

TigerTales!

The Newsletter for 50s and 60s Alumni of Taipei American School

Volume 22 • Number 2

October 2010

Tales of Myself...

Summer for me? Let's see...it was not as exciting as many of yours. It was a hot summer here in New England, very unusual for our neck of the woods, but as an "outsider" I loved every minute of it.

I have a house on Cape Cod, which I put up for weekly rentals. For the first time in years, I actually spent some time there myself. It was just as special and magical as all the years Larry and I would escape on weekends to rest and revive and smell the salt air. The Cape never changes. It is the same atmosphere and weather and people and beaches as described by Patty Page in her song, "Old Cape Cod."

I also spent several weekends on Chebeague Island in Casco Bay, Maine. Maine is so different from the Cape; the landscape is distinct in each environment, and there are "Cape People" and "Maine People."



Chebeague Island, Maine

I truly enjoy New England seasons, and now that I've banged the last of the sand out of my boat shoes, I am anticipating the vibrant fall color and brisk Canadian air, but I can't wait for next year...the sun, the salt air, and even the summer traffic.

—SEK

(sekeats@verizon.net)

Tales of John...

Former TAS teacher John Dankowski (1967-2004) is back in Taipei, where he makes presentations about space exploration, based on his recent experience as a NASA Communicator at Kennedy Space Center. If anyone has questions about Space programs, they may E-mail him at jwdtw@yahoo.com



Another Reunion?

For Early 60s Classmates
Myrtle Beach, SC, Labor Day 2011
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Tiger Tidbits from Carol Williams

I truly believe we're going to have a season called FALL this year in South Carolina. Yes, I do! But each time I don a sweater on a coolish morning, I find myself panting from the heat as I peel it off in the middle of the day. I'll try not to lose faith, but this has been a bit of a trial. Keep a good thought for the speedy end to a brutally hot summer in South Carolina...

I've been more out of touch than usual through the summer and this early, 'sort-of-Fall', so I don't have much to report from my fellow Tigers. George and I did have a wonderful visit with **Bud and Pat (Berry) Dietrich '60** this summer at their gorgeous home in Peshastin, WA. Bud is having great fun with his enormous dump truck, moving hills slightly to the left or right to arrange the terrain in a more functional manner. Both Pat and Bud look wonderful and healthy—must be all that heady mountain air they're breathing—and they gave us a tour of the beautiful countryside around them. Orchards everywhere, ready for picking soon; the terrific Icicle Ridge Winery, owned by friends of theirs (don't miss it if you're up that way); a fun 50's diner with jukeboxes on the wall in each booth; and the town of Leavenworth, which looks like a Swiss village minus the snow...at that point, anyhow.

I was happy to hear from **Brian Hanson '60** that he is recovering nicely from his hair-raising fall while traversing a glacier earlier this year with the Explorer's Club. [See Spring 2010 TigerTales.] Next time you see him, ask him for details! Be prepared to gasp in disbelief!

Most of my summer was taken up preparing for a couple of art shows in August and September. In the first one, I was one of three featured artists for a 2-month period at the co-op gallery I belong to in Savannah, while in the second, I was one of a group of 13 who show together every other year at the Arts Center here on Hilton Head. I was delighted at the good turnout and sales at both of them. And I'm glad now not to feel quite so tied to my workshop all the time. That will change soon, though, as I prepare for a show in February as co-Featured artist with a photographer friend of mine here at the HH Art League.

Since vacations seem to be the theme this issue, I'll tell you about one of the shortest, yet most fun, vacations I've had in years. It happened last week, although the planning had been going on for months. It started when I decided that I wanted to do something a bit out of the ordinary for my husband, George's, 70th birthday. Since he is running once again for Town Council, I knew he'd be needing a break, so I told him several months ago to clear his calendar for 5 days around the time of his birthday...that I was going to KIDNAP him and take him to places unknown!

