogle and gawk at him. He never wanted me on his team when we were playing badminton because I was too busy eyeing him to pay attention to the game. He was a good tight end football player for the Raiders football team and also excelled at throwing the discus on the track team (coming close or tying to the school record for that event).

How thrilled I was when he FINALLY asked me for a date. I will always remember him coming to my house (as I peeked out the window) and there on the porch he stood in a beautiful red and gray sweater and gray corduroy slacks. Why do I remember what he wore but not what I wore is something that puzzles me--but off we went to see the movie "A Summer Place" with Sandra Dee. He drove his parents' '55 pushbutton transmission, coral and gray Plymouth and I was one happy girl of 17 years of age.

After that date, he would come by the house to see me but could never stay very late as that was the coaches' rules--"you must be in bed at a decent hour". I lived close to Miller Park and we would walk around the water and I would think how lucky I am to have this guy in my life. Some of our "hang out" time was spent in the summer at a small water hole at Greenwood trailer park on Greenwood Av. We would take a blow up raft and a radio and float around on the water sunning ourselves and talking of our future plans.

His parents' house stood where the Family Video store is now on S. Main St. (across from the armory) where they rented an upstairs apartment. I remember going there to meet his Mom and Dad and brothers and sister and thinking what a nice family he had. I saw bunk beds in the corner of the dining room closed off by a drawn curtain..he told me this was where he and his brother slept.

His Mom was a great cook and worked at Lynn's lunch on W. MacArthur and later at Park View Inn-- His Dad worked for Funk's Seed Co. and later raised the garden for the Funks employees. Once the Pantagraph came out to interview his Dad and they asked him "how many people work at Funks?" --Carl answered, "about half of them"(they thought that answer was hilarious and printed it just that way)

June of 1960 came and we were ready to graduate...He came by to pick me up and I have pictures in my parents' side yard by the snowball bush of us in our graduation robes. We were ready for the big step forward to the next level of our life.....For him it was joining the U.S. Navy and it was after boot camp when his Mom and I went for graduation that he asked me to marry him.

We were married that Oct.17, 1960, and made our home in Waukegan, Illinois, and later Charleston, S.C.....babies # 1 2 came along quickly and so I was happy and content .

It was while he was in the Navy that he took up the sport of playing golf and was "hooked" and I became a golf widow...Many trophies decorated our house as he played the game so well....Highland Park Golf Course became his second home.

Baby # 3 came along as a big surprise and we made our home just a block away from where I lived while going to Raymond , Irving and BHS...we were so happy and still very much in love.

Our first tragedy came with the death of our only son who was killed on a motorcycle in 1987-age 24...

Retirement for Don came when he turned 51 years of age and we would spend our winters in S. Florida...we had the good life, or so we thought. After 6 years of retirement and at the age of 57--Don was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer and died a month later....Jan 29, 1999

"My Guy" was gone--but never forgotten. My memories of him and our high school days are very precious to me.....

(Verma Rediger)

Regarding some fun times with Don Lowery: Both Don and I married into the same extended family. Don to Verma Rediger and myself to Norma (Fritzie) Alsmann; class of 1959. We both enjoyed going to Florida for a few weeks in the winter to fish with much older uncles. We fished everyday from sun up till sun down. Don captained his father in law's boat and I captained my father in law's boat along with another cousin, Sandy Smiley Albee's, father fishing with other uncles in another boat. I remember how patient Don was with these older gentlemen and it was always something we looked forward to doing. Don was always the first one up; with his cup of coffee in hand and the bait for the day waiting as we each loaded up again for some fun and memories in the Florida sun.

(Gary Schoonover)



MARY MITCHELL ASHENBREMER

DOD: 2-22-1991

Getting to know Mary Mitchell in high school was the beginning of a long, wonderful friendship. Mary was such a sweet, good hearted person. She also had a flair for style; I often borrowed her outfits complete with accessories (sadly, her shoes were too small for me).

