

January 1960

Dear Old Gang:

Another January and time to go to press again. Just as a year ago at this time, there are fifteen missing letters, but a couple of Air Mail Special Delivery messages have boosted our morale, so we'll keep hoping.

ANDERSON, Vesta and Eric: After 18 years of being happily married to the same big Swede and successfully (so far) rearing 5 kids, I decided to go back to college and find out how it happened. Started on my masters this summer and what with jockeying my schedule around naptimes for 2 and the demands of a Blue Bird, newspaper boy, and Pep Clubber, I manage to stay out of trouble. Eric is still commuting between Bozeman and Missoula. Although the Park Hotel hasn't brought complete oblivion to the Florence, with the Grace of God and patience of our creditors, it looks as if it might become a profitable venture around 1978. We are really involved in the mental retardation program throughout the state and have spent the last 2 years trying to pass on to others what we learn each spring at the mental retardation seminar we attend in Los Angeles. We always come home terrifically inspired by the wonderful speakers we hear from all over the United States. Besides the friends we've made, we can see new hope for the retarded child as the program develops. In spite of us, the kids are doing real well—none of them have been in jail or eloped and all seem to be receiving more than their share of honors and fun.

BECK, Cora and Ward: As 1959 sinks slowly into the Sea of Living Memory, We bid a fond adieu to a wonderful year and welcome the occasion of this newsletter to send warm greetings to our friends near and far, and share with them a little of the news from around our house. The children grew on—a little too fast to suit us—Ward Jr. is in 9th grade, works after school and Saturdays at Penney's, almost 6 ft., after over 3 years they removed the braces off his teeth—looks mighty handsome like his Dad and a real nice kid. Leslie Kay is in third grade and taking piano, speech and skating lessons. Also goes to choir, Bluebirds, doll craft and loves horseback riding. She is busy and happy. Ward is finishing his year as being President of the Chamber of Commerce—been very busy but fun. He's also very active in Church and Demolay Memorial. We have traveled a lot this year. Ward went on an inspection tour of the Marine Base in California. We both had a wonderful winter's vacation in New Mexico and Phoenix last February, in August children and all spent a week in Denver then on to Jackson Hole—Yellowstone Park day after earthquake. Last Oct. we were back to Minneapolis for football game and house guests of Edna (Dean) & Ollie Erickson, what fun! Leaving for Palm Springs for a month in February, maybe see some of you there. I'm still active in church, Red Cross, Civ-Aire Club, Camp Fire, Hospital Library and P.T.A. Find time for bridge, bowling and golf—we love Great Falls and our new home. Wish you all lots of good luck for 1960.

CALLISTER, Dot and Hague: I wonder why there isn't more to write as I take inventory of our life this last year. We are such a busy normal family I am hard pressed to find anything of variety to report this year. Just ten years ago when Hague walked out of our house in Bozeman things started with a long rout of ups 'n downs. It is nice to be so nebulous. Our kids are growing up and seem more interesting all the time. We have been scurrying about equipping them with ski clothes so that our eleven and 12 year old can take lessons at Mt. Hood. These kids get a ski school bus at 7:30 a.m., have a 3 hr. trip to the Mt. and back. They are home at 6 p.m. Boy that Gallatin ski bowl sounds good to us! Scootta, our 7 yr. old is out right now in ski outfit some one gave her. She thinks she can go to ski school too, but it is too big a day for little ones. Hague is still trying to sell auto insurance—the accident claims about beat the policy sales! He and Al Grantham are busy with the school board, Lions Club and their poker club. I try to keep all the appointments straight and the shopping done. All in all we can count a lot of blessings in this household. I am looking forward to hearing about everyone and a special love to Elota Beth and her mother, June T., Flossie and Speed who I promised to write (me write?) and all the others that I remember and I am anxious to hear about. A happy 1960 to you all and I do think we shall get to Montana to see you this year.

CLINTON, Peg: I hope you didn't hold your breath until I arrived last summer—because if you did I don't need to write any more now! Well, anyway, in all

fairness to all friends concerned-a year's notice is better. Really, though, we were disappointed, but with Corky in summer school and my being approached about a Dean of Women's position involving trips for interviews and then decisions-decisions-we just didn't get to Montana. For the past five years, I've been exploring colleges in Missouri and Illinois for the right opening-and then all of a sudden opportunities came to me-and I found the decision to leave my partners and employment business a very difficult decision to make. November 1st I became Admissions Counselor for William Woods College. It is a women's junior college located in Fulton, Missouri--a fine liberal arts school with limited enrollment. I didn't have to relocate (which the Dean's job required) but work with high school counselors and girls in the greater St. Louis area and all of So. Illinois. I like the educational field very much--certainly prefer to industry. I have wondered if you were having a real old MSC hoe-down at West Yellowstone or was the quake really caused by nature? Is the 20th reunion still in the mill. I don't know yet what vacation schedule I'll have-but it is an incentive to be present and have you all guess who I am-ow would you spoil it with name tags. College-it has been so long since I've seen any of you. I'm told I live on a beaten path down here in St. Louis, but I never see any MSCers beating it. If we who look forward to the annual newsletter were together, I know you two would get a standing ovation that would make Mr. Eisenhower's India reception look like Sunday School. Your hard work and loyalty in keeping all of us aware of each other's activities has certainly been beyond the call of duty. And I thank you very much. Now hurry and get the portfolio together-Christmas isn't complete without it.

COEFIELD, Vivian and Jack: How quickly time goes and once again I await eagerly for the newsletter. We Coefields really don't have any exciting news to write this year. We have as usual had a very happy year and one filled with the usual events which occur with three healthy normal kids. Jeff, sophomore in high school, is this year on the varsity wrestling team, played his second year of Babe Ruth Baseball last summer. He was chosen for All-Star. Their team won the district tournament and then went to Klamath Falls for State tournament and there they placed fourth. It was a wonderful experience and loads of fun. Oh, yes, Mother went along. Alan is grade 6, plays trumpet in school band and orchestra and is doing well with his piano lessons. Also sings in school chorus. We are delighted that he is experiencing something that no one else in our family ever has. Leslie age 6 is first grade, loves school and is a real acrobat on the trampoline and in the swimming pool. Because of our "all summer" baseball program our vacation is limited to short trips camping and to the beach. Jack and I went to Pendleton Roundup which we loved and of course brought back pleasant memories of the "good old days" in Montana. Plan to spend some time at Swan Lake, Montana next August. Don't know how much more of Montana we will cover, but would surely love to see you all. I think some sort of reunion should be planned some of these years. Love to you all and a most joyous 1960.

DANIELS, Judy and Kermit: Every year we look forward to the newsletter. This year has been good but busy. Kermit has had his offices remodeled--real nice, too--wish some of you would wander this way, we'll show it to you. We toured California this summer. Had a good visit with John and Mazie (Wilson). Also stopped in Crescent City to see Jack and Betty Harper. We hope 1960 will hold lots of good things for all of you. Stop to see us when you come through the "Prison City".

GATES, Chrissie and John: Your warning card catches me in bed sick with a neck infection. However, its firmness and the cryptic suggestion would lure one from the deathbed. Betting odds here favor a husband for Bettie, next, more children for the Taylors, down the line is hope for Orton and Yoyo. Last, with the longest odds, is a gift for each of our gang from Dr. Dave, even tho he does seem to be mellowing under tender loving care. In 1959 we did see quite a few Montanans. Snooks Rushing was here on business and he stayed for dinner. The Les Willsons came up from Wilmington unannounced to Snooks and we had a fine surprise evening. Had hoped the Chuck Turners could come from York, Pa. but they had to meet Mr. Chaffin somewhere the same eve. Later I was in Washington on occasion of MSC alumni get together for Dr. Renne. A lot of old friends were there including Les again. Sam Shoemaker and Mary Corbin did all of the work and did a wonderful job. Walt Weedman who roomed with Clemow, Erum, Miller and me at the Millers our freshman year was on hand so that a lot

of years were gapped. Hoped to see the Roths and Todd Fisher, but they couldn't come. I find that Milt Chauner lives and works in Phila. Chrissie and I still find that three active children 2, 4, & 6 a more demanding job leaves time for other things just a bit here and there. We get in some tennis, skating, occasional skiing and golf. No real vacation last year so we hope to visit my family in Arizona next month. My company has had a difficult year completing large government business and the steel strike. Partly because of this, I am now in the selling end of the business. As a result I travel about half of the time. My hope is that these travels will take me to or thru Montana. The main problem is that we don't have any business there. I will send you the sales literature in the next letter. Perhaps with a few Montana sales we can come home more often. I did see the Brandons twice in Joliet and we had a great time. Chrissie and I send our very best to all and wait with bated breath to read the surprise. Please keep on with the letter no matter how many babies or husbands enter the scene.

HEINRICH, Jean and Walt:

This note is close to deadline--
At least too doggone near
So I'm gonna write this quickly
Or I'm off the list this year.

It seems that nineteen fifty-nine
Brought to our Heinrich crew
A lot of joy and happiness
But really nothing new.

Our "count" is still the very same--
Five boys, 4 girls, dad and mother.
We're healthy and so very "normal" (?)
And glad we have one another.

This summer Walt and I took time
For the relief all parents seek--
Were alone in Minneapolis and Chicago
To pretend we were young for a week.

'Nuff chatter-----but may this year
Let each "Newsletter gang's" wish come true!
With special love to each of you
From the kids, Walt and Jeany too!

JACOBS, Grace and Hugo: If anyone wants a climate with no rain, sunshine about 99% of the time, and just a little smog thrown in once in awhile--this is it! Of course, if the wind blows real hard, we have a little dust to add to the picture. Have had a busy year. Think the nicest part was our three week's vacation in Montana this summer. Considered ourselves fortunate to leave just before the earthquake or we might have been under that mountain! Joanne, our 13 year old, thinks she is about 18 and has too many boy friends to suit us. Johnny is 10, President of his Class and at the moment loves to play the clarinet real loud. Quite a combination--clarinet music from one room and teenage music going full blast from another. Hope you all have a happy and prosperous 1960.

JUSTICE, Edna and Jack: Well, another Holiday Season and here are the four Justices' a lookin' at ya! Look what the years have done to this "doll" who used to beat herself to death leading cheers for good ole MSC! My hair may be grey, but I can still do the splits! We love it here in Sacramento--we are only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from San Francisco and only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. from Lake Tahoe, mountains and the gambling casinos at Stateline, Nevada. We took our house guests up to Tahoe Thanksgiving week-end and caught the Gizelle MacKensie show--then next day drove to Squaw Valley to see the progress on the Winter Olympic Games site. We hope to take in at least one day of the games. We are going to take in the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena New Year's Day. We are still waiting for some MSC'ers to pay us a surprise call. I keep reading the alumni magazine for news of our class--to see

if anyone is close around here. We would sure like to make a trip back to Montana someday. The kids don't remember it at all. Who knows, we might be stationed there someday.

MACNAB, Mel and Robin: Yipes, once again we forgot to report on time. 1959 was just another year for us - the most recent in quite an interesting series at that. We continued with our myriad of jobs, as secretary to the Montana Beef Council, and the Montana Livestock Markets Association; and carried on, too, with our investment counseling and mutual funds. Duncan decided not to go back to Shattuck School this year as the rumor reached him that Gallatin High School was co-educational. His sister Gayle, entered high school this fall. Each year this family takes on a new project, and this has been no exception. Assisted by the Pegrams who have moved back to Bozeman we are feverishly engaged in setting up the Rocky Mountain Lines, a model O-Gauge railroad in space that was provided when we built our new home at Harrison and 5th. This railroad will be no different from any other - and will soon have its first series of debenture bonds. We are all looking forward to an interesting 1960--and we hope that it will be crammed full of good things for all of you.

MARTIN, Marian and Ford: As the end of another year nears (and it comes quicker every year) we report that we are all hale and hearty (well, at least the kids are, and we have to be to keep up.) Kathy, 11 yrs., takes piano and square dance lessons weekly, plays saxophone in her 2nd year of band and is active in her second year of 4-H and is eagerly looking forward to becoming a Rainbow Girl when she is 12 in March. Jean, age 9, is just about as busy with first year band (plays a coronet), first year 4-H member, piano and square dance lessons. Our seven year old, Maribeth, is busy with her first year piano lessons and square dance lessons, very thrilled because she can play Christmas carols this year. Pepper, a very busy two year old, is a constant-constantly into and out of everything, but a very loveable character. Don't believe we introduced you to a new member of our family which we have had for a year and a half. Jane Louise--a springer spaniel (named by Kathy) who presented us with ten identical offspring on Thanksgiving day. Anybody want a puppy??? So count them up--we now have seventeen in our family. Ford doubled his dairy herd in July so needless to say he has been very busy. Come see us--all of us--cows, dogs and kids.

MCCOILM, Dolores and Mark: The approaching deadline--and the thought of possibly not receiving a copy of the newsletter, finally moves me to action. Hope that this past year has been a happy and healthful one for everyone. Have wondered many times how all of you in Montana, particularly the Eagles at West, fared through the earthquake last summer. Ours has been a busy but good year. Most of our time (and also money, may I add) seems to have been spent in the process of redecorating and refurnishing the house that we moved into almost two years ago. It's slow, but satisfying. We made a hurried combination business and pleasure trip to California this summer. Our schedule did not leave time for many side jaunts or much relaxing, but we did enjoy the sunshine and was good to get away for awhile. Linda started Junior High this year, and seems to have made that jump up in the world without any major crises. The school she attends has almost 2000 students and when I stop to think that it is larger than MSC when I was there, leaves me a little appalled. Linda skis every Saturday and loves it. She still takes chord organ lessons (For Orton's benefit--it is my daughter and not I who plays the organ), and with the usual other school and outside activities, there are times when I'm sure we're over organized. Mark has some additional help this year, which has meant less traveling and more time at home--which we all like. If it all works out, it should mean very little traveling (or at least not for long periods) in the future. Seldom see anyone from Montana. Do see "Pop" Johnson occasionally in the University District here and he looks just the same as he did 20 years ago. I notice that MSC is playing basketball here in Seattle this month and there is to be a gathering after the game. We attended the one here a couple of years ago, but 90% of the people there had graduated after 1947 and before the evening was over I felt a little like an "antique". We did see Barbara and Howie Vange that evening and had fun "recollecting". The thought of a reunion is a good one--and hope that maybe it can be worked out somehow. Do you suppose we'll recognize one another after all these years? Lots of good things for everyone in 1960.

MENZEL, Rose and Hermie: 1959 has been a most eventful year for the Menzels. We started out our year with our annual jaunt to the Los Angeles Gift Show. We all enjoyed Marineland, the San Diego Zoo, and Tijuana, and, of course, seeing our many California friends and Ed's family. Our season got off to a slow start and the situation wasn't helped by the opening of two more Gift Shops close to us. In May we were robbed and the culprits got away with the change in two registers plus a fair amount of Jewelry. August 17 was the memorable date of the earthquake. We were all in bed when it happened but in short order we were dressed and had ourselves settled in the car for the rest of the night. Our home is cinderblock and we felt much safer out of it. In town here, most of the damage was to chimneys, windows, and merchandise. We had over \$600 worth of broken merchandise, a chimney down, broken window, and numerous cracks in our house and little store. And of course, our season just stopped-- 20,000 people were said to leave the area in 24 hours. Through it all, we feel very lucky; it could have been so much worse. And most people predict that through the years, our loss will more than be offset by the number of curious people who come to see what happened. In early November, my oldest brother Henry had a coronary, but we are happy to say is able to go back to work part time January 4. This fall, after twenty-five years, I have gone back to studying the piano. Am trying to learn the organ as well, and this is fascinating. Am playing the organ for both Sunday School and Church. The Eagles' are putting an addition on to our store which we will lease so this winter Hermie will be busy making new displays etc. We are real excited with the new plans. While you guys were enjoying homecoming in Bozeman who should walk in on the Menzels but the Shirley Shinns. We had our own Reunion which was one of the highlights of the Fall. Had good visits with the Stuckys when they were enroute to Ames, Iowa.

PURDY, Anna Lee and Bud: Now for a short synopsis of the fates and fortunes of the Purdys. Daryl Ann is nine, in the third grade and loves horses and sports. She is a good student and plays the piano. Lee is fourteen, a freshman in high school and a real hot-rod enthusiast (darn it) and is almost a six footer. Anna Lee is still twenty-nine and as always a wonderful mother, housekeeper, cook and, oh yes, a wife. Fat Bud is two years older than Anna Lee and is sporting a ruptured disc and a few gray hairs. The famous Yellowstone quake raised the devil with us and really put us out of business, but with God's permission we will be back next summer. We are still at the Fieldhouse at Montana State and like it more all the time. We send our bestest to all of you and only wish our trails crossed more often.

ROSSITER, Bertha and Dave: The worst part of the newsletter is how often it comes up and how little of general interest I seem to have to say. Marriage is a good thing (note: Eagle, Yovetich, Orton et al) but it narrows down your activities to the point that what you do isn't likely to hold too much attention from the house. When it gets to where you can't offer much but what falls in with your work and your kids you'd best hang up the gloves and step aside until retirement. We can at least report that all is well and it's wonderful doing straight radiology instead of G.P. Commute to Butte where I work next door to Nat Yovetich and can keep a bead on her brother who's too cheap to get married and who, incidentally, is so vain he's got contact lenses. Might also say we're building, with the help of the federal government, a new house out on the creek and hope to move in before spring. More domestic talk--see what I mean? You just can't sidestep it, so I'll ring the curtain down by inviting everybody to stop by and look at our view of the Tobacco Roots--it's worth your time -- even at 25¢ a look (5 for \$1.00).

ROTH, Elota Beth and Floyd: This year has been a busy one and not one we are reluctant to have behind us. We took advantage of the boys' long Easter vacation, approximately 10 days, and drove to Norfolk for a short visit, then on to Valdosta, Georgia where Teri made the acquaintance of her Godmother. From Georgia we drove on to Silver Springs, Florida, stopping enroute to visit the Stephen Foster Memorial. Floyd had a trip to Germany in May and returned laden with gifts for the family. Perhaps the most delighted was Bartley who received a small two-wheeler bicycle. He became most proficient on it and consequently a bit daring so that in June on the very day we were to pick up Tim after a week at Scout Camp, Bartley had a slight accident on his bike and required a few stitches at the hospital as we were

enroute for Tim. Tim had spent the greater part of his camp week in his bed in the tent swollen, red and miserable from both poison ivy and poison oak. I think his advice to hikers would be "take adequate toilet tissue along and do not rely on available leaves - the identity of which may not be known to you". Floyd spent the late spring months and early part of the summer completely refinishing the boat. We managed a couple of trial runs by midsummer and had planned some later fishing trips. However, the latter part of July, Beth received word of her Mother's serious illness and pending surgery and left by plane that very night with Bart and Teri for Helena. There were anxious days but the Good Lord heard our many prayers and Grandma Houle has made a satisfactory improvement. Floyd had a conference in California the following week so drove back to Montana with the two older boys picking up Beth's brother in Chicago enroute. Floyd and Tim returned to Washington the latter part of August and Beth remained with the other three children in Montana. We felt the earth tremors that triggered the tragic Yellowstone Park earthquake, and slept with clothes and flashlights handy for days - reminiscent of 1935 when Helena seemed destined to be shaken right off the globe. By Oct. 20 Grandma Houle had strengthened sufficiently to travel with us and we all returned to Washington by train. Jeffrey left a teacher back in Helena of whom he was very fond, but has found it pleasant to get back to old friends. With our return Bartley started in the co-operative kindergarten here and likes it immensely. Since it is cooperative, Beth must participate approximately one morning every five weeks by assisting a salaried teacher. Schedules had already been set up for the earlier months so it was not until the past few days Beth was scheduled to fulfill her duties as "participating mother". Bartley was growing a bit indignant at what he considered an oversight and finally last week said, "Mother when are you going to be "Dissipating Mother"". Tim is in Junior High School - and a busy seventh grade student. But he seems to enjoy the greater demands on his time and his ability, and shows more interest in school than he has in the past several years. Our Teri grows dearer every day and no one seems to lose patience with her. No one can bear to hurt her for the slightest cross word and she indulges in such heartbreaking sobs she is immediately cuddled and loved. She is surprisingly good with all her attention, a happy disposition, and talks all the time. All the Roths sincerely hope that each of their good friends has the Happiest of New Years.

RUSHING, Shirley and Clyde: I remember that you said that those who have not written any news will be considered as dead in your annual letter. I enjoy the letter so much I sure don't want to miss out. After we opened our Christmas presents Shirley and I remarked at how fortunate we were to have such a nice family and good friends. Believe me, I feel that the end of the year is a good time to take inventory as well as make resolutions. This year has been an exciting and satisfying year for all of us. The girls are becoming young ladies and Rickey is at a very enjoyable age, too young to talk back and old enough to be a personality. Shirley and I grow older and she looks real good to me. Her investment in me has appreciated over 25%. She landed me at 135# and now has a 170# meal ticket. Was mighty proud of MSC when they beat Oregon. The rumor around here was that the officiating smelled a little, but I paid no attention. There was a very nice write-up in the Eugene Register-Guard about the tournament, Bozeman and MSC. Suggest the "Exponent" get a copy for publication. Was very happy this year to see John "The Philadelphian" Gates with charming Chrissie and the kids. John had Lester Willson and wife over to dinner and we capped the evening by calling Pappin "Collect" in Great Falls. I felt that the hilarity was a little one-sided. Talked with Pappin enroute through Great Falls. Spent a delightful visit in Billings with Peg & Bill, Ellis & Joy & Fred Orton. Saw George Wallis at Carter Oil but sold no titanium. Talk to Billie & Blondy quite often and had dinner with them one cold, cold evening in Chicago. Hope to get them to the coast some day some way or other. Spike Seifert & wife stopped in last summer--a most welcome surprise. Sure do like to see old friends. We had a pretty good year and in lieu of pay increase I received the title of Vice-President in our company. Enjoy this business very much and wish for Yovetich to know that Westinghouse-Bettis is one of our very best customers. Wish we could get a reunion going. Sure could have a good time together.

STRONG, Babe and Frank: I tried to talk Blair into writing this letter but he declined on the grounds that it would take or interfere with his planned projects--rockets, space-ships, astrological studies, and in fact anything relating to space that we know very little about. We don't know whether his interests are definitely along this channel or his choice is such that very few persons can dispute his theories. Since Shirley wrote to you last she has managed to find time to add to her already busy schedule. Her itinerary includes the Keyes Club, Pep Club, French Club, Parrots (Dramatic Club), an Officer of the Junior Class and a couple of others that I can't recall. We really do see her a couple of times a day and some how or other she manages to be on the Honor Roll. As a contrast to Shirley our son Blair does not have her interest in school (takes after his father). He would much rather work with something like rockets where its pretty hard to prove that four and three isn't eight. Babe is now working for Dr. Vadheim, a good S.A.E. (had to get that in somewhere) and enjoys it very much. She says it is interesting with never a dull moment. Needless to say we are all in good health. My work this past year has been very interesting and I am looking for 1960 to be even more so. Our family would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much we have appreciated your time, efforts and expense in making this newsletter available to us. We are not only informed as to what is going on around the country but also as to what is happening right here in Bozeman.

STUCKY, Lorraine and Bill: My calendar says "write today or else!" So here's a note to say "hi" and that we'd certainly hate to miss the letter. Especially since we are so far away from home and people we know. We came in August to Ames, Iowa--Bill last April 1. Bill really likes this job altho the amount of traveling he does is tiring and too much. I'm sure he's about ready for some sort of certificate in a 1,000,000 mile airline miles club. Haven't heard of one but he'd belong if there were. Just this month he will be in Pullman, Washington, Reno, got weathered out of Tuscon--Birmingham, Ala., Manhattan, Kansas and Chicago. Just for the records his official title is Education Director of the Ag. Adjustment Center. This is a center set up to study farm and agriculture problems. Bill is still in the Ag. Extension Service and in effect he is selling these ideas to Extension groups etc. all over the U.S. Iowa State said from the beginning that this would be available to all land grant colleges interested--not just Iowa. So I guess Old Bill is telling every one around about it. I am living with a paint brush in hand about 95% of my time. We bought a brand new unfinished home. Yes, we are doing the painting and decorating. We are out of town 2 miles in a lovely wooded area and really enjoy it. Ames is a lovely college town with one million things to do if one so chooses. I truly miss the mountains and hate this weather. We have just any kind of weather anyone wants and you don't have to wait very long either. The kids are wonderful and we have a ball with them altho they are certainly trying at times. Susan and Roger both have found nice groups of kids to chum with. We had eleven of them for a taffy pull a week ago and what a sticky howling success that was. David and Bryan keep everything pretty well stirred up. Then with the cat and dog this is quite a madhouse. The article in Sports Illustrated about Sapphire Pool in the park made me feel so sad. Since first seeing the park in my early teens this pool has been my favorite. On our way thru this August David asked to go see it and altho I also wanted to we decided there wasn't time. I told David that it would be there next year and we'd see it then. I have thought of his remark so many times since--"Mother, how can you be so sure it will still be here. You don't know." I'm off to Des Moines to pick up Bill. He has been getting home from Reno by jumps and hops being as all flights have been cancelled since Sunday. He's coming on a train--slow freight, I think -- from Omaha and will be still stranded only 30 miles from home if I don't meet him. Visibility for cars at this point is zero so I'm not looking forward to this drive. Some one of you should cross the U.S. and hit this point sometime. Our house is open and we'd love to have you come to see us. Chuck and Jane Turner said on their card they plan to drive to Mont. this summer. I certainly hope they plan to stop.

TERRETT, June: Seldom have I regretted seeing the old year end and the new one begin but that is the case right now. 1959 was that good to this family. Jill, at 16, has a finger in every teen-age pie in town. Being Worthy Advisor of Rainbow, Pres. of Pilgrim Fellowship (the teen-agers of the Congregational Church), annual

staff, chemistry club, etc. etc. leaves her no time to get into mischief. I do often wonder, though, when she is going to find time to get a good night's sleep. Mother bought her a white, retractable hard-top convertible last spring and now I'm wondering how to pay the gas bills for the Hi School taxi. Jack is 14 already and becoming more contented at Boulder each year. He started regular school classes this fall which has helped tremendously to relieve the boredom. We so much enjoyed having him home for Xmas. Jane, at 7, and in the second grade, is still Her Majesty. She rules the roost and already involved in Bluebirds, Sunday School, etc. so looks like she is heading for the same rush, rush, rush existence. Mother is fully recovered from her hip and leg injuries except for an occasional twinge of arthritis and keeps busy and happy with the household hub-bub and the local bingo games. Pete has married another June which makes it a little confusing at times. He's still with the First National in Gt. Falls. I'm busy as ever with the same things, being the Glendive Branch of Orton's pianos and Hammond organs, teaching piano and organ, and bank directing. By far the high-light of this year was a fabulous cruise to Hawaii--thanks to my good Mother. We sailed from L.A. the first of Feb. and returned the end of March. This would have to be bound into a book if I went into details, but for any of you that haven't been there - GO! Took in Disney Land & a few days in Las Vegas on our way home. No, I didn't lose any money in Vegas. Spent my time trying to preserve my sun tan and taking in the shows, but Mother contributed a little. We were with a group of friends the whole time and never had so much fun. See why I hate to see 1959 go?

THOMPSON, Wanna and Abe: The year has held interesting experiences for all of us. In February the five of us took a week off and went to Sun Valley to ski. Each of us being in a different degree of learning, kept all of us well occupied. Abe put on the boards for the first time and by the end of one week's lessons was doing remarkably well. Sue and Dick long ago graduated from the beginner's slopes, but Sandra and I remained on "Dollar" all week. It was a wonderful week and at least three of us expect to return for more skiing this winter. Sue, our oldest, graduated from Helena High School and is enrolled as a Freshman at Colorado University. She is a Pi Beta Phi pledge and president of her pledge class. We drove her to Boulder this fall and had a delightful but brief vacation. Dick is a freshman in High School. He leaves Christmas Day for a month in Switzerland. He has been one of ten boys in the U. S. selected to attend the Swiss Ski Federation Camp for 13 & 14 year olds. He'll ski at Lenk the first week, live with a skiing family the second week, the third week he'll travel Switzerland. He'll have about ten days in Boston and N. Y. City also. We've all been busy getting him ready for his journey. Sandra is a fourth-grader who is as enthusiastic about life as the other children. She skis, takes the usual piano instruction, misses Sue & can hardly wait for Xmas vacation. Abe travels a great deal and continues to be a very busy person. He is home enough to enjoy his family, however. He & Dick golfed, fished, hunted, skied, and relaxed considerably more this past year than in former years. I still haven't taken up golf or fishing, or hunting--but my day is coming. I have just returned from a week in Denver, Colorado where I attended the American Municipal Congress. It was extremely interesting and some of which I learned should assist me during my term as Mayor of Helena--which begins in just a few weeks. While in Denver, I had lunch with Jack Purdum. We chatted fast & furiously for about an hour and a half--I hadn't seen or heard about him and his family for about 18 years so there was much to get talked over. Dick Purdum is in L.A., Calif. Vivienne & George Cookson are in New Orleans. They have one more year there. We expect to visit them next January--a year from now. George is Chief Engineer in the District Office, Vivienne teaches home-ec in a new Jr. High School. Their children are Greg, 12, & Shannon, 17. I had an unexpected but very pleasant visit with Mr. Grantham and Mr. Kenyon last week. They were in Helena on Masonic business and came to call. It was so good seeing them. Since we don't go to Bozeman very often anymore, I miss hearing about & seeing old friends.

TURNER, Jane and Chuck: This past year has been normal with a few events to remember. Valerie graduated along with over 600 students from William Penn High School of York. In the meantime she had gone through all the problems of

deciding on a college and here in the East where there is a college on every corner it is a problem. After all factors were considered she decided on Penn State where she is now happily enrolled in Liberal Arts. (We were privileged to see Penn State play Syracuse which was a real game.) We were fortunate to have Dick home last summer for 4 weeks after 6 interesting weeks with the Navy in Texas and California. He had great fun making friends with his young brother, Lee. Needless to say Lee is now the center of our household. If he isn't a walking encyclopedia some day, it won't be the fault of Ann and Carolyn. They are constantly teaching him something new. We enjoyed a trip to Hudson Falls, N.Y. last July to attend the wedding of Chuck's niece. Chuck and I had several days at Bethany Beach, Delaware, which afforded a nice rest plus a good time. We've had the pleasure of a visit by Chuck's mother and have seen my folks on several occasions this past year. Snooks Rushing called us from John Gates home in Philadelphia last spring (I believe). He was cooking up an evening with the Les Willsons coming from Wilmington. But we were unable to make it and were very sorry. Hope it works out better next time. We spent our first Christmas this year without Dick but he enjoyed the holidays between Bozeman and Great Falls. Our 18 month Lee kept us all gay here in Pa. Seemed funny to have blocks, tops, red wagons, etc. under the tree after all these years. Chuck is now putting in two weeks reserve duty at Olmsted Air Base near Harrisburg. He drives back and forth each day. Our plans are being laid for a trip to Montana next June. Valerie, Ann, Carolyn, Lee and I will make our way across the U.S. to renew friendships with all you nice people. Poor Chuck will stay behind and earn the dollars to send us. He had a "flying trip" to Montana to fish over one weekend with several Pennsylvania fellows in Sept. He was disappointed that there was not time to see everyone. Many sincere thanks, Peg and Bettie, for your years of interest and work to give a great many of us a lot of pleasure and fun.

VADHEIM, Midge and Al: The winter of 1959 was spent in our usual sport, skiing. Yes, the whole family, even Shelley, took some lessons. She doesn't have the word fear in her vocabulary. Midge and I made the usual trip to Ogden, Utah, in May for the meeting of the Ogden Surgical Society, which I feel is one of the best meetings in the nation. There is now an addition to the family -- "Speedy", a pony, half Shetland and half Welch, which we acquired for Jan. Magic, the black Labrador, and Wiggie, the white cat, are still with us. Lew, during the summer, played baseball every evening. He has graduated from the Little League and is in the Babe Ruth League now because of the age limitations. He is still playing first base and doing a good job at it. Lew's greatest desire is to make the school varsity basketball team again. He's 5'8" tall so is out again for center position. If desire to play any sport means anything, Lew will be in the Major Leagues in baseball, and All-American in basketball. Lew is in the 8th grade at the Junior High, doing well, and continuing with his piano. Jan is in the 5th grade and getting along famously, a most conscientious little student. She is also continuing with her piano and doing fine. They are both playing on the drums in their respective school bands. Shelley's latest deduction that her daddy sells babies and that he is always going in a hurry to deliver them. Her version sounds like the black market. Midge has acquired a new interest in recent years. This new avocation is a doll collection--old dolls, new dolls, rag dolls, wax dolls, foreign dolls, dancing dolls, native Indian dolls--and she is still looking for more dolls. As a result of the baseball season not being over until August 5th, we made arrangements to take two weeks at Flathead Lake. We all had a real good time and just barely felt the earthquake. So we missed the excitement and decided there wasn't anything we could do from there, so we grabbed the portable radio, wound up the boat and went fishing. We did trade boat and motor this year. Nearly scares the daylights out of me to water ski behind it with the throttle open. Oh yes, I'm the Champ in the family now. I made it around the Big Fork Bay on one Slalom Ski. You see, I'm the champ, because no one else would try it, but you know "Pop, he'll try anything once", so the children say. The office and hospital schedules have been very heavy for the past two months, since my associate has been out with illness for that time. As a result, the guns haven't been fired, the skis not waxed, and Shelley asking if I'm going to be home tonight.

WAITE, Jeanne: Finally broke my last resolution of 1959--get my note to the newsy newsletter sent in plenty of time--. And so, I have 2 days before the dead line!!! Still sending a Christmas card and wishing all good things to each and everyone in 1960. My tale of 1959 is far from exciting--no marriages--no new children--not much of anything. Still plow to the hospital at 6:30 A.M. every morning and spend my hours dealing with patients' stomachs. To break this regime, I also deal in brains and am still teaching. Might add neither organ causes you to lead a dull existence. This past winter and summer have not only been spent working at the hospital, but also spending spare hours there too. Dad had a serious heart attack, but is recuperating very nicely. Then Mother had to have sudden major surgery for cancer, but it was caught in time--so she too is recuperating nicely. As for me, I'm just fine thank you! Did manage a couple of trips. Spent a few days in Tacoma and then down to Portland. Time too short, but did have a nice phone chat with the Granthams. The last of October I took off for a gay week in Las Vegas and on to La Jolla and San Diego. Real good time, but not long enough. Have seen only a few of the MSC ites. Met Betty Harrison Bailey in Billings one day and had a short chat. Frank Wolcott was "National Guarding" here just a few days ago and it was good seeing him and catching up on Bozeman doings. And so that is the extent of my enlightening contributions! The Annins from Billings were here for the holidays as was my brother from N. Y. so it was gay and fun. Please let me under the wire for the newsletter is one of my most prized pieces of mail, and I'd hate to miss it--especially with your mention that there was a new surprise name being added.

WEBER, Jerry: Another year--it's been a pretty good one for me and certainly hope it has been for all the subscribers to the Newsletter. As usual, I loved seeing all my good buddies last summer on my annual trek to Montana, and maybe one of these times I'll get to renew acquaintance with a Bettie, Peg & Bill I used to know. Started taking baseball a little more seriously this summer and welcomed the opportunity to see my first World Series. Was particularly delighted that my Dad was able to come down as he finally fulfilled his lifetime ambition. My dear LA Rams sure let me down this season. Was really concerned over the earthquake last summer and hope no one we know suffered any ill effects. Montana captured the headlines in the LA papers several times this year. May 1960 bring good health, happiness and prosperity to all.

WILSON: Maizie and John: This is one deadline I hope to make. My dear husband advises that if I would start my projects sooner, I wouldn't always come panting over the finish line. Naturally, we don't discuss the Dagwood exits he has been known to make when bound for the Air Drome. Needless to say this has been a splendid year at this address. To quote an old cliché, "He chased me and chased me and finally I got him." Even if it did take twenty years or so. It has been the best year of my life and the boys are delighted to have such a sweet Daddy and the attendant features of cousins and Aunt Judy and Uncle Danny and Uncle Robert and Grandma Wilson and a life just like real people. It was also a wonderful year of seeing old friends together on our tour to Montana in September and we also spent the 5th of July with the Roths in Washington, an occasion of great pleasure to us. It did look for awhile as if I might spend the rest of the summer in that city as travelling on a pass has its complexities, but I finally made it home. Mother sold her home in Helena last summer and is again settled in the Hillsdale Apts, in San Mateo, where we lived a couple of years ago. She bought herself a Galaxie while we were in Mont. and scares us half to death with her driving. We had hoped to make it to Montana again this year but it now appears that John is bound for jet school about April so we will be vacationing in Feb. or March. We are currently thinking of the Carribean. On our anniversary we attended the Montana Picnic in San Bruno. There were not many of our vintage there whom we knew, but we were delighted to find Georgia and had a wonderful time reminiscing. We had John's boys for a brief week in June and they are sweethearts. We hope for a longer visit in the future. My three boys bought "Mommy" a dog for Christmas, which when full-grown I feel sure will approach horse proportions--part German shepherd and part collie. She also has four left feet and has intimidated the cats to the point of hysteria. Their

(the boys) very sensible excuse for this acquisition was the fact that I stood alone in an entirely male household of one husband, two boys, and two male cats and I always wanted a girl, didn't I? She is a doll and I would be the last one in this establishment to part with her. Daddy-dear had a flight the 24th and 25th of December, but did arrive home in time for dinner and it turned out to be a wonderful Christmas after all. We hope you all had the same, and all good things for you in 1960. P.S. We also visited MSC in Sept. and I, for one, was nothing but overcome with the old college revisited bit and also that overwhelming Field House. All the same as the Cow Palace in size. Come see us.

WINANS, Ginny and Frank: I've sat down at least a dozen times to write, and never seem to get it done! We are either off someplace, or seem to have a house full of company. Now, almost too late, I have just locked myself in and am determined to write the letter I didn't write last year. So much has happened in the last two years, I hardly know where to begin. I met Frank January 17, 1958. He had driven down to L.A. to meet his brother and wife who were arriving that day from Hawaii. I had known his brother, Fen, in Tokyo since 1953. As a matter of fact I met Fen and Kei just a week after I arrived in Japan, and they were my dearest friends there. They adored the girls and couldn't wait to see them when they came to the States. Well--within three days Frank and I planned to be married as soon as school was out, probably in July. The girls and I came up to Redding for Easter vacation so they could get acquainted with all the family here. Frank is in the trucking business with his oldest brother, Grant. Their sister is their head bookkeeper--and his mother lives here. We all had a wonderful week. Then Shelley and I came back up in May for Frank's oldest daughter's wedding. That was on May 25th--and I guess it was catching because we decided not to wait and were married in Reno on May 28th! Then we sort of "commuted" between Redding and L.A. until July when we all moved up here to stay. I really have a large family now--eight children and one granddaughter! Mickey is 23, the mother of our darling Tammy just one year old. Margie is 21, and working in San Francisco this year. Grant is 19 and with the M.P.s in Germany and Noele was just 18, and is a freshman at the University of Oregon this year. Jan is a Sr.--was a cheer-leader and Homecoming Queen this year, Linda is a Sophomore (she was accelerated one year when we moved up from L.A.), Shelley is in the sixth grade, and Collin (at last--my little brown-eyed boy) is in the second grade. It seems so strange this year to have only six for dinner--when last year there were always eight--or more. We have a big house and yard, and a swimming pool. It's always rather like Grand Central Station--and I never know exactly just how many there will be for dinner. I plan on any number from 8-20! With just family at Thanksgiving there were 22. We all love it here--it was so nice to get out of the city and back to the mountains. We live just 10 minutes from Lake Shasta, so spend a lot of the time up there water-skiing and boating. The girls are all excellent skiers--even Shelley. I usually just run the boat because I don't like the water. They have a summer theatre at the lake, too. I don't know if you've heard of Bridge Bay but understand it is becoming quite well-known. We don't miss a play all summer--they are terrific. We have an excellent golf course in Redding, too, and with our weather play all year long! June (my sister) and all her family were here last summer. Mother, Dad and Jean spent last Christmas with us, and stopped by on their way home from Southern Calif. just after Christmas this year. Marge and Owen Murphy visited us last March, and I'm hoping they will be coming again any day. Surely wish any of you who may be coming down this way would stop and see us. Or if you get down San Francisco way let me know--Frank goes down there on business often and I usually tag along. So many things have happened since I last wrote I can't possibly write it all, but have told the most important things. I'm still on cloud 19 and have never been so happy. It was wonderful to get home for Homecoming this fall, and to see so many of you. I hope I can come again next fall with Frank. In the meantime we are all planning to come sometime this summer. Last summer we flew Jan, Linda, and Shelley up--had lunch with the family, left the girls there and flew back. We wanted to stay too, but Frank couldn't get away just then. I knew this was too good to last--I have to run to the store for groceries or there will be no dinner!

WOLCOTT, Betty and Frank: The biggest event in our year of living during 59 was out two months in California. I attended an instrument flying school for

Army Aviators at Oakland. The family accompanied me, setting out on our safari the 7th of August. We took a 16 foot trailer for our traveling motel. As a matter of fact we lived in it the first week in California while looking for an apartment. We set up a tight schedule of sight seeing and visiting friends on the weekends. I had to fly and attend school on the week days. Some of the old class mates we saw were Virginia (Kelly) Homan, Jim and Nadine (Carlson) Emery in San Carlos, Frank and Eloise Howard in El Cerrito, Ed Tobin and Family in San Mateo, and Georgia (Brown) Wheeler in San Francisco. Georgia plans on being in Bozeman next summer as do Jim and Nadine. We had a good visit with Al Grantham, who was in San Francisco on business one week end. We left Oakland on Oct. 9 and came home by way of Disneyland and Las Vegas. At Disneyland we ran into Pierce Patterson and his family who live in Santa Anna. We arrived back in Bozeman on the 13th of October and needless to say were real glad to be home. Betty was appalled at the realization recently that our oldest daughter will be entering college the year our youngest daughter starts school. How's that for family planning? Hope this finds you all in good health.

YOVEITCH, Nick: Howdy Gang: The year 1959 treated me quite well but not any better than the preceding ones. It is still work, eat, sleep and repeat. Until the holidays I managed to keep my weight down to only 10 pounds heavier than a jackass--now it's 16 pounds. As per usual, I'll start to control it tomorrow. The highlight of 1959 was, of course, my visit to Montana. I got to visit the "Quack" and his lovely family in Sheridan, friends in West Yellowstone and had a 20 minute visit between planes in Billings with Orton and Marshall. In '61 I'm going to try to convince my Mother that I should leave Butte a day earlier to spend it in Billings. Fred and Ellis are so generous that I think the whiskey stocks would declare an extra dividend if I stayed overnight. I hate to wait till '61 but I'm hoping to see the World Series again in '60. Gates called me on the phone. I'd like to report we are still planning to see each other, but it seems we just fly over the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Floyd and Tim Roth stopped over on their way home to D.C. We did the town which isn't hard here with the sidewalks automatically rolled in at 10 P.M. Baseball takes some of my time during the summer as does swimming and, believe it or not, tennis. Everyone likes to swim with me cause the pool level rises a foot each time I slop in. In tennis I can hit the ball farther than my opponents if they do not make me move much. As far as Westinghouse is concerned, I have more work than I need. I wish Dad had lotsa money cause I don't think I'd miss work. Westinghouse is planning an additional transformer plant in Muncie, Indiana. I am working on this project. It is fun, but planning all details for an assembly and test aisle 100 ft. wide and 900 ft. long handling transformers which we expect to weigh 1,250,000 lbs., has a few problems. Oh well, if I flop, I can always go back to digging copper when the strike is settled. I do get to New York on business once in awhile. I still like the theatre. Saw Flower Drum Song last time. Culture is wonderful--this play had naked Chinese ladies running around the stage. I paid no attention to them cause I was listening to the music of Rogers & Hammerstein. I hope you can find a sentence or two out of this hodge podge for the newsletter. If anyone cares to stop off on any Eastern trip, look me up and we'll try to do things that could make good reading in future newsletters. Best of luck to all. P.S. Surprise, still single, etc.

NOW FOR THE SURPRISE!! We welcome to the group none other than the incomparable, beloved "Sweet Georgia Brown" (now Mrs. Sanford Wheeler).

WHEELER, Georgia and Sanford: Intended getting a letter off to youa week ago, but 2 bad colds came in between. San had one and then I came down with one. I'm not entirely over mine yet, but I'm getting there. It was just wonderful seeing Frank & Betty Wolcott last fall; they weren't able to stay too long as they were on their way to the Zoo, but we packed a lot of years into a few minutes, and I loved every one of them. I was especially glad to learn how to get on your list so I can keep in touch with everyone associated with what I now call "The Best Years". Of course there are lots of other good years but the 40's are the ones that stand out in my mind. I hate the word "memory", it reminds me so much of senility. San & I

have lived in San Francisco for five years. He works for the General Adjustment Bureau and commutes each day to Oakland. He spent all his early years in Oakland but would rather live in the city so here we are. I manage an apartment house and like it very much. Of course I like being around people, or if you would rather, having people around me. Most all of my tenants call me Georgia so I feel right at home. We went to a Montana Picnic in October, Margaret (Mugs) Dewey Ekeberg went along. She and her family live here in the city. We don't see each other too often but we carry on big telephone conversations (Montana style) several times a week. At the picnic we saw John Wilson and his Betty, Jim Emory and Nadine, Jean Emory and her family and the Senior Emorys, Eloise Lehrkind Howard and Frank, and quite a few of the younger generation, Neva Todd ?, Patty Dye Green, Margaret Langhor Shively and Dave, Valerie Lehrkind, Sally Sabo, Sandra Hastings and Martin Glynn. My niece Betty West Ward keeps up with the younger set. She had 18 to a Montana get together in Sept. and that was just those around the East Bay so there must be scads of Montanans down here. There is a bar or as Walt Latta would say "Saloon" down in the Heart of the Tenderloin that I have heard was run by a Montana man and have been planning on going in and will one of these days. Maybe I will see some of the old cronies. Right now we are hoping on a trip to Montana next summer. San's Mother wants to go to Glacier. She asked if I would like to go and of course said I'd be willing if I could have a few days in Bozeman, imagine my saying willing when all one would have to do is to say we're going to Montana. I'd be the first one ready to go. So we may see you come July.

EAGLE, Bettie: Well, 1959 has been a year to remember--or perhaps to forget. The early months of the year went along fine as I took my vacation in pieces and went to the Bridger Bowl skiin on nice sunny winter afternoons. My style improves not at all, but I continue to enjoy the snowy mountain vistas and the good company. In March, Marje Paisley and I went to Spokane for several days and had fun with mutual friends and did some shopping. Returned to West Yellowstone about the middle of April, and soon we were plunged into the busiest season yet. That was all great until July 23 when Mom went into the Bozeman hospital with heart trouble. She was in there for the next three months, so we were all burning up the road between West Yellowstone and Bozeman and trying to keep up with the business, too. Then came August 17 and the BIG SHAKE! I was in Bozeman so missed that harrowing night at West Yellowstone when the buildings shook and shook, windows & neon broke, light fixtures swung and fell, and the merchandise was scattered all over the floor in an unbelievable array. (Lost two jars of my precious huckleberry jam). We had broken chimneys and much damaged merchandise--pottery, ceramics, plaster of paris, etc. The greatest loss was a month's good business, as our season really ended with the quake. We continue to have little tremors up there. The real tragedy, of course, was the loss of thirty lives in the huge slide below Hebgen Dam. Still seems as if the change of that whole canyon just can't be true. There are really some sights to see as you drive down the road to the dam and can view the faults all along the hill side and then come upon the places where the entire highway just dropped away into the lake. Now I'm back in Bozeman doing my six month library stint. The campus is busier than ever. As a member of the MSC Alumni Advisory Committee I want to urge all of you to send in your dues. It's so much fun to help spend your money. Mom is at home now and we have a good lady to help us. Had many MSCers stop this summer to say hello--among them Gracie Jacobs & younguns, Darrell Cool and nice family (en route to the Pentagon), McCallis, Rossiters, Stetzners, Stuckys, Chuck Turner, Maizie & John Wilsons, Hank Hibbard, & a good dinner and night out with Nick Yovo. Glad West Yellowstone is at the crossroads and you all keep coming. I went back up there for New Year's Eve and got 1960 off to a good start. Hope it is the best year yet for all of you.

TAYLOR, Peg and Bill: It is nearing midnight and if this sounds rum-dum it's justified, because that is the way I feel. Ricky and Bill are in bed and Bettie, having done her bit, is bathing. Well, here is our synopsis of the past year. In June we traveled to Spokane and spent a few days with Bill's sister Janet and her family. We had a wonderful time relaxing on their patio and enjoying their

nice backyard. Ricky enjoyed all the attention he got from his three cousins and he kept them pretty busy. He proved to be a pretty good traveler so maybe we will go tripping again. In August we took the other week of our vacation and went to Bozeman where Bill did some fishing and golfing and Peg traveled to West Yellowstone for a couple days visit with Bettie. It was after the quake so there were no customers to interrupt the gab session! We drove into the Park a ways the day they opened the West entrance and it was a little eerie to see where all the slides had been and to see the increased geyser activity. In between vacations Bill managed to get the backyard fenced in. As he put on the last gate Ricky said, "Look, Daddy, I show you how to open it" and proceeded to do just that. They tell me you can't keep them locked up forever, and the fence does keep the dogs out. We managed to take in a few football games this Fall--Homecoming for one and the Bobcat-Grizzly game for another. A lot of people thought the latter game was too lop-sided to be interesting but it was sheer enjoyment for me. I sat through too many games for too many years on the losing side. Ricky leads us a merry chase and rules the roost. Someday we are just going to have to put our foot down and show him who is boss. It was fun to see Elota Beth Roth, Snooks Rushing, Ginney Winans, Floss Stetzner, and the Pappins during the course of the year. Some of the visits were too short, but it is always a pleasure to see any of the 'old gang'. Our Best Wishes to all in 1960.

ROMAN, Dora: Dora sends greetings to all of you and hopes more of you will get to Bozeman in 1960. She certainly enjoys little Ricky.

LATECOMERS

GRANTHAM, Wilma and Al: Dear "Pen Pals" - We just can't miss that letter even though all we can think of is: "I am fine. How are you?". We had a real family Christmas with the three Montana grandparents here through the Holidays. Al is leaving here Jan.22 on a trip to St. Paul and Chicago. He hopes to stop over in Bozeman a couple of days on his way back there, and he hopes to see you Bozeman-ites! In March during school spring vacation we plan to make a personal survey in Calif. and see if all those wonderful things our friends have told us about Disneyland are really true. We'll check a few other much-talked-about spots, too! Al is half-way through a very busy year as President of the Downtown Portland Lions' Club. They are doing a tremendous job in SERVICE to the community and in philanthropic work. If your eye is quick you might even catch him in the TV newscasts now and then! It is interesting to note that Dottie & Hague Callister, Peg & Dick Taylor and the Granthams all have the same telephone prefix, which means we are fairly close to one another. In fact, Peg, Dottie, Wilma, & Bob Russell's wife Jessie (and 4 others) play bridge together once a month--so give us something to talk about, will you? Susan is just beginning a Girl Scout career; and Bruce, on his 13th birthday, attained the rank of Life Scout and is now looking forward to the Eagle award. Susan happily takes ballet dancing; and Bruce mutters under his breath as he gets suited up for his school ballroom dance lessons. Mother & Dad stick to their college waltz. Sometimes these letters that have "nothing to say" get rather long, don't they?, so goodbye. Our best wishes to all of you.

SHINN, Mil and Shirl: First of all this may be too late, but will send anyway as you 2 or 3 will get to read it anyway. Have been out of town and several other things lately so just plain forgot to get this off. The Shinn's all 5 have been just about par for the course this past year, that is mostly just plain living and having the normal ups and downs of family life. No new additions nor none expected. Started off trying to find some good skiing last January on a traveling trip thru Montana and Eastern Idaho. Nothing good that time of year. But had plenty back in Boise rest of season. Come spring and what did I do but let a couple tons of steel fall across my back so was laid up for a spell and can thank the Lord, that was not permanent! Rest of summer was mostly work and no time for relaxation. We extended a business trip into Eastern Idaho, for a week end in Montana and stopped at the Menzels in West Yellowstone and headed for Dillon and stopped at the Rossiers where old Dave is retired. (He says he works a couple days a week). About next summer would be a good time for all of you to stop at his place as they are building a BAR with leaning rail jutting out over a creek. This is connected to a house. We were surprised to learn our respective Gals were old friends. We made another hurried trip to Billings Thanksgiving time when my Father died quite

unexpectedly and what with all that business just didn't get around to see anyone on that trip. Wound up the year with Christmas at home and we are having a good winter for the skiing enthusiasts here in Boise, so come see us.

MISCELLANEOUS ABOUT NON-CONTRIBUTORS

On a Christmas card from the BRANDONS "We intend to be splendid contributors to the newsletter. It's a grand affair and long my it live! Gates & Rushing dropped in on us this past fall and we really lived 'old times' again. The best for you all in '60!" CLEMONS card, "Will write my brief news item later when the press of Christmas preparation quiets down". Not even a line from LOVELACE, MARSHALL, McCALL, ORTON, PAPPIN, STEPHENS, STETZNER, LEW THOMPSON, WILLIAMSON, WINCHESTER, whoops, and MacDONALD. We can report that Jim MacDonald was at Randolph Field for a couple months learning to fly jets. Bob McCall has been appointed Director of Continuing Education in charge of the adult education program at MSC, also has another son born this last year. The Stetzner family moved from Three Forks back to Butte on December 23. The Winchesters have now moved into their home on Huffine Lane. No scuttlebutt on the others listed above.

Many of you ask about a reunion. Can you hold out until 1965 Homecoming when the Class of 1940 will be honored? So many members on our list are members of that class, we thought it might be a logical time.

Would you indulge us at this time? We have been holding Ricky off for fifteen stencils!

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vlll llll ll ll ppl i ooo o o o phooey!

Love and kisses,

Bettie, Peg and Bill

P.S. For those of you who haven't heard, Dick Little is now superintendent of the Nevada Children's Home at Carson City, Nevada. We were sorry to learn of his wife's death in December. He has five children.

P. P. S. Last spring Louise Farrell, WAC sergeant stationed with SHAPE in Paris was married to S. Sgt. James Leslie Starbuck. They returned to the states this fall.

LATE LATE COMER

BRANDON, Billie and Blondy: Happy New Year to you all, and to all your correspondents. We are in the midst of early spring and it's only January. One guess what we are going to be up to our ----- in one of these fine mornings. See there, I didn't say it, and I'm glad. Well, for news of some of the old gang we did see, and some of those we almost saw. Johnny Gates spent a couple of days with us, and in between his trying to sell huge quantities of an ingredient for rocket fuel, we played golf, bent an elbow or two, bragged about our respective families, and complimented each other on how young we looked. You needn't report this and inflate his ego, but he actually hadn't changed materially in appearance-- a trim figure and scads of hair. If you know his dad, you'll realize how I used to worry John by reminding him that baldness was hereditary. Snooks Rushing was our visitor; we've had the luck to see him twice this year. We're agitating for a visit from the whole family, but Shirley is more extravagant with her annual million dollars than Snooks is, so we haven't succeeded yet in enjoying a visit from her. He brought some first-hand news of his fine family, of course, and Fred, Ellis and Yovo. We almost saw Lew Willson. He was in Chicago for a convention and called, with the idea of calling again when his plans were more definite. But the upshot of it all was that, between my so-called golf game and his Convention, we never did get together. And we even left a note pinned on our door -- just in case. It was all a shame because Chicago is not that far away. However, Billie has driven about

500 miles between here and there in the past few days, trying to get her mother on an airplane. The weather has been filthy, and these modern pilots are somewhat more conservative than the ones who used to fly the "pea shooters" in our heyday--they weather in easily. We loved all the cards and notes from old friends received during the holidays. I suppose the reminders all tend to recall some happy incident in our earlier association. The resurgence of MSC in athletics has been refreshing. I missed their game with Loyola of Chicago through ignorance of the schedule. In fact, the first I knew of it came thru reading the box score on the day following the game. Had I but known, I could have been right up there cheering. We also had quite an outstanding representative in the East-West Game. To top it all, I hear we are being accused of unfair recruitment tactics. All I can say is "times have certainly changed". We also spent some of the holidays with my sister and Tom White in Rockford. That lucky dog gets back in God's country several times a year. The nearest I came was Denver this past summer. I flew in from New Mexico, all thrilled with the anticipation of seeing the mountains again, but it was so foggy we were just able to get in and out--I think by touch. We are in the throes of investing in some property. It's not a considerable one as far as money goes, but I feel somewhat sympatico with the man who said "a million dollars doesn't meas as much to a man who has a hundred million as a dollar does to the man who has only a dollar". (Above by Blondy--next by Billie) As the distaff side, I add "ditto to the above". However, true to the traits of my sex, I must have the last word. And didn't Himself get chatty! For one who writes so seldom, he certainly eaxes enthusiastic once he settles down to the job! I've a strong suspicion that this "investing in some property" is merely a devious way of reducing the waistline. Although weining in at a sensible 175 lbs., Brandy describes himself as fat and sassy and is feeling somewhat paunchy. At least, that's what he tells me as he thoughtfully devours his chocolate nut sundae each night. (Just a wee bit of sustenance to keep a body alive until breakfast, you know.) At any rate, he has visions of picking up the shovel and hammer again from April to November to improve his property and his physique. My own version is to retire the shovel and hammer with appropriate ceremonies, and having Brandy pick up nothing more serious than a driver and a putter, plus all the clubs between! And won't I feel foolish for having committed myself thus when he writes next year about the great big hole he dug and all the boards he nailed together! Our teen-ager is thrilled now that he has his license for juvenile delinquency, and even more thrilled that he enters high school in Sept. This past year has been deliriously eventful for him--contact lenses, election to vice-presidency of the Junior Red Cross for the county, editor of his school paper, "regular" on his school's Varsity basketball téam, and the only student is the history of his school ever to earn an "E" in arithmetic. If all these plus physical appearance are hereditary, I am thrown completely into the background--my eyes are perfect; my idea of physical effort is climbing in and out of the car; I wrestle with a check book like an early Christian with a lion. Bran's big treat for the year was a trip to Florida, flying alone both ways, to tour the state with my sister and her husband for three weeks, after which time we were frightfully flattered that we had to order him home. The independence of flying alone was so exhilarating to him that I think he could have made it without the plane. I remain in the big fat role of attending basketball games, transporting officers and delegates to Red Cross meetings, waving hello and good-bye to vacationers, signing my name to papers Brandy brings home, and otherwise making motions like a housewife. This is NOT a complaint! We are deeply appreciative to all of you who make this letter possible, and we are not unmindful of the time, effort, and expense that it entails. We are surely grateful for the pleasure this annual letter affords us.

(Above was not proof-read, so please overlook any errors.)

ROLL CALL

Mr. & Mrs. Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 435 Riverview Court, Great Falls, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 1318 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 5740 S.W. Arrow-wood Lane, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 118 Marrett Rd., Lexington, Mass.
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 9202 Eager Rd., Brentwood 17, Missouri
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S. W. 29th Pl., Portland 1, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Kermit Daniels, 101 N. Main, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.
Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7610 S.W. Miner Way, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Walt Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California
Maj. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2619 Los Amigos Dr., Rancho Cordova, California
Mr. & Mrs. Dan R. Lovelace, 422 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Capt. James F. MacDonald, Hq AFMTC, Box 2129, Edwards AFB, California
Mr. & Mrs. Robin MacNab, 822 S. 5th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Marshall, 1211 Wunnicke Lane, Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. R. C. McCall, 502 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McColm, 5720 - 60th N.E., Seattle 5, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Menzel, West Yellowstone, Mont.
Mr. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Mont.
Dr. & Mrs. H. D. Rossiter, Sheridan, Mont.
Lt. Col. & Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 5308 - 29th Pl. S.E., Washington 21, D.C.
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Rushing, 417 W. 11th, Albany, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, 2626 Augusta St., Boise, Idaho
Mr. & Mrs. James Stephens, 1020 Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, c/o Milwaukee R.R., Butte, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Strong, 209 S. Willson, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 1301 Winnie, Helena, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Thompson, 8820 S.W. 35th, Portland 19, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8, Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Mont.
Miss Jerry Weber, 854¹/₂ So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 5, California
Mr. & Mrs. Sanford Wheeler, 650 Ellis, San Francisco 9, California
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson, 1400 Notre Dame, Belmont, California
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding, California
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Huffine Lane, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. Nick Yovetich, 313 Jefferson Ave., Sharon, Pennsylvania

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Bettie Eagle, 623 S. Third, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Ave. E, Billings, Mont.

January 1961

Dear Old Gang:

Well, the type is clean, the cushion sheet is in, we finally figured out the margins, so we are ready to go again. It isn't what these old secretaries are losing it, but the rented typewriter turns out to be a different model each year, and this year it's a foreigner.

ANDERSON, Vesta & Eric: I could write that I was the new Mrs. America, and that Kennedy had just offered Eric a job in the Swedish consulate, and to be sure not to miss the kids on the Lawrence Welk show Saturday night--I could--but that would be lying, so I'll settle for the bare facts. We are still married to each other. I am not about to try to train another man, and Eric can't find anyone that wants to take care of 5 kids. Mary Lynn hopes to go away to college on a scholarship; she intends to go into Psychology to see if she can't straighten us all out. Mike is playing basketball, bowling, skiing, taking trombone and piano lessons, is on Student Council, and in Honor Society. In his spare time he empties garbage and sleeps. Christy, age 8, got a Betty Crocker cookbook for Christmas and is working towards a dietetic internship at the beanery down at the stockyards. Rickey, despite the original prediction that he might never talk, is doing it--but who wouldn't in this family where loquaciousness is the staff of life? Lisa, our adopted, who you may remember weighed 1 lb. 8 oz., divides her time between the top of the mantle and the chandelier. She's really doing very well. I am convinced she can already read, how else would she know about the demand for astronauts? Hope you all got your big fat bonuses or at least that 20 year pin at Christmastime, and that the New Year will bring much happiness to all.

BECK, Cora & Ward: Hope you all had a wonderful Christmas and the best of happiness throughout the coming year. 1960 News. Vacation: Spent the month of February in Las Vegas and Phoenix & had a wonderful time, ended up at a Penney's Convention in Denver. Took 10 days in April to visit friends in Portland & Eugene & relatives in Spokane. Our family just arrived home yesterday from our first time at the Rose Bowl Game and Parade, also enjoyed seeing our many Minnesota friends and Disneyland. New store: In July, Ward accepted a transfer to J. C. Penney's Eugene, Oregon store. New house: Bought a home at 885 West 37th Avenue very much like the home we built in Great Falls but up on a hill overlooking city and Coburg Hills, a gorgeous view. New friends: We're all making new friends readily and the town is being very good to all of us. Ward Jr.: He's a Sophomore at So. Eugene High School, enjoys band, golf and skiing. He had a terrific time at Boy Scout Jamboree in Colorado Springs as an Asst. Scout Master, he also went on a month's Y Caravan to the West Coast as a Jr. Counciler, he will be an Eagle Scout in a couple of months. Leslie Kay: She's a 4th grader at Dunn School and enjoys it. She belongs to a Saddle Club and her favorite passtime is horseback riding and skiing. We do miss our many Montana friends, but Oregon is a beautiful vacationland, so do come for a visit! We enjoy living in a college town again.

BRANDON, Billie & Blondy: The deadline has again come to pass, and, most worthy editors, I am pleading the post mark date as falling within the ultimatum Of Jan. 15. I have some real good reasons for tardiness to go along with the other lulus that you get! To begin, Brandy and I are quasi bachelors, and what with work and housekeeping, we are busy. Billie is basking in the southland with her sister while we keep the home fires burning. She is having a well-deserved and much needed vacation. We are also cramming for semester exams. Brandy is in an accelerated group in his first year of high school, and the past and coming week are examination weeks. Something has been brought home quite sharply to me, and that is the increased difficulty that high school level subjects bring over those of my high school days. I wonder if any other parents in the group have reached the same conclusion? We had the good fortune

to have visits with "Snooks" Rushing and "Al" Grantham this past year. Our boy "Snooks" makes many visits back here in the middle west and east. It must have something to do with capital. "Al" was visiting the Chicago office of his insurance firm, and was able to spend about a half day with us. What we had intended to be a leisurely and comfortable visit became somewhat hectic. To begin with, a pre-breakfast highball somewhat shocked him, and I had to conclude that the real far westerners are not as rugged as the Montanans. We were also going to deliver him to Chicago and pick up Billie's mother at the airport on the way in. Unfortunately the plane was late and later, and we finally had to put "Al" on a limousine for downtown, and with a very slight chance that he could make his train connection. Fortunately, he did make it, and arrived home safe and sound. "Yovo" in a brief note on his Xmas card threatens to visit us when business brings him as far as Indiana. I haven't done so, but I am going to drop a line daring him to make good on his threat. We all of us here wish all of you where ever you are THE BEST OF EVERYTHING IN 1961! I really enjoy Billie's interest in the newsletter. The few Montanans that she has met, she has liked so well, and the rest of you that she has met only through the letter, she also likes and admires. I regret that she is not here to add her contribution. I have 5 min. to get this posted!

CALLISTER, Dot and Hague: My intention was to write a long letter this year but Hague picked up his Mother Christmas day and we found her ill. Our holiday has been devoted to trying to get her better and convincing her she can no longer be alone. Our big kids are all outfitted for skiing again and look forward to 8 weeks of lessons. Barbara and Duncan at 12 and 13 also swim on an Areo Club swim team with much enthusiasm. Scotta is 8 and can do many of the things the big kids do. She also is our only student, she takes after her Dad. Hague and I run a shuttle bus and enjoy our friends when we can. Many of our friends are Montana Staters. We have just acquired a new address and love our new house and would welcome a visit from any or all of you if you pass through Portland. Happy 1961 and our love.

CLEMON, Cherry and George: It was rough to miss last year's letter, particularly, as New England is off the beaten path for the MSC crowd. I never will know what the big surprise was. Last June while in Washington, D.C. I had a wonderful time visiting for a few hours with Floyd and Beth Roth and their fine family. It was especially interesting as their newest, Scott, was only 10 days old. For those of you who have not seen Teri Roth, she is a little doll. Here in Lexington the Clemows have a new "son" for the year as Jon Haukssohn from Iceland has joined our family as a Foreign Exchange Student. (Senior in High School). It is a very interesting and certainly broadening experience for all of us. You learn quickly that there are so many things that we do automatically and many times without reason. Allan is also a senior and we are busy, talking, looking and writing about colleges. Sue at 12 is now a young lady and enjoys all those exciting things that a 12 year old gal should enjoy. Cherry and I find most of our time centered about the kids, midnight dinner party after the Junior Prom, slumber party for Sue, chaperoning High School dances etc. Allan is now looking for a costume for a Sadie Hawkins Dance, naturally I told him about the time Bettie and I won the pig. Don't forget to come to New England.

CLINTON, Peg: This fall has gone so quickly, that it seems only last week that we were digging out of the snow at Canyon. If you will recall in last year's News Letter, Bettie Eagle said that if any of us came her way that Eagles Store MIGHT offer us a free coke or milk shake. WELL, I decided to try her, and I want you all to know that--as always--Bettie came through and my son is still talking about the FREE milk shake! Bettie did even more in true MSC fashion, took me to see our good ol' friend Perry Chisholm who was busy shining up the mechanics of the bar. It would have been fun, but when 'You drive, DON'T',

so I didn't. Because driving I was. Corky and I covered 3514 miles in 15 days. The only difference between my Ford and a Jet was the altitude. We visited Denver, Lovell, Yellowstone, MSC, where I had a very embarrassing experience trying to show my son my old alma mater when I couldn't even find my way around among all of the new buildings, Billings, and then home through the Black Hills. Two days after we returned, the college sent me to New York City (via Jet 707 and I do prefer my Ford) to interview some prospective students. It was fun being back in N.Y.C. after eight years. Even though time was limited, I did get over to the United Nations and Radio City--two of my favorite haunts. Apparently, the educational field is where I belong--and never realized it until this past year. Working with teenagers (besides living with one) is fun and a real challenge. Its therapeutic value, I believe, is greater than the Fountain of Youth might be. (Now you've been clued in on how I am keeping my youth--let me know how you are keeping yours !) Best wishes to all of you for your happiness and success in 1961.

HEINRICH, Jean & Walt: This is the 80th card I've written today--and my last for the year--until I discover the names I've omitted. Just look at the date, too (12/11/60)--and all my Christmas gifts are bought and wrapped. Egad, am I efficient for a change! This year our family is getting smaller instead of larger. Our oldest daughter, Kathie, graduated from high school this spring and is now working for the Navy Department in Washington, D.C. We surely miss her even though we still have six in school and two pre-schoolers! While Kath was home this summer to take over, Walt and I took a week's trip to South Dakota just to get away. Then, most exciting for me, was a flying week's trip I took alone to New Mexico to visit Kadunk and her family. It had been seven years since we'd been together. Our Mom and Dad were there, too, so it was a happy Duncan reunion. This summer, in addition to being trust officer, Walt was made assistant vice-president of Citizen's Bank here. Of course he is busy busy all the time. Actually I don't have much time to breathe either. Sometimes I feel this job of homemaker, wife and mother of so many is too big a job for one person. But I seem to thrive on it in spite of being a skinny 110 lb. Wouldn't it be a good idea for you folks to get on "This Is Your Life" or something--and fly all the newsletter gang to see you! You better work on that so I can get back to see everyone. May all of you have the very best of everything this coming year!!