As the time approached, he became more and more curious about the plans and tried incessantly to get me to answer questions that would give him clues. I gave him a few hints, but lots more red herrings, so he was even more puzzled as the time drew near.

Last Saturday, we piled our luggage into the Tahoe. I'd packed enough clothing to take us from a downtown city experience to a relaxed and casual country get-away...where WERE we going, anyhow?? At that point, George wasn't even sure whether we were flying or driving to wherever we were going. As he drove, I told him where to turn every so often and I could see the wheels in his head spinning as he discarded one possibility in favor of another as the directions changed. When we finally pulled into the airport in Charleston and I told him to drive to the Arrivals area, he realized we weren't flying, but instead, were picking someone (or something) up. Soon, he saw a familiar face headed our way—it was our older daughter, Laura, who had flown in from England! We pitched her luggage in the back with ours and headed out again (this had been the one glitch in the plan...Laura and her sister, Vicki, from Texas were supposed to have flown in the night before and driven to the cottage I'd rented at Pawley's Island, in order to surprise George when we got there. Unfortunately, the surprised to be that the remnants of Tropical Storm Nicole forced Laura to have to spend the night in Newark! Picking her up was Plan B).

Telling George where to turn along the way, we drove northeast up the coast. We explained to him that we'd hoped that Vicki would be able to come as

Tiger Tidbits **Continued** —

well, but since her husband was working in Nigeria at the time (true), there was no one to watch the kids (not true). He was disappointed to hear that, but delighted that Laura was able to make it.

When we finally pulled up to the cottage and climbed the steps to the porch to find the 'hidden key', there was Vicki ensconced in one of the famous Pawley's Island hammocks. The surprise was complete! And the birthday boy couldn't have been happier! We all had the best time ever just fishing (rather, feeding the fish) from the dock, walking on the beach, exploring the area and talking, talking, talking. What fun to realize that your 40-something daughters are as much fun as ever to be with... bright, funny and good cooks! It was delightful.

I hope Fall is in full swing wherever you are. Keep your fingers crossed that I can start wearing knee socks and sweaters before too long!



The Birthday Boy



The Birthday Boy & his girls

Tales of Bill...

Guess who's a grandpa? Congratulations, Bill Mar! He writes: "I just got back from Florida. I'm a first time grandpa. My granddaughter was born August 2nd and I finally got to see her. Her name is Alexa Grace Mar, her parents are Daniel Mar and Stephanie Johnson and they live in Spring Hill, FL."



Bill Mar and granddaughter Alexa

I didn't get to hold Alexa until she was about a month and a half old because she lives in Spring Hill, FL and I live in NY. I remember an uneventful flight from LaGuardia Airport to Tampa where my son picked me up and drove about 30 minutes north to Spring Hill. When I walked into the house, the first thing that happened was I got a big hug from Stephanie (this was also the first time I met her). Then my son brought me over to the crib where Alexa was sleeping. All I did was just stare for about 3 minutes. (You experienced first-time grandparents know what I mean.) Then she started to wake up. I don't know if it was just coincidence or not, but little Alexa looked up in my direction while she was stretching and flashed me a big smile that was gone in about 5 seconds, but she instantly stole my heart. I swear, I didn't know I'd fall so much in love with Alexa. Then my son picked her up and put her in my arms. What a feeling. I was on cloud 9 for the rest of the day!

— Bill Mar (marble@optonline.net)

From Our Emailbox

This time, from Hugh Kaiser '61:

I decided long ago that my life would just be 'vacation.' Furthermore, I live mostly in Indonesia (it's on the equator) or in Hawaii so I only have summer. So my entire life is now summer vacation. And I am having a ball.

To recap: since graduating from college in architectural engineering in 1966, I moved to Hawaii where I worked at Pearl Harbor Naval Shipyard until the end of 1984, when I just walked out, against the advice of all friends and family. It was the best move I ever made. I got a job (the office director said "It's a miracle" when I applied) to coordinate a project in Indonesia. This allowed four to six months a year off work to do my favorite pastime which still is doing seminars and retreats for pastors and church workers. The project finished in March 1993 and since then I haven't worked for a wage, though the Christian school I work for part time (They call me 'Spiritual Father' or 'Advisor' depending upon to whom they are speaking) does pay me modestly for my time.