In the '60s, Mary and I both started working for Country Companies. We rode to work, ate lunch together, shopped after work, etc. Our friendship continued to grow deeper.

In the '70s, I purchased a duplex. My daughter and I lived downstairs and Mary moved into the upstairs apartment. We shared the phone, the newspapers, meals, and many good times. Mary was family.

Mary was diagnosed with cancer in the '80s, but she always seemed to look on the bright side. She died in 1991. I still miss her.

(Martha Valentine Carlton)

**GEORGETTE MORRISON SCHUPE**

DOD: 8-18-08

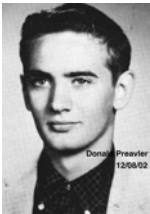
Georgette was one of the most beautiful and talented girls I ever knew. As we lived around the corner from each other for several years in grade school, I always thought of her as one of my best friends. We did do alot together. Art classes at IWU one summer, CARE Club, Brownies and Girl Scouts. Orchestra (both of us played violin), church choir and MYF, A Cappella, the list goes on. I was lucky enough to get to see her when I was in Bloomington a few years ago (you have a picture of that on the website). She is someone I will never forget.

(Andrea Brown)

Georgette and I shared vocal and instrumental music experiences from Washington Jr. High through BHS. When we both lived out East, I remember visiting her and her family in Newark , Delaware. She liked turtles too. When we both returned to Bloomington, my daughter Damaris Welcker and her son Chris Shupe were both on the yearbook staff at BHS.

Despite her health issues over many years, Georgette remained positive and hopeful, helping many breast cancer survivors as well as others live better lives. It was truly a joy to be her friend.

(Suan Guess)

**DONALD PEAVLER, Spouse: JANICE**

DOD: 12-8-02

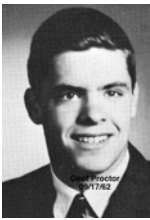
Don was a classmate of mine at Emerson School. I remember that he and Jerry Tyler were neighbors and best friends during those years. On a couple of rare occasions, I was allowed to go home with the two of them to play after school. I loved climbing up and sliding down a humongous barrel (gasoline?) that was on the way, and then arriving at Donny's house with the best-ever climbing tree in the front yard. What fun we had! In high school I know Donald was on the wrestling and track teams, and managed the football team. To be mentioned in our "Senior Class Will" alongside Suan Guess speaks volumes for his artistic talent.

(Barbara Stumm)

Donald liked poetry. On the street one day, he read me one of his, and I told him one of mine. Such a small gesture, but I have always remembered it with fondness. I'm thinking the reason he stopped me that day to share poetry was because he was in our big Short Story Club that I was president of our senior year.

We had so many members by spring, and some kids who just came a few times to hear the speakers, as we were successful in inviting famous writers to come and speak to us. I won the poetry prize at our banquet that spring, so I think this is why Don wanted me to hear his.

(Judy Rockwell)



GEOF PROCTOR

DOD: 9-17-62

Whenever I hear the song "Forever Young", I think of Geof and see that incredible grin of his. Twenty years is way short of what a lifetime should be. Geof had the dreams and hopes that we all had at that age. I have often wondered which of those he would have followed and which ones he would have reworked as he went along.

From the time I met him in fifth grade, Geof was one of my best friends. He spent so much time at our house helping with the horses and just hanging out that our whole family referred to him as "other brother". He loved the outdoors and animals and talked about trying to become a vet. He worried about the difficulty of the science classes he would have to take. Would he have kept that dream?

I was sitting at my desk at college answering a letter I had gotten from him that day. He was so pleased that he had gotten a good grade on a science test and thought he really might be able to go the vet route. As I was writing, the phone rang and my mother told me that Geof had died that morning after an accident the night before. There are dreams and then there are nightmares.

Geof was a funny, sometimes outrageous, serious when necessary and always fiercely loyal friend. There are a lot of us who were lucky enough to share that friendship and, short as it was, cherish the memory even forty-eight years later. Geof was such an interesting, ornery, delightful person as a young man. It would have been great to watch him grow old with the rest of us.