JACOBS, Grace & Hugo: Took our usual Montana vacation last summer--so busy going places that I only seemed to find time to call people on the phone--no time to see them. Spent a lot of time in the Park and down at the Tetons. At least Bettie is located so we can't miss her. Had a visit with Georgia and Carl Pfeiffer at her brother's in Van Nuys last summer. They live in Detroit. Hadn't seen them for about thirteen years, but we still managed to recognize each other! Hugo managed two trips to Montana last summer--our vacation and then a little extra Marine Reserve Training duty when he flew up to Billings with Eddie Allard who was transporting Marine Reserves. Of course, the fishing pole went along, too! The Allards live in Tustin. We did have an addition to the family this year--one black and white Angora kitten that Joanne rescued from being cut up in Science Class. Is about the size of a dog now. If it keeps on growing the name "Tiger" will be about right for size. A happy and prosperous New Year to you all.

JUSTICE, Edna & Jack: Well, the Christmas Season is here again. It is a good thing it comes at least once a year or I'd lose contact completely with all our many friends. We are still here at Mather AFB, however, about a month ago we received orders to go to Glasgow AFB, Montana. We were making plans to visit all my Montana friends and to take a trip to Nova Scotia to visit with friends we made in Newfoundland. Then our orders were cancelled and all plans were scrapped. However, if we can possibly do it, we still

plan on a trip up that way this summer. We were seriously considering attending the MSC gathering at Fresno this year. We received all the information and it sounded like such fun--even had the kids staying with Mom and Louis in Modesto. That plan fell through, too.--An alert was called and Jack had to remain in the area. Such is life in the service--we only have 2 more years until we retire and I guess we can hold out. Saw the Fullmer fight on TV. That Field House is wonderful, isn't it? Remember when we went to school the Student Union Building was just in the planning stage? I wouldn't know the campus now. We love this part of California--so much to do and so many places to go. We have been to LA several times and Tahoe many times. Saw Terresa Brewer there the last time. We roughed it for 2 weeks this summer up at Wrights Lake. We did it the real way--tent, sleeping bags and the works. We were rained out the last night and what a mad scramble, what a mess, but what a lot of laughs! That's all the news I have from here. Sure wish we could bend a few elbows with you guys--don't know whether I can wait til 1965 or not!

MACNAB, Mel and Robin: Actually there isn't a great deal to report on us for 1960. We got through it and are on year older, and that's about all 1960 has meant to us. Oh, we got in a spot of bridge here and there; we did a bit of fishing; and we enjoyed trips to both coasts. My retirement has now expanded to six jobs, but finally I put my foot down and refused two additional ones that were offered. So, at least I'm on the right track. Speaking of track, the Rocky Mountain Model Railroad will probably be in full operation sometime this winter and if there is any merging on this railroad it will probably be into hours of fun. Schedules will be released as soon as operational difficulties are overcome. And that's about it from 822 South 5th.

MARSHALL, Joye and Ellis: Joye and I are still wondering what was in the last year's issue of the News Letter! So, between Joye's urging remarks and Fred Orton's phone calls--here goes. We were in Portland, Oregon in October. Got to see Al Grantham for several minutes. We talked insurance shop but he was also in the middle of United Fund drive. Al was the Headman for the city wide drive. He was busier than the busiest. We didn't take any special vacation. It seemed that we watched Jimmie catch in Little League games all summer and play football most of the fall. Joye was Area Secretary for Little Guy Football and the phone rang constantly. My Dad visited us in September and he hadn't been in Billings for 25 years. Needless to say he couldn't fathom all the new buildings and the changes and growth of Billings. Also we were happy to have one of Joye's sisters and brother and family visit this summer. Jerry Weber, that FBI Doll from L.A., speeded our social pace one evening this summer. We had such fun. More next year.

MCCOLM, Dolores and Mark: No special news from Seattle. Busy schedule as usual--but much fun too. Linda 8th grade this year--getting to be a young lady with fondest desire for "little" high heels. Mark and I were in N.Y., Atlantic City and Massachusetts for three weeks in September but was a convention-business trip with our schedule pretty well planned for us and no chance for side jaunts to visit old friends. We enjoyed the trip except for the encounter with Hurricane Donna in Massachusetts. Mark all involved at the moment with the major project of adding a family room to our abode--which I'm sure we will enjoy - if and when completed. My Mother is here at the moment to spend the holidays and January with us. She is "toying" with the idea of moving to California or Seattle. Any progress on a reunion?

MENZEL, Rose and Hermie: Following the '59 earthquake we continued having tremors for quite some time, but gradually they tapered off, and, as predicted, that event brought many tourists to our entrance. The Park business, as a whole, was off this year tne the curio stores and motels suffered the most.

Our entrance was ahead so far as people coming through which indicates at least the people were here, but they were more careful with their money. It could have been much worse; I believe most places were about 12% behind. Our boys are growing fast. Kurt, age 11, broke his leg skiing in February and was on crutches for 10 weeks. It mended perfectly tho and he was able to go to Idaho Falls for 2 weeks this summer to take swimming lessons. Craig is 5½, has a marvelous sense of humor, and will start school next fall. He'll go one year at West and then we plan on packing the kids off to Bozeman for the school year. We were really happy to see so many MSC'ers stop in to see us again this year. Lynn Martin spent four days of his vacation up here this fall again so he could do some hunting and fishing. We enjoyed his stay so much as we did Shirley Williamson's frequent visits when he was up here working on Hebgen Dam. We are very thrilled with the new addition to our store, and it is all we dreamed it to be. We bought a 1960 Chevie station wagon and headed for Mexico on Dec. 16. We had a marvelous trip, and it's almost impossible to describe. There were a few things particularly I was impressed by, and I might tell you about these. First of all, there was the bigness--Mexico is a vast country. We went thru Nogales to Guaymas, Mazatlan, Guadalajara, Mexico City and then straight north to Texas. Still saw just part of the country. Everywhere we looked we could see for miles and miles. Poverty was pathetically outstanding everywhere; people poorly dressed; some had no shoes; many children were stark naked. Their homes were small huts made of mud, straw, brick or cement and had no floors, straw mats for beds. We were very impressed by their devoutness. The churches were jammed and in all the towns we would see great big churches and dirty little huts. Hermie says it reminded him a lot of Sicily. We loved passing through the little villages with their walled in houses, narrow streets, and crowded open markets. In each one there was an interesting plaza and cathedral in the center of the town, and everywhere, people, people, and more people with livestock roaming about, too. We had every experience imaginable, including a brush with the Mexican police--two teenagers hit us, but as the American is always wrong in Mexico according to the AAA, we worked from that angle and finally got things straightened out when Hermie paid them 300 pesos or about \$24 and the Mexican police said, "Oh well, it's Christmas!" Haa! We saw many outstanding sights as the pyramids, Taxco, Shrine of Guadalupe, bullfight, Museum of Natural History, and Chatapultec Castle. It truly was a wonderful country, completely foreign and as interesting as it could be.

ORTON, Fred: Marshall suggested that he and I get together last Saturday evening and write our letter to you. We tried that before, and if the truth were known, that is why you didn't hear from us a year ago. So I at least, decided there must be a more propitious time to write a letter than on a Saturday night. As long as I have to burn some electricity on Monday evenings anyway, while waiting for some of these piano and organ prospects to drop in (who probably won't show up), I'll try to get the job done tonight. Since I didn't write to you last year there probably are twice as many things I should find myself capable of writing about. As it is though, I'll consider myself lucky to think of half as many! Sorry to have missed you when you visited Billings last, Bettie--especially that dinner to which you treated. But business before pleasure they say. Peg Clinton dropped in for a real nice visit one day last summer--first time we had seen each other in twenty or twenty-one years. And Jerry Weber favored us with her annual visit in Montana, too. She's so far up the ladder with the F.B.I. now that it's a wonder Mr. J. Edgar is willing to release her even for three weeks. It's a cinch that all office routine must go plumb to whenever she departs. Says she's been working on an aunt or a cousin of her's up in northern Montana to buy a new player piano from me, but so far the results have been nil. The last word I received from the aunt was relative to a contemplated trip to Arizona this winter, rather than the purchase of a

player piano. So I guess I'll continue to eat hamburgers instead of a nice steak! Marshall (the old politician) now is practically the sole owner of the C. J. Carroll Agency, and by the time his partner returns from a trip south, he probably will be the full-owner. For the extra-curricula on Wednesday evenings Ellis is hanging his hat on the antlers, and working his way through the chairs of the local B.P.O.E. #394. I believe he is the current tyler or guardian of the outer sanctum, because to date they don't let him on the inside of the lodge hall during meetings. He says it's OK this way, because on quiet nights he is able to sit at the bar and still keep his eye on the door. That vision is remarkable. It appeared to me that all of this sudden interest in ritualistic work developed subsequent to a visit he had with Grantham last summer in Portland. The report he returned to me regarding that encounter had it that Al (as always) has his hands in more civic ventures than Jeanie Duncan Heinrich has kids. I will say this about Ellis and his latest hobby -- he must be an effective member, because only two weeks after he joined the organization, the Elks announced plans for a new three-quarter million dollar club house. The fact that the C. J. Carroll Agency sold the land on which the Elks will build (some barren acreage that nobody else ever would buy), actually hasn't been brought into the light yet. Yovetich evidently didn't make it out this way during the past year, so I'm naturally expecting the announcement any day now that he finally has been captured. His Christmas card indicated that 1961 would be the year, and that could mean only one thing. That dog Pappin either doesn't get to Billings anymore, or else he doesn't phone me when he does come to town. Probably too busy counting his money! Shirley's aunt lives here, and is one of my favorite people--even before she brought me a bottle of champagne all the way from Paris. The only record of Gates' activities have reached me through his father and Mary Ann, and naturally those reports have been good. So somebody must be lying. They tell me Rossiter has retired except for an occasional trip into Butte for a consultation. Must be nice to have it made before one reaches sixty. I should have taken up medicine when I wanted to. There seems to be a campaign underway at the present time for a new Sig House at Bozeman. In all probability the old structure is beginning to crumble some. Surely was solidly built when I lived there. I can recall more than one instance when one of the brothers sailed down the stairway on his skis! Dean Harrison as I remember, got her own way in the handling of a lot of little things on that campus, but her biggest ambition never was realized--to sell us on the idea of a housemother. Had we had one, the old house probably would be good for another twenty years. All of this in retrospect, of course. Glad tidings to all the gang, and my best wishes to each for a fine 1961.

PAPPIN, Shirley and Bob: No more of this sitting up til midnight on the 14th of January and then forgetting to mail the resulting communique. This is the only opportunity we have to see ourselves in print and we're not taking any chances on being late this year. Biggest news item from Pappin house--our fabulous trip to Europe last summer. We chaperoned two beautiful 17-year olds--our niece and a friend--on a fast (4 weeks) tour of the entire continent. Bob says no man has lived until he has herded three women, nine pieces of luggage and four passports through seven countries with as many different languages and never missed a connection. Of course, I say the credit isn't all his but he doesn't even hear me. Anyway we had a wonderful time with lots of laughs and only a few explosions of the famous Pappin temper--completely uncalled for, I must add. His favorite story about the trip is about the night we were walking down a street in Paris and one of the famous "girls" approached, took his other arm and invited him to go with her. I was understandably fascinated by this turn of events and was waiting on tippy-toe for his answer. He stammered that he was with his - uh - wife and really couldn't right now. Nothing daunted, the doll replied, "Oh, we'll get a girl for her too." The rest of this story is

censored, but we still love Paris. We had a wonderful visit with the Gates' on the way home, their delightful family and some of their interesting friends. The rest of our news is the same as always; children and all the accompanying activities which keep us twice as busy as our own. We're looking forward to the reunion. Let us know if we can help. Thanks to the three of you for this tremendous effort every year which keeps us all in touch. It's wonderful!

ROTH, Elota Beth and Floyd: We finally went out and bought a house to accomodate our growing, so make a note of our change of address. We have room for everyone now - for this is a split level with four bedrooms upstairs, two full baths, main level has the living room, dining room and kitchen, and lower level, the family room, utility room, fifth bedroom and $\frac{1}{2}$ bath. Our family seems to fill every nook and cranny, but it doesn't mean we can't move over for some friends. Many of you may not know it but we have a new addition to our family - another boy, Scott Tracy, born May 24, 1960. We are very grateful for Scott as he arrived at Andrews Air Force Base Hospital just two days after Grandmother Houle passed away there of cancer. Teri had helped "Gramie" all thru the winter months and couldn't understand just why she had to go away. Scott has helped fill the void for Teri and for all of us. As soon as Scott had grown a bit - when he reached 2 month - we drove to Montana to begin the heart-breaking task of breaking up Beth's mother's home. It is quite difficult to put an end to a home filled with 36 years of living and memories but it had to be done and was accomplished. Grandma Roth absorbed our five little Roths and Floyd for a few days while Beth remained in Helena to accomplish many chores without the interruptions of little ones. We returned to Washington after a few days relaxation at Flathead Lake. Normally we would have left Washington next spring, but Floyd's tour was extended one more year and could possibly result in several more - or next year could mean retirement - only time will tell. Scott is growing so fast and doing things far before the rest of us are quite ready to cope with them. He goes into absolute ecstasies if the telephone is put to his ear - he makes wild efforts to talk over it and his expressions are a riot - so as the afternoon draws to a close and he is growing weary and hungry I can pacify him easily by dialing weather and letting him hear the latest report. With each child I have marveled that they have been so beautifully healthy and active both mentally and physically - it takes so little to make it otherwise. And now here is Scott who was anticipated and arrived during a period of great sorrow and heartache, yet he represents all that is happy and healthy in life. I know definitely Floyd and I are far too old to continue having babies - As I have said the good Lord must have intended that we remain young in heart and body (tho I must admit after a day with Scott we are dragging), for only the youngest could cope with this last bundle of energy -. In this "jet age" he truly is jet personified, and I think will manage to propel himself thru space without the aid of any capsule. And now I wonder what the news will be from Jeanie this year. She has a freezer - but guess she could accomplish number 9 or 10 or what is it? Had a letter from Loren and Lucy Mahan Foot - they are in Great Falls now and altho they were here in Washington - living in Alexandria for a year or so we never got together but did talk on the phone. We enjoyed a nice visit with George Clemow. He sent all the children a postal on his return home and now we are all interested in a trip to visit Boston's historical points of interest. Chuck Turner spent an evening with us last fall also, and we caught up on a bit more news. They do get down this way sometimes and we hope to have a chance to get together with Both Jane and Chuck soon.

RUSHING, Shirley & Clyde: Still hope you will show up in Oregon some day. Better hurry before we all grow up and while we still have some of our youthful features. As for any youthful features we might have, the only one I can think of is a $3\frac{1}{2}$ year old ball of dynamite called Ricky and I certainly

hope we get to see all of you before he leaves us. We must be in a rut--we have the same address, same number of children, same dog, so I'll send the same old wish--Merry Christmas.

SHINN, Millie & Shirl: I'm sorry again that this is late, but just returned home from a Christmas trip to visit Mil's younger brother in California and tied up with some State work the first week in January; and then went to hospital Jan. 10 for an operation and just now got back home, so thought that I'd see if I could still get in my two bits worth. Cannot say that we can add anything to the news about anyone else on the list, as we have seen no one this past year. And we are about the same except just another year older. Business has added a few more gray hairs plus those that the kids add. In case any of you remember Tim O'Leary (from Billings & MSC 1936-38) he and his family of five (4 girls and 1 boy with 2 older girls gone--nursing) are Boise, Idaho residents for a year or so. Tim's employed by Eaton Metal Co. who are furnishing Metal Tunnels for Titan Bases near, and Tim is pushing production for them. I'm not so sure just where in the world we are here in Boise this winter as it has been so foggy most of the time we must have shifted to California. Had a pleasant phone call one afternoon last summer from none other than Snooks Rushing. He called while plane stopped on way thru from Salt Lake. Sure nice to see again. Santa never brought us an airplane this year, so still have to drive and guess we'll have to worry out a new car. The miles build up too fast, and as yet the business does not come to the one who waits, so still have to go out and get it. Which is by way of saying that business should be good, if I go and get. Sorry but am rather tired from hospital trip, so will just send this along.

STETZNER, Floss and Bill: Happy New Year to all of you. The Stetzners have relocated at Butte, Montana. Bill is the agent for the Milwaukee Road here. Our new address is 1044 Placer St. - just one block from our former Butte address. Our children are now Joan 13 years, Tommy 11, and Helen 7--so they are busy with music, basketball, parties and more studying than I ever did. I'm teaching some music and once in a while teach for the dear Sisters who teach my youngsters. Try filling one of your sections of the lazy susan with these:

FUDGE BARS

Melt 1 large package Nestles Chocolate Chips and 2/3 cup of butter in double-boiler. In mixing bowl put --

1 cup sugar 1 cup flour 4 eggs

Beat well. Put the melted chocolate and butter into this mixture. Add vanilla and mix well. Place in greased and floured flat cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Cut in squares. Add nuts to mixture or frost if desired.

Now I know I sound like the Home Demonstration Agent of Silver Bow County and that is my line--only at present I'm not under salary--just giving my time to all those I love in return for some of the very pleasant memories I have of each of you. Bill won a case of Jack Daniels Black Label on an election bet - so you know where to come.

STUCKY, Lorraine and Bill: I was horrified when your note came because then I checked my list and found one section which I had overlooked. In fact, I didn't even have enough letters printed. Oh well, with the Christmas activity around here each year I'm lucky to even have come through. 1960 was a "normal" busy year for us as only a year can be with four healthy super active kids. Just name whatever kind of project kids get into and we have a part in it sometime or other. I insist that the next car we have will come equipped with coffee bar so I can eat while taxiing. Some days I'm sure I could use a "bar"

bar except that the laws in Iowa are very strict concerning such activities. Susan - 14 $\frac{3}{4}$ - is a real pleasure. She keeps busy dancing every possible moment she can. We have come to realize this is no passing fancy so are helping her look ahead to her future plans. She is much interested in the U. of Utah because of its fine dance curriculum. Also I think its being in the west near ski areas attract her. She is a cheer leader, sings in girl's glee club, is on courtesy committee-an honorary service group at her school-is real active in P.Y.F. and keeps her grades well above a B average. She is too much like her mother to have too busy a schedule for boys so there are also the usual parties and dates. Roger is now 13, tall for his age and will certainly be 6 ft. before he stops growing. At his present rate of growth he must intend to get there before spring. This is in direct relationship to the amount he eats. His main interests are basketball and football, parties, boy scouts and finding ways to keep from studying anymore than absolutely necessary. During Christmas vacation went on an overnite outing with his patrol. They slept out in the snow--all this for the Snowflake award. Did you ever see a blue snowflake? Well, he came home as one. Still has real red hair and blue eyes. Dave will be 11 this month. He is our builder, scientist, thinker and doer. We are never quite sure what he will come up with. He is a cub scout - finishing up this year, of course. And as I say each year there is Bryan (5). He spends all his time getting into David's hair. He likes kindergarten after he and the teacher came to an agreement. So the kids continue to grow and mature. All seem real healthy and of normal intelligence so we count these our greatest blessing. Bill travels a great deal and always flies. This still bothers me especially after such a tragic thing as the collision of the planes over New York. I was much saddened to learn that Alex (Ruth Alexander) was on the plane. She was our O.B. supervisor when I trained in Bozeman and I worked awhile for her after I graduated. She was a swell person. I'm sure she must have been off to some gay vacation because she loved to do interesting things both in her work and play. Nevertheless, if Bill is to do his work he must fly. In October he went to Denver to be on a panel discussion for the Natl. Convocation on the Church in Town and Country. This was at the request of Rev. Bill Davidson. He was at M.S.C. when we were and I'm sure some of you know him. He is an Episcopal minister and now is in N.Y.C. and is Chairman of Natl. Council of Churches of Christ in USA. Just before Christmas Bill had a conference in Georgia and was able to go to Florida over the weekend. He had a nice visit to St. Augustine. Being as he has to be away he may as well take advantage of the opportunities to see this tremendous country of ours. We were in Montana for two weeks this summer. The Stuckys had a family reunion and ye gods, there must have been a thousand. Some summer we hope to go to West Yellowstone and stay and let people come there to see us. We absolutely stole one night to go to Menzels which is one of the things we like to do most. Both Bill and I were thrilled to see Mrs. Eagle so well. She had more pep and energy than ever, --what a wonderful woman she is. We missed seeing Dora Roman and the Taylors which did not please us. I had a short chat on the phone with Mr. Baxter during which he asked us to be sure to come to see them next time we came home. I regret not taking just a little while to drive out then -- the first summer in years we had not. (Editor's note: Vesta's Dad passed away just before Christmas). I don't have too much of a life of my own as you can tell. But, of course, my life is my family anyway. I do a little work at the Alpha Gam house, attend an occasional Faculty Women's Club meeting and did open my mouth with a suggestion about Style Shows and ended up Chairman of the Newcomer's Style Show-a huge project. This will consume every extra minute until the first of April. I'm a substitute bowler on a team and I'm not burning up the alleys with a fast ball or high schre. We are very slowly finishing this house. Bill has stained and varnished miles of mahogany woodwork.

Someday we hope to have furniture other than essentials and carpeting. I swear if we ever move again, whatever we move into will be completely finished and furnished--even if it has to be a tent. We stopped at the Presbyterian Church in Iowa City to see Rev. Pollock, but he was in Minneapolis. Also tried to see Marvin Adams in Boulder this summer, but he too was away. Guess we should get on the ball and get acquainted with our own new minister here.

TERRETT, June: Had my news-letter contribution on the agenda for this afternoon and was wondering what I had to report since there isn't much new or startling in the Terrett-Drowley household, when Jill, my 18 yr. old, tossed off a book report during lunch on "The Mature Mind". Of course, she didn't read the book, but wrote a pretty good report from snatches and condensed reviews. It's been so long since I read the book that I couldn't argue with her on opinions, but one excerpt she read said, in effect, the 40 year old mind is stale and stagnant--only the young mind is eager, inquiring, and thus has more potential. Well, I've been sitting here for an hour wondering. It was 20 years ago right now that I was a Jr. at M.S.C. and cramming for the fall quarter finals and panting for Xmas vacation to start. The thought makes me shudder right now. On the other hand, I've done many things since then that I didn't think humanly possible, and perhaps done them with a little more equanimity than I would have then. As I remember, Overstreet sides with us oldsters at the end of the book as long as we strive to keep that youthful eagerness for knowledge combined with our experience. Something to ponder, anyway, are we getting smug and older mentally as well as physically? Well, enough of book-reports and philosophy! Mother gave me a bad scare last summer when it was discovered she had malignant cancer. Thanks to modern science, she was completely cured by cobalt and radium treatments. Now, if they could just do as well for heart conditions and mental troubles, the world would be a much happier place. Jill is a Sr. this year, will soon be 18, and Jack is 15 and still at Boulder. He comes home for vacations and while he likes school, he still likes home better. Jane is an 8 yr. old third grader and more of a pest to Jill than ever in the courting dept. I'm busier and happier than ever teaching piano and organ, still trying to do some Hammond selling for Orton, etc. May '61 be very good to all of you.

TURNER, Jane and Chuck: As we approach the holidays we're thinking of you and your families and wish all of you the best of happiness throughout the coming year. We're pleased for this opportunity to introduce Becky, our new daughter-in-law. She and Dick visited us in Pennsylvania this summer and how we enjoyed having them. They are going to school at the University of Idaho in Moscow where Dick is finishing his last year. Valerie is in her sophomore year of elementary education at Pennsylvania State University. Ann and Carolyn are attending a lovely new Junior-Senior High School and experiencing the activities of most teenagers. And then there is Lee, whose antics keep us all smiling. We are still remembering the wonderful six weeks spent in Montana. Chuck made it out for some hunting in October and was sorry not to see more of you. York is a very nice city and surrounded on all sides by interesting places--New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., Gettysburg, Harrisburg, Hershey and many more. So do come for a visit.

VADHEIM, Midge and Al: The Winter of 1959 and '60 was spent with the winter sports, primarily skiing. Yes, we're still at it, no one has cracked up yet. Shelley went with us at every opportunity. She rides up the double T bar tow with me and then we take turns bringing her down the slope. She is really the best little sport on the hill. No doubt will be Olympic material in 19???. Shelley will be 6 yrs. in a week. She is in Kindergarten this year, goes in the mornings for two hours, thoroughly enjoying it. Jan is almost 12 and in the 6th grade. Last spring she won the Rotary Award for her room, based

on personality, scholarship, activities, achievement, and cooperation. She was really one surprised girl and of course Mom and Pop were justly proud of her. She is still taking piano lessons, 4th year, and is playing the saxophone instead of a drum in the school concert band. She enjoyed Speedy, her pony, to the fullest extent this summer. Shelley had many a ride around the house. Just can't grow up fast enough to have a pony of her own. Lew is soon 15, and really stretching up. He now looks Pop eye to eye, six feet, and is very proud of the fact. Athletics are still a major interest, no time for any girls. Babe Ruth ball all summer, football all fall, even traveling to nearby cities for games. Yes, 9th grade, it is really difficult to believe. Lew is taking piano, 7th year, and also band, saxophone, for credit. Believe me, we have much music before school and early evening. Lew had a fine trip with some 20 boys of same age and class of Presbyterian Sunday School, to the Passion Play in Spearfish, South Dakota. Mom and Pop are fine, too. Well, reasonably so. At present and for the past two weeks, Midge has been wearing a cast on her right foot. A freak accident with the ironing board cracked a bone, but it is on the mend. She says, "The moral of the story is not to iron--now if I had done this skiing I wouldn't mind." Last spring, we left Bozeman the end of May. Drove via Squaw Valley, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Disneyland, Marine Land and Long Beach. We took in Major League baseball games, zoos, and even on the way back played the slot machines in Las Vegas. Won \$10 in dimes, so Midge and I put in a Nite on the Strip. Ten bucks doesn't go very far. We saw some real good shows and of course all kinds of people parting with their money by various means. During the summer we took a few nice trips with the boat, the best being to Yellowstone Lake, and across to the Wilderness area of the Southeast Arm. There is certainly no art to catching fish there, just drag them out, one with each cast of the lure. All of the fish were 17 to 20 inches and natives. So now this brings us back to where we started--skiing again.

WAITE, Jeanne: The calendar shows the dead line is approaching and I certainly don't want to miss out on the yearly letter. 1960 has come to a close, for which I am most thankful--it has been such a mixed up year--full of such good and such bad. Started by going to Portland in the spring. So disappointed not to even talk to the Granthams. Had sent a card and upon arrival called and called, house and office, never locating them. Did have a 10:00 P.M. chat with their son one nite, but that was the best I could do. Drove to Billings in August and met Peg Durkin Clinton and Louise Lepper Barsness for short lunch and long conversation. Peg is the same--lives in St. Louis & busy with her job at William Woods College. Her son Corky was with her and he is a fine tall young man--16, I think. Last August I sailed for Europe. Such a thrill. Toured Ireland, Wales, England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, France with an organized tour for $3\frac{1}{2}$ weeks. Took off by myself from Paris for 3 more weeks to Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Denmark--landing in New York the middle of November. It was a glorious trip and I highly advise it for everyone. On arrival in New York, I found my Mother was in a Billings hospital, so I flew home at once. Mother had a vicious type cancer and lived only 6 weeks after it was discovered, passing away December 12. I resigned my hospital job here, and will be here indefinitely with my Dad. No immediate plans, so call whenever anyone comes thru this way. The Annins are opening a new gift shop in the new Albertson shopping center in Billings on March 1. Have a great 1961.

WEBER, Jerry: Here I am racing to make the deadline and I do hope you will be as tolerant as the Internal Revenue boys and allow a postmark as late as midnight on the 15th. I do have several reasons for the delay, all of which would suffice sufficiently, I'm sure, but I guess the most valid is that just a few days before Christmas my Boss dropped 350 of his personal Christmas

cards on my lap with--"Here you send these out; I'm too busy." I know you wouldn't stand for obscenity in your newsletter, so I'll conceal my thoughts. As a result, about 1/3 of mine are still sitting. First of all, Peg, I'm sure you know how delighted I was to see you last summer, but disappointed your better half couldn't join us. Right now I'm positive I could pick up a few typing techniques from him. Besides you, my other dear buddies in Billings, and the Becks in Great Falls, that was the extent of the group I met up with last yr. Couldn't get Vivian Coefield any farther south than Carmel, Calif. Cora & Ward Beck were in LA this New Year's for the parade and Rose Bowl game, but didn't make connections with them until the night before they left and then it was a telephonic conversation as they were staying at Disneyland. (How Khru-shchev must envy them!) I practically weep every time I think of the Becks not being around next summer. Our office is beginning to get back to normal finally after the big kidnaping case. In case you didn't get much news coverage of it I might bore you with a few details. So seldom we can ever tell what is going on. The victim -- Anthony Alessio--is one of the owners of the Caliente race track in Tijuana, Mexico. He was returning to his home in San Diego about 4:30 P.M. and was snatched just as he was entering his driveway. The kidnapers made contact with his wife immediately and demanded \$650,000 ransom to be paid the following day in Los Angeles. (That is the largest amount in history and more than the Greenlease case in St. Louis and Weinberger baby in New York a few years back). The wife was frantic and told them she couldn't raise more than \$200,000 on such short notice to which they agreed. The money was to be in currency and left in a parking lot on Hollywood Blvd. (at 10:00 P.M.) of all places where 500,000 people were watching the Santa Claus Lane parade on Thanksgiving Eve. All went as planned and the victim was released 3 hrs. and 15 minutes later in San Diego. We didn't dare make any noticeable move until he was free and unharmed, but once that occurred the fireworks began. I don't believe one Agent had as much as a turkey sandwich on Thanksgiving and by that night we had apprehended three of the subjects. Picked up the other two still in Los Angeles in a matter of a few days, and when the Agents surrounded the ring leader at 1:30 A.M. while he was sitting in his car his only remark was, "My, gosh, I knew the FBI was smart, but I didn't think they were so many of you!" He was armed, but I guess he knew he would be lost in any gun battle. In spite of the exhausting round-the-clock operations, it was terribly exciting and everyone felt rewarded for the long hours and hard work that the victim wasn't killed. Best of everything to you three and to all the clan in 1961 and may we move forward in the "New Frontier".

WILLIAMSON, Floss and Shirl: The years are slipping by, our family is growing up - as are all our friends, so it's good to hear from everyone through the newsletter. Rick is 14--8th grade and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch taller than Shirl. His two loves are football and skiing. He is a very good skier and has set his goal at Winter Olympics '64 or '68. That's pretty high but he might win a few races along the way to go along with the two trophies he has collected in grade-school ski meets. He is also a fair swimmer and likes to shoot and go camping. Paul - 12 yrs. old - is a pretty much all around boy. He's a good student and has lots of hobbies - photography, electricity, fly-tying, painting, fishing, etc. He is pretty good at entertaining himself and is sometimes an "all-aloner". That is--absorbed in whatever he happens to be doing. Jon is 10 and is our artist. He's always drawing, painting or building something. He likes to fish and ride horses, go camping and hiking. And he's crazy about that pro-football. He'll even give up skiing to stay home and watch a game on TV that he wants to see. The boys are all in 4-H Club this year, and I guess they are a pretty average bunch of kids. Shirl is still skiing and working for Montana Power. And I manage to keep busy just keeping up with the rest and also working. Shirl says

when he's 65 he'll take me to Arizona for a winter vacation where I can soak up some sun. Otherwise I'll have to go by myself. We are enjoying our house in Bridger Canyon and our door is always open for company. Incidentally, the Bridger Road is being oiled right past our place so it's easily accessible. Come see us. A happy and prosperous year to you all.

WILSON, Maizie and John: What with one thing and another I never did finish writing the Christmas cards - so decided to forget the whole thing and hope to do better next year. It also occurred to me that you might quite reasonably tire of this time-consuming project and let us all jolly well keep people advised of the news as best we could. Obviously this would not work out very well for all your avid readers if everyone goofed as I did. We had a splendid trip to Mexico in Feb. and March. We drove to L.A. via Las Vegas so Daddy could see all the acres and acres of bosoms. From L.A. we flew to Mexico City where we spent approx. five days. Then with another couple, took a car to Cuernavaca, Taxco, and to Acapulco. We arrived in Taxco the night before Lent began so saw the children parading in their costumes, the elaborate fireworks and general celebration. After several days in Acapulco, we relaxed to such an extent that it became difficult to get up and down to the swimming pool. What fun! In May we made the move from Belmont to our pleasant new house in Woodside. John very cleverly departed for school in Denver the day after the mission was completed and was gone seven weeks. I did go up over the 4th and we had a most satisfactory evening with Jean and Gil Bernard from Helena. When John returned and was back in schedule it developed that he had somehow injured the ulnar nerve in his right arm, probably in moving. We didn't become alarmed until he lost the feeling in his fingers and arm--so he had it operated Sept. 25 and didn't return to work until the week before Christmas. We had no idea it would take so long to mend--and it is still sensitive. I was somehow selected to be decorations Chairman for the Cockpit Wives Christmas dinner dance Dec. 8. It has been so many years since I have done anything like this that I was in a panic, but survived. When MSC played Fresno State we decided to use some passes so the four of us flew down. MSC headquarters was at the Hacienda Motel where we stayed--so saw quite a few familiar faces--Howie and Mary Jane Eliason, Hugh and Harriet McCord Paris and Elmer Ward, to name a few. As you probably know we won in the last second and as Fresno State was undefeated, it was all pretty exciting. We are still supporting that enormous beast my "boys" presented me with last Christmas and as she seems to require numerous trips to the Vets, bankruptcy at her hands or paws, seems inevitable. The day of the dinner dance, our front yard arrived on a truck and trailer and by nightfall was all in place, complete with split rail fence. Spice (that dog) seems determined to split the fence even more so and I must say her games with Buster, the male Labrador from next door, have not been particularly conducive to the growth of a new lawn and plants, but we continue to be optimistic. Two days before Christmas, Terry encountered a horse with a strong mind who took him on an alarming ride during which he brushed against a sign or mail box and Terry's left leg was sliced from ankle to knee. Two semi-hysterical small girls called to advise me that--"Mrs. Wilson, a, Terry sort of hurt his leg and someone's called an ambulance"--to sum it all up, Terry had about sixty stitches and was in the hospital till Christmas morning. Anyway he had a ride in the Highway Patrol station wagon with sirens, and made the San Mateo Times and the Redwood City Tribune. As there are only 22 boys in the 8th grade here, he is much in demand at dinner parties. John gives him a bad time. Billy is a Freshman at Woodside High and last spring was one of five 8th grade graduation speakers in Belmont, chosen from a class of 243, so we were pleased and proud. When we lived in Belmont I attended Pi Phi Alum Club in San Mateo from time to time and this year have joined the Palo Alto group. Patty Patton Hall is Pres. and we are hoping to see Brownie (Green) and Bob Everett when we go to the dinner dance here at the Pioneer

H otel next Sat. night. We're hoping to have our vacation in Montana next summer so will get to see some of you. Meanwhile, we love living in Woodside as it's one of the few bits of country left in these parts. Be sure to call us if you come this way as we are still Montanans at heart.

WINCHESTER: Carolyn and Burl: This is a real task for you two each year - especially when you have clients who are delinquent like the Winchesters. But, believe me, we do appreciate the work you do on these letters every year. I don't feel quite so inefficient and guilty since I ran into Betty Wolcott just before Christmas dashing from store to store frantically hunting for one more item for one more kid. She told me that she hadn't even started to write her Christmas cards--and what's more, last year she only got as far as the M's and quit. I saw one of our friends sorting out last year's Christmas cards and throwing half of them in the waste basket. When I asked him what he was up to he said, "Well, the people who simply signed their name with no message go into the 'Round File' - the rest of them get cards from us this year." Maybe that's the way to cut down. Mother left for Trinidad Dec. 29 and arrived there the 30th at midnight by Jet. She is having the kind of vacation you read about in books. Greta and Bob live right on the shores of the Caribbean and spend a good deal of their time either crossing the water or swimming in it. Bob, of course, has much less leisure time than the family since he is Commander of the Air Base there. But Mother says she has a boat ride 2 and 3 times a day and goes swimming with the children quite often. It sounds like a dream. The Winchesters are having a different kind of year (can't say I'd recommend it). Burl's going to MSC grad school trying to finish up his Doctorate in Animal Husbandry and Genetics. The courses he took were not what you'd expect on a degree like this -- Cultural Anthropology, Experimental Psychology, Logic etc. I found out what wives of grad. students do. They keep still and try to make their kids do the same. And when this fails Father goes to the Library. Seriously, what really happens in the end is that he stays up half the night because that's the only time it's ever quiet anyway. One thing we've found out in doing it ourselves (the house) is that by the time you get through with one room it's about ready to be redone. I wanted a big house--now I have a big headache. How is it with you?

YOVELICH, Nick: Well here goes nothing since it seems that each year I get lazier and lazier when it comes to correspondence. The year 1960 was fairly good to me. Aside from losing hair and gaining weight I guess I have but a few complaints. After working for a year and a half planning a new transformer plant in Muncie Indiana I'll be transferred there. I'll leave Sharon with mixed emotions. First, I'll miss a lot of friends and I'll miss the trips to Pittsburgh, Cleveland, N.Y.C., giving up my season ticket to pro football. The good points are that after planning the assembly and test areas I got a little promotion, so now I will not have to make the areas operate properly. This is really lucky. Of course, after dating girls around the area here I'm known so well that I can no longer get a date. Maybe the Hoosiers aren't so smart or maybe it will take a few years to really find me out. By this time you can easily see I'm still single with no attachments. I'll not give up cause Rossiter was at least 10 years older than I when he got lucky. This summer I had a split vacation. Went to Chicago over the 4th. This was my first real visit there so now I know a few places to visit on weekends from Muncie (185 miles or so). I saw the World Series again in N.Y.C. and in Pittsburgh. Series time in New York is always fun even if the wife of a friend of mine left the Library area 15 minutes before the mad bomber let fly there. I also was visited by my Mother and Sister. We took several side trips - one to Niagara Falls. I've seen the Falls so many times that it would be an ideal place for a honeymoon. Wouldn't have to waste time looking at the Falls. For years I have stated that golf is an old man's game suitable for the old, fat, weak and simple folk. After taking up the game this

year I'll have to admit it is for the old, fat, weak and simple folk. I find that it is quite simple to play a par 4 350 yard hole into a hole measuring at least 600 yds and 8 or 9 strokes. I played with a good golfer friend of mine the other day and showed him some shots he had never seen before. His only comment was I also showed him some real estate on the course that he had never seen before. Funny, I tee off with the gang and leave them, but we usually meet on the green again if they wait long enough. Well, I've run down. Soon as I get a Muncie address I'll let you know. Should be leaving in Feb. or March. While Muncie isn't too much everyone is welcome or maybe better yet - Who wants to meet me in Chicago?

EAGLE, Bettie: Well, another year has come and gone in much the same pattern as others. Last winter I was able to get out skiing quite often as I took my vacation an afternoon at a time. This year I have new skis and have been out only twice. We had a busy summer season at West and it brought many friends to Eagle Corner--including Dave Rossiter, Shirl Shinns, Jane Chaffin Turner with 3 of her family, Dave Muchow & family, the Hugo Jacobs, Peg Durkin Clinton, Stuckys, Louise Lepper Barsness, and others. Still can't think of a nicer spot to be in the summer and hope many of you find your way there this year. The earthquake area attracted thousands of people and the Forest Service did a fine job of putting up markers, charts, etc. showing what had happened. My six months in Bozeman speeds by, too, with work at the Library (we'll be spreading out into a new addition next fall), ball games, friends and family in and out, Bridge Club, and the like. I belong to an investment club on campus made up of 20 people, part faculty and part down town folks (including a couple bankers). We do a lot of talking and have a fine time and haven't lost any money in the over all picture, but I won't be retiring right away. On second thought, perhaps I will be. Our new governor is planning to lop off a big hunk of the appropriations to the University System, so they may decide I'm expendable. The latest addition to our family is a little girl born to Kay and brother Joe, November 21, 1960. Mom now has 24 grandchildren--12 boys and 12 girls. (We are raising our own help for the store and gas station.) I'm glad to report that Mom made a truly remarkable recovery after being so very ill a year ago; she has been in Long Beach on her own since before Christmas. My older brother, Henry, who had a heart attack a year ago this past fall is also getting along fine. His two oldest sons are at MSC and one of them sleeps at our house and it is nice to have him around. Toward the end of March, Norma Stotesbury and I plan to fly to southern California for two weeks in that sunny clime, and after that it will be about time for me to head for West Yellowstone again. Best wishes to all of you.

TAYLOR, Peg and Bill: I always plan to write-up our news ahead of time so it will be just straight typing, but here I am improvising on the stencil. We took a split vacation this year but didn't go any further than Bozeman the first half because we purchased a new Ford and couldn't afford a trip. This car instead of blue to match my eyes is white or off-white to match my hair! In August we went to Spokane for about 4 days and visited Bill's sister and family again. Had a real nice time but after viewing their yard which was profuse with flowers and truly beautiful we decided our place looked a little sick. Rick tagged along with his cousin Susie until she didn't have a minute to call her own. I think she was relieved when it was nap time and she play with her little friends without the "pest". We didn't even get to West Yellowstone this past year and have almost been ostracized because of it. We took in a few football games this fall including Homecoming which is always fun. We didn't get our annual night out at the Sigma Chi dinner dance which is usually held during the holidays. They postponed it and decided to have a Valentine party, so we are looking forward to that. We had a wonderful New Year's Eve celebration. Our good friends Loret and Don Jorgenson asked us over and told us to bring Rick

and his pajamas. So we put him to bed over there and then celebrated and ended up with a delicious breakfast after midnight. Didn't get home until 2:30 and we got to sleep in the next morning while they had to get up around 7:30 with our son. How's that for friendship? It was good to see Al Grantham a year ago in Bozeman. He timed it just right because if he had been a little earlier we would have put him to work folding the newsletter for mailing. Had good visits with Jane Chaffin Turner, Jerry Weber, and Menzels during the year. Had telephone conversations with Peg Clinton, Elota Beth Roth and Chuck Turner. It was disappointing not to see them but good to hear their voices. Also, saw Jim MacDonald this last Fall when he was home and had a couple of good gab-sessions. Rick is growing like a weed, will be 4 in April, doesn't eat worth a darn, thinks he's the head of the household, and is usually a jump ahead of us. One day after his Dad had punished him he said "I'm sick and tired of having you spank me and make me cry." Never a dull moment with him around! Hope 1961 is a great year for all of you!

ROMAN, Dora: Grandma has lots of fun spoiling the grandson. She sends her love to all and always looks forward to any visits from any of you.

MISSING CORRESPONDENTS: No letters from COEFIELD, DANIELS, GATES, GRANTHAM, LOVELACE, MACDONALD, MARTIN, MCCALL, PURDY, ROSSITER, STEPHENS, STRONG, THOMPSON (Wanna), THOMPSON (Lew), WINANS, and WOLCOTT. Via the newspaper we do know that Kermit Daniels is the Minority Leader at the Montana Legislature. Haven't seen the rest of the above in print so have nothing to report. We were so pleased to add Georgia Brown Wheeler to our newsletter list last year, and we are sorry now to tell you that she died very suddenly in San Francisco last spring. She was a grand person and so much a part of our college years.

Thanks to all of you for your good letters. It's a highlight of our year when we bring together all the news from all of you.

Love and kisses,

Peg, Bill & Bettie

ROLL CALL

Mr. & Mrs Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 885 W. 37th Ave., Eugene, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 1318 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 6960 S. W. Raleighwood Lane, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 118 Marrett Rd., Lexington, Mass.
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 9202 Eager Rd., Brentwood 17, Missouri
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S. W. 29th Pl., Portland 1, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Kermit Daniels, 101 N. Main, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.
Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7610 S. W. Miner Way, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Walt Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California
Maj. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2619 Los Amigos Dr., Rancho Cordova, California
Capt. James F. MacDonald, Hq. AFFTC, Box 2129, Edwards AFB, California
Mr. & Mrs. Robin MacNab, 822 S. 5th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Marshall, 1211 Wunnicke Lane, Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McCollm, 5720 - 60th N.E., Seattle 5, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Menzel, West Yellowstone, Mont.
Mr. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Mont.
Dr. & Mrs. H. D. Rossiter, Sheridan, Mont.
Lt. Col. & Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 6005 Berkshire Drive S.E., Westchester Estates,
Washington 22, D.C.
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Rushing, 3030 South Lawnridge, Albany, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, 2626 Augusta St., Boise, Idaho
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, 1044 Placer, Butte, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Strong, 209 S. Willson, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 1301 Winnie, Helena, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Thompson, 8820 S.W. 35th, Portland 19, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8, Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Mont.
Miss Jerry Weber, 854 $\frac{1}{2}$ So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 5, California
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson, 128 Highland Terrace Drive, Woodside, California
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding, California
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Huffine Lane, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. Nick Yovetich, c/o Westinghouse, Muncie, Indiana

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Bettie Eagle, 623 S. 3rd, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Ave. E, Billings, Mont.

Deleted from our newsletter list because we haven't heard for two years:

Mr. & Mrs. Dan R. Lovelace, 422 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. R. C. McCall, 502 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. James Stephens, 1020 Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah

January 1962

Dear Old Gang:

Each year brings its joys and sorrows to each of us. This year we all share in the sadness of the death of Dan Lovelace who died last summer after a gallant fight against Parkinson's Disease. We wish to dedicate this issue to Dan who was so deeply interested in all of you.

ANDERSON, Vesta & Eric: 6:30 A.M. Get up, drag Mike out of bed to practice his trombone; his dance band has an engagement tonight. As I unlace him from the blankets, he looks more like an octopus than a 14 year old boy, all arms and legs. 7:00 Breakfast for 6. A riot! One hair ribbon in mouth, compensated for by dry cereal in the hair...that's a switch but it's also Lisa, aged 4. My virtue is challenged every time a stranger sees her and exclaims "she certainly looks like you". Being the only one that looks like me, and adopted, it does throw a bit of doubt on my respectability. Rickey, enjoying his breakfast and eating as nicely as any normal little 5 year old boy, cheers us on to another day. Christy, 9 year old social butterfly, ready to join her gang...that is, if she ever finishes that egg. However, hope burns eternal, and if she can prolong this business of eating just long enough she may not have to practice the piano. Eric and I swearing we'll never never stay up and watch another late late show, and both of us lying. 8:00 Taxi, commandeered by one big Swede, leaves. Everybody mad at everybody else by this time. "I don't want to wear overshoes", "do I have to finish that egg?", "where's my book?", "who took the comb?"...Enough to send me back to bed! 8:05 Recuperate over a cup of coffee...while that darned egg turns to cement on Chris's plate. Thank heaven for Captain Casey on T-V--he's entertaining the little ones, who by this time have succeeded in getting their shoes on...on the wrong feet, that is. 8:30 Just one more cup of coffee. As I survey the house I begin to feel like Hazel. Who said "A woman's work is never done"? Done...mine isn't even started! 9:00 Eric off to keep an appointment with man from Internal Revenue. Will he be back or will they send him straight to Alcatraz? 9:30 Violent cursing. Eric back. Found out the janitor made more at the dear old Park Hotel than he did. Enough of private enterprise, thank goodness we sold it...or did we give it away? The important thing is that we did get rid of it. Retirement is fun, but not very lucrative, so if any of you know of a prestige job, easy, with short hours and high pay, let us know. 9:45 If that darned phone would stop ringing, I could finish letter to Mary Lynn, who is going to Stanford and loving every minute of it. Must remind her to work hard, as she's there on a scholarship and we can't afford to send her up here. 10:00 Committee meeting to make final arrangements for state retarded children's convention here. Yours truly is pres. of local parents' group, and state vice-president. Lots of work, but worth it when we see our dreams materialize in special education rooms throughout the state and improved institutional care. 11:00 Get letter off to Bettie and Peg. Want to thank them for the enjoyment we all receive from their efforts...and to apologize for being late again, as usual. 12:00 Telephone call from Mike...he won't be home for lunch, he's president of the student body and the council is having a noon meeting. Well, that means one less peanut butter sandwich to fix. 12:30 Enough of this. It's time for a nap; Maybe I'll dream about a reunion of the gang. Would that be a dream or a nightmare...we're willing to give it a whirl, how about the rest of you?

BECK, Cora & Ward: Greetings to all: The Becks are liking Eugene more all the time, it's a delightful place to live. Our winter week-ends are spent skiing, we like this driving to the snow and not shoveling it at home. Ward Jr. is on the South Eugene High School ski and golf teams. Eugene Country Club's golf course is terrific and spend as much time as possible there. Was fun having the Trans-Mississippi golf tournament here last July. Leslie Kay spent her summer at Camp Tamarack and Great Falls. While home she rode a great deal on her horse "Flame". My Ward has enjoyed excellent hunting and fishing this fall--reminded us of Bozeman days. I had surgery the end of May but feeling real chipper again. We're looking forward to spending a couple weeks of February in San Francisco. Hoping to hear more about that newsletter reunion, Bettie & Peg.

BRANDON, Billie and Blondy: Dear Fortunate Recipients of the EPISTLE. The above should include everybody-----and I do mean everybody! Greetings from the ice box of the world! Thule couldn't be colder. I have shoveled the walk and driveway four times in the last two days. The exercise was grand but not particularly recommended for thirty nineish individuals. The mercury is so far down in the bulb that all we get is an echo as it falls another degree. To top it off, I heard a wag today predict warmer weather for the 4th of July. It may take that long at that. So much for the weather. I had a call from John Gates last fall, and during the course of the conversation he asked if I would send him the last issue of the letter. I said I would, but I didn't add that it would be after it was replaced by the current issue. So Dear Friends, if I am a teensy weensy bit late, have mercy. The act will benefit two distant also too distant admirers of the collective sentiment expressed in the letter and the brilliant editorial technique displayed in the makeup. The latter may be lightly phrased, but the whole hearted appreciation of your efforts over the years is most sincere. We treasure the letter! Bro. Yovetich has become a hoosier. He is presently at a new Westinghouse plant in Muncie, Ind.. As a matter of general information, and in case "Nick" has an opportunity to read this deathless (maybe deadly would be a more apt choice) prose, Westinghouse is a minor manufacturer of electrical equipment. I was in the hoosier state a few weeks ago for a Purdue ball game. Our son and heir has an idol on the team. Our son is now a sophomore in high school. He has some of his mother's characteristics, fortunately, and is a good student with an obsession for golf which he has had to divert to skating for the last couple of weeks--and that is a sentence! I had no actual face to face meetings with any of the old gang this past year. I wish to remind all of you that we are adjacent to Chicago, accessible and hospitable. Nuff said! I do quite a bit of traveling, but our plants are east, south, and southwest----doggonit! Billie is figuratively dying for additional exposure to Montana and its people. We should send our boy to one of its institutions (higher education that is), and she'd be making weekly trips out there twice a week. I am rushing (good old Snooks) to post this, and hoping we are still on the mailing list. And in closing, the best to you in '62!

CALLISTER, Dot and Hague: I realize that I am late so this may turn out to be just a visit with you all. My temptation was not to write for we are all so normal and average that I felt I had little to tell, but the interest in getting a visit from everyone had too much of a draw, so I am trying to get in under the wire. Needless to say you are wonderful, wonderful people to do this each year. Enclosed is a write-up on my handsome husband who can prove that patience and faith can bring success to anyone at any age. ("New coordinator of sales and services for Morden Machines Co., Portland, is Hague Callister, announces John L. Sigler, vice president and manager. Before joining Morden, Callister served 10 years with the W. F. Preble Co., general insurance, in Portland. He was treasurer of the firm. Callister, who was chairman this year of the school district 48 budget committee, holds both his BA and MA in economics from the University of Oregon.") We have three wonderful kids. Barbars is much like my sister Phyllis in personality. She is 14 years old and fun to live with. I believe they wrote the teen books about her. She floats one minute and frowns the next. She skis and swims, does well in school and is keeping her Mother numb from trying to stay up for her many week-end dates! Duncan is 13 yrs. has a bad case of second childitis. He is a good student, very young socially but loves to ski. Scotta is 9 and this is her last one number year. She is our student but is way too serious and quiet. She seems to get along well with her friends and hates to play the piano! My black hair is getting very grey and I am not skinny like I use to be, not at all! I thank God for our many comforts and pleasures and for our friends, friends like you.

CLINTON, Peg: Again it is Christmastime. It is a bit painful to have the years pass so quickly. The potion of pain reliever which helps alleviate that pain consists of the wonderful memories I have of M.S.C. and the old gang. Those memories are still so close it is as if they were the fountain of youth--and I react accordingly (inside only which est tres mal!) It seems as if I have lived out of a suitcase this year. William Woods increased my territory in eastern Missouri and up to 4/5 of Illinois. I logged 23,000 on my Ford this past year. In July, I was in New York City for a week interviewing prospective students. Even though my personal

time is limited while there, I always enjoy being in New York for a short while. In August, I spent three weeks away from it all--on a lake in northern Minnesota. (I really mean "on"--each day drifting in the middle of the lake with a good book!) Larry died very suddenly in October. It was a shock to all of us in that he was in good health. He had done a wonderful job of rebuilding himself and his law practice. Corky had spent July and August with Larry in the Bahamas, which was a blessing. Corky is a senior this year--so the college decision is now at my own steps. He's a natural for Liberal Arts--maybe on to Law--so even if M.S.C. were closer, it wouldn't answer his needs. He has applied to Westminster College in Fulton--a limited enrollment men's college. We are both hopeful he will be accepted.

COEFIELD, Vivian & Jack: I really goofed last year when I didn't get a letter off to you, but the time goes so quickly and the 15th came and was gone and I forgot. Speaking of time, we are getting up there a bit when we say we "remember 20 years ago" and that is just what it was last 1960 when we graduated. It seems strange that now we are talking about our own children going to college. Things go on about the same around the Coefield household. Our family is growing up all too fast and I find myself feeling a bit tearful when I think that next year our oldest will start to college. Jeff was 17 last August and will graduate from high school this coming spring. He plans to enter one of the Oregon schools and at the moment is thinking about OSU. He has had a busy four years mostly in the athletic line in high school. He is small, but mighty. He has lettered three years in wrestling, two in baseball, and played Frosh football, weighing 90 lbs. He got his letter this year in football weighing 135. For the past 7 summers he has played summer baseball from Little League right on up through American Legion. I have enjoyed his teenage years and am happy when our home is full of his friends. Alan was 13 last August and will graduate from the eighth grade this spring. This is his third year in Boy Scouts, he is playing trumpet for the third year in the school band and is on his third year of piano. Leslie was 8 last June and is in the third grade. It is fun having a girl, but there is never a dull moment with this one. She has more ideas and more projects going than the average. I find it hard to keep up with her. Her favorite pastimes are trampoline, swimming and horseback riding. These are all the things that I have never cared about and am a bit nervous about such a little thing riding around on a big horse. One would never know from that remark that I came from Montana. We have spent two weeks of each of the last two summers at Swan Lake and love it very much. We are planning to go there again this coming summer. We spent two days in Bozeman last summer, but that was all too short a time to do any calling or seeing anyone. I hope to get back there next summer and have time to see all of my friends. We would welcome a visit from any of our Montana friends any time they come to Portland. Please give us a call. Thank you so much for sending out this newsletter; it is a great idea.

DANIELS, Judy & Kermit: The 15th deadline has almost caught up with the Daniels; we're positive it's a sure sign of approaching senility. 1961 has swept by so fast. As we look about for signs of change, the most thrilling is that we are grandparents of a new granddaughter born Oct. 28 and a real doll. The other children are fine and busy enjoying their school year. Our year has been quite uneventful, but pleasant. We spent 60 days last winter in Helena and always enjoy seeing everyone. We hope to see more of you this year and stop on your way thru the "Prison City". A good new year to each and all.

GATES, Chrissie & John: 1961 was an empty year for the Gates for alas you "Mean what you say" girls cut us from the Newsletter list. We weren't too concerned at first thinking certainly someone would lend us theirs if we put up bond on its return. Everyone we wrote to treasured their "Letter" so much that they would not trust us. Finally I made a trip to Chicago where Brandon, under the convincing of spirits, finally divulged some of the contents and promised to send me his copy. Of course, when he sobered up, he did not do so. Therefore having been properly educated, we have learned to write again. We see and talk to lots of ex MSC'ers. Chuck Jelinek is in Easton, Pa. Chuck Turner in York, Pa. Mild Chauner and wife Helen Sandvig live just outside Philadelphia. Les Willson in Wilmington. Mary Corbin in Washington. Also our class valedictorian Walt Weedman is in

Washington pushing men to the moon. (He has agreed to send only SAE's on the first few trips.) One end of the rainbow got too heavy again and some more gold spilled out of the pit on to Pappin's poor old grey head. So much so that Shirley came out to help spend. After the World Series openers in New York they came over for dinner one nite. Ten days, 3 football games, two trips to concrete plants, one day in a steel mill, several in antique shops and museums, six parties and 2 cases of liquor later they went home. The last time they were here they left at 6:30 AM after staying up all nite. This time they were quite decent and we had a great time. Our college days did a great deal for us. I was reminded of this recently when Dave Rossiter suggested that we get acquainted with a friend of his who is attending the University of Pa. here. The guy Ronald Paige turned out to be so nice that I didn't blame Dave for calling him a relative. The point will be made on those who remember the kinds of characters that Dave carried on with before he came to MSC. It was suspected you will remember that he and some of the characters were tossed out of Missoula. It gives one a warm glow to think back on the rebuilding job that our Alma Mater did on that rough uncut Hardrock Miner who had the temerity to enter our school without being able to spell. As a result he has apparently achieved a lovely family and some nice friends. Most of us are now too old to have had any new children (except Jean Duncan and Yovetich) so I'll have to close now. Please let us have a letter anyway.

GRANTHAM, Wilma and Al: Sorry to have missed seeing you, Bettie, and for that matter, most every one else, during two short trips to Bozeman last fall. We have, however, been fortunate in having an opportunity to renew many old friendships during the year. I am still enjoying the insurance business as a member of the Charles W. Sexton firm, all over the Pacific Northwest and California. Wilma and I continue to prefer Portland to anything else we have found and our web-footed children seem quite normal to us. Bruce has honored us by making us the parents of an Eagle Scout and Susan is introducing us to the problems of "teenage". Please notice the new address and do try to find the time to pay us a visit in '62.

HEINRICH, Jean and Walt: Don't think I've ever been this late with a note to you and I'm not so concerned about any news I might send, but I am concerned for fear I'll be eliminated on the mailing list and not know a thing about the "gang" until next year! Actually this year has whizzed by so fast and been such a "normal" year that there isn't much news to pass on. Our family is the same as last year--our oldest works in D.C., we have 2 children in high school, four in grade school and two home all day every day! The only unusual thing or interesting thing we did (that I can recall hurriedly before the mailman arrives to get this) is to drive to D.C. for a week's visit at Easter time. We piled everyday clothing, Easter clothing, food, games and 10 of us in the station wagon and drove straight through each way. We have exceptionally well-behaved children (ahem!??) or you know we wouldn't have attempted it! But honestly, they were very good (wore their angel-wings all the time we were gone) so we thoroughly enjoyed it. I fowled up our summer vacation plans by getting a terrific ear infection when I decided to be young and gay and take swimming lessons so I could perfect a "crawl" and safely play "lifeguard" to our gang at the beach! The doctor confirmed what we had suspected for a long time--that I have a hole in my head (broken ear drum)! It's an "old" break so I can't even accuse our noisy gang of causing it. Maybe that's why I tolerate this noisy household--just can't hear as much as I should!

JACOBS, Grace and Hugo: Not much in the way of news--still live in the same place--have the same business (which gets better every year)--take the same vacation to Montana every summer. The children (I should say teenagers) have changed tho. Joanne is now a freshman in High School--just loves it--especially the dances. John is in 7th grade--is in an accelerated group. They really pile the home work on. Keeps him out of mischief tho. Had the pleasure of seeing Bettie briefly in Long Beach several times while she vacationed here. She had so many social engagements that we only had glimpses of her now and then. Then we had time for a 10 minute visit at West this summer so guess we're doing pretty good.

JUSTICE, Edna and Jack: Everything with the Justices is the same except the kids are getting older! We have been here at Mather Air Force Base now for three years and that is quite a record stay for the military crowd. We like it here

in Sacramento, though, and hope that we can stay here until 1963 when we hope to retire. A tragic accident has put a blotch on 1961. A brother-in-law in Montebello, California, died Sept. 8 from injuries received in a head-on collision June 23. It was a prayerful 10 weeks for us all. I have been working in the Bank of America on the base since April and find there is plenty of stuff in the old girl yet! It keeps me on my toes and out of mischief. Elaine, 13, and Bob, 11, help me with my so-called "homework" so everything works out fine. I have met a lot of people from Montana, but as yet no one that I know. Santa brought us an electronic organ for Christmas last year--couldn't wait for Fred Orton--so now I play the organ. Learning to use the foot pedals was like patting your head and rubbing your stomach, but now I find it a wonderful way to relax. Come and visit us and I will give you a recital if you promise not to laugh when I sit down to play. Well, that's it. Hi, to all the gang and when in Sacramento give us a call--we will direct you to our abode.

MACNAB, Mel & Robin: Thanks for your card and announcement of the January 15 deadline for the annual newsletter. This year there simply isn't much to say. It was a routine year with daughter, Gayle, a junior at Bozeman High School and Duncan enrolled as a freshman at Montana State College. We had the same amount of bridge tournaments ranging from as far east as Houston, Texas and as far west as Honolulu, Hawaii. As a husband and wife partnership we distinguished ourselves creditably at Hickham Air Force Base. My own summer was high-lighted by a 9-day pack trip through the Bob Marshall Wilderness which was the most attached I had been to a horse since I once shot one on an elk permit. We sold out our interests in the XL radio and television network (They had to buy me out to keep me off the air), and since we were already out of the innkeeping dodge have devoted all of our time to securities and investments. Within the next few days we will open our own Divisional office for Waddell & Reed, Inc. in the old Security Bank Building. That's about 30 for this year. But remember the age-old admonition of Leroy "Satchel" Paige who once counseled, "Never look back as something might be gaining on you."

MARTIN, Marian & Ford: Sorry we didn't get a letter written you. We really missed not getting the newsletter. The year 1960 is one we won't forget for a long time. In February of that year a horse fell on Ford and crushed his foot. While in a cast healing, it fused solid and he was told he would never be able to bend it. On August 4 of that year, Maribeth our youngest gal and now 9 year old was run over by the dual wheels of a truck across her middle. She suffered severe internal bleeding from ruptured blood vessels and had several ruptured organs, but because of the miraculous power of God and three hours of surgery performed by excellent doctors and lots of "spunk", she came through the almost impossible. She also suffered a broken pelvis and after four weeks in the hospital, that was set and she was put in a full body cast from her arms down to her toes and then we could bring her home. After two months this was healed and cast removed. Today, believe it or not, she hasn't one defect left from the accident--no limp or anything. While this was going on, Kathy lost her hearing and upon examination discovered her adenoids had grown back in and blocked the ear passages, so she went into the hospital too. So at Christmas time last year, we were a very exhausted, but extremely happy family. Ford had gotten so he could walk and bend his foot, Kathy had regained her hearing, and Maribeth was up walking and well. The year 1961 has been a very happy one for us--no accidents and no sickness. In June of this year, we moved "down on the farm" after several months spent cleaning, repairing, and painting the house down here. We all love it and are starting plans now to add on more rooms starting this spring. Have house in town rented and doubt we will ever move back to town. We are only a little over a mile from Terry so almost as accessible to everything as when we lived right in Terry. Hope if any of you go thru Terry you will take a minute and drop down and see us. Hope you all had a Merry Christmas and wish for everyone a Happy New Year.

MCCOLM, Dolores & Mark: In spite of my good intentions, looks like even a special delivery stamp won't get me under the deadline. Sorry - 'cause I'm most appreciative of all your work and efforts in doing the letter each year - and don't

mean to give you unnecessary problems by being late. The past year has been a busy one for the McColms, but nothing especially eventful. We added a family room to the house and wonder how we ever got along without it. Have already started a re-landscape project which will, no doubt, last all spring and into the summer. Little by little we seem to accomplish the things we had hoped to do when we moved here four years ago. I've continued to help Mark at the office - as the "Gal Friday" and must admit I really enjoy it. These college lads and lassies seem to get younger each year, at least it's hard to admit that my age might be coloring my perspective. Our only vacation this year was a five day jaunt to a spot near Mount Hood at Welches, Oregon. Wonderful place where you eat all your meals at the lodge, sleep, play golf (I'm a real beginner at the sport), play bridge and just relax. Hard to get back to a schedule and reality. Linda is ninth grade this year and suddenly a young lady. She spends every minute she can during the summer swimming until we're sure she must be water-logged. She loves to ski and goes every Saturday this time of year. She likes school and does well--but I sometimes wonder about the pressure they apply on the youngsters now. Much greater than we experienced, I'm sure--and not sure that I would care to go back and start over. Am sure you've all heard that we're having a World's Fair in Seattle this summer - April 21 to October 21. The buildings under construction and all the reports make it appear that it's going to be quite a show. Hope that some of you are planning to come out and take it in--and we'll get to see a few of you that never seem to make it to the Great Northwest. Wonder if you're still planning a reunion of some kind in 1965. Doesn't sound as far away now as when you first mentioned it. Really wish we could all get together--think we'd recognize each other? Our thanks for your many years of efforts in doing this epistle. Am sure that without it, we'd never have kept contact. Many good things to all of you in 1962.

MENZEL, Rose & Hermie: We are having a regular old fashioned winter--gobs of snow, and the worst storms in years. My one consolation is that next year we'll be in our cozy home in Bozeman, so get out that address book and make a note of our future winter address--1106 South Third Avenue, Bozeman. Craig started 1st grade this fall and is doing very well. We get a real bang out of his sounding out words he sees. Kurt is in Junior High now and is especially interested in Science. We are grateful to report our families are all well--were especially pleased that Mother was well enough the past year that she was again able to cook during the summer for herself, Bettie, three grandchildren, and the company who regularly appeared. She is in Long Beach for the winter. We have several projects lined up for the winter--are trying to repaint the entire interior of our home and fix all the earthquake cracks. Hermie is also planning on doing some remodelling in the store. He is just finishing his 6th year on the School Board--is Chairman again. We are making plans for a couple short trips this winter. Hermie and I are planning on going to the Gift Show in Los Angeles the third week in January--will have a lady take care of the boys. This will be the first time we have ever been away from the kids. We are planning on taking them to the World's Fair in Seattle the first week it opens in April. They are looking forward to that a lot.

PAPPIN, Shirley & Bob: We're probably too late again this year, but we'll write and say 'hello' anyway. A lot of you we've seen in the course of our travels, but there are always a couple (like Orton) who leave town when they hear you're coming. Not that they can really be blamed, because it's hard to tell when we might decide to unpack and stay for a whole week like we did to the Gates' in Philadelphia. For the benefit of those who haven't heard this incredible tale, Bob bought--or was pressured into buying--one more ticket or chance or something like that and actually won a trip to the World Series in New York, all expenses paid for two. I can't honestly say that previously baseball has been the biggest thing in my life, but that was before October '61. We enjoyed not only the ball games but a few Broadway shows, sightseeing around New York and of course visiting our good friends, John and Chrissie, and renewing acquaintances with their friends who are surely some of the most hospitable people in the entire U.S. Last winter we made a fast trip to Mexico City and Acapulco

where we met this Italian couple from the East who kept us spellbound with tales of bootlegging, rum-running and the Mafia (or "Organization" as they called it). The Untouchables probably get their material from this pair. How much was true and how much fantasy we'll never know, but it certainly was interesting to a couple of prairie chickens from Montana. On parting, they urged us to get in touch if we ever came to New York and we said we certainly would, but I noticed we avoided the subject when we were there in October. Not that we were scared, or anything. We escaped from Acapulco on a clattering old DC-3, arriving in Mexico City just in time for the nation-wide air strike, wangled space on the last departing plane for the U. S. and somehow wound up in Las Vegas where we were stuck for three days. Rough. In the beautiful Riviera Hotel. Very rough. In August, we packed all seven of us into the station wagon to show our offspring "beautiful Yellowstone" which we hadn't seen ourselves since 1940 and which we remember so fondly. The welcome from Bettie and Bud and Anna Lee made it twice as much fun. Our children were convinced that contacts made at Montana State are invaluable after Bud loaned us a spotlight so we could see the big Grizzlies at the dump. This was the high point of the whole trip. On the way home, we descended on the lucky Rossiters in Sheridan who were so charming that we stayed 8 hours instead of 2. This should teach them to check the driveway before opening the door. We also enjoyed a surprise visit from Maizie and John Wilson this fall who still look terribly pleased with themselves. It was really fun to see them. And later Al Grantham was in town so we had dinner and more talk. Great Falls isn't as far off in the wilderness as we used to think. This is all from the Pappins for '61. We can hardly wait to get the letter and hear what you all have been up to the past year. Our best wishes to each and every one of you.