My last seminar for pastors was in Jakarta in early August. For four years I have been holding retreats for pastors and their wives. I call it FLO (For Lovers Only) I just finished one in Surabaya (September 27-27) and will do one in some remote part of Maluku October 18-20. My target is poor and remote areas. I bus them from town to a resort where they have their own room with a bathroom, usually a hotel. For many in our May FLO in Central Java, they reported that it was the first time since the first kid that they had been alone in their own bedrooms. They had big smiles on their faces when they said that!

My seminars for pastors began in Hawaii in 1985, and next year I hope to bring FLO back home for pastors and their wives in Waianae area, a rather depressed area. FLO is free for them and a great blessing to me!



During this 18 year holiday I have visited some of the most remote areas of the world, and some of the most exotic. There are times (like on a bus careening dangerously around corners on a remote mountain road) that I have to remind myself that people pay thousands of dollars to have such fun. I manage to transit through Taipei twice a year, overnighing at the airport hotel and often meeting **Gary Melyan '61** and catching up with him.

-Hugh Kaiser

<http://indoflo.blogspot.com>

(<http://hawk-wwj.blogspot.com>)

From Lins Dorman '63 comes the following memory of Tom Cummings, who will celebrate his 80th birthday this year:

I was a student at TAS between 1960 and 1962 for my junior and senior years. During my junior year there, it was my good fortune to be assigned to Tom Cummings' English class. Of all the teachers I had during my high school and college years, Tom Cummings has remained my all-time favorite. What was wonderful about him as a teacher was that he encouraged all of us to be creative and to be ourselves. Though it was many years ago, I wrote the following about him as one of his English assignments in 1962:

For a long time I had a mental block where writing was concerned. It had developed in my early school years and returned with regularity just as I did in the classrooms each September.

While vacations weren't totally ruined, they were tainted by specters of English teachers who insisted on themes entitled "How I Spent My Summer Vacation." In the first place, the long lazy days of summer do not rightfully belong to the classroom. Furthermore, I always considered it an invasion of privacy to be compelled to reveal the books left unread in favor of comics, or the mornings spent snoring lustily in lieu of educational pursuits. Worse yet, just how did you describe the fun of doing absolutely nothing for days on end? That is, when come September you were confronted with rules of grammar and propriety where teachers were concerned.

From Our Emailbox

Continued —

Tom Cummings, cont.

The annual Fall predicament was a horrible one, and I was handicapped by all the previous years of what I termed OPRESSION. I wanted to write. I liked to write, but couldn't. I was limp. Ideas did not come easily. Only God and my parents, whose ears had long since become accustomed to my groans and mutters, appreciated the hours of struggle in fulfilling a writing assignment.

It took a dictionary and a thesaurus, plus a barred bedroom door, before even an idea began to percolate. It took three of four pencils – at least one with an eraser intact – and reams of paper, to get that idea down into digestible form. And I always ended up wondering whether the results justified the efforts. Even an autobiography was rough going, but one of the most difficult writing tasks I am now undertaking is to write about teachers. This is one of the many unusual themes my third year English teacher, Tom Cummings, assigned the class.

