

*skyline '64 * newSnote * June 2014*

Today starts the 60 day countdown.

Over 150 alums have made all their arrangements, from transportation to hotel to paying for event.

Don't be a straggler. Don't be stressed with last minute arrangements. This is a time to visit nostalgic sites, have leisurely conversations with people of your past and experience the energy of celebrating a half century of being unleashed upon the world.

This class has some of the most compassionate and kind members.

Although there have been many stories of new knees and other body parts, the issue of declining sight and/or night blindness has never arisen heretofore. Several classmates have now indicated they will be unable to attend the reunion because they cannot drive at night.

Several people have stepped up to the plate and have offered rides from Sacramento and the Livermore area as well as from the Reunion site to BART. (There are five trains to all BART locations at conclusion of fete). We still need a ride for someone from Alameda and Ms. Zizack-Garrett would appreciate one from Mountain View.

If you are one of those that declined because of this issue, please let us know pdq so arrangements can be made. Thanks to those of you who chose to share a little joy.

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Anyone have a Block S sweater or coon skin cap that can be used the evening of the Reunion?

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In the spirit of nostalgia and tradition:

The 50th is a milestone year as was the 40th and will be the 60th etc.; Clem Daniels was the coach and attended the 40th ( I don't know if he has been contacted ); most of us who play golf learned at Chabot and it was our Golf team's course; since reunion's are all about nostalgia i.e. ( the reunion is being held at the Scottish Rite Temple, site of our Senior Ball )

Roger Sexton would like to invite those that would like to play Chabot on Friday to contact him.  
[rogersext@aol.com](mailto:rogersext@aol.com)



Celebrating **Bob Blesse's** retirement from the University of Nevada

(l to r) **Dan Wightman, Bob, Rick Steen, Ken Hood, Gary Sommer**

My grandmother took us to see *Snow White* when I was ten. It was pouring raining when we left to take the bus to the Paramount Theater; still raining heavily when we left the theater. When we got home to Twin Oaks Way off Sequoyah, the back yard was GONE *in its entirety* to ~ 7-8 feet under the house. My grandfather built it on fill overlooking the creek running from the Naval Hospital just up Mountain Blvd. That's when I learned to build a retaining wall with my father... and added dump trucks more fill.

Which was nothing compared to the month my eldest son was born, January 1968. It rained for 28 days straight; we got 68" in the Santa Cruz mountains. The reservoir was full to the brim coming out of Los Gatos. Probably in 1980 or so when I went back from SLC, there had been devastating slides going "over the hill" from San Jose to Santa Cruz; the Nimitz was closed and the only access was old Highway 9. Mountains had slid away; huge redwood trees were all akimbo with roots in air, corners of roof tops of houses with chimneys sticking up above the mud were the only signs of previous habitation. Unsure of the mortality rate. It certainly got your attention... Then, of course, there was the Loma Prieta Richter 7 earthquake that destroyed downtown Santa Cruz, half the Bay Bridge with BART flattened on the lower deck, collapsed freeways. Home Sweet Home. Living on the edge. Just the way we like it. My daughter was on the 7th floor of her office building, working late in San Francisco; she was supposed to have gone home that night on BART to Berkeley, just when the quake struck. Providence and Guardian Angels, I say... I couldn't get through to her for two days. The good old days you never want to see again.

**Beth Beeby**

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Went to Passignano del Lago, a few miles away, for cappuccino this morning. The lake is at its highest level in decades. In the distance is Isola Maggiore, and the light speck on the island is an abandoned castle. When I was living here, Sting tried to buy it, but he gave up when the church and/or government wouldn't deconsecrate the chapel on the premises. Rightfully so - he didn't want people wandering through his "house" on the way to church. Later there was a media blitz that it was being developed as a five star



hotel and spa of all people, Gina Lollobrigida as the spokesperson. I haven't seen any advertising, so I guess the developers came to their senses and realized that Gina is a bit long in the tooth.

George Lucas has had better luck. He purchased a monastery in the hills above Passignano and spent a fair amount of change on the compound. I noticed the cranes are gone, so he's probably finished the project. Maybe he should consider building his museum here since the Presidio has blown him off.