ROSSITER, Bertha & Dave: Will try to get in good standing again by this last minute note. The way life crowds us more each year I wonder how even the faithful can find time to write a coherent letter at this time of year. Can understand it in the cases of Marshall & Gates who pay no income tax, or Yovetich who sends no Christmas presents, or Orton who can call his in on the phone, or even Roth who has the Sergeant-Major ghost-write his. But for the rest of us it takes that deep down touch of true blue that sets us apart from the common run. Also it affords us a chance to give greetings to an impressive number of friends--all for 4¢. E. G. (or e.g.) Gates: Thanks for asking my nephew in for woodchuck. He was impressed. Also surprised at the apparent youth of you two. I don't know what he was expecting--or why. And Billie B.: you gave us a subtle duck from the real issue of why you never stay home. Granthams: see you in Portland--but when? Yovetich: keep your lemonade. Betty: Didn't come back through West--flew. We're enjoying the new home which Shinn implied was under water. The twins have set it on fire and flooded it--once each to date. Better drop in and see it while it's here & so are the parents. Had lunch between planes (at my expense) with Orton & Marshall in June in Billings--110 degrees. Surely wonderful to get back in the mts. Fred had just had his mouth massaged with a backhoe. After selling me a Hammond & blanket insurance they took me back to the port and the visit was terminated on a friendly note. Hope this will get me back in good standing until the twins enter school in 1964. Do you give leave of absences? Meantime here's an invitation to stop by & cook your feet in Mill Creek. The Pappins will vouch that it's wet & refreshing even though slightly disoriented & are urged to return.

ROTH, Elota Beth & Floyd: January: Scott tossed all of his 6-month caution to the wind and crawled upstairs. Bart reached 7 and Teri 4--each annoyed the snow kept friends from joining them to celebrate. February: Floyd missed the family outing at the Ice Capades due to a back injury--settled in Andrews Air Force for three weeks. March: Tim turned 14 and managed to top Beth in height. Floyd on his feet but still on sick leave--however received biggest of all morale boosters--his promotion to "bird" colonel. Received his Eagles the day before his "?" birthday from his General at the Pentagon. April: Floyd poured a 20'x20' cement court in the backyard for our budding basketball enthusiasts and put up a six ft. cyprus fence around the backyard to keep the basketball out of neighbors' yards, and "Scott the Terrible" inside. He decided to walk and crawl downstairs at 10 mos.

and covers all three levels in 60 seconds. Beth took in annual Embassy Tour again - a must for any of you visiting here in early April. May: Tim off on his first Scout Campout of the season and Jeff to Gettysburg for a tour with his YMCA group. Tim has continued his interest in Scouting and will become an Eagle Scout early in '62. Scott reached a year in one piece but managed to wear the "battle scars" resulting from a headlong fall down the driveway from a tricycle (Bart steering) for his birthday celebration. He seems to survive but WILL WE? June: Anticipated guests and more houseguests arrived. July: A few fishing trips and water skiing sessions with the boat. Jeff chose to celebrate his 11th birthday at a nearby amusement park with a family birthday picnic dinner nearby. August: A trip to Harper's Ferry Virginia - the scene of John Brown's attempted overthrow of the US Gov't in an effort to free the slaves, and his capture by alerted government troops prior to Civil War. A few days later we enjoyed a day at Annapolis. Another water skiing trip from which Bartley returned ill and after two days was hospitalized with infectious hepatitis. After five days he was allowed to return home, but had to have complete bed rest for two weeks. Bart promises to be our best athlete (he is constantly striving to better Tim and Jeff's record in everything - tough being the middle one of five!) September: School begins for Jeff and Tim but Bart had to remain behind - finally after two weeks was allowed to begin half days, continuing this for six weeks. Jeff selected a member of school patrol. Wish his happy smile could have been preserved. Floyd hauled to his first musical since arrival in Washington - but no disappointment as the offering was "The Music Man" starring Forrest Tucker - we love the musical score so we came away completely satisfied with the evening's entertainment. October: Floyd traveling and both Jeff and Tim on a Scout Camporee. Floyd's postal from California of his hotel swimming pool made Teri anxious for Andrews Pool to open again. She learned to swim this summer and is another Roth "fish" can hardly bear to remain out of the water - Bart mastered the high dive board before becoming ill. November: Took in a rare movie - "Guns of Navarone" and incidentally if you saw it - altho "Navarone" was a mythical place the lovely scenery was not - it brought back much nostalgia to the Roths for it was filmed on the beautiful Greek Island of Rhodes which we were most fortunate in having been able to visit there during our tour in Turkey. December: Our tree was up on the 13th and Teri and Bart took over the decorating and did a credible job. We all feared utter havoc when Scott met tree - Teri had even suggested putting Scott in a cage - or hanging the tree from the ceiling. But we report with true family pride that outside of one or two squeezed ornaments and an attempted bite out of another he decided to leave well enough alone and attempted only to plug the tree in or the big Santa face over the fireplace. This was contrary to all indications for believe this weary parent - No. 5 is unlike all others - a two-legged bundle of uninterrupted activity. We close this one with all of the Roths - at present - in good health and Bartley again resuming full activity. Scott shows promise as far as his vocabulary - a lot is said if we can manage to decode it. Jeffrey has decided on a diet - he'll skip ice cream in favor of cake or some such drastic measure. This as a result of his being chosen to play Santa in his class play because he was the roundest boy in the room. Tim has spent the school year so far nursing bumps and bruises from soccer and now basketball. He was confirmed in St. Timothy's Episcopal Church last January and followed that with his acolyte training. He has been active since then serving at Church at least two Sundays every month. Teri is second in command and Beth's best helper - she keeps Scott in line during the Day. Floyd is getting ready to wind up his duties here come spring so already we are unconsciously earmarking "this for storage" and "that to take." If overseas and across the Atlantic the family will probably remain right here but if south or across the Pacific all will troop along.

RUSHING, Shirley and Clyde: It doesn't seem that another year could roll by, but it has. There was not much excitement at our house this year, however, on the first of the year I am changing jobs. I will be working in Reedsport, Oregon for the Umpqua River Navigation Co. As soon as we can sell the house the family will be moving there. It is on the coast and I think we'll enjoy living and working there. I know it is too late this year, however, I think it would be nice if next year's letter would have pictures of each family group. I would be glad to

contribute my share towards publishing such a letter. Since we don't see each other very often in person, that would be the next best thing. How are things in Montana? Wish we could get up there some Christmas but can't make it this year. Don't see many of the group. Saw Al Grantham once or twice this year and talk to Lew Thompson at May & Co. in Portland. Lew Herman works in Eugene for Tillman and Booth, hope to see him some day. We'll sure look forward to the news letter. How many grandparents have joined our young group by now?

STRONG, Babe and Frank: Been putting this off intending to write a big epistle and now you'll have to settle for a note with just the facts. I drove my Mother to Arizona the first part of December where we spent a wonderful Christmas vacation. Frank, Blair and my Dad drove down the week before Christmas so we had a grand time with the Ryans. Came home after New Years and Helen Johnson (Photo Gift Shop) recruited me to help with inventory and have been working since and haven't even had time to wash my socks. Shirley got married this fall and decided to get a PHT instead of a PHD. He's a nice fellow and she has a good job so I guess it'll work out. Frank was notified to be ready for a call to special army duty sometime ago but I think his orders are stuck in the bottom of the inactive active file. Of course about the time we make some other plans he'll probably get his orders.

STUCKY, Lorraine and Bill: Our families are still intact and in good health although our six-year old Bryan was seriously ill last summer with what was thought might be encephalitis or polio. (At this time we asked special blessing for Dr. Salk and the many people who helped develop the polio vaccine). Later he fell 12 feet from a tree and came up with only a broken hand. Each of our four children is progressing well in school. Susan entered Sr. High School and is real happy. She is a sophomore cheerleader, is in drama, girls' glee club--all this secondary to good grades and her beloved dancing. Roger goes to school because it is required to do so if he is to play basketball, football and participate in track. David, our sixth grader still is curious about everything and studies hard. He is taking trombone lessons. This is a noisy subject. Bryan loves everything about school, including riding the bus and taking his lunch. Our home finishing progresses. Each year we accomplish some large project. This year it was getting lovely carpeting. We find living out a ways most rewarding because of the wonderful hours the children spend in the woods around. We didn't take a long trip this last summer because of work on the house, but we did get away to Minnesota to see the Yankees and Twins play. Very enjoyable! Susan went to Chicago with her dancing class for five days. Eight of the nine mothers "chaperoned". Fun!! Bill's work continues to be challenging and most rewarding. His travel takes him to distant points but flying makes them seem much closer. Mother (me) stays here and coordinates all this coming and going--sometimes getting signals crossed with complete chaos resulting. Other times the organization is amazing. My favorite pastime is "antiquing" and studying about old China and Glass. So life in the Stucky family continues. Today is our 20th anniversary. Bill asked me to stick around another 20 years and I want to.

TERRETT, June: High point of '61 for us was that I got a new son (at my age too!). Jill was married in Oct. to a fine young local fellow. He ranches and farms with his brothers on two places just out of town, but the kids live in an apt. in town so I feel fortunate that I can see them or at least talk to them often. Like when Jill calls me up for my recipe for hash yet--I had to patiently explain that there is no such thing as a recipe for hash, dear, that's is just what you eat on the day you defrost your refrigerator. Jane (9 now) is more lonesome than she'll admit with no sister to fight with. And I must say she, Mother and I do kind of rattle around the house. Jane did, though, really have the world by the tail for two months before the wedding when she was getting in her last licks. She was to be a jr. bridesmaid and every time Jill would cross her, she's declare, "OK, I won't even be in your dumb old wedding". We weren't too sure she would either, but she came through. This sounds like Jill and Jane hate each other, which isn't true, they adore each other between spats. Mother and I had a fun trip last summer when we took in the bankers' convention in the Tetons. Stopped over in West Yellowstone on the way home and saw the half of our old gang that

summers there. Then picked up Jack at Boulder and brought him home for a vacation. Jack is 16 now and was taller than I am when he was home Xmas. Was so sorry and shocked to read of Dan Lovelace's and Helen Hagstrom's deaths last summer. In case some of you don't remember Helen Hagstrom, she was from Lewistown and roomed with Gert Oquist Gates and me in good old Quad A when we were freshmen. May '62 be good to all of you!

VADHEIM, Midge and Al: Here's a bit about each member of the family. Lew, soon 16 years, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, looks down on Pop and is quite proud of the fact. What does the future hold for us? He now has a driver's license, though is very careful and respects horsepower. He plays football for the high school B squad, is now out for basketball, still takes piano and is playing the sax in the high school band, and piano in the DeMolay dance band. His summer highlight was the two weeks he spent at the Summer Music Camp at Montana State University, otherwise it was spent at lawns and Babe Ruth League baseball. Last spring he received recognition for being "Top Ten" in the ninth grade, so his grades are up well. Being so busy we don't feel that we have much to worry about thus far. Next in line is Jan, soon 13, equally a good student, real industrious, has quite a gaggg of pals, and also an interest in boys, though not of any seriousness, I hope not at 13. Still takes piano, and also plays the saxophone in the 7th grade band. Too young for a driver's license yet, so far so good. Number two girl is Shelley, soon 7 years, can't wait to go out with the "big" kids, and time doesn't pass fast enough for her, though is busy as a cranberry merchant at "turkey time." A good little student in the first grade and has promise of being the "skier" in the family. We all wish that we had started at 4 years of age. Mom is busy with the children and their activities. Midge still is at her doll collection, so that anyone who cares to donate to the Home For Old Dolls, will be gratefully received. Oh yes, antique glass too, a relatively new hobby. She also has a class of youngsters at the Presbyterian Church Sunday School. She does have fun though, and more power to her. Pop has just returned from Denver and the Interim Meeting of the American Medical Association. A "wheël" now, because I've gotten myself a job, Secretary-Treasurer of the Montana Medical Assoc., so I have to go to the AMA Meetings, 2 each year, and most interesting and a new experience for me.

WAITE, Jeanne: My report for the year is not too exciting. I have kept pretty much by the home fires--with occasional treks to Billings--to help the J.B. Annins in their candy-gift venture called "Happy House" in the West Park Plaza (plug!) Did make it to the Bobcat-Grizzly game but just-what with blow outs, late start and other complications. Saw a few cronies--but missed most, I fear. Caught up on the news in the Rainbow Hotel lobby with a great chat with Bob McCall last summer. Best part--we must not be aging too much as we recognized each other! Only bit of news you may not know is Helen Hagstrom Alter died very suddenly in Oregon this fall. Great publicity Bettie, on the library move. Enjoyed seeing you so much. (Ed. note--Bettie's picture appeared in several newspapers in the state when the library moved into their new building during Christmas holiday) Still in Lewistown - listed in the phone book. Have a super golf course and a new club house to be completed this summer. So - o - drâp around and give me a call.

WEBER, Jerry: I certainly planned on getting a note off to you during the Holidays and with the deadline so close I thought I should at least come through with a card. I brought my folks down here in November and they have been under the weather ever since their arrival. Had my Mom in the hospital for a week--hence, I never got to finish my Christmas Cards. Was in Billings for one night in November and did want to call. Was a real rushed trip and with your weather I didn't dare venture too far from the airport. Was real good to be in the snow again. It was 90° here yesterday so please send us part of your cold wave. Hello to all.

WILLIAMSON, Floss and Shirl: This won't be postmarked until the 16th--but since the newsletter goes alphabetically and our name begins with "W" I might still get in under the wire. We had a very busy and happy 1961. The big news of the Williamsons, of course, was the avalanche at Bridger Bowl on the last day of the year that caught Mike and Shirl and tumbled them over a 100 foot cliff. The miracle is that they came out with only one broken leg (Mike's) some pulled ribs

(both of them) and a few bruises. They both lost their glasses and ruined their ski pants, and one of Shirl's Heads (skis that is) were broken. There were three others caught in the slide too, but Mike was the only one injured. Apparently their swimming motions in the snow helped them to end up on top. When I stop to ponder the full impact of the thing, I get goose bumps all over---and I'm eternally grateful that it was not any worse. The day before the ski accident Jon had dropped a chunk of wood that he was getting for the fireplace on his toe. It was so painful I suspicioned it might be broken--so on the 31st I had Shirl, Mike and Jon all in the hospital being exrayed at the same time. Jon's big toe was only cracked. And he was very put out that he "didn't even get a cast on it"--especially since Mike was getting so much attention. Mike was real pleased with his publicity. Said the newspaper writeups were "neat". Jon's toe is all healed up now--he can wear his shoe again, Shirl is perking up again and Mike is getting along pretty well, and talking about going skiing next year. Mike played tackdã and guard on the Willson Warrior Football team. They ended their season with five wins, one tie and one loss. Paul went out for football too, and continues to be a good student. They didn't go out for basketball because they can't play basketball and ski too, so they had to sacrifice one. Shirl and I manage to keep busy. Still are fixing on our house. The basement family room is coming along nicely and our new carpet and dining room set were the additions to the living room. We enjoyed seeing a lot of old friends last year. Spent a weekend with Willis and Ethyl Jones at their cabin out of Red Lodge. Had a wonderful Christmas at home this year. Shirl again took a week of his vacation between the holidays to ski with the boys. We ended up the year with a bang but look forward to a happy 1962.

WINCHESTER, Carolyn and Burl: What's with you this joyous Christmas-tide? Do your walls resound with carols clear, and is your family in second gear? Have you sprayed with sparkling glitter, picked up all the litter, shopped and swapped, baked and mopped? Do you feel like that fellow who finally in desperation said, "I don't care what your name is--just get your reindeer off my roof!" Well, take heart! You, too, can make resolutions for '62. We had a buoyant Yuletide feeling in our house last week when the temperature reached 25° below. Nothing but a trip up Bear Canyon for a fresh evergreen would satisfy Burl and Paul. As they came home, dragging their treasure over the livingroom rug behind them, one could almost see our forefathers as they braved the bitter cold and triumphantly brought home the yule-log and evergreen. All went well till the needles started falling. Then we knew our lovely dream had ended and this was not the tree we thought it would be. We are now recapturing our faltering Christmas spirit the easy way. We'll get another tree. someone else cut down! Burl & I were saying just the other day that we hoped 1962 didn't bring with it a new kind of ball game, 'cause if it did, they'd have to include double reclining stretchers for parents of boys like ours. Now their sister is a cheerleader, so at least three of them are in the same gym at the same time (sometimes). The fourth goes to Grandma's house. It's more fun anyway. How are your schedules--your deadlines--your extra-curricular activities? Ours are shot through with T.T.T. (trips to town). This country living is magnificent for many reasons--the lovely scenery, the quiet serenity, the family togetherness--but somehow this indicates immobility, and doggone it! We're mobile! The kids are spending quite a little time out in the barn now, getting ready for the Winter Fair. With THREE of them in 4-H, it takes a bit of long-range feeding and grooming to get these animals in shape. Angus cattle and Southdown sheep make quite a combination, and of course we can't under-rate the pleasant social relations at the fair, either, nor the cultured air the barn trips bring into the home between now and then. Burl spends a great deal of time working with Communications and Human Relations Workshops. It's fascinating--especially when he forgets to tell his wife where he's going for lunch. That's when his resources really pop out of the portable "kit". Won't you make your way to our house sometime this coming year and tune us in on all your newest joys and frustrations? We'd love to see you all in '62!

WOLCOTT, Betty & Frank: This family has coasted along for another year without too many changes except this year we have two teenagers in it. Of

course that in itself makes life more complicated. Stephanie will be sixteen in March and Keith is thirteen. We took precautions, however, that life won't pass us by too fast for we have Debbie and Barbie who are seven and four respectively. We are still holding forth on the old farmstead seven miles east of Bozeman, doing a little part time farming with the help of Keith. Nothing very exciting happened to us this past year. Frank attended an Atomic Warfare course at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas last January. The family spent several week-ends up the Gallatin Canyon and in Yellowstone Park with our camp trailer during the summer. In Oct. Frank and I made a fast trip to Salt Lake City for a couple of days. He had to attend a conference and I just tagged along for the trip and to visit some friends. In June I was privileged to attend a Pi Beta Phi workshop in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Those few days in the heart of the Smokey Mountains were busy ones meeting with advisory board chairmen from every state and some Canadian Provinces and our national officers. I stopped over in Chicago to visit with Cosgriffs and see the sights. Thoroughly enjoyed both. Time flies by so fast when trying to keep up with all the activities. I sometimes feel like a trainmaster directing the comings and goings of everyone and meeting time schedules. It's fun, worrisome, rewarding, frustrating but you all know about that. This has been the most confused Xmas of all - but the biggest surprise of my life. Our plans for the family spending Xmas in Phoenix with my folks didn't materialize due to decidedly uncertain weather conditions. (We'd chartered a plane and Frank was to fly us all down). However the family made the necessary arrangements and kept the secret for me to fly down and spend 10 days from the day after Xmas. It was marvelous to say the least but most important was the thought behind it - bless their hearts.

EAGLE, Bettie: Hope all of you who live in sunny climes are enjoying it, for we are having a real old fashioned winter. I just spent ten minutes outside trying to remove drift from Taylor's driveway, and then gave it up. We may be holed up here until spring. Paper reports West Yellowstone has 60 inches of snow on the level and night before last 50 below temperature. Summer again brought many of you through West Yellowstone and that is what helps to make it my favorite haunt. We had a good season up there. I was more social than usual up there as I did a lot of things with a nice young gent who is personnel director for Hamilton Stores, Inc. Before I returned to the library job this fall, I drove with him to his home in Minnesota and then took the train back to Bozeman. That was mid-October and the weather and colors were grand. (I think he is a confirmed bachelor!) At Christmas time we moved into a huge new addition to the library at MSC--it is so big it is overwhelming, especially so to this one who started working at the library when it was on second floor of Montana Hall. For-got to say that while in Minnesota we went to the University in Minneapolis and had the great pleasure of hearing Robert Frost chat and read his poems for over an hour--a real treat. I hope to get to California for a vacation in February if I can find a way to "mush out" of Montana. My nieces and nephews now number 24, three of whom are now attending MSC. Best wishes to all of you.

TAYLOR, Peg and Bill: If this letter is month or so late you will know that we didn't get out of the driveway to get to the post office to procure the envelopes! It doesn't seem possible when I look out on this wintry scene to remember I almost perished from the heat on our trip to Los Angeles last summer. It was 100 in Salt Lake and 110 in Las Vegas and to make it even hotter we had to go through a forest fire out of St. George, Utah. That was quite an experience! We had to wait for over an hour before they would let us drive through and then we had to roll our windows up and turn our lights on to get through. It was burning on both sides of the highway and the temperature must have been 200 degrees at that time. Rick was already to ~~turn~~ around and go home but then he decided Smokey the Bear was probably taking care of it and all would be OK. Los Angeles was having a cool spell so we were fortunate there. Took some side trips to Disneyland and Marineland and it's hard to say which one of us enjoyed it the most. Rick proved to be a good traveler--much better than Mother as Father would be sure to tell you. He loved staying in Motels, eating out, stopping for coffee breaks (milk and donu' for him)--guess he takes after me! We had a good visit with Bill's sister and family and Rick had a

great time with his cousins. We took another week of our vacation in September and went to Bozeman. Bill did lots of fishing and I went to West for a couple of days visit. Mother, Bill and Rick picked me up at West and we went through the Park. We hadn't been through in years and didn't recognize Canyon with the hotel and old campgrounds gone and the new Village that they built--really felt like a foreigner. Rick loved Old Faithful and the bears, but it was a little hard to impress on him that you don't feed the bears when Grandma kept throwing apples to them! Also viewed the slide area that the earthquake brought on and that is an awesome sight. Took in the MSC home football games which is always fun. Thought we'd see lots of old grads at the Grizzly game but saw only Tuffy Feldman. Of course, Bettie and I didn't have reserved seats so took our lunch and went at noon so we'd be sure and get a bleacher seat. How's that for being loyal alums? Mother and Bill had reserved seats and were lucky enough to sit in front of the Pappins and have a good chat with them. Talked to Nick Yovetich on the phone when he was here, but couldn't compete with the reunion that he, Marshall, Orton and Jim MacDonald had so missed seeing him. Well, this year will bring a change to the Taylor family. We will either have a new job or move to Tulsa, Oklahoma. Humble Oil Co. is transferring the office where Bill works to Tulsa. Decisions, decisions, decisions!! Best in '62 to all of you!

ROMAN, Dora: Dora sends her greetings to all of you. She enjoyed the "Hello, Dodo" on Rossiter's letter and said to tell Dave that she sees his name in the paper often. She always welcomes any visits from the old gang.

No letters from the following this year: CLEMOW ("News is mighty scarce in this remoteregion. Will write my newsletter bit in the lull after Christmas"); MARSHALL (Ellis must be too busy with his insurance business and Elks' activities to write); ORTON ("Got into the Park only once during the summer, but not to West, that would have required an extra two days, the second for sobering up");--Fred must be too busy with his pianos and organs to write); SHINN (We know that the Shinns have moved from Boise to Spokane. Guess they were too busy with the move to write); STETZNER ("Only one major change in the Stetzner family. I'm teaching at St. Josephs--the 4th grade--When the school bell rings, I gotta go--so off I trot with Tommy and Helen", Floss must be too busy with school and family to write); TURNER (Dick was graduated from college and made Jane and Chuck proud grandparents all in one year. After Dick's graduation from the University of Idaho, Jane and Chuck spent some time in Bozeman. Chuck was back in Bozeman mid-October when his mother died); WILSON (Maizie and John must have been too busy vacationing in Montana and "being pleased with themselves" to write); YOVETICH ("Can't write or will have nothing left to say for newsletter"--Nick must be too busy surveying the girl prospects in Muncie to write). The above must write for the newsletter next year or they will be on our list--deleted, that is, nor will they receive this letter.

The following are on the deleted list, but can be reinstated by writing for the letter next year--so inform them if you see any of them. LOVELACE (We are sorry to report that Audrey's father passed away early in January. Audrey and the children spent Christmas with her folks in Edmonton.); MACDONALD (Jim is living in Laurel with his mother and working for Lynch Flying Service in Billings.); MCCALL (Charlene and Bob are still in Bozeman. Bob is on the staff at MSC--much of his work being with CONTINUING EDUCATION.); PURDY (Bud still manages the Fieldhouse on the campus and he and AnnaLee operate the Frontier Club at West summers.); STEPHENS (As far as we know Kathryn Jane and Jim are still in Salt Lake.); THOMPSON (Wanna has finished her term as mayor of Helena and Abe continues with the same auditing firm.); THOMPSON (Jean and Lew are in Portland but we know nothing further.); WINANS (Ginney wrote on her Christmas card that Jan is planning to attend MSC spring quarter and maybe Linda next fall.).

It was good to hear from all of you. Several continue to mention reunion and we still think that Homecoming of '65 is a good time, so keep it in mind. It has been fun again to receive all your news and relay it on.

Love and Kisses,
Betvie, Peg and Bill

YOVETICH, Nick: I don't know where in the hades time has flown to but here it is the 21st with a 15th deadline. If I am too late, as I probably am, just chalk it up to old age and not a deliberate oversight. Muncie, Ind. is becoming more and more accepted as home. I have an apt. about a step ahead of Tobacco Road but it is comfortable. With a fully equipped kitchen (all but dishwasher and garbage disposal-I have to fulfill both of these duties) I am becoming a sort of compulsive eater. It's so easy to get a bite to eat or a drink I could easily grow up to be a really big boy if I'm not careful. I have a standing invitation to all girls (of the opposite sex that is) to come to my apt., not for etchings, but to drink and eat a steak. They have to do the dishes. So far my door has not been broken down by the mad rush. Since I got old enough to play golf I find the game a humbling one. Joined a poor man's country club so now I'm waiting for the snow to leave to start again chasing the little white ball and talking to it in soothing Serbian swear words. Doesn't help the game but does relieve the golfer. Since N.Y.C. is so far away I plan to visit Chicago this summer. Also, I want to bet a couple of bucks on a nag or two at Churchill Downs. It's only 140 miles away. Last summer I visited Montana and as usual did quite well. Highlights were an overnight visit to West and the Park. Was good to see the old gang. Next year it will not be Montana but afterward I'll drop the word "old" ahead of the gang. Then I stopped in Billings where Bros. Orton, Marshall, MacDonald and Yovetich had a real good evening. Orton took us to a Hula Hula floor show where the waving grass created a hot wind across my balding pate. Mac claims the Hula wasn't authentic or very good and that he could do better. He was all blow and no go so I can't say if he was correct or not. After returning to Muncie I finished my vacation with trips to Sharon and the World Series at Cincinnati. The Series is still quite a deal, but for me the Series is best in New York. I'll have to change my viewpoint now that I am a Hoosier in the midwest I suppose. Again I'm sorry to be late. If your letter is complete just leave me out and I promise to write an early, newsy letter next year. (Ed. note: We were late in going to press or you might not have made it. Thanks for writing and we are glad we could include it.)

The above is LATECOMER--as you no doubt guessed.

ROLL CALL

Mr. & Mrs. Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 885 W. 37th Ave., Eugene, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 1318 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 6960 S.W. Raleighwood Lane, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 118 Marrett Rd., Lexington, Mass.
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 9202 Eager Rd., Brentwood 17, Missouri
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S.W. 29th Pl., Portland 1, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Kermit Daniels, 101 N. Main, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.
Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7350 S.W. Sharon Ln., Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Walt Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California
Maj. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2619 Los Amigos Dr., Rancho Cordova, California
Mr. & Mrs. Robin MacNab, 822 S. 5th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Marshall, 1211 Wunnicke Lane, Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McCollm, 5720 - 60th N.E., Seattle 5, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Menzel, 1106 S. Third, Bozeman, Mont. (winter address)
Mr. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Mont.
Dr. & Mrs. H. D. Rossiter, Sheridan, Mont.
Col. & Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 6005 Berkshire Drive S. E., Washington 22, D.C.
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Rushing, c/o Umpqua River Navigation Co., Reedsport, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, N. 7625 Laurelhurst Dr., Spokane 53, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, 1044 Placer, Butte, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Strong, 209 S. Willson, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8, Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Mont.
Miss Jerry Weber, 854 $\frac{1}{2}$ So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 5, California
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson, 128 Highland Terrace Drive, Woodside, California
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Route 1, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. Nick Yovetich, 3301 Godman Ave., Muncie, Indiana

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Bettie Eagle, 623 S. 3rd, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Ave. E, Billings, Mont.

Deleted from our newsletter list because we haven't heard for two years:

Mrs. Dan R. Lovelace, 422 S. 6th, Bozeman, Montana
Mr. James MacDonald, 313 1st Ave., Laurel, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. R. C. McCall, 502 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. James Stephens, 1020 Douglas, Salt Lake City, Utah
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 1301 Winnie, Helena, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Thompson, 8820 S. W. 35th, Portland 19, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding, California

January 1963

Dear Old Gang:

Another year has passed and another sad loss from our ranks. We wish to dedicate this issue to Floyd Roth whose sudden death was a tragic loss to all of us. As John Gates so aptly said, "Another one of our wonderful friends goes on ahead to prepare the way."

BECK, Cora & Ward: The Becks send their greetings to each and every one of you. We've had a tremendous and happy 1962 and hope all our newsletter friends have too. We fall more in love with Eugene and the West Coast each year! Many things have happened this year, but we feel our Ward, Jr. has had the most exciting year. He has made us proud parents of an Eagle Scout, South Eugene High School's candidate for Eugene's Future First Citizen. Received the Elk's Lodge leadership citation, attended Boy's State at Corvallis, Oregon in June, was a delegate to the Nat'l. Assoc. of Student Councils Conference last summer at San Gabriel, California. He's also Captain of the Ski team, student advisor for budget and finance, chairman for Homecoming parade, publicity chairman for many of South Eugene's productions, member of Band, Cappella Choir, golf team, plus working at his Dad's Penney store. We'll really miss him when he leaves for college next fall, and maybe Europe this summer. His sister Leslie was also chosen editor of her school paper, "The Spotlight", and she enters Jr. High School next fall. Our store is doing great and Ward and I are leaving on vacation next week, Palm Springs, we think. We'll be celebrating our 20th wedding anniversary Feb. 1.

BRANDON, Billie and Blondy: Once again we can exhale after learning that our favorite publication is not defunct. Each year, several of our friends inquire about the Newsletter, continually amazed that it continues to flourish and grow. Is anyone willing to join me in securing for our editors a well-deserved national award? 1962 has been good to us; we've had good health, good luck, and fun. Himself the Elder sold a few houses as his side project, continues to travel occasionally in his rockets and missiles job, golfed more often and more energetically than usual this fall (and if my truth addict weren't going to read this, I'd add "and more successfully"), went in hot pursuit of pheasants almost every day of the hunting season--most successfully. I have seemed to be unable to extricate myself from the dance committees, school activities, and golf committees--all of which I loathe collectively and enjoy individually. (The distaff readers will be able to interpret this seemingly contradictory statement.) Also, proudly, painstakingly, and with much frustration, I have learned to knit rather satisfactorily--as a standby for my old age, which incidentally begins today, my birthday. Yes, I'm 39 again. (And I'll always remember with real gratitude the birthday cake Shirley Rushing made for me the first year of our acquaintance.) Our 16-year old has crept up to a 5'11", 145-pounder who hits the ball like Snooks Rushing used to. (His sneaky father had me say this.) On his one annual hunting foray, he had three shots--and three pheasants! He has finally discovered girls, but rather gradually and cautiously; continues to breeze along scholastically, and tells me today that he and 3 other juniors plus nine seniors have been chosen for an interview by the producer of a Chicago TV show similar to College Bowl. They go to Chicago Thursday to determine which 3, if any, will appear on the show. If I were to be objective (and wouldn't it be difficult!), I'd have to admit that all these boys have merits that would warrant their being chosen, so we shall not be disappointed if Brandy isn't one of them. I am off to my birthday dinner only after wishing for all of you a most happy 1963.

CLEWOW, Cherry & George: Last year we really missed the letter and hope that we can get back on the list. On July 1 we moved into a new house here in Lexington. A week later while in the process of unpacking, Cherry fell down a flight of stairs and broke two vertebrae in her back. The treatment was 7 weeks in bed, (the doctor let her stay at home) and a brace until Christmas. Fortunately it now appears as though everything has healed satisfactorily with no nerve damage. Cherry's mother came from Little Rock to be the day nurse and I

took over the night chores. Vacation plans were cancelled but in November we did drive to Rochester, New York for a short visit with my brother Joe and family. Allan at 19 is a sophomore in engineering at Tufts University, Medford Mass. He now finds MSC Annuals very interesting but says that school must have been much easier then. Sue at 14 is busy at everything including the 9th Grade. Had a short visit from Walt Weedman (with Naval Research Lab, Washington) this summer but still looking for more visitors to New England.

CLINTON, Peg: This year has been a good year for us, a happy one with changes. Do note the change of address. It isn't far from where we lived, so we are still among friends and familiar surroundings, but in a lovely apartment. Corky graduated from high school last May and is now attending Wentworth Military Academy Junior College in Lexington, Missouri. It is an Honors' Military Academy with no frills. He chose it, so I am glad he likes it so well. Cadets are not permitted to come home from the opening of school until the Christmas Holidays, so we are all looking forward to his being home. The first of June I went to New York City on my annual trip to work at the College Admissions Center. This year I drove instead of flying, dropping Corky off in Troy to visit his grandfather. Enrollment at William Woods extended my trip into a regular safari. I didn't return home until July when we had completed a full house at the college. Covering New York and New England interviewing prospective students was quite an experience--6500 miles while there. We squeezed in a quick but pleasant trip to Duluth in August, returning by way of the Wisconsin Dells. Two weeks after we returned, Corky was in college and I was at the Woods for the opening of the school year. Since that time, for me it has been Chicago for the National College Counselors' gathering, two trips to Detroit, which was added to my territory this fall, and plenty of ground travel in Eastern Missouri and Illinois. Admissions' counseling is very interesting and most gratifying. I love the associations I have with teenagers and with high school counselors, so I feel that as long as I can see the white line on the highway, I will continue to beat a path thereon. Mother deserves a red ribbon for keeping the home front together and giving excellent telephone service to all college inquiries. I know she misses having a hungry teenager home, but she's holding her own all by herself. My dearest wishes for a most happy and healthy 1963.

GATES, Chrissie & John: This has been a busy but rather uneventful year for the Gates. We did not have 9 children or travel around the world. Our kids did not win the school championships in all sports nor did they lead their classes in academics. We stayed pretty much put and struggled through the increasing complexities of the world around us. Somehow we emerged happy and only occasionally did we think of retiring from the active life to the banks of that little stream that meanders through Sheridan, Montana. Noted that after the sarcastic remarks made about visitors last year - we had none this year from the old gang. Rossiter sent his relatives, of course. Contrary to his example they paid their own way and were absolutely delightful. Come to think of it they were his wife's relatives so that explains it. Early in the year Chrissie and I had a trip to So. Calif, and to Phoenix to see my family. She has selected LaJolla as a sort of a U.S. Shangri La and stayed there awhile sending me home alone. We're deep into the skiing and skating season with all children on the blades and boards. Hope to come to Montana some winter to get some real snow but so far no plans and good snow here. Do hope that some of you will come out here this year and stop to see us. We resolve not to say anything mean and to give you a time in true old MSC style.

HEINRICH, Jean and Walt: I know I'm late this year--not because of lack of time--just sheer inertia on my part and lack of coordination between my mind and pen. We all had a good year. Walt has been promoted to vice president and senior trust officer at the bank. The enclosed picture shows that we still have only nine children and we were all together for Christmas. Kathie still works for the government in D.C.; John is in his first year of college with a degree in Pharmacy as his goal; Barbie is 15 and a sophomore in high school; four

(Tom, Jim, Meg and Robs) are in grade school; Bill is in kindergarten and our baby Ann is 4 yrs. old & at home all day every day. There will be no more surprise additions to our family for any of you (sorry to disappoint Vesta!). I can speak with such calm assurance because I had surgery on Nov. 20--a cystocele operation which involved a partial hysterectomy. I was hospitalized 3 weeks (a little longer than expected) and still have help (a woman 8 hrs. a day, 5 days a week). Can't remember being this unproductive or lazy ever before in my life. Before too long, however, I expect to be my normal busy bustling self again. I quit smoking in the hospital, have gained about 8 pounds (which I could easily stand) and now should be in condition for another 40 years! Happy New Year and love to you all.

JACOBS, Grace and Hugo: Nothing real exciting to report. Joanne is 16 now. Is about to get her driver's license--guess she'll be ready for it when she finishes the Driver's Ed. Course at school--they even have them drive out on the freeways at full speed! John has a paper route now--gets up at 3 o'clock Sunday morning to deliver! He's more than happy with his 12 speed bike that he got for Christmas. Thank goodness for the paper route--doesn't allow him to get too far away as he has to deliver every day. Our big problem is keeping him from spending all his profits on food. You'd think we didn't feed him--but guess he can use it, he's about to pass his Dad in height. Went to Montana by way of San Francisco this year. Got a late start--went up #1 to take in the Big Surf country--started looking for a place to stop at San Jose--looked all the way to San Francisco and ended up in Sacramento at 4 o'clock in the morning at a place we'd ordinarily pass by. We'll never go that way again without a reservation. The kids thought it was a real lark! Wanted to come back thru Las Vegas in the week hours too. Joanne thinks we should take a trip to the East Coast next summer as she'll be able to do her share of the driving. We might just take her up on it. They are starting to build lots of high-rise apartments along the Ocean now. It's predicted for the future that there won't be room for any houses--just apartment houses. About that time I'm leaving--if there is any vacant space left to go to.

JUSTICE, Edna and Jack: Another year has passed and it finds the Justices at the same old stomping grounds. Jack comes up for retirement in October of 1963 and so we are wrapped up in plans, ideas and suggestions as to what, where and how after retirement. After working two years for the Bank of America, I decided to quit and join the ranks of the unemployed. Maybe now I can get rid of some of my ever mounting "home work". Elaine is a Freshman in High School this year and Bob is in first year Jr. High. They are good kids and we are pretty proud of them. My Mother suffered a small stroke Oct. 31 and spent 2 weeks in the hospital. It gave us quite a scare, but she seems to be recovering nicely from it. Read in the Collegian about Bettie's Mother and also Floyd Roth. What a shock. My sympathy to both Elota Beth and Bettie. Tried to make the Montana State & Fresno game and reunion, but Mother's illness prevented my going through with my plans. Maybe next year. Well, that's about it this year.

MACDONALD, Jim: (Editor's note: Welcome back to the list, Jim.) Again time for the annual report--First, my apologies for slipping the last couple years. I realize now that I have missed not receiving the news, and am now back in line. Really don't have a great deal to report except that I had the dubious pleasure of spending 4 months in Southeast Asia--Vientiane--Laos. A delightful place--hot and dirty. Went over the first of August and returned late in November. Had stops in Tokyo, Taipei, Hong Kong and Bangkok enroute both ways. They were very interesting. Really can't say much for Laos though. Didn't see hot water the whole time I was there. And if there ever was a place it is needed, that is it. Needless to say, when I finally hit Tokyo on the return trip, I spent most of my stay in the hot bath. As you know, Jan took on the responsibility of bossing a young man on Dec. 28. I flew down to Redding for the wedding--the bride was lovely--naturally. They plan to live in Sacramento and the name is Gary J. Birkland in case anyone gets close enough to stop in. Linda is a freshman at M.S.C. and seems to be enjoying it very much. She has pledged Chi O and will

probably go active some day--if she can forget about guys and get her grades up. Shelley--the tiger--is terrorizing the natives in high school in Redding. Stragge thing, when I was down for the wedding I didn't recognize her at first. Very embarrassing not to know your own daughter. She had changed from a little chubby cheeked girl to a tall, slender young lady (until she started talking). She is taller than either Jan or Linda already. Oh well--can't stop time. I expect to be around Laurel for a time. Plan to do a little flying out of Billings. Quiet type--no more supply drops over the jungle.

MACNAB, Mel & Robin: There just isn't much news from the MacNabs except that each one of us in one year older--especially me. As this family gets more barnacled with age it has an inclination to spread out - each member heading his own way. Duncan spent a quarter in California testing whether it was easier to make a living without an education; and as a consequence is enrolled back at Montana State College. Gayle has an inclination of adopting the religion of each new boy friend - which means that we have watched her worship at various shrines throughout the year - having progressed from the Great Spirit to Budhism. Mel has begun to hit the tournament trail in bridge in quest of a Life Master Status and chimaxed this effort by winning one session of the National Mixed Pairs bridge championships at Phoenix in November. Robin (that's me) became a Divisional Manager for his investment company and opened offices in both Billings and Miles City. Got in lots of summer fishing and one splendid Wilderness Pack Trip. All four of us repeated our votes for Wendel Willkie.

MARSHALL, Joye & Ellis: I'm not going to risk the chance of having our name scratched off your list this year. Neither am I going to remind Ellis, my procrastinating husband, every day to write a letter. Instead, I'm going to write one myself. There are several people in the newsletter who are unknown to me personally but their names have been mentioned by Ellis and Fred during their many moments of reminiscing. On the other hand there are several whom I do know and I love to read their yearly letters as much as Ellis. It is a wonderful thing that you three do for the gang and they should appreciate it. I'd love to hear from my school chums but I'm not fortunate enough to have a Betty, Peg and Bill! 1962 was very good to us. We had health, wealth (only when I worked, Rossiter) and happ iness. Ellis works hard but seems to thrive on it. He is also knee-deep in Elktivity. If there are more yeas than nays by the kind brethern come April he will be Exalted Ruler (I call it Exhausted Rooster) and we will be going to San Francisco to the national convention in July. Our Jim is now 15 and is taller than his Dad. He is taking accelerated algebra and Father has been quite a help to him. He received ski equipment for Christmas and is doing fine on them--that's youth for you! At present we are in the middle of a hot campaign. He's running for President of the Student Council at Lewis and Clark Jr. Hi. 1963 is bringing us a grandchild. Our oldest son and his wife are expecting a baby in February. I don't mind being a grandma but I hate to sleep with a grandpa! Except for "Podee", our cute, white poodle, I guess I have pretty well reported on the Marshall family. May you all have the best year ever!

MARTIN, Marian & Ford: We are glad to report we have had a very ordinary, busy year, free of accidents or any serious illness. Kathy is in high school this year, Jean in junior high, Maribeth in the 5th grade and Pepper in kindergarten. The three girls are in band, chorus and 4-H and Kathy and Jean are active in Rainbow. Kathy made pep band this year also and Jean cheer leading so we find ourselves being propelled to all high school and grade basketball games (thought this only happened if you had boys). We are in the midst of plans for building some more on to this house as soon as Spring arrives--one thing we planned for this past year and never quite got to it. (HELP--needed one good architect although I think only a magician could incorporate all the ideas handed out thus far). Best wishes to all of you in the New Year. Come see us.

MENZEL, Rose and Hermie: Last January Hermie and I got a lady to care for the boys while we went to Los Angeles to the Gift Show. It was the first time we had ever been away from the boys and was like a second honeymoon besides being a trial experiment to see how the boys would do without us--as we knew, come fall, they would be with sitters for two months while they started school in Bozeman and we finished up in West Yellowstone. Hermie and I had a wonderful trip, went by train--took in the Gift Show and Catalina Island, and ate in some interesting places. The following three months we kept busy furniture hunting for our Bozeman home, and getting the store ready to open before we took Kurt and Craig to the World's Fair in Seattle. We were gone ten days and had a wonderful time--called several friends, visited relations, and Pops Johnson, an old college chum, dropped in at the Motel one evening after seeing our picture in the Seattle P-I and tracking our whereabouts down through the newspaper office. We had a real good season at West and were most grateful as I was awfully afraid my purse strings weren't going to keep up with my taste in furniture. The last six months of the year were as sad as the first six were wonderful. During the summer, Craig had a series of not too serious incidents, but enough to keep us up in the air. In June he had minor surgery; in July he got bit in the eye by a dog which didn't impair his eye-sight, thank God, and in August he was thrown into the swimming pool and landed on his chin which resulted in 4 stitches to decorate him up. Then in August, we were terribly grieved by the very sudden death of our nephew Bill (Henry's oldest boy). He had been married only 2½ months and was just finishing seven weeks training for a fine job with the Department of Public Health. His widow's and Henry's family's courage has been something to behold and an inspiration to all of us. Five weeks later, Sept. 24, Mom passed away quite suddenly, and even at her age of 79, it was a shock to all of us. We were so grateful that she suffered very little and that we were able to keep her as long as we had. Mother, to me, was the most admired person I could ever think of, and we thought it was real sweet of a couple folks who had planned on nominating her for "Mother of the Year". We are getting all settled in our home at 1106 South Third and are enjoying every minute of it. We are starting out with everything new even down to the dishes, towels, etc. We're so proud of our place, and we hope that lots of you will be able to stop by sometime and see it and us. May 1963 be a wonderful year for all of you.

ROTH, Elota Beth: We arrived in Aurora, Colorado for Floyd's assignment to the Finance Center as Director of Allotments and Retirements on August 1. Floyd had flown out in June to look for a house and had purchased our present home. None of us had seen it but we couldn't have been happier with his choice, both of home and area. We are situated midway between Lowry AFB and Fitzsimons Army Hospital--both about a mile either direction. The children all have lovely schools to attend and a few blocks away is a 40 acre recreational park with swimming pool, courts, etc. We had six wonderful weeks here, including a Labor Day Weekend at Granby Lake--a wonderful last holiday together as a family. Floyd had been tired and had some chest pain, but moving is tiring at best so we were not overly concerned, and he had gone ahead and scheduled a cardiograph in October. However, early on the morning of September 17 he asked me to take him to Fitzsimons Emergency Clinic--we arrived about 3:30 and he died about 30 minutes later. Autopsy showed a blood clot completely blocking the left ventricle of the heart. We are grateful he never knew it was a final illness for he would have been so concerned for myself and the children. The children have been wonderful--each determined to smile for my sake--perhaps Jeffrey's remark to a friend who complimented him on the way he had accepted things might sum up their attitude--"It's either cry our hearts out and see Mother break down or smile and have her smile back". Bartley--who keeps everything within him and is struggling with a greater loneliness than he has ever known--was able to enroll late in Young American Football League about two weeks after he lost his Daddy, and daily practice helped him fill the void. He was a latecomer but soon was the Rams "A" team star, meriting news coverage such as

"due to the expert ballhandling of Bart Roth..." A banquet Dec. 6th climaxed his success when he was announced as having been selected Captain of his team. Tim - busy with a newspaper route, took up wrestling and wants body building equipment for Christmas. Jeffrey - still loves to eat goodies, and is having to work to bridge the transition from a 6th grader to 7th. Teri, about to be six, is in kindergarten and plying Scott with tales of Santa - as for Scott, he still looks for Daddy but without Scott - a busy 2½ year old, our lives would be dull indeed. We want everyone to know we are here - at 301 Newark Street, Aurora, Colo. We hope you will all take time to stop if you journey our way. This will be our home now-- we are not too far from Floyd's mother, his brothers and sisters all in Montana. I have no roots now that my mother is gone but still have a couple of relatives in Montana.

RUSHING, Shirley & Clyde: Here it is letter time again and lots of things have happened since Jan. 1, 1962. I left Oregon Metallurgical Corp. for a job in Reedsport, Oregon. In a short time I realized that neither the job or the town appealed to me and we parted company about May 1st. Fortunately I had not sold our house and was able to locate again in Albany and in the metals business. Attached is an article on our operations and our expansion program. (Quote from newspaper "A major expansion program, including a new plant, a new manufacturing division, and a change in name is in the works for Oregon Precision Industries, two-year old local firm specializing in fabrication of parts and components from titanium, tungsten, tantalum and other refractory and exotic metals. On Oct. 1 the firm became Northwest Industries, Inc., with two manufacturing divisions--Precision Shop division and Precision Fabrication division, according to Clyde M. Rushing, executive vice-president. Construction has started in a program which is to add 13,000 square feet to the firm's Albany plant. The expansion program represents an investment of \$150,000 in building and equipment, and will more than double the size of the present facilities.") Seems as if we make some foolish moves in our lifetime and I am very glad to have this one behind me. Our family continues to grow up and both the girls and Ricky remember our trips through Yellowstone and our visits at West. I ran into Elwood Railey at a New Years party and he said he saw Bettie in Bozeman. This summer I was fortunate to see John and Chrissie Gates and we enjoyed an evening with them very much. During my brief stay in Reedsport I had a long damp evening with Al Grantham talking about the good old days. Sure did appreciate his company. We remodeled last summer. Have an extra bedroom and would like to see any of you Montana tourists bound for California, Hawaii etc. I would sure like to see a pictorial letter next year showing the family groups. I'd be glad to contribute or help on this. Best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. (Ed. Note: This is the second time Snooks has mentioned this picture idea. We think it's a good one, so we'll investigate the possibilities (with his help) and don't be surprised if you're asked for a negative and money sometime during this year.)

SHINN, Millie & Shirl: The best for all of you in 1963. Missed this last year so will try and fill in. We moved to Spokane 1 year ago this past Labor Day and here, we think for a long time. No change in family status except the kids are growing and taking more of our time. Two in braces and two with glasses. Have had no major catastrophes recently so all in all everything goes along pretty good. We have found that the cost of living is greater here than when in Boise. In case you never heard my wife Millie flew in the Womens Transcontinental Air Race ATWAR (Powder Puff) last year in a Commanche 180. They did pretty good and finished race, and this in the worst weather ever had for race--from San Diego to Atlantic City. We had quite a few visitors this summer with all the people passing thru Spokane on way to or from the Worlds Fair at Seattle, and was good to see those that stopped, or talk to those that just phoned as going thru. Actually we haven't seen many of the tribe the past few years but expect to find a few as time goes on. We here in Spokane have been waiting for old man winter to show his face, that is those of us who ski. However, it is rather late in coming this year and cuts us out of much of the skiing and skating we so enjoy. Guess as time goes by and age marks us all

many we wouldn't recognize after such a long time and others we will never see again, so let me say that if any of you are ever out in this country be sure and stop and see us. So in the mean time, God Bless all of you and may your troubles be few.

STUCKY, Lorraine and Bill: Considering the Christmas season as we know it, these are some of the things that we feel we should have time for: --an 8:30 A.M. Christmas program at the Jr. high where David (almost 13 and a 7th grader) will be singing in the chorus. I will probably notice how much taller he has grown. I will be glad that he is doing so well in school and is also enjoying being in Jr. church choir and participating in the Youth Fellowship. --a Saturday morning basketball game--even though there will be more after Christmas--in which our tall red-headed Roger (a 9th grader) will be playing. I will be glad that he has worked so hard at maintaining the B average we require for his participation in sports. So far he has made "the team" each time. I am glad he too participates in his church choir and youth group. --a shopping trip to Des Moines with our 16 year old daughter--who in a lovely white formal belies the fact that she is our little girl. I feel proud of her good scholastic record, her love of dancing and the hours she spends on it, her being a cheerleader, her love of her religion, and the fact she has many nice friends. --a conversation with our happy 7 year old Bryan who says, "Mom, do you believe in Santa Claus? You know, that guy would have to be a billionaire to buy all the presents if parents didn't help him." And also "Didja know I'm singing in the Christmas program at the church, Mom? You'll be there won'tcha?" We will, indeed. I will be grateful that he is well, after having been ill ten days with pneumonia and a strep throat. --lunch and conversation with Bill on our 21st anniversary--remembering sad and fun things, good and bad things, talking of our plans for the many more we hope we may have. We'll laugh, too, about Bill's being benched for the remainder of the football season after he ruptured a muscle in his leg playing football with all the kids in our neighborhood. The doctor told him this is the muscle horses use to sleep standing up--also the one that middle-aged men injure while trying to act like boys. It really wasn't too funny when it happened. We can feel good about Bill's work and happy because Kellogg Foundation gave the Agriculture Adjustment Center another \$600,000 to continue their work here for at least another 5 years. --thoughts and prayers for those less fortunate. Prayers of thanksgiving for my father's recovery from serious illness, and the good health of all our family. A prayer of real gratitude for peace, unstable though it may be.

TERRETT, June: Wouldn't miss the news letter for anything so here is my contribution. Absolutely the most world-shaking event of 1962 was that I turned into GRANDMA!! I really regret that this worthy newspaper doesn't print pictures so I could show you all how justified is my bragging. Jill has a darling baby girl, Terri, now 4 mo. old, dark hair, big brown eyes, fair complexion, and a constant smile that shows off her dimples. I'm having a ball exercising my grandma's privileges of spoiling, bragging, and digging endless pictures out of my purse. She's beautiful, really she is. '62 was very good to everyone in the Terrett-Drowley household. Jane, 10 now, more than busy with piano, flute, Campfire, ice skating, homework, etc. etc. and more than enjoying being Aunt Jane. Mother stays very well, and still has a clean bill of health from her cancer scare 3 years ago. Jack is still at Boulder. He was home for Xmas and for a few weeks last summer. He likes school, but much prefers home so it's always hard to take him back. I stay busy and happy with the same old things. Twenty-eight piano and organ students a week, bank directing, still trying to sell a few Hammonds for Orton in this area, and a finger in every musical activity in town. No glamorous trips or anything to report, just a full, happy, satisfying life. May 1963 be very good to all of you.

TURNER, Jane and Chuck: If I remember right we didn't qualify for the letter last year. So we'll try not to let it happen again. Since we have little to contribute, we must selfishly confess that we send in our bit of news only to

remain on the mailing list. We always have a "remember when" session after the annual report arrives. But more than that, we never fail to comment (in awe) of the two faithful gals who have given countless hours in the last twenty years to provide sheer pleasure for their old friends. We do appreciate your loyalty and spirited interest. The Turners have had a good year with the school months quite normal and busy. Our summer months included a crazy trip to Vermont and New York with some Girl Scouts. When I say crazy, I mean typical Girl Scout: pitching tents and cooking in pouring down rain, etc., etc. We also spent a glorious week at the shore, Ocean City, Md. Our son, Dick and wife, Becky and Ross, OUR GRAND-SON visited us in September after spending the summer in Yellowstone Park. Dick works for Continental Oil Co. and is now located in Burley, Idaho. How far away they seem. Our Valerie, age 21, worked last summer in the purchasing department of Bowen-McLoughlin of York. (They make tank retrievers, whatever they are.) She is now practise teaching in an elementary school here and will graduate from Penn State in June. Ann, age 16 and Carolyn, age 15 are enjoying the fun and work of high school. I swear they have lots more homework than we ever had. Lee, age $4\frac{1}{2}$ keeps this mother thinking young if not feeling young. He is our second chance at parenthood and must say it's fun. We're taking more time to enjoy the little things about little people and have more big people to share them. Chuck is busy with the leasing end of Ammon R Smith Chevrolet here in York and finds time to report for Reserve Duty at Andrews Air Base, Washington D.C. about twice a month. Golf has become more important to him this past year and I'm still vowing to take it up some day. I'm busy and happy with church work, P.E.O., bridge, courses at the YWCA (they have a terrific program here), besides the eternal housekeeping which I don't really mind. We are feeling very much at home in Pennsylvania after five years. We can't deny that there are many exciting things to do and see here in the East, especially in this general area. On December 23 our family were guests in home of Peg Gordon Lestz in Lancaster, Pa. It was a joy to meet her husband and family and to hear about her job with Armstrong Cork. She designs their picture ads you see in the magazines. We'd enjoy seeing anyone coming this way. In the meantime some of us hope to see some of you in Montana after school closes in the spring. Val has promised to take part in her best friend's wedding in Bozeman. Best wishes to all in '63!

VADHEIM, Midge and Al: The third week of June we boarded the North-coast Limited and all went to Chicago where Pop attended the meetings of the American Medical Association, again in his official capacity, representing the Montana Medical Association. Midge, Lew, Jan, Shelley attended various institutes of enjoyment while there, also spending all, or most of Pop's money and squandering it in a hotel with a swimming pool. We were gone just ten days but it was really lots of fun. Then in August we loaded up the camper and truck, hooked on the boat, called in the dog, Magic, and headed for the West Coast, Seattle, the World's Fair, the Olympic Peninsula, then back to Port Angeles and across to Victoria, B.C. on the ferry, on up the island to the Campbell River looking for big salmon, but all we got was fresh salt air and back. There didn't seem to be any of the 30 to 60 pounders that wanted our bait. But there again we sure had fun. From there, we took the ferry on over to Vancouver, British Columbia, spent a few days and then the Trans-Canadian Highway on through the Canadian Rockies to Lake Louise, Calgary, and back home. When I say we loaded up the gear, I really mean that we were loaded, because the Canadian Government had us check in and we weighed totally $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons. The Canadian Official told us that we were "nearly overweight". If we didn't find a motel to our liking we would go to anearby park and set up housekeeping, change clothes, and off to find some place such as Trader Vic's for dinner with good clothes on and then come back to our sleeping bags. We were very independent and didn't have to particularly count on anything or anyone except ourselves. Since returning Midge and I have been to Missoula for the Montana State Medical Association meeting, and now following our ski holiday, on Thanksgiving, Pop is leaving for Los Angeles, and the A.M.A. clinical meeting for 5

days. And now for the children, Lew is a junior in high school, is doing well in school, is still with the piano, attended the piano workshop at the University of Montana at Missoula, for ten days this past summer and thoroughly enjoyed same. He and Jan are working out on some pieces with Lew on the Piano and Jan on the saxophone. Lew is still participating in the various ball sports. As yet, he can't be bothered with girls. Jan this year is 8th grade, doing very well in school, is still with piano and also is working on the Alto Sax and so is involved in the Junior High School Band and a Saxophone Quintette. She really did herself proud last year in her school work in that she was awarded a 7th grade scholastic honor, and chosen to receive the Seventh Grade Girl's Citizenship and Achievement Award. And now of course, last but not least, the apple of all our eyes. Shelley, 2nd grade, age 8 years, and likewise doing well in school. The highlight of the year for her was receiving of a second place ski trophy for primary grades. Possible Olympic material 19???. This next summer we are contemplating a trip immediately after school is out to the Northeastern part of the United States or perhaps Canada, and end up in Atlantic City, New Jersey, for the meeting of the American Medical Association in the 3rd week in June, 1963. Perhaps at that time we will have the opportunity to contact some of our good eastern friends. We are all very much looking forward to this. And so it has gone for 1962, the children are growing up, the dog is getting older, and the cat has already gotten old, Midge is older by far, and Pop is still 29. The very best for a Holiday Season and Most Joyous New Year, too. One and all!

WAITE, Jeanne: The holidays are over and I do hope everyone understands why there were no cards from me. This has been a very sad year as I lost my Dad suddenly in September--and my Mother less than 18 months before. Besides the impact of such a shock, I find myself a full-fledged business woman and a rancher. For I am trying to run all the businesses--to the best of my ability. I am sure there will never be enough hours for everything--selling calves, replacing leaky hot water boilers, scouring the country for milk cows, etc. Not a dull moment--that's for sure. Spent the holidays with the J. B. Annins in Billings and had quite a work out at their shop--Did enjoy it, though. To all of you a good 1963. If any of you come this way, do call this hard-working gal. Would love to see any or all.

WEBER, Jerry: Two days before Christmas and once more I'm making resolutions never to keep the postman waiting again for my Christmas cards. The mail has been delayed too because of the planes being grounded at the airport, so if this doesn't arrive in time, use that excuse, will you? The past year has treated me well and I hope it has all of you. I have no startling information or juicy tidbits to report, such as a confirmation to the rumor that Doris Day's infatuation over Maury Wills will lead to the altar, but my routine has fit into the pattern of events here and the rest of the country. I'm forgetting the stock market for the time being, hating the Dodgers for allowing the World Series to be played in Candlestick Park, cursing Fidel, suffering the demise of the Los Angeles Rams (does anyone want to buy 4 choice season tickets real cheap?) and hoping the Bossa nova will never replace the twist. That twist is the greatest dance or do you disagree with me? I made two trips to Montana last year--a fast one in April and again in October to bring my folks back to L.A. Since they have been here they have basked in heavy fog sprinkled with smog so when anyone mentions Sunny California to them, their reply isn't too favorable. It's been a very busy and gay holiday season and right after I help SC trounce Wisconsin in the Rose Bowl, I'll be anxious to go that route of eight hours sleep a night again. All the best to you in 1963 and I do hope we will be able to say hello in person.

YOVEICH, Nick: Well here goes another year and again nothing to show for the passage of time. I'm a regular Hoosier now even to the point of "toting a poke" instead of carrying a bag. Lately all I do is work, eat, sleep, watch TV and golf when weather permits. Work in our new plant takes up too much time

so I'm going to change this year and be more like a butterfly than an eager beaver. Hell I'm slowing up so much that at the Country Club on New Year's Eve I was charged \$25 a couple for all you can eat (dinner & breakfast) and all you can drink, just name it; then to make it worse the Club made money on me. I can remember when \$25 wouldn't buy the booze on a night out. Oh well the spirit is still willing. At least my mind is still clear and agile. I talked with old man Rossiter this summer. I explained Cincinnati is just 105 miles from Muncie. I explained that you have to drive through Muncie or I would come to Cincinnati to see him. Three months later I get a Xmas card and a query "Where is Cincinnati from Muncie?" Flew to Mont. last summer but I didn't visit much. My nieces & nephew kept me so busy I did nothing else. I did do Billings with Bros. Orton & Marshall. As usual we had a good time making the rounds. Boy, Orton is sure still popular with the women. Everywhere we went we got first class attention basking in the secondary light of the admiring girls. How he stays single I'll never know. As for me, I know I'm repulsive. Maybe I'll get to see more of the gang this year. Maybe not in Montana but somewhere. Better all stop in Muncie.

TAYLOR, Peg & Bill: 1963 finds us still in Billings and Bill still employed with Humble Oil Co. When the big move was taking place last spring Bill could get no satisfaction from the company as to what his status would be, so he decided to quit. They called him from the Refinery here and asked if he'd like to throw his name in the hat for a job there since they understood he didn't want to make the move. Then we waited and waited and waited. Had just decided we'd have to make the move if the refinery job didn't come through as jobs around here just weren't plentiful when the call came through and the job was his. It's still accounting work but the manufacturing end rather than marketing. We feel most fortunate as those that had to make the move are having to take second place to those from the Chicago office that were transferred to Tulsa, too. We had a wonderful vacation in August at Priest Lake, Idaho. Met Bill's sister and family from Spokane there and spent a lazy week. Had a rustic cabin that we swept out once a day and called it good, barbecued our dinners on the beach, built big beach fires every night, went swimming and boating--in other words, did nothing more strenuous than have fun. Went to Spokane for a few days (sorry to miss seeing the Shinns, but had a good telephone conversation with Mil) and then on to Bozeman for some fishing and a trip into the Park. Rick is in kindergarten this year and taking swimming lessons at the Y so keeps busy, and keeps me humping to keep up with him. Of course, I'm not admitting to getting old just tired and worn out! He had a big thrill last spring when Jimmy MacDonald gave him his first airplane ride and Mom and Dad were lucky enough to go along. We're probably making the headlines in most newspapers right now because of the cold weather in Montana, but just a week ago (Jan. 6) the Don Jorgenson family and we had a delightful picnic on the rims. Spent all afternoon basking in the sun, roasting hot dogs and marshmallows, and popping corn. Guess this brings us up to date. Hope this year brings us more visits with more of you (We saw the Pappins briefly at the Grizzly-Wyoming game and Bettie and I saw Al Grantham in Bozeman last January when his Dad died). The best of everything to all in '63!

EAGLE, Bettie: A year ago I reported 50 degrees below zero at West Yellowstone at this time. I can now top that. The paper this morning reported it was 60 degrees below there on Friday night. Glad I'm in Billings where it only went to 27 below. After an unusually mild fall, I think our blood is awfully thin as it feels colder than that. The Seattle Fair really boosted tourist business in Montana and we had a record year. Kept us humping to keep merchandise in, unpacked and on display. You'll all have to stop by West Yellowstone next summer so your young ones can see the life size, fiber glass grizzly bear I bought. I am not working at the college this winter. I stayed at "West" later than usual, then drove to Nebraska with a friend and visited with Libbus DeFrates Kittams & family in Omaha over Thanksgiving. After I returned to Bozeman, Rose and I started going through things at our house there and trying to get rid of as much

stuff as possible. After forty years of living in one house and a big family at that, there is much that can go. Next week I plan to fly to New York to visit my sister Helen. She has been in the hospital. If she doesn't need a full time cook and housekeeper, perhaps I will be able to see some of you.

ROMAN, Dora: Dora still has the "Welcome" mat out at 613 S. 6th. She spent Thanksgiving and Christmas with her grandson and their folks in Billings. She continues to be a Bobcat fan and is glad to see any MSCers who stop by.

The following did not write letters this year and will be deleted if we don't hear from them next year: ANDERSON: Vesta completed her graduate work at MSC and is now on the faculty there working in the nursery school. She is still very active in the retarded children's program. Eric is now enrolled at MSC and studying hard. CALLISTER: No news. COEFIELD: No news. DANIELS: No news. GRANTHAM: No news. MCCOLM: No news. PAPPIN: No news. ROSSITER: Bettie saw Bertha, Dave and family in Yellowstone in September and helped celebrate Bertha's birthday at Purdy's Frontier Club. STRONG: Babe, Frank and son Blair are now living in Billings. Frank is with MacIntyre Motor Co. WILLIAMSON: No news. WINCHESTER: Carolyn, Burl and family drove to Oklahoma for Christmas with Burl's family. They enjoyed reunions with the rest of the Gay family who came to Bozeman at different times during the summer. WOLCOTT: No news.

The following are on the deleted list: LOVELACE, MCCALL, ORTON, PURDY, STEPHENS, STETZNER, THOMPSON, C.N, THOMPSON, LEW, WILSON, WINANS. Audrey Lovelace and children have moved back to Edmonton, Canada where her mother lives. Jim Stephens was at Homecoming--his first visit back to MSC in 20 years. It was wonderful to see him, but we were sorry to learn his wife had been killed in an auto accident last January. Jim has his own firm now and is agent for the Federal Pacific Electric Co. He has a housekeeper to help with his six children. Ginney and Frank Winans were at Homecoming too which added to the fun.

Sorry the letter is smaller this year, but MAN did we have a lot of coffee breaks. To you who did write, thanks for your kind words and the news of you. We enjoy doing the letter and helping to hold the old gang together.

Love and kisses,

Peg, Bill and Bettie

LATECOMER:

WINANS Ginney & Frank: Suddenly the date of your deadline is here, and I Hope I'll be in time! After 2 years I find a few moments to write! What a busy time these last two months have been. Number 1 daughter, Jan, was married December 28th--so now all my good friends will understand why I didn't send Christmas cards this year. Jan has gone with this young man for three years & they have been engaged for a year, so I'm sure it will "take"! The wedding was a thing of beauty, and we are all so happy about it! Linda was her Maid of Honor, Shelley, Sheryl Fleming (June's daughter) & two of her school friends were bridesmaids. The ceremony took place at Trinity Lutheran Church at 7 o'clock in the evening & we had the reception at the Country Club. The bride in traditional white satin & the girls all in long, emerald green satin. So, my Jan is now Mrs. Gary Birkland! Jan had gone to MSC last year and this fall Linda enrolled there. They both left for Bozeman in Sept. and thoroly enjoyed being together there for at least 1 quarter. Jan is a Chi Omega, bless her, and Linda is a pledge! We're very proud of Linda because she was chosen to be a member of "Angel Flight." Frank & I, Shelley, Gary (Jan's fiancée at the time) & a girl friend of Linda's drove to Bozeman for Homecoming in October. We had such a wonderful time, but it was all too short. It was wonderful to see so many, many old friends! Unfortunately, I only visited by

phone with many I wanted so much to see. But business first, so we had to rush home to Redding. Shelley is a freshman in Hi School this year & loves it! She was a cheer leader in the 8th grade & is hoping to be one in H.S. next year. She had a ball in Bozeman renewing friendships with friends she had there when she was 4!! There is now a lively correspondence and exchange of pictures going on between Redding & Bozeman and she practically has her bag packed to leave for Montana as soon as school is out! We have had many visits from friends here in Redding. We're on Hwg. 99--North--and please everyone remember if you're headed south on this highway, stop at the very first service station inside Redding's City limits & phone me. We live up high on the hill just above this station, but you'll need a guide up here. We've seen Marge & Owen Murphy--they have visited us twice. Wilma & Al Grantham have been here twice and Wilma sent me last year's newsletter so I could catch up on the news. I promised to return it & haven't, but I will, honestly. Granthams head south with their children spring vacations. Hope to see them again in March! Dottie & Hague Callister were here a year ago last summer with their children. Spent a nite here & we found that some good friends of ours--Jim & Jean Wells--are friends of Callisters! Hague & Jim graduated from U. of Ore. together & were fraternity brothers--small world! Wilma & Erv Hintzpeter have been here & we see them often in the City. We accidentally bumped into them headed down the Hwg. for San Francisco two years ago. They drove up with Erv Jr. for Jan's wedding. Frank & I flew to Monterey about 2 yrs. ago for Carl Peterson's promotion party. Since then we have been down to Ft. Ord many times to visit with Helen & Pete & boys. This August we flew Jan & Linda down with us for Pete's farewell party. He was C.O. of the 1st Brigade, and what a party they gave him! Jan, of course, wouldn't have a date but Helen had a special one picked out for Linda. One of Col. Pete's most promising young officers--Lst Lt. Richard Henry Collins. Well, the Petersons & 3 youngest sons (John, a Soph. at M.S.C., Jimmie & David and Lt. Collins came here to visit over Labor Day week-end. They brought Linda home with them--she had stayed there with Helen after the party for one week, but stayed 2 wks. I had quite a time getting her on the train to Montana! The girls got home Thurs. Dec. 20 & Lt. Collins arrived on Sat., Dec. 22. On Christmas Eve Linda received a most beautiful solitaire & now we have a summer or fall wedding to look forward to! I'm certainly glad Shelley is only 14 & Collin 10! We were so glad to have so many people from far away here for the wedding. My Mother & Dad & Jean, of course. My cousins Howard & Beth Nelson & Niki completely surprised us by arriving the day I read a note saying they could not be here. Pete & Helen & Cadet Carl, Jr. from West Point & Linda's fiancée. Forgot to say his home is Birmingham, Ala. He was graduated from U. of Ala. & commissioned in U. S. Army in 1960. Linda is going to visit with his family during spring vacation. My goodness, I must stop! Have been mostly devoting time to my daughters #1 & #2! We have had a very full & happy two years. I couldn't possibly cover it all. Looking forward to some visits from any of you who may be driving by. And I remember definite promises from some of you.