For a while I thought that some day I'd like to teach. By the time I got to TAS, I had been a student at 12 schools, which I believe gave me a pretty broad education and an insight into what constitutes a good teacher. Individuals responsible for developing adolescent minds sometimes do not take their duties too seriously. As a matter of fact, I used to wonder why some of my teachers ever chose the profession in the first place. As I became older and got to know some of them more thoroughly, I was shocked to learn that dislike could be mutual. When I was about thirteen, I came to the conclusion that teachers felt sorry for students because they were ignorant, and we felt sorry for them because their minds were cluttered up with so many facts – and some fiction. Now that I am in my third year of high school at TAS, I have found a favorite. He is Tom Cummings, and he is average in height, but way above average in intelligence. He wears glasses and is thoughtful about a lot of things like not wearing nice neat clothes to school. I always feel good when I see his white sweat socks. They are exposed because his trousers look like he is getting ready for a flood, just like mine. That couple of inches above the ankle gives us a lot in common. His shoes are completely unspoiled by polish, and he wears

a sweater the same color as mine. I always look forward to his five o'clock shadow at eight in the morning. I don't like to shave every day either. I don't really have to.

He has a temper but doesn't divulge it during classroom hours. The only indication of a smoldering underneath is an oft-repeated ambiguous request – "Shut up and be quiet!" To which he adds, "please" in a soft pleading tone. He is a thwarted archaeologist and takes equal pleasure in digging up ancient relics from the ground and digging out old trite phrases from teenagers' hieroglyphics. I have improved under his influence. And I don't feel inferior wearing pants to school that I have outgrown. This is important because it is kind of hard to concentrate when my trousers are choking me. He is an interesting, dedicated teacher and an influence in many ways."



Anyway, that's what I thought about Tom Cummings in 1962, and that's how I feel about him today, 48 years later.

Lins Dorman (dakotahbob@comcast.net)

Happy Birthday, Tom!!!

Remembering John Kelley

Hope Phillip (shnfp@satx.rr.com) sent this note to Bill Mar when she heard of the June 2010 death of **John Kelley, '63**.

"Knowing the cause of John's death, I cannot be sad for him, only glad for his release. He is the kind of person who is enjoying the Hereafter - whether or wherever that is for him - to the hilt. He was sometimes known, and some of his fellow students used to refer to him, as "Mrs. Phillips' Bad Boy." Can't disavow that, but John was a person with an enormous heart who was more than thoughtful toward me after our re-meeting at several later TAS gatherings. He was a highly enthusiastic Alumnus for whom, I've always felt, high school on Taiwan was a rewarding experience to which he had always clung ferociously in memory.

His more tender side he was inclined to hide, but in my case, Valentine's Day and Mother's Day have often been marked with a bouquet from John. The last time I saw him he gave me a piece of free advice from his work as an EMT which, to my amazement, I was forced to follow within about 12 months when I had a heart attack. Not that he predicted the event; just that he was sharing his work experience as a paramedic-medic with someone about whom he cared. I am glad to have been included in that category."



**John Kelley and Hope Phillips
Denver Reunion, 2007**

From Our Emailbox

Continued —

Carol (Srulowitz) Cory '63 wrote in response to our Memorial Day remembrances in the spring issue of TigerTales:

I just finished reading the latest TigerTales and enjoyed my stroll down memory lane PLUS catching up with the news of others. What particularly got to me was the tribute to our fallen friends on the Memorial Day page. I didn't know either of the young men since I had already left Taiwan the year before they arrived, but I certainly felt a connection. I decided to explore the other sites listed. By the time I finished reading, I was right back in the years of 1966-1968. Ironically I even knew where I was on the very days they were taken from us. It was almost like a movie with two screens showing what was going on in two different parts of the world. The letter from the father was heartbreaking. It was my first insight into the lives of those who felt the loss the hardest. This dear man lost his son, but not the ability to see how far he would have gone with his life if he had lived. Then to lose his wife two years later. I could only wonder if she died from heartbreak.

In my little protected world stateside, I was in college when Viet Nam made local news. I always supported the soldiers who went to Viet Nam because being part of "the military family" was the only life I had ever known. Some of my fellow students were drafted by that first summer and I heard others talk of travels to Canada.

Most people in my immediate world were pro military and I could not understand burning draft cards, flags, or anything so unAmerican. While these two boys were dying on the field, I was marrying my returning Viet Nam Vet who was there a year ahead of them. He told me very little of the horrors over there and kept any details to a minimum. Neither of us questioned him going there. He was a Navy brat, I was Air Force.