(Peg Rust)

I went through school with Geof, he was one of my favorite people. Always so kind, always friendly, always had time for you, one of the nicest kids I knew. I was not only shocked but extremely saddened when he was killed. It was so soon after we graduated.....at that point I thought we were immortal! Didn't seem at all fair. It really upset me.

After meeting and marrying Ross, I found that Geof's older brother Paige was one of Ross' best friends in school. Small world.

(Marilyn Golden)

It hit very hard when we all learned of Geoff's tragic death his sophomore year at Colorado State.

I remember that he took Dixie Stein to our graduation party at Bloomington Country Club. It was Mr. and Mrs. Proctor who sponsored our class there, and Geoff and Dixie stood at the front entrance greeting everyone who came to the dance.

There was a sparkling fun in his eyes, and he and John Rodgers made a good team as partners in crime. One amazing time Geoff waited outside the chemistry class we were both in our junior year, and walked me down the hall and downstairs where I worked in the library and he went to study hall. I was mystified why he did that and was too shy to say anything that I remember, probably something awkward and stupid.

I saw Geoff in the public library where I worked after graduation and he often talked to me in a teasing way. He always made me laugh.

(Judy Rockwell)



MARGARET RAITHEL

DOD: 6-3-81

Margaret "Sis" Raithel and I grew up practically next door to each other, there was one house between us. When we started kindergarten at Raymond School we were put into different classes, she in the morning and me in the afternoon. We refused to go to school until we were in the same class! We were together through grade school. In junior high and high school we were on different paths but we walked to school together in the morning, had lunch together every day and then walked home together. She was very shy and I was the loud one and we made a pair. No matter what happened during the day, we had each other to talk it over with at the end of the day. As we grow up, we all need someone to talk it over with. Sis was my special friend.

(Judy Haxel)



JERRY RIDER, Spouse: SHERRY

DOD: 3-6-06

Jerry and I went to Emerson School together. In the sixth grade we had a race, the length of the playground, to determine the fastest boy. Jerry was like lightning and easily came in first. I won the girls' race. Then I ran against Jerry to see who was the fastest of all in Miss Summers' sixth grade class. I crossed the finish line first, but I knew then, as I know now, that he let me win. That was nice.

(Barb Stumm)



TERRY RIDER

DOD: 4-5-94

I remember Terry being the cuter of the Rider twins, who were practically inseparable. Although Terry didn't excel in the classroom, he was always respectful and among the first to be chosen for team sports. (He also didn't cry when we had to slide down the dark, enclosed fire escape chutes). Our neighborhood was special in that we gathered at the Emerson School playground for group sports, all ages and genders. Terry was part of that, and I attribute my love of sports to the good times we had playing baseball, basketball, flag football, etc. together over the weekends and summers.

(Barb Stumm)



JUDY ROBINSON ELLINGTON, Spouse: THOMAS

DOD: 8-26-07

When I read Judy's obituary, I remembered the time senior year when I decided to ask her for a date. I got out my yearbook and turned to her brief message on the inside cover: "Stay as sweet as you are. I had fun that Saturday night!" The blue ink seemed as fresh as if the message had been written only a few days earlier.

It took a lot of nerve building over a long time before I dared to pop the question, because she was, as my friend Terry Smith reminded me, "out of my league." Judy was a member of the homecoming court, the swim team, Latin Club (yes, they still had those back then) and held the starring role in school plays, including the senior class play.

In short, Judy Robinson was cool. Or, as the kids say nowadays, "way cool." And I was decidedly not. Or, as the kids say nowadays, so not. I might have been a senior, but I was a rail-thin and clumsy one who wrote articles for the school newspaper, and was soon to be cut from the baseball team. She was a teenage Helen of Troy while I had all the social poise of an artichoke.

I did it anyway. I decided I would "disturb the universe." I don't know to this day where I ever found the nerve. One day in the library I walked over on shaky legs and with a mouth full of cotton and sat down next to her.