Attention: Anna Lee & Bud Purdy & Kay & Bob Dye. And Marge & Owen Murphy (Pappins can pass on that message) and come, too! Audrey Lovelace phoned me from San Francisco this summer & has promised to come to Redding soon! Wishing everyone a wonderful 1963!

ROLL CALL

Mr. & Mrs. Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 885 W. 37th Ave., Eugene, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 13 18 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 6960 S.W. Raleighwood Lane, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 37 Highland Ave., Lexington 73, Mass.
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 1092 Raritan Drive, St. Louis 19, Missouri
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S.W. 29th Pl., Portland 1, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Kermit Daniels, 101 N. Main, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia 18, Pa.
Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7350 S.W. Sharon Ln., Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Walt Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California
Maj. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2619 Los Amigos Dr., Rancho Cordova, California
Mr. James MacDonald, 313 1st Ave., Laurel, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Robin MacNab, 822 S. 5th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Marshall, 1211 Wunnicke Lane, Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McCollm, 5720 - 60th N.E., Seattle 5, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Menzel, 1106 S. Third, Bozeman, Mont. (winter address)
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Mont.
Dr. & Mrs. H. D. Rossiter, Sheridan, Mont.
Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 301 Newark St., Aurora 8, Colorado
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Rushing, 3030 S. Lawnridge, Albany, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, N. 7625 Laurelhurst Dr., Spokane 53, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Strong, 1836 Wyoming Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8, Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Mont.
Miss Jerry Weber, 854 $\frac{1}{2}$ So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles 5, California
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Route 1, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. Nick Yovetich, 3301 Godman Ave., Muncie, Indiana

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 S. 6th Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Ave. E, Billings, Mont.
Miss Bettie Eagle, 623 S. 3rd, Bozeman, Mont.

Mrs. Dan R. Lovelace, 11665 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
Mr. & Mrs. R. C. McCall, 502 S. 6th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. James Stephens, c/o James D. Stephens Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, 1044 Placer, Butte, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 1301 Winnie, Helena, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Thompson, 8820 S. W. 35th, Portland 19, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson, 128 Highland Terrace Drive, Woodside, California
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding, California

January 1964

Dear Old Gang:

Greetings from the Big Sky Country! Montana is getting a lot of publicity this year with it's Territorial Centennial celebrations. We had thought of advancing our reunion to coincide with the big doings around the State, but they didn't want us to compete with their activities, so we'll hold off for another year.

(Ed.note: When a member of the gang writes a letter to us in AUGUST we feel he deserves top billing — so, here goes.)

ORTON, Bev and Fred: A couple nights ago at a motel in Miles City I saw some red stationery that caused me to think about Christmas, and inspired me to start my Christmas letter to you. Of course you can guess what happened—I fell asleep before I finished the first page! In any event however, I determined to get my name back on your mailing list to receive my copy of the annual newsletter, and decided the only way to accomplish this would be to write now and avoid the Christmas rush! As you are aware, my excuse for not having written a contribution during the past two years has been for lack of something to write about. Probably the most startling news item from this direction is that Orton got married last month. Astounding to some, no doubt! The bride's name is Bev, and she has worked as our secretary, office manager and organist during the past year or so. Previous to moving to Billings she had headed up the commercial department in the Basin, Wyoming high school. So that's the brief run-down. To Yovetich exclusively, I hereby relinquish all my rights and privileges related to bachelorhood—with the admonishment to him to stay away from secretaries! My most profound observation to date about this institution of marriage concerns the dilemmas presented not only to a newly-wedded couple, but to their married friends. The men agree that a guy is nuts to get involved to that degree, and the women are worrying themselves to death wondering on whom they should concentrate on getting married off next. Still am busy trying to make an honest buck selling pianos and Hammond Organs. I just completed a fifteen-hundred square foot addition to the building, and this better be the final expansion program. There isn't any more space to build on, unless we go "up". You might be interested in learning that approximately a year and a half ago, by some hook or crook, I was elected to serve a three year term on the first President's Dealer Panel initiated by the Hammond Organ Company as a means of bringing its management into a closer relationship with the dealer organization. The Panel is comprised of twelve dealers from all parts of the country and four or five of the Hammond management group, and meets in Chicago about three times a year. It has been a nice experience, and one that I've been enjoying. I've seen Jack Boetcher several times when I've attended those meetings. Several years ago Jack supervised some work being done for Hammond by a management consultant firm for which he worked. Evidently he impressed the organ company with his ability to the extent that they hired him. He now is a V.P. I just saw June Terrett in Glendive. In addition to raising her family, teaching some forty kids to play piano, serving as a director at the bank, etc., she's been doing a good job for us. After not having seen Al Grantham since we left school, I had a real good visit with him on two different occasions last year when he passed through Billings. That guy looks just the same as he did 23 years ago — perpetual youth! Joye and Ellis and their big Jim spent most of July conventioning with the Elks at the national in San Francisco, and then at the state convention in Livingston. This year Ellis will have the distinction of being the Exalted Ruler of this local lodge when it moves into its fine new building. When I saw him a couple days ago he was in a vile mood—said something about his doctor directing him to lose twenty or thirty pounds and quit smoking at the same time. He hadn't quite decided how all of this was going to be done, but at least he appeared determined—as he lighted another cigarette! Come see us — the address is 818 Highwood Circle. And Merry Christmas!

ANDERSON, Vesta and Eric: Your threat of expulsion has stirred this tired old alumnae into action. After all these years of trying to think of some-

thing clever to write, I'd hate to miss out on the 25 year reunion just because "the well has run dry". The past year has been good to us. We haven't had to move, pay income tax, or wash diapers. The kids are trying to build up their reputations and we're trying to forget ours. Mary Lynn is a junior at Stanford, taking Psychology and hoping to discover some method designed to produce normal parents. She will spend next fall and winter quarters in Italy under the Stanford Overseas Campus program. Mike, 16, is currently state debate champ and was recently selected to spend the summer in Europe under the American Field Service Program. Christy, 11, is busy taking care of her social activities, and having more fun than any of us. Rick is in the Special Education room and is being used as a case study at one medical school because of the progress he continues to make as a mongoloid. Lisa started kindergarten and may continue if the teacher can hold up under the stress created by one little black eyed, black haired bombshell. Eric is in his 2nd year of graduate school, picking up more grade points each quarter than he used to get per year way back in you know when! Between classes he feeds Angus cattle, in turn the Angus cattle are supposed to feed us. I finally earned a Masters degree in Education and am putting it to use as head teacher in the M.S.C. laboratory nursery school. Teach normal children 3 days a week, and severely retarded ones two mornings per week. Am state president of the Montana Association for Retarded Children and consider my lovely trips to Chicago, Washington, D.C., Portland, etc. as minor rewards compared to the thrill of the accomplishments we see in services to retarded children that are developing in the state. From the preceding dry message you can see that the Good Humor Kids are gone; replaced, we hope, by two people just a little bit better as a result of lessons learned over the past 20 odd years.

BRANDON, Billie and Blondy: The subtle undertones of your message came through so loud and clear! One guess as to the expediter in our household who insisted that we not be delinquent-----Billie. She loves the annual letter at least as much as I and without benefit of actually meeting the majority of the associate editors. It speaks well for the collective ability of the collaborators in projecting their scintillating wit and intellect by means of the written word. We think it's the -----MOST!. We are in the midst of launching our progeny into the realm of higher education. His College Boards which he took last year were so good that we were advised to enroll him at a name college since it seemed that he might have a good opportunity of being accepted. So we took a little trip to Boston and interviewed MIT and Harvard. I really think I was more impressed than Brandy. Harvard appealed to him-----it was close to Radcliffe. He was encouraged to apply at these institutions which he has done besides several others. We are now awaiting the decision of the computer which seems to have the major responsibility in evaluating the qualifications of prospective students. It seems that March and April are favorite months for unveiling this information. Boston was hysterically historic. By that I mean we were perpetually lost. The seafood was great except in the case of Billie who apparently got a bad clam and had a rough time for a couple of days. However, she had no trouble in locating the downtown stores. We also had a chance to visit with my sister, Lillian, who teaches at Pennsylvania State University. The school and its location in a mountain valley was reminiscent of MSC. We viewed the grandeur of Niagara Falls along with several jillion other tourists, and as I watched this majestic river flow relentlessly over the precipices, the story of the couple who had honeymooned there and had returned for their 25th anniversary came to mind. The firm conclusion of this particular couple at the terminus of their anniversary stay was that things hadn't changed a bit. I couldn't quite agree with this however, because I am sure that not nearly so much water is flowing over the falls now as 25 years ago. Going through the Cave of the Winds was quite an adventure. Billie almost got washed off the walk. We have just learned from the Marshalls, Billings branch that is, that Bro. Orton has finally knuckled under. We wish, through the medium of this epistle, to offer him our

heartiest congratulations, and best wishes for many years of sublime happiness! The holidays were kind of hectic. Billie was in Rochester with her mother who was there for major surgery. Fortunately, all is well. While Billie was there she went through the clinic, and she too received a good report. So, at least half of us are in shape to face the New Year! We await the annual report in great anticipation, and we wish the best for all of you in the coming year--wherever you may be!

CALLISTER, Dotty and Hague: The only dissappointing thing about my Montana trip last summer was not seeing any of you. Montana looked good and we had a wonderful time. They even had a heat wave for us! We ran into Dolores McCollm at a Washington-Oregon party this fall. That wonderful girl recognized me! They look great and we are told they have a lovely 16 year old daughter. We see any and all Montana people that will call--live close to the Granthams and see the Thompsons often. We miss Bob and Aleva Henderson - they moved East. We are all fine and next trip I hope Hague will be with me and we can 'do' the Parks again.

CLEMON, Cherry and George: Again I have waited until the last moment and now a real blizzard has grounded all Air Mail that was to speed this Westward. It's a good time to remember our hot trip this summer to Little Rock to visit Cherry's folks and then on to Birmingham, Ala. (more kinfolk) with brief stops in Virginia and Annapolis on the way home. Allan had a summer job with an engineering firm and we truly missed his company. He is now a Junior at Tufts in mechanical engineering. It's another milestone when they are old enough to leave behind. My mother flew here from Montana in June and we learned of some of the news from Billings. (Always looking for more.) General Radio has built a new plant in Bolton, Mass. and I will be working there instead of Concord. Do not plan to move from Lexington although it's a 20 mile drive. Was interested to read that Ray Murphy is at West Point as Director of Athletics. Hope we get a chance to see him. We are still looking for some of you to come to New England. Certainly the N.Y. World's Fair is an inducement to come back this way. Cherry and Sue join me in best wishes for all.

CLINTON, Peg: Each year as I gratefully read the wonderful newsletter produced by our devoted friends I realize on what an off-beaten path I live. If I weren't so happy in St. Louis I might investigate college opportunities in California, (I have thin blood!) where I might really see a M.S.er now and then. This year has been a happy year for us. Corky has set his goals - a law degree with a Spanish or political science B.A. He completes his first two years of college at Wentworth Military Academy this year and is considering Drake University for next year. I had traveled so much this year, that when vacation time came, I was delighted to stay home. Eastern Michigan was added to my Detroit, Illinois and Missouri area this year. With all of the crazy travel experiences I have, I can swap stories with the best of them! Today the field of education is a fascinating and challenging experience for me. I know the only way I'll see any of you in Montana is for me to head north. I just might do that again! Best wishes to every one for health and happiness throughout this coming year.

COEFIELD, Vivian and Jack: I really goofed last year and let the time slip by so this year I don't want to be deleted from this elite group. The most exciting part of last year was my trip to Bozeman for the reunion of past Five Year Speakers which was held on Woman's Day. The campus was hardly recognizable with all the new buildings. As a matter of fact I could hardly pick out the ones that were there when we were there. They seem to be swallowed up by all the new ones. However, the campus is more beautiful than ever and is surely growing with the times. It was a delight to be an honor guest at a tea at the Chi Omega house and to find the Chi O's as charming as ever! My visit was made complete by getting to see some of my school friends--Carolyn Winchester, Westa & Eric Anderson, Bud Purdy and of course the past speakers. Sorry to have missed you two. The Coefields are busy as usual. Jeff is a Sophomore at the University of Oregon, Alan is a high school sophomore (wrestling and playing in the Jr. Band), Leslie is 5th grade

and I find is just like I was when I was little. I can see what my mother meant when she said that I was hard to keep up with. Leslie is a girl scout (Mother, ass't leader), takes piano lessons, loves horses, skiing, skating etc. etc. Jack opened his own agency August 1 and is enjoying it immensely. Our yearly trip to Swan Lake is always fun. If you are ever in that area the end of July or first of August look us up. We are usually at Elkhorn Lodge. Also, anyone coming Portland way, do call. I would love to hear from you. Best wishes for a happy 1964.

DANIELS, Judy and Kermit: The Daniels are still in the "Prison City" and we do hope that some of you will get over this way in "64". We are grandparents twice since we last wrote to you and of course, they are the pride of our lives. Our "little ones" are not so little any more and next year Margaret will go to the University. Bob graduates in Physics this year. Nancy is a freshman in high school and John in the 5th grade and so life goes on in the little village. We hope to see you in "64" and hope this will be a good one for you and yours.

GATES, Chrissie and John: This day will be known as that of the "Great Blizzard" and I am stranded in the wasteland known as New York. A foot and a half of snow will cause this letter to go to Montana by dog sled so that I apply for some lenience if it does not reach you by the deadline. This has been a rather hectic year for the Gates. Mostly my fault for changing jobs. I am now working out of New York and living in Philadelphia. When the new job settles down and I'm more sure where my work will be, Chrissie will decide where we'll live. The new work is with Allied Chem. Corp. in their business development area. I've been on special assignments in the U.S. and Canada for most of the year. In Feb. we may combine a little business with a lot of skiing in the Alps. Chrissie deserves her first vacation away from the children and we're looking forward to Switzerland and Austria. As you know, I visited in Montana for a few days at my father's 80th birthday celebration. Saw only the newly marrieds like Fred Orton who was still walking around on clouds with that wonderful nuptial grin. It was obvious that he hasn't settled down to his new responsibilities for he very graciously picked up the luncheon check. Altho Rossiter somehow didn't appear for the free lunch, Marshall did so it was almost like old times. There might be some truth to the rumor that Rossiter has gotten so old and arthritic that he does nothing but take the waters at that famous Spa in Sheridan. Checked on Brandon when in Chicago. He's busy buying a college for his son. Pappin seems to have disappeared. When last seen he was being covered up with Government Greenbacks in a "Minute Man" shelter pit near Great Falls.

HEINRICH, Jean and Walt: I've kiddingly said this past year was my year of "emancipation"--when I'd ease up on "motherly chores" and regular household routine to be more of a wife and individual in society. But I found I can't do so very much (with eight youngsters at home and only 24 hours in a day), so the change will have to come more gradually than I anticipated. I have joined the Lawyers' Wives Association, have attended two conventions with Walt (one a delightful four days in Minneapolis where I could also visit with my folks), and now I have agreed to be Girl Scout Cookie Chairman for the entire city this year. There is still plenty of activity in this household to keep four mothers and fathers busy---two in Boy Scouts, one in Cubs, one Intermediate Girl Scout, one Senior Girl Scout, one CYO officer, one cheerleader, one Turner (gymnastics), two on separate basketball teams, one pre-schooler, five grade schoolers, one highschooler, one in college, one learning to read, many to help--history, geography, chemistry, times tables, spelling, term papers, science projects--just name it!--even one who must be taught to tie her shoelaces this year. We run the gamut in this household! It's the same old tune--frustrating at times but fun!! Our first week of vacation this last year Walt and I spent a few days in Minneapolis visiting my folks and then Walt took the four oldest boys on a camping-fishing trip up north. The second two weeks were spent camping or "tenting" in our yard and going places the children wanted to go--lakes, parks, zoos, beaches etc. In the interest of "space", I'll sum up our

year of '63 in the Heinrich family by saying it was normal, happy and healthy! Who could ask for more?! I don't think any of the other Newsletter family would remember her, but maybe you remember my dear Butte friend, Violet Rochelle. Well, she came to visit this summer--first time in 17 years we'd seen each other. Incidentally, Peg, she married a Jack Moyle who's working for Humble Oil in Spokane. Know him, Bill? Kadunk's husband retired from the Air Force in June and is now working for some company in Las Vegas. Kadunk still doesn't see well after her cataract operations so isn't too fond of living in a new place where surroundings aren't familiar. Incidentally, could you please put the Eddie Allards on your mailing list? I always promise Marion to send the Newsletter and never get around to it. Their address is: 1441 S. E. Cameo Drive, Tustin, California. With best wishes to all the Newsletter gang and pole vaulters for a happy leap year! (Ed. note: Jeanie sent beautiful colored pictures of the family taken at Christmas time and another of herself and Walt. She thought if we had a reunion that maybe we wouldn't recognize her after 25 years. Wish we could share them with you--she looks wonderful and has a handsome family).

JACOBS, Grace and Hugo: Nothing exciting to report. Both youngsters are in High School now. It's a new one--no windows and air-conditioned. Was built to accommodate 3000. Opening day they had far more than that with a continuing influx ever since. The schools just can't keep up with the population increase down here. Hugo has finally taken up ocean fishing to tide him over 'til summer when he can get back to those Montana streams and lakes. Last summer John and his Dad put a couple packs on their backs and hiked into the wilderness country up by Cooke City. Were gone 8 days. Never saw them look better than they did when they got back. Bettie, you'd better show up in West once in awhile this summer. We've missed seeing you for two summers now. Rose, sorry I missed seeing you in Long Beach this winter. Hope to see you next summer.

JUSTICE, Edna and Jack: Jack retires from service Dec. 31st. We will know sometime in January whether we will be moving to Southern California or not. Several nice opportunities present themselves. Mother continues to improve after several small strokes. She was 80 years old Dec. 11th.

MACDONALD, Jim: I hope that this letter will not arrive too late to be included in this year's news letter. I have been out of the state arriving back in Billings last evening. Really not much to report. I have been in and out of Billings all year. Been doing some charter flying and have managed to stay fairly busy. The only thing that is of any news value is that number two daughter Linda was married Dec. 27th in Redding California. I wasn't able to attend this year but got a good eyewitness report from Jan. The bride was lovely, naturally, the groom tall and handsome. His name incidentally is Hank Collins--he's an infantry lieutenant. They are stationed at Ft. Rucker, Alabama until he finishes flying school in Feb. and then there is a rumor that they will go to Germany. Guess that brings things pretty much up to date. As you may surmise, my existence has been pretty quiet. And I'm getting to the point where I enjoy it that way. Best wishes to all and a happy, happy New Year.

MACNAB, Mel and Robin: To say this year that things were quiescent for the MacNabs would be to re-write the old version of "No News or What Killed The Dog". However, we will do our best to keep our account in a few well-chosen words of iambic pentameter. Melborne MacNab - (wife) Ne-Melborne Lee Storey. Well sir, she's pretty cross at the moment because she's on a diet striving to regain the sylph-like form that has ever made her so popular. She's also somewhat miffed at the moment for some sharp critique offered gratuitously by yours truly at last night's Livingston bridge session. We played the Winter Nationals in Miami last month, and were guests at The Americana Hotel where JFK spoke earlier in the same week he was assassinated. So, our Florida sojourn turned out to be hectic in the least. Duncan MacNab (first born) - Duncan was married during the summer to Donna Kalberg of Harlowton, Montana. Both Duncan and his bride are students at Montana State College;

he in Film and TV, she as a Medical Technician. We are very happy over the acquisition of a daughter-in-law; and feel that she is a brilliant addition to a family that was on the verge of losing some of it's lustre. Robyn Gayle MacNab (as she is known at the U. of M.) is a student at Montana State University in Missoula or Polson or wherever it is. She thinks she is attending school at Missoula because her chances are good of replacing the football staff as a stopgap to the obvious de-emphasis program. Actually, however, we sent her to Missoula as a last measure in an effort to get her room cleaned up at home. We had it done, too, but she came home for vacation and we are now going through the Agean stables routine again. Gayle pledged Kappa Kappa Gamma when a last-minute bid to Sigma Nu was withdrawn; and she made her grades first quarter so she will be able to go active immediately. Now, if we could just get that room cleaned up. Robin MacNab, with all 158 pounds of him now known as The White Fox, met his Waterloo on August 15th while fishing on the Gallatin River. I managed to parlay two misjudgments into a broken leg. First of all I underestimated my age, and secondly I over-estimated my athletic prowess. Result, a broken leg. A tip, incidentally, to anyone disposed to breaking his leg. Try NOT to do it on the wrong side of the river after dark. Your younger subscribers can also make note of the fact that I had the fastest healing time on record and was out of the walking cast 31 days later! This, of course, is a mute testimonial to the clean (if dull) living in which I am engaged.

MARTIN, Marian and Ford: Our year of 1963 has been a very busy one, but also a very wonderful year blessed with health and happiness, lots of rain and good crops. Ford is busy as always with the dairy, beef cattle and farming, building more sheds, experimenting with corn for the best ensilage and other crops for feed. He still manages to take an active part in Masons, and attends dairy meetings in the State of which he is always an officer or director. Marian still has her chauffeur's job (kids to schools in the morning, home at night, to music lessons, meetings, practices, parties, games), manages to do her housework, sew and keep active in Church work, Eastern Stars and Rainbow and play bridge. Kathy, fifteen, is active in everything we will let her take on. A 5th year 4-H member, she won first prize on a wool suit in Dress Revue in the County this year and was chosen to go to 4-H Congress in Bozeman for the dress revue. She is now an MSC booster and advises all of her friends that MSC is the only place to go to college. She also entered her suit in the district "Make It Yourself With Wool" contest and won an all-expense paid trip to Billings to the State contest held during the Montana Wool-growers Convention. She has also been Recorder in Rainbow this past year, a member of FHA, band, chorus, pep band, twirling, dramatics club and teaches a Sunday school class. Jean, thirteen, also likes to take part in everything that is going on. She is a 4th year 4-H member and helped organize a Junior High Pep Club this year and also worked on the school paper. She holds an office in Rainbow and is a member of band, chorus, pep band, math club, science club, helps Kathy teach Sunday school and sings in a sextet. Maribeth, a very bustling, busy eleven year old has completed her first year of 4-H and plays in band. She is Mom's helper, Dad's pal and Pepper's playmate. Pepper, a very energetic six year old, is still thrilled that he is old enough to go to school. He brought his first book home last night to read to everyone and informed his mother that he can now read to her, instead of her reading to him. He also has a new puppy and informed his dad that "happiness is a warm puppy" whereupon his mother went out and bought him the book of the same name. In October we started on a much dreamed of project of building on an addition to this house of a living room, three bedrooms and bath on the main floor, and a recreation room, bath and large bedroom in the basement level which will open out to ground level on the back side which slopes to the river. Again we invite you to stop and visit us on your way through Terry. We would like to see you.

MCCOLM, Dolores and Mark: Guess we are not allowed one year of "grace". I note that we are about to be put on the deleted list--and that we don't want. Can't remember exactly what crisis kept me from remembering last year -- but I woke up about February 28th, realizing that I had not received a letter and that I had missed

the deadline. Wondered all year what everyone was doing and what we had missed. Certainly don't want to be omitted from the list this year==if for no other reason than to find out the "scoop" on Orton. His card signed Fred and Bev, simply said "surprised?". We were. Had given up on his ever relinquishing his bachelorhood. Do tell us all. The past year has been a busy and happy one for all of us. Mark has been unusually busy business-wise and has done considerable traveling. He has had more than the usual help problems at the office, so I have been helping in that quarter a good part of the time. Linda is a Junior in High School this year. Such a busy schedule, that it is difficult to keep track of her. She does very well in school and still manages a long list of activities. It's a fun age to watch. We've had several nice jaunts this past year--all of which seem to help re-charge the "batteries" for the busy lives we lead. We spent a week right after the close of school at Mount Hood Golf Course in Oregon. We try to go each year with another family and it is always a restful and enjoyable trip. Mark and I had a weekend at Harrison Hot Springs in Canada with another couple in the spring and had beautiful weather. Bumped into Dottie Duncan Callister at a football party in Portland this fall. First time I'd seen her since Montana State days. We had a good visit and was so nice seeing her. Went to MSC - Washington basketball game in December and did my heart good to have the Bobcats "clobber" the Huskies 73 - 61. Attended the alum gathering down-town after the game and Joe May was the only familiar face. In fact, Mark decided I was one of only two pre-World War II alums in attendance. Regret to say they didn't have a very good turnout. I did enjoy the campus movie shown--didn't recognize the place. As a fitting climax to a good year, we had our first Christmas away from home and spent the holidays this year in Hawaii. Am sure we had the most wonderful vacation of our lives and enjoyed every minute of it. With temperatures in the low 80's it was hard to remember that it was December and Christmas time. Most of our time was spent in Honolulu, but we did spend one day on the island of Maui. It is all beautiful country - the people are most friendly and cordial and we are hopeful that we can go back some day. We have been trying to face reality since our return January 3rd and still have not quite made it through the mountains of mail, errands and work at the office. To you - Peg, Bettie and Bill-- our thanks for your superb job of getting out the news letter for so many years. To everyone on the list (and also deleted) --our very best wishes for many good things in 1964. Hope that the reunion in 1965 might become a reality. Think it's a wonderful idea and looks like it might take something of that sort to get us to Montana.

MENZEL, Rose and Hermie: We hit the jackpot this year on seeing lots of MSC'ers at Yellowstone. Some of those who dropped in to see us were Ad Farrell, Chuck Merstrom, Jim Stephens, Elota Beth Roth, and the Stuckys. All looked wonderful and seemed to be aging well, I might say. We spent a busy year with the Gift Show in L.A. in January, staying in Bozeman until mid-April, then a busy summer at West and back again to Bozeman the end of October. Bettie and I spent several days clearing out Mother's home and getting it rented and then she flew on to New York for the winter. Hermie and I have kept mighty busy with many things and have especially enjoyed going to the High School Basketball games with the Bodleys. We're planning on taking our two boys on a 10-day jaunt to Long Beach right after Christmas. Both are doing real well in school and we're mighty proud!

PAPPIN, Shirley and Bob: It's obvious from the tone of your ultimatum (cleverly disguised as a Holiday greeting) that you are hoping to escape from this burden once and for all. But if all the other tardy contributors are anything like us, you'll be snowed with replies and forced to continue. Imagine being stuck with a job like this for almost 25 years! The thing is, we've got to keep you going because who else will organize the reunion in '65? And without the reunion how will we all know for sure that we've remained young, vigorous and shapely, 25 years notwithstanding? The news from the Pappin stronghold is electrifying as usual. We are rearing five (5) impossible, spoiled, demanding, over-indulged, endearing,

indispensable children. Laurie, almost 16, runs the entire family including her parents with a rod of iron. Her hair is red, her temper is just like her father's, her sense of humor is terrific--if the joke is on you. Next come Tom and Mike, 12 and 13, who think and act as one most of the time. Everytime we think of turning the business over to them eventually we age perceptibly--and check our savings. Melissa, age 11, is our candidate for a beauty queen (her parent's modest appraisal). This applies only when she fixes her hair which is darn seldom. Most of the time she looks like someone who grew wild in a pasture with only a horse for company and this is true. She has yet to hear that little girls sometimes appear clad other than in jeans and sweat shirt. Barbara, 7, is a good way to finish any family. Charming, affable, good company, cute to look at, spoiled rotten, loads of fun. This brings us to the parents, over-worked, over-tired and over-joyed to have made it this far with everything still right side up. After all these years of enduring the Montana winters, Bob is finally going to survey the southland for opportunities so he can work 12 months out of the year. This way you can get out of taking a vacation, summer and winter. Shirley is gradually and hopefully withdrawing from community endeavors with an eye on the golf course, the bridge table and just plain old self-indulgence. If any of you come through Great Falls, you must stop. You will find one of us, at least, relaxed and available for good company and conversation. This, of course, is providing we haven't moved south. Love to each and every one of you.

ROSSITER, Bertha and Dave: If a note will get me in good standing again I'll take advantage of it and at same time congratulate Bettie on showing good recovery. We made West on New Year's Eve but it didn't seem the same without seeing Bettie's smile. However it was still a good trip and the snowmobile ride was great. We recommend it to anyone who can work it in--even if Bettie is not there at the time. Had a pleasant visit with John Gates when he was back in Billings. The telephone operator acted as "Mr. Interlocutor" while Gates was trying to get me to accept the charges. Upsho^{pt} was there was no direct communication. I'm happy to accept collect from Pa. as I know he's in no financial position to handle such charges. But when in the state of Mont. he's on his own - especially when his dad is underwriting the whole ball of wax. I get my data directly from the horse's mouth - Marshall & Orton. Speaking of the latter--that's coming from behind to lead the pack, eh? In medical parlance we refer to it as "a hormone surge" -- tho Marshall assured me it was mostly psychologic. He (Marshall) has quit smoking - or almost - due to hardening of the coronaries. Back to Orton - his marriage should surely form some sort of stimulus or inspiration to Yovetich; however it's pretty late there--too few hormones to surge. Nearly dropped in on him a few weeks back when I was in Cincinnati. Hesitated to do it as there was reportedly a gang war on in his town and I'm yellow. Before closing I'd like to know if anyone ever actually met Billie Brandon - in person. I'm beginning to think she's a myth as I've done everything in my range to catch up with her - and her husband - but to no avail. I've even been in Joliet twice. Very mysterious person - if real! Hello Brandons. One more thing - if in Great Falls you'll find "Pappins Place" better than "Joes Place". Good drinks - good company - reasonable rates.

ROTH, Elota Beth: Our 1963 progressed with most entries on the asset side of the ledger - we took in the National Stock show in January - the BIG event around Denver - I'll take Bozeman's Rodeo. Easter my brother and his wife came from Chicago to be with us, and Olga put on her traditional Russian Easter Feast for the benefit of my friends here. It was different and fun for everyone. She returned in ten days after leaving here to be chief babysitter while I went into Fitzsimons for surgery. Decided to have major and minor surgery at the same time - however, didn't bargain for casts on both feet and legs after my minor foot surgery so I had to hobble until the middle of June. Jeffrey broke his leg Memorial Day so joined me in a cast but his went from toes to hip. He finally got out of it the end of July, and then we took off for a flying trip thru Montana and to see

relatives and friends. I rather hated to see School begin - Jeff began in a private school - he fell apart last year and academically needed help; Tim at 16 as a Junior in High School is a so-so student with wrestling his only interest, but he made varsity so was happy - at the moment he is in a neck brace due to an injury incurred during a match the other day. Tim's other love is his 1939 Ford that fills the garage while mine sits out in the zero weather - but it is in the process of receiving a bigger, better, engine so I'm helpless. Brown-eyed Scott, aged 3 is the family pet and keeps tab on my welfare. He goes to Nursery School twice a week, and feels quite important, even joining the others at night to color a page for "homework"; Teri - soon to be 7 is in first grade - on afternoon sessions so we still have our mornings together. She is busy with dancing and ice skating - took lessons with Bart and Jeff at DU Arena again this fall. We've all tried the ice - even Scott on his double-runners - and we can appreciate the Ice Follies more than ever. Bart and Jeff joined me in a few early morning sessions on Fitzsimons gold course - we all need pro lessons - so maybe this spring. They both accompany me on bowling sessions and quite often have more pins to their credit. I do keep bowling one night a week with a mixed league from the Finance Center. Not much of an average but sure have a neat handicap. Hope everyone has a wonderful New Year, and wish everyone would plan a trip through Denver with a stopover at the Roths. Scott has wakened from his nap and for the past few paragraphs has offered his assistance so if clarity is missing you'll know why.

RUSHING, Shirley and Clyde: We are all well and happy and older. Linda is a 9th grader, Marty an 8th grader and Ricky a 1st grader. I used to help the girls with their arithmetic but find too many complaints on my accuracy. School must be a lot more difficult than it was when I went. See Al Grantham on occasion. Notice he was made a vice-president of his firm the other day. I have been trying to find him to congratulate him, maybe this letter is the best means. Ran into "Butch" Willis the other day and had a nice long visit. Had dinner with Russ Neal and talked with Vivian Coefield. It is fun to talk of the "good old days". Next summer MSC is going to host a seminar on R & D business with the Navy. Hope to get up there then. Last summer I sent a friend to see Bud and Anna Lee in West Yellowstone. He was quite impressed with their brand of western hospitality. He told me that Bud broke his leg and wanted to buy him an appropriate get-well gift. I don't know how it happened but would be interested in knowing. I've always thought that a safety belt arrangement on those tall bar stools might prevent such things. I have been working in Portland about three days per week and really like the place, not as well as Albany, however. I have never learned to miss those Montana winters. (Ed. note - you traitor!) The latch-key is always out here in Albany, but we seldom see any of you. Glad that you publish the letter because I would lose track of everyone otherwise.

SHINN, Millie and Shirl: Snow here at last and we are really busy with asphalt business, kids in 3 schools and parents in opposite directions --1000 miles either way - decisions - decisions! Has the picture idea been abandoned or is this too late??? (Ed. note: The Shinns enclosed a nice glossy print of their family as they remembered Snooks mentioning the possibility of a pictorial letter. Sorry we didn't do anything about it, but it does sound like a good idea and we'll see what can be done.)

STUCKY, Lorraine and Bill: Our lives are busy with helping four normal, active children grow into useful citizens who will contribute good things to our society. Susan is a busy senior in high school. She manages to keep her scholastic average up while being active in French club, Student Council, Cheer Squad and parties. Dancing takes much time outside of school. She has four lessons a week plus teaching 29 students each Saturday morning. She is completing plans to attend the University of Utah to further study dancing. Football and basketball are most important in Roger's life. The sophomore team had a good football season and he truly enjoyed playing. Now he is practicing basketball. Because we insist that grade averages are kept up in order to participate in sports, he studies too. He does not

neglect the social responsibilities of school either. David is also interested in sports and about the same things. He is growing so fast. Soon all but Bryan will be taller than Susan and I. Bryan seems to be growing up quite normally, too. We got a call from a mother about teasing and snowballing so things seem to be progressing as I would expect. All of us predict that he will really be an athlete with all the coaching he gets from two very interested older brothers. As the parents of this gang we keep busy attending football and basketball games, a dance recital each spring, P.T.A. meetings, Church, and other related children's activities. Our family went to Montana this summer. It is always good to go back to the mountains. The men were delighted with the fishing. Susan spent all her time with Vickie, her beloved cousin. They spent much time with rodeo activities as Vickie was queen of the Bozeman rodeo. So goes our life here in Ames. It almost sounds dull in such a brief resume, but believe me, it isn't. Bill continues to enjoy the great challenge of his work. I have been most grateful because his traveling schedule has not been quite so heavy.

TERRETT, June: Hi Everyone! 1964 finds the Terrett-Drowley household about the same. Mother insists they are making stairs steeper than they used to and that each new issue of the telephone directory has progressively smaller print. It's been 5 years since her cancer treatment and she is still completely free of it. For the life of me I don't know where my waist line disappeared to, I look sort of like a lemon now and keep adding regularly to my ample supply of gray hair. Jane is a sixth-grader now and busy with all the usual things, Campfire, flute lessons, ballet lessons, etc. etc. She spent Xmas with Pete this year and it is amazing what a big gapan 11 yr. old girl can leave in a family. Jack, 18, was home from Boulder for the holidays after a particularly hectic trip. With him I brought home another boy from the school, whose parents live here. The other little guy is 7 yrs. old, terribly crippled, deaf, dumb, and very subject to convulsions. Ordinarily the trip is a breeze cuz I just have time to get off the train, over to Boulder and back to Helena and on the train headed for home again. But this year after getting us all loaded on the train someone else had my reservations and I had to lay over 24 hours. The little fellow was understandably frightened among strangers and in a strange place so I had to sleep with him for 2 nights (I swear he sprouts 8 extra elbows and knees when he goes to bed) and after that and carrying him when he couldn't get down on the floor and drag himself, I was beat! Doesn't seem possible I'm lucky enough to have Jill, Carl, and Terri still living right here in town. Carl has quit farming and is working for the N.P. now. I could very well save all the rest of you time and trouble. You needn't bother composing any contributions to this newsletter because I can fill the whole thing up all by myself just bragging about my precious granddaughter. She is 16 mo. now and I do have to sneak in just this one bright saying. She is learning what the cow, dog, duck, etc. say. The other day her Mother asked her unexpectedly what Mama says and Terri came right back with No, No, NO! Since most of you always have such interesting travels to report, I must tell you about my trip of the yr. Decided it was time Jane saw Yellowstone Park in the flesh so the week before the 4th I snatched 4 days from my 45 organ and piano lessons a week and took her and a friend of hers to see the wonders. We nearly sweltered all the way up even with air-conditioning in the car. Spent the next day taking approximately 537 pictures of the canyon and on to Old Faithful where we had to wear winter parkas to hear the Ranger talk. The highlight, however, of the whole trip was to be a horseback ride the next morning. When we got up it was snowing so hard that the cowboys weren't even out of bed by 9:00 A.M. so we wadded the wet bathing suits back into plastic bags and started out for the geysers. I know for a fact those girls discovered geysers that even the Rangers don't know are there. Sneaky Mom stayed in the car most of the time patting herself on the back for having the foresight to bring along Mary Ann so I didn't have to accompany Jane on the exploring. Now, isn't that a tremendous trip? Hope '64 is good to all of you and looking forward

to reading of your accomplishments of the past yr.

WAITE, Jeanne: You really didn't need to prompt me to get on the stick and get a 1963 review off to you. I was afraid maybe this was the year that you might tire of your project. So glad to know it will continue. I had hopes that in 1963 I could send lists of interesting news - but what a year. With two full time jobs - ranching and business in town - I find the spare hours just aren't. It has been interesting tho. Had a good year - lots of feed-cattle thrived and gained and gained -- and the bottom fell out of the calf market. Oh, me - and I won't even gamble in Las Vegas! Did make a flying trip to Portland and it poured buckets the 2 days I was there. Otherwise my travels were only between the ranch and town. Big gala of the summer was the opening of our gorgeous new community hotel "Yogo Inn". Do drop by and see it - we are mighty proud of it. MacNabs were here for the affair and had their son Duncan and his new bride. Now that was a shock - he isn't old enough to be married. Made it to Billings for the holidays which were great. Now I'm deep in reports, taxes and on and on. Do call if ever you come thru here --Happy, happy 1964.

WEBER, Jerry: 1963 brought me in contact with a lot of Montanans and it was delightful. It all started after I returned from home last fall. I hadn't been to any MSC or MSU alumni functions for years and in November I received an invitation from Mabel Harris to please attend a MSC dinner on November 21st. When I first arrived I thought I must of gotten confused on the day or the place as I didn't see one familiar face. Finally, Isabel Sand came by and said, "Hello, Jerry Weber," so with that I felt I could at least stay for one scotch before dinner. Mabel was flitting around greeting the 150 or so in attendance and before I knew it she had me at the head table and before the evening was over I was on the committee of alumni of both schools to plan the reception in connection with the Centennial Celebration. Dr. Jim Finn (Great Falls) was the speaker of the evening and except for his lengthy dissertation on visual aids to education he proved to be very entertaining. He is a professor at the University of Southern California. I had never known him before but had heard his name mentioned many times. Also in the group that night were Elmer Ward, Jack Phillips, Dick Nelson and his wife. Some of the group went back as far as Chet Huntley's class, but the majority were in the 1950 - 1960 era. The reception on December 30th at the Statler Hilton was very much of a success and I am sure everyone enjoyed being there. There were over 750 present, including the Governor, Mrs. Babcock, and Mrs. Mike Mansfield. (The Senator was delayed in Washington and arrived by plane at 2:00 A.M.) I was hoping that one or two from this select group of ours would put in an appearance, but I did see Kay Sullivan Swift and her husband, Jack. I was surprised to see quite a number I knew from the University. Mabel Harris was at Bozeman when we were there--she was then Mabel Cramer and from Helena. She is now Home Economist for Von's Markets in California and is known to her television audience as Virginia O'Neill. She's very attractive and most capable. The next day after the reception she and I had planned a luncheon for Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Babcock and the delegates' wives who came from Great Falls, Butte, Missoula, etc. After that Mabel and I were invited to spend some time with the Senator and the Governor. We were also with the Governor and his party on the following Thursday evening. They were all very gracious and seemed to appreciate our efforts on this end. I went the whole route on New Year's Day again, but was particularly interested to do so this year because of our float, band, and guests. For the last couple of years I have been lucky enough to be invited as a guest of the Tournament of Roses Association for the whole day, which means sitting in the Reviewing Stand for the parade, lunch with the honored guests, and the 50 yard line, row 7 for the game. The guests are always interesting and it was exciting to see among the group the Eisenhowers, John Glenn and his wife as well as our own people. Last year was a real active one for me but I have taken up so much space now I best quit for this issue. Before I close, however, please let me wish all every blessing for the coming year.

YOVETICH, Nick: Things here in Hoosier land are not much different from year to year. In 63 I did not go west but did go to the series in NYC. Glad the Dodgers won but would have liked it to go the distance. I got cheated out of a return trip to NYC. Played golf in Sharon while I visited friends there. In 64 I hope to spend 2 or 3 weeks in Montana. I intend to avoid Dr. Rossiter who did the same to me when he was within 100 miles or less of Muncie. Hell, in Montana he would go that far for a free drink. Glad to hear Bro. Orton got hitched. I always felt he was too weak to stick with me. I hope to stop off in Billings for an hour or two this summer. I suppose that will be all the time available to me now that Ellis can't use Fred as an excuse to do the town with me. In 63 I saw none of the old friends, but here's hoping 64 is different.

EAGLE, Bettie: Here I am having to meet the deadline myself, instead of the usual "on-the-spot" reporting. I write from Roslyn, Long Island, New York where I am spending the winter with Sis (my older sister) and family. I flew here on Veterans' Day from Billings. (Peg, Bill and Ricky drove me from Bozeman to Billings.) Prior to that Rose and I had spent some busy days in Bozeman emptying the house at 623 S. 3rd and getting it ready to rent. Forty years of living in the same house with a family as large as ours left the house crammed with various and sundry items--most of which were thrown or given away, some moved to West Yellowstone, and some stored at Menzel's home in Bozeman. Having uprooted myself from that house, I also uprooted myself from Bozeman and took off for New York. I am not working. Sis works at the Bryant Public Library here, so I have been doing a lot of the cooking, cleaning, ironing, etc. (Had to learn how to iron men's shirts!) Sis's husband is an artist so I am being exposed to a little culture. They have some very interesting friends. Over the holidays their two college children were home and also here were a nephew of ours and his girl friend, so things were lively. Sis and Eddie also have a boy who is a senior in high school, so he is the only one at home all of the time. I plan to do some volunteer work at a small Methodist church here (secretarial jobs) and also with a foundation that does recordings for the blind. I plan to stay here until around the first of April when it is time to go to West Yellowstone. (Please change your address books using West Yellowstone, Montana as my address rather than the Bozeman address). I hope to see some of you Easterners before I return to Montana. Now that the holidays are over, Sis and I will start seeing some plays, etc. in the city. My being here means that Peg and Bill will be doing the newsletter alone this year. I'll miss the fun we always had doing it and talking about all of you and wondering if Jeanie Quack was pregnant again! Greetings to all!

TAYLOR, Peg and Bill: Since I volunteered to help my good wife this year, in the absence of the co-editor, it was suggested the least I could do was write. First let me say, we have missed Bettie this year and the many hours of fun we have had in the past. I'm sure I haven't offered as much frivolity, tongue wagging and yakking as in the past years when this has been constructed. Last June we took a week of my vacation and traveled down to Denver to visit Elota Beth Roth and her wonderful family. We had a real nice visit and enjoyed every minute of our stay. Then in July we journeyed back to Priest Lake again and spent the rest of our vacation. It was a most leisure and lazy time, with the greatest amount of effort being expended in trying to get Peg and my sister to bake a huckleberry pie. The huckleberries were most plentiful this year and we managed to bring back home several containers full. In June I was elected as Vice President of the MSC Alumni Association and so far has been a most enjoyable venture. We even managed to farm our son out for a week end in September and trek to Great Falls for a meeting and a football game. That was almost as sad a departure (for Peg that is) as the first day our son tripped off to school this fall. He is a first grader and I'm sure you're all aware of what that means, PTA etc. It has also allowed Peg to get in a little exercise, which she dearly needs, in the form of bowling. She throws, or rolls a pretty mean ball. I guess Bill has given a quick

run-down of our year's activities. May I say that we hope all those people planning a trip to Montana will get to Billings and that we will have a chance to say 'hello' in person. Best of everything to all of you in '64!

ROMAN, Dora: Grandma is still enjoying spoiling the one and only grandson. She spent the holidays in Billings and Rick really gave her a workout. She was playing games, cards, reading and anything else he could think of. I think they both enjoyed it. She would love to see any of you who get to Bozeman.

STEPHENS, Jim: (Ed. Note: Jim's letter is late because we had the wrong address and when it was returned to us we sent it back and it took a while to locate him). Your second attempt did reach me today. Thanks. Last summer the kids and I spent a week at a dude ranch about midway between West Yellowstone and Bozeman--thanks to Frank Wolcott. Had the good fortune to run into several of the old MSC group. Lynn Martin gathered up several people on the spur of the moment and we had a terrific visit at his home. Visitors to Salt Lake have slowed down the past few years or else they don't call. Wish they would -Phone - IN71156.

The following did not write letters this year and will be deleted if we don't hear next year: BECK: No news. MARSHALL: Ellis is running the Elks Club and both Joye and Ellis are enjoying their grandchild. TURNER: They had a trip to Montana this summer and daughter Valerie was married in August. VADHEIM: The whole family is skiing like crazy. Good thing they don't leave down here--no snow. WINANS: Ginney's folks have moved to California and with the gals no longer at MSC we probably won't be seeing the Winans at Homecoming.

The following are on the deleted list: GRANTHAM, LOVELACE, MCCALL, PURDY, STETZNER, STRONG, THOMPSON, C.N. THOMPSON, LEW, WILLIAMSON, WILSON, WINCHESTER, WOLCOTT. Sorry to see this list getting a little longer each year, but guess interest dies out after so many years.

Well, another year, another epistle. It's a lot of fun at this end to eagerly await the postman each day and hope for lots of mail. However, it wasn't quite natural not to be able to share it with Bettie. We still think we should plan on the reunion for 1965 in conjunction with Homecoming at the College--this is usually in October. If any of you have any suggestions, let us know. Hope 1964 is good to all of you!

Love and kisses,

Bettie, Peg and Bill

ROLL CALL

Mr. & Mrs. Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 885 W. 37th Ave., Eugene, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 1318 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 6960 S.W. Raleighwood Lane, Portland 25, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 37 Highland Ave., Lexington, Mass. 02173
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 1092 Raritan Drive, St. Louis 19, Missouri
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S.W. 29th Pl., Portland 1, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Kermit Daniels, 101 N. Main, Deer Lodge, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118
Mr. & Mrs. Walter J. Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53081
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California
Maj. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2619 Los Amigos Dr., Rancho Cordova, California
Mr. James MacDonald, 313 1st Ave., Laurel, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Robin MacNab, 822 S. 5th, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Marshall, 1211 Gunnicke Lane, Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McCollm, 5720 60th Ave. N.E., Seattle 5, Wash.
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Menzel, 1106 S. Third, Bozeman, Mont. (winter address)
Mr. & Mrs. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Mont.
Dr. & Mrs. H. D. Rossiter, Sheridan, Mont.
Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 301 Newark St., Aurora 8, Colorado
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Rushing, 3030 S. Lawnridge, Albany, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, N. 7625 Laurelhurst Dr., Spokane 53, Wash.
Mr. James Stephens, 2180 Parleys Terrace, Salt Lake City, Utah
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8, Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Mont.
Miss Jerry Weber, 854½ So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding, Calif.
Mr. Nick Yovetich, 3301 Godman Ave., Muncie, Indiana

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 S. 6th Bozeman, Mont.
Miss Bettie Eagle, West Yellowstone, Mont.
Mr & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Ave. E, Billings, Mont. 59102

Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7350 S.W. Sharon Ln., Portland 25, Oregon
Mrs. Dan R. Lovelace, 11665 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
Mr. & Mrs. R. C. McCall, 502 S. 6th Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, 1044 Placer, Butte, Mont.
Mrs. Frank Strong, 209 S. Willson, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. Frank Strong, 245 Lewis Ave., Billings, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 1301 Winnie, Helena, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Thompson, 8820 S. W. 35th, Portland 19, Oregon
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson, 128 Highland Terrace Drive, Woodside, California
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Route 1, Bozeman, Mont.
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Route 4, Bozeman, Mont.

January 1965

will get this in mail & write later

Dear Old Gang:

Greetings from New York. Through the years that this letter has come to you, it has been edited in various spots - Student Union at MSC; 613 S. 6th with Dora keeping us supplied with coffee & drinks; 623 S. 3rd all over the dining room table with various Eagles running in and out; 909 Ave. E, Billings, with the fun of a good visit with Peg, Bill and later Ricky and usually other good friends such as Marshalls, Orton, Jorgensons, etc., and this time it is being done in the sanctity of the church! - The Roslyn Methodist Church in Roslyn, Long Island to be specific. Fringe benefits being coffee and conversation with the good looking minister. It does seem strange to be doing it without Peg (as it must have seemed to her a year ago), for we have always really enjoyed doing it and have "hashed you all over" as each letter arrived by post, air, special delivery, or in person. (Very pleased this morning to be jolted out of bed before 8:00 a.m. with a special delivery letter from Vesta, so with the "A's" in, we are ready to go to press.)

ALLARD, Marian & Ed: (Welcome to the list, Allards!). My belated thanks to you, Peg, for sending along the Newsletter. Eddie & I thoroughly enjoyed it. Jean Duncan was generous enough to send it on to us several times, but can see how she'd like to keep her copy, as it is good enough to read over & over. Still hope to see you some year in Billings. Had an interesting letter from Vivienne Finley Cookson. They are really seeing the World. Our gals are going to their first formal, so time is marching on. The best in 1965!

ANDERSON, Vesta & Eric: If I thought no one would show up for the reunion I'd say that Eric and I have really improved in our old age - we're even cuter and more handsome than in 1940! Also that all of the kids are the most beautiful, most brilliant and most popular in their classes, and that we've already made our first million and have a good start on the second. But some spoil sport is apt to show up and learn the grim truth, so will recap, as best I can, this past year. In spite of some illness, a few disappointments and the usual frustrations, we have had our rewards: Letters from Mary Lynn from Florence, Italy, where she is spending two quarters on the Stanford Overseas Campus, her respect for other people, and her opportunity to gain these experiences which we could never have provided. Mike's ability to argue the pros and cons of Medicare or Nuclear Disarmament, which earned him a place in the Speech Institute at Northwestern last summer, his realization of the need for better diplomacy and his determination to be a diplomat and straighten out the mess we find ourselves in. Christy's enthusiasm for everything, the sparkle she radiates wherever she is, yes even the constant barrage of phone calls "Is Chris there?" and her retreat to the hall where the family can't hear. Rick's just being Rick and his talent for making friends for other mentally retarded children wherever he goes. Lisa's "I love you, mommy", taking on a special meaning when she says it, because she is adopted and as precious as the others. Eric's decision to go back to school, an old man's "A" flush, the exciting six months ahead to be devoted to research (of necessity, on cattle, but with the significant target being mental retardation in humans), and some patents on work already completed. Encouraging a little boy with cerebral palsy to stand on his feet, watching him smile as he succeeds and praying for the day he'll walk alone, listening to a mongoloid 5 year old tell me which block is red or what her brothers' names are, a squeeze from a disturbed child who once wanted to blow up the building with me in it, the successful completion of term as president of the Montana Association for Retarded Children and appointments to the Governor's Committee on Mental Retardation, The State Mental Retardation Planning Board, and a national committee on Child Care Services. These were the rewards. Lest I sound positively manic, I would add that there have been many hours that I have contemplated divorce, child abandonment, and alcoholism, but in retrospect these feelings fade in the glow of joy received. See you at Homecoming!

BECK, Cora & Ward: Happy New Year to our many M.S.C. Alum friends. We forgot to write last year and missed our annual newsletter so very much we're not about to let that happen again! Delighted to hear about the reunion this Homecoming, October, '65. We'll plan on seeing everyone there. This has been a busy, but wonderful year. Our trip to Europe was a tremendous and thrilling experience. Ward Jr. had an

enjoyable summer in New York working in the Penney office, spending his leisure hours sightseeing and at the World's Fair. He is Sophomore Class President at the U. of Oregon this year, did a tremendous job as Homecoming Chairman. He plans on taking his Jr. year at the Hauge in Holland. Leslie is in eighth grade and growing up much too fast--loves being on rally. Ward and I are leaving this Sat. to a Penney Convention--plan on seeing Evie Torrell and Mary Dell Stout, enjoyed our get-together last year. We hope 1965 brings to you all real happiness.

CLEMON, Cherry & George: We are eagerly awaiting seeing you all at Bozeman in October. In the 25 years we have only been to MSC twice and then the last time was 9 years ago. We are making our plans now and hope it is a record crowd for reunion. General Radio opened a new plant in Bolton, Mass. (about 30 miles NW of Boston) and since February, I have been working there. It's a little longer drive but otherwise a real improvement. This summer we loafed for two weeks at Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire - didn't help my figure a bit. In November, Cherry and I flew to Little Rock for her parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary. It was a wonderful experience - to think, we only have 27 to go. Allan graduates from Tufts this spring and at this point, we are not certain whether next year will bring grad school, military service, or employment. His job offers have been 5 times the salary that his old man was offered a "few" years ago. Somehow in school he acquired the nickname of Moose which really isn't much different from the one I had - Mouse. Unfortunately he is not a Sigma Chi, but then there wasn't a chapter at Tufts. Sue, at "sweet sixteen" is wrapped up with High School athletics and athletes but at the same time is busily writing for college catalogs. She still has another year so next year we may have a brief respite from college bursars. Cherry and I both send you all our best wishes and a real plea that everyone head for Bozeman in October.

CLINTON, Peg: You all deserve and have my lasting thanks and appreciation for your devotion in keeping us indirectly in touch - one with the other. It should "ease" us into a "TWENTY-FIFTH" reunion with less shock! It took the Montana Centennial Train to get an old M.S.C. buddy to St. Louis - Perry Chisholm - with all of the true western attributes - in particular the beard - and, of course, the brief case (which must have been glued to his hand) gave him a most executive air! I was terribly proud of the Centennial Train - what DOERS you people are. The first of September I moved to Fulton, Missouri, so do note the change of address. The college asked me to be the Director of Guidance and much as I hated to leave St. Louis, the job was too good to bypass, since there aren't such opportunities open very often. I have been most happy with my decision. Campus life is exciting and rewarding. Serving on the President's Advisory Council, the Admissions Committee, planning college assemblies, sponsoring the Sophomore class, etc. are all excellent experiences. This summer I plan to head for the classroom again, although right now I am wondering if my ambitions surpass my learning abilities. Anyhow, I am going to start on a doctoral program at the University of Missouri. My son is a junior (Phi Gam) at Westminster College (Winston Churchill's "Iron Curtain" speech was made here). How his experiences do bring into focus the fun times we had at MSC. I am looking forward to talking over those times in October. My best for you all during this coming year.

GATES, Chrissie & John: This letter must come from Baton Rouge since that devilish deadline is upon me. It just seems like a busy year especially since I live in Phila. and work in New York. Probably the only distinction I hold in our class is that I spend more time getting to and from work than anyone else--4 hours a day. I get a lot of reading done which I'd have to do anyway so it's not too bad. Chrissie and the children are even getting used to it. We took our vacation over in the old country last year. Spent half the time in Switzerland and Austria skiing and the rest in Italy sunning and sight seeing. Got home in time to open the World's Fair and go to the Montana Centennial dinner where the guests of honor were Betty Eagle and a man named Babcock. It was a good affair but not too many of our old friends. They did admit an SAE named Al Schenck who surprisingly enough has turned out to be a great guy. More from Houston. Chuck Jelinek has changed jobs and is with Esso closer to us so we hope to see them during 1965. With Betty Eagle in these parts too we should be able to gather a few of the MSC clan in New York now and then. So

if any of you come to the big city call Betty Eagle at Teleph. 516-MA-1-9086 and she will immediately at any time day or nite arrange a big party in your honor. The Eastern branch will really get going in this manner. Chrissie and our lovely children join in sending regards to all. See you in Bozeman at Homecoming time.

GRANTHAM, Al & Wilma: May we rejoin "The Group"? The difference now is that we are 2 years older and the rest of you are just 1 year older! Al is in Bozeman this very week so he may see some of you. We are talking some of attending our first college Home-Coming in Oct. 1965?? Hope So! We have no startling news -- Bruce is a freshman at University of Oregon and Susan is a sophomore in H.S. -- With Bruce at U. of O., we almost feel as though we have a new alma mater--even though our first loyalties shall always remain in Montana and everyone here knows it! We feel fortunate that Bruce's roommate is a boy from Australia who fits into our family very nicely. He was with us Thanksgiving and Christmas; and anytime he wishes in the future. Bruce & Susan have spring vacations the same time in March, so we are planning a "family" trip to southern Calif. for a little sunshine after getting our feet so wet this winter. By the way, the Callisters and Granthams are happy to report we were safe and dry from all the terrible flooding this area received. Our best wishes to all of you in '65.

HEINRICH, Jean & Walter: Don't know why I seem to wait until "the last minute" to do things - but guess that's me - and just hope you haven't completed all your Newsletter editing yet. What on earth are you doing in New York at this time of year? Aren't you library-ing anymore? 'Course I imagine you have some completely fascinating work with the U.N. which will mean a free trip around the world or somethin'. Come to think of it, though, you do have relatives in New York; don't you, so maybe you're there to be close to family. In any case, I hope you're well & happy! You must be well - come to think of it - or Peg would never have you do the editing - which must be interesting but time & energy-consuming!! The end of 1964 found our Heinrich clan in pretty good shape, which was a relief considering how the year began. Three good friends of ours died suddenly and unexpectedly during the first few weeks. Then on Feb. 19 our 20 year old son, John, entered the Tuberculosis sanatorium with T.B. in his left lung. Two weeks later our 17 yr. old Barbara landed in the hospital, missing three weeks of school. The day we took Barbara to the hospital I had to fly to Minneapolis for my folks' Golden Wedding anniversary celebration. My luggage was filled with favors, decorations, corsage, boutonniere, money tree, etc. for a dinner which the folks had at the Elk's Club. It was a most happy occasion since both Mom & Dad were well and active, but I must admit I was concerned about my gang at home. When I got to the airport for my return flight and discovered a big snow storm had cancelled all landings in Milwaukee, I was sure that this was the superstitious "third" in family misfortunes. But I bought a huge amount of insurance and took a flight which hoped to land in Chicago. All worked out well, though--the weather cleared sufficiently and we landed in Milwaukee. The only bit of confusion was that my luggage hadn't been put on the plane, but it was delivered a couple of days later. We had a nice family vacation in June--cottaging in northern Wisconsin--took two cottages and our two station wagons to accommodate all of us, but everyone relaxed and had fun. John had lung surgery in July. Instead of years of confinement in a sanatorium, they now perform surgery--removing the infected part of the lung (and a rib)--which makes recovery faster and precludes a recurrence of infection. John was released from the sanatorium on Dec. 23 after only 10 months of confinement. Miracles of modern medicine! We thought it was rather remarkable that, although John had active TB; tests and X-rays indicated that no one else in the family and none of his friends had been exposed. John will be returning to his second semester, sophomore year in college, in a couple of weeks--where he left off last year. For a brief run-down on the rest of the family: Kathie (22 yr.) quit her government job in D.C. and is now in San Francisco; Barbie is a varsity cheerleader this year and also was chosen to attend the Girl Scout Senior Roundup at Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho July 17-26 this summer (she'll see Montana before I do); Tom (15 yr.) is basketball manager (we Heinrichs are built too small to be players); Jim (13 yr.) is in 7th grade and responsible

for the live additions to the family--tropical fish in the study, painted turtles in the basement, and white mice in the dormitory; Mary (12 yr.) 6th grade; Robert (10 yr.) 4th grade; Bill (8 yr.) 2nd grade are all in parochial school; the rest, including Chris in morning kindergarten, are in public school. We decided to forget about being active in PTA's this year--who wouldn't with children in 4 different schools!! However, I finally joined AAUW, participate in Lawyers' Wives' activities, and am again chairman in Sheboygan for the Girl Scout Cookie Sale. This is more than enough in extra curricula activities for me! Enclosed are this year's picture of the family and the one of Walt & me. You'll notice Kathie is missing (this was her 1st Christmas away from home). Since Snooks is always the one to mention sending snapshots, I think I'll have a print made for him--just to prove how sweet (?) and co-operative I am!! I sincerely hope this year will be most happy for all our News-letter gang.

JACOBS, Grace & Hugo: Hope this makes the deadline! Just saw my Mother off for Bozeman. She spent the Holidays with us. Have been showing her around--took in a few of the Hollywood shows including "My Fair Lady" while she was here. Spent our vacation in Canada last summer. Went in June to avoid the summer heat and ended up with 5 solid days of rain! Did enjoy the Redwoods and Southern Oregon coast before we got into the rain. Poured all the way through Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, and Kamloops, B.C. where we stopped for some fishing. Stayed in Lodges, Motels and even camped out at one lake near Kamloops where no accommodations were available (it was still raining most of the time). Then we took in Lake Louise, Banff and Glacier Park which was only partly open (this was right after the floods). All the lakes were still muddy there. Had time for a couple days in Bozeman before going back to sunny California. Joanne will be in college next year. Right now she is considering Long Beach State as several of her boy friends go there. John still has 2 years to go before college. Best wishes to everyone for a happy 1965.

JUSTICE, Edna & Jack: Our 1964 Calendar of Events: Dec. 25, 1963: I promised everyone a letter by the middle of January. (?) Dec. 31, 1963: Jack retired from military service as a Lt. Colonel with 22 years of active service. Jan. 15, 1964: I didn't write the letter as promised. We were undecided whether to stay in Rancho Cordova or accept an offer made by Jack's Aunt Pearle to assume the management of a recreation area on 90 acres of forest land in Big Tujunga Canyon in Tujunga, California. Feb. 1: Still undecided. Jack made several trips to the Canyon to determine future of endeavor. Mar. 29: We all took advantage of Easter vacation to travel to the Canyon to talk to Aunt Pearle on future possibilities of the Canyon. The recreation area is called "Wildwood" and in the past has brought a good seasonal income from swimming, picnicking and camping. April 2: We decided to make the move to Tujunga after carefully weighing the advantages and disadvantages. We decided to put the house up for sale and the kids and I stayed there until school was out in June. I didn't write the promised letter then because Jack was in Tujunga looking for a position and we, as yet, had no definite new address. June 22: We decided to put the house in the hands of a realtor and move to Big Tujunga Canyon. June 24: Packers arrived. June 25: Movers arrived. June 27: We left Rancho Cordova with a cat, a dog (both under tranquilizers), a parakeet and hauling a trailer containing supplies for 60 days. We stopped in Modesto and said goodbye to Mom and Louis. They were both fine but hated to see us move so far away. We arrived here in the Canyon that evening and occupied a three room cabin, where we stayed until Sept. Aug. 7: Jack accepted a position in the Tujunga Post Office as a clerk. He works 10 hrs. a day--7 days a week! Biggest mistake he ever made, he says, and doesn't figure on staying very long. Sept. 1: A larger cabin was vacated (6 rooms) so we called for our furniture, which was in storage, and moved again. Sept. 14: The kids started school. Bob in the 9th grade and Elaine in the 11th. We live six miles from town so they take the school bus to and from school. What do they want for Christmas?--A car! (So that Elaine can drive into town for school and other activities. Oct. 6: A phone call from Louis in Modesto advised me that Mom was in the hospital with a gall bladder upset. She remained there a week and went home feeling fine. Oct. 15: Jack is still working for the Post Office--still working long hours--still wanting to quit.

Nov. 12: It snowed here in the Canyon and it was beautiful. Nov. 24: My brother, Bill, sold the ice cream parlor after operating it for a year. Too long hours and too much work for Ellen is the reason for selling. Nov. 25: Signed final papers on sale of our house in Rancho. Nov. 26: Thanksgiving Day--Enjoyed turkey with Aunt Fan, Aunt Pearle, Dorothy, Poot, Bill Ellen, Ann and our family here at our house. That brings you up-to-date on we Justices. To clarify our exact location, we are in the mountains of the Angeles National Forest--6 miles from the City of Tujunga which is 14 miles due North of the center of Los Angeles. Note new address on ROLL CALL. Our phone number is: 213-353-5681. Put us back on your mailing list and when in Southern California be sure and pay us a visit.

MACNAB, Mel & Robin: This is in response to the subpoena received from Peg and Bill Taylor. If you are editing this year's Newsletter in New York it must be that the Taylors are going to join Bettie. If all of you are there on the 3,4,5, and 6th of February, give us a call at The ~~Essex~~ House. I have always liked to stay there ever since the power failed on the first two letters of "Essex". The onomoto-poea simply gets me. News Items for 1964. Daughter Gayle - Now in second year at Montana University at Polson or wherever it is. Gayle toured Europe last summer and finished with a 2-months stint at working in Turku, Finland. She distinguished herself as a good little ambassador, of which we have piteously few; and so we are proud of the job she did. As a followup to her European sojourn she gave talks at various Rotary Clubs, one located at Helsinki. Son Duncan - Opened a photographic studio in the First National Bank Building in Bozeman; and has been doing extremely well with it. However, this commercial success poses a problem of how he will complete his schooling at Montana State College, an undertaking that his graduate wife urges daily. Wife Melborne - Is extremely happy over our purchase last year of Dr. Craft's acreage on Hell Roaring Creek. Within the next three or four years we are planning on winterizing and possibly adding to the improvements with some possibility that we may move up winter and summer, taking an apartment in Bozeman for what occasions we might want to stay over to see how those on the tax rolls are faring. Robin and Mel - (Mr. and Mrs. White Fox) - At the Fall National Bridge tournament in Dallas, Texas, I was elected president of the American Contract Bridge League; and thus we both look forward to a year of travel in 1965. Our first junket is next week taking us to a 6-day tournament at Disneyland. This will be followed by a trip to Jackson, Miss. in January; New York, Bermuda, and Mexico City in February; South Carolina and Cleveland in March, and we will attend the World Championships in Argentina sometime in April. We have hardly dared look past April to our schedule but we know it includes Anchorage, Alaska and Honolulu, Hawaii among other watering holes. We should have much to report next year if we survive this one. Happy New Year for 1965 and 1966 in case we do not survive our year of safari. Call us at the Essex House; we ought to get together for something. I don't know what shows the League office has arranged for us to see, but we gave them carte blanche since we haven't seen a Broadway show since I got put out of "Tobacco Road" for encouraging one of the actors to faster seduction.....

MARSHALL, Joye & Ellis: Late again, but I wanted to write to you anyway. Been working all day putting tile on basement floor & getting a rumpus room going. --These Teen Agers. Jim is a Jr. at West High & plays a sax. He heads for Red Lodge skiing when he can. This year has been a good one. The first 3 months of '64 were busy--my last three as Exalted Ruler of Billings' Elks and during those months we moved into a new building. Of course all of the activities for the year had to be postponed until we moved. Since April things have calmed down so I'm back at business. Joye & Jim are fine. In August we took a fast trip to Evansville, Indiana & Southern Illinois, visiting mostly relatives. Nick Yovetich visited in Billings. Ortons and Marshalls had a patio gettogether. Then we saw Nick in Muncie. Also had lunch with Paul Johnson & Jim MacDonald in September. Didn't get to see the gang of '39 at Homecoming, but did get to Christmas Dinner Dance the Sigs had. Sat at table with Jorgensons, Feldmans & Dolans. Taylors were in Bozeman & Ortons couldn't get there. Bettie, hope you are having a good winter in New York and we sure hope we will be able to get to West this summer and to Homecoming.

MARTIN; Marian & Ford: Glad our cards bring "Season Greetings" since I am a little late this year with them. I rather enjoy doing them the day "after" when everyone is relaxing and the rush is over. Life goes on about as usual--everyone a year older and the kids are more active and Mom and Dad more inactive. Kathy is president of her 4-H Club this year and starting up in Rainbow--presently serving as Faith. Jean is President of FH A and is now the musician in Rainbow. Maribeth is also an active 4-H member and quite grown up now that he is 12 and old enough to join Rainbow. Pepper loves school and the highlight of his year in the 2nd grade, I am sure, will be his being chosen as Santa Claus in the Christmas program. Ford was installed as Master of the Blue Lodge in December for this year and I was appointed a Grand Officer for Grand Chapter of Montana, Order of the Eastern Star, in October, so we are all busy, happy and healthy and thankful for a good year with no "earth shattering" news. Hope this finds you all well and best wishes for the New Year.