At a couple of reunions I had heard the names Buzz and Nick when some of the guys mentioned them, but until this Tiger's Tale, I never really knew who they were. Now I feel I do.

From Our Emailbox

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The article suggests that these were the only two TAS boys who were casualties of that war, but I know there are more. Perhaps the researcher only found facts on the years he/she was at TAS.

From my class we lost someone very popular that all of us knew as Lefty Risher. His sister-in-law told me that was a name he gave himself when he went to Taiwan. All these years I had believed what he had told me. It was a nickname given to him by his Little League coach. Anyway, during my search for those I knew on the "Rock" I found someone who knew Lefty better than me. He asked me to do him a favor and look for him on the Viet Nam Memorial Wall. I felt horrified at the thought, but he reasoned that if Lefty was alive he would have made contact with him in the past forty years no matter what. He shared a story about how they both didn't use their real first names, then told me to look for Clarence.

I did. Within a very short time I found our Lefty under the name of Clarence Theodore Risher III. He was a Sgt with The Navy Seals and had died in Jan, 1968 ... just a few days after my son was born. I was devastated as if he had just died and it still makes me choke up when I think about him. Not Lefty! But it was true. I can still see his young face from the days in school at TAS.

I found his younger brother Jim and talked to his sister-in-law Cheryl. Jim was unavailable, but Cheryl told me The Navy Seal Facility in Norfolk, Virginia was renamed the Risher Facility in "Lefty's" honor 22 years after his death. There has to be more to that story and I'd love to see the facility one day. Talking about Lefty was bittersweet for both of us, but now I know he has a nephew who looks just like him, stands as tall (6'4") and was named after him. I also contacted one of his friends that had left a message on the Wall and he sent me some excerpts from the book he wrote and dedicated to Lefty.

- Carol (Srulowitz) Cory
Seaview452@yahoo.com

And from David Zawora '66 comes this memory:

It was the summer of 1963, the best I can recall, and I was attending summer school at the old downtown campus. Yup, the one with Senior Island set dead center in the court yard. I was going to summer school to try to make up for my inattentiveness and clowning around during the regular semester. It was recommended by a number of faculty and so my parents decided this would good for me and I might straighten up a bit. I lived in Tien Mou and took the bus to school. It was a rather long ride each morning and, well, I hated it. I did very well in the two classes I took that summer. With just a week left before the end of summer school, I had a solid A in algebra and a B in history. I was excited and was making my parents proud.

Then out of nowhere, I made what was supposed to be an end of summer school silly prank turn into my worst nightmare! I wanted to make all my buddies on the bus have a good laugh just one time on me. So, the Monday morning of the final week, I boarded the bus with an Atom Bomb fire cracker in my lunch bag. This thing was a real brut of a fire cracker. To this day, I've never seen one like it! I informed just a few of my closest pals what my plan was. When we reached the crowded downtown area of Taipei, and the bus got to a certain long bridge, I lit the fuse and let her rip ... right into a crowd of approximately 40 -50 bicyclists. When that thing exploded, they scattered and crashed like nobody's business. To me and my pals it was the best and craziest stunt ever pulled at TAS and would be talked about for years to come. We laughed about it the rest of the way to school. No sooner had the bus pulled up to the front of the compound when the "Big Bad Wolf" came aboard with fire in his eyes and steam coming out his nostrils! He was madder than hell! "Not a single one of you is getting off this bus until I find out who threw that firecracker!" he roared. At that, half the eyes on the bus turned on me. No one spoke a word. My pals tried staring out the window; Mr. Wolf barked out, "who threw it?" as he glared straight at me and began walking toward me. "I was in a taxi right behind the bus, Mr. Zawora, and I saw where the firecracker came from. Was it you?" As I looked around and all eyes were glued on me I said, "Yes, sir."