I can almost remember word for word: "Judy, I was just wondering....I was just wondering, you know....there's an Elvis Presley movie down at the Castle on Saturday and I was just wondering if you'd like to go see it with me. You know, If you weren't doing anything else I mean, and if you didn't mind....I was just wondering."

I was out of breath and out there now. The moment of truth was upon me.

When with her radiant smile she said, "That sounds like fun."

That was yes. Even I could comprehend that much.

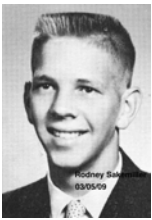
At that moment my belief in God was unequivocal, even if I was too breathless to utter a prayer of gratitude.

Saturday night came and I picked her up at her house, driving the family car, a Buick Skylark. We went to the movie, then to Casella's Pizza Palace on South Main Street. At that point in my life I didn't even like pizza, but I wanted as many people as possible to see the two of us together. And Casella's was where teens congregated in large numbers.

Even if Judy's acceptance of my fumbling invitation was indulgent, it was also kind and merciful. And we all know the quality of mercy is not strained.

We all touch countless lives in ways we never know. "I had fun that Saturday night." Judy Robinson, rest in peace.

(Jim Bennett)



RODNEY SAKEMILLER

DOD: 3-5-2009

After we learned to square dance during gym in sixth grade at Emerson School, Rodney invited the whole class to his "country" home (near Laesch Dairy) for a big outdoor square dance party. After the dancing, I remember sitting in a circle--boy/girl, boy/girl--and we were all supposed to kiss the person next to us. I bestowed my first kiss on Dick Thompson there (and it was my last kiss for quite a few years).

(Barb Stumm)

Rodney died in March, 2009, and was buried in April in Bloomington with full military honors.

He and I were not much more than acquaintances in high school, but we established a very close friendship from 1964 to 1966, when we were both attending ISU and I was a boarder in his home, renting a spare room.

His mother, Ruth, was a woman from the old school. She baked everything from scratch, and none of it was diet food. I think I gained at least 25 pounds over the two years I ate at her table.

Rodney had exceptional mechanical and electrical skills and kept my '54 Ford running on more than one occasion.

In the spring of '66, Rodney got married and joined the Air Force. I was still working on a degrees at ISU, and we lost contact.

After his discharge from the Air Force in 1970, he accepted a position with Los Angeles County as a lineman working on the county power distribution system. Over the years, he worked his way up to a supervisory position.

When Rodney and Mardi bought a small home in a rural area of the San Gabriel mountains, a few miles north of L.A., their hillside location turned out to be too much valley for television reception. Rodney decided to do something about it.

He strung a wire to an antenna he mounted on top of a nearby mountain. He had to "plant" a series of poles in rugged, rocky terrain where there were no roads or fixed access. His neighbors had the same TV reception problem, so he ran lines for them and suddenly had a small business on the side.

The whole enterprise took know-how, a strong back, and determination over time. These were qualities Rodney possessed. When he undertook a "project," he usually stayed the course.

Years later, he and Mardi moved a few miles east to Palmdale on the high desert, and some years after that, they sold and bought a ranch in Pearblossom, a few miles east of Palmdale. Mardi still lives there. All three of their daughters and families currently reside in California.

In the summer of '92, my wife and I visited Rodney and Mardi for a couple of weeks. It's still a fond memory. We jumped back into '60's silliness as if the 26-year separation had never occurred.

As far as I know, people in that valley are still watching TV, courtesy of Rodney's grit. That sounds like a footprint, doesn't it?

(Jim Bennett)

I first met Rodney in the 6th grade at Oakland School. He was not much of a sports fan, as I remember, but we got along well. His parents ran a lumber yard, and he knew a lot about lumber and tools. We would walk to his home on Morrissey Drive after school, and he would talk the whole time. He taught me that, if you were walking along the road and a big semi was coming, you could raise your right hand and pull down as if you were pulling a chain. The semi driver would then blast his horn.