Main challenge today was lightbulbs, believe it or not. Like in the states, all the formats have changed, and you're in deep trouble if you want a bulb to fit an existing wall or ceiling fixture that's about 10 years old. I had fun at the local hardware store operated by a lovely couple. I brought in the bulbs that needed replacing, and the search began. They gave me the only options and explained that the new energy efficient bulbs will last 25-30 years (perhaps trying to justify the prices exceeding \$14 a bulb). We also discussed reliability -Chinese vs German or Italian. When I replied that I'm not here all year and I probably won't live another 30 years, they took me to the candle section. Great sense of humor.

The house is almost in order, and I'll start on the outside when I return from Sorrento. Tomorrow off to Chiusure, south of Siena, to spend the day with my friends, Jeff and Valeria. Have a great weekend, and Happy Mothers' Day to all the mothers.

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Sunshine before the next thunderstorm. Car is basically packed for long trip tomorrow - similar to drive between SF and LA. It gets dicier the closer to Naples you get. it's important to remember that the Napolitani were the ones to design t-shirts with a prominent graphic of a seat belt when the seat belt rules were adopted in Italy. That and their interpretation of a red light as a suggestion means you can never slack off when driving in the south.

Sharon Buttimer Hallgrimson (between Sherri and Rick Steen and maybe Bob Blesse, readers will be able to wander Europe from their recliners.)

Was married for almost 41 years until my wife died of cancer april 2009. Have three children and three grand children; we all have cats. When I was at Elmhurst I was a hall commisioner,dance commisioner,was on the traffic squad, and was in the band. (I played the clarinet.) I went to Elmhurst 1958-1960. transfered to King jr high for ninth grade. went to Skyline high where I graduated in 1964. was married in 1968. moved to Sun Valley Nevada (between Sparks and Reno) in 2003 when our youngest son went away to college. my other two kids and their families had already moved there. my daughter had a daughter now 17, and my son had a son who will be 12 july 31. my older brother is a retired high school biology teacher in Alameda, Ca. my younger brother is in real estate. he is the vice president and regional manager for Coldwell Banker. he lives in Scottsdale Arizona. My first wife of almost 41yrs died in April 2009. I moved to Ridgecrest , Ca and remained in July 2011. My new wife and I now live in RIdgecrest,ca.

Clinton Boomer

And another "lost" is found. Carol Blower became Cara DeAmicis:

We lived in San Rafael for over 30 years and moved full time to Santa Barbara two years ago. For 10 years we went back and forth.

I had a 30 plus year teaching career (K-3) and retired. Love being retired. We have two children both married as of April and two grandchildren.

Many years ago I changed my name to Cara due to too many Carols in my work places. I like the change a lot and everyone calls me Cara. It's funny to hear Carol again.

Hey guys,



Went to the memorial last Friday night for Nick.....(It was exactly the way he would of had it)

The image is of one of Nicks last wishes. Besides great wine, this was one of his great passions.

RIP Nick

Bob Nordgren

Thanks to all for getting into the spirit of things and replying to the questions for the word cloud. (For those that did not respond yet, you still have some time, but hurry!) You'll have to wait for the final product, but here's a "not-one-word" response:

1. Memories of a time that was filled both with fun and with fear. Fun going to the drive-in; "19" (Quick Way) on Wednesday night ("club night"); Santa Cruz and Tahoe. Fear that we would not survive the inevitable nuclear war with the Soviet Union. (seems we have turned full circle here)

2. A struggle. The "new math" that was the "old math" with an attitude; wondering why we were learning the boring things we had to study, not then realizing how it all fit in. Waiting for 3:15 PM, and loving those "minimum days." How excited we were to see a movie projector or a substitute teacher in the classroom when we arrived, knowing it would be "down time."



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Meanwhile please go to Tom Simpson's page on the Reunion Website,

[www.skyline64reunion.com](http://www.skyline64reunion.com), to see the inspiring message he sent the Class of 2014.

And tho we may shed some tears, the little memorial messages being left are very sweet.

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from Nancy (Klinkner) Mulligan:

<https://www.youtube.com/v/J55S38wxnQ>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jjj9VKKSV2g>



Birthdays

June

- 06 Francesca Kahn Tillman
- 06 Carol Blower
- 06 Phillip Rodwell
- 13 Kathleen Lofing Crawford
- 19 Bob Nordgren

- 22 Bill Giacometti
- 26 Cheryl Chatham
- 26 Craig LaBarbera
- Russ Union
- Jennifer Morag Keene
- 29 Sue Gracie Lanphear
- 29 Pete Ramos