That was the end of summer school for me. The A and the B were marked as 'Incompletes'. I spent the

From Our Emailbox

Continued —

last few weeks of the summer under direct supervision of my dad. Believe me, I learned a lot more than algebra and history. That was part of my growing up pain living in Taiwan and attending TAS.

— David zawora (dzawora@satx.rr.com)

[Ed. Note: Oh, the stupid things we did when we were young.]

How Did You Spend Your Summer Vacation???

Geoff Rothman, '61 writes:

My summer began with a two-week trip to Europe, spending most of the time in Paris. I had a very small apartment on the Blvd Ste Michele, about a block from the Sorbonne. My girlfriend, who traveled with me, has many friends in Paris, and so most of our time was spent either visiting French friends, or exploring new culinary venues, especially those in 'le fooding' genre....wonderful finds.

We also went to Amsterdam for a few days to visit my niece and family, who live on a canal very near downtown. The contrast of the very cosmopolitan Paris with laid back Amsterdam is curious.

In July, my two sons and I, and about eight other male friends, convened our annual male bonding adventure in the high Sierras. This consists of using horses to haul all of our supplies, including good food and wine, and comfortable bedding, about ten miles from a trail head, to a lovely, fast flowing creek site well off trails and far away from the madding crowd. The nights of the full moon, and the days of simply enjoying the wonders of the early summer in the mountains were exhilarating, capped by tasty mountain dinners, and late night backgammon, which continued for the week. One of the campers brought his fifteen year old son to initiate him to the wonders of the mountains. In August, my college roommate and I wobbled about five miles out of Tuolumne Meadows in the high country of Yosemite, to enjoy the beauty of Lyell Canyon. We are getting a bit gray for carrying heavy loads very far, but did OK for old geezers. We had a not very rare late night encounter with a Yosemite bear, who made away with our sweetest and tastiest treats, leaving behind the freeze dried

stuff. Again, the nights were lovely, with temperatures falling into the low 30's, leaving us to wake with frost on our tents.

My summer ended with a week in Squaw Valley, where all is quiet and beautiful after Labor Day, when families return to work and school. We biked down to Tahoe City a couple of days, hiked up some steep granite canyons, and generally enjoyed the quiet serenity of the high mountains in their late summer glory.

Now that was a lovely summer, and one which I hope to recreate annually for many years to come!!

— Geoff Rothman (GLROTHMAN@aol.com)

Camie (Lawry) Braendel, '65 sends this report:

My husband Doug and I are living in the Pennsylvania mountains between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh. During the summer, our children and grandkids came to visit us in the mountains where it is much cooler. We live in a "gated" community which includes forest hiking trails, a stocked 10 acre lake, and a guest house. Shawnee State Park is just five miles away with its 450 acre lake and nice sandy beach.

Doug retired in 1996 after a 34-year career in the Army. In August we drove to Colorado Springs to attend Doug's Army Medical Service Corps Officer Reunion.

TigerTales! is published twice yearly, in the Spring and Fall, for the alumni, faculty, parents and staff of the 50s and 60s at Taipei American School.

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More Summer Vacation...

Camie Braendel, cont.

Last year about this time we took a 14-day cruise from Quebec to Fort Lauderdale. During the late winter we dug our travel trailer out of the deep snow and traveled to Valdosta, Newport News, VA and Fredericksburg, VA to visit our three children and 13 grandchildren.

My father, LTC (Ret.) Walter A. Lawry, was stationed in Taiwan when I was in the 7th and 8th grades, and he and my mom live in Valdosta, GA.

About five years ago, my dad was awarded the Badge of Honor from the Taiwan authorities. Military men who served in Taiwan in support of the Republic of China armed forces are eligible for this recognition. He received a very nice medal and has subsequently received some other memorabilia.



In April, Doug returned to Vietnam after 41 years to take part in a humanitarian (medical and dental) mission with "Vets with a Mission." He took Eva Airways, so he transferred flights in Taipei. In his travels to Hue, Dong Ha, Danang, and Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon), he reported that much had changed and much remained the same there.