Somehow, as young kids, we got a charge out of that. Times sure change. Anyway, we both were able to graduate from 6th grade and went on to Washington Jr. High.

Rodney was always a happy-go-lucky kid and would often push the buttons of the teachers. He was never a bad kid, just mischievous. Paper wads were a specialty of his, as was talking in class.

We all remember Cliff Drew, our math teacher. Mr. Drew, I learned in later years, was a really nice man. His wife Flo worked for State Farm. I don't believe they ever had children, and both were just genuinely nice people. In 1953 - 54, however, Mr. Drew was the most feared teacher at Washington Jr. High. He demanded that you do your best, and in order for that to happen, discipline had to be enforced. As I said, Rodney could really get under a teacher's skin, and with Rodney and Mr. Drew tensions had been building for some weeks. Rod would persist in being a distraction, and Mr. Drew's fuse was getting shorter. My seat in class was on the left side near the windows at the back so I had a great view of the entire room and everyone in it. Rodney was seated in the area of right center.

I don't remember what Rodney did to set off the explosion, but I looked up to see Mr. Drew running -- yes, running -- toward Rodney's desk. Rodney slumped down as Mr. Drew arrived. Mr. Drew hovered over Rodney and all at once picked Rodney up by his shirt collar and lifted him right out of his desk.

Rodney turned white. Mr. Drew shook Rod and then literally slammed Rodney down in his seat. I swear, you could hear a pin drop. Rod was afraid to move and stayed in his dropped position for several minutes. As for the rest of us, we were sweating, at least I was. As for Rodney, he was a model student, at least for Mr. Drew, from then on. Rodney never went to the principal's office, and no parent-teacher meeting occurred. As for Mr. Drew, if today's stupid laws and regulations were in place in 1953 -54, Mr. Drew would still be serving time at the maximum security prison. Back then discipline was in house, was effective, and we were the better for it.

(John Noel)

Rodney and I went through school together starting in the first grade at Price School which was a little country school on Ireland Grove Road, grades 1-6, all in the same room. Since our parents were friends and did a lot of square dancing together. I was also friends with his sister, Sondra. I last visited with Rodney at the funeral home after the death of his father. He looked the same, a little older, hair was grey instead of blonde. Same old Rodney, friendly, happy, smiling ear to ear. We had a good visit.

(Marilyn Golden)



TERRY SMITH

DOD: 12-7-88

Terry was a close friend of mine right up to the time of his death on December 7, 1988. Pearl Harbor Day is an easy date to remember, at least for me. He was killed while driving a bookmobile to branch libraries for the Colorado Springs Library system.

Although tragic, to those closest to him his death seemed appropriate in this way: Throughout his adult life, he loved books. His love of books--and his dedication to the craft of writing--led him to write several successful novels.

The first one, "The Thief Who Came to Dinner," was published in 1971 by Doubleday. The manuscript was accepted by the publisher in the fall of 1970, when Terry was only 28. It was a major accomplishment; I know something about the publishing industry, and few first-time novelists get their work accepted by a leading New York house.

I had the pleasure of reading the manuscript a page at a time as it came out of the typewriter. (This was long before the age of computers and word processing.) From time to time I even made useful suggestions for improvement. It remains one of my fondest memories.

A year or so after the book was released, its film rights were sold to a Hollywood producer. A major motion picture starring Ryan O'Neal and Jacqueline Bisset soon followed. In short, the book made a pretty big splash.

The decade of the '70s turned out to be very productive for Terry. He published "Grownups and Lovers" (Doubleday, 1974), "The Devil & Webster Daniels" (Doubleday, 1975), "Who Killed the Pie Man?" (E.P. Dutton, 1975), "The Money War" (Atheneum, 1978), "Murder Behind Closed Doors" (Playboy Press, 1980), and "The Looking Glass Murders" (Playboy Press, 1980).

The books are now out of print, but as far as I know, they are all available on Amazon.com.