MCCOLM, Dolores & Mark: If this is going to arrive prior to the deadline, I'll have to utilize the air services of Uncle Sam and hope that the planes don't get grounded because of weather -- somewhere in the midwest. Wonder how long you've been in New York. Mark and I were there for a couple of days early September. If you were there at that time, we're sorry that we missed seeing you. The stop in New York was the last lap of a sort of "half circle" jaunt. Mark had a convention in Miami starting the last week in August. We flew from Seattle to Mexico City and spent several days there being typical tourists and enjoyed every minute. Then to Miami for a few hours lay-over and fortunately Hurricane Cleo had departed about 24 hours before. We flew out to Nassau for a couple of days and then back to Miami for the convention, which lasted about a week for us. Then to New York and then home. Since we didn't get back home until after school started, Linda didn't go with us. We enjoyed the entire trip and only wish that financially and time-wise we could do much more of the same. Was glad to learn the homecoming dates. Wrote the Alum Office sometime ago for the dates, but still no answer. My concern was that we have an annual weekend for football, play, etc. in Portland with all reservations, etc. made a year in advance. Wanted to make sure there was no conflict. It couldn't happen -- but it has! They're both the same weekend. Have been hoping for so long that we could attend the reunion that we will have to do some re-calculating and see what we can do. Life for some reason seems to get a little busier each year. Sometimes I feel like that song "Stop the World, I want to get off". We are, however, grateful that we've all been well and healthy and able to be busy. Linda is a senior in high school this year and president of the school's Girls' Club. It's a large high school - about 2800, so she's having a challenging and interesting year. She continues to do well scholastically and as this year started she was one of six tied for first place in her class of 835. We almost "burst our buttons" when she was selected the outstanding girl delegate at a high school leadership conference this summer, and was one of three girls in the state to complete for the U. S. leadership conference. She was not selected, but we were still very proud of her. Appears at the moment that she will probably go to Washington next year. She is, however, hoping to live on campus, rather than at home -- and we agree it would be best, if it can be arranged. Now that I've bragged about our offspring, should get this in the mail, so that it will be sure and reach you. Saw Dottie Callister on our Portland weekend last fall and had a good visit with her. Hope to see her again next summer when we spend a week near Portland at the Mount Hood Golf Club. Hope all well -- for you, Bettie -- and also for Peg and Bill. Will be anxious to hear from all the rest on the list and find out how many are planning to attend the reunion. Sure the newsletter editors should be awarded some sort of 25 year merit badges for your wonderful efforts all these years. Amazing how fast all these years have gone. When I start talking that way, it's a sure sign that I'm getting old. Our best to everyone.

MENZEL, Rose & Hermie: The past year has flown by so fast, I feel like I've been in a rocket to the moon or something. Last Christmas '63, we started our annual jaunt to Long Beach, going three weeks early so we could take the boys with

us. Kurt is fifteen now, taller than I, and very proud at the moment to have his Driver's License. More grey hairs for Mama but they tell me I look younger--only the Hair Dresser knows for sure tho! Craig is almost ten, a busy fourth-grader. We had a most satisfying season at West--smoothest summer yet--best help, good health, good business, and we were grateful for all. So many MSCers dropped in, they would be too numerous to mention. I was so pleased to have so many of my grade school chums drop in--Betsy Ross (my best friend in 7th grade), Kay Border, Mary Baxter, Eleanor Fearn, Lois Herrett, Lorraine McBride Stucky, and of course, Peg Howard Bodley. Lorraine and Bill Stucky spent the night with us at West this Fall, and we had such a good visit. We're back in Bozeman for the winter now and into the swing of Pack Meetings, etc. We're getting our basketball tickets with the Bodleys again and look forward to the games with them plus our weekly coffee breaks at their home after Church. Bettie was home from New York for two and one-half months and it was so good to have her here. She's getting just too darn far away. Hermie and I will head for the Gift Show in Los Angeles in January again. It's a real nice break in the winter and such a fun trip. Happy New Year now, and we'll be looking forward to hearing all the news.

PAPPIN, Shirley & Bob: First, are Peg and Bill going to be shipped to Long Island or is the final result going to be shipped to Billings. And what is Bettie doing in "Long Giland"? The news from the Pappins is that we're still trying to figure a way to retire in a style to which we'd like to become accustomed. Last year we traded a saw mill for an apartment house in Las Vegas and the bottom promptly fell out of Las Vegas. Then we read the "Green Felt Jungle" and knew why. However, no matter how bad it looks we can still repeat in unison, "It isn't as bad as the saw-mill." You can imagine what the sawmill was like. When we drive by we can hardly believe that there lies a college education for all five children, a couple of trips around the world for the 7 of us, a winter home, a summer home, a ski lodge, an airplane and so on ad nauseum. The miracle is that we're still afloat. As Bob said last night, "It doesn't look as though the Great Society is going to bloom in Montana." Well, then, maybe Nevada. The weather has preoccupied most Montanans this year. At least it has us. We were just emerging from the effects of the flood when the winter was upon us, and what a winter. There have only been a couple of days above zero since the first of December and this can become very monotonous. We'll put the reunion on the calendar now and will be anticipating seeing all of you next October. What fun!

PURDY, Anna Lee & Bud: It's been a few years but I still can't think of too much to say. We are still here at the good old Rumpus Room and still trying to get even in West Yellowstone. Anna Lee still the same and has not been talking so much lately due to a tooth extraction. Bud is fatter than ever, adjusting to bifocals and lazy. Lee (our son) is married and we have a young granddaughter named Lindalee. Daryl (our daughter) is in Jr. High, Cheerleader, plays everything from a sax to bass drum, and glory be is a good student. We enjoy seeing lots of you in West in the summer and at MSC in the winter, and are looking forward to the 1965 Homecoming--I think it's the (15th) anniversary. Our kindest regards to you all and hope you and yours are well and happy.

ROSSITER, Bertha & Dave: New Forest Ranger's wife in Sheridan says she's a friend of Bettie's and that latter is going back to New York to work and is feeling better. Ranger's name is Hensel. We're glad to have them as that way we get occasional word about old Bess even if not from her. Glad you're putting out the rag again this year as I've discovered it's the best 5¢ letter of the year. Even Gates hasn't wised up that for said nickel you can send holiday greetings all around and Bettie, Bill & Peg will pick up the tab. You can say such things as, "Yovetich, it's Dr. & Mrs. H. D.--not Mrs. & Dr. H.D.",--or were you afraid I'd missed? Granthams: truly ashamed of myself as a scribe and one day we're going to call you & say we're in town and expect a slug of sauce. Gates: thanks for the newsy card--at least it proves you're alive and still in Phila.--no skiing this year at Innsbruck? Brandons: (there's a Mrs. Brandon, too, 'cause I've seen her) may see you early Feb. at Federation meeting. Don't be surprised if you get a call. Shinn: how about meeting us sometime at a ski haven and giving me a couple quick lessons.

I'm old but very spry. Etc., etc., ad infinitum. Get it John? Fishing and hunting still OK in the Ruby Valley.

ROTH, Elota Beth: Greetings for this and a season past from Beth Roth and family. We enjoyed every communication from friends a year ago, but I never seemed to get the energy to reply in kind. 1963 was a busy year of adjustment and running away from reality. In May '63 I had major and minor surgery at Fitzsimons--my brother's wife was housekeeper. The minor put me in foot and leg casts for 6 weeks, so activities were limited. Jeff, not to be outdone, broke his leg on Memorial Day and spent 2 mos. in toe to hip cast. We did manage to recuperate in time for a spin to Montana and home thru Yellowstone in August. Fall of '63 Jeffrey enrolled at a private boys' school--he needed male companionship, and tho the work was far more difficult he held his own and matured as I'd hoped. Emotionally, he fell apart after losing his father--Tim's reaction hit in the fall of '63, and it was sometime before he was willing to accept the fact he had to continue his schooling. Scott was enrolled in Nursery School two mornings a week--it was difficult to send a three year old off, but he needed to be less dependent on me, and I needed those few hours free too. Summer of '64 was busy. After Christmas, the Jim Brileys visited us and Mary Ann (Teri's Godmother) and I discussed Mexico. So--logically--in June, I took all but Tim (he was working), and drove to San Antonio. There I left my four with Him (bless him--he took leave and baby sat my four & their two) and Mary Ann and I flew by jet to Mexico City for five glorious days. Stayed at the Continental Hilton and from there took in the fabulous Folkloric Ballet (we sat next to the dome in the magnificent Palace of Arts, and were overcome with dizziness everytime we dared look away from the stage and lean forward to peer around). Had a delightful day's drive through the countryside and hills to Taxco, the silver city, where any new architecture must be approved and must be built in the style of the original buildings. The following day on to Toluca, where the villagers bring their wares to open market every Friday leaving both of us nostalgic for Turkey, and finally a tour through Mexico City, prior to departure, only created the desire to return. In August, an unexpected trip materialized as we drove to Montana again. Short stops with relatives and friends, and then home in a week in time for school. September found Jeff--with an added five inches since the first of the year--back in public Jr. High, and along with Bart involved in Young America Football teams. Both practiced and had their games on alternate nights during the entire week, so fall was hectic. Both did well, and Bart's team was again undefeated. Bart is in 5th grade and Teri in 2nd, at the same elementary school four blocks away. Scott has three mornings a week at Nursery School and Tim is a senior and uncertain as to where he'll go next fall but hopes for a wrestling scholarship to help with expenses. Teri is a new Brownie Scout, and I'm co-leader of her group of 27 Brownies! We've shelved her ballet and ice skating in favor of her Scout work and organ lessons. A new Hammond is our latest acquisition. Scott wants to learn to play too. As Teri played the other day his four-year old comment was, "Teri at that organ just bugs me". He's terribly enthusiastic over his brothers' football prowess which accounts for the fact he is so often decked out in football gear himself. Scott has missed his father terribly and still expects him to return. Should any of you wonder--the oil painting of Floyd reproduced in the family photo was a gift of Bob and Margaret Locke, presently stationed here in Aurora and service connected friends since 1945. Bob took Floyd's photograph and sent it to Italy to a man who had done some oils for them when they were there. He reproduced it and returned it in time for Bob to give it to our family as a cherished Christmas gift in 1962. It brought great comfort to all of us and especially to Scott who shared his moments of play and his Christmas toys in '62 with the portrait of his father. Not long ago Scott was given a jacket by a friend who sends her only son's outgrown clothing to Scott--he was absolutely entranced with this jacket which had the new type of closing that could be accomplished merely by pressing the two front edges together and they would stick together securely. He hid it and as each member of the family came in he demonstrated--he even made the rounds of the neighborhood, and finally as he lay on the family room floor that evening he turned to me with a smile and said, "I sure wish my Daddy was alive so I could show him this

jacket--wouldn't he think it was neat?" I am taking an adult education course in Real Estate which ends early in December. I shall be glad as I find returning to school difficult. Should anyone wander near Denver, remember Aurora is on the eastern edge--almost a suburb, and our home is the easiest spot of all to find. Since arriving here we have finished a recreation room, a large bedroom for Tim and Jeff and a shower bath in the basement, so we have plenty of beds and everyone is welcome. Just write or call on arrival and we'll be ready for you. Our very best to all for a good year in '65.

RUSHING, Shirley & Clyde: (Editors' note: this really doesn't constitute a newsletter item, but since Snooks is such a good kid, we'll let him get by with it this time.) We were in Bozeman last summer visiting my mother. We left Linda there for the balance of the summer and she really enjoyed it. She wants to go back next year also. My mother is staying on in Bozeman and seems to be getting along fine. Sure wish we could have seen you last year. Maybe this will be the year we will all get together.

SHINN, Millie & Shirl: To one and all: 1964 was rather an uneventful year for the Shinn's. No sickness, broken bones, etc. Only bills from the Orthodontics, Optometrist, and Dentist. Our three children Susan (16), Larry (14), and Christine (12) manage to get good grades in school and keep us busy getting them to their various activities. Susan active in swimming, taking Water safety course and will have job as instructor and coach for juniors and assistant life guard. Larry keeps busy summers with several lawn jobs. Try and get mine mowed! Christine I think will be a dog trainer. The family all ski, so winter is ski time, summer we try and get in a few camping and fishing trips, and in the fall our thoughts turn to hunting. We have a Black Lab, Lady, so this makes the bird hunting that much better. Other than that we were home this year except for a trip to Billings for Thanksgiving week-end. Storm both ways and during, so missed many visitations. Even missed seeing Peg and Bill as they were in Bozeman for the Turkey Feed. However, we enjoyed a short visit from them in Spokane this past summer. Millie made a trip East this July. She was Spokane entrant in the annual All Women's Transcontinental Air Race ("Powder Puff"). Flew from here to Fresno, Calif. for start of race July 4. Tehy flew a Mooney Mk 21 and got as far as Lexington, Ky. where they were forced down by bad weather and couldn't make it to Atlantic City, N.J.--the race terminus. This bad break was rather disappointing as Millie and her co-pilot were running in the leading 12 to this point. Maybe next time, who knows. Millie's brother, Arnold Berglund, stopped for a short visit this fall. We haven't seen him for 14 years. Many of you may remember Arnold and his wife, the former Natalie McDermott. He is Ass't. Com. of Ft. Eustis in Virginia now if any of you get down there--across from Norfolk. Hope all goes well for all of you in 1965.

STETZNER, Florence and Bill: We of the House of Stetzner send seasons greetings and good cheer from 1044 Placer St., Butte, Montana. In the middle of our teenage era the Stetzners are having a gay full time of new experiences and practically a new language--If I'm not "coming off the wall" so to speak, I'm "coming out of my box" and it goes from there. Everyone in the family is readying for the skiing season, winter picnics and dances. Bill hunted most of Autumn. He has a few horses and a truck in which to haul them. However, I saw very little game for the freezer--which jarred me--not a bit. He enjoyed every minute of it though. This year I managed to teach three nights a week in my own field, The Adult Clothing Classes at Butte High School. We sewed up a storm--from formals to men's shorts. Saturday night three of us pranced in "Hello Dolly" style to the Country Club in our creations and we didn't miss a dance. Joan our 17 year old is a senior at Girls Central High School. She plans to begin a music major in college next year. She will audition sometime in February for a scholarship to Gonzaga University or Seattle University. Tom is our sophomore--and is wrestling, running, skiing, glee clubbing, playing the piano and growing so fast he can't get out of bed until the last minute for school. Helen is our 6th grader with unlimited ideas. She is knitting her presents for Christmas, playing the piano, sang and placed in the High School-Grade School Talent Show and is a first honor student. That is about it for the

Stetzner's except for a recipe for Fruit Cobbler:

2 cups any fruit (drained), combine with
1 cup sugar

Batter:

3/4 cup flour 3/4 cup milk
1 cup sugar 2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt 1/4 lb. butter

Method:

Melt butter in 9 inch pan, pour batter into pan, spoon fruit on top of batter. Do not stir. Bake at 350 for 40 minutes.

May the blessings of this season be yours and write to us.

STUCKY, Lorraine & Bill: Eagerly awaited cards and letters are coming each day and we pour over them getting all sorts of news from friends we would love to see. Somehow the parents don't seem any older but the children are all growing up too fast. Our children certainly are! Susan completed high school with flying colors and honor roll grades. She worked very hard last year with her dancing school in Huxley, Iowa (23 students each Sat.), her job as student body treasurer, studies, besides her dancing lessons. In the spring it was rather wild getting graduation week, her recital and her students' recital organized. June 19 she was able to relax and hear all of us say, "Well done." This fall she enrolled at the U. of Utah and has now finished one quarter there. Her major is ballet and she seems delighted with the school, the city and the social life. We have missed her dreadfully but are so grateful for her fine opportunity to pursue her dancing. When Roger stretches out on the floor in front of the fireplace he makes a good sized obstacle to step over. He wishes he could be even bigger--for football. He has finally realized that school is also for studying and he shook the very foundations when he turned in a research theme a day early last week. He plans to spend part of his summer in Montana. When Dave was issued his learners permit to drive we started all over again. You know the "Mom, can I drive this time?" and the sitting on the edge of the car seat hoping he will turn into a responsible driver before you turn into a nervous wreck. He played football on the 9th grade team and is now basketball manager. Girls seem to be more prominent in his life. He spent six weeks in Montana last summer with our folks. Bryan is still in that lovely agreeable and helpful stage. He pleased me by joining the Joyful Singers Choir at our church. More often now he has to be reminded that the telephones are for the benefit of the whole family. Bill and Bryan are in Y-Indians and are having a good experience there. Bill and I--well, as usual we are working hard to get these kids raised into decent, law abiding citizens. Some days it looks hopeless but on most days rather promising. Bill's work is still a real challenge to him. I have recently started working at the University hospital 2 nights a week--just enough to help the budget without interfering with my attendance at basketball games and other sports events. It also allows my being available to the boys--most important. We had a wonderful trip to Salt Lake City when we took Susan to school, then spent a few days in Montana. So another eventful year has ended--the good things far outnumbering the unpleasant ones.

TERRETT, June: Once again, many thanks for all the time and work you put on the much appreciated and anticipated news letter. Here is my bit: The calendar is glowing red and a bell is ringing to remind me that I'd better get some sort of report on the activities of 1964 in the mail today, if I want to stay on the "list" and that I do, so here 'tis. To say it was an uneventful year would be something of an overstatement. We are all one year older, happy, healthy, normal stay-at-homes. Jill and husband and baby live close to us so I get frequent chances to indulge in spoiling my grand-daughter, Terri. She is 2½ now and entering the "bright sayings" stage and how we all enjoy her. One of her best of the year came shortly before Christmas when my Mother (all the children call her "Sweetheart") was scolding her for something and asked her what she thought Santa Claus would say if he knew about that. Terri replied, "Why, he's just say HO, HO, HO, Sweetheart". Jack is 19 now and still at Boulder. He comes home for Christmas and a vacation in the summer and would rather be here all the time. Jane is 12 and in Jr. High this year. To you

other parents of children her age I hardly need list her activities. She does stop off at home now and then to eat and sleep and telephone and the telephoning goes right on over the roar of Beatle records. Mother is fine, though she says they are certainly making the stairs steeper and the print in the telephone directory smaller than they used to. I still keep busy with my 45 organ and piano students, selling an occasional Hammond for Orton, and bank directing. We are building a new bank this year which is exciting. One outstanding event of last year for me was Richard Leibert's concert right here in Glendive, sponsored by the Community Concert Assoc. Had a little get-together for him here at the house afterwards and we talked him into playing us a few extra numbers. I was so impressed I wouldn't let anyone touch the organ for two weeks. At the moment I'm feeling a little smug about finally keeping the New Year's resolution that I have made and dismally failed to keep for years and years. Without the aid of illness or pills, but through sheer will power, I have lost 45 pounds. The best of everything to all of you in '65.

THOMPSON, Wanna & Abe: This is our first Christmas away from Montana and it seems a bit strange to all of us. Abe opened a branch office of Galusha-Higgins-Galusha in Idaho last July. We sold our home in Helena and bought a comfortable one in Idaho Falls. Sandy is a 9th grader and making the adjustment--new friends, new school and new city--extremely well. Abe and I are enjoying meeting new people and getting better acquainted with many we have known for several years. There are many things to keep us busy here, if you choose to be kept on the run; but so far, we are enjoying a respite from our former busy lives. Dick is a sophomore at Denver University studying accounting. He gets a month's vacation this Christmas-time, so will be busy skiing and getting acquainted with his new home. Sue has just returned to the U. S. after more than a year in Paris. She has been working for the United States Travel Service there. She will spend some time in Idaho Falls with us before returning to school to work on her master's degree. Vivienne and her family are in Dacca, East Pakistan. Their Greg is in school in Northern India and Shannon is with George and Vivienne. She is working for a travel agency in Dacca and is doing a great deal of traveling. Vivienne and the children visited with us in Helena this summer before leaving the U. S. We wish you the best for the coming New Year. (Editors' note: Wanna Finley formerly).

TURNER, Jane & Chuck: I feel anything but newsy or clever but that word delete scares me. And if you girls are willing, with 2500 miles between you, to publish "the letter", who am I to play lazy? First, Chuck and I wish everyone a happy and successful 1965. And how can we miss with L.B.J.'s Great Society??? To hit the highlights of 1964 for the Turners: With three other couples we stole away last March and flew to Eluthera, in the Bahamas, where we loafed in the sun for a week and then to Ft. Myers Beach, Fla., for a second week. Therapy--like we've never known before. Our Ann, age 18, graduated from high school in June after a grand New York trip with members of her class. Lee, age 6½, and I involved ourselves with Bible School--he as a student and I as a teacher. While my mother was visiting in June, we took a quick trip to Williamsburg and also to McKeesport to visit Val and her husband, Duane. He is in the insurance business and she is enjoying her second year of elementary teaching. The summer months were enjoyed mostly in our own backyard. Carolyn, with two friends, Lee and I spent a week of August at the seashore in Ocean City, Maryland. After working all summer, Ann entered Penn State this fall and is loving all aspects of college life. She called at 1:30 the other morning to inform us that she had pledged Kappa Delta after the whirl of Rush Week. Carolyn can hardly wait to graduate and perhaps follow in Ann's footsteps. Chuck took me along to Chicago last September, via jet, where he attended a truck leasing convention and I took in the ladies' affairs. We visited lovely Lake Forest College (with Carolyn in mind.) Our biggest news of the year was the arrival of our granddaughter, Stephanie, Oct. 20. We're happy that her father Dick, mother Becky, and brother Ross have moved a little closer to us. They left Idaho the day after Christmas to make their home in Wichita, Kansas where Dick is enthusiastically embarking on his new job with Chevrolet. Christmas was our first without snow since about 1954 when we were in Billings. Our mild winter came to an end yesterday with a 10 inch snow-

Our sun-loving neighbors left this morning for Hawaii. What timing! We can take a little winter now because spring isn't that far away and spring here in Pa. is worth waiting for! As you can see, we have nothing spectacular to report; but so grateful to be blessed with the best things in life--good health and exciting family growth and progress. Again we extend our welcome to anyone who might be coming or going our way.

VADHEIM, Midge & Al: Greetings one and all, it has been a couple of years since we have visited with you and given you the activities of the Bozeman Vadheims. To go back to a year ago and the summer of 1963--found us in Boston for a few days, then on to Philadelphia to renew old acquaintances, thence to Atlantic City for the AMA meeting and afterward into Baltimore and south to Williamsburg and Jamestown, Va. Lew and Jan retaught American History to Mom and Pop. Shelley was given the course likewise and had an additional geography refresher, since as a third grader she was not too well prepared. Following this, it was home via Chicago and Dubuque, Iowa, also old stomping grounds of ours. For the remainder of the year, it was a usual busy one, with the three young-uns in their various activities and school. Also the family skiing took a bit of time and much pleasure derived from it. By the way, Bridger Bowl, only 17 miles from our fair city, has a new double chair lift. Already much snow so come give it a try! Back to 1963, Pop took a jaunt to Portland, Oregon & Seattle for meetings and refresher courses. Then came 1964: It likewise has been a busy one. Poor old Pop, he doesn't know where the time goes. Multiple meetings for the improvement of Bridger Bowl, formation of corporation for a new Bozeman Medical Arts Center, San Francisco for the annual Am. Medical Convention. This was followed by the whole family taking off for Hawaii, via Matson Lines, for five days, then ten days of the Islands, and another five days ship board again, back to San Francisco, and on home. The trip was a gift so it was doubly enjoyable. Now for the Family--Lew wears the fashionable green beanie at Montana State. He is a chemistry major, pledged Sigma Phi Epsilon, is very happy with his new friends at the House. Jan spent two weeks at Missoula attending a piano workshop, like Lew had done in past summers at that age. She is a sophomore at the Senior High School, playing saxophone in the band, etc. She surprised us all last Spring by bringing home the Girls' Achievement Award upon completion of the 9th grade. Shelley is still a most ardent ski fan, 4th grade, taking piano lessons. Midge was busy in politics this past Fall--not as a candidate. Various clubs, the children's activities, church & her continued interest in collecting some antiques such as dolls, Oriental pieces, glasses, etc. keep her occupied. Black Magic, the black laborador, is still with us. He has found some new buddies at the College Dorm. We get some notes tied to his collar that he had had 'coke' and cookies, but they had washed his teeth. So you see we are truly enjoying living.

WAITE, Jeanne: I'm missing the dead line but am hoping I just might get under the wire and not be deleted--please? Another year and again mine has been somewhat routine. It was an excellent year--ranch wise--with abundant crops and no market for any of the produce--weathered that & out of a clear blue sky, I had an excellent offer for the ranch. So I am now a retired rancher. Can't see much change, though, still keep busy with houses, apartments, etc. I have seen no one this year. probably because I haven't been any place. I had plane reservations for New York for the holidays with my brother, but the weather took care of that. If I could get a plane out of here, I couldn't land back there. So I stayed by my own fireside. We have had a brutal winter here so far--great piles of snow since Thanksgiving and bitter temperature--which can change to torrid temperatures in a matter of minutes. One day there was a 33 degree drop in 14 minutes as the sun shone brightly! When you discuss weather, you know the year has been pretty dull & routine. A good year to all of you. Do call if ever you travel through here. Maybe in '65 I can stir up a bit more excitement than weather talk!

WEBER, Jerry: These years are rolling around much too fast for me. It seems as though I was just racking my brain a couple of months ago trying to get a few items together for your newsletter. I do hope 1964 was good to you and all our friends. As usual, I made two quick trips to Montana and on October 16 last, I flew

from here to New York City where I spent ten most delightful and exciting days. For those of you in the newsletter who have gotten the same story on your Christmas card, please bear with me or just skip my squib. (After all, I can't talk about PTA, Mothers' Club, etc.) I was on a circuit morning, noon and night of such places as Toots Shor, 21, The Colony, Voisin, Four Seasons, Forum of the Twelve Caesars, Plaza, Sherry Netherlands, Royal Box, and other such type bistros. Did manage to find time to see "Hello Dolly" and "Funny Girl". That Barbara Streisand is just tremendous. I have quite a few good friends in NY, as you can see, and in addition, Bobby Kennedy's secretary was there during his campaign. I can't say I am an admirer or her Boss but she is a doll, has been a wonderful friend and so interesting. I don't know how she did it with her busy schedule, but she sure had things jumping for us, and I must say she has connections that won't quit. I looked forward all year to the Notre Dame football team being in Southern California, only to experience such a letdown. The next day was more pleasant, however, as I was invited to a breakfast with the team and Ara Parseghian. My, that Ara is sure pretty!!! To all of you good health and much happiness in the coming year. Also, I'll say a prayer that the weather in Montana behaves better in 1965.

WINCHESTER, Carolyn & Burl: Peg says you're getting out the annual message so we may make it this time. Can't think of anything nicer than a Monumental Class Reunion next Fall. Just think! We can all compare grey hairs (frosting), aches and pains, and newer methods of dieting. We might even mention our children in the course of the evening! Guess what my Christmas present was this year! Built-ins! I've decided that if we had shelves with doors all over every wall, we'd look like a neat family. Tell everyone who come to the Class Reunion that they have an invitation to visit the Ranch (on the Road to "Georgia's"). We'll treat 'em nice and then let 'em help with the chores.

WOLCOTT, Betty & Frank: School....books....graduations! These have been the theme of the Wolcott family this year. Stephanie graduated from Bozeman Senior High School, Betty received a degree in Elementary Education at Montana State College, and Frank completed Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. In January Betty started student teaching and Stephanie started her term asorthy Advisor of Rainbow. Feb. and March were filled with school activities, winter fun for the family, and IG inspection trips for Frank. April and May included Debbie's piano recital, Girl Scout programs, Barbie's pre-school activities, Keith's gymnastic activities, Stephanie's pre-graduation pictures, plans and parties. In June, Betty began her second and final session of summer school at MSC, and Frank went to Guard camp. In July, we did very little camping: one trip to Canyon Ferry with my youngest sister and her family, and one weekend at Georgetown Lake out of Anaconda with some very good friends and their family. In August, we had a family reunion here in Bozeman with the gathering of the Lyons' clan numbering 29 in all. Frank left for Command and General Staff school in late August, and Betty graduated from college and started teaching the third grade. In Sept., Stephanie started school at Eastern Montana College in Billings, enrolled in X-ray technology. Keith entered his Junior year in High School, while Debbie started the 5th grade, and Barbie entered the 1st. With Frank way off in Kansas, all family activities swirled around the hub of letter-writing. In Oct., when we celebrated our 22nd wedding anniversary, our newly purchased portable tape recorder opened up a whole new world for the family. Our weekly tapes back and forth across the miles keep us all posted, and have been a source of great pleasure. In Oct., Keith broke his nose for the 5th time in football--this time in two places--so that ended his football career. He is a very enthusiastic gymnast and is helping to instruct sophomores in this very exacting sport. At this writing in early November, we have had our first light snowfalls, and we're all counting the days until Christmas when Frank and Stephanie return home. Weather permitting Frank and Betty plan to meet in Denver to spend the long Thanksgiving weekend. December is filled with school programs, Christmas shopping, and great anticipation of Frank & Stephanie's return. School will be out, and the holidays will be here. We wish you all a Happy New Year filled with good health, fulfilled ambitions, and a jolly good time. Our welcome mat is always out.

YOVETICH, Nick: Well I hope I'm not too late for the newsletter. If I am I'm sorry. As you know I went to Montana last summer. My six nieces and nephews kept me quite busy. I did golf a lot in Butte, Missoula and Anaconda. Sure is tough to get so old and fat that golf is the answer. On my way between golf games, I saw "Hardrock" Rossiter. This year he came up with a new gimmick. Instead of being too cheap to buy, he offered to shake dice or match for the check. I need not go farther; his record is clean. He still hasn't paid for a doggone thing. Spent a very enjoyable evening in Billings. Bro Orton was proud as hell that he settled down and I'm still unwanted. The Ortons, Marshalls, Tubby Feldman & I sat around having a tall cool one remembering. It was a real nice evening. Went to NYC for the Series and as usual ate too much. Probably won't go back till next year. For the first time in years I had company. The three Marshalls stopped in Muncie for a Sunday night. Indiana is closed on Sunday, but we did find a good friend in Jack Daniels. (Rossiter take heed--the Marshalls bought the dinners.) The latch string is still out in Muncie especially if the guests buy the dinners. By the way, Bettie, I think it would be a good idea if you stopped over on way to Montana come spring. If you decide to, I'll give you directions plus in your case I'll buy the dinners. Oh yes, I'll also show you my bachelor apt. if you excuse a mess.

BRANDON, Billie & Blondy: First on the agenda---HAPPY NEW YEAR! I have been all wound up this past week with some academic work including homework and I realize that I am flirting dangerously with the deadline. Billie's and my life required a drastic adjustment this past year--our son went away to school. It's positively amazing how the total purpose of two adult lives can get channeled toward the end point of one teen ager. We have made some progress but still feel we are in the category of Maladjusted parents. We, like many of you, have been college hopping the past couple of years trying to match the optimum university to the adolescent plan. After what passed for much serious thought, applications for enrollment were duly dispatched and results anxiously awaited. Brandy was accepted at MIT and since that was his number one choice, he accepted MIT. He is now busily engaged in matching wits with the mental giants on the faculty back there and I gather from his infrequent letters, that it is not EASY! We drove to Boston last fall to help Brandy enroll and get settled. Our first inkling of changes in being and to come was the discovery that he didn't need and didn't desire help. He was off and running and after Billie and I had time to assess the situation, we realized, with a few selfish regrets, that by some good fortune we had achieved a very desirable attitude in our son. As a result, we visited with friends, explored the Cape and caught up on sea food. To top it all, Brandy pledged the Betas after our good friend Dr. Rossiter and myself had been rushing him for Sigma Chi! There is simply no substitute for considerate, tractable children--I guess. I had a very interesting chat the other day with my seat mate on a flight into Omaha. It developed that he was a rancher from Montana. It further developed that he developed ranches for sale and that he got into a large number of communities inhabited by readers of this letter. He appeared rather affluent, so I proceeded to drop names all over the place from a banker in Glendive, to insurance and musical instruments in Billings, fellow rancher in Lewistown, and West Yellowstone merchants. It'd be interesting to know if he ever follows up. We had a few brief contacts with some of the gang during the year. Gates called from the airport but was in between planes and couldn't come down. As mentioned above, Rossiter and I unsuccessfully "rushed for Sigma Chi". Yoyo is still building the biggest and best transformers in the world. Bro Murphy had his picture in the Chi Tribune the other day showing him signing a contract for a football game with the Air Force Academy. Upon review, much too brief. I will be in Philadelphia this week and since I now have some interest in Boston, I expect to come home by way of there. Aloha and again---HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL! (Ed. note: Following from Billie). By request, Brandy left reporting of The Event of the Year to me, namely, The Advent of Rossiter. (You know, What's-his-name--Bertha's husband). Yep, we finally trapped the Will o' the Wisp to the extent of a too-short evening last winter. The dear boy (oh, you remember--the father of those lovely Rossiter children) was either as unobservant as we think men are, or as sensitive as we hope they are, inasmuch as he seemed to be unaware of the fact that the paint from the ceiling was running down on to the side

walls and that I was sitting on my hands rather than display their blue-gray hue. At any rate, he did give us enough time to throw the furniture back into the half-decorated living room--and I grudgingly admit that his charm and wit were so overpowering that I quickly became oblivious to these non-essentials. One thing puzzles me, and I wonder if Freud might find it significant--after the many attempts thru the years to discover if I really existed or were a myth, we haven't heard from him since! Do you suppose he'd rather have myth-ed me?

TAYLOR, Peg & Bill: Wow, that deadline certainly creeps up on one, doesn't it? It's the first time I've been on the other side of the fence, and I'd sure hate to hear all the remarks if I failed to get word to the editor and didn't receive a letter. I'm sure I'd never hear the end of it! I hope Bettie is having lots of fun running to the mail box every day to see what goodies are there, and I hope it's overflowing! We took a week of our vacation in June and had planned a trip through Glacier and some of the northern part of the state, but all the terrible floods changed our minds and we went to Bozeman instead. Took a one day trip through Yellowstone Park via Mammoth entrance. Rick and Grandma Roman had us going on tour with the rangers and we really learned a lot. The last two weeks of July we went to Priest Lake again for our lazy, relaxing vacation with swims, huckleberry picking, eating, beach fires, and sun bathing. Went into Spokane for a few days visit and managed a short but wonderful visit with the Shinns. Back to Bozeman to finish off the vacation. Our young son is a busy 2nd grader. Had his tonsils and adenoids out in September which seemed to solve the hearing problem he had. He was a very good patient and came through much better than his Mother. We managed a few football games this fall and also alum meetings since Bill is still vice president. In fact, at Homecoming we sat in the President's box and at half-time Bill marched out on the football field with a queen on each arm and it was televised, too. It's really something to have a celebrity in the family. With the Christmas holidays came our note of sadness. Bill's Dad died on Christmas eve day in Bozeman. He had been failing the last couple of months, so this wasn't a complete surprise but always hard to take. We are thankful we live so close so that Bill could be with his Mother within a few hours. My Mother was down here to spend the holidays with us and she stayed with Rick a few days while I went to Bozeman. New Year's Day we had dinner with the Jim MacDonalds. It was a very pleasant day. Although they live right here in Billings we never see enough of them.--also Marshalls and Ortons. Hope the reunion brings all Montanans and out-of-staters together for a few days of fellowship. We are hoping to have a buffet supper on Friday night after the variety show at the college. It was fun this last year to see the Tom Ashtons, Gene Barrys, Hugh Paris's, Eli Doyras and others. Hope ours will be a huge success, but it will be up to each and every one to make the effort to get there. May the New Year be a bright one for all and bring us all together.

EAGLE, Bettie: As some of you know, the past three years have been strange ones for me. Starting with the decline of Mom after a heart attack in 1959, plus the frustration of a personal involvement which held no future, probably with the boredom of the sameness of my life for many years, the whole thing resulted in a serious emotional upset in the form of a more than simple depression. Now that the end of the gloom seems to be in sight, I feel that I want to tell you about it. The beginning signs were bad insomnia, lack of concentration, no interest in people or anything, & real despair. Sleeping pills and medication did not do the job so I gave up the job at the college and came east winter of '63 (Mom died fall '62) to be with my sister Helen and family and seek psychiatric help. We were fortunate in finding an excellent doctor and with his understanding and skills, spiritual help, the constant efforts and concern of family and friends (both old and new), things are looking brighter. I don't know what the final outcome will be, but I feel I have gained some strength and insights that will carry me through. I am planning to return to West for the summer. If the depression returns, I will not stay but will come back here and decide what I should do next. I missed most of the past summer in Montana. I was in the hospital in New York for three weeks in July and had shock treatments. (This was not the doctor's decision, but mine. I told him we had to do something more drastic than the psychotherapy.) I had planned to work at the Montana Centennial Train at the World's Fair but couldn't carry that out at the last minute. Sis and I did go into

New York last spring to attend the Montana Dinner. I was feeling lousy, but it was good to see John Gates, Al Schenck, Pat Collins Gillick, Perry Chisholm, and others. Chet Huntley and Myrna Loy were at the head table. I returned to Montana for Sept. and October last fall to help finish up the season and do the ordering for summer 1965. It was all kind of a nightmare, but I made it. Saw quite a few of you then and I liked that. Al Grantham joined Marje Paisley and Frank Ward and me for a night out in West and that was nice--of course, we ate at Purdy's Frontier Club and took advantage of the free drinks. I returned to New York after the Election. The doctor insisted that I get a job and I did go to work for five weeks before Christmas at Arnold Constable's, a very nice department store in Manhasset. I was in the gift dept. Thought I might pick up some good pointers for our own business, but had a good education in how not to manage a store. Could write a book on that, but won't just now. I have been seeing the doctor once a week, taking advantage of some of the things in the city, helping with the cooking and housework at Sis's, doing lots of reading, and finding it good to feel alive again. Since the job ended with Christmas at the store, I have been doing part time work at the Methodist Church in Roslyn Heights and I enjoy that. Also will be working a few hours each week in a gift shop near Roslyn. It is a small shop with mostly imports and very nice things. It is owned by a couple from India who work at the UN so it is an interesting contact. I am having lunch with John Gates on Wed. He says he wants to see the doctor. (Not because he needs one, but to check on what I tied up with). May see Glemow in a week. I plan to go to Harvard with my nephew when he goes back next Sunday. He wants to show me the campus. My brother-in-law is having another show at one of the galleries on Madison Ave. so I am getting a little culture by osmosis. Thanks to all of you for your tremendous response to Peg's announcement of the deadline. It is the best we have had for years and we hope it means you will all be in Bozeman in October. Without permission from the other editors, I hereby appoint the following to serve as a committee to set up the Friday night entertainment in the form of a supper after the variety show for the newsletter gang: Anderson, McNab, Menzel, Purdy, Vadheim, Winchester, Wolcott--Anderson to serve as chairman until they can wiggle out of it--with the suggestion that Gates and Rossiter will probably want to "pick up the tab". Please address any complaints to Editors Peg & Bill!

Love and kisses,

Peg, Bill and Bettie

P.S. (Editor's note: Thanks to Ed Egan for the use of the church supplies and machines and his help).

P.P.S. Dora Roman send her greetings to all.

THE BETTIE EAGLE-PEG TAYLOR NEWS LETTER GROUP REUNION

Dear Gang:

The time rapidly approaches for the big reunion and the Homecoming festivities of 1965. We are planning on your joining the natives here in Bozeman for the big affair. The Homecoming committee of Montana State University...get that, University.. has a pretty tight schedule of exciting events for you; however, our "sub-committee" has managed to eke out time for our own special get-together, and we will be happy to plan more if you've got the time and money! Our Reunion dinner will be a no-host smorgasbord following the Homecoming program Friday night. This will be your big moment...dining, dancing; perhaps some pink lemonade, and a chance to compare gray hair, no hair, false teeth, falsies, kids and grandkids. Now comes your part of the package... drop us a note not later than September 20th so we can make reservations for the dinner. Although we are mailing this great epistle only to the last newsletter list, we want you to feel free to include reservations for any friends you want to bring along. Also, if there are enough of you staying over on Sunday, we will be delighted to arrange a survival or revival breakfast. Please indicate your wishes.

Joe May, one of the original members of this elite corps, is now on campus, and so we'll let him take over and tell you about the Homecoming plans. We've all written and talked about this reunion for so many years, now is your chance to make it come true. Join us. We'll discuss war experiences, marital blisses and hisses, union dues and retirement homes; so dig right down into that old sock and come see your Alma Mater. If the toe has a hole in it, we're sure Pappin and Rossiter will be glad to finance your trip.

Flit Anderson and Midge Vadheim
304 W. Cleveland 521 So. 10th

HOMECOMING EVENTS

FRIDAY

Registration	1-8 p.m. SUB & Baxter Hotel
Campus Tours	1-5 p.m. SUB Main Desk
Homecoming Show featuring Allan Sherman	8 p.m. Fieldhouse
The E-TNLG Reunion Dinner	10:30 or 11:00 p.m.
(Check at the Alumni Registration Desk on arrival for final details)	
Lighting of "M"	Mt. Baldy
Queen's Dance	SUB Ballroom

SATURDAY

Registration	8 a.m.-1 p.m. SUB & Baxter Hotel
Bobcat Booster Breakfast	7:30 a.m. Baxter Hotel
Parade	10 a.m. Downtown
Alumni Reunion Luncheon	Student Union
Football Game - Bobcats vs North Dakota State	2 p.m. Gatton Field
Open House	Fraternities, Sororities, Res. Halls
Bobcat Lair	6:30 p.m.-????? Baxter Hotel
Homecoming Ball	Student Union

SUNDAY

The E-TNLG Revival Breakfast (possible but not confirmed) Check at Registration Desk for more information.

For advance reserve tickets for the football game, write directly to Bud Purdy, % MSU Fieldhouse. Price for reserve seats \$3.50. General Admission, \$2.00.

JANUARY 1966

DEAR OLD GANG:

HERE WE ARE RACKING OUR BRAINS TRYING TO THINK OF A CLEVER WAY TO START THIS NEW ERA OF THE NEWSLETTER. THE YEARS HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL--WE CAN'T THINK OF A THING TO SAY! SO, WE'LL JUST START EDITING.

ALLARD, MARIAN AND ED: I KNOW THE REUNION WAS A SMASHING SUCCESS--CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR MORE DETAILS. WE WERE CERTAINLY THINKING OF ALL OF YOU. I CAN GUESS THE TONGUES WERE WAGGING. SEEMS HARD TO BELIEVE ANOTHER YEAR HAS ROLLED AROUND. WE HAVE ALL BEEN BUSY, AS USUAL! GALS HAVE DRIVER'S LICENSE AND ONE A LEARNER'S PERMIT SO GUESS WE WILL HAVE A FEW MORE GRAY HAIRS. BIGGEST EVENT OF THE PAST YEAR WAS A VISIT FROM SOME OF OUR MONTANA FAMILY--CATHERINE ALLARD AND FOUR OTHERS OF HER FAMILY, JOE ALLARD AND 2 OTHERS FROM THEIR FAMILY. WE DID HAVE A TIME! IT WAS SUCH FUN SEEING THEM ALL DOWN OUR WAY FOR A CHANGE. 'COURSE IT JUST DIDN'T LAST LONG ENOUGH. SURE HOPE TO GET TOGETHER WITH GRACE WILLIAMS JACOBS SOME DAY.

BECK, CORA AND WARD: GREETINGS: THANKS TO EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOU NICE PEOPLE THAT WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT TREMENDOUS REUNION. WARD AND I ENJOYED OURSELVES IMMENSELY AND WE'LL BE TALKING ABOUT THAT WEEKEND FOR YEARS TO COME. EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT AND ONLY SORRY EVERYONE COULDN'T BE THERE. WARD JR. IS ENJOYING HIS YEAR IN EUROPE. HE'S STUDYING IN EUROPE--IN THE NETHERLANDS, SPENT HIS CHRISTMAS VACATION SKIING IN AUSTRIA. WON A GOLD MEDAL IN A SKI RACE AND WAS HE THRILLED! HE PLANS ON TOURING EUROPE AGAIN THIS SUMMER AND HOME IN TIME TO ENROLL FOR HIS SENIOR YEAR AT U. OF O. LESLIE IS A BUSY 9TH GRADER, MANY SCHOOL ACTIVITIES, ORGAN LESSONS AND WITH ALL THE SNOW SHE'S REALLY ENJOYING HER SKIING. WARD AND I ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO VACATIONING IN LAS VEGAS AND COLORADO SPRINGS IN MARCH. OUR KINDEST REGARDS TO ALL, AND WE'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING ALL THE NEWS.

CALLISTER, DOT AND HAGUE: THE GRANTHAMS AND RUSHINGS AND CALLISTERS HAD THANKSGIVING DINNER TOGETHER AND SHIRLEY AND I HAD FUN HEARING ABOUT HOMECOMING--WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME YOU ALL HAD. THE PICTURES THAT WILLIE HAD OF ALL OF YOU WERE GREAT. YOU ARE ALL SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL. WE ARE BUSY SENDING ONE "BOMB" TO COLLEGE AND NEXT YEAR WE SHALL HAVE TWO THERE. THEY ARE U OF O MATERIAL AND SEEM TO THINK THAT BIG SCHOOL IS GREAT. WE HAVE OUR LOVELY SCOTTA AT AGE 13 YEARS TO KEEP US YOUNG FOR AWHILE. OUR LOVE AND BEST TO ALL FOR A WONDERFUL 1966.

CLEMON, CHERRY AND GEORGE (NEW AUTHOR): HI, TO EVERYONE--IT WAS GREAT SEEING SOME OF YOU AGAIN AND IN MEETING THE REST AT THE REUNION. I DO HOPE THAT THE NEXT TIME I CAN BE AT MY BEST--YOU'RE A GREAT BUNCH--BUT EXHAUSTING. AFTER WE LEFT YOU AT THE AIRPORT, GEORGE AND I HAD A WONDERFUL TRIP UP THE GALLATIN AND THRU THE PARK WITH PERFECT WEATHER AND ALL OF ITS GLORIES TO OURSELVES. AFTER THAT, ONE LOVELY WEEK IN BILLINGS, DOING THE SOCIAL BIT, THEN OUR FUN FLIGHT HOME. SUE HAD HAD A GOOD TIME STAYING WITH FRIENDS BUT WAS HAPPY TO SEE HER PARENTS. I RESTED FOR ABOUT A WEEK THEN FELT SUFFICIENTLY STRONG FOR US TO JOURNEY TO SEE ALLAN, NOW AT PENN STATE AS A GRADUATE ASSISTANT. IT DID OUR HEARTS GOOD, HE WAS SO PLEASED TO SEE US. WE LOOKED AT DOUGLASS COLLEGE IN NEW JERSEY AS A POSSIBILITY FOR SUE NEXT YEAR, BUT I GUESS THAT SHE HAS DECIDED AGAINST APPLYING THERE. THERE WERE ONLY 3 OF US FOR THANKSGIVING AS I WAS TOLD TO TAKE THINGS QUIETLY AND ALLAN HAD ONLY ONE DAY OFF SO NATURALLY COULD NOT MAKE IT HOME. THE HOLIDAYS STARTED WHEN HE ARRIVED HOME DEC. 8TH AND WE SETTLED DOWN FOR ONE OF THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMASSES EVER. WE HAD MISSED HAVING HIS FRIENDS AROUND AND UNDERFOOT SO IT WAS GREAT TO SEE THEM (AND FEED THEM) AND THEIR GIRL FRIENDS. SUE'S CROWD WAS IN AND OUT CONSTANTLY, TOO, SO "OLD 37" WAS REALLY JUMPING, WHILE GEORGE AND I ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE THAT WE SPENT IN AND OUT OF THE KITCHEN. NOW IT IS SO QUIET WITH EVERYONE BACK AT SCHOOL THAT GRETCHEN (DACHSHUND) AND I ARE SPENDING LONG DULL DAYS SLEEPING, EATING AND PLAYING RECORDS ON THE NEW STEREO. SO WEEK-ENDS ARE THE ONLY FUN TIME AT THE PRESENT. WE WISH FOR ALL OF YOU EVERY GOOD THING FOR THE NEW YEAR--HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS ABUNDANT!

CLINTON, PEG: THE CALENDAR AND MY PRACTICAL NATURE HAVE CAUSED ME TO DESCEND FROM OCTOBER CLOUD '65! THIS IS CERTAINLY NO TIME TO BE ABSENT WHEN THE NEWSLETTER GOES TO PRINT. HAVING RELATED THIS YEAR'S LIVING TO ALL AVAILABLE IN OCTOBER, I WILL NOT IMPOSE ON YOU AGAIN. MY THOUGHTS ABOUT THE NEWSLETTER GANG ARE TOO ETHEREAL TO LOWER THEM TO A MUNDANE LEVEL. WHAT AN ELEVATING EXPERIENCE THE REUNION WAS! THE

OPPORTUNITY TO REFRESH THE FRIENDSHIPS WE HAVE IS AN OPPORTUNITY I SHALL ALWAYS BE GLAD I HAD. IT WAS A REVELATION IN REALITY--OUR INTERESTS CONTINUE AT AN EVEN PACE, NAME TAGS WERE UNNECESSARY, AND THE FUN AND FELLOWSHIP EXISTS AS INTENSELY AS IT WAS TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. DIRECT IN THOUGHT (AS I AM) BEING WITH ALL OF YOU AGAIN WAS A HIGHLIGHT IN MY LIFE'S PATH--FOR WHICH I AM GRATEFUL. MANY THANKS TO EACH OF YOU WHO CAUSED ME TO HAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL AND MEMORABLE WEEK-END. BEST WISHES FOR EACH OF YOU IN 1966.

HEINRICH, JEAN & WALTER: HOPE I'VE MADE IT----THE DEADLINE, I MEAN. GLAD YOU SENT THE CARD OR I'D PROBABLY HAVE REMEMBERED THAT I SHOULD WRITE ON VALENTINE'S DAY! ANYWAY, HAVE FUN SORTING, EDITING, TYPING, ADDRESSING, ETC.---I'LL BE THINKING OF YOU WITH APPRECIATIVE, LOVING THOUGHTS! AFTER THE WONDERFUL REUNION WEEKEND IN MONTANA WHEN I TALKED EVERYONE'S ARMS OFF AND EARS NUMB, I'VE WONDERED WHAT ON EARTH I'D HAVE LEFT TO SAY IN THE NEWSLETTER THIS YEAR. BUT WITH A COUPLE OF HOLIDAYS THROWN IN SINCE THEN, AND JUST DAY-TO-DAY LIVING WITH OUR WHOLE FAMILY, PLUS THE FACT THAT I'VE BEEN A CONSTANT YAKKETY-YAKKER ALL MY LIFE, IT SHOULD BE EASY. I'VE ALWAYS SAID WE'RE SUCH A "NORMAL" FAMILY, BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I WONDER IF THAT'S FAIR TO THE REST OF YOU WHO FEEL YOU'RE NORMAL. FOR INSTANCE, WE HEINRICHS, LIKE THE REST OF YOU, CELEBRATED THANKSGIVING. BUT WE HAD TWO BIG TURKEY DINNERS--ONE ON THURSDAY (FOR 11 PEOPLE) AND ANOTHER ON SATURDAY (FOR 13) WHEN WE ALL WERE TOGETHER. BOTH WERE PLEASANT FAMILY-FUN TIMES. THEN CAME CHRISTMAS--A MORE DELIGHTFUL, CRAZY, NOISY, CONFUSING, GAY AND WONDERFUL HOUSEHOLD YOU'VE NEVER SEEN! WE HAD FIFTEEN PEOPLE EATING AND SLEEPING HERE FOR FOUR DAYS. INCLUDED OUR KATHIE AND HER BOY FRIEND FROM CHICAGO, WALT'S SISTER FROM D.C., HIS OTHER SISTER FROM WISCONSIN AND MY SISTER'S OLDEST BOY (DUNCAN) WHO DROVE FROM MCGUIRE AFB IN NEW JERSEY TO BE WITH US FOR TEN DAYS. THERE WERE PEOPLE, PRESENTS AND ACTIVITY EVERYWHERE WE TURNED. EACH PERSON (EXCEPT TWO YOUNG 'UNS) HAD A BED OF HIS OWN, NO ONE WENT HUNGRY AND EVERYONE SEEMED HAPPY--WAS JUST THE SORT OF HOLIDAY THAT WARMS A SENTIMENTAL MIDDLE-AGED MOTHER'S HEART! WAS A FITTING CLIMAX TO ONE OF MY MOST HAPPY YEARS! THE BEGINNING OF '66 FINDS US ALL IN GOOD SHAPE---KATHIE IS WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT IN CHICAGO AND CAME HOME WITH A LOVELY SOLITAIRE DIAMOND RING THIS CHRISTMAS (PROBABLY WILL BE MARRIED WITHIN THE YEAR)! JOHN IS WORKING FOR A LOCAL NEWSPAPER AND GOING TO U. OF WISCONSIN EXTENSION CENTER! BARBARA IS FINISHING HER 1ST SEMESTER AT LACROSSE STATE UNIVERSITY! TOM IS A HIGH SCHOOL SOPHOMORE (HOPES TO WIN A LETTER THIS YEAR IN WRESTLING--IN THE 95 LB. CLASS). JIM IS BASKETBALL MANAGING FOR 8TH GRADERS! MARY, BOB, BILL AND ANN ARE DEAR, TYPICAL LITTLE GRADE-SCHOOLERS. WALT, OF COURSE, IS WORKING MUCH TOO HARD (YOU WOULD TOO, IF YOU HAD HIS RESPONSIBILITIES). AND I'M "JUST ME"---A HAPPY CHARACTER WHO IS MOST GRATEFUL TO EACH ONE OF YOU FOR BEING "JUST YOU"--MORE DEAR AND WONDERFUL THAN I HAD REMEMBERED YOU TO BE IN THE PAST 25 YEARS. THANKS TO YOU ALL FOR HAVING BEEN A PART OF MY LIFE, AND MAY ALL THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE BE YOURS IN '66 AND ALWAYS!

JACOBS, GRACE & HUGO: SO SORRY WE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE REUNION. IT SURE MUST HAVE BEEN FUN! REALLY APPRECIATE THE GROUP PHOTOGRAPH MIDGE SENT. I RECOGNIZED ALMOST EVERYONE! ESPECIALLY LIKED THE PICTURE OF THAT BLONDE GIRL SITTING IN THE FRONT ROW. REMINDS ME OF THE TIME PEG CAME TO CALIFORNIA TO VISIT AND PETTIE MET HER AT THE AIRPORT IN A BLOND WIG. (PEG HAD WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY THAT SHE HOPED BETTIE HADN'T "GONE HOLLYWOOD"). JUST HAD A VISIT WITH MR. TRANSDUM (HELEN ANN'S DAD). HELEN ANN LIVES IN LAGUNA BEACH NOW. HAS A DAUGHTER AT THE U. OF ARIZONA AND ONE AT THE U. OF CALIFORNIA AT SANTA BARBARA. HER SON IS IN THE NAVY. OUR JOANNE IS A FRESHMAN AT CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGE AT LONG BEACH. I HAD TO WARN HER TO BE CAREFUL WHO SHE ROOTED FOR AT THE MONTANA VS. CSLB BASKETBALL GAME. JOHN IS A JUNIOR IN HIGH SCHOOL. HOPES TO GET A JOB AT THE NEW SAFEWAY THEY ARE BUILDING NEAR US. OUR BEST TO YOU ALL DURING THE COMING YEAR.

JUSTICE, EDNA & JACK: WE WERE SO DISAPPOINTED WHEN WE WERE UNABLE TO ATTEND HOMECOMING AND THE REUNION. I COULD TELL FROM THE GROUP PICTURE THAT EVERYONE HAD A BALL. YOU MENTIONED THAT BILL'S SISTER LIVED AROUND LOS ANGELES AND THAT PERHAPS YOU MIGHT BE COMING TO CALIFORNIA SOME DAY. IF YOU DO BE SURE AND CALL US OR COME SEE US. WE LIVE IN BIG TUJUNGA CANYON AT A PLACE WELL-KNOWN LOCALLY AS "WILDWOOD"--AND THERE IS A BIG SIGN ON THE HIGHWAY ADVERTISING THE PLACE. JACK'S

AUNT OWNS 90 ACRES HERE AND HAS TURNED IT OVER TO JACK TO SEE WHAT HE COULD MAKE OUT OF IT. SO FAR, CATERING TO LARGE TRAILER GROUPS HAS PROVED TO BE THE MOST PROFITABLE UNDERTAKING WITH THE LEAST MONEY EXPENDED. WE HAVE ROOM FOR ABOUT 100 TRAILERS AND THEY USUALLY STAY FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS AND MAKE RESERVATIONS IN ADVANCE. WE THOUGHT OF OPENING A SMALL "TOPLESS BAR" BUT DIDN'T WANT TO HIRE EXTRA HELP--DECIDED AGAINST IT CUZ I WAS TOO OLD, ELAINE, TOO YOUNG, AND WHO WANTED TO SEE JACK WITHOUT A T-SHIRT ON? THERE IS NEVER A DULL MOMENT AROUND HERE. EVERY WEEKEND THE RESCUE SQUAD OR HELICOPTER HAS TO HAUL SOME HIKER OR HUNTER DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS. AND THEN THERE IS THE EVER PRESENT RANGER SIREN WHICH MEANS EITHER A FIRE OR AN ACCIDENT. THEN THE RAINS CAME AND WITH THE HELP OF THE "FLOOD CONTROL DEPARTMENT"? THE CREEK ROSE 10 FT., JUST TWO FEET BELOW OUR PATIO. WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT HAVE TO EVACUATE AND WOULD HAVE IF THE DAM KEEPER HAD LET OUT ANY MORE WATER OUT OF THE DAM. THEN, OF COURSE, WE HAVE RACOONS, DEER, OPOSSUM, COYOTES AND SNAKES WHICH AT TIMES CAUSE US CONCERN. ELAINE GRADUATES FROM HIGH SCHOOL THIS SPRING AND PLANS TO ATTEND PASADENA CITY COLLEGE. BOB IS A SOPHOMORE IN HIGH SCHOOL AND THIS YEAR PLAYED ON THE NORTHERN LEAGUE CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM. MOTHER AND FATHER DOING FINE!

MACDONALD, JEAN AND JIM: OUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS WILL BE NEWS TO SOME OF YOU. MIDSUMMER, JIM DECIDED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL. WHEN HE FOUND THAT HE WAS TOO LATE TO ENTER LAW SCHOOL THIS YEAR, HE THOUGHT IT BEST TO START PRACTICING WITH THE STUDYING, SO HERE WE ARE. THE FIRST TIME HE AND I FLEW TO MISSOULA TO HOUSE-HUNT, WE FOUND IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO BUY AND IMPOSSIBLE TO RENT. A FEW TRIPS LATER, WE BOUGHT A LOVELY THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE WITH FIREPLACE AND FINISHED BASEMENT, THE LATTER WHICH WE RENT TO THREE SENIOR BOYS FOR SLEEPING ONLY. THE LOCATION IS IDEAL, RIGHT ON CAMPUS AND FIVE MINUTES FROM TOWN. IN MARCH LAST, WE MADE A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA VIA BOISE BY PRIVATE PLANE TO DISPLAY OUR NEWEST POSSESSION AT EIGHT MONTHS TO OUR VARIOUS RELATIVES. EVEN THOUGH THIS WASN'T RICK'S FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE, THIS WAS WHEN HE LOGGED THE FLIGHT TIME. HE NOW HAS OVER 20 HOURS. MY BROTHER AND FAMILY THEN IN BOISE SAW HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME, AS DID JAN, GARY, AND SHELLEY IN CHICO. THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW. HE'S RUNNING US RAGGED AT THIS POINT--MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN POTATOES, DRAWERS, KITCHEN CUPBOARDS, POTS AND PANS, ETC., THAN IN "NICE TOYS." THINGS THAT CAN BE ANCHORED WITH RUBBER BANDS AND STRINGS HAVE HAD THE FULL TREATMENT. ALTHOUGH OUR FURNITURE CAME FROM BILLINGS IN FINE SHAPE, I FEAR IT'S GOING TO SHOW WEAR AND TEAR NOW. IN ADDITION TO HIS SOMEWHAT DESTRUCTIVE MANEUVERS, HE HAS OUR "OVERSIZED" LABRADOR, SHADOW, TO TORMENT. SHADOW IS MOST PATIENT AND WITH HIS MOST EXPRESSIVE FACE PLEADS WITH US, "CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING." JIM'S THREE GIRLS ARE ALL IN CALIFORNIA. JAN AND GARY MOVED FROM REDDING TO CHICO. LINDA AND HANK HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM GERMANY WHICH WAS TO HAVE BEEN A TWO-YEAR TOUR OF DUTY, BUT WAS INTERRUPTED BY HIS BEING SENT TO VIET NAM. HE REPORTED NOVEMBER 24. LINDA PLANS ON COMING TO MONTANA IN JUNE. SHELLEY IS A SENIOR IN HIGH SCHOOL AND I THINK SHE'LL MAKE THE TRIP WITH HER.

MACNAB, MEL AND ROBIN (WHOSE ENVELOPE BORE THE FOLLOWING STAMPED SQUIB--TO BE SURE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY, WHY NOT TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT TO RUN?): FOR US AN EXCITING YEAR HAS BEEN CONCLUDED IN WHICH WE TRAVELED ALMOST 56,000 MILES. WE NEARLY CAME TO BELIEVE THAT WE WERE BORN WITH SEAT BELTS ON AS WE VISITED SUCH UNLIKELY SPOTS AS BERMUDA, MEXICO, BRAZIL, ARGENTINA, HAWAII, PERU, ETC. BUT NOW WE ARE BACK HOME OSTENSIBLY TO STAY AND CAN SETTLE BACK TO THE MAIN JOB AT HAND - - GETTING OLDER. FATHER ROBIN HAS EMBARKED UPON "OPERATION RECOVERY", AN EFFORT DESIGNED TO GET BACK INTO BUSINESS AFTER THE YEAR OF TRAVEL. MOTHER MEL HAS SETTLED BACK TO THE REALIZATION THAT HER PUBLISHERS ARE DEMANDING ANOTHER VOLUME OF POETRY. DAUGHTER GAYLE CAME HOME FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS TO ENQUIRE WHETHER HER PARENTS HAD ANY JUNE 13TH BRIDGE DATES SCHEDULED, AND UPON BEING ADVISED TO THE CONTRARY FORTHWITH INVITED BOTH OF THEM TO HER WEDDING SCHEDULED FOR THAT DATE (DARRELL CHOATE OF COLUMBIA FALLS, MONTANA). SON DUNCAN CONTINUES THE OPERATION OF HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO HERE IN BOZEMAN, AND SEEMS TO BE TURNING OUT SOME EYE-CATCHING WORK. SINCE HE HAS BEEN MARRIED 2½ YEARS WITHOUT ANY INDICATION OF ISSUE AT HAND, IT WOULD APPEAR THAT SOME LINE OF COMMUNICATION BROKE DOWN BETWEEN FATHER AND SON. ALL IN ALL WE LOOK FOR ANOTHER INTERESTING YEAR PROVIDED WE CAN STAND THE SUSPENSE, BUT WE DO HOPE TO SLOW DOWN ENOUGH TO ENJOY MORE TIME AT GOOD MEDICINE UP THE GALLATIN CANYON THIS COMING SUMMER. WE ARE ALSO HAPPY TO REPORT THAT WE ARE A ONE-TOOTHPASTE FAMILY AGAIN. REGARDS TO ALL.

MARTIN, MARIAN & FORD: HOMECOMING WAS REALLY WONDERFUL--ONLY WISH THERE HAD BEEN MORE TIME TO VISIT. FORD HAS HAD QUITE A CHANGE OF PACE. WE SOLD THE DAIRY LAST APRIL AND ALSO FARM EQUIPMENT AND LEASED THE FARMING LAND. SINCE OCTOBER FORD HAS BEEN WITH THE GLENDIVE PRODUCTION CREDIT ASSOCIATION AND DRIVES BACK AND FORTH TO WORK. WE STILL HAVE CATTLE TO TAKE CARE OF AND ALONG WITH BEING MASTER OF THE MASONS, SERVING ON THE DEMOLAY BOARD AND BEING A TRUSTEE IN THE CHURCH, HE IS STILL VERY BUSY. KATHY IS 17, A SENIOR AND LOOKING FORWARD TO COLLEGE. SHE IS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND, PEP BAND, TWIRLING AND SCIENCE CLUB. SHE IS WORKING AFTER SCHOOL AND SATURDAYS IN AN ACCOUNTING OFFICE. ON SUNDAY SHE PLAYS THE PIANO AND HELPS TEACH SUNDAY SCHOOL. SHE WILL BE INSTALLED IN JANUARY AS WORTHY ADVISOR OF RAINBOW AND WAS SURPRISED AND THRILLED WHEN SHE WAS APPOINTED AS GRAND REPRESENTATIVE TO VERMONT AT THEIR GRAND ASSEMBLY LAST JUNE. JEAN IS 15 AND A SOPHOMORE. SHE IS A CHEERLEADER, BELONGS TO SCIENCE CLUB, FHA, 4-H AND RAINBOW AND PLAYS IN THE BAND. BOTH KATHY & JEAN ATTENDED MUSIC CAMP AT THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE GARDENS LAST SUMMER WHERE JEAN TOOK CORONET & KATHY TWIRLING. JEAN ALSO APPLIED AND WAS ACCEPTED TO ATTEND THE HIGH SCHOOL SPEECH CAMP FOR THREE WEEKS AT THE UNIVERSITY IN MISSOULA LAST SUMMER. I MARVEL AT THIS GENERATION THAT CAN DO & LEARN SO MUCH & STILL ENJOY THEMSELVES. MARIBETH IS 13 (THIRTEEN AGE GIRLS & BELIEVE ME THEY KEEP THINGS LIVELY) AND AN 8TH GRADER. SHE IS A JR. HIGH CHEERLEADER, IS IN 4-H & RAINBOW AND PLAYS HER FLUTE IN THE HIGH SCHOOL BAND. SHE ENJOYS THE PIANO AND IS STILL TAKING LESSONS. AND SHE STILL HAS TIME TO HELP HER MOTHER. PEPPER IS 8 AND AN ACTIVE 3RD GRADER. HE IS TAKING PIANO LESSONS WHICH HE REALLY ENJOYS. HE PLAYED LITTLE LEAGUE BALL LAST SUMMER AND TOOK SWIMMING LESSONS & LIKED BOTH. HE LOVES TO HAVE COMPANY AND PLAY AND BE A HELPER. MARIAN IS STILL BUSY IN EASTERN STAR AND ENJOYING IT, IS NOW MOTHER ADVISOR OF RAINBOW, A VERY RECENT PAST PRESIDENT OF LADIES' AID, STILL PLAYING A LITTLE BRIDGE NOW AND THEN AND MOSTLY JUST PLAIN BUSY KEEPING UP WITH EVERYONE ELSE. WE HAVE FINISHED THE ADDITION TO OUR HOME AND NOW HAVE LOTS OF ROOM, SO COME SEE US SOON.

MCCOLM, DOLORES & MARK: HERE I AM, ALMOST DOWN TO THE FINAL HOURS TO GET THIS TO YOU WITH A SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP--OF UNCLE SAM'S POSTAL SERVICE DOESN'T FAIL ME. MARK, LINDA AND I RETURNED A WEEK AGO SATURDAY FROM TWO WONDERFUL WEEKS SPENT IN THAT GREAT STATE OF HAWAII. WE HAD BEAUTIFUL WEATHER AND COMPLETELY RELAXED AND HAD FUN. IT'S A BIT DIFFICULT TO SHAKE OUR STATE OF "POLYNESIAN PARALYSIS" AND GET BACK TO REALITY, RAIN AND THE WORK-A-DAY SCHEDULE. WORDS SIMPLY CANNOT DESCRIBE THE WONDERS OF THE REUNION IN OCTOBER. MARK SAID THAT IT WAS THE "HUGGIN'EST, KISSIN'EST, CRYIN'EST" GATHERING EVER HELD--BUT HE ALSO ADMITS THAT HE HAD A WONDERFUL TIME AND WAS SO GLAD TO MEET AND SEE ALL OF YOU. IT CERTAINLY WAS A NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN TIME, AND WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED WITH FONDEST MEMORIES. SOMEHOW, DUE TO BETTIE'S AND PEG'S EFFORTS THROUGH THESE MANY YEARS, IT WAS ALMOST AS IF 25 YEARS HAD NOT GONE BY. MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT THE TIME WAS SO SHORT THERE WAS NOT TIME FOR A LONG ENOUGH VISIT WITH EVERYONE. I WAS REMINDED AGAIN LAST NIGHT OF THE PASSING YEARS AS I RESCUED MY PI PHI PIN FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY JEWELRY DRAWER AND POLISHED IT, SO THAT PRECIOUS DAUGHTER OF OURS COULD WEAR IT WHEN SHE'S INITIATED INTO THE PI PHI CHAPTER HERE TOMORROW. BELIEVE IT OR NOT THE DATE ENGRAVED ON THE BACK IS 1-9-37----A MERE 29 YEARS AGO. I PROBABLY SHOULD PUT IN A PLUG AND ADMIT THAT THE FACT THAT IT STILL GLISTENS SO BEAUTIFULLY AND IS SO LOVELY IS DUE TO THE EXCELLENT WORK OF THE BALFOUR COMPANY. I MUST ADMIT THAT I'M DELIGHTED THAT IT IS GOING TO RECEIVE SOME ADDITIONAL WEARING. PLEASE,--LET'S NOT WAIT ANOTHER 25 YEARS FOR THE NEXT REUNION--DOUBT IF I WOULD MAKE IT. OUR THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO CAME, THE COMMITTEE WHO WORKED TO MAKE IT A SUCCESS--AND MOST OF ALL TO YOU BETTIE AND PEG FOR MAKING IT POSSIBLE. OUR VERY BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY, HEALTHFUL AND PROSPEROUS 1966 FOR YOU ALL.