Doug and I met in Augsburg, Germany when I was a junior at Valdosta State College. After we were married we lived in San Antonio(3X), Bethlehem, PA, Fort McClellan, AL, Fort Leavenworth, KS, Hanau and Landstuhl, Germany, Fort Meade, MD and Falls Church, VA (2X). We've been back to Germany several times and have hosted five German exchange students.

— Cami Braendel (dcbraendel@gmail.com)

Betty (Austin) Guntharp '58 writes:

Norm and Elaine (Williams) Parker '58 and John and Betty (Austin) Guntharp '58 met in Germany for a few days and then caught a train to Amsterdam where they joined Steve and Marlene Austin '60 and Cynthia (Austin) and Scott Wilson '68 for an Avalon cruise down the Rhine.



Cynthia, Steve, Marlene, Elaine, and Norm

Fantastic food, tours, and boat. After the cruise, the Parkers and the Guntharps, with their 13 pieces of luggage, traveled on from Basil to Provence by train for a week before heading to Paris for a few days...

Highlights of the trip were moving 13 pieces of luggage to make four train connections in an eight-hour period with only 5-6 minutes between connections for the most part; eating at the Yellow Café in Arles which Van Gogh had painted; visiting the sanatorium where Van Gogh stayed after cutting off the tip of his ear.

Looking out his bedroom window through the bars and seeing the poppy fields he painted was awesome. And last but not least, we so loved sitting in a Paris café and watching the people go by. Great trip almost as many memories as the trip with the Parkers to Tasmania a couple of years ago.

We Austins were in Taiwan in 1956 and 1957...back when a real treat was a choice of milk or sandwich bread from Okinawa. At that time my mother was the TAS school librarian and my dad was a member of the school board...Great memories!

— Betty (Austin) Guntharp '58

What?????? Another Reunion????

**Labor Day Weekend, 2011
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina**

Gary Zaccagnini (GZac@scoast.net) sends the following information about an upcoming TAS mini Reunion...

Put away the Ensure and grab the Slim Fast, we're gonna have a party! At this time, we have over 60 people ready to join the event, and we are looking for more of you to imbibe in the festivities.

By Labor Day weekend, Myrtle Beach is somewhat in transition... serious sunbathers, kids, and college students are off thinking about their fall activities, and Canadians and northerners haven't arrived yet for golf. It's a perfect time for us to arrive: the water is still warm, the weather is still hot, and the evenings are perfect for walks on the beach or sitting outside (or inside) a bar with a drink.

Plans call for Friday arrival, Saturday, fun and games, maybe Sunday fun and games as well, Monday, departure. A beachside hotel, nice bar, gathering place; activities every day and restaurants in the evenings, dancing with a DJ, laugh, eat, drink, laugh, dance, laugh some more.

So pencil in your calendars, invite your spouse, or significant other, or siblings, or parents, or kids. Let us know if we can look forward to having you join us.



Where else but Myrtle Beach

Wedding Bells!!!

And from Danny Chow and Sandy Goozee, we get this news:

"After more than thirteen wonderful years together, Dan and I have decided to marry. We both believe strongly in marriage and family and feel so blessed to have a chance, at this time in our lives, to commit to each other for the rest of our lives. As many of you know, we were the boy and girl next door, except that "next door" was Taipei, Taiwan where we first met. We were fourteen and fifteen, respectively, and shared the same group of friends. Our fathers were eventually reassigned to other parts of the world, and our lives eventually took separate paths, through college, graduate school, careers, romances and relationships. Our greatest gifts from that time are our children, Gabrielle, Nick and Kate.

Life is full of mystery. Everything that happened to us in the many decades that followed high school led us eventually back to each other. We felt that we had finally come home to each other and found in each other someone we had been seeking our whole lives."

[You can send greetings to the happy couple at: dchow@dutragroup.com]



Dan Chow and his bride Sandy Goozee

Thanks to all of our contributors for sharing their stories!!