Although he had a keen intellect, he never finished a college degree. He dabbled in "higher education" but never got along with it very well, spending a semester or two each at Illinois Wesleyan, Kendall College, and Upsala College.

He was married twice. His second wife, Harriet, wrote for the Pantagraph for several years. Terry and Harriet had a daughter, Veronica, who lives in California.

Terry only spent junior and senior years at BHS because his family didn't move to town until the summer of '58. So a number of our classmates didn't know Terry well. Those that do might best remember him for his activity in speech, theater and debate. He was a member of Forensic Club and had a leading part in the senior class play, "Stardust."

RIP, Smiffy.

(Jim Bennett)

Terry Smith was Terry Smith. One of a kind. He too was a friend from church and school. Thought one time I would like to be Mrs. Smith, but God has a way of working those things out for us and it didn't happen.

(Andrea Brown)



VYVYAN SNOW DAUGHERTY, Spouse: DON

DOD: 9-30-02

Vyvyn and I were best friends. I lived a mile from Bent school, she lived 1/2 mile. I would walk to her house and we would walk to school together, even when the snow was almost as high as we were.

I would sleep over at her house. In the morning her mother would make homemade bread. . . mmm I still remember the smell of homemade bread and taste the jam. Vyvyn had small brothers at home at that time. She also has a younger sister Connie.

She set me up on a blind date with her cousin Tom Rinehart. He was really cute. Vyvyn and I always had the time of our lives. In high school, we worked at State Farm and had 1/2 day of school. When we got married, we sort of lost touch. . . but ran into each other every so often.

Finally, after I moved, I retrieved her address from someone and when I came back to see mom and daddy, I would give her a call. If she was available we would get together and catch up on old times.

I had never been able to get off work to attend any of the reunions. In 2002, Rose put together an impromptu breakfast with some of the classmates that were still in B/N. That was the nicest thing I ever have had happen, because that was the last time I saw Vyvyn. I have pictures from that party. The restaurant was off the belt line across from Greenwood Trailer court, I'm sure you know the name of it.

(Janet Warrick)

Vyvyan was big into quilting. Despite her health issues (lung transplant) she did the best she could and was a good friend. She really enjoyed getting together with classmates when planning our 45th reunion. It was a delight to spend time with her.

(reunion committee)



GLENN STARKEY

DOD: 5-3-88

For 1 year (3rd Grade) I attended Edwards School on W. Market in Bloomington. We had a turtle that 2 of us always had to take care of it. When it was my turn, I was teamed up with Glenn Starkey. You get to know your fellow classmate better when you take care of a turtle. The turtle lived in a sandbox and we carried a bucket 1/2 full of water for it.

Later when I attended college (ISU - 1980-5) Every so often I would run downtown Normal for supplies and Lunch at the local cafe on the square (across from the post office). Glenn worked at the post office and often he would be having lunch there too. If it was very crowded, we would sit together. It was good to see each other but we had not talked about our turtle days. The last time I saw him Aug. 1985 I had a full course schedule and worked at the Student Center Book store..... he came in (mail) and we talked briefly. We discussed getting together (with our mates). However, I moved to FL in 1987 without ever seeing him again and mourned him when I heard he had passed.

(Janet Warrick)

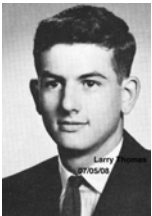


LARRY STREENZ

DOD: 1-4-1999

I went to grade school at Jefferson with Larry, junior high at Washington, and then of course, BHS. Larry liked to tease and pull pranks--be he was altogether good hearted.

(Martha Valentine Carlton)



LARRY THOMAS

DOD: 7-5-08

Larry was in my homeroom or so he told me years later when I didn't remember. I have no particular memories of Larry during high school but we became friends in later years. Larry would come into my work place or call me to visit. He would talk about his wife and children(two adult daughters), he would tell me about his visit with friends, Richard and Alice Steljes, and talk about their children and grandchildren ---he admired all of them. We talked about his aging parents, his health, and life in general.