MENZEL, ROSE & HERMIE: WE HAVE HELD AIRLINE SPACE SINCE AUGUST FOR ANOTHER HOLIDAY VACATION IN MEXICO. HOWEVER, WE'RE BEING FORCED TO CANCEL OUT AS WE HAVE FOUND OUT EVERYWHERE "THERE IS NO ROOM IN THE INN." WE HAD A HUGE LIST OF HOTELS AND EACH LETTER CAME BACK "BOOKED TO CAPACITY" SO WE'LL TRY AGAIN ANOTHER YEAR. THE PAST SEASON WAS INDEED A CHALLENGING ONE FOR US. HERMIE WAS MADE THE NEW WESTERN AIRLINE AGENT FOR THE NEW AIRPORT AT WEST YELLOWSTONE. AT THE SAME TIME, THE YELLOW-

STONE PARK COMPANY AND AVIS RENT-A-CAR MOVED THEIR OFFICES INTO OUR STORE. WITH ALL THIS PLUS GREYHOUND, PLUS THE STORE TO RUN, WE WERE TWO BUSY KIDS. THINGS SEEMED TO GO SMOOTHLY, BUT WE JUST DIDN'T HAVE A MINUTE TO BREATHE, AND AS I SAID BEFORE, WE STILL HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP. WE ENJOYED SEEING SO MANY FRIENDS THIS PAST YEAR. WE WERE PARTICULARLY PRIVILEGED TO GET REACQUAINTED WITH ARMY FRIENDS WHOM WE HADN'T SEEN SINCE WORLD WAR II. AT HOMECOMING THIS FALL, WE SAW SO MANY FRIENDS WHO RETURNED FOR A SPECIAL REUNION. TO HAVE ABOUT SIXTY OF US GROUPED TOGETHER AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WAS A THRILL TO SAY THE LEAST. IT'S A TIME WE'LL NEVER FORGET! KURT, NOW SIXTEEN, AND CRAIG, TEN, KEEP US HOPPING ALL THE TIME. THEY'RE GROWING UP SO FAST, WE'RE TRYING TO ENJOY EACH MOMENT WITH THEM. WE ARE GOING TO THE GIFT SHOW THIS MONTH. WE WENT TO SALT LAKE LAST MONTH TO A WESTERN AIRLINE MEETING.

ROSSITER, BERTHA AND DAVE: WASN'T IT A DANDY REUNION? TO THINK THAT MANY OF THE OLD GRADS WOULD GO TO THE TROUBLE AND EXPENSE OF SHOWING UP--SOME FOR SUCH DISTANCES, TOO. IT IMPRESSED ME THAT THERE MUST BE SOME SORT OF BOND THAT GOES WITH MSC (WOOPS, M.S.U.) THAT ISN'T IN EVIDENCE IN MOST SCHOOLS. AM GLAD NONETHELESS THAT WE (BERTHA AND I) WERE SMART ENOUGH TO LEAVE WHEN BOOLA-BOOLA WAS STARTED UNDER THE SOMEWHAT QUESTIONABLE LEADERSHIP OF GATES--AND BEFORE THE KENNEDY-STYLE ANTICS ON BOWLING GREEN AT 3 A.M. (THAT SMACKS OF PAPPIN RATHER THAN GATES). AND DID YOU NOTICE THAT NO ONE SEEMED TO MISS EITHER BRANDON OR YOVETICH--THE LATTER TOO TIGHT TO STAY HOME AND ACCEPT HIS COLLECT CALL? AND DID THE GRANTHAMS EVER GET TO SLEEP IN THEIR ROOM? OR DID THE PEOPLE FOR 2 DOORS AROUND? AND I THINK YOUR CHOICE OF GATES, ROSSITER, PAPPIN - AND STEVENS, FOR M. C. AT THE BANQUET, WAS A GOOD ONE--AND THE COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS COULDN'T BE BEAT AND SHOULD BE CONGRATULATED AGAIN AT THIS TIME. ALL IN ALL, A GOOD SHOW! ANYONE WHO HAPPENS TO BE IN SUN VALLEY THE WEEK OF JAN. 23 - 30 SHOULD LOOK FOR BERTHA AND ME AT THE CHALLENGER INN WHERE WE HOPE TO BE LEARNING TO SKI AT THAT TIME. GUARANTEE TO BUY A DRINK. HOPE TO SEE ALL OF YOU AGAIN BEFORE THE 50TH.

SHINN, MILLIE AND SHIRL: ALL THE KIDS TEENAGERS NOW. WHAT A HOUSE FULL OF TEENAGE GOINGS ON--BUT FUN. MISSED THE BIG REUNION--MUST OF BEEN A GOODY. THIS IS TIME OF YEAR WE SHOULD HAVE MORE TIME TO WRITE LONGER LETTERS AND NOTES TO ALL THE OLD FRIENDS WE'VE NEGLECTED THE PAST YEARS. ANYWAY HOPE THIS FINDS YOU IN FINE FORM AND READY FOR ANOTHER YEAR. WE HAVE TAKEN UP SCUBA DIVING ALONG WITH OTHER VICES SUCH AS HUNTING, FISHING, FLYING ETC.

STUCKY, LORRAINE AND BILL: OUR LAST YEAR WENT ALONG AT A NORMAL CLIP FOR A FAMILY OF SIX, I SUPPOSE. SUSAN FINISHED HER FRESHMAN YEAR AT THE U. OF UTAH IN SALT LAKE CITY AND LOVED EVERYTHING ABOUT IT. FALL QUARTER SHE WORKED VERY HARD IN BALLET AND WAS GIVEN A SMALL PART IN THE "NUTCRACKER SUITE" PERFORMED BY THE UTAH CIVIC BALLET IN S.L. CITY. SO SHE WAS NOT AT HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. WE ALL MISSED HER TO SAY THE LEAST. BILL, BRYAN AND I WENT OUT TO SEE ONE OF THE PERFORMANCES AND IT WAS DELIGHTFUL. WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN WITHOUT HER IN IT. SHE'S HAVING A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE. I WISH ALL 19 AND 20 YR OLDS COULD HAVE SO MUCH FUN--HARD WORK, TOO, BUT SHE DOES LIKE IT MUCH. I WONDER IF JIM STEPHENS SAW THE BALLET THIS CHRISTMAS. ROGER IS FINISHING UP HIS SENIOR YEAR THIS YEAR. HE PLAYED FOOTBALL ON THE VARSITY SQUAD. I WISH HE WOULD WORK AS HARD AT EVERYTHING AS HE DID AT FOOTBALL. WE DIDN'T MISS A GAME AND I SUFFERED FOR THE PLAYERS. I NOTICED A LITTLE ARTICLE IN THE D. MOINES REGISTER THE OTHER DAY ABOUT SUE AND LOWELL HUTTONS' SON. MY HEART HURTS SO FOR THEM. LAST SUMMER ROGER AND TWO OF HIS GOOD FRIENDS DROVE TO MONTANA AND SPENT TWO WEEKS AT OUR CABIN ON SWAN CREEK. WHAT A TIME THEY HAD. I IMAGINE THE CANYON HASN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE. NEXT SUMMER HE PLANS TO WORK SO HE CAN GO TO IOWA STATE U. AT WHICH HE HAS BEEN ACCEPTED. SO BILL APPLIED FOR A YEAR'S STUDY AT BERKLEY! IF HE'S ACCEPTED DAVE, BRY AND BILL AND I WILL BE THERE, SUE IN UTAH AND ROGER HERE IN AMES. AND AWAY WE GO! DAVE, OUR BUSY SOPHOMORE, IS DREAMING THE DAYS AWAY UNTIL THE 28TH OF THIS MONTH, ON WHICH DATE HE WILL BE 16 AND CAN GET HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE. I'M THINKING ABOUT IT BUT IT'S NO DREAM. HE, TOO, PLAYED FOOTBALL--SOPHOMORE--AND IS NOW OUT FOR WRESTLING. HE LOVES TO DANCE, DOES SO WELL, AND I'M GLAD I CAN'T GO TO THE HIGHSCHOOL PARTIES TO WATCH HIM. HE AND SUE EMBARRASSED ME WHEN THEY DANCED HERE IN THE KITCHEN. BRYAN, OUR DELIGHTFUL TEN YEAR OLD, KEEPS THE HOUSE GAY AND HAPPY. SUCH A WONDERFUL AGE. HE IS A FIFTH GRADER ALREADY LOOKING AHEAD TO 6TH GRADE. HE HAD A

WONDERFUL TIME WITH SUE IN SALT LAKE CITY. WE WERE IN BOZEMAN ONE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. BILL HAD A MEETING WITH DEAN HUFFMAN AT THE UNIVERSITY. WE VISITED HIS FATHER WHO IS NOT TOO WELL. WE HAD TIME TO CHAT BRIEFLY WITH MARTINS, BODLEYS AND MENZELS. AND THEN WE CAME HOME. IT WAS MUCH TOO SHORT A VISIT! COME SUMMER WE HOPE TO HAVE 2 OR 3 WEEKS THERE. BILL WAS TERRIBLY IMPRESSED BY THE PICTURE OF THE PEOPLE AT THE RE-UNION. HE COULDN'T GET OVER HOW MUCH BETTER LOOKING THE GIRLS ARE AND HOW MUCH OLDER THE MEN LOOK. I GUESS WE GIRLS ARE JUST LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH NICE GUYS TO WORK SO HARD TO KEEP US LOOKING YOUNGER--HUH? WE SURELY WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY TO BE AT THE REUNION BUT WE HAD TOO MUCH TO DO HERE. YOU TWO GALS ARE TO BE COMPLIMENTED ON THE SUPERB JOB YOU HAVE DONE IN KEEPING ALL THE GROUP IN CONTACT.

TERRETT, JUNE: WELL, WASN'T THE REUNION SIMPLY WONDERFUL? I HAVE RELIVED IT SO MANY TIMES AND THOUGHT OF SO MANY PEOPLE AND INCIDENTS THAT I ESPECIALLY WANTED TO MENTION IN THIS ISSUE OF THE NEWS LETTER AND NOW THAT THE TIME HAS COME I FIND IF I DID THAT I WOULD SIMPLY BE WRITING A MINUTE-BY-MINUTE DIARY OF THE WEEK-END. NEVER HAVE I ENJOYED SUCH A HEART-WARMING TWO DAYS. BETTIE, AND PEG, AGAIN OUR THANKS FOR THE TREMENDOUS JOB OF KEEPING US TOGETHER AND FLIT AND MIDGE, I DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF US REALLY REALIZE THE HOURS YOU TWO PUT INTO THE PLANNING AND PREPARATIONS. MANY, MANY THANKS. I FIND THE LONGER I AM WITHOUT A MAN AROUND THE HOUSE THE MORE PROFICIENT I BECOME AT SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TASKS. LIKE THIS LAST CHRISTMAS. AFTER BEING TOLD BY THE STORES DOWNTOWN THAT FATHERS WERE TAKING OVER THEIR SON'S CAR RACING SETS FASTER THAN THEY USED TO TAKE OVER THEIR ELECTRIC TRAINS I BLITHELY BOUGHT A BIG, COMPLICATED ONE FOR MY SON. I HAD AN AWFULLY PECULIAR FEELING IN THE PIT OF MY STOMACH WHEN I LOOKED IT OVER AFTER HE HAD OPENED IT AND SAW THE ABSOLUTE MAZE OF WIRES AND PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS PRINTED IN GREEK! BUT, AFTER ENDLESS HOURS OF BRAIN TAXING AGONY AND WITHOUT CALLING IN THE BOY NEXT DOOR THE THING BEGAN TO RUN, AND FORWARD TOO, NOT BACKWARD. I WOULDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR THE CHANCES OF ANY PEDESTRIAN THAT MIGHT WANDER ONTO THE TRACK BUT SON, JACK, THINKS IT IS THE MOST SO, WHEW! MOTHER AND THE KIDS ARE ALL FINE AND THE GRANDDAUGHTER IS ALREADY GROWING UP TOO FAST. WHERE DOES THE TIME GO?

TURNER, JANE AND CHUCK: WILL HAVE DICK AND FAMILY HERE FOR CHRISTMAS. ONE YEAR OLD STEPHANIE AND 5 YEAR OLD ROSS WILL REALLY ADD TO THE HOLIDAY SEASON. WITH 11 IN OUR HOUSE IT WILL BE ANYTHING BUT QUIET. VAL IS IN 3RD YEAR OF TEACHING AND ADVANCED TO THE 3RD GRADE ~~SOME IS~~ PROGRESSING. ~~MARIE~~ PITTSBURG AREA AND BEING A HOUSEWIFE. ANN AND CAROLYN ARE 1ST AND 2ND YEAR AT PENN STATE, LEE A 2ND GRADER IN A NEW SCHOOL JUST ONE BLOCK AWAY FROM OUR HOUSE. JANE BUSY AT MANY THINGS AND HAS GREAT THINGS GOING FOR THIS BIG FAMILY GATHERING.

VADHEIM, MIDGE AND AL: GREETINGS! WE LOVED SEEING ALL OF YOU WHO CAME FOR THE REUNION. WE DO REGRET THERE WASN'T A 100% ATTENDANCE AND THAT WE VADHEIMS DIDN'T HAVE ALL OF YOU IN OUR HOME FOR A BRUNCH THAT CERTAIN SUNDAY A.M. HOWEVER, WE ENJOYED YOU ALL SO MUCH WE COULDN'T STAY HOME TO MAKE THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS. IT WAS TRULY A PLEASURE SEEING YOU. DO COME AGAIN BEFORE FATHER TIME SNEAKS BY TOO MANY YEARS. FLIT AND I HAD A FEW DOLLARS LEFT FROM THE REUNION DINNER AS MSU PAID SOME OF THE EXPENSES. AFTER BUYING A GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR ED PEGRAM WE DONATED THE REMAINING MONIES TO THE MSU ALUMNI ASSOCIATION. AL AND I ARE WONDERING WHO HAS THE CLEANEST NAVEL? THE LAST WE SAW OF THE BELLY BUTTON BRUSH AND KIT, JOHN AND DAVE WERE TRYING TO PUT THE BRUSH TO USE. JOHN, TRY EXPLAINING THIS TO CHRISSIE. WE RECOMMEND ALL OF YOU GET IN CONDITION AND SHAPE FOR THE NEXT REUNION. HOW ABOUT 1970? THANK YOU FOR COMING AND MAKING THE 25TH YEAR REUNION SO SUCCESSFUL. GOD BLESS ALL OF YOU AND OUR BEST WISHES FOR THE BEST OF 1966.

WAITE, JEANNE: I REALLY GOT CAUGHT IN SOMETHING THIS YEAR--MAILED VERY FEW CHRISTMAS CARDS AND ALMOST MISSED NEW YEAR'S TOO. REGARDLESS - THE WISH IS JUST AS SINCERE AS THO IT WEREN'T SO TARDY--A GOOD 1966 TO EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOU AND YOURS. 1965 WAS A GREAT YEAR AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED. IT STARTED WITH 2 MONTHS THIS SPRING IN NEW YORK WITH MY BROTHER. HOW I ENJOYED IT--PLUS THE FAIR--WHICH I THOUGHT WAS SUPER. NEXT A DELIGHTFUL TRIP THRU YELLOWSTONE--SUCH FUN SEEING PURDY'S, EAGLES AND MENZELS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. AND THEN CAME THE HILIGHT--THE REUNION--YOU WHO MISSED IT SHOULD NEVER FORGIVE YOURSELF. YOU WHO WERE THERE--WASN'T IT BEYOND BELIEF? EVERYONE WAS JUST AS WE WANTED THEM TO BE. A ND WHAT LAUGHS WE ALL HAD. THE BEST WAS WHEN WE ALL DROVE TO THE AIRPORT TO GIVE GATES A PROPER SEND-OFF--AND WE SUCCEEDED--

LOST HIS HAT--FORGOT HIS BRIEF CASE--AND WAS REALLY RUFFLED--TO THOSE WHO ORGANIZED IT ALL, THE GREATEST "THANK YOU" POSSIBLE--AND FOR BETTIE AND PEG AND ALL THEIR HARD WORK ALL THESE YEARS--WELL NO WORDS ARE BIG ENOUGH. ENDED UP THE YEAR WITH A FIVE WEEK JANNT IN CALIFORNIA. CAUGHT IN THE FLOODS AND THAT "UNUSUAL" WEATHER, BUT HAD A GREAT TIME REGARDLESS. NOW I MUST CLIP MY OWN WINGS AND STAY PUT FOR AWHILE. REMEMBER, I'M STILL IN THE PHONE BOOK IF ANY OF YOU EVER COME TO THE "GEOGRAPHIC CENTER OF THE STATE!"

WEBER, JERRY: I APOLOGIZE FOR NO CHRISTMAS CARD. IT'S HOME AND IF YOU INSIST WILL SEND IT. I GOT THROUGH ABOUT THREE QUARTERS OF THE ALPHABET AND THEN GAVE UP THE LAST WEEK, BUT I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU WON'T DROP ME FROM THE NEWSLETTER FOR BEING LATE. I AM SO ANXIOUS TO HEAR ALL ABOUT THE REUNION THIS YEAR. I'M STILL DISAPPOINTED I DIDN'T MAKE IT. AS IT TURNED OUT I HAD TO FLY HOME UNEXPECTEDLY ON OCT. 23 AS MY FATHER WAS UNDERGOING SURGERY. ALL DURING THE FLIGHT I KEPT FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF BECAUSE I WASN'T IN BOZEMAN WATCHING THE REST OF YOU LIVE IT UP. I WAS REROUTED THROUGH BILLINGS BUT DIDN'T ATTEMPT TO CALL THE MARSHALLS OR THE ORTONS AS I KNEW WHERE THEY WOULD BE SO I JUST SAT IN A CORNER IN THE AIRPORT BAR FOR ABOUT 15 MINUTES WATCHING THE NOTRE DAME-SC GAME ON TELEVISION. THE ONLY THING THAT KEPT ME FROM BEING DEPRESSED WAS THAT NOTRE DAME WAS WINNING. MIDGE VADHEIM SENT ME THE PICTURE AND I HAVE HAD A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL TIME LOOKING AT IT MANY, MANY TIMES. SO FAR I HAVEN'T PUT A NAME ON EVERY FACE BUT ON EACH ATTEMPT SOMEONE ELSE COMES TO MIND. AND I WOULD CERTAINLY LIKE TO SAY THIS FOR THE LADIES--WHO SAYS WE AGE FASTER THAN MEN??? EVERYONE REALLY LOOKS GREAT AND I TRUTHFULLY COULD SEE VERY LITTLE CHANGE, IF ANY. I HOPE THE NEXT 25 YEARS WILL BE AS KIND. I HAVE RECEIVED MY SHARE OF RAZZING ABOUT BEING LISTED IN THE RECENT COLLEGIAN AS THE CLASS OF 1943. (INCLUDING FRED ORTON). DON'T KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT BUT THE NEXT TIME THEY CAN MAKE IT THE CLASS OF 1945--I THINK IT SOUNDS GREAT!! NOTHING TOO STARTLING TO REPORT AT THIS END. NO TRIPS TO SPEAK OF EXCEPT I DID SPEND A DELIGHTFUL FOURTH OF JULY WEEK-END IN SAN FRANCISCO AND DID THE TOWN IN GRAND STYLE. WAS EVEN SIDE BY SIDE WITH DAME MARGOT FONTEYN AND RUDOLF NUREYEV AT THE WHISKEY A-GO GO. HE'S QUITE A SKETCH, BELIEVE ME, BUT SHE SIMPLY RADIATES BEAUTY AND CHARM. THERE IS MUCH JOY IN LA STILL OVER THE OUTCOME OF THE ROSE BOWL GAME AND HOW ABOUT MONTANA WINNING THE GRAND SWEEPSTAKES ON OUR FLOAT? FIRST TIME IN HISTORY OF THE TOURNAMENT OF ROSES THAT AN OUT-OF-STATE FLOAT HAS WON THE BIG PRIZE. I MOVED IN EARLY OCTOBER---PLEASE NOTE MY NEW ADDRESS.

WILLIAMSON, FLOSS & SHIRL: IF I HURRY I MIGHT GET IN JUST UNDER THE WIRE AND GET BACK IN YOUR GOOD GRACES AGAIN. NEEDLESS TO SAY, SHIRL ENJOYED SEEING ALL THE OLD GANG AT THE REUNION AND I ENJOYED MEETING THE ONES I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT ALL THESE YEARS. IT WAS FUN FOR ME TOO. ABOUT ALL WE HAVE TO REPORT IS OUR FIRST CHICK HAS FLOWN THE NEST. MIKE JOINED THE NAVY LAST AUGUST. FINISHED HIS BASIC IN OCTOBER AND FLEW HOME FOR A TWO WEEKS LEAVE. RIGHT NOW HE IS GOING TO AN ELECTRICIAN SCHOOL (UNDER THE NAVY PROGRAM) IN SAN DIEGO. SINCE THE SCHOOL WAS CLOSED FOR TWO WEEKS DURING THE HOLIDAYS, HE WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO GET HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, TOO. THE HIGHLIGHT OF PAUL'S YEAR WAS BEING SELECTED ALONG WITH 4 OTHERS FROM HIGH SCHOOL TO GO TO THE JR. NATIONAL SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS WHICH WERE HELD IN BEND, OREGON. HE FELT THAT WAS QUITE AN HONOR AND IS WORKING HARD ON CROSS COUNTRY AS WELL AS ALPINE SKIING, IN HOPES HE'LL GET TO GO AGAIN THIS YEAR. THEY'LL BE HELD AT WINTER PARK, COLORADO IN 1966. HE PLANS ON GOING BACK TO THE 320 RANCH IN GALLATIN CANYON TO WORK AGAIN THIS SUMMER. JON IS IN THE 8TH GRADE AND REALLY ENJOYS SCHOOL, SPORTS AND MOST EVERYTHING HE TRIES. SHIRL AND I KEEP BUSY AT OUR JOBS, KEEPING UP WITH THE KIDS, KEEPING THE LAWN MOWED AND DOING A LITTLE CAMPING AND FISHING. OF COURSE, HE STILL SKIS WHILE I KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING. I CAN'T GET SHIRL TO WRITE BUT HE SENDS REGARDS TO EVERYONE. IN CLOSING WE SEND OUR BEST TO YOU IN '66 AND HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LONG BEFORE WE SEE ALL YOU GOOD PEOPLE AGAIN.

WOLCOTT, BETTY & FRANK: I THINK THE REUNION MADE SOME SORT OF A RECORD--BROKE MANY OTHERS AND BEST OF ALL IT WAS JUST GREAT. HOW WONDERFUL TO SEE EVERYONE AGAIN. WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY BUT THANKS TO ALL OF YOU WHO MADE IT POSSIBLE AND ALSO--IS IT POSSIBLE TO DO IT AGAIN? IN LOOKING BACK OVER THIS MOST BUSY YEAR OF 1965 WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR OUR FAMILY'S GOOD HEALTH AND FRIENDSHIPS OF SO MANY FINE FOLKS. STEPHANIE HAS COMPLETED THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF HER INTERNSHIP UNDER DR. CHARLES KIRKPATRICK, A RADIOLOGIST HERE. IT'S ON THE JOB TRAINING & REQUIRES A LOT OF BOOK

"LEARNING" AND TESTS TOO. KEITH IS FINISHING HIS SENIOR YEAR OF HIGH SCHOOL AND WILL GRADUATE IN JUNE. HIS PLANS FOR GOING ON TO SCHOOL OR FULFILLING HIS MILITARY OBLIGATION FIRST ARE VERY INDEFINITE AS YET AND THIS DECISION WILL HAVE TO BE MADE IN THE COMING MONTHS. DEBBIE IS A SIXTH GRADER THIS YEAR AND IS GETTING TO BE ALMOST AS TALL AS HER MOTHER. HER BEST FRIEND MOVED AWAY THIS FALL SO THE LETTERS HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS BETWEEN BOZEMAN AND BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. BARBIE, OUR SECOND GRADER, IS LOOKING AND FEELING WONDERFUL AFTER HER TONSILECTOMY THIS FALL. SHE AND DEBBIE HAVE THE PACKAGES UNDER THE TREE ABOUT WORN OUT FROM PINCHING, SHAKING, AND RATTLING, BUT THIS IS PART OF THE FUN. FRANK AND I ARE BUSY AS ALWAYS TRYING TO KEEP TRACK OF OUR BROOD. HE RECEIVED HIS PROMOTION TO LT. COLONEL IN JUNE OF THIS YEAR AND TRAVELS ABOUT THE STATE AND TO POINTS OUT OF THE STATE ON HIS JOB. I AM NOW TRYING TO TEACH MY LARGE CLASS OF THIRD GRADERS HOW TO READ, WRITE AND DO MODERN MATH, AS WELL AS, DABBLING IN CERAMICS AND OTHER HOBBIES. AS A FAMILY WE TRY TO GET IN AS MANY CAMPING TRIPS, WATER SKIING EXCURSIONS, AS WE CAN. FRANK AND I PLAY GOLF WHEN TIME, WEATHER, AND FAMILY OBLIGATIONS PERMIT. AS WE NEAR THE END OF ANOTHER YEAR AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ONE IT IS FUN TO REMINISCE ABOUT ALL THE GOOD TIMES WE'VE HAD THIS YEAR AT FAMILY GATHERINGS, WEEKENDS WITH FRIENDS, AND A ONCE IN A LIFETIME REUNION WITH COLLEGE CLASSMATES.

LATECOMERS

ORTON, BEV & FRED: I SUPPOSE THE MAIN TOPIC OF DISCUSSION IN NEARLY ALL THE NEWSLETTERS YOU RECEIVE THIS YEAR WILL BE THE REUNION. IT WAS A GOOD ONE, AND SO NICE TO SEE ALL WHOM WE HADN'T SEEN FOR SO MANY YEARS. THERE PROBABLY NEVER WAS A GROUP WHERE EVERYONE HAD CHANGED SO LITTLE OVER A 25 YEAR PERIOD! GATES, OF COURSE, HAS AN EXCELLENT COIFFEUR ON THE SAME FLOOR AS HIS OFFICE, AND I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT THAT THE NEW TOUPEE LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING. CLEMOW APPEARS TO BE THE EPI-TOME OF PERPETUAL YOUTH. THE GRANTHAMS LOOKED THE SAME AS EVER AND SO DID ELOTA BETH. BROTHER PAPPIN'S STORIES STILL FOLLOW THEIR UNEXAGGERATED FORM, AND SHIRLEY CONDONES THEM WITH HER "THAT'S A LOT OF BALONEY" EXPRESSION. SNOOKS WOULD GIVE ONE THE IMPRESSION HE HAD BEEN EATING WELL WHEREAS MIDGE, I WOULD GUESS, HAS BEEN AL VAD-HEIM'S OWN TESTIMONIAL OF PROPER DIETING HABITS. JEAN HEINRICH, TOO. BUT WITH THE FAMILY SHE HAS TO WORRY ABOUT, I DON'T SUPPOSE MUCH DIETING IS REQUIRED. ALL OF THE GANG LOOKED GREAT, AND IT WAS MUCH FUN BEING TOGETHER AGAIN. I THINK IT WAS WONDERFUL THAT SO MANY TRAVELED SO FAR TO BE PART OF THE NEWSLETTER GRAND REUNION. THE MCCOLMS, GRANTHAMS, BECKS, AND SNOOKS FROM THE NORTHWEST JEANNIE FROM MILWAUKEE! CLEMOWS FROM BOSTON! PEG CLINTON FROM ST. LOUIS! ELOTA BETH FROM THE DENVER AREA! THAT BIG RED-HEAD FROM SALT LAKE CITY! ROSSITERS FROM SHERIDAN, MONT., ETC. THANKS TO ALL OF YOU FOR BEING SO NICE TO BEV. SHE DID APPRECIATE YOUR FRIENDLI-NESS AND ENJOYED MEETING ALL OF YOU. I'M NOT SO SURE I'D BE QUITE AS BRAVE IF THE SITUATION WERE REVERSED AND I WAS ABOUT TO ATTEND ONE OF HER REUNIONS! WE HOPE 1966 IS GOOD TO ALL OF YOU. HAVE A FINE TRIP, BETTIE. WE'LL LOOK FORWARD TO A POST CARD FROM TAHITI.

PAPPIN, SHIRLEY & BOB: ON THE WAY HOME FROM OUR FALL GATHERING WE WERE REVIEWING SOME OF THE CHOICER MOMENTS AND CAME UP WITH A FEW "FIRSTS" AND "MOSTS" LIKE THE FOLLOWING:

MOST CHARMING HOSTESS--WILMA
 EARLIEST RETIRING HOSTESS--WILMA
 PRETTIEST BLONDE--BETTIE E.
 MOST GLOWING BRIDE--WHO ELSE?--BEV ORTON
 MOST ATTENTIVE HUSBAND--ANSWER OBVIOUS
 COUPLE MOST PLEASED WITH THEMSELVES--THE WILSONS
 MOST TOLERANT "MC" UNDER MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES--DAVE R.
 MOST PERSISTENT HECKLER--THE ONE AND ONLY REDEYE
 MOST DETERMINED, ARTICULATE, AFTER DINNER SPEAKER--THE ETERNALLY
 YOUTHFUL GATES
 MOST STUNNING WARDROBE LEFT HANGING IN CLOSET--DOLORES
 MOST JOYFUL REUNIONER--JEANNIE H. & EVERYONE
 THE BANDBOX LOOK 24 HOURS A DAY--WHAT IS HER SECRET?--CORA B.
 MOST NOSTALGIC MOMENT--ELOTA BETH & PEGRAM AT THE ELLEN
 MOST TOUCHING MOMENT--PAPPIN TALKING TO BLONDIE LONG DISTANCE--
 COLLECT OF COURSE.

GAYEST PARTY GIRL FRI. NITE---JOYE M.

QUIETEST PARTY GIRL SAT. NITE ---JOYE M. WHAT HAPPENED??

CANDIDATES FOR THE "GOOD SPORT" TROPHY--ALL HUSBANDS AND WIVES WHO DIDN' T GO TO MSC BUT WHO LISTENED GOOD NATUREDLY TO ALL THE STORIES TRUE AND NOT SO TRUE FAR INTO THE NIGHT.

SPECIAL AWARD---A FREE CONSULTATION WITH DR. ROSSITER FOR ALL THOSE WHO ACHED UNBEARABLY SUN. MORN (FROM LAUGHTER) AFTER ATTEMPTING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE SAT. NITE DINNER CHECK WITH MAZIE & JOHN--NAMESLY BOB PAPPIN, PEG DURKIN CLINTON & JEANNE WAITE & AL GRANTHAM. WHO DID PAY THAT CHECK?

MOST INDISPENSABLE TRIO--WITHOUT THEM NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED--PEG & BILL & BETTIE.

MOST FLUSTERED DEPARTURE, SUN. NOON--JOHN GATES. QUESTION: HOW MANY KISSES DOES IT TAKE TO GET A MAN ON AN AIRPLANE?

AND NOW A RESOLUTION FOR 1966 INSPIRED BY A COUPLE OF PIERCING COMMENTS FROM OUR TESTIER MEMBERS--WE, THE MEMBERS OF THE MSC NEWSLETTER GANG HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE AND AGREE THAT ALL OUR CHILDREN ARE WITHOUT EXCEPTION THE MOST TALENTED, THE SMARTEST, THE MOST ACTIVE, PERSONABLE, OUTSTANDING, THOROUGHLY DELIGHTFUL GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE THAT ANY OF US ARE LIKELY TO MEET. THEREFOR, HAVING ACKNOWLEDGED THESE SELF-EVIDENT FACTS--BE IT RESOLVED--THAT--IN DEFERENCE TO OUR MEMBERS WHO

(A) DO NOT HAVE ANY CHILDREN

(B) ACTUALLY HAVE OTHER INTERESTS

WE LIMIT OUR "CHILDREN COMMENTS" TO NEW ARRIVALS (ROSSITER CALLS THIS THE HORMONE SURGE), NEW GRANDCHILDREN (INEVITABLE NO DOUBT) AND ANY OFFSPRING CHOSEN TO BE AN ASTRONAUT. THERE, DAVE, HOW'S THAT? WE HOPE 1966 BRINGS TO EACH ONE OF YOU "HEALTH, WEALTH & TIME IN WHICH TO SPEND IT."

STRONG, BABE: I SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS THE 15TH AND THE LETTERS ARE DUE TODAY, BUT WILL WRITE A NOTE ANYWAY AND MAYBE GET IN UNDER THE WIRE SINCE IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO GET TO BILLINGS. IT WOULD BE MOST INCONSIDERATE OF ME NOT TO WRITE AND SAY HOW MUCH I ENJOYED SEEING EVERYONE AT HOMECOMING. I'M ONLY SORRY THAT I WASN'T FREE TO PARTICIPATE IN SOME OF THE FRIVOLITIES AT THE 400 MOTEL. I HEARD THEY WERE REALLY FUN. YOU KNOW IT'S A BAD DEAL FOR THOSE OF US WHO WORK IN BOZEMAN BECAUSE WE HAVE TO BE ON THE JOB WHILE EVERYONE ELSE IS FINDING OUT WHAT WENT ON IN THE LAST 25 YEARS. SO I PROPOSE THAT THE NEXT GATHERING OF THE CLAN BE HELD IN SUN VALLEY OR SUCH. ON SECOND THOUGHT THAT'S KIND OF RIDICULOUS TOO BECAUSE IN ANOTHER 25 YEARS WE'LL ALL BE APPROXIMATELY 75 YEARS OLD! DOESN'T THAT SOUND REVOLTING! OR WE MIGHT ALL AGREE TO RETIRE AT THE SAME OLD FOLKS HOME. WE HAVE A LOVELY ONE HERE CALLED HILLCREST. HA. WELL, ANYWAY IT WAS WONDERFUL TO SEE EVERYONE AGAIN AND SEE HOW WELL THEY HAD ALL AGED OR SHOULD I SAY NOT AGED. I'LL BET EVERYONE WENT ON A DIET AND DRANK GERITOL IN ANTICIPATION OF HOMECOMING. IT WOULD BE VERY GENEROUS OF SOME OF YOU AGELESS BEAUTIES TO SHARE YOUR SECRETS OF YOUTH. AND I THINK IT WAS ESPECIALLY WONDERFUL OF THOSE WHO MADE THE EFFORT TO COME LONG DISTANCES, LIKE JOHN GATES, PEG DURKIN, THE GEORGE CLEMOWS, JEAN DUNCAN AND ALL THE REST. I THINK IT WOULD ALSO BE APPROPRIATE TO EXPRESS OUR APPRECIATION TO THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAKING ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS INCLUDING FLIT ANDERSON AND MIDGE VADHEIM FOR DINNER ARRANGEMENTS, JOHN GATES FOR PURCHASING AND COLLECTIONS AND DAVE AND BOB FOR MCING. BOZEMAN IS BACK IN THE OLD RUT NOW THAT YOU ALL HAVE DEPARTED. THE SALT MINE STILL NEEDS TENDING HOWEVER I DID TAKE A COUPLE OF WEEKS DURING THE HOLIDAYS AND SPENT THEM IN SCOTTSDALE ARIZONA WITH MY FOLKS AND MY KIDS. SHIRLEY JUST GRADUATED FALL QUARTER FROM COLLEGE "(COME LOUD)" SO IT WAS PART OF HER GRADUATION PRESENT. I WAS PRETTY PROUD OF HER CAUSE SHE DID IT IN JUST 10 QUARTERS. I'M MOVING INTO A DUPLEX SOON AT 301 S. WILLSON SO IF YOU COME DOWN PLEASE STOP IN AND SEE ME. THE WELCOME MAT IS ALWAYS OUT TO THE NEWSLETTER GANG. YOURS FOR MORE REUNIONS.

LATE LATECOMERS

ANDERSON, VESTA AND ERIC: (SPECIAL DELIVERY - 5¢ POSTAGE DUE--DON'T REFUND-YOUR LETTER IS WORTH A LOT MORE!!) A LONG DISTANCE CALL A FEW MINUTES AGO ROUTED ME OUT OF BED..MY USUAL LAST MINUTE SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER HADN'T ARRIVED IN BILLINGS, EASILY EXPLAINED BY THE FACT THAT I HADN'T WRITTEN ONE. HOWEVER PEG AND BETTIE ASKED ME TO TELL A LITTLE BIT ABOUT THE REUNION FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO COULDN'T COME. POSTAL REGULATIONS PREVENT ME FROM GOING INTO ALL THE SORDID DETAILS! WE ALL JOINED FORCES, FIRST, WITH A "BOOSTERS FOR OLD BOBCATS" DINNER. PATENT MEDICINES AND OTHER SAMPLES OF THERAPEUTIC DEVICES OF INTEREST TO OLD MEN WITH YOUNG IDEAS OR FADING BLONDES WITH AGING BODIES WERE DISPLAYED AT EACH PLACE AND "GRACED" THE SPEAKERS TABLE. EACH SUCH ITEM WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A MUSICAL TITLE APPROPRIATE TO IT. A PAIR OF CRUTCHES...I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU, DENTURES...I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN, EX-LAX...THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL UNWINDING, BROMO SELTZER...I'M FOREVER BLOWING BUBBLES, HEARING AID.. CAN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLING, CAROLINE, ABSORBINE...BRUISE IN THE NIGHT, CARTERS LITTLE LIVER PILLS...LIVER COME BACK TO ME, HORMONE PILLS...THAT OLD FEELING, FALSIES... CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER. THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE LOVELY REUNION MOTIFS. WELL YOU CAN SEE THAT IT WAS AN AUSTERE AND SERIOUS OCCASION. AN OVERSIZED BRA FROM ONE OF THE CHI O ALUMS (AS I RECALL) BORE THE TITLE DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE, AND MIDGE'S OLD MATERNITY GIRDLE, BEQUEATHED TO JEANIE, RATED BECAUSE OF YOU. HERMIE MENZELS DOCUMENTARY ON HIS PSORIASIS MEDICATION WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED. ALL OF THIS IS DIFFICULT TO PUT IN ITS PROPER PROSPECTIVE NOW AND REALLY NOT VERY FUNNY EXCEPT TO THOSE WHO WERE HERE. ROSSITER WAS THE ABLE, IF NOT STABLE, MASTER OF CEREMONIES. HE WAS ASSISTED, UNFORTUNATELY, BY PAPPIN, WITH NUMEROUS INTERRUPTIONS BY STEVENS. JOHN GATES TRIED TO MAINTAIN LAW AND ORDER AND DID CLIMAX THE EVENING IN A MOST DIGNIFIED AND SINCERE MANNER WHEN HE PRESENTED THE ENGRAVED TRAYS TO BETTIE AND PEG. EVEN THE WORST OF THE ALKIES QUIETED DOWN LONG ENOUGH TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO THE GALS. THROUGHOUT THE REMAINDER OF THE WEEKEND FESTIVITIES THE GANG GOT TOGETHER IN VARIOUS DENS OF INIQUITY, AND AT AN IMPROMPTU MIDNIGHT HOUR OF MUSIC WITH PEGRAM AT THE ORGAN AND ELOTA BETH SINGING. THERE WAS THE STREET DANCE AND FINALLY THE TENDER FAREWELL TO GATES AS HE BOARDED THE PLANE FOR WALL STREET, ARMS LOADED WITH TOUCHING MOMENTOS OF THE OCCASION. THERE WERE NO ANXIOUS MOMENTS, ALL FELT SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT DRS. ROSSITER AND VADHEIM WERE ALWAYS NEAR TO ADMINISTER FIRST AID. EVERYONE AGREED THAT THERE SHOULD BE ANOTHER REUNION, BUT FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO SEEMED MOST INTERESTED, I AM SORRY TO SAY THAT IT WON'T BE POSSIBLE FOR SOME TIME TO COME. THE BAXTER WAS DECLARED A DISASTER AREA BEFORE THE LAST ALUM CHECKED OUT AND THE IMPERIAL MOTEL IS CLOSED FOR REPAIRS, THEY'RE DOING EXTENSIVE RENOVATING IN THE AREAS ADJACENT TO GRANTHAM'S GROTTO. HAPPY 1966 TO ALL.

COEFIELD, VIVIAN AND JACK: SURELY HOPE THIS REACHES YOU ON TIME TO GIVE ME THE PRIVILEGE OF RECEIVING THE NEWSLETTER. THERE ISN'T ANYTHING SPECIAL TO WRITE FROM HERE. WE ARE ALL A YEAR OLDER AND WISER, I HOPE. SORRY TO HAVE MISSED THE REUNION BUT WISH WE MIGHT HAVE THIS SAME OPPORTUNITY AGAIN. WE PLAN TO SPEND 2 WEEKS AT SWAN AGAIN - JULY 24 - AUG. 6. ANYONE IN THAT AREA AT THAT TIME, DO CALL ON US - ELKHORN LODGE. MUCH LOVE AND BEST WISHES TO ALL FOR 1966.

GATES, CHRISSIE AND JOHN: HOPE I MAKE THE DEADLINE, BUT IF NOT PLEASE CONSIDER ME EARLY FOR NEXT YEAR SO THAT WE CAN'T MISS TWICE BECAUSE OF MY PROCRASTINATION. IT'S BEEN HARD TO GET GOING AGAIN AFTER THE REUNION IN MONTANA. FIRST I WAS JUST TIRED, THEN THE RELIVING OF MEMORIES AND FINALLY THE REALIZATION THAT THESE OCCASIONS DON'T HAPPEN OFTEN AND I'D BETTER GO BACK TO WORK. THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL TIME AND ESPECIALLY THE SEND-OFF WHICH EVEN BROUGHT COLOR TO MY ASHEN CHEEKS. EVEN IN 1965 THE CLASS OF 1940 LOOKED AWFULLY GOOD TO ME. OUTSIDE THE REUNION 1965 WAS NOT OUR GREATEST YEAR MAINLY BECAUSE OF CHRISSIE'S ACCIDENT. SHE IS STILL HAVING TROUBLE WITH HER BACK AND GOES TO THE HOSPITAL LATE THIS MONTH FOR SOME WEEKS OF FURTHER TREATMENT. IT MAY BE QUITE AWHILE BEFORE SHE IS 100% ALTHOUGH SHE SEEMS TO HAVE A FEW MORE GOOD DAYS THAN BEFORE. AS A RESULT WE'VE STAYED PRETTY CLOSE TO HOME. THE KIDS KEEP US VERY BUSY SO THIS IS NO PROBLEM. THEY GET MORE "INTERESTING" AS THEY GET OLDER DON'T THEY? JOHNNY IS 12, SUSIE - 10 AND SARAH 8. THEY ALL SKI, SKATE ETC. SO I'M GETTING QUITE A WORKOUT WITH CHRISSIE OUT OF THE RUNNING. JOHNNY BEAT ME TODAY FOR THE FAMILY SQUASH CHAMPIONSHIP SO I'M PASSE IN ONE MORE WAY. CHRISSIE HAS KEPT UP HER INTEREST IN THE HISTORY AND ART OF THIS AREA AND IS NOW AN OFFICIAL

GUIDE OF THE HISTORICAL PLACES IN PHILADELPHIA SPONSORED BY THE ART MUSEUM. COME AND VISIT US AND SHE WILL GUARANTEE A GOOD TOUR AND I WILL PROVIDE ASSURANCE OF A GOOD DRINK. IT WAS GREAT TO SEE SO MANY OF THE OLD GUARD AND TO GET A BREATH OF AIR TAINTED ONLY BY PUREST BOURBON. I HOPE WE CAN DO IT AGAIN AND SOONER AND WHEN CHRISSIE CAN JOIN THE FUN. BETTY DO HAVE THE GREATEST TRIP AND WRITE A SPECIAL NEWSLETTER TO TELL US ALL ABOUT IT. ESPECIALLY HONG KONG.

MACDONALD, JEAN AND JIM: (THANKS FOR WRITING ESPECIALLY FOR NEWSLETTER--YOU GET DOUBLE BILLING) HERE WE ARE RIGHT AT THE DEADLINE AGAIN. HOPE THIS REACHES YOU IN TIME, SEEMS LIKE I TEND TO FORGET THINGS THESE DAYS IF THEY AREN'T INCLUDED IN MY DAILY SCHEDULE. SCHEDULE FOLLOWS:

0700- ARISE (BRIGHT EYED AND BUSHY TAILED) HO HO HO

0800- SCHOOL (STILL BRIGHT EYED AND

1115- HOME FOR BREAKFAST (JEAN AND RICK NOT ON SCHEDULE)

1130- WORK (OH WELL)

1800- HOME FOR DINNER (REALLY THE BEST PART OF THE WHOLE DAMN DAY)

1900- BACK TO THE SALT MINE (STUDY TO THE UNEDUCATED)

2400- BUSHED.

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC., AND TO THINK I ASKED FOR THIS, MUST BE LOSIN MY MIND. AS A MATTER OF FACT THOUGH, THERE ARE A COUPLE OF GUYS ON THE CAMPUS THAT ARE OLDER THAN I AM. SAW TWO PROFESSORS YESTERDAY WITH A LITTLE GRAY AT THE TEMPLES AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT, WELL THEY MIGHT BE PREMATURELY, OH WELL MAYBE I AM THE OLDEST ONE HERE. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW, AS THE SAYING GOES. NOTHING MUCH ON THIS END. RICK IS GETTING THERE, NEVER SEEMS TO WEAR ANYTHING OUT, --CLOTHES AND SUCH JUST SEEM TO START BINDING IN THE WRONG PLACES. THINK HE'S PART GOPHER. HE BURROUGHS HOLES THRU THE POTS AND PANS IN THE CUPBOARDS, AND THE REFUSE LEFT OVER IS HARD TO BELIEVE UNLESS SEEN. THINK JEAN IS SLOWLY GOING OFF HER ROCKER. INCREASINGLY WHEN I GET HOME IN THE EVENING I FIND HER STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, PILED HIGH WITH DEBRIS, THE TIGER HAPPILY THROWING THINGS TO THE FOUR WINDS, MUTTERING ABOUT A LONELY ISLAND-BE BY HERSELF. CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, I WOULD THINK A DAY SPENT WITH THAT NICE LITTLE ANGEL WOULD BE PURE JOY. SORRY I WAS UNABLE TO ATTEND THE FUN AND FROLIC IN BOOZEVIL LAST FALL, SCHEDULE AND ALL THAT DON'T YOU KNOW. ANOTHER TIME I HOPE. WE LIKE MISSOULA VERY MUCH, HAVE A NICE HOUSE JUST A HALF BLOCK FROM THE LAW SCHOOL, AND WE'RE ABOUT 2 MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN. READ HANDY FOR BOTH SCHOOL AND WORK. DON'T KNOW WHY I DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN THE TWO. FOR ME THAT INSTITUTION IS DAMN HARD WORK. SPEAKING OF THAT, I'LL SEE YOU IN THE SPRING, THERE IS A RATHER LARGE PILE OF BOOKS AWAITING MY ATTENTION--BEST REGARDS TO ALL.

PURDY, ANNA LEE AND BUD: DEAR MESSIE, BESSIE AND FUD, IT MAY TAKE MANY PHONE CALLS AND PRODDING BUT HERE ARE THE FEW WORDS OF WISDOM (?) WE IN THE BANANA BELT HAVE TO OFFER. IT OF COURSE WAS GREAT TO BE TOGETHER AT HOMECOMING AND WE CERTAINLY DIDN'T MIND ALL THE INSULTS ABOUT WEIGHT, HEIGHT, AGE, HAIR, BEING CALLED A WINO AND MOST OF THE WORST CAME FROM THE WORST, FROM THAT QUACK SOUTH OF BUTTE. IT WAS TRULY A WONDERFUL REUNION AND AM CURIOUS AND SOMEWHAT TROUBLED ABOUT THE 50TH, BUT THEN I STARTED COLLEGE AT THE TENDER AGE OF SEVEN. ALL OF THE PURDY OUTFIT SEEMS TO BE OK WITH NOTHING MORE THAN NORMAL PROBLEMS. THE WEATHER HAS BEEN GREAT SO FAR AND THE SKIING POOR BUT AM CONFIDENT WE WON'T SUFFER FROM THE LACK OF SNOW. ALL OF OUR VERY WARMEST LOVE TO EACH AND EVERYONE OF YOU AND LET'S MAKE IT SOON AGAIN.

WINCHESTER, CAROLYN AND BURL: YES-I FORGOT! I WENT TO THE P.O. TO MAIL A NOTE AND INSTEAD HAD SHAWN'S GAME TO SEE, A PARTY, A WRESTLING MATCH, GAY'S CLOTHES TO PICK UP FOR A TRIP, CAR PROBLEMS--OH WELL. ROSE CALLED TO SAY YOU'D ACCEPT SOMETHING TODAY. YOU DESERVE A BIG HUG JUST ON GENERAL PRINCIPLES BUT SPECIFICALLY--WE WERE IMPRESSED WITH THE OLD GANG--THEY LOOKED GOOD--EVEN GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANOTHER 25 YEARS. WE SHOULD HAVE HAD ALL THEIR KIDS LINE UP--THEY WOULD MAKE A LOVELY PHOTO! MARK HAD SEVERAL INVITATIONS TO THANKSGIVING DINNER IN PORTLAND. TWO NOTABLE ONES, HOWEVER, ONE FROM VIVIAN COEFIELD AND ONE FROM AL AND WILMA GRANTHAM. THAT WAS ESPECIALLY NICE WE THOUGHT. HE IS MIGHTY HAPPY AT LEWIS AND CLARK COLLEGE AND SEEMS TO WANT TO RETURN NEXT YEAR -- WITH HIS BROTHER! WOE IS THE POCKET BOOK, SAID GOODBYE TO DAVID STOUT -- MARY DELL'S OLDEST. HE LEAVES TODAY FOR OKINAWA AND WILL TRAIN A COMPANY OF MARINES FOR VIET NAM. IT REALLY HITS HOME. HAVE A LOAD OF FUN ON THE ROUND THE WORLD TOUR, BETTIE. YOUR COMPANION IS IDEAL. SHE WILL MAKE THE

WORLD GO ROUND, IF YOU DON'T!

LATE, LATE LATECOMERS

STEPHENS, JIM: I'M A FEW DAYS LATE, HOWEVER I HOPE TO BE INCLUDED. MY TRIP TO BOZEMAN LAST FALL WAS ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR. IT WAS GREAT SEEING SO MANY OLD FRIENDS. IT WOULD BE NICE WHEN THE CLASS OF '42 SPANS 25 YRS. A SIMILAR REUNION COULD BE ARRANGED. SINCE I MISSED CHURCH IN BOZEMAN, I'VE BEEN STAYING AT HOME JUST SAYING MY PRAYERS.

TURNER, JANE AND CHUCK: (ED. NOTE: USED CHRISTMAS CARD GREETING BUT SO GLAD TO GET A SPECIAL LETTER) FORGIVE THIS DELAY. I HAVEN'T CAUGHT UP SINCE OUR BIG CHRISTMAS. BIG, BECAUSE OUR FAMILY WAS ALL TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 7 YEARS. DICK AND FAMILY FLEW IN FROM COLBY, KANSAS TO SPEND 10 DAYS WITH US. IT WAS SHEER DELIGHT FOR ALL OF US TO BECOME WELL ACQUAINTED WITH OUR GRANDCHILDREN, ROSS AND STEPHANIE. VAL AND DUANE CAME FROM MCKEESPORT AND OF COURSE ANN AND CAROLYN WERE HOME FROM PENN STATE. THEY ALL DEPARTED ON THE SAME DAY WHICH PUT US BACK TO OUR LONESOME THREESOME AGAIN. HOWEVER, CHUCK SAVED THE DAY BY SURPRISING LEE WITH A 6 WEEK OLD MINIATURE POODLE. WE'VE ALL BEEN "IN TRAINING" EVER SINCE. OTHER HIGH POINTS OF 1965 INCLUDED A TRIP WITH FRIENDS TO QUEBEC AND NEW HAMPSHIRE, THEN TO CAPE COD IN EARLY SEPTEMBER WHERE ANN WAITED TABLE AT CHATHAM BARS INN, THREE BIG DAYS FOR LEE AT NEW YORK FAIR AND A FEW DAYS IN CHICAGO FOR THE NATIONAL TRUCK LEASING CONVENTION. KEEPING TWO GIRLS IN COLLEGE WILL KEEP US CLOSE TO HOME FOR THE NEXT THREE YEARS. INCIDENTALLY, CAROLYN HAS JUST PLEDGED KAPPA DELTA, SO WILL SHARE THIS EXCITING PART OF COLLEGE LIFE WITH HER "BIG SISTER" ANN. OUR BIG REGRET OF 1965 IS THAT WE MISSED THE GALA EVENTS SURROUNDING HOMECOMING AT M.S.U. YOUR LETTERS WERE SO VERY DEXSCRIPTIVE OF WHAT TOOK PLACE. I'M SURE MANY A YEAR WILL PASS BEFORE ANYTHING HAPPENS EQUAL TO YOUR CELEBRATION IN BOZEMAN. OUR THOUGHTS ARE WITH BETTIE NOW ON HER FABULOUS TRIP. APPRECIATION FROM THE TURNERS TO YOU BOTH AND ALL OLD FRIENDS WHO HELP MAKE YOUR ANNUAL NEWSLETTER POSSIBLE.

LATE, LATE, LATE LATECOMERS

RUSHING, SHIRLEY AND CLYDE: I LOOKED AT YOUR CARD AND REALIZED THAT I AM LATE--NOT TOO LATE I HOPE FOR THE RELEASE. I GUESS I NEED NOT DWELL ON THE REUNION. IT WAS ONE OF THE BEST WEEKENDS OF MY LIFE AND WILL SURELY FURNISH ME MANY PLEASANT MEMORIES. I WAS ONLY SORRY SHIRLEY COULDN'T MAKE THE TRIP. WE ARE PRETTY WELL SETTLED IN PORTLAND. SEE GRANTHAMS, BOB RUSSEL AND FAMILY AND THE CALLISTERS QUITE OFTEN. IT'S GOOD TO HAVE OLD FRIENDS IN A NEW TOWN. AM PLANNING ON A TRIP TO CHICAGO IN LATE JANUARY. HOPE TO SEE BILLIE AND BLONDY BRANDON AS I HAVE LOTS OF NEWS FOR THEM. WISH YOU FOLKS COULD MAKE IT TO PORTLAND ON VACATION. WE'D HAVE LOTS TO DO AND THE TWO RICKS COULD SCOUT AROUND TOGETHER. BETTER PLAN ON IT NEXT SUMMER. THANKS AGAIN FOR A WONDERFUL REUNION. I'LL SAVE MYSELF FOR THE 50TH.

EAGLE, BETTIE: GREETINGS FROM BILLINGS. I FLEW HERE FROM NEW YORK ON SATURDAY TO MEET THAT DEADLINE. WE HAVE BEEN GABBING A MILE A MINUTE SINCE AND ENJOYING YOUR LETTERS AND GETTING A LITTLE TYPING DONE. IT IS FUN TO BE DOING THE LETTER TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THREE YEARS. WE HAD A VERY BUSY SUMMER AT WEST--IN FACT, THE BUSIEST WE HAVE EVER HAD. THEN WE HAD A COLD, WET SEPTEMBER FOLLOWED BY A BEAUTIFUL MONTH ALL OF OCTOBER--MONTANA AT ITS BEST. HIGHLIGHT OF THE YEAR WAS THE REUNION IN BOZEMAN. HOW GOOD IT WAS TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU ALL IN ONE SPOT AT THE SAME TIME. PEG AND I WERE REALLY FLOORED WITH YOUR LOVELY GIFTS TO US. THEY ARE REAL KEEPSAKES. IN NOVEMBER I FLEW TO NEW YORK AGAIN TO MY SISTER'S ON LONG ISLAND. I STARTED RIGHT AWAY WORKING AT ARNOLD CONSTABLE'S IN THE GIFT DEPARTMENT AS I DID LAST YEAR. THE JOB HADN'T IMPROVED ANY BUT I STRUGGLED THROUGH. WITH THE ADDED SALES TAX, DISCONTINUANCE OF GIFT WRAPPING, A CUT DOWN STAFF, NERVOUS STORE MANAGER BECAUSE THE NEW A & S STORE HAS TAKEN MUCH OF THEIR BUSINESS, ETC., THINGS WERE QUITE HECTIC--ESPECIALLY AT CHRISTMAS TIME. I WORKED UP UNTIL THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS. ONCE A WEEK I CONTINUED GOING INTO THE CITY TO SEE THE DOCTOR AND

I HOPE WE ARE ABOUT THROUGH. I'M GOING TO BOZEMAN AND WEST YELLOWSTONE TOMORROW WHERE I WILL SPEND A FEW DAYS GETTING REORGANIZED AND THEN TO LOS ANGELES. ON JANUARY 31 MARJE PAISLEY AND I LEAVE THERE STARTING A 50 DAY TRIP BY AIR WITH STOPS IN HONOLULU, TOKYO, HONG KONG, BANGKOK, DELHI, CAIRO, ATHENS, ROME, MADRID, MONROVIA, RIO, LIMA & QUITO. WE ARE LUCKY TO HAVE QUITE A FEW GOOD CONTACTS ALONG THE WAY. THE BUSINESS OF GETTING PASSPORT, SHOTS, VISAS, ETC. IS QUITE AN EDUCATION IN ITSELF. LAST WEEK I PUT TWO DOLLARS ON A HORSE AND WON \$86.40. THAT WAS A NICE SEND OFF FROM THE EAST. BY THE TIME WE RETURN FROM OUR JAUNT IT WILL BE TIME FOR ME TO HEAD FOR YELLOWSTONE AND GET TO WORK AGAIN. I HOPE I WILL SEE MANY OF YOU THERE THIS SUMMER. "WEST" IS STILL A GOOD SPOT TO HAVE FUN. WE HAVE SUMMER THEATRE THERE NOW AND I HAVE ENJOYED KNOWING THOSE PEOPLE. PLEASE USE BOX 280, WEST YELLOWSTONE, MONTANA AS MY PERMANENT ADDRESS. BEST WISHES AND LOVE TO ALL OF YOU. (I TALKED TO GATES JUST BEFORE I LEFT NEW YORK. SORRY I DIDN'T GET TO LUNCH WITH HIM THIS TIME.)

TAYLOR, PEG AND BILL: THE YEAR 1965 WILL ALWAYS BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE REUNION, SO WE THINK THAT 1965 WAS TREMENDOUS! IT WAS WONDERFUL TO SEE ALL THAT WERE THERE AND WE REGRET THE ABSENCE OF THOSE WHO COULDN'T COME. THE GIFTS TO BETTIE AND ME OVERWHELMED US AND HOW WE TREASURE THEM! AND FLIT AND MIDGE OUTDID THEMSELVES AS CO-CHAIRMAN! WHAT WONDERFUL MEMORIES WE SHALL ALWAYS HAVE! OUR YEAR OTHERWISE HASN'T BEEN TOO EVENTFUL. WE VACATIONED FOR A WEEK IN JUNE IN BOZEMAN. TOOK THE TWO GRANDMAS ON A ONE DAY TOUR TO THE TETONS. THE WEATHER WASN'T TOO PROMISING, BUT WE STARTED OUT--PICNIC LUNCH AND ALL. WE HAD ONE QUICK GLORIOUS VIEW OF THE TETONS BEFORE THE CLOUDS SETTLED OVER THEM. LUNCH WAS EATEN IN THE CAR BECAUSE OF THE DOWNPOUR OF RAIN--BUT WE HAD FUN! AGAIN TO PRIEST LAKE IN AUGUST BUT AT A RESORT. HAD HOT AND COLD RUNNING WATER, ELECTRIC STOVE, HEAT, BATHROOM FACILITIES INSIDE, EVEN A SHOWER--YOU CAN'T SAY WE ROUGHED IT AT ALL! BILL DID SOME FISHING THIS YEAR AND WE HAD A COUPLE OF NICE TROUT DINNERS FOR HIS LABORS PLUS FRESH HUCKLEBERRY PIES. SPENT A FEW DAYS IN SPOKANE--TALKED TO SHINNS BUT DIDN'T SEE THEM. SHOULD HAVE MADE THE SPECIAL EFFORT AND MAYBE WE COULD HAVE CONVINCED THEM THEY SHOULD HAVE COME TO BOZEMAN FOR THE REUNION. HAD A NICE WEEK-END IN GREAT FALLS IN SEPT. WHEN THERE WAS AN ALUM MEETING. TRAVELED WITH LORET AND DON JORGENSEN (AND THEY ARE SUCH GOOD COMPANY AND FUN), SAW A GOOD FOOTBALL GAME, AND VISITED WITH LOTS OF ALUMS BEFORE AND AFTER GAME. BILL FLEW TO SAN JOSE WITH THE FOOTBALL TEAM ON A WEEKEND IN NOVEMBER AND SAW LOTS OF FORMER M.S.U'ERS AT THE GATHERING THEY HAD THERE. THE GAME WAS PLAYED IN RAINY WEATHER AND THE OUTCOME NOT TOO GOOD, BUT GOOD CHATS WITH OLD FRIENDS ALWAYS MAKES THINGS WORTH WHILE. TOOK IN THE SIGMA CHI DINNER DANCE A COUPLE OF WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND REALLY HAD A BALL! ENDED UP AT DOROTHY AND DAVE DRUMS (GATES' SISTER) FOR A DELICIOUS BREAKFAST AND GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY--IT MUST RUN IN THE FAMILY! HAD NICE HOLIDAYS--GRANDMA ROMAN WITH US FOR ABOUT 10 DAYS--BILL HAD A FEW DAYS VACATION COMING SO TOOK THEM AFTER CHRISTMAS. WE SPENT THE TIME WORKING A JIG SAW PUZZLE RICK HAD RECEIVED. OUR LOVE TO ALL AND A HAPPY 1966!

RYAN, DORA: DEAR GANG: DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO CALL YOU. IT WAS SO WONDERFUL SEEING YOU ALL, AND WITH NOT TOO MANY CHANGES IN ALL THESE YEARS. WAS GLAD MIDGE AND PEG TALKED ME INTO GOING TO THE DINNER FOR I WOULD NEVER OF SEEN ALL OF YOU. I KNOW YOU ALL HAD A WONDERFUL TIME, AND AM ONLY SORRY THAT EVERYONE COULDN'T BE HERE. IT WAS LOTS OF FUN FOR YOU, AND I'M SURE BETTIE AND PEG WERE WELL REPAID IN SEEING YOU ALL HAVING THE TIME OF YOUR LIVES. MUCH HAPPINESS IN THE NEW YEAR AND WITH LOVE TO YOU ALL.

SORRY WE DIDN'T HEAR FROM THE FOLLOWING EXCEPT MAYBE A NOTE ON A CHRISTMAS CARD:
BRANDON: "MY SINCERE REGRETS AT NOT MAKING THE REUNION AND NOT BEING ABLE TO ALSO EXPRESS MY APPRECIATION IN PERSON FOR THE WONDERFUL JOB YOU HAVE DONE IN KEEPING SOME GRAND PEOPLE IN TOUCH!" DANIELS, GRANTHAM: "THE REUNION IS STILL A WONDERFUL MEMORY--BUT HARD TO REALIZE ANYTHING SO GREAT COULD REALLY HAPPEN!! I'M ALREADY HOPING THE NEXT ONE WILL BE VERY SOON. WE HAVE TO GIVE THOSE WHO COULDN'T GET THERE THIS TIME ANOTHER CHANCE! IT MIGHT SOUND "CORN"Y TO OUR TEEN-AGERS, BUT WE HONESTLY BELIEVE EVERYONE LOOKED JUST GREAT AND "ALMOST" THE SAME. EVEN THE WEATHER WAS BEAUTIFUL!" MARSHALL, ROTH, STETZNER, THOMPSON, WILSON, WINANS AND YOVETICH.

THIS LETTER WILL GO TO EVERYONE ON THE LIST EVEN THOUGH SOME DIDN'T WRITE (YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY AGAIN - HA!) BECAUSE WE ARE GOING TO RESTATE THE RULES AND BY-LAWS FOR THE NEXT 25 YEARS.

1. NO WRITTEE, NO GETTEE.
2. TWO SUCCESSIVE YEARS WITH NO WORD FROM YOU PUTS YOU ON THE STINKER LIST.
3. "STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, DON'T LET A THING EVER CHANGE YOU". (CHANEL NO. 5)
4. EVERYONE SEEMS TO THINK ANOTHER REUNION IS IN ORDER BEFORE 25 YEARS ARE UP, SO LET US KNOW YOUR THOUGHTS ON THIS--
5 YRS. HENCE? 10? OR NEVER?

NOT TO SEEM REPETITIOUS, BUT WE WANT TO SAY THANKS FOR BEING YOU, AND FOR ALL YOUR LOVING WORDS, THOUGHTS AND DEEDS. MAY GOD BLESS!

LOVE AND KISSES,

BETTIE, PEG AND BILL

P.S. POSTCARD FROM MIDGE VADHEIM: "AS YOU RECALL THERE WERE MANY INQUIRIES ABOUT THE DECORATIONS (BRA AND GIRDLE) ON THE WALL BEHIND THE SPEAKERS TABLE. NOW THE TRUTH CAN BE TOLD. THE BRA WAS LEFT BEHIND WHEN THE PIPHI 'BOOSOM BUSTERS' MOVED INTO THEIR NEW HOUSE. THE RUMOR HAS IT THAT NO 'HAMMOCKS' CAN BE HUNG AND DRIED ON THE NEW PORCH RAILINGS. AS TO THE 2 WAY STRETCH IT WAS A PRODUCT OF THE ANDERSON HOPE CHEST."

ROLL CALL

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January 1967

Dear Old Gang:

The editors have been so busy catching up on news of each other that 30 hours have elapsed since Bettie's arrival and there are no stencils typed—just wagging tongues and coffee-logged. Best we get busy or we might get fired!

ALLARD, Marian & Ed: The deadline is almost upon us and we would, indeed, be most uncooperative not to do our share towards 100% participation after you so kindly included us with only news from our Christmas greetings last year. I can't say 1966 was the best year for the Ed Allards, but look forward to a good one in 1967. All the feminine members of the clan were hospitalized, including our 11 yr. old cocker spaniel dog. Kristen and Karlen both found that tonsillectomies may be simple surgery for the little ones, but no fun at ages 16 & 17. I had major surgery in July, but thankfully had a quick and complete recovery. We had a wonderful, but all too short, trip to Billings early in September. Enjoyed seeing Bud Purdy at West Yellowstone—first time since those MSC days. We do hope he is completely recovered from his accident by now. Sorry to have missed you, Bettie, but we didn't make West Yellowstone on our return. Tried to call you, Peg—but didn't find you there either. We were especially gratified to see Eddie's parents in such good shape, especially after an emergency trip to Billings in May when they were both in the hospital at the same time. We are quite a large group with 10 adults & 12 nieces & nephews. Saw everyone except Katherine Allard Crowley's oldest—who is now living in Germany & recently made the Crowleys grand parents for the first time. With our girls now junior & seniors we are investigating college catalogs. Being we don't have any Allard boys to play on the football teams, we are happy to observe the Drill Team activities. My parents still live in Berkeley—so with only 450 miles between our homes they usually share the holidays with us. My aunt, Mrs. Ben Dixon (formerly Bozeman) spent the holidays with us, too. During the holidays we took in the Montana reception in Los Angeles. They had quite a good crowd—and it was fun seeing at least a few familiar faces. I especially enjoyed seeing Eulaine Minshall (Billings). Last time I saw her was shortly after her first child was born. This baby is now 28, so time has marched on. She recently completed work for a degree in Architecture at USC. We also saw Myrle Thompson Linthacum, Isabel Sands, Marjorie Logan, Marilyn Rowe and Eddie saw no end of people he knew from Billings High days. Every year I hope Grace Williams and I will get together! With a first grandchild close by she probably won't venture far and I don't blame her. No news from Jean Duncan this holiday—first time ever—so hope all is well. We hope if anyone is in S. California they will get in touch with us. A wonderful year for everyone in 1967!

BECK, Cora and Ward: We received your reminder today as we are vacationing in Death Valley, California, at Furnace Creek Inn. Hope we are not too late. This Inn is pleasantly situated on a low mesa in the center of glorious Death Valley, we like its informal and friendly atmosphere. We play golf every morning and late afternoon on their sporty 9-hole all grass golf course. From 10:30 to 2 p.m. we swim in the naturally warm waters from Travertine Springs in their outdoor pool. It's so relaxing and we've had beautiful sunshine every day. Our children are home in school. Leslie a sophomore at the new Churchill High School and Ward Jr. home from Europe and will graduate from University of Oregon this year. We wish everyone a healthy, happy New Year.

BRANDON, Billie and Blondy: New Year greetings to you and the rest of the correspondents to your popular publication—may it be a banner one! We are just on the verge of recovering from the holidays and a most welcome re-aquaintance with the youth of the community. Our boy, Brandy, now in his third year at MIT has a remarkably tonic effect on his parents and we cherish vacations past and anticipate vacations future. Billie's birthday, 39th I think (?) came to pass yesterday and he was right on the dot with a telephone call. They tell me that members of the opposite sex appreciate little attentions of this nature. My sister Babe, one of them that is, and her husband, Tom White, had a short vacation in Bozeman this fall. And of course we learned that it is still lovely and growing by leaps and bounds. The two of them will soon be heading to Tucson for a little sunshine. We do run a

little short of that around here during the winter. Another of my sisters, Lillian, known to some of you has been teaching at Penn State for a number of years and she is presently on a study grant at the Smithsonian Institute—during her vacation? The school is operated on a quarterly basis and she takes her vacation during the winter. The athletic fortunes of the old school have certainly improved. I was able to mention on several occasions last fall that the almost small college champion was mine and at least get a glimmer of recognition. There is an amazing lack of information in these parts about our great state—Mansfield excepted. They were making the Chicago Tribune on quite a number of occasions. Snooks Rushing indicates that he will be in these parts early in the year and we are looking forward to seeing him. The last time he was here, we spent quite a little bit of his money including a call to Shirley which was grand. Billie and I both think sue's the most! I really think I could come up with a more graceful compliment but I have not yet shaken off my recent association with youth (see above). Montana's Pasteur, Rossiter that is, makes a lot of promises—hasn't changed a bit has he! Yovo is not too far away in Muncie, Ind. but our paths haven't crossed in some time. I can only say that the latchkey is always out! Despite some snide character who may mistake sincerity for redundancy, we again wish all of the best in the New Year. Like all the rest, we love the news letter. It tells us something of the past, present and future of all of you and it is intensely interesting.