July

- 06 Georgina Mew Chew
- 07 Carol Armstrong
- 07 Diane Olney
- 10 Jayne Ross Pike
- 12 Vicki Oding
- 13 Susan Nicholson Wood
- 13 Carol Hansen Hartman
- Shari Bates MacGregor
- 16 Jay Goodrich
- 17 Gary Sommer
- Wolfgang Werner
- 18 Judy Israel Hoeshler
- 20 Cathy Karsh Cobel
- 20 Charles Day
- 23 Laura Beach
- 25 Michael Meehan
- 26 Janet Carter
- 29 Janice Johnson McIntyre
- 30 Richard Clarke
- Carol Gorden Gilder
- 31 William Roberston

More things to do in Oakland:

- 80. Watch some ruffled feathers at a burlesque night at [Cafe Van Kleeef](#)
- 81. Take a cake decorating class at [Miette](#) at Jack London Square
- 82. Taste a Michelin-starred meal at [Commis](#) on Piedmont Avenue
- 83. Channel your inner pyromaniac with a class at [The Crucible](#)
- 84. Review restaurants A-Z at visitoakland.org
- 85. Keep up with the latest restaurant specials by following Visit Oakland's [Twitter feed](#)
- 86. Savor the flavors of the [Rockridge Market Hall](#)
- 87. Stroll city galleries at [First Friday Art Nights](#)
- 88. Get lost in the beauty of the Cascades, a waterfall amidst the redwoods in [Joaquin Miller Park](#)
- 89. Learn about the race to space at [Chabot Space and Science Center](#)
- 90. Paddle a canoe or use your feet in a pedal boat at

http://www.thrillist.com/drink/san-francisco/oakland/the-oakland-drinking-guide-thrillist-san-francisco?utm_content=feature&utm_term=San%20Francisco&utm_source=Sailthru&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=3.28.14%20:%20Thrillist%20Digest

Meet Me at the Fair **APRIL 23, 2014**

Optimism isn't what it used to be.

Let's talk future.

This week is the golden anniversary of the opening of the 1964 New York World's Fair, when visitors flocked to Queens to see exhibits that included a guy flying around with his jet pack, Michelangelo's "Pieta," the brand-new Ford Mustang and Walt Disney's animated figurines singing "It's a Small World (After All)."

I am not quite sure we needed "It's a Small World." Nice sentiment, terrible tune.

There were computers on display, performing exciting tasks like — looking up a date. (Peering forward, people almost always overestimated the possibility of flying cars and underestimated the potential of computers.) "You will be able to ask for the news of any date that you like," enthused a woman at the I.B.M. pavilion, where visitors could experience what was supposed to be a futuristic information search. Participants got to write a date on a card, which they then stuck into a box about the size of two refrigerators. Then, after a little wait, a little electronic ticker tape would announce that on Oct. 29, 1950, King Gustav of Sweden had died.

When the fair opened, Isaac Asimov wrote a piece for The Times conjuring up a "Visit to the World's Fair of 2014." He was remarkably prescient on some points. He foresaw Skype, although he imagined we'd be doing it with our friends on the moon colonies. He was pretty darned close in predicting population growth and appropriately dubious about robot house cleaners. He knew we'd be going to 3-D movies, but was overoptimistic about how much we'd like them. (If you're going to be a futurist, there's no point in looking ahead to a world with an exceedingly high level of technology that's dedicated to "The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug.")



The way people see the future can define their present. A century or so ago, when Americans were trying to imagine the year 2000, the talk was about ending social ills. The best-selling novel “Looking Backward” told the story of a man who fell asleep and woke up in a world where crime, unemployment and mental illness had virtually vanished, where college was free, and laundry was cheap and people ate their stupendously delicious meals in communal dining rooms. It sold millions of copies and spawned both progressive movements and a long line of novels with heroes who fell asleep and woke up at the next millennium.

In 1964 at the fair, everyone was thinking about building stuff. General Motors presented a model of a 300-foot-long atomic-powered tree clearer that would be able to wipe out jungles and lay down expressways in a matter of hours. There were underwater houses! Underwater hotels! “In the early ’60s, progress always seemed to be about cars and skyscrapers and gadgets to make your life easier,” said Joseph Tirella, author of “Tomorrow-Land: The 1964-65 World’s Fair and the Transformation of America.”

And what about our visions of the future now? Imagining things 50 years in the future, our novelists and scriptwriters generally see things getting worse — civilizations crash, zombies arrive, the environment implodes. We’ve certainly got problems, but it seems a tad over-negative.