Invariably, the topic of the 50th class reunion would come up. Quite some time ago another classmate had mentioned to me, in passing, considering the class going on a cruise for the 50th . In one of our visits I threw that out to Larry. He must have thought about it for sometime because he asked Peg Rust Wetzels what she thought of that idea. Peg lived around the corner from Larry and she was out in the yard one day when he was walking. He reported back to me that neither one of them thought that was a good idea!!!

The one thing I know for sure is that Larry wanted our 50th to be the best reunion ever and he was looking forward to it. I don't think you'll be disappointed, Larry. This one is for you!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(Zona Steege)



JAMES TIDEMANN

DOD: 10-19-73

I remember "Jim" fondly as a fellow student who made me feel welcome at the start of junior year. I had just transferred to BHS from another high school, and was very shy as well. I was in the band, and got to know him there. He had a kind way of making a shy newcomer feel welcome.

I always felt he was sort of an "intellectual" person; he was bright, that's for sure. I remember he had a command of current events and politics that seemed nearly intimidating. For example, during Pop Schedel's class junior year (was it history, social studies, political science? I can't remember) Jim was the only person in class who knew who Metternich was. Amazing.

He was on the student council that year, if memory serves.

The funny part is, I thought he was on the Aegis staff with me too, but after a few months into the year, I realized that was his brother John, who was an associate editor if I remember correctly.

(Jim Bennett)



JOHN TIDEMANN

DOD: 2-9-87

It is hard for me to find the right words to describe our classmate, John Tidemann. During our friendship his kindness and sensitivity helped me to focus on the goodness of humankind -- especially during those times when goodness is not so easy to find. It was when we were in the fourth grade, I believe, that the Tidemann brothers, Paul, James, and John, moved into our neighborhood. They lived around the corner and down the street about six houses.

This was the early 1950s and children in our neighborhood should have had a Beaver Cleaver kind of childhood. That was true for many, but there was one of our classmates who had a rough time. Children can be cruel, and this particular boy, who lived across the street from the Tidemanns, was at the bottom of the pecking order. Only James and John befriended him and were kind to him. I admired the Tidemann twins because of their kindness and, as a result, reconsidered my own behavior.

Off and on throughout our grade school years John and I used to sit on my family's front porch steps and ponder profound topics like human nature and what was God doing about all of this. Naturally, we thought we were very astute thinkers. Perhaps we were.

At some point the Tidemanns moved from our neighborhood, we both got caught up in school activities, and our front porch philosophy sessions came to an end. In high school, both John and I were involved in school publications so our paths crossed now and then, but I do not remember our taking the time to ponder much that was very profound during our BHS years.

During college, we both ended up in the same anthropology class at Illinois State University. We were both working and trying to earn as many credits as we could so we did not see each other much outside of class. Our relationship might have ended there except for an odd circumstance. In 1964 we both accepted teaching jobs at schools that were affiliated with Christian missions. I went to work in South Carolina for the American Baptists, and John taught at a Japanese school that I believe was sponsored by the Evangelical Lutherans.

Even though we were very busy with our jobs, we were either lonely or homesick or both so that somehow or other we started corresponding between South Carolina and Japan. In no time at all we were back to pondering profound topics involving God and humankind. John's assignment was for three years, but after two years I went back to school and no longer held up my end of the correspondence. I regret this.

John wanted to be a Lutheran minister like his older brother Paul, so when he arrived back in the states he set out to fulfill those requirements. Unfortunately when he was close to that goal, he ran into a wall of prejudice and was blocked from achieving his dream. He tried to make the best of a career in hospital administration, but that job had a lot of frustration and he was very unhappy. At some point, around the time he was diagnosed with leukemia, he owned an antique shop which he liked very much, and as he said, "it paid the bills."