CALLISTER, Dotty and Hague: Happy New Year to all. Like all we've had a busy year sharing in the successes and sadnesses of our friends. We have two young ones in college full of zippy new ideas, and when they come home to be guests they are sure their old parents couldn't possibly understand the new breed! They could be right! Our 14 year old is still at home and with her active life she keeps us from getting too "sot" in our ways. Hague was named Oregon Handicapped worker of 1966 by the Governor's Committee—we received lunch and a framed plaque to prove it. He also was made assistant Vice-President of the company. Oh well, some people just get a Bigelow on the floor! Now to me—I spend my time puttin' and takin'—seeing our wonderful Montana friends who had the foresight to move to Oregon. After a short hair cut for a new "me" in '67. The kids thought I had dyed my hair but the salt and pepper hairdo I have just comes naturally. Our very best wishes for 1967 to all of you, and may it bring you through Portland so we may get together.

CLEMON, Cherry and George: This year has been saddened by the sudden death of my mother just a few days before Christmas. At 88 she was still very active, keeping house, and constantly doing for others. How fortunate Cherry and I were that we had such a grand visit with her in Billings before and after the Class Reunion in Bozeman a year ago. With my brothers, Joe from Rochester, N.Y. and Bice from Hartford, Conn., we made our way to Billings on Christmas Day. After the service in Billings on the 27th, we took the cremains to St. Louis for burial and then home. Had a chance to talk briefly with Peg, Ellis and J.B. in Billings and Peg Clinton in St. Louis. This means that the home in Billings will be gone, but we still have many friends and an aunt there so hope to wander in occasionally. In September, Sue entered the University of Maine at Orono, Maine, majoring in Dietetics and thus far everything is going well. Cherry and I visited her once during the Fall and were somewhat miffed to find that she didn't really miss us very much. Allan is still at Penn State completing his masters thesis and has been asked to stay on for the Spring quarter as an Instructor in the ME Dept. I noted from the last newsletter that the Turners have two girls there also, but when we visited the campus, we didn't have their names. Did, however, meet a Balfour rep. who claims to be an old buddy of the McCols. (We are still waiting for them to give us a call when they make their annual pilgrimage to Attleboro, Mass.) With both kids away at school, Cherry and I jumped back a few years, bought a Mustang convertible and became more footloose and fancy free. In May we expect to celebrate our 25th at Bermuda. Anyone else going to be in those parts? We are all in good health and send you all our best regards for the New Year.

CLINTON, Peg: My intentions were most timely as you can see - but intentions don't always result in an accomplishment! And now here I am with a most meaningful deadline pushing me ever onward. Everyone please note that I am back in St. Louis (which I love) with a big welcome mat out for each of you. George Clemow exemplified the bond of friendship recently with a telephone call from the airport - after he extended much effort in locating me. I was sorry there was not time enough to see him. It was a disappointment also, that I wasn't able to see Shirley and Bob when they brought Laurie (their darling college freshman) to William Woods in September. The next time they come this way I hope they won't be headed for Montana as they enter Missouri! As a parent and a person who is "fighting poverty" (I'm working), this has been an eventful year. My son (my little boy) graduated from Westminster College, (Churchill Memorial here), was commissioned 2nd Lt. in the Army, and became engaged to a wonderful St. Louis girl--a William Woods graduate. Corky is at the University of Tulsa school of Law this year - hoping to complete a law degree before he goes into active duty in the Army. I am back in Admissions again and couldn't be happier. After two years on the campus, I knew I preferred traveling to being in an office - so now I'm set for the next twenty years! Do we really have to wait nine years for another reunion? To each of you I send my sincere wishes for your health, happiness and success during 1967.

COLFIELD, Vivian & Jack: So nice to get your card and once again a pleasure to answer. However, this has been an eventful year for us. Last January our Jeff entered the army for a 3 year enlistment. At present he is in Vietnam, so, of course, the holidays were lonely for us, but we are planning for a big celebration when he gets home this fall. He has been there 3 months and his tour is for a year. It is a sad thing that we must go through this ordeal again, but there must be some reason for it. We are very grateful that he is a radio man with a Military Police Battalion stationed at Qui Nhan. Was just chosen "Soldier of the Month" for his battalion for which he receives a \$25 bond and a free R & R at an incountry center south of Saigon. Alan is a Freshman at Linfield College which is a small private college only 38 miles from Portland. He is majoring in Biology and so far is doing well. Was to be on the wrestling team but was injured the first tournament to a degree where he must give it up for this year. He has a 3 hour radio show one night a week on the college station--who knows, someday he may be a star. Leslie is 8th grade and looking forward to high school. Is on the school volleyball team and is a Girl Scout. Father and I celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary, so time marches on. We do lots of golfing and each year enjoy a golfing vacation on the Monterey Peninsula. Also spend 2 weeks at Swan Lake. Anyone in that area between July 23 and August 6 look us up at Elkhorn Lodge.

GRANTHAM, Wilma & Al: 1967 finds us a year older but a year closer to college friends because these same friendships are more treasured as the years go by. During the past year we have shared many good times with the Callisters, the Rushings, and the Bob Russells--all such nice Montana people with sweet, lovely, pretty, fine, handsome and intelligent teen-age children! Saw many more Montanans at a get-together for dinner following a Bobcat-Portland State football game. Lew Thompson was in charge of that successful evening. Susan is a 17 yr. old senior in high school, happily busy in many activities and gaining honors here and there. Bruce is a 20 yr. old junior at Univ. of Oregon--and always wondering where and when he'll be called into the Service??? Al has had a most successful year with his company and in his community. He was given special recognition and a surprise award for spearheading some outstanding Chamber of Commerce activities as Chairman of the Forestry Committee the past two years. This surprise award was made the same day Al was in charge of securing and introducing Gov. Hatfield (now Senator) as principal speaker at C. of C. with some 500 in attendance! And, also, (sez the proud wife) he received the "Man of the Year" award from his own company for his business production. And Mother is just trying to be a good wife and mother--with many awards, many honors, and much satisfaction! Our best wishes to all of you for the year 1967.

HEINRICH, Jean and Walt: Has been a good year for all of us Heinrichs. We had our regular summer vacation cottaging in Northern Wisconsin. As with all of

you, our family is growing up—have a sophomore and a junior in college (an Alpha Phi and a Lambda Chi), two high schoolers, four grade schoolers and our oldest girl working in Chicago. No marriages yet but family getting larger with "special friends"—noticeable when we have 14 or 15 people for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Walt had kitchen redecorated and project mushroomed into an expensive deal with new cupboards, stove, refrigerator and dryer. The newest "live" addition to the family is a Siamese cat (declawed and castrated) who seems to like it here in spite of the noise and confusion. We didn't take a family picture this Christmas—must admit I wasn't very well organized this year. In fact, I still have over 20 out-of-town Christmas card to send. Some of my friends think I'm nuts (how right they are!) because I intend to send them some time before the 4th of July. Had cards from several of the Newsletter gang—were wonderful! Enclosed is snapshot taken on our 25th wedding anniversary (a quiet, pleasant family affair). Ann wearing blue dress, silly wine-colored hat, gloves and shoes (all from the original attire). My "get-up" provoked much hilarious laughter from the family, of course, but 'twas fun! Happy '67 to all you dear people! (Editors' note: Sorry we can't share the picture with all—it's wonderful!)

JACOBS; Grace and Hugo: As most of you know, Joanne is married and we now have a darling little grand-daughter named Cheri Ann. She was born a month and a half pre-mature so we're thankful she is healthy and strong. Mike and Joanne live near us so we get to see Cheri often. Rather fun being grandparents! John is a Senior in High School this year—hasn't decided on a college as yet. He works as Host at a nearby Marina Coffee Shop. Likes the free food and is saving his money toward buying a car. I had hernia surgery, John a tonsillectomy and Joanne a baby so we kept the hospitals busy—a first time for all of us. Hugo had some wonderful fishing on our Montana vacation last summer. Was fun to see Bettie and Rose down here last winter. Hope for a repeat visit this year. Best wishes for a happy and prosperous 1967.

JUSTICE, Edna and Jack: 1966 was a good year for the Justices even though it was primarily uneventful. We didn't take any tours of Europe, etc., and we didn't make a million dollars, but we all did maintain our good health for which we are most thankful. We started a Christmas Tree Farm this spring by planting 3500 trees. They should be ready for harvest in December 1968, and at that time we will invite the public to come choose and cut their own Christmas tree. We purchased the trees "bareroot" and believe me planting each tree by hand "with tender loving care" was quite a chore and then came the watering system and now we face the pruning chore. By 1968, I'm afraid each tree will have become so much a part of us that we won't have the heart to let anyone cut them down! However, we hope to plant more this year. We organized a volunteer fire department this summer. Living in the Canyon has its problems—floods in the winter and fire in the summer. The Ranger station is only a mile from us, but they are there only to protect the forests. If there is a structure fire, they make sure the forest is free of danger before the first drop of water is applied to a house. We are left without any protection whatsoever when they are called to fires in other areas; hence the need for the Big Tujunga Volunteer Fire Department. We called all the residents in the Canyon to a get-to-gether and were amazed at the response. We have several hundred families living up here and who they were was most revealing—a movie star, Sue Ann Langdon and her husband Jack Emrek—Jack is a script writer and Sue has appeared in several movies, she was on Johnnie Carson's program several times and Playboy Magazine ran a most "revealing" spread on her in a recent issue. We have a concert pianist living here, too—she bought her house and then found out she couldn't get her big baby grand piano thru the door! Then there is the cartoonist that draws "Pebbles" for the Flintstones TV series;—we have a lawyer, a doctor, several contractors and many retired people like ourselves as residents. In other words, at the get-to-gether, we went through 2 large kegs of beer and several pounds of food! It was most productive, however, cuz we now own a fire truck and have already tended one fire and stood by on several forest fire calls. As I said, it has been a primarily uneventful year but I didn't want to be one of those that

kept you from getting a 100% response! Best to all in 1967.

MACDONALD, Jean and Jim: Greetings once again from Missoula. It doesn't seem possible that we have been here over a year, but looks like we'll spend a full three years. Jim was accepted for the Law School in February after a year of practice studying (with good grades I might add), entered the "legal den of iniquity" in September, as did the three boys who are renting our basement. This I approve of, as their hours are all the same and they study in "cubes" at school. The volume of work is unbelievable. Our summer was rather uneventful as Jim was "on call" for flying on a Forest Service contract. We did have a beautiful trip to Polson, Kalispell, and around the lake on the 4th of July. Jan, Linda, and Shelley came in July from California, and in December Linda and Hank (just home from Viet Nam) arrived on their way to Georgia where he will be stationed temporarily. This has been our first opportunity to get to know Hank. In July when Shelley was here she decided she would like to enroll at the University in Art, so she came back in September, but now has decided to go to Chico State College in California her next semester. Jan and Gary live in Chico. And I cannot close without bringing up the subject of Rick. I refer you to the Dennis the Menace cartoons for comparison. Actually, the only big difference is Rick doesn't talk as much and isn't old enough for the sling shot yet. He's taller than average, but light according to the weight chart, and I know this is because of his unlimited amount of energy. He's never still. I do hope in another year I will be able to report that he has lost interest in kitchen procedure such as washing dishes and peeling potatoes, not to mention his enthusiasm for sewing equipment. However, we are so grateful for his super health. Jim saw a lot of old friends at the Bobcat-Grizzly game--Pappin, Wolcott, Martin, MacNab--even saw Mark Annin and Connie LaSalle whom he hadn't seen for years. Much fun! He took his only $\frac{1}{2}$ day off of the year for the occasion. We will spend Christmas in Missoula as we did last year. While Jim is permitted the Christmas vacation, the Law School is on the semester system, the first of which does not end until late January, so this vacation will allow good study time with no classes to attend. We all wish you the happiest of holiday seasons and a very eventful 1967.

MACNAB, Mel and Robin: All. fine. Weather clear; track fast. We are about to become grandparents as Duncan and Donna appear about to present us with a group of grandchildren. Either this or Donna should have the growth lanced. Our daughter, Gayle, was married to Darrel Choate in June and they are now living in Missoula while he achieves his Masters Degree in computer mathematics. Melborne is contemplating a ski tour to Europe in March if she can find someone to loan her the money. Meanwhile we have winterized our summer home on the Gallatin and in the Canyon and which we call "Good Medicine", and are contemplating moving up the canyon on a permanent basis. Our dog is fine, but now answers to an alias as the local police are searching for her in their dragnet. But surely the BIG THRILL of the year for us was Mel's return to the bridge wars where she will again astound the experts with her bridge prowess. In December she executed the rare 'inverted butterfly' squeeze on an unmakeable slam stemming from an ambitious contract resulting from employment of the Roman club bidding system which she has adopted. She also executed a Vienna coup and a rare Deschepelles coup in the same session to attest further to her status as a Life Master--as, indeed, she is! And a Happy New Year to you all. (Ed. note; this year's printed squib on envelope--REGISTER COMMUNISTS - NOT FIREARMS).

MARSHALL, Joye and Ellis: Delinquent as usual but this is not in anyway a reflection on our ardent desire to be included in the letter. The Marshall family life in 1966 was affected by several changes. Jim graduated from West High and received a Navy ROTC scholarship. At first he was accepted at U of Washington. Then their quota was full and he had to quickly apply to U. of Minnesota. This took a couple of fast trips to Minneapolis. Of course, we then had to see him after university life got underway so we found ourselves on a Northern Pacific football trip in November when Purdue beat Minn. and the Lions beat the Vikings. The other major change in our mode of life was the acquisition of a 15-foot vacation trailer.

This just forced us to take off every week end. We fished on streams we hadn't seen for some 20 or 30 years. We even parked our trailer behind the field house with the buses and saw the Fresno State game then took off for the Gallatin. In August, we took the trailer to St. Paul so Jim could pre-register. One of the highlights was to camp on the Stillwater next to Mr. Orton's permanently set trailer and have a fabulous Hammond week end with everybody playing the organ except me and I'm a good listener. The next morning Bev cooked and the gals served a marvelous breakfast on the patio under the shadow of the mountains and trees to the roar of the Stillwater river. (The only thing Fred missed was to show Jim and I how to catch those big trout). We have had a good year. Besides seeing Fred and Bev, Peg and Bill once in a while, we did have lunch recently with Chas. Jelinek, Jim Mills, Toughie Feldman, Fred and J.B. Annin. We missed Betty at West this summer. Joye, besides putting up with me, had to mow the lawn and keep everything up on the homestead so we could be gone over the week ends. Also, I might point out that this summer has been quite a change for a family that had tented once - the first and last. We couldn't find a bear-resistant tent. Needless to say we have a very quiet household with no teenagers and just Ma and Pa at home with a quiet telephone. However, the three grandchildren, twin girls 2 and boy 3, come down quite often and really liven the place up. P.S. from Joye: I would like to add that Jim has just pledged Alpha Tau Omega fraternity much to his father's chagrin even though he won't admit it! I also want to reply to Bob Pappin's little excerpt in last year's letter and say that at least I didn't carry a live rooster into the Finlen Hotel!

MCCOIM, Dolores and Mark: Here I am right down to the wire again. Guess you'd be disappointed if you didn't get a Special Delivery prior to or on newsletter deadline. We are all fine, busy and well. For some reason there is never quite enough time to do all the things that we feel that we would like to do. Mark has travelled quite a bit this past year. Occasionally I get to go along. Did go with him to a meeting in Toronto this fall, where he was elected National President of Theta Chi Fraternity, which we have found has added greatly to the extra-curricular activities. Should be a challenging couple of years. Linda, who will be age 20 in a couple of months, completed her first year at the University of Washington with excellent grades and deeply involved in campus and her sorority activities. She was home for Christmas vacation, and since she's close, we do see her occasionally, which is nice. My activities seem to consist chiefly in trying to keep things "glued together" at the office and home. Never seems to be a dull moment, but I've decided that's better than being bored. Our very best wishes to everyone for a happy and peaceful 1967.

MENZEL, Rose & Herm: Can't believe it's time to think of another newsletter, but thrilled at the prospects of receiving one. We had such a busy season and quite confusing with the bus and airline strikes. They even had us opening at 4:00 A.M. for a ten-day stretch thinking that would solve a few problems. They extended the Greyhound schedule and Y.P. Tours forty days this fall, so Hermie & I didn't move down to Bozeman until November 6. Looks like a longer season is the coming thing so guess we'll give each other "long Johns" for Christmas. December fourteenth was the Stucky's and our 25th wedding anniversary. Ironically, that was the date of Bill's Dad's funeral so he was in Bozeman. We had always planned on celebrating this date together, and although Lorraine couldn't come, we went ahead with the idea. I had the Bob Sinkins, Shirl Williamsons, Lynn Martins, Don Bodleys, Bill and brother Glen come for dinner. The Bodleys sent some beautiful roses; Bill brought in 2 bottles of champagne; and it became quite a party. Frank Wolcott arrived later in the evening. We have reservations to fly to San Francisco for the Christmas holidays. We are keeping our fingers crossed as our 11 yr. old Craig is home with acute tonsillitis. Happy New Year to you all and best wishes.

PAPPIN, Shirley & Bob: Just as we reach the period of life when we need more time, the years get noticeably shorter. At least it seems only a month or two ago that we were dispatching the news for '66. At this moment Bob is taking his ease in solitary splendor at our cabin up the Missouri. He departed with a

a week's supply of steaks, tobacco and magazines looking very smug and leaving envious friends and relatives behind to wonder how he can get along without us so well. Skied (I can't spell that word) in Red Lodge over New Years and sat down in the chalet opposite John Gates' sister, Millie. Had a nice chat but she didn't know much more about the Gates' than we did. We all had fun skiing but mother and father did some of their best in the chalet. However the Rossiters have offered to meet us some weekend in Bozeman and we're going to Sun Valley in March so maybe we'll make it yet. Oldest daughter is attending Peg's school in Missouri. Seems to be getting along fine except for the unexpected discovery that she is a Montanan and says she's coming back here next year. Her father couldn't agree more. After reading "The New American Woman" in this month's Esquire, it's hard to dispute the advantages of Montana or the other places that are out of the "mainstream". Maybe with luck we can stay out. Another thank you to Peg and Bettie and Bill for keeping us all in touch and the best of everything to each one of you in '67.

ROTH, Elota Beth: Time passes, children grow, and mothers age--with Tim engaged and scheduled for 31 weeks training in March with the Army Reserves as a Lab Technician I am sure of it. It will be back to Fitzsimons Army Hospital right here when he is through. Scott is glad - he wants to live with Tim and Shirley. Bart, Scott and Jeff kept me busy with football last fall -

Jeff on Sr. High varsity. Bart anticipated the years ahead and gave me a stadium seat for Xmas (my age shows!) I'm working too much and threatening to quit daily - maybe this summer as I feel Teri needs me at home - to say nothing of 6 year old Scott. Have a new nine-passenger station wagon so have to have a free summer to travel. To Dot Callister - the address is Aurora, Colorado not California - that zip code really works. To Snooks - that remark to Al Vadheim at reunion still smarts "Don't you think she's a nice gal - just a little more of her than when I last saw her" Well! There are now 15 lbs. less -- and HOW ABOUT YOU, SNOOKS?"

SHINN, Millie and Shir: Hello again from the Shinns. Our work in Spokane has kept us out of the poor house, but not into the 6 figure bracket. We have enjoyed the year past. Skiing when we can afford it on the various slopes around here. Mil and I spent a week at Brundage Mt. skiing last Feb--our first away without the kids. Summer arrived and then we enjoyed camping, fishing and water sports. Trouble is work interferes with pleasure. Fall rolls around and hunting and steelhead fishing accounts for the week ends. A trip to Billings for Thanksgiving at Mother Shinn's. Spend all the time there doing the little repairs that one has to do. A visit or call to some of the old friends and time too short - so back to Spokane. Our family busy and Susan 18 in college, Larry 16, High School - on track team, Christine 14, in Jr. Hi and they all seem to take more of our time the older they get. Best of everything to all of you till we meet again.

STUCKY, Lorraine and Bill: Hope I can get under the line. Our fall has been sad with the loss of both Emmett Stucky, Bill's brother, and also his father. The main purpose of our lives is to educate our kids--Sue is a junior now--still at Utah. Rog is a freshman at ISU--pledged SAE. Dave is a junior in high school and Bryan is a sixth grader. He's a real "mover" and sings in the choir, plays a trumpet, takes piano lessons, tries to wrestle and generally keeps all of us older people young. Mom is working at the ISU hospital on surgery call and really likes it. That helps to keep her young and also to fulfill the main purpose in our lives--namely trying to educate the kids! Bill is still trying to solve many problems of agriculture and society in general. Love to all.

TENNETT, June: Started this a week ago but guess it takes the old deadline breathing down my neck to really get the job done--hope the mail isn't late tomorrow or I am too! Here it is: Guess middle age is being able to say contentedly that 1966 was an uneventful year. I have passed over the line of feeling badly that nothing good happened to feeling good that nothing bad happened. The swift passage of time was very evident last summer at the first reunion of

our High School graduating class. It had been thirty years since many of us had seen each other. Like the newsletter gang reunion a year ago, it was good to see everyone looking so fit and a priceless experience of renewing old acquaintances. The only chick left in the nest is a H.S. freshman this year and keeps the old household in a constant welcome uproar with everything from Herman's Hermits to singing in the church choir cantata, braces on the teeth to Jr. Proms, pink clouds to depths of despair. Jill and husband and daughter continue to live close to us and it is a joy to be able to see them so often. My mother, who lives with us, complains about the stairs getting steeper and the newspaper print getting smaller but is doing fine. I still keep busy hammering music into some 40 students a week, bank directing, trying to sell some Hammonds in this area for Orton and various community activities, principally the Assoc. for Mentally Retarded. May 1967 be very good to all of you and deep gratitude to you, Bettie, Peg, and Bill for keeping us in touch.

TURNER, Jane and Chuck: As we lift the pen, we're remembering that someone suggested in last year's letter that we try from here on to eliminate the subject of our children. We agree wholeheartedly, especially since we are all in complete accord concerning the outstanding talents and accomplishments of our offspring. So—what do we discuss? Our grandchildren maybe? Heaven forbid - that could be something else! We could write about our travels, if only we all had. We confess we are at a loss! However we should say we've enjoyed another good year with a few nice surprises: A trip to Mexico City and Acapulco for a total of 6 days - a Chevrolet contest pay-off. Another week in Williamsburg - such a lovely place. Virginia (Bunker) and Ed Barnett with two younger children visiting us before leaving for La Paz, Bolivia where they will be stationed with the Peace Corp for 2 years. Eric Anderson and son Mike sharing Thanksgiving with us. Margaret (Gordon) and Gerry Lestz dropping in on New Years Eve. Then we could go on about seeing our son Dick in Pittsburgh recently, welcoming our son-in-law back from 5 months in the service, Ann making a 3.8 grade average this past quarter, Carolyn recovering from mononucleosis, Lee having both ears lanced. Then, there are our two grandchildren, Ross and Stephanie who are perfect angels—and "Lissy", our poodle blah blah ... et cetera, et cetera. Greetings to all!

VADHEIM, Ridge & Al: The most startling news from the Vadheim house is that this Fall during Rush Week—Preference Night—I received a frantic phone call from the Pi Phi House. Guess what they needed? Would you believe nothing else but that hammock hanger for their new prospective pledges. So the bra has been returned to the original owners! A sigh of relief I'm certain. Al has moved to the Medical Arts Center—a handsome new building in Bozeman with fifteen M. D's located in it. As of September 1966, he is Montana's President of the Medical Association, so is on a continuous merry-go-round. Lew is still a budding chemist—a Junior at MSU. Jan graduates this Spring from high school. She possesses the art talent of the family so this will be her major at MSU next Fall. Shelley is our booming 6th grader and is the prexy of the 5th and 6th grades. I am at present busy with Jan's Installation as Worthy Advisor of Rainbow. Even tho the family is growing up, I seem to have less time. I'm certain efficiency or age has nothing to do with it! Best wishes to each and all of you. Please come back again as we have very fond memories of that great reunion. That class of 1941 this Fall didn't live it up like we did.

WAITE, Jeanne: Well—I did it again—completely bogged down in the holiday rush and didn't get any cards written. To tell the truth, I am just now ready for the holiday season—and it has been over for a week!! Regardless—good things to all of you in the New Year of 1967. 1966 was good to me—good health and happiness—you can't ask for much more. I have stayed home this year—no travels—except "to and from" work. Became employed in May and am still in the state of employment. It is in a dress shop—most enjoyable—but so hard on the pay check. Haven't seen the sign of the eagle since the day I started to work—absolutely no will power. I'm still basking in the memory of THE reunion. Wasn't it fun and I shall never forget it. This is rather a dull note to add to the newsletter

collection. I don't want to be forgotten, tho, and I won't forget any of you.
A Happy-Happy '67.

WEBER, Jerry: Happy New Year! I hope you will have an "also ran" section at the end of your letter this year for the latecomers, because I might not make it otherwise. As usual, I'm coming in under the wire. Would you believe I did start a note earlier last month?? I returned to Los Angeles with my folks on Nov. 10 from my semi-annual visit home and it seems I haven't been able to unwind since. The action started with the UCLA-USC football game on Nov. 19 and our office dinner-dance that night. The next week-end Notre Dame provided me and a million other subway alums with a pleasurable Saturday afternoon. My former boss and wife, who have a son at N.D. gave a party that night for the team and that's one victory celebration I'll be remembering for a long time. On Dec. 4 I gave a cocktail reception for 125 guests in honor of my parents on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Some good friends of mine who live on Roxbury Drive in Beverly Hills provided me their home (the old Thomas Mitchell house) so with such a spacious and elegant background, I could hardly miss having a halfway successful affair. It turned out to be really "swinging" much to my Father's delight. Mom's biggest concern prior to the day was that there be enough food and cake, but Dad's only worry was that there be ample booze. I had it catered but still there was a lot of preparation and work and I am still recuperating. We had another reception at the Statler-Hilton for all the Montanans who came down for the Rose Parade, etc. and supposedly in honor of Governor Babcock and party, only he was a no-show. He apparently couldn't leave at the last minute, but did call during the evening and spoke to the group over the public address system. There was a good crowd but nothing like three years ago. It is just amazing to see the number of Montana graduates living in the Southern California area--especially the ones from MSU. I did visit briefly with an attractive couple--Laura and Dick (?) June. He practiced law in Billings (knows Fred and Ellis) and she is from Deer Lodge--was a Pi Phi at Bozeman. Speaking of Pi Phi, I've been helping the cause at SC. Several daughters of friends of mine are going there and beforehand expressed an interest so I'm the one who arranged for them to be rushed and they are now wearing a Pi Phi pledge button. The Chi O's haven't done too well there--don't know the exact cause. They do have a darling group at UCLA. I met the new pledges and actives at a presentee party this fall. If I had more time, it would be fun to help out at the houses. I went the whole route this past New Year's at Pasadena--parade, luncheon for the Rose Bowl queen and the dignitaries and the game in the afternoon. Montana just can't seem not to win a prize and this year it was the Queen's trophy. I suppose everyone else is kind of glad the holidays are over and can get back to the normal routine. I'll be looking forward to reading the items from around the country. Hope the New Year will bring good health and much happiness to everyone.

WILLIAMSON, Floss and Shirl: Not much news from the Williamsons -- except we're one year older --a little grayer and a few pounds heavier. We seem to be enjoying the good things more than we should maybe. 1966 has been a fun year, with Bozeman's winter wonderland and skiing and winter sports all winter--fishing, camping and canoeing in the summer and football all fall - with a perfect season weatherwise for it. As with most of you our family has grown up too fast. The Navy has seen fit to make an electrician out of Mike and put him on a tug out in the Pacific. His home port is Guam, but he's been to Hawaii, the Phillippines and Japan as well as nearly all of the South Pacific Islands. He had one glorious week of R and R (rest and relaxation) in Hong Kong. His 18 months of sea duty will be over next October - after which he probably will be stationed in the States again. We see little of Paul these days even though he's living at home while going to MSU. Paul still spends his summers working at the 320 Ranch in Gallatin Canyon and his winters skiing in cross country competition. He attended a Biathlon training camp in Steam Boat Springs, Colorado during the holidays. Jon, our ninth grader, is delighted at having completed his Driver Ed and gotten a driver's license. He's still an avid sports fan with skiing and football at the top of his list. Floss has a new job in the Superin-

tendent and Clerk's office of School Dist. #7. Still doing mainly bookkeeping but enjoying working in the Administration end of operating the schools. It's fun meeting and working with so many nice people. Shirl still just has fun--!

WOLCOTT, Betty and Frank: 1966 has been a very eventful year in our family and as it draws to a close we have much to be thankful for, our family is all here in Bozeman for a few months more. Stephanie is about to finish her internship in Xray Technology here at the Deaconess Hospital under Dr. Kirkpatrick and Dr. Taylor, the Radiologists. She will be leaving here in late February to go to Billings and finish her training and take her State Board Examination in May to become licensed. Keith is a freshman here at Montana State University. He is finding out what it means to spend long hours over the books, facing mid terms, quizzes etc. (For those of you that are MSC alums, it is hard to visualize this campus and its 6400 students. There are new buildings, new courses, new fraternities, new instructors, new departments, new highrise dorms and on and on) Keith will probably have to go to the Army this winter for six months of active duty training. He enlisted in the National Guard this fall. Debbie is in the 7th grade this year and seems to thrive on all the phases of Junior High life. She was horseback riding this summer and was kicked by another horse, resulting in a serious injury to her leg. She was incapacitated for awhile but is off crutches now and getting along fine. Barbie is a busy, curious, loveable third grader. Her interests are as various as there are hours in a day. Right now she is anxiously supervising six brand new puppies, and trying to find some way to keep them all. A puppy anyone? We are hoping to spend the holidays with my family in Arizona. My parents, two sisters and their families are there and it would be quite a gathering. The little girls are having some misgivings about spending Christmas holidays without snow.

YOVETICH, Nick: Howdy from Hoosier Land. Last year I missed writing but I sure don't want to miss again. Of course bachelors have a hard time sending in any news cause a gentleman must never never talk. I can say that I'll be going to Florida for a week or so for golf. Had fun there last year. Besides "hope springs eternal" so I'll be looking again for an old wealthy dowager who needs a lazy, bald fat old man to support. Each year my trading value slips but maybe I can find a dumb gal. I hope to be in Montana for a couple of weeks in July or August. Rossiter can take notice. Last time he hid cause it was his turn to buy. Haven't had visitors here since the Marshalls were here. Sure wish more would stop by. I haven't had a free meal since I stuck them. Hope to see you this summer.

LATECOMERS

ANDERSON, Vesta and Eric: Writing this yearly epistle does something to me--it sets in motion a sort of self-analysis that is disturbing. I find myself pondering the differences between "what was" and "what might have been". Perhaps it is just symptomatic of approaching middle age when we tend to look back, and in so doing realize that with just a little more effort, a little more concern we might have done more to lighten the burden someone else was carrying. As long as I'm in a philosophical mood I can't help but think how ironic it is that our newsletter which had its origin during what we thought was the war to end wars has survived long enough that once again we find our loved ones with draft cards, R.O.T.C., summer camps and active duty. This has been an exciting year for the Andersons--our family has had its own race with space. Life has been a series of hellos and goodbyes, meeting trains, catching planes, packing and unpacking. Hesitate to state in writing where we are now for tomorrow two or three of us may have moved again. Eric has been an animal physiologist at the Animal Science Research Center, Beltsville, Maryland, since May. He is participating in a study on embryonic survival and loves the work, hates the area, and misses hunting and fishing--did manage to pepper some geese when he was home for Christmas. Mary Lynn is in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia with the Peace Corps, will be home this summer after touring Europe and will head out again for grad school

in New York. Not to be outdone, Mike spent the summer as a student at Moscow State University, Moscow, Russia and between debate trips all over the country is a student at Justin-Morrill College at Michigan State in East Lansing. As a member of the board of our National Association for Retarded Children I have been up in the air a number of times — literally and figuratively. The three young ones commute daily from 304 West Cleveland to their desks in the second, intermediate special education, and ninth grade classes. A Happy New Year to all.

GATES, Chrissie and John: I realize that this comes too late to make the grade for this year, but it should be the first one for the 1968 letter. It's fun to be first. Also I don't want you to question my good will as well as my punctuality. Your letter came between trips to Canada and Texas after the holidays so I was somewhat harassed. Also we've had more snow than I've seen since leaving Montana, so shoveling and skiing entered our lives in a larger way. Not much has happened this year with the Gates family. We try hard and seem to have enough to do, but never seem to stand up above the crowd (and it's getting pretty crowded in these cities). Our kids are good average folks learning a lot, having fun and we with them. We're all active in tennis, swimming, skating, skiing, squash and manage to keep in fair shape in spite of all the pollution, late hours, coffee and socialism that exist here. Chrissie, I'm glad to say, is somewhat better and is starting to ski a little again. We still have to fight a law suit with the owner of the truck that hit her and try to collect something for these two years of misery she's been thru. Her back will never be the same, but she will be able to do most of the things she wants to do. Haven't seen too many Montanans lately except Chuck Jelinek who is working in New York now. Had a most refreshing letter from Rossiter who seems to have his ideas very soundly rooted in that good Montana soil. Stop in on your way to Europe and put me on the list for next year.

ORTON, Bev & Fred: It must be some kind of distinction to recognize that we live nearer you than anybody else on your mailing list (just a matter of a few short blocks), and still have to be reminded by phone that we haven't submitted our annual newsletter! Our intentions were excellent (as usual), but the Ortons just returned from San Francisco, and I'm confident that all of you appreciate that a week in that fine city can cause a lapse of memory relative to things that should be done at home. This was something that might fall into the category of a business and pleasure trip — one day of business, and six of pleasure! As it turned out it was all a bad mistake, because it's now obvious that it will be another two weeks before I'm successful in settling down my good wife, getting her on the ball again and back to work here at the store. She just mumbled something about "when we go vacationing again, etc."! In review of the past year I can't seem to recall our having become involved in any startling social or recreational activities that would seem to justify many lines in this letter. Actually it appears more and more that all we do is work. Last spring we did acquire some property up the river approximately seventy-five miles from Billings, equipped with a 1955 model 40-foot trailer (if it were a new one, perhaps I'd refer to it as a mobile home) where all the hard work had been completed — the well was dug, the pump house was built, the septic tank had been installed, the patio poured, etc. And we have electricity. We did enjoy this spot, spending most of our week-ends there. I'll have to admit I still haven't become smarter than the fish in this particular river, but we usually managed to have trout in the refrigerator, and as encouragement for this coming summer I did become more knowledgeable about the feeding habits of the fish in that county. Bev fished just twice, her first and last time. It was the first cast that did it. The fly snagged itself fifteen feet up the nearest tree, and you know who had to retrieve it! She says she'll try again this next summer, though. "Our" two nephews (can't you hear me being called Uncle Fred?) both decided to get married during the past few months. We flipped a coin to determine who would attend the festivities in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. I lost, but it was just as well, because the kids really wanted their aunt to be organist

for the occasions. They're nice enough probably to have settled for me, but then again I'm not too sure they were convinced my rendition of the Wedding March would have been altogether professional or traditional. So Aunt Bev did the honors, shed the usual tears during and after the ceremonies, and had an opportunity to visit her parents during each trip. The latter are getting along in years, and though Bev's Dad takes a real dim view toward the retirement he has not enjoyed for the past two years, they both remain healthy and on the go constantly. We're grateful for this. Our best wishes to all of you for a good 1967, along with the hope that we'll be seeing some of you in Billings during the year.

ROSSITER, Bertha and Dave: Things must be pretty tough in the journalism world when you have to solicit fillers at the subjects expense. We'll forgive your reversal of phone charges for 3 reasons: 1)it was Sunday 2)you promised to do likewise with Gates and 3)you're Bettie and Peg. What to drop in the hopper this year that might be of any interest? Little or nothing I suppose. Haven't even seen an old grad all year and for that reason wasn't going to send a note till you forced my hand. Called Pappins once when in Great Falls but they brushed me off as usual with the old wheeze of being "pretty well booked up". Also wrote an occasional card for Xmas which is a new approach to the season--even included Yovetich so's to conform with new civil rights legislation. One more thing: we've taken to the s'ris as I'm sure I've mentioned for the last 2 years hard running. In case anyone else is still young, vigorous and stupid enough to take it up, how about a meeting on some summit and we'll come down together? Free xrays for anyone in my party. Hurriedly---Happy '67.

RUSHING, Shirley and Clyde: Thanks a lot for the call--it was a real pleasure to hear your cheerful voices. True to my word I am writing this on Monday AM and will get it out Air-Mail today. I was worried about not making the newsletter. As you know we moved in July to 14370 S.W. Uplands Drive in Lake Oswego, Oregon. The only drawback to the property is that it abutts the 13th fairway of the country club. In spite of that we decided to buy because it is close to work and has a good view of Mt. Hood. Last fall we attended MSU's route of Portland State with Hague and Lottie Callister. Afterwards we went to a Bobcat no host cocktail party and dinner arranged by Lew Thompson. We saw lots of people but were more impressed with how young the alums are. Not many of them remembered the good old daze. We took the family home for Christmas. Saw Shirley and Floss Williamson and enjoyed a day of ski-boganning with Horace and Billie Morgan at their ranch. Hoped you two would be in town--sorry to have missed you. The kids continue to grow--Linda is a senior and Marti a junior at Lake Oswego High--Rick is in the 4th grade. Won't be long before we'll have some rooms to rent to nice looking, young school teachers. Seems like the kids grow up too soon--just when Shirley is becoming a young blonde and me with hair and none grey. Just doesn't seem right. We have had fabulous winter weather--very mild for January--good for golf but tough on the skiers. We'll probably have a terrible February and March to make up for it. Early next month I hope to see Blondy and Billie Brandon. Just heard that the scene of the National Sporting Goods Show--The McCormick Place--burned down yesterday so am not sure what will be done about the show. Speaking of skiing--I whistled at Midge at the Bridger Bowl--she looked like one of the college kids. Enjoyed visiting with Midge & Al & hope Lew has fully recovered from his accident. Best wishes to everyone for a Happy & Prosperous New Year.

WINANS, Ginney & Frank: Late again as usual, but this time I really have a dandy excuse!! Just after the New Year furor, we went to Sacramento. Had a very exciting and "never to be forgotten" time at the Governor's Reception, Ball, etc.!!! It was all so very elegant, we really had a "BALL"!! I had really never expected to go--mostly because Frank is such a staunch Democrat. But when our invitation came, he was as excited as I was. Actually, he met Mr. Reagan at a party last summer, told him he was not a Republican, and when Mr. Reagan said "What a pleasure to meet you, Frank, and how good of you to come. I was a Democrat myself until about three years ago!" After chatting with him for about 20 minutes, Frank was "hooked"! Worked for him almost as hard

as I did!! We had a nice visit with Pat (Purdy) and Pete Hillman and Veda Purdy, too, while we were there. Last time I wrote was just after Linda was married—three years ago Christmas time. It arrived too late to get in the news, darn. So, to catch up—Jan and Gary Birkland celebrated their fourth Anniversary this December and they are expecting their FIRST baby any minute!! Needless to say, I'm happy they are so close—Chico is only 70 miles from Redding. I am really quite beside myself—my friends here say "Jan is just fine; Ginney, we just hope you get thru it alright!" And my sister June tells me I'm going to be a most obnoxious Grandmother! Gary is now Manager of the Purity Store in Orland—a 20 min. commute only. They have a beautiful home in Chico, so surely didn't want to move. My Linda—married to Capt. Richard Henry Collins—Hank to us—is now a happy girl!! They spent $1\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. in Germany and Hank volunteered for a years duty in Viet Nam. Altho he is a Capt. in the Infantry, he flies the 1-19 reconnaissance planes. After two months there he had received two Medals of Honor from the Vietnamese Gov't. and when he got home in Nov. just before Thanksgiving had received his tenth Oak Leaf Cluster for his Air Medal. Should be receiving his Flying Cross any day!! Needless to say, Linda spent a lonely year. Spending time with me—with Mother and Dad in Sierra Madre, and with Jan in Chico. In August Hank got a 5-day leave in Hawaii. It came up while the Airlines were on strike, and if we didn't have a terrible time getting Linda over there!! Pan Am. was the only one flying, and they had tremendous waiting lists. We finally made it—that is, found the right "string" to pull and they had a glorious time. Right now they are in Ft. Benning Ga.—on TDY for four or five months, then to permanent (?) station at Ft. Bragg, N.C. Shelley was a freshman at MSU at Missoula last quarter, majoring in Art. She is an art "nut" and really has a talent. We've been teasing her about being a "turncoat"—going to Missoula instead of Bozeman!! She made excellent grades, but was not too happy. Trying to decide whether to stay home and go to Chico, or maybe go to Georgia to be with Linda since Hank will be gone most of the time. She followed her sisters' footsteps in High School—was Football Cheerleader one year, and Basketball Cheerleader the next year. She was runner-up for Jr. Prom Queen, there were three finalists, and among the five finalists for Homecoming Queen, and altho' not elected Queen was in the "Court"! I was very happy about that—because she always felt following two sisters would be bad—Since Jan was Homecoming Queen—and Linda was Jr. Prom Queen. At least Shelley was right in there for both of them!! Son Collin is attending San Rafael Military Academy for the second year. He was in the 8th grade last year and is now a Freshman. He loves it and is finally settling down to good grades! Last year, sorry to say, his grades were terrible—with one exception. He had straight A's in Military Science! When he discovered that he just had to have a high grade average to be a cadet officer, he really started working. First grade report this year he had a D-, and just last report had a B-! I give my father full credit for firing up his enthusiasm for the Military bit. Then Hank helped it along. Guess Collin's proudest possession is a Viet Cong flag Hank sent him. Ugh! It's all tattered, and full of bullet holes and bloody. Thank goodness he doesn't want to hang it on his wall—keeps it hidden away and shows it to just very "special" people! Our house is so empty, I can hardly stand it. Had to learn to cook all over again, and believe me cooking for two is the hardest thing I've ever done! When used to having anywhere from 12 to 20 for dinner all the time, and all the rooms full—it's quite shaking to have only two of us rattling around in this big house. Frank has talked of moving into an apt. and I shudder at that. We have five empty bedrooms but when all the children come home on holidays and week-ends there is room for everyone! And I can't imagine not having my own garden and yard to putter around. I spend most of my time outside—and pawn off vegetables and fruit to all my friends. Frank has an office in Los Angeles and in Phoenix, and another in Albuquerque. He has to go to these places often and I tag along. He just got a new plane a month ago, and now it takes us $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs to L.A. and $3\frac{1}{2}$ to Phoenix. When he goes to L.A. I get to visit with Mother

and Dad, and sister June and George Fleming, Sheryl—age 17 and a Sr. at Pasadena Hi, and Tom—age 15 (and 6'1½") a Soph. and on the Football team naturally. In Phoenix I can't even begin to tell you about all the Mont. people we see! Always have a lovely time with Jean (Purdy) and Larry Cooper and we compare notes in news from home! When we go to San Francisco always see Wilma and Irv Hintzpeter and catch up on more Mont. news! They see Phil (Seerley) and Ray Anderson often, but somehow we always just seem to miss them. Started this letter in Chico. Frank was out of town on business—so I came down to stay with Jan. He arrived home today so I drove up this afternoon, and who should greet me at the door but my Father!! What a surprise that was. He had been up in Bozeman all last week, then went over to Spokane to visit the Shrine Crippled Childrens' Hosp. so had to come thru' Redding on his way home. We are leaving for L.A. Tues. A.M. so he can ride down with us. Frank has to go to the "Beavers" convention there Wed. and Thurs., and Friday we'll drive up to Carmel for the Crosby Tournament. We go every year and love it. I'm still sad about missing the reunion last year. Had really counted on it, but Frank had to be in Phoenix that week, and I didn't want to come alone, so tagged along with him. You can absolutely count on me for the next one! Must run to get this in the mail—and please, all, remember we are right on Hiway 99 at the North end just coming into Redding, and we love to have company. Just phone and I'll drive down the hill and lead you up to the Winans' residence!! Ken and Francis Railey were our last visitors—day after the Bobcat game in Sacramento. They were headed for Oregon to visit Ken's brothers, Elwood and Mike—but they live in Bakersfield. They are meeting Elwood here in May to try out our golf course. Our golf course, by the way, is one of the greatest in California—so all you golfers keep that in mind! Dottie and Hague Callister were here a year ago with their lovely children—and Wilma and Al Grantham we have seen often. They usually whistle thru' in March with their two wonderful young ones headed for vacation South. However, last March we missed them—where did you go, Granthams????? So anxious to get the news about everyone!

EAGLE, Bettie: Well, this has been quite a year. What should have been the most exciting thing I'd ever done—the World tour in February and March—was not all that I had hoped for. In Long Beach waiting for Marje Paisley to arrive, that old depression hit me again and I couldn't shake it. My friend Darline managed to shove me into the plane where Marje & I were joined by Alice Toohey and our first stop was Honolulu. Alice stayed in Hawaii and Marje and I took off for Tokyo, Hongkong, Bangkok, Delhi, Cairo, Athens, Salonica, Rome, Madrid, Monrovia, Rio, Lima, Quito and back home. I am almost ashamed to tell you the truth—I was in a daze about half of the time and really didn't see or absorb much. Marje was a grand travelling companion, as always, and somehow put up with me and tried to encourage me to take pictures, shop and see. I did break through the gloom for the time in Greece, Rome and Madrid and really loved and enjoyed all of that. We were guests for over a week at the American Farm School in Salonica. Marje's friends there showed us everything in that area and were wonderful hosts—that was the best part of the whole trip for me. Marje knows people all over the World and we met others. I know the vice-president of Pan American in New York and he had helped me get my visas. We were given royal carpet treatment at all stops the whole way round by Pan Am people who helped us through customs, arranged for transportation to hotels, offered liquid refreshments, etc.—even though we travelled "tourist" all the way. On our longest flight—Hawaii to Japan—Pan Am escorted us to the first class seats and we had all the trimmings so that attention was a nice plus factor. Back in the states I felt fine again and got started working at West Yellowstone preparing for a big season and then I "went to pot" again. Spent June and July in and out of two hospitals with more shock treatment in Bozeman followed by weekly psychotherapy in Bozeman. I was fortunate to find Dr. Prunty in Bozeman, whom

I liked very much. Had my last session with him November 1 (hope it was the last). I spent August and part of September with good friends of mine at Parade Rest Dude Ranch—ten miles from "West" and a dreamy spot. Must put in a plug for that retreat. It would be a wonderful place for any of you to have a real vacation—fishing, riding, close to Yellowstone, and real relaxing.

It is a great place for a family vacation. Excellent food and fun cocktail hours. Around the tenth of September I moved back to my apartment in "west" and finally got back to work and ended up the season feeling fine. Throughout the summer and fall I have been enjoying the company of a very interesting and attractive gent who owns and directs the summer theatre in West Yellowstone and also directs the one in Cody. Both are called "Golden Garter Theatre" and I recommend either one to any of you who spend an evening in either place—good family fun—musical comedy followed by Gay Nineties singing and oleos. I had planned to spend the winter in Long Beach, possibly working at the VA Hospital, but I haven't got out of town yet. I have been so contented right there in all the snow that I have kept postponing the California jaunt. Will probably get there for a month sometime later, but I'm still in no hurry. West Yellowstone is becoming a winter town and when the ski area gets developed I think it will boom in the winter, too. There are little snowmobiles running all over the place and next winter will probably find me owning one. They are lots of fun; can convey you to unbelievably beautiful winter scenes and I think for me they are safer than those ski slopes, though I plan to give the slopes another try. If Rossiter and Pappin can do it, I think I should be able to. It has been fun to have this good visit with Peg, Bill and Rick. We are also going to enjoy an evening and meal at Marshalls along with the Ortons. And it was great fun to talk to some of you by phone—and not at all expensive! Come to Yellowstone for the snowmobile trip into Old Faithful and I'll wine you and dine you afterwards—if I am not in Long Beach. Best wishes to all.

TAYLOR, Peg and Bill: The past year Bill received a promotion, Rick grew, and I started to fall apart! C'est la vive! Had to get bifocals in January and had a bunion operation in May so that took care of me from top to toe. Had planned a week's vacation with Loret and Don Jorgenson (plus kids) at Whitefish in June but had to cancel out. Bill's boss was going to Calif. for 3 weeks and said they couldn't be gone at the same time so guess who cancelled their plans? Bill's new title is "Systems Supervisor" which has given him more responsibilities and headaches, but he enjoys the work—except when there is the possibility of a strike and he has to make arrangements for beds, food and moving in for an indefinite stay. He's in charge of a newly installed computer which is a little scary when it whirs around and then comes up with the answer "you goofed". This modern computer age is not for me—I'm too old fashioned! My aunt and uncle from Honolulu visited us the last of June and then we drove them to Bozeman for a visit with my Mother and took our week's vacation then. They are lots of fun and we hope we can jaunt sometime to Hawaii to see them. Saw Snooks in Bozeman at that time—in fact, he even baby sat our son/ one afternoon—he's a good kid! Jaunted to Priest Lake in August for our usual vacation, on to Spokane for a couple of days (a visit by phone with Mil Shinn) and home by way of Lolo pass. It was fun to take a different route and we stayed all night in Missoula and had a nice evening visiting with the MacDonalds. Nice having the MacDonald gals stop by when they toured Montana this past summer. Had our usual week-end in Great Falls for an alum meeting and football game—so nice they combine those two! The Jorgensons and we went to Lewistown one week-end just to get away from it all. The fellows golfed and Loret and I visited the fish hatcheries—never a dull moment. No number listed for Jeanne Waite so couldn't contact her. Let us know, Jeannie, in case we come again. Had a nice family Thanksgiving with both Grandmas here and also Bill's sister, Agnes and her little daughter from Los Angeles. Grandma Roman spent the Christmas holidays but ended up being chief cook and bottle washer most of the time as I was under the weather. Nice

for me to have someone take over, but not much vacation for Grandma. Had a regular reunion a week before Christmas when a group of us got together for lunch--Jean West Phillips, Jean Stroup Peterson, Ruth Wiggenhorn Gray, Louise Lepper Barsness, Ruth Keithly Pierson, Ann Gerharz, Elizabeth Nibbe, Louise Farrell (home from Saigon for Christmas and returned to Saigon) and me. Had to pay an over parking ticket, but it was worth it! Elizabeth Nibbe and Louise Farrell came by one afternoon and viewed the picture of our reunion and heard some details and we all were very nostalgic. Hope we get to see all the people that say they are coming this way. Get-to-gethers are so much fun! Bettie and I visited so much this time that we almost didn't get the letter done! Had a wonderful evening at the Marshalls with Ortons present, too--good food and good company. Think what we'd miss if we didn't get together to do this letter. We wouldn't even have the opportunity to hear your charming voices on the phone! Best of everything to everybody in '67.

No word from the following: DANIELS, MARTIN, PURDY, ROMAN, STEPHENS, STETZNER, STRONG, THOMPSON, WILSON, AND WINCHESTER.

It was fun receiving phone calls from Elota Beth and Ginney and placing collect ones to Gates, Rossiter and Rushing. Better meet our deadline or this could happen to you! The editors wish to extend their sympathies to those of you who have lost members of your families this year. We also want to congratulate all who received honors and had promotions which includes John Gates to vice president-planning for Allied Chemical Corp. and Clyde Rushing to President of Product Engineering Co. in Portland. (Hooray for our gang!)

Love and kisses,

Bettie, Peg and Bill

ROLL CALL

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Mr. & Mrs. Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman, Mont. 59715
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 885 37th Ave. West, Eugene, Oregon 97405
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 1318 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois 60435
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 6960 S.W. Raleighwood Lane, Portland, Oregon 97225
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 37 Highland Ave., Lexington, Mass. 02173
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 27 Provincial Court, St. Louis, Missouri 63122
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S.W. 29th Pl., Portland, Oregon 97201
Mr. & Mrs. Kermit Daniels, 101 N. Main, Deer Lodge, Montana
Mr & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118
Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7350 Sharon Ln. S.W., Portland, Oregon 97225
Mr. & Mrs. Walter J. Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53081
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California 90740
Mr. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2860 Stonyvale Rd., Tujunga, California 91042
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Mr. & Mrs. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Montana 59349
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McCole, 5720 - 60th Ave. N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105
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Mr. & Mrs. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Montana 59102
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Montana 59401
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Montana 59715
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Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 301 Newark St., Aurora, Colorado 80010
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Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, N. 7625 Laurelhurst Dr., Spokane, Washington 99208
Mr. James Stephens, 2180 Parleys Terrace, Salt Lake City, Utah
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, 1044 Placer, Butte, Montana
Mrs. Geraldine Strong, 301 S. Willson, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa 50010
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Montana
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 2285 Koro Ave., Idaho Falls, Idaho
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8 Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Montana 59457
Miss Jerry Weber, 841 South Serrano Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90005
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route #2, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. & Mrs. John Wilson 1229 Highland, Helena, Montana
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Rt. 1, Bozeman, Montana
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding California 96001
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Rt. 2, Box 161, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. Nick Yovetich, 3301 Godman Avenue, Muncie, Indiana

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 South Sixth, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Miss Bettie Eagle, Box 280, West Yellowstone, Montana
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Avenue E, Billings, Montana 59102

January 1968

Dear Old Gang:

Sorry about the lateness of the epistle, but this ol' editor (Bettie is wintering in California) got bogged down. I needed the coffee-breaks and chatter to get me going! Thanks to Babe Strong I am using her beautiful electric typewriter (don't you wish you were here, Bettie?), but it has taken me awhile to figure out all the new features. I may hit the wrong keys once in awhile but just overlook it -- I'm sure having fun!

For those of you who have not heard we are sad to report the deaths of John Wilson on July 16, 1966 from an apparent heart attack, and Marian Kimbal Martin on August 1, 1967 following a brief illness. Both of them were at our re-Union in '65 and it was so great seeing them. I'm sure we all join in sending deepest sympathy to Maizie and Ford and their families.

ALLARD, Marian and Ed: Had been frantically wondering if your Jan. 15 deadline meant mailing or receiving--and then was delayed either way, so if we are too late we are sorry. The delay was in a good cause as we had Montanans for guests--Eddie's cousin, Gretchen Thaler Edwards and her husband spent the evening with us. It was wonderful seeing them after years and years. They are still in Corvallis--with their three boys all grown up--and several grandchildren. The years seem to go by faster and faster--as we get older and older. Our gals will soon be 18 and 19. Had the fun of High School graduation with Kristen last year--who is now attending college in Fullerton this year--and Karlen will join the graduates this June. Kristen and all of us really had something to be especially thankful for this Thanksgiving. She was in an accident on the freeway--"totaling" the car and demolishing a light standard in a heavy rain storm. She did have a trip to the Emergency Room and a week later eye surgery--but we are happy and thankful it wasn't more disastrous. This was a year of many happy reunions with people we hadn't seen in years. Renewed our acquaintances with Jane Hoiland and her family--last time seeing her was 1943. The conversation was pretty hot and heavy and our daughters were quite interested in some of the stories of those days at MSC. Jane is now living in Portland, married to an architect we are looking forward to meeting, with 4 children and numerous grandchildren. Vivienne Finley Cookson spent several days with us in August--our last time together was in Hawaii in 1948. They have been living in East Pakistan for the last three years and we are hoping to see both she and George this summer upon their return. Our godchild, Greg Cookson, had changed considerably since we had taken care of him in 1948. He is attending college in Arizona. The Cooksons became grandparents soon after Vivienne's departure. Another small world---I have worked part time at our local library since 1960--off and on--and turned out one of our young gals has dated Mary Dell Gay's Marine son who was stationed at Camp Pendleton. My Mother has been "not up to par" so I have become quite a regular on Air California--which now flies directly to Oakland from Orange County. We didn't get to Billings last summer but hope to this year. We talk to Eddie's parents quite often by phone and also to the others in the Allard clan. Catherine had a wonderful trip to Germany last summer to meet her new grand daughter. We hope to see her this summer in Billings. We are eagerly awaiting news of Clayton Allard's first grandchild in May. The rest of the 14 grandchildren are busy growing up. We had one bit of excitement in October we could have done with out. We were as close as I care to be to the Fire. About 6:30 in the morning the Sheriff came by to tell everyone to man the hoses on the roofs etc. It was really a roaring inferno and especially with these winds we get occasionally. It was really unbelievable the devastation so close. Eddie really got involved "Montana-wise" becoming the president of the alum group here. Was an interesting experience working on the Montana reception held just before the Rose Bowl game--not to mention the Parade. We were most pleased that Montana won another trophy this year. We thought the reception was a most friendly group with something over 200 attending including the Governor and his party. We are hoping for an even better turn out next year especially since Bozeman has been invited to participate in the Basketball Tournament during the holidays. Especially enjoyed meeting Jerry Weber after seeing her contribution to the newsletter all these years. Anxiously awaiting newsletter.

ANDERSON, Vesta and Eric: Our most exciting news this year is that we had another addition to our family. He arrived September 2nd, has black eyes and hair and we call him Joey. He is our new son-in-law, Joseph Donaghy from New York City. He and Mary Lynn met during Peace Corps training at U.C.L.A., spent two years in Ethiopia, and were married in Bozeman. They both have fellowships in grad school, she is going to Columbia and he is going to New York University. We were delighted and surprised when they decided to drive out for the holidays. What a Christmas we had, the first time we'd all been together for three years...the Donaghys, Mike from Michigan State, and Chris, Rick and Lisa, ma and pa, and two grandmothers plus Mike's roommate from Kentucky. Hope each of you had as happy a holiday season as the Andersons and that the New Year will be a good one for all.

BECK, Cora and Ward: Greetings and Much Happiness in the New Year to each and everyone! Bettie, Peg, and Bill what a tremendous and fun 1966 news letter--- the greatest---just like that wonderful 25th Reunion! It has been a busy year for the Becks. Meetings and vacations in Hawaii, California, Minneapolis and Chicago, also a Shrine reunion in Billings, Montana. Our Ward Jr. graduated from the U. of O. in March, spent two months at Ft. Lewis in Officers Training, then to Ft. Bliss, Texas, in a Specialized Missel Training School. He arrived home November 25th for his big wedding day. Married a Portland girl, Joan Traphagen, a Theta graduate from U. of O. She's a darling, and we all love her dearly. Leslie is so pleased to have a sister. Honeymoon spent skiing in Heavenly Valley. Ward Sr., Leslie and I joined them in San Francisco for a most wonderful weekend. As of December 11th he is stationed on the Island of Okinawa. Joan left January 10th, delighted she could join him so soon. Leslie is a Junior at Churchill High School, in Bobbies (a dance and rally team), a Christmas dance Princess, on the ski team, also a bridesmaid in the wedding. Mysterious and sudden urge to visit the Orient struck us as an ideal 25th wedding anniversary trip in '68. Bettie, will compare notes next year.

CLINTON, Peg: T'was the night before New Year
And it came to my mind
The thought of dear friends
And of many good time (s)
Could we repeat more than once in five years
A gathering of us while we still have our gears (!)
T'is best that I change from this to that
Or the greetings I send will be too lat (e)!

(The older I get *****). It has been a happy, healthy, successful year for us. A delightful surprise happened with a telephone call from Flit Anderson--resulting in a short visit with her before she flew out of St. Louis. Do it again, Flit. My son was married in August to his first and only true love--a wonderful girl from St. Louis. He is a junior in law school at the University of Tulsa and Judy is a 4th grade teacher. I continue to love my work in admissions. Associating with teenagers today is an enlightening experience--and the field of education is a challenge. Driving 25,000 miles a year is a challenge, too, in these new models which Detroit throws together. For you good people - Bettie, Peg and Bill- thanks again for continuing to keep us together through your efforts. To each of you - best wishes for 1968. And may this year terminate the occupation in the White House of the Great Father to us all.

COEFIELD, Vivian and Jack: As usual I am a bit slow in getting this letter off--do hope it makes the deadline. We have had an extremely happy holiday season because our son, Jeff, was home. He spent a year in Vietnam and arrived home safely in October. We are extremely grateful that he received no more than a couple of broken front teeth. He was home 48 days and then left for Ft. Bliss, Texas. However, he was home 10 days during the Christmas holidays. We are a very lucky family and are now looking forward to his getting out of the Army in a year. Father and I spent our usual 10 days on the Monterey Peninsula enjoying our annual golfing vacation. In April I spent 3 weeks in Hawaii, six days of which were spent with Jeff when he had his R and R from Vietnam. The end of July and first of August found us again at Swan Lake. A few days before that were spent in Bozeman. Paid a visit to the campus and was lucky to see some college friends. Enjoyed a good

evening with Midge Vadheim. Son Alan is a sophomore at Linfield and still pursuing his courses in pre-dentistry. Leslie is a high school freshman and I am seeing high school through the eyes of a girl for the first time and I must say it is most exciting. She is very active in Jobs Daughters, also. Father and I are another year older and perhaps a pound or two heavier and every day more grateful that life is so good to us all. Our best wishes to all of you for a happy 1968.

GATES, Chrissie and John: Our best to you, your regular family and to your newsletter family over a hundred strong and probably over a thousand - counting the children. Jean Heinrich raises the average, of course. With so many loyal followers you could probably elect Rossiter President but I suppose you'll be satisfied with Nixon or Rockefeller. It will be fascinating to get the letter and to read of the hectic activities that our near fiftyish gang carries on. Our children seem to be happy in contemplating that there is hardly anything left that they don't win in the family games. Nevertheless we still try in tennis, golf, squash, swimming, touch football, skiing, charades and poker. Johnny is a young man just starting high school. Susie a young lady two years behind in school. And then we have Sarah whose unflagging energy and imagination keeps things in turmoil most of the time. Chrissie is active with the Art Museum and with the schools. In addition she does a marvelous job of taking care of us. My current project is to try to get used to my new bi-focals. We are enjoying the pace of the family life-1968--and trying to do our bit outside. Last year we had some good ski trips including one to Europe with our ski club. The children took us along and we all had a marvelous time. Expo 67 was another visit for Chrissie and me. We thought it was much better than any of the others we've seen. The trip we look forward to will be in a couple of years--to Montana. If we and the economy hold together we hope to spend a month in the west--in 1969. If the economy falls apart Montana is certainly a good place to be. We'll ask to hang our hammocks and pitch our tents under a pine or cottonwood and live on fish and pheasant. Maybe pan a little gold in Sheridan, Montana like the old "Hard Rock" miners used to do before they were sent to college to be educated by Brandon and Pappin, the older members of our fraternity. As Blondy used to say on festive occasions--"our strength is as the strength of ten because we came from Billings". Health and happiness to all of the "Newsletter gang" in Montana and all of these other places.

GRANTHAM, Wilma and Al: 1967 was a happy year for us! Susan finished up a busy and successful senior year in high school; Bruce finished up a 3rd year at U of O; we four attended family weddings in June in Fresno and early in September in Missoula; both children had good summer jobs (fortunately!) - in September Bruce returned to UO and Susan began her first year at OSU (and became a Kappa pledge!) - and, most important, on October 26, 1967, Al and I left, via Pan Am for 2½ weeks in the Hawaiian Islands on our first honeymoon - exactly 25 years late - but it was worth waiting for! (Strange coincidence but we have noticed many of our close friends were also celebrating 25th anniversaries, including the Callisters and Wolcotts). I tease Al that this was his year of "Directorships", but, also, I have been very proud to see him selected to serve on several Boards - such as Western Forest Center, Inc., the Portland C of C, the Portland Rose Festival Assn., the Salvation Army Advisory Board, but most gratifying was his selection this December to the Board of Directors of his own company (whose home office is in Minneapolis). We see Callisters, Rushings, and Russells quite often and are thankful for these wonderful Montana friendships here in Portland, and for all our good friends of this newsletter gang. Al's Mother spent the holidays with us, and we are thankful that she stays so young and in good health. Yes, 1967 was a happy year for us and we are thankful for many things! Our love and greetings to you all.

HEINRICH, Jean and Walt: Seems impossible that another year has whizzed by--and this time I'm even missing the deadline--how about that? Famous last words for a lot of us I guess. In retrospect I find it difficult to think of many really interesting and exciting things which happened in '67---but I do think that all 365 days were filled with busy-ness and much activity for all of us. This summer for three and a half weeks we had 15 people eating and sleeping here---my Mom and Dad from Minneapolis and my sister, Kay, and her two youngest boys from Albuquerque.

Had been a good many years since we four Duncans had been together so we really enjoyed it---hectic as it was! But can you imagine a character like I am (who doesn't think cooking is the greatest vocation or avocation) trying to feed that many people three times a day for that many days and still not having to have an appointment with a "head shrinker"---but I made it and, strangely enough, would do it again if I had the opportunity. Was good for Kay to get away for a few weeks, too, since her husband died last January 27---automobile accident---and she still has four boys at home. About 10 days after the company left, our oldest daughter, Kathie, was married in Indianapolis. So I had a few days to make her wedding dress and veil, make all the hors d'oeuvres for her reception, get things for the rest of the family to wear---and 8 of us drove to Indianapolis (about an 8 hr. drive) for the weekend. Kathie and her husband now live in Fort Wayne and I was tempted to have her call Nickie some time when they drove through Muncie but I wasn't sure he'd appreciate a call from a 25 yr. old married girl whom he hasn't met. I still have Nick on my "list of people to write to" cuz I'd still like to tell him off for not getting to the reunion. After all, he's one of my "oldest" friends---from Webster grade school days! This summer our oldest son, John, became engaged---they'll be married this summer and he'll graduate next January. I can't remember anything else exciting that happened this year---just the run-of-the-mill family excitement that comes with 2 children in college, 2 in high school, 2 in Jr. high and 2 in grade school. Certainly 1968 won't be dull---just think, we all get an extra day for living this year---the good Lord willin'. So may it be filled with all that's good and much happiness for every last one of you!

JACOBS, Grace and Hugo: No startling news but don't want to miss the newsletter so here goes. John is a Freshman at Golden West College near here. Still hasn't settled on his major yet. Hugo, as an avid sports fan, is glued (so it seems) to the TV for all the football games. Tried to take in a few in person such as his school SC games and the Rams. Montana State was playing San Diego the day of the SC and UCLA game so you know which one was attended. Hugo packed-in up Sleugh Creek last summer for some fantastic native trout dry-fly fishing. Sleugh Creek is just a few miles from Roosevelt Lodge in Yellowstone. My Mother and I stayed at Jackson Lodge at the Tetons while he was gone. Needless to say, we were glad to see him get back without encountering any Grizzlies! Guess they had been seen up there. Also while on vacation stopped at spectacular Bryce Canyon which we had passed by so many times and never stopped to see. I kept busy helping Hugo part time at the office as well as keeping up with everything at home too. I had major surgery last March. The Doctor said I made a spectacular recovery! But had a shocker as the Doctor had a heart attack and died shortly after my surgery. This wouldn't be complete without mentioning our darling little granddaughter Cheri who is cute as a button, loves to play patty-cake and has practically out-grown her Christmas educational toys already. Should put in a plug for the Queen Mary which Long Beach recently acquired. It is being completely remodeled and should be ready for visitors about this time next year so you all better come see.

JUSTICE, Edna and Jack: Life here in the canyon goes on pretty much the same. We were fortunate again this year not to be in the path of any of the forest fires, however we were able to watch one from our dining room window. We had planned to attend the MSU-San Diego State game in San Diego in November, but something came up at the last minute---maybe next year. I received an easel, canvas and oil paints for my birthday so plan to launch a new career for myself. My first artistic attempts drew some strange comments plus guffaws. I'll keep trying! Hope these greetings find you all well and happy.

MACDONALD, Jean and Jim: The only event or events worth reporting this year---the arrival of Rick's little sister and Gary, Too. Is that some kind of a record for this group, becoming a grandfather and father almost simultaneously? Really haven't decided whether I feel younger or older. They say the little ones keep you young, but I'm not sure that is quite correct. After a bout on the floor with Rick and Andrea I seem to ache every place. Oh well, I can't deny the obvious, a head full of gray hair. Have been busy, am working for Intermountain Lumber and

enjoy it very much. The Co. is going to install a new computer this spring and it appears I'll be involved in programing it. They really don't realize what they are in for. What does the price of booze have to do with the costs of running a lumber mill. We may find out, since I know very little about the lumber business. Really can't think of much else that is new so best close. Regards to all. (Ed. note: We are sorry to report that Jim lost his Mother this past year and that he suffered a heart attack. We are happy he is doing so well even though he had to quit law school.)