Maybe it’s because we’ve lived through decades of amazing technological revolution and been disappointed with the payoff. Ralph Nader — who published his classic indictment of the American auto industry “Unsafe at Any Speed” in 1965 — remembers going to the 1939 World’s Fair as a child and racing to the General Motors pavilion happily crying “G.M.! G.M.!” The exhibits he saw back then, Nader recollected, were better than anything that ever hit the market: “super electric cars, turbine cars. Just a lot of hope springing eternal.”

And who would have imagined 50 years ago that we’d get to the moon and then give up on it? Microwave dinners really did arrive. But, like 3-D, the thrill is limited.

We can’t even hold onto the things we thought we’d locked down. Just this week, The Times reported that Canada may have outstripped the United States when it comes to middle-class wealth. That seemed like a double-whammy. First, it was still more evidence of growing income inequality. Second, the Canadians didn’t even seem all that excited. Trish Hennessy, of the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives, said besting the American middle was “like comparing ourselves to a sinking stone.” Ouch.

It’d be nice to go back to the old utopian futures. Dream you fell asleep in 2014 and woke up 50 years down the line. What do you want to see? Re-imagine the schools and the housing and the public enterprises. Don’t concentrate on computers. The computers will take care of themselves. Also, no more highways. If we’re going to talk transportation, let’s work on those transporters they have in “Star Trek.”

Think positive, or move to Toronto.

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[http://www.takepart.com/photos/whats-most-memorable-thing-teacher-ever-taught-you/  
next-gallery](http://www.takepart.com/photos/whats-most-memorable-thing-teacher-ever-taught-you/next-gallery)



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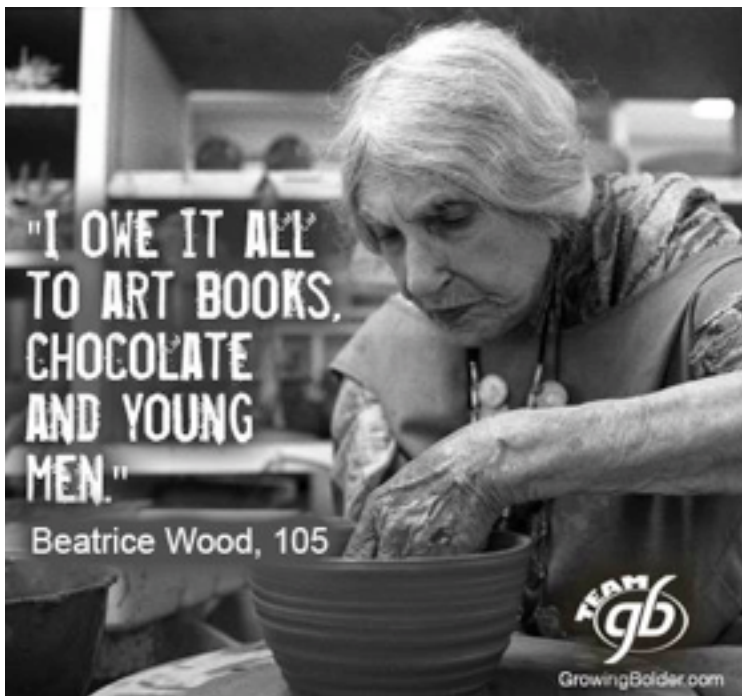
**[Protesting the 1964 World’s Fair: Activists Recall Effort to Highlight Civil Rights, Labor Struggles](#)**

**Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez, Video Interview:** On the 50th Anniversary of the 1964 World’s Fair in New York City, which drew visitors over the span of two years, we look at the untold history of massive protests highlighting racial and economic inequality—and to demand equitable hiring practices at the international event. Velma Hill, longtime civil and labor rights activist and her husband, Norman, were part of the Congress of Racial Equality, which led the demonstrations. [READ](#) | [DISCUSS](#) | [SHARE](#)

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**[Oakland School for the Arts' Vocal Rush becomes national sensation](#)** [ABC7 News](#)

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Ceramic artist Beatrice Wood worked on a potter's wheel every day until she was 103. Wood said "My life is full of mistakes. They're like pebbles that make a good road."

**Life in the nineties**

by [Roger Angell](#) February 17, 2014

Check me out. The top two knuckles of my left hand look as if I’d been worked over by the K.G.B. No, it’s more as if I’d been a catcher for the Hall of Fame pitcher Candy Cummings, the inventor of the curveball, who retired from the game in 1877. To put this another way, if I pointed that hand at you like a pistol and fired at your nose, the bullet would nail you in the left knee. Arthritis.