Because of prejudice, the Lutherans missed out on a great minister who was gifted with a large amount of kindness and sensitivity. Even today, John is my inspiration to counter prejudice in whatever small way I can. I also try to live up to his standard of kindness. Sometimes at home I will pick up a small ebony music box that John had sent me from Japan, and I reflect once again on the importance of good friends and how they influence our lives. John left us way too soon, but he gave us memories of a life well lived. We are lucky to have been blessed with his friendship.

(Thanny Clark)

Anyone who worked on the Aegis will remember, even fifty years later, the scramble to meet writing deadlines on Friday, then start the next week proofreading the galleys, composing the paste ups of each page of the paper, and writing scads of headlines that counted perfectly and still somehow made sense. On Wednesday evening there was the race to Gummerman's so the paper could be printed and handed out after school every Thursday. All this at a time when copies were made with carbon paper and "cut and paste" was a manual operation done with scissors and paste in a jar.

Things got pretty hectic, but there was always one person whose acerbic wit and dry sense of humor could get a room full of teen journalists laughing and back on task. John Tidemann was an Associate Editor that made such a difference in life in the Aegis Room. He was bright, articulate, full of fun and brimming with great ideas.

John enjoyed college and then life in Minneapolis. Things were not always easy for him, but he always followed his own heart and did his best to encourage everyone around him. When he found out that he was ill and there would be no cure, he reached out to a lot of people from his past. I was lucky enough to be one of those people and enjoyed corresponding with him that last year. There were lighthearted letters about silly, happy memories from fifth grade on. There were serious letters about lifestyles, philosophies, the meaning of life, and the belief that death is not so final.

John was a much deeper thinker than I imagine most of us realized in high school. I feel privileged to have enjoyed the funny, enthusiastic high school John and then to have also known the still witty, still optimistic, but resigned, full of faith, and grateful for friendship John at the end of his life. -30--

(Peg Rust)



HARLAN WADDELL

DOD: 9-12-94

Harlan and I shared one thing: we lived in our older sibling's shadow. Our brothers were just one grade ahead of us at BHS. John W. and Don G. were 'better known' and more outgoing than we were as evidenced by their involvement in sports and student politics. John was junior class vice president while Don was on student council all 3 years. Nonetheless, Harlan was very proud to be elected president of A Cappella Choir our senior year and surpass his brother. (John served as vice president of A Cappella the year before.) Classmates remember him as a laid-back, sweet guy.

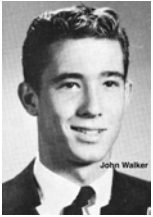
(Suan Guess)

Harlan Waddell and I were in the same homeroom so I saw him every day. (Remember that short period for announcements and other class 'business' before we started our regular classes for the day). I looked forward to talking with Harlan every morning to see what humorous things he'd say to start my day off right.

(Martha Valentine Carlton)

My friendship with Harlan Waddell goes all the way to Irving School. Harlan was always fun loving, energetic, and very musically inclined. He was friendly to everyone, never knowing a stranger. He always had a smile on his face. His whole family was great and very supportive of one another.

(Linda Messer)



JOHN WALKER

DOD: 3-29-99

I remember John as a teammate on the BHS football team. He was a long and lean running back with good speed and quickness. He didn't get a lot of playing time our junior year because the class of '59 had several outstanding running backs. But senior year, he certainly did. His younger brother Steve was also on the team.

John was also a mainstay on the track team. As I remember it, he was a hurdler. He was a transfer from Minonk during sophomore year. As I remember it, his father owned a grain elevator there. Maybe their parents wanted John and Steve in a bigger high school for better athletic competition, but that's just speculation on my part.

During our senior season, John and I both sustained deep thigh bruise injuries. I can't remember how many games we might have sat out, but I do remember Coach Bowers taking us out to ISU to use their whirlpool facility. I guess Coach had some connections.

(Ron Price)



BILL WILLIAMSON

DOD: 1-14-99

Bill was a sweet, shy boy in my junior high homeroom, Miss Warner's at Irving. I attended an all-school party with him because he surprised me and asked me. I appreciated his quiet sensitivity.

(Judy Rockwell)