Now, still facing you, if I cover my left, or better, eye with one hand, what I see is a blurry encircling version of the ceiling and floor and walls or windows to our right and left but no sign of your face or head: nothing in the middle. But cheer up: if I reverse things and cover my right eye, there you are, back again. If I take my hand away and look at you with both eyes, the empty

hole disappears and you're in 3-D, and actually looking pretty terrific today. Macular degeneration.

I'm ninety-three, and I'm feeling great. Well, pretty great, unless I've forgotten to take a couple of Tylenols in the past four or five hours, in which case I've begun to feel some jagged little pains shooting down my left forearm and into the base of the thumb. Shingles, in 1996, with resultant nerve damage.

Like many men and women my age, I get around with a couple of arterial stents that keep my heart chunking. I also sport a minute plastic seashell that clamps shut a congenital hole in my heart, discovered in my early eighties. The surgeon at Mass General who fixed up this PFO (a patent foramen ovale—I love to say it) was a Mexican-born character actor in beads and clogs, and a fervent admirer of Derek Jeter. Counting this procedure and the stents, plus a passing balloon angioplasty and two or three false alarms, I've become sort of a table potato, unalarmed by the X-ray cameras swooping eerily about just above my naked body in a darkened and icy operating room; there's also a little TV screen up there that presents my heart as a pendant ragbag attached to tacky ribbons of veins and arteries. But never mind. Nowadays, I pop a pink beta-blocker and a white statin at breakfast, along with several lesser pills, and head off to my human-wreckage gym, and it's been a couple of years since the last showing.

My left knee is thicker but shakier than my right. I messed it up playing football, eons ago, but can't remember what went wrong there more recently. I had a date to have the joint replaced by a famous knee man (he's listed in the Metropolitan Opera program as a major supporter) but changed course at the last moment, opting elsewhere for injections of synthetic frog hair or rooster combs or something, which magically took away the pain. I walk around with a cane now when outdoors—"Stop *brandishing!*" I hear my wife, Carol, admonishing—which gives me a nice little edge when hailing cabs.

The lower-middle sector of my spine twists and jogs like a Connecticut county road, thanks to a herniated disk seven or eight years ago. This has cost me two or three inches of height, transforming me from Gary Cooper to Geppetto. After days spent groaning on the floor, I received a blessed epidural, ending the ordeal. "You can sit up now," the doctor said, whisking off his shower cap. "Listen, do you know who Dominic Chianese is?"

"Isn't that Uncle Junior?" I said, confused. "You know—from 'The Sopranos'?"

"Yes," he said. "He and I play in a mandolin quartet every Wednesday night at the Hotel Edison. Do you think you could help us get a listing in the front of *The New Yorker*?"

I've endured a few knocks but missed worse. I know how lucky I am, and secretly tap wood, greet the day, and grab a sneaky pleasure from my survival at long odds. The pains and insults are bearable. My conversation may be full of holes and pauses, but I've learned to dispatch a private Apache scout ahead into the next sentence, the one coming up, to see if there are any vacant names or verbs in the landscape up there. If he sends back a warning, I'll pause meaningfully, duh, until something else comes to mind.

On the other hand, I've not yet forgotten Keats or Dick Cheney or what's waiting for me at the dry cleaner's today. As of right now, I'm not Christopher Hitchens or Tony Judt or Nora Ephron; I'm not dead and not yet mindless in a reliable upstate facility. Decline and disaster impend, but my thoughts don't linger there. It shouldn't surprise me if at this time next week I'm surrounded by family, gathered on short notice—they're sad and shocked but also a little pissed off to be here—to help decide, after what's happened, what's to be done with me now. It must be this hovering knowledge, that two-ton safe swaying on a frayed rope just over my head, that makes everyone so glad to see me again. "How great you're looking! Wow, tell me your secret!" they kindly cry when they happen upon me crossing the street or exiting a dinghy or departing an X-ray room, while the little balloon over their heads reads, "Holy shit—he's still vertical!"

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and for equal opportunity: <http://www.mountainwings.com/past/12221.htm>

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*Remember: Reunion fee becomes \$100 on June 12.*

**A THOUGHT FOR TODAY:**

**The best portion of a good man's life is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. -William Wordsworth, poet (1770-1850)**

The greatest healing therapy is friendship and love. - Hubert Humphrey.