MACNAB, Mel and Robin: Last year was one of becoming grandparents for us which is indictment enough for one year. Duncan and Donna were parents in the late spring to Dori Lin, our first; and daughter Gayle is scheduled to foal at San Bernardino, California at high noon on January 13th -- just an hour after we are scheduled to enplane at Los Angeles for a bridge tournament at Honolulu. Pretty poor timing, wouldn't you say? The bridge trail for 1968 will take us to New York in March; Dguville, France in May; Minneapolis in the summer and Coronado, California in the fall. In between times we are still making our living at securities and investments. We plan extensive improvements at Good Medicine in the coming year; and Mother Mel has purchased a gold dredge in an effort to match the expenditures. We did solve a rather rugged water problem last year which will undoubtedly mean that she of the green thumb will have hyacinths*under cultivation come greenup time. (*If that*s misspelled, make it "poppies" -- which might be a better product anyway since we could then get into the college trade). We certainly want to add our word of good cheer to all of the gang on the list, and especially to any who may now have put in for social security. (Ed. note: this year*s printed squib on envelope--TO BE SURE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY, WHY NOT TURN IT OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT TO RUN?).

MARTIN, Ford: Marian was sick last year and consequently no news for the Christmas letter. We are planning a busy Christmas season to try to fill the void a little. Kathy is home from college at MSU. She is planning to be married in the spring. Jean is home from Fargo--she will be at MSU next year and that will leave Maribeth (a sophomore and cheerleader) and Pepper (10) to handle the ranch.

MCCOLM, Dolores and Mark: My how these years do roll around faster and faster. About the most important news in our household at the moment -- is the fact that daughter Linda is wearing a diamond ring, which she received for Christmas. No wedding date has been set yet, but they are talking about September. We couldn't be more pleased with our prospective son-in-law. He graduates from Lewis and Clark College in Portland in June and has been accepted and will be attending University of Washington Medical School starting in the fall. The long years involved for a medical career frighten Mom and Dad just a bit -- but they seem to face it with the optimism of youth and are still realistic about the financial problems they face. Linda and I had a wonderful two week trip this summer with my Mother. We spent several days in California, five days in Washington D.C., had a weekend visit with Brother Ken and family and finished off with 48 hours in New York. Was the first time east of the state of Washington for Linda. It all resulted because my Mother won the air trip (California to Washington D.C.), Washington hotel rooms and a number of wonderful tours as the result of dropping her name in a promotion deal at the Stanford Shopping Center. Mark and I combined meeting and pleasure for a week in St. Petersburg, Florida in March. We had hoped for sunshine-- but was not very warm. We did enjoy seeing a little of that part of the country. Fraternity duties and business have necessitated Mark's doing considerable traveling all over the United States this past year. I don't go along very often as the schedule is just too hectic. Aside from the normal frustrations of living in the 1960's -- we're all well, healthy and have had a happy year. Hope that 1968 will hold peace, good health, happiness and success for you all.

MENZEL, Rose and Herm: Biggest news in our family this year is there's a new Sigma Chi pledge. Kurt started college this fall and if he makes his grades we'll unhitch his Daddy's pin from my Pi Phi pin and use Herm*s pin for the initiation ceremony. We enjoyed seeing many old friends at West this summer, among them the Ellis Marshalls& Beth Roth. We yearned to see more old faces so ten days

ago we had the Bodleys, Martins, Wolcotts, Simkins and Shirl Williamsons for dinner. Turned into quite a party - huh! Our season gets longer and longer and we get busier and busier with our Travel Bureau and store. We were at West until Nov. 5th and it's great to be taking a more leisurely pace in Bozeman now. We're looking forward to our annual trek to the Gift Show in Los Angeles in January.

ORTON, Bev and Fred: The years are rolling by far too fast. It doesn't seem as though it's been a full year since I was writing our contribution to the newsletter you mailed in January of 1967. In reviewing events during the past year I have to come to only one conclusion -- not much to report from the Ortons. We did manage to knock off for a short vacation last January, and spent about a week in San Francisco. It's still our favorite of the bigger cities, but after a tour through the Haight-Asbury District both of us admitted we surely were glad we lived in Montana. We were delighted to have seen Chuck Turner briefly when he paid us a visit enroute through Billings last summer. I hadn't seen Chuck since he, Jane and family moved from Bozeman. The eastern part of the country appears to have treated him well -- either that, or he enjoys perpetual youth. That fat and sassy cigar-smoking Yovetich spent an evening with Ellis and me on his trip back to Indiana toward the end of his Montana vacation, but judging from a note on his Christmas card to the effect that he'd not be out this way next summer, I guess he didn't appreciate our hospitality. Our visit with the Jim MacDonalds at the airport one evening a couple weeks ago indicated that Jimmie made a good recovery from his illness earlier this year, and we were pleased to see him looking so well -- and to see the wee ones in the family. Early in the summer we bought a new 50 x 12 mobile home for our "ranch" up the river, and since that acquisition my good wife's attitude toward roughin' it has changed substantially. I still have hopes that eventually she'll learn to like fishing. To date though, my encouragement in that direction usually has met with an "I'll have a snooze in the hammock while you go up the river". (I have a sneaking suspicion that Bev would enjoy fishing if she were assured she wouldn't catch anything and have to clean it!). Bettie, we're surely hoping your stay in California has you on the mend soon. Happy New Year to all you good people.

PAPPIN, Shirley and Bob: Judging from the return address, the Eagle-Taylor combination is operating out of Billings again this year. Thanks for your sweet note, Peg. Dad passed away suddenly although he never really had recovered from a stay in the hospital over a year ago. Mother has decided to stay in her own house in Missoula by herself for a while at least. She is determined to learn to be independent and self-sufficient and she certainly has our admiration. I hope I can do half as well, if I ever have to. The past year has been a little hectic, as usual. Bob gave up managing Floyd Pappin & Son completely, went back into United Prestress and spends most of his time enroute to either Billings, Missoula or some job site. It's really demanding but I think he loves it. At least he can't complain of a routine job. Laurie and I flew out to Seattle this fall while she registered for school and we spent quite a bit of time with Dolores and Mark and Punk who were absolutely wonderful to us. There's nothing like old friends from MSC, right? Stopped in Sheridan enroute home from Virginia City and tried to contact the Rossiters but they were lucky--out of town. We missed homecoming this year--at least I did--but made a quick trip to see the Bobcat-Grizzly game. That was the weekend we saw a hi-school game Friday night, dashed to Bozeman for the game Saturday afternoon, ripped back to Great Falls for another high school game Saturday night, had Notre Dame for breakfast Sunday and watched pro ball all Sunday afternoon. Would you say we're football oriented? We missed our jaunt through Glacier Park this summer because of the fires and the bears. Those bear episodes, at least the one by Granite Park, took place where we have hiked the last two summers. We would not dream of sleeping out on the ground in that area. What can people be thinking of? Apparently kids that come to work in the park can't believe they're really in the wilderness and act as though it were just a big playground. Too bad. Bettie, we hope you're feeling tops again and thanks to all of you for this large effort once again.

PURDY, Anna Lee and Bud: It seems that my hands have been spanked for not writing last year so in order to remain on the mailing list I am enclosing the money difference on the increase in postage. (Ed. note: No enclosure!). As those of you can read, we sold out the Frontier Club over a year ago and although we miss the great people and all of our friends, we feel this was for the better. What we really miss about West is Rossiter trying to mooch drinks. Anna Lee is fine and keeping busy by working a couple of days a week at a local ladies ready to wear. I am trying to get the job as head of the ladies foundation department, but as usual no one listens. Daryl Ann is seventeen, a junior in Bozeman Senior and is crazy about boys, skiing and horses. Lee is twenty two, divorced and is now in the Green Berets and par for the course he does not like it. Bud is still Fieldhouse Mgr. and Athletic Business Mgr. at MSU and puts in lots of hours. No work, just hours. We celebrated our 26th Anniversary last summer by buying two cemetery lots and a fifth of Tequila. Haven't used either one yet. Bud's Mother died last March from cancer and it was a long and expensive affair. She had much courage and determination and was game to the end. Am sure some of you will remember the great time and the bathtub gin on Durston Road. Orchids to the three of you and our fondest regards to each and everyone on the list.

ROTH, Elota Beth: JANUARY - SNOW means toboggan weather, winter picnics on the station wagon tailgate and fun -- but do hope Santa locates a pad this year - a toboggan on hard snow even with six people to hold it down bruises a bit. Bettie Eagle, owner and operator of Eagle's Curio Store, etc., missed our snow fun but arrived from West Yellowstone, Mont. for the Jewelry and Western Wear show at the Merchandise Mart and took me along with her - fun to see things from the other end. FEBRUARY AND MARCH - Tim and Mom finished up last-minute things prior to his departure for Ft. Polk, La. and reporting for Reserve Training on his 20th birthday, March 9th. As he said, "Boy - what a birthday present." After eight weeks he was off to Ft. Sam Houston, San Antonio for continued training, and put in charge of his group of 125 - which he considered a real headache. MAY - Weariness, illness and my desire to be with the children in the summer brought my two years' employment to an end. JUNE - The house needed refurbishing and Bartley and Mom found great ability as painters - with Teri doing the edging - and did we ever call down the professional painter of a year ago as we checked his work. Bathroom and bedroom attest to our mastery. And then with things in shape, I checked into the hospital for an exam one day and was in surgery next a.m. but my guardian angel was again with me and the results were benign. JULY - My aunt from Montana who had come to nurse me back to health stayed on to enjoy my quick recovery and we buzzed about - finally driving her back to Montana. Jeff had to work so only Teri, Scott and Bart kept me company - our return was via Salt Lake City - a quick tour there, and then on to the Dinosaur National Monument east of S.L. and a tour we certainly recommend. Until then I am sure Scott thought of them in the same light as fairy tales but to see a man using an electric drill to actually clear stone away from imbedded bone was convincing. AUGUST - Tim returned from training and started back to work at the station. SEPTEMBER - With three boys engaged in football - our entire fall was one big football game. And I returned to work as secretary at Lincoln National Life Insurance but only three days a week which is far better for now. OCTOBER - was our big month of the year with an October 14th wedding, when Tim and Shirley Ritchey decided two could live cheaper than one. He continues to work but goes back to school full-time in February, and Shirley continues as Secretary at a Denver bank. NOVEMBER - Gasp! We made it through football season with Jeff's varsity team both winners and losers at times, but Scott and Bart's Young American League Rams teams both undefeated. DECEMBER - Tim and Shirley spent Christmas morning with us - came in late Christmas Eve from her parents home and spent the night so they could see Scott open his gifts. The holidays came and went in such a hurry but left a few additional pounds on yours truly, and I'm still attempting to lose them all. However, tobogganning on New Year's Day proved I was in better shape than all the rest of the family - I was the only one who didn't complain the follow-

ing day. Our snows were late in coming but once they did the cold weather has stayed with us - and so has the last snow we had plus ice in the streets. I slide back and forth to work and marvel each day at how adept I've been at missing obstacles. A good 1968 to all.

SHINN, Mil and Shirl: Though only memories remain of last year, time in its passing has been good to the Shinn's. Normal routine rushed to include week-end skiing trips. Spring brought our redhead, Larry, off and running the 1 and 2 mile track meets and tossing hay bales in the summer; cross country in the fall; tonsils out after Turkey Day and next will be graduation in the Spring. Summer let us include fishing, water-skiing, camping, canning and the regular home up-keep with the asphalt work. 19-year old Susan worked full time for a veterinarian and then was off to her 2nd year of college. This time to the lovely big U.B.C. in Vancouver, Canada. Shirl, to keep from weeping at leaving his 1st-born in a foreign country, dashed out in a boat in the Vancouver Harbor and caught a salmon or two. He's been at it with steelhead out of the Snake River south of us too-- up to 15#ers. They make mighty fine eating. Our 9th grader, Christine, was escorted by the whole family across Lolo Pass to Salmon, Idaho, for her 2-week Girl Scout Camp in July. Delightful fly-fishing up there on the Lolo when we camped. Mil, incidentally, as Washington Chapter 90's Chairman, represented the women pilots from here, by attending their big convention in Anchorage, Alaska, in September. Sha co-piloted down the coast on return in a Mooney M2 turbo-jet. For those of you who know airplanes, you'll know this was a thrilling experience for her. Fall brought hunting with our black Labrador, Lady, who always brings back the birds--- pheasant, grouse or quail--if we can hit them and occasionally, someone else's hit! A fine dog!! And, so, keep in contact one and all. We wish you a grand year and joy in this great American land of ours.

STEPHENS, Jim: I was real sorry I missed Homecoming this year - 25th etc. The one consolation was that after the week end passed I was in such good health. Still single, however they (the big boys) tell me this is the leap year. The kids are all great and are having a tough time trying to raise their old man. Best regards.

STETZNER, Flo and Bill: While waiting for my reading class to return from Christmas practice a note to all those we think about so often. 1967 has been good to us except we miss my Dad who passed away in April. Since he was a prominent figure in our lives it is quite a change for us. Mother is still in Anaconda in her own home and prefers to remain there. This year we have two of our family in College - Joan a junior at Gonzaga University and Tom a freshman at Eastern in Billings. Helen is a freshman at Girls' Central. At the end of the first quarter she tied for top honors in her class. During the speech meet in Helena she received a superior for her declamation. Like all of you we are very proud of our gang. Bill was very busy this fall hunting and wine making - a new business for him. "Tiny Bubbles in the Wine" is his theme song this season. Everyone will be home for the holidays so we will spend our time skiing and riding in the snowmobile. I plan to join the fun if I ever get my decorations up, menus planned and baking finished, which reminds me here is a menu hint from the Stetzner kitchen. Rolls 'en Cheese: Take one tube of butterflake rolls. Open each section of the roll and place a slice of cheese. Bake at 375 F. for 7 or 8 minutes. Serve with Baked Ham.

STRONG, Babe: Guess I'll have to hand carry this up to Peg cause it just dawned on me that this is the deadline date! Yes, I'm in Billings again. Took a job as Reimbursement Officer with the State Department of Institutions last July after my Dad sold most of his Chevrolet dealership in Bozeman. I had been credit manager of the Northern Auto in addition to managing a subsidiary Motor Finance Co. for several years. Next time there's a "Homecoming" for the Newsletter group I'll take a few days off and go to Bozeman and then I'll get in on more of the fun instead of having to work. Of course, in another 25 years I'll probably be in one of my institutions for the aged and living off the government. What a horrible thought! I really don't stop to realize how old I am and keep skiing, playing golf, and having a good time instead of rocking in my chair like a grandmother

should! How about that! Shirley and Jerry had a handsome baby boy October 10, 1967. (Prejudice notwithstanding) Ha. They have been living on the east coast since Jerry got back from the Dominican Republic. Jerry has a permanent commission in the army air corps and has been going to flight schools, in South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama. Shirley graduated from MSU after two and one-half years of concentrated effort and with honors yet! So now I have one down and one to go. Blair graduated from highschool this last fall and was very fortunate in receiving a generous academic honor scholarship plus a four year ROTC scholarship to Dartmouth. Of course some of those eastern schools cost so much I'm still having to shell out. So I guess I'll have to work for some time yet. Blair aspires to being a lawyer so that means about six more years. Just got back from a lovely holiday vacation to Arizona. The folks own a little place in Scottsdale where they spend some of the Montana winter and Beth lives in Phoenix. Shirley and Jerry and the baby were there while Jerry takes a special course at Ft. Huachuca and we wanted to celebrate my folks 50th wedding anniversary so Blair flew down from New Hampshire and I drove down. It was also my first opportunity to see Troy (handsome grandson - Ha) so I did a lot of rationalizing about why the cause justified the expense. Now I'm back on the road (I cover 26 counties) eating beans and saving up for the next sojourn. I hear Mexico is wonderful vacation land. I might even decide to "go now and pay later" - cause how do we know there's going to be a later. Ha! Or maybe some of you know of a government subsidy for grass widows who like to travel. Best wishes to you all for the new year. Hope you are all well, happy, healthy and getting a little gray - like I am.

THOMPSON, Wanna and Abe: One of our disappointments of last year was to miss the reunion in Bozeman. I so wanted all of my friends to meet Abe. Maybe another time. We spent a few days in Portland this fall and had a wonderful reunion with Dotty and Hague Callister, Clyde and Shirley Rushing and Wilma Grantham. Al was out of town so missed seeing him. Also had dinner with Bob Russell and his family. Abe and 'Snooks' had a fast game of golf--I'd forgotten what a pro that Clyde was. We hope they will come our way this summer and Abe is going to show him a few of our courses. Big news this past year for us is that we became grandparents. Susan and Jack had a baby girl last April in Denver, Colorado. We spent Christmas with them in Aspen this year and it was a wonderful occasion. Dick, graduate of Denver University, is there working for a few months until he recovers from an accident he was in late in August. Sandy, our Senior in High School, was with us and Jack's mother and father. Snow was beautiful, skiing excellent, interesting people and much to do. It is a Christmas we won't forget. Cristin, our wee one, is beginning to crawl and do the normal things eight months old babies do. Sandy will be off to college in the fall but where, that isn't settled as yet. We rather hoped it would be Montana but her interests seem directed more toward Utah schools. I spent some time in Bozeman late this summer and had a tour of the campus. It is growing so fast I hardly recognized my alma mater. I stayed with Gerry and Eugene Graf so had a chance for a good visit with them. Too many years have passed since I sat down and chatted with my Bozeman friends. I miss all of you, bless you. We wish all of you a wonderful new year and pray that this time ;next ;year things will look brighter around the world.

VADHEIM, Midge and Al: 1967 was very good to all the Vadheims and we do hope to you too. This past summer Lew, Jan, Shelley and I met Al in New York City. He had just finished the annual American Medical Association meeting in Atlantic City. We decided to by pass the latter saving our sheckles for the "Old Country". We all left N.Y.C. in June via Scandinavian Airlines for Bergen, Norway. The highlight in Norway (in fact, the entire trip) was visiting Vadheim, Norway. They even had Vadheim's Private Bank but unfortunately closed, perhaps on purpose. Think everyone in the Village was a "kissing cousin". From Vadheim via coastal steamer as far North as Trondheim. With each rising swell I had more respect for the hardy men of the Norwegian Seas. Al proved to be the only true Viking. The rest of the family qualified as far as complexion except me as I was truly out of place. Poor me--just a misfit! Then we truly covered Denmark as Al had an Aunt

and Uncle there. From Denmark via plane to Switzerland. Lew and Al skiid at the base of the Matterhorn. Jan, Shelley and I didn't think dresses ideal for skiing so we had to forgo that pleasure. Again by plane to Rome. This time I had the edge on the family with coloring more near the natives. However those Italiano men would whistle at any American--I think even my Grandmother. Finally home via plane the last of July. Our family trip was really a moving one. You don't miss much when these young bloods are along. We realized this was probably our last family trip with all present so we took full advantage. This past fall Al completed his year as President of Montana Medical Association. Lew will retire in Feb. as President of his Fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon, and graduate in Chemistry this June from MSU. Jan is a Freshman at MSU, an art major. Shelley is an active 7th grader. As for me--just busy, the common complaint of everyone these days. Do come skiing to Bridger Bowl. Much to offer--a new chair lift (7200 ft. in length) new chalet and already a 74 inch base. We have had lots of deep powder skiing. Rates are only \$4.00 per day and only \$1.00 for 9th graders or less. With that sales pitch we'll see you on the hill at Bridger Bowl. Best wishes to you all for the year of '68 and many thanks to you both for again editing the letter.

WAITE, Jeanne: I can't believe that it is that time of year again--I'm not ready for Christmas yet! 1967 has been a busy-happy-and healthy year for me--and I am most thankful. All I ask is the same in '68--plus world peace--if possible. I am still purveying fashion--in other words, I'm still working at the dress shop. Needless to say I find myself a bit more restricted so can't be quite as free as I like. I did spend 2 delightful weeks in May in my favorite city San Francisco. I went down for a friend's wedding and when that was accomplished I really lived it up. I was convinced about one thing--I'll never be a "hippie". I know some of you must have been thru here this past year--but noword from anyone. The Taylors were honest enough and admitted they were here for a weekend but couldn't find my phone number! Their wrists have been properly cuffed. Carolyn Gay Winchester dropped in one day and I nearly scared her to death. She came to buy--not visit! We did catch up on some news. This sounds like a dull report but the best I can do for a "woiking goil"---. Best wishes for '68 to each and everyone of you.

WEBER, Jerry: You will never believe how many times I have started a note to include with my Christmas card only to get sidetracked. I know you have heard this from me before but at least I come through. I address the cards in ample time but it's adding those few lines at the very last where I struggle. I certainly haven't any earthshaking news to report, but I do know that your visit, Peg and Bill, was the most delightful surprise of the year. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute we had together and just wish you could have spent more time in Los Angeles. Thsnks, Peg, for your very thoughtful note upon your return home. You are a doll! (And don't delete my feelings in your edition!) The holidays are over and I hope I am not the only one who is happy. Each year they get more tiring. We had our Montana reception last Friday at the Sheraton West and I think everyone thought it was quite successful. I finally got to meet Marian and Ed Allard. Ed was chairman of the committee planning the affair and it was fun working with him. Gov. and Mrs. Babcock were in attendance as were Marje Paisley and Bob Pantzer, President of the University. I knew him way back when. We seem to get a much better representation of the University alums and I don't know why because there are many Montana State U graduates living in this area. I was in Montana for nearly a month this fall. My Mother was hospitalized and I waited until she was able to come back with me. My folks are with me for the winter. I am always so busy with my responsibilities up there I don't get any farther than Great Falls but I certainly would have liked to return via Eugene, Oregon, to take in the big Beck wedding. Cora sent a picture of the bridal party and she's competition for any bride--looked just beautiful. I went nuts over the Rams this season and after the Colts gave out here we were started making plans for Dec. 30th in Los Angeles. Defeat wasn't even a possibility and Jerry and her four season tickets were certainly in demand. The Rose Bowl game was a real day yesterday and I have never seen such a disgruntled crowd even with a Southern California victory.

Montana really does herself proud with her float each year. I hope everyone has a prosperous and joyous New Year and that the rioters, draft card burners, hippies, etc. all disappear in 1968.

WINANS, Ginney and Frank: Probably too late, as usual, but just got home from trip to Phoenix and L.A.!! Found your card and tho't I'd try and get a short note off before you go to press! Wonderful year and has gone by much too fast, so-- a quick run-down! Number One!!---My darling Jan presented me with a Grandson on January 25 last year!! He looked so exactly like his Mother when she was born, no one could believe it. Weighed $8\frac{1}{2}$ lb---- Gary Jacob Birkland, Jr. Has since been known as "Gary-too". This came about from one of his cousins--a 3 yr. old. When he was told the new baby's name was same as his "Uncle Gary" ---just stated--"Oh, so he's Gary-too!" What a darling--looks exactly like my father and like my Linda at times, and has dimples like his own Daddy-Gary, and like his Mother, and doesn't this just sound just like an obnoxious Grandmother?? His beautiful curly hair has been cut about 5 times and he'll be a year old next week!! Actually, he is very exceptional--we have a "special" communication! He talks to me, sings to me, etc., etc.,--actually, no one else understands us, but we don't care!!! Linda and Hank are in Hinesville, Georgia--so far away, but so glad he is in the States. He was at Ft. Benning, Ga. after his return from Vietnam last Nov. '66. And while there last June was decorated--Distinguished Flying Cross and Bronze Star! All this on top of his 10 Air Medals and 2 medals of honor from Vietnamese Gov't!! We're so proud of him and so very glad he and Linda are together!! Shelley going to school in California this year. Still interested in eventually getting her Masters in Art!!! She is extremely talented, and so determined to achieve her goal--so sure she will! Our Collin is Soph at San Rafael Military Academy. Although many of his grades are not as high as I think they should be, still gets straight A's in Military Science!!! We go to Phoenix often and to L.A. and see so many people from Montana!! Jan, "Gary-too" and I drove to Hayward two weeks ago to see my cousin Howard and Beth Nelson who were there for Christmas vacation. See Jean (Purdy) and Larry Cooper often --and Pat (Purdy) and Pete Hillman in Sacramento often. Oh--last time in Phoenix at Jean and Larry Cooper's, Art and Elsa Duzenberry were there and what fun seeing them again after so many years!! Mother and Daddy Dok having their 50th Wedding Anniversary March 20th!! June, my sister, and I planning a very special party for them in Pasadena on that day!! We'll all be in Phoenix for the "Montana" Picnic, first week in February!! Maybe see some of you there?? Much love to all.

WOLCOTT, Betty and Frank: 1967 has been a most exciting year for all of us in the Wolcott family, but then each year is so full when your family is around. Keith and Stephanie have provided our newsiest items. He fulfilled his six months for Uncle Sam at Fort Knox, Kentucky so didn't get more than one quarter of college in his freshman year. After coming home in late June he has been working here in town and plans to start again winter quarter, older and he says "wiser". Stephanie finished her radiological technologists training, passed her state boards and is now a licensed X ray technician at The Dalles General Hospital in The Dalles, Oregon. June 17th she left Billings for a six week tour of Europe, which she thoroughly enjoyed. She is most determined to go back again. Debbie, Barbie and I took Steph and belongings out to her job, pulling our trailer. We visited friends and relatives along the way and hope to get out to spend more time on the Oregon coast another time. This has been Debbie's year for growing. She is a most enthusiastic eighth grader and is finding that there is so much to do, and never enough time to get it all done. Barbie learned to swim, dive and play the part of a fish this summer. She also has had her turn at growing and am glad this is the season for short skirts. It's given us one more season wear for some outfits. Frank and I celebrated my folks 47th wedding anniversary and our 25th this Fall with a partial family reunion here. It was great fun. Our sincere wishes for all good things in the New Year! P.S. Steph says she is going to be married in June--a fellow in The Dalles.

YOVETICH, Nick: Changes seem to come slowly until I find myself older, fatter and dumber not to mention lazier! After we Hoosiers' got beat in the Rose Bowl we left the flu bug out there so maybe that's getting even. Of course, I didn't go--I'm still loyal to MSU Bobcats. Sorry to see we lost our Coach. Now that I am old enough to golf I am looking forward to a couple of weeks in Florida starting the 12th of Jan. Last year played behind Sam Snead and on different holes at same time with Perry Como. Last report says my stinking game did not alter theirs. I did show Snead some shots he had never seen before. The water hazard was too deep to show the follow up one. Did visit Montana briefly last year. Orton and Marshall became bachelors for the evening. Since it is my turn to buy next time I plan to pull a "Rassiter trick" and not show up in Montana in '68". I'll save my pennies to pay off in '69.

ROMAN, Dora: Can't think of anything to say. Those of you who haven't been on the campus should come see the new addition to the Student Union and the 9 story buildings they have for dorms. My love to all. Drop in when you get to town. I've had a seige with shingles since last June so I'm not always in tip-top shape, but always glad to see anyone!

EAGLE, Bettie: This editor is goofing off in sunny California while the Montana editors carry on. We should have changed the deadline with the postal rates going up! I had a good season at West and was pleased to see many of you and sorry about those who came to "Eagles Corner" while I was out "gadding". However, I am glad there was lots of gadding to do. Hope you all know you get free cokes for you and family if you look me up. Sometimes I even get rash and offer a highball or a meal. Came to Santa Monica late November and am visiting around in that general area. At this writing I am in San Diego with my brother and his wife. Last week did some part time work on campus (San Diego State College) for the Natl. Science Foundation. May do some more of that. Then I hope to see friends in Del Mar, Long Beach and L.A. area. Will return to "West" when the snow has melted a bit. However, I did enjoy the winter there a year ago. Had a quick trip to Denver and good visit with Elota Beth last March and took in Gift Show there. My friend Luther was here last week-end from Santa Monica. This week a friend of my sister in New York is in town. Yesterday we took the harbor cruise of San Diego and that is delightful. Tomorrow we are driving to Enicinada in Mexico. She has rented a VW for the day. I haven't done any driving. These freeways terrify this small time gal! Hope you all have a great '68.

TAYLOR, Peg and Bill: Each year I think I am going to take notes as the months go by so I will be sure and remember all the highlights of the year--but each year as I sit down to do our letter I remember I forgot. So, I shall try to look back over the past 12 months and see what I come up with. Tried to keep physically fit by swimming and bowling the first part of the year. When summer comes I give all that up and Bill starts his program of golf! I am bowling again now--belong to a league--and my cute little bowling companions have seen that I now have 3 trophies. Had a wonderful vacation in California except for the fact that my Mother came down with a bad case of shingles shortly after we left. She wouldn't let us cut our trip short and had some good neighbors and friends that looked in on her until we returned. We left the day school was out and had perfect weather the whole trip--was even cool going across the desert. Visited Bill's sister Agnes and family in Los Angeles and had fun getting reacquainted with a nephew, age 20, twin nieces, age 17, and a niece, age 6. School was still on for all of them so we got in on all the activity of a larger family and had a ball! Did lots of sightseeing and going--Disneyland, Busch Gardens, Zoo and Sea World in San Diego, Dodger baseball game (Rick rooted for Cincinnati and his Aunt almost disowned him), the musical "Walking Happy" at the beautiful new cultural center and two wonderful visits with Jerry Weber. We just didn't have time enough to get all our talking done, but we sure made a good try didn't we, Jerry? Came home by way of Yosemite with all its breathtaking scenery. Stayed at West Yellowstone one night so had a good visit with Betts and she entertained us royally.

Mother was down most of the summer so we spent as much time in Bozeman as we could. Bill's sister Helen and family from Trenton, Missouri visited in Bozeman for a week and we were with them for a few days. They have a boy the same age as Rick so the cousins had fun together. We took our week-end jaunt to Great Falls with the Jorgensons for the football game and alum meeting and this is always great fun, but we are disappointed not to see the Great Falls alums. Saw lots of people at Homecoming including Ford Martin and Maizie Wilson. The week-end of the Bobcat--Grizzly game was also the 50th anniversary celebration for Sigma Chi and lots of alums came for that. On Friday evening they had a smoker for the fellows at the Baxter Hotel and a coffee for the ladies at the Bozeman Hotel. How about that--times have certainly changed! Saturday evening was a big banquet and dance and they let us get together for that! It's always wonderful to see any of the old gang. Had good visits with Jane and Chuck Turner, daughter Valerie and Babe Strong over lunch at the Northern Hotel; the MacDonalds stopped by in Bozeman to see Dora and show her their new addition and I was there and got to hold the baby!--they also were in Billings in December and stopped by for a few minutes; talked to Shinns when they were here for the holidays. See Bev and Fred Orton for fleeting glimpses at church--Fred was just ordained and installed as a Deacon of the First Presbyterian Church! Bill has done a little traveling the last few months--Seattle, Denver and Salt Lake. Had a chance to talk to Elota Beth and see Jim Stephens. He's been interviewing and testing people for employment with Humble Oil. The two Grandmas were with us for Thanksgiving and Grandma Roman here at Christmas time. She again had to take over household duties when I was under the weather. She's beginning to think I plan this every year so I can get a vacation from work! No weddings, engagements or graduations in our family--Rick is a fifth grader but talks about a girl friend, --we're hoping it isn't serious! Well, this brings us around to the New Year and if I don't get going all you wonderful people will think that the newsletter has gone out of business. Sure missed you, Bettie. Our love and Best Wishes to all for 1968.

No word from the following: BRANDON (Wrote on their Christmas card "I hope the annual letter is in the offing!" and then no more), CALLISTER (on their card "News, if any, to follow" and then no more), CLEWOW, DANIELS, MARSHALL (Joye and Ellis sold their home and moved into an apartment. We are sad to report that Ellis' Father died this past fall), ROSSITER, RUSHING, STUCKY, TERRETT, TURNER, WILLIAMSON, WILSON, WINCHESTER.

I am sure we all join in extending sympathy to those who lost loved ones. It seems some of the old stand-bys didn't write this year, so we hope all is well with them. Sorry to delete Daniels and Wilson from our list but we must stick by our rules--it could happen to you!

Love and kisses,

Bettie, Peg and Bill

Roll Call

Mr. & Mrs. E. W. Allard, 11231 Arroyo Avenue, Santa Ana, Calif. 92705
Mr. & Mrs. Eric Anderson, 304 W. Cleveland, Bozeman, Mont. 59715
Mr. & Mrs. Ward Beck, 885 West 37th Street, Eugene, Oregon 97405
Mr. & Mrs. M. G. Brandon, 1318 Mayfield Ave., Joliet, Illinois 60435
Mr. & Mrs. Hague Callister, 6960 S. W. Raleighwood Lane, Portland, Oregon 97225
Mr. & Mrs. George Clemow, 37 Highland Ave., Lexington, Mass. 02173
Mrs. Peg Clinton, 27 Provincial Court, St. Louis, Missouri 63122
Mr. & Mrs. Jack Coefield, 4606 S.W. 29th Pl., Portland, Oregon 97201
Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118
Mr. & Mrs. Al Grantham, 7350 S.W. Sharon Ln., Portland, Oregon 97225
Mr. & Mrs. Walter J. Heinrich, 705 Mead Ave., Sheboygan, Wisconsin 53081
Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Jacobs, 528 Laguna Pl., Seal Beach, California 90740
Mr. & Mrs. J. K. Justice, 2860 Stonyvale Rd., Tujunga, California 91042
Mr. & Mrs. James MacDonald, 620 S. 6th East, Missoula, Montana 59801
Mr. & Mrs. Robin MacNab, 822 S. 5th, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. & Mrs. Ellis Marshall, 1600 Avenue E, Apt. 4, Billings, Montana 59102
Mr. Ford Martin, Box 173, Terry, Montana 59349
Mr. & Mrs. Mark McCollm, 5720 - 60th Ave. N.E., Seattle, Washington 98105
Mr. & Mrs. Herman Menzel, 1106 S. Third, Bozeman, Montana 59715 (winter address)
Mr. & Mrs. Fred Orton, 943 Grand Ave., Billings, Montana 59102
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Pappin, 1730 Alder Drive, Great Falls, Montana 59401
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Purdy, 601 S. Tracy, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Dr. & Mrs. H. D. Rossiter, Sheridan, Montana 59749
Mrs. Floyd E. Roth, 301 Newark St., Aurora, Colorado 80010
Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Rushing, 14370 Upland Drive S. W., Lake Oswego, Oregon 97034
Mr. & Mrs. Shirl Shinn, N. 7625 Laurelhurst Dr., Spokane, Washington 99208
Mr. James Stephens, 2180 Parleys Terrace, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stetzner, 1044 Placer, Butte, Montana 59701
Mrs. Geraldine Strong, 1600 Ave. E., Apt. 1, Billings, Montana 59102
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. Stucky, Rt. 3, Ames, Iowa 50010
Mrs. June D. Terrett, 320 W. Relf St., Glendive, Montana 59330
Mr. & Mrs. C. N. Thompson, 2285 Koro Ave., Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
Mr. & Mrs. Charles Turner, R.D. #8 Fair Acres, York, Pennsylvania 17403
Dr. & Mrs. A. L. Vadheim, 521 S. 10th, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Miss Jeanne Waite, Box 682, Lewistown, Montana 59457
Miss Jerry Weber, 841 South Serrano Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90005
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Williamson, Route #2, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. & Mrs. Burl Winchester, Rt. 1, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Winans, 375 Rosemary Lane, Redding, California 96001
Mr. & Mrs. Frank Wolcott, Rt. 2, Box 161, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Mr. Nick Yovetich, 3301 Godman Avenue, Muncie, Indiana 47304

Mrs. Dora Roman, 613 South Sixth, Bozeman, Montana 59715
Miss Bettie Eagle, Box 280, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. B. Taylor, 909 Avenue E, Billings, Montana 59102

January 1969

Dear Ole Gang:

Haven't typed a stencil for so long I'm nervous as a cat as the 1969 edition goes to press! Luther is a better typist than I so you will be getting some "clear copy" as he "spells" me. So starting with the "a's", here we go!

ALLARD, Marian & Ed: Once again, hope it's better late than never. At least sending this to Santa Monica is less time consuming than to Billings. Sorry to be so late with Congratulations & Best Wishes to you. We were mighty excited when the announcement came. Would like to think we could meet one day--but still seem to be working on seeing Grace Williams Jacobs in Seal Beach. Do manage to talk on the phone about once a year--and have all good intentions--I hope '69 will be our year. We four have kept busy during the past year with our usual pursuits--mainly as the breadwinner, home maker & students. Karlen graduated from High School in June and is now attending San Diego State--& Kristen is continuing at Fullerton Junior College. They seem to be constantly engaged in various projects of one kind & another. We are beginning to attend weddings of their friends. Kris was maid of honor at her best friend's wedding in August. All of which is fun & exciting. Eddie is hoping it will be awhile before he escorts either of his daughters down the aisle. The biggest news of our year was indeed sad news. My Mother died in March--& there is indeed a great loss for all of us. My Dad, fortunately, is in good health & quite self-sufficient, so is holding the fort alone in Berkeley. We flew to Billings in August & spent a wonderful week with all the Allard Clan. Only one of the 12 cousins was missing. It's hard to imagine they are mostly grown up--with both Catherine & Clayton being grandparents these days. The newest generation seems to look very good. Eddie's parents are both able to be about for which we are most thankful. We sustained another loss in our family--our little blonde cocker of 13 years is no more. She was really a member of our family. In spite of saying we weren't going to have another dog--we seem to have a new little black cocker, Velvet. She has really kept us busy & entertained. We were disappointed not to have seen more people at the Alum meeting at the Ambassador Dec. 29. Guess the flu really played havoc with so many people's holiday plans. Especially missed seeing Jerry Weber after we finally got to meet her in person last year. We have enjoyed our telephone conversations, however. Thanks to George Clemow for letting us show the Reunion pictures. They were really good--made us wish all the more we'd been part of the festivities. Gretchen Thaler Edwards & Louie Edwards spent an evening with us nearly a year ago & we did a lot of catching up. Also after all these years saw Wanna Finley again & finally got to meet her extra special husband. Wanna is to be here next week to greet her youngest upon her return from the Round The World College Cruise. Well, for some one with nothing special to report, I have rambled too long. Will close saying we are only about 15 minutes from Disneyland & would love to hear & see any of the Newsletter Gang. Best Wishes to everyone for a Wonderful 1969.

BRANDON, Billie and Blondy: The NEWSLETTER ultimatum was followed closely by a number of snapshots of the reunion--courtesy of the Clemows. The latter were especially appreciated since we were only vicarious participants in the fun and from all reports, it must have been a whale of a party! There were only a couple of individuals in the pictures, a couple of the more mature types, that I could not identify and may not even been with the group. I must say that Father Time has been most kind to all of you. You are even more handsome, distinguished, suavesophisticated, polished, erudite.....etc., etc. than when I saw you last and in most cases that has been more than a year or two! My only recent personal encounter with past or present inhabitants of the Big Sky Country was with the Rushings in their lovely home in Portland shortly after Thanksgiving. If you're a golfer, the setting is incomparable. The livingroom overlooks the 13th and 15th fairways. Snooks has no excuse for getting out of the 70's and I don't believe he needs one. My brother, who lives in Vancouver, has five big holly trees around his house and I came back with a huge box of it for holiday decorations. I should have opened

up a roadside stand.....the going price here is a \$1 a sprig. Billie and I made the momentouse New Years resolution to stop smoking. We have been successful in keeping our resolution to date so I believe we will make it! However, it hasn't been a moment, and I don't suppose will be for some time that the desire for a cigarette is not constantly there! May 1969 be the greatest for all of you and we'll look forward with immense anticipation to the forthcoming Newsletter.

CALLISTER, Dottie & Hague: We are most anxious to hear about all of you and are striving desperately to beat the deadline this year--cannot remember what happened last year, so guess we'll have to give you the "Now" picture with us. Barbara Callister, 21, just was graduated from Univ. of Oregon in December & will be home with us until June 14 when she will trip down the aisle to the altar, and then off to Boston. Her husband-to-be will have one more year at Harvard Graduate School of Business, and Barbara, who majored in Education, will teach elementary school somewhere in the area if she makes successful contact with a school that needs her. Duncan, 20, is a junior at Univ. of Oregon, hopefull to be an attorney one day if the draft and other hazards don't get first claim. Just having one in college for awhile will be something of a relief, but there is still one to go--Scotta, a junior at Beaverton High School, with her college plans yet nebulous. She is big in the dance team activities, skiing, and al that--and is seldom still a minute. The parents of these three don't make any headlines--just keep plodding along. We did add a beach house at Surf Pines, North of Gearhart, Oregon, last summer and we hope to get a lot of fun out of it in the years to come. If only we had more sunshine and truly "beach weather" in western Oregon. I intend to be with Wanna Thompson, with Scotta, in Sun Valley in late March, and we are looking forward to that event. We would relish a visit from you if you are ever in Portland, and this would give a beautiful excuse for getting those Rushings, Russells, Granthams, Ralstons, Lew Thompsons, and others together for a reminisce or two. So the front door is open to all!!

CLEMOV, Cherry & George: We missed last year but finally swindled a copy of the letter in the fall, so caught up on much of the news. We wish we could deliver this message in person to Bettie and Luther, but alas--for that will have to wait for another day. Cherry's mother died in Little Rock on Dec. 29 & Cherry is still there helping her father reorganize his life at the age of 81. We flew down on Christmas Day when we knew of her critical condition, but there was little anyone could do. I flew back to Boston New Year's Day and am holding down the fort alone hoping that Cherry can soon finish the unhappy task of cleaning out a family home. As for the rest of the family, Allan is now teaching Design Engineering at Tufts University & seems to love every minute of it although he is still single at 25. Sue is continuing her dietetics program at the Univ. of Maine & was encouraged by the experience of working at a nearby hospital last summer. Sue Kim, a Korean gal in her twenties, joined our family last summer and is now in her first year at a junior college in Kentucky where she is doing very well after several years lapse. Last Christmas, the family gave me a pair of second-hand skies to see if the old man was really interested and I showed them! It's tremendous--I really do enjoy it and there is a lot of excellent skiing within 1½ to 2 hours drive from here. Understand that Montana has some excellent ski slopes also. This fall we had a great time with John Gates when he stayed with us for several days during business trips to Boston. I don't know how he does it, but he still doesn't have a gray hair on his head and looks just as he did 25 years ago. We're hoping that we will get to see more of both Chrissie and John in the future. We have not seen anyone else from the Montana gang, but did try to call Peg Clinton this summer and again Christmas on our trips thru St. Louis. Someday we will find her home. We send you all greeting with the special note that it's great to be back on the mailing list with special thanks to Bettie & Peg.

CLINTON, Peg: I hope that January 15 deadline was mailing--not receiving--or I will be a "Delyinquet", too! This has been a great year--starting with Luther joining this torrid group! Welcome, Luther, and belated very best wishes to you &

Bettie. And how about your address--Montana Avenue!! My son received his Juris Doctorate in December--University of Tulsa. After seven years of college & law school, we are all joyful. Next for Judy & Larry is the Army--J.A. G. they hope. They had a wonderful three week trip abroad in August as guests of Judy's parents. I used my vacation last summer teaching 5 & 6 years olds from the Inner City area. I believe I understand the Black American better than I did, which at times makes the education of these Americans seem hopeless. I anticipate a quiet 1969 having survived in 1968 an earthquake which left cracks in my newly redecorated abode; two blow outs which almost put me in orbit; a tornado touchdown nearby and then an IRS audit of 1967 taxes. The only weekend all summer I was away, Cherry & George Clemow were here. It just doesn't figure!! May 1969 be the best year ever for each one of you! When do we initiate Luther?

COEFIELD, Vivian & Jack: How the years do go by. This year has passed without any special events, but it has been a very happy year since our family has been together more than the year before. Jeff returned safely after a year in Vietnam and is looking forward to January 23, 1969, which is the day he will be discharged from the army after a 3 year enlistment. Happy day. Alan is a college junior at Linfield and Leslie a high school sophomore. Plans are for vacations in Las Vegas and San Diego & then to the Islands for 3 weeks. Will be at the lake again this summer, however, this year it will be Seely Lake. We all send our best wishes to you all for a very happy 1969. Looking forward as usual to the newsletter. Thanks for your never ending loyalty to all of us eager readers.

GATES, Chrissie & John: A very happy and healthy New Year to you all. John has spent several happy visits with the George Clemows, who spoil him whenever he is near Boston. They are great and John enjoys seeing them, and his neice, Jeri Drum who is at Radcliff, and our son John who is at Groton School. He's always happy to have a good reason to go to Boston. Our daughters are fine; just embarking on their teens, and enjoying the short holidays when Johnny comes home on vacation from school, with his classmates. They have even discovered the telephone! So if you try to call us collect, Dave, from Sheridan, the line will undoubtedly be busy with chattering girls--better send a collect telegram--but please come and see us whenever you all are nearby. The Pappins are due for another Eastern Safari; so are a lot of you all. Come east & bring a large tin of fresh Montana sunshine and air, to Philadelphia's air pollution. Bettie, we all send our happiest wishes to you both. Luther is a very lucky man and we'd love to meet him sometime. We think you two are very loyal to have the Santa Monica Chamber of Commerce change the name of your street to Montana Avenue. Our love to you all.

JACOBS; Grace & Hugo: All's quiet here now except for the purr of our kitty. That's the way it is now. John enlisted in the Air Corps in June & is now in school at Keesler AFB in Biloxi, Mississippi. Will be home on leave the end of this month. Joanne, you know, married and left the next some time ago. Joanne didn't go far, though, as she and husband Mike live only about 10 blocks away. Happiness is being a grandparent of Cheri. At 2½ years she's really something--smart (naturally), cute, mischievous, and has the most vibrant personality of anyone in the family. You could say we are proud grandparents. So it isn't quiet when she's here. And she was here with Joanne and Mike at Christmas time. Had hoped to have my mother with us too, but the doctor thought it would be better for her to stay home with all this Hong Kong flu running around. Anyone need a vet's assistant? I really feel qualified after a month's siege with our Persian cat. Practically wore the pavement out between here and the vet's--a cat fight started it, but his throat became so sore he couldn't eat. I had to take his temperature; put hot packs on him; give him pills; and after about 3 weeks of not eating, force-feed him using the turkey baster. He finally pulled out of it and is fat as ever now. Hugo adopted the Readers Digest running program about a year ago and likes the results--especially when it comes to back-packing into a remote lake. Hope to catch up with Bettie one of these days. Bettie & Luther left West Yellowstone just a couple days before we arrived last summer. Did have a good visit with Rose and

Herm. Hadn't seen their store since they enlarged it--really is nice. Wish you all a very Happy New Year.

JUSTICE, Edna & Jack: As you can see, we have a new address. They decided to sell the canyon property so we moved here to be closer to Bob's college and Jack's and Elaine's work. It seems strange living in the city again and it took us some time to get used to the noise. This is only a temporary residence. However, as Jack and I would like to live on the desert eventually. I received the pictures of the 25th reunion today. They are wonderful and I thank George Clemow for making it all possible. Grace Jacobs sent them to me and I will send them to Jerry Weber. I was able to recognize most of you. Have a good year.

MAC DONALD, Jean and Jim: First off.....if and when you get out Missoula way, be sure to stop. Have to find out for myself if this guy is good enough for our Betts. Reports are good but I have to find out for myself. Really very little to write about from here. In fact nothing has changed since last year, except the kids, and they are never the same from one day to the next. Rick is now $4\frac{1}{2}$ and hell on wheels. Andy (Andrea) is 22 mos., thinks her brother is wonderful, and tries to emulate everything he does, especially in the Destruction Department. Sometimes I wonder if maybe I'm not a wee bit old for this kind of treatment. Shelley is enrolled at the old alma mater now. Been there about a week. She's living in a dorm which should make some changes in the normal routine at MSU. Linda and husband, Hank, have given up the army as a career and Hank is in school in Birmingham, Ala. Linda is working for an Ins. Co. Jan and Gary and Gary "Too" were up for a visit last summer. Still living in Chico, Calif. Gary "too", same age as "Aunt Andrea" is also a live one and mighty cute, especially when asleep. Actually I love 'em all and think they are wonderful, but am still looking forward to spending a nice quiet Sunday afternoon watching football without having the whole room jumping before my eyes, sharing my beer with a couple of real Boozers and periodically separating a couple of expert bar-room brawlers. Oh well, some day! Jean and I maintain our figures by constantly running, and I don't mean jogging around the track. Our sanity is something else and I'm not sure we're staying abreast there. We try to get away from it all periodically with a dinner out - alone-, a few drinks, without being conned out of half, and a little light exercise on a dance floor, strictly waltzes any more. The welcome mat is out for any and all that happen by Missoula way. Lots of room here in the summer months, and of course two heathens to make you real happy that the situation is temporary and soon you will be safe at home again. Just kidding....love to see you, and - Happy New Year.

MCCOIM, Dolores & Mark: By far the most important event in our lives this past year was the marriage of daughter Linda to Mark Timothy Seppa (known as Tim), on Saturday, September 7 at 8 P.M. In retrospect it seems that we started setting dates and making plans in January and had barely recovered by Christmas. It was a memorable wedding service, and we were pleased that so many of our close friends and relatives could share the festivities with us. Tim started Medical School at the University of Washington this fall and Linda is completing her senior year, which includes her student teaching. They managed to secure a free apartment by helping to "baby sit" a local mortuary in off office hours. Both of them have such busy schedules, we don't see as much of them as we would like. However, we feel very fortunate that they're so close. Mark completed his term as National President of Theta Chi in September, returning home from the convention just in time to walk the bride down the aisle. I didn't go along this time, as I seemed to have a few things to take care of here at home. We had a nice trip in February with stops in Palm Springs, Vegas and Phoenix. Hope to get away next month and find a little sun and gold in the San Diego area. Hope that 1969 will be a good year for everyone--with peace, good health, success and much happiness.

MENZEL, Rose & Herm: Today (12-14) Hermie's & my marriage is 27 years young--a good time to reminisce about old friends. We're having Bill & Lorraine Stucky's David for dinner tonight & later going to the Hawk game with Don & Peg

Bodley. We enjoyed our summer at West & hit the jack pot on seeing people we'd known for years & years. Among them were Mary Baxter Nelson, Carolyn Law Cordes, Sammy Lou Hollier Flint, the Stuckys, Ortons, Grace Williams Jacobs & Virginia Bunker Barnett. Hermie & Nick Yovetich's brother had quite a conversation on how they played against each other in high school basketball. I reminded Nick's brother how the Butte players used to untie our boys' shoes & unzip their pants! No comment! And how about that sister of mine!! We are thrilled to death she & Luther finally took that step, and we hear tell someone told Luther (and not an Eagle either) it was the smartest thing he ever did. They are buzzing all over California this winter & we hope to see them next month when we go to the Gift Show. Enjoyed seeing Peg & Bill in Billings last spring. Hermie & I had such fun, we're going to try & repeat that trip. We are fine & our boys are busy with activities. Kurt with his dance band & Craig with skiing & Boy Scouts.

PURDY, Anna Lee & Bud: You will have to excuse this elementary tablet, but with the arthritis I can't do anything but write between the lines. As the old quack from Sheridan would say, "Drink More Booze". From all you request in your note you don't even suggest gossip, so will try and fill you in on the lost week-end. Bud was elected to the Board of Directors of the International Association of Auditorium Managers in Houston last summer and is automatically a district vice-president which includes Colorado, Montana, Utah, Oregon, Washington, Alberta and British Columbia. Gets a few free trips out of it anyway. We inherited a small portion of the old Morris home in Pony and the rest of it was up for grabs so we bought out my sisters and step father and got a new Jeep. When you are over that way and the weather is nice, we will be there. B.Y.O.L. Bud was 49 again last summer and is a bit too heavy, but what the hell. Anna Lee is healthy, older than her husband and is still a great cook. Lee (23) is out of the Green Berets and working in Salt Lake at Present. I think he joined the Church 'cause he does not smoke or drink. Daryl (18) is a senior in Bozeman High, a real fine student & wants to be a speech therapist or rodeo cowgirl. Montana State is growing both student wise and also many with long hair, beads and no soap. I hope I can stand it until retirement or a new fad comes along. Can you imagine Purdy putting up with a Steppenwolf Show? Our fondest regards to each and everyone of you & hope our paths will cross real sudden.

ROTH, Elota Beth: Now that I'm a "Lady of Leisure" I'm off to the Spa daily to exercise--something's "gotta give" sooner or later and it will probably be by my exercise suit! Bart--14 years--and the rest of So. Jr. Hi's basketball team got busy in my basement Monday night (when I was gone, naturally) and shaved their heads! Ugh--there is no communication between Bart & me at the moment. Their form of protest against long-haired hippies, they say! Shirley Roth says, "Oh those boys; I don't know if I can stand to raise any". Our summer was a comedy of accidents though hardly humorous. In July Tim decided to surprise Shirley with a company dinner--scalded a leg and thigh and was in misery & on crutches for 2 weeks. The following morning Bart chased Teri across the lawn in her barefeet, she stepped on Muffie's chewed T-bone, had a puncture wound that kept her off her foot for about a week; and then my brother-in-law arrived, went to rescue Scott and walked through the glass patio door--nearly severed a tendon and had 14 stitches! If you're ever bored--drop in! Hope I make the News Letter. Think you are great to continue.

RUSHING, Shirley & Clyde: We sure don't want to be dropped from the list as it is nice to hear about everyone. Aside from the weather (+4 degrees and drifting snow) this has been a rather uneventful year. Abe and Wanna Thompson visited Portland twice last year. Enjoyed seeing them after such a long time and Abe is a great golf partner. Dottie Callister is recuperating from a trip to the hospital. One way to lose weight & regain that youthful figure. Seldom see Al & Wilma as Al is busy at home & traveling. I had a quick trip to Germany, Holland & Denmark. I didn't stay long enough to become an authority on international affairs, but would sure like to go back & spend some time there. Linda finished a school in merchandising, is employed and lives in downtown Portland. Marti is a freshman at

Lewis & Clark and Rick is in the 6th grade. Everyone is healthy, including our three dogs. I wonder how long it took the Luther Nelsons to find an apartment on Montana Ave. They sure are loyal.

SHINN, Mil & Shirl: Time again to say hello and a toast to the future & memories of the past. As we move down the line of life, we seem farther apart, but this isolation is lessened by the annual bulletin that reaches to all corners of the good old U.S. Our past year has had nothing out of the ordinary run of the daily battle of living & raising our youth. Our flock is still calling home our house. However Susan is 3rd year college, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., Canada. Larry is 1st year at E. W. State College, Cheney, Wash. And Christine is sophomore in High School. We again spend our vacation in the winter skiing, and usually a trip to folks--one or the other--over either Christmas or Thanksgiving. Spokane must be out of the way for all travelers as we have had no hello's from passers by. Wished I could have some startling news to report--like sailed around the world in a kite or something, but as we all know every day life usually is routine. Maybe someday will change the form. Actually we are overwhelmed by news such as Spaceship around Moon--makes our individual happenings insignificant. Bye for now.

STRONG, Babe: Horrors! I just realized that it is the fourteenth of January & I haven't written the Newsletter note yet! And I have to go to Lewistown to the Center for the Aged tomorrow, so it's now or never. No! I am not entering the Center as a resident! As Reimbursement Officer for the State Dept. of Institutions, I am going to make a survey for Medicare and Medicaid. I'm making a valiant effort to stay out of such places by skiing, playing golf, and having more fun than someone my age should. Ha. Due to the lack of time, I am going to relate my "tidbits" in the order they were listed in the instructions. Spouse: I don't have any--haven't found the ideal man who is willing to support me in the manner in which I am willing to become accustomed. Boyfriend: He's no boy (49), but I do have a friend. He's a Lt. Col. in the Air Force & was stationed at Ent AFB, Colorado Springs, but he was recently transferred to Florida as the Commander of Missile operations at Eglin AFB. As you can imagine, the great distance probably won't enhance the situation. Ha. Kids: Shirley is living with me and teaching ninth grade English and raising her boy, Troy, while her husband Jerry is in Viet Nam. She met Jerry in Hawaii over the holidays for R and R and had a marvelous time. Grandkids: Partially covered in above paragraph. Troy is a strapping, handsome 1 year old with more vim and vigor than the New York Jets. Medicare: Administer it to others but am avoiding it as long as possible. Social Security: Not qualified at 39 Years of age. Travels: Cover a lot of territory but don't get anywhere outside of Montana. All my money goes to keep Blair in school at Dartmouth or traveling inbetween. (Should have had him included in "Kids"). Moves: None. Get-togethers and items of ~~of~~ interest: Few - Haven't seen too many of the old gang this year. Enjoy seeing Peg T. at Chi O Alum Club. Also chat with the Marshalls who live a couple of doors from me. I ~~haven't~~ Haven't had the opportunity to meet Luther yet but certainly wish him and Bettie the best. If they build the new stadium at MSU we should get together to help launch it, don't you think?? That will give everyone something to work for besides the government. Happy Days to you all.

STUCKY, Frankie & Bill: Happy New Year to everyone! Believe it or not I am writing during the super bowl game. The men have gone into that very special football coma wherein the house could blow up or burn down and go unnoticed so long as the game went on. But we would really miss "the letter" so here goes. The year 1968 was really wild for ~~for~~ the Stuckys. It started out quietly but by March. Roger, our elder son, and his Sarah announced they planned to be married in May even though in school. Susan called to say she was wearing a lovely engagement ring and her plans set for an August wedding. David graduated from Ames High School in May and Susan from the University of Utah in June after signing a contract to dance in the Utah Civic Ballet Company. Bill and I really did very well keeping up - for two

older people, that is. Anyway, Roger married Sarah Beals, an Ames girl, daughter of a Methodist minister. She is a lovely girl and we all love her very much. Rog has been in school while she works but he was drafted this past month so they are having to rearrange their plans somewhat. David graduated in May and is now a freshman at ~~Montana State~~ Montana State. He had a rough first quarter with tonsillitis but now the tonsils have been removed and he is much better already. He loves Montana and there was no keeping him here. Bryan is our only one home. He is thirteen and an eighth grader - completely in tune with life and keeps us from being too lonesome. Susan married a boy from Salt Lake City, a wonderful person. Both of them graduated from the U. of Utah in June. Mike is a sociology major working at Hibbs clothing store right now so Susan can dance in the ballet company. It has been reorganized into Ballet West with connections in Reno, Phoenix and Denver. They seem to live a very exciting life. Our whole family was in Salt Lake for their wedding and we all had a ball! Then Bill and I took two weeks vacation at our cabin near Karst's and tried to recuperate - which we certainly did. Our dear grandmother Stucky left us in October. She was very special and we miss her much. Bill's father had died just the year before as had his oldest brother Emmett. Our family is dwindling. Realizing this we shall try to make better use of our time and spend precious times together. I have been working at the University hospital since Sept. 1966 - four hours each morning 5 days a week and afternoon surgery call. This age group has long been a favorite of mine and I really enjoy working with them. Bill work with C.A.&B (Center for Agriculture and Economic Development) continues to be a real challenge. He travels much as always, but finds each meeting worthwhile and hopes he is doing something to better this world in which we live. Congratulations to you, Bettie and Luther. We would have seen you but you were in Minneapolis (I think) when we were in West. As always, we loved seeing Hermie and Rose and their wonderful boys. Dave sees Kurt on Campus often. And Hermie and Rose had him for a steak dinner. So our life progresses with many more successes than disappointments and who can ask for more than that. Ames is sort of between free ways - airways etc. and there are no trains to here but we live here and always say "Welcome" to those who come.

TERRETT, June: Bettie & Luther, we are all so happy for you. We've got to have another reunion soon now so we can meet the newest member of the gang--the one lucky enough to get our Bettie. If your happiness is only half as much as we are all wishing for you, your life together will be perfect. Now--get my name off that delinquent list--oh, how I missed the news from all of you last year. Notice of deadline time last year caught me flat on my back in a Billings hospital having cataract surgery, and by the time I got back to Glendive and teetered into the house, the deadline time was NOW and I was too weak to even make my mark with a pencil. Good enough excuse? Incidentally, I'm seeing fine with the aid of a contact and sometimes even think with nostalgia of that lovely month when I was under doctors' orders to do absolutely nothing. Sort of strange that a year from above date, my oldest gal, Jill, entered the local hospital for another type of surgery. She's still there, getting along fine and will come here soon to recuperate. I have reaped the bonus of having my only grandchild here with me for a week to spoil to my heart's content. A year ago last summer the family got bitten hard by the national bug and bought a camping trailer. Valderi! We've had high hopes ever since of really getting away from it all, but up to now have only made it as far as some of the local fishing holes. Son-in-law, Carl, is the only one in the family competent to handle the monster and his schedule never seems to mesh with the rest of ours. We have had a perfectly grand time planning on hitting the open road, Valdera!, leaving all responsibilities and inconveniences like telephones behind and really wandering like Steinbeck and Charley and possibly some day we will, and again possibly the dreaming about it is the best part. Son Jack just left to go back to Boulder after the Christmas holidays and counting the days until he can be home again next summer. Jane is a Jr. in High School this year & seems like the time she'll be graduating and leaving home is getting here much too fast. Mother stays fine if you don't count arthritis aches and pains, and I'm still teaching music to about 45 a week. Have been chairman of the audit committee of the Board of our bank for the last couple of years & while it is pretty time

consuming, I enjoy it until I read a news item about an embezzlement someplace-- then I actually get ill thinking about the responsibility involved. Never thought I'd report at this advanced age that I'm going back to college, but that is just what is happening. We have a pretty good Junior College here and I find a night course or two a week helps keep the cobwebs dusted out of my head--no credit or anything, just stimulating. Common Sense Psychology is my current undertaking. Y'all have a good 1969!

TURNER, Jane & Chuck: Happy New Year to All! Do you share our optimism for 1969 that we can anticipate some significant changes for the good in this blessed world we live in? "All things are possible..." 1968 has been happy & eventful for our family. Our two weddings this summer were exciting, fun, exhausting, lovely and all that weddings are supposed to be with our share of crazy incidents and just enough suspense to make interesting stories for posterity. Carolyn became Mrs. Donald Benedict on June 29, lives in York, & is completing her last year of college at Millersville. Ann graduated from Penn State, was married on August 18 & is with her husband, Michael Holtzapfel, who is stationed at Homestead Air Base, Florida. Dick drove his family out from Rapid City to spend Christmas with us. Val & Duane also came from McKeesport, so we had a glorious time, in spite of H.K. flu which didn't miss us. "Uncle" Lee, age 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, enjoyed his niece and nephew as we did our grandchildren. Since August, Chuck has been with the new Buick dealer in Harrisburg. His enthusiasm is high and his days are long. Our house is sold here, so we'll be moving soon. We say we are moving but not "away" as it's only 30 minutes on the expressway. So the New Year begins with high hopes and hard work. We wouldn't have it any other way.

VADHEIM, Midge & Al: We Vadheims have so much to be thankful for. Skiing has started at our nearby Bridger Bowl. It boasts many improvements: namely, a 2nd chair lift, a new chalet, a supper club--The St. Bernard, & a skating rink. We have gained a new son, Ervin D. Hintspeter Jr, age 20, dark hair, nice looking. Yes, this is Jan's choice of a life-time partner & are they ever happy. They are both in school at Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. We welcome Erv to all of our home & house. Come to think of it, he has spent 'some time' here in the past years. Midge & I made our permanent choice 25 years ago. We celebrated our Silver Wedding Anniversary in July. Lew is a BS degree graduate in chemistry & is working on his MS degree at Montana State University. He was granted a teaching fellowship in Chemistry. I do believe there is a bit of femalesocializing going on too. Shelley is just as vivacious as ever & maturing as an 8th grader. She is at present at the very top of the ladder of achievement in her estimation as she has been selected as one of four cheer leaders. Then with 4-H, Church activities, studies, & an officer in Student Representatives, she too keeps busy. Midge is still working with her avocation--antique glass & dolls. She did a fabulous job with many others in politics this past election. We did not get all of our candidates elected, but we are most happy with the outcome such as it was. As one of our local old timers said, "It could have been worse". And now for the final family member--Al. He is the most important, most handsome, most capable physician & a Montana Med. Assoc. Has-been. He just goes to work each day, takes in an occasional medical refresher course some place & generally gains all that is available from day to day contacts & associations. Like Magic, the dog, slowing down a bit, and a few more "Blonde" hairs here & there. But how he enjoys life!!

WAITE, Jeanne: Another year is at an end & it doesn't seem possible-- where did it go? Since it is now 1969, my best wishes to all of the gang for the New Year. To you Nelsons--a most special wish for happiness. You sort of pulled a fast one on all of us, didn't you? My year has been busy with a job change in August. Left my "rag pushing" job in the local dress shop & have returned to St. Joseph's Hospital here, teaching in the Practical Nursing School & heading the dietary department. Love the work, but the Hong Kong bug can head West again any time! Have surely been busy with flu patients. Due to the job change, my vacation plans were more or less shelved. Did manage a flying trip to Texas for a wedding

& visit with old friends. It was a great trip & much fun. Aside from that, I have stayed near my own friends (which I enjoyed during the 42 below zero weather we had here recently!) My report sounds a bit dull, but that's the way it is. Haven't seen any of the old bunch this year--either none of them come through here or they don't buy dresses or get sick!! My best to everyone.

WEBER, Jerry: This January 15 deadline comes around just about as fast as the April 15 one, but I must admit it is much less painful. First of all, best wishes to you, Bettie, and congratulations to you, Luther, on the good news we received this year. I do hope everyone had a pleasant year in spite of the riots, student strikes & all the crime in the nation. All we can do is hope for an improvement in 1969, but it is encouraging, to me anyway, that there is a new Administration. Now if we could convince all the Students for a Democratic Society, the Black Panthers, the hippies & the yippies as well as Eugene McCarthy to purchase a one-way ticket on the next flight to the moon, our troubles should lessen. It was a great pleasure to have contact during the past year with some of our group. I spent a most delightful Saturday afternoon with Cora & Ward Beck in Palm Desert, had lunch with Bettie one day, chatted at great length with Fred Orton on the telephone one night when he was in Beverly Hills. (I do hope you & Bev come down this winter & be sure to let me know), & had two or three long distance telephone conversations with Midge Vadheim which was a wonderful surprise. Did you bring Jan to California in August? I was anticipating hearing from you. Vivian Coefield has been promising me for several years now that she would be visiting the Los Angeles area, & if you don't show this winter, I may just have to subpoena you. I was disappointed not to have made the Montana reception at the Ambassador Hotel on December 28. I had been fighting a cold & after spending the day at a wedding, I had to call Marian & Ed Allard & beg off. They were presiding in their usual competent manner. A week ago last Friday, January 3, I celebrated my 25th Anniversary with the FBI, & it turned out to be as delightful a day and evening as I could ever wish for. The festivities started upon my arrival at work in the morning & continued on well into the night. Some of my friends gave me a miniature bronze bust of J. Edgar Hoover which is just tremendous & quite the collector's item. I met the sculptor about a year ago when he was in Los Angeles & thought then someday I hoped to own one. Ellis, I got a real chuckle over the comment on your Christmas card that you saw me on television sitting in the Coliseum at the Notre Dame-SC game cheering for O. J. Simpson. I'll be glad to do that when he plays for the Rams in about 1974. I certainly hope that each & every one of our group has a most prosperous & healthy 1969.

WILLIAMSON, Floss & Shirl: Not only am I delinquent, I'm late. But maybe we can get back in your good graces if we write a couple of lines. Had a good year in 1968. Still doing the same old things--skiing in the winter & canoeing in the summer time. Had another glorious week camping & canoeing Yellowstone Lake again last summer with Wally & Frankie Eagle. When I say canoeing the lake, we mean just that. Wally's motor boat was damaged in a windstorm & we had to pack up our gear & paddle the canoes 25 miles along the lakeshore--back out of the South Arm of the lake. (We towed the canoes & camp stuff down behind the motorboat.) But even that was fun. Wally & Shirl went back later to retrieve the motor boat. In October, Shirl & I took a two week trip down into Missouri & Ozarks to visit Shirl's brother, "Bumps". Enjoyed our jaunts to West Yellowstone--especially the one in June for the Luther Nelson's reception. Hope to see many of you sometime during the year. Bridger Canyon really is a beautiful place to visit--& it's always open house at the Williamsons. Come to ski. Oh yes, Mike will be home from the service in February, after having put in his year in Vietnam and $3\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Navy. With his service out of the way, he can look forward to getting back into civilian life. The best to all of you in 1969.

LATECOMERS

ANDERSON, Vesta & Eric: (Via Western Union Telegram) We ushered in 1968 with all our kids and son-in-law home for the holidays in Bozeman. Closed the year all together again in Louisiana at a Family Reunion at my sister Mary's. What more could we ask for. Hope this year brings happiness to all--especially to newlyweds Bettie and Luther.

MARSHALL, Joye & Ellis: It's good news to hear you changed your name, Bettie. We are delighted! Even though we live in the same town, Peg, it's a shame we don't see you more often. We hope the refinery strike will soon be over. But to prove we are really sheltered, we have lived in the same apartment house for six months before we knew we were neighbors to Babe Strong. This year did see some changes for the Marshalls. We took on a partner and merged a couple of insurance companies or agencies--now called Marshall-Salsbury, Inc. Jim transferred from Minnesota to Missoula as a junior & became a big 21 in November. It has been a very busy year, but we did get out trailering--Flathead Lake, Glacier, Calgary, Banff & Lake Louise. We see Fred & Bev Orton often, that is before they both had a bad case of the flu. Had a nice dinner with them shortly after New Years. Had a card from Yovetich saying he will stop in Billings this summer. Sorry we don't have more exciting things to talk about!

EDITORS & DORA

ROMAN, Dora: Give my love to everyone when you do the newsletter.

TAYLOR, Peg & Bill: A deadline is hard to meet, isn't it? Here I am trying to get in under the wire & glad our name comes later in the letter so that we might get there in time for the ending. I'm sure the Nelsons are better organized & are ready to go on deadline date. Had a wonderful invitation to come to the sunny clime of California & help with the editing. Found no rainbow, and so no pot, so will have to forego the pleasure until another time. At the present time, Rick & I are batching since Bill is out helping run the refinery while the strike is on. He moved in the 3rd of January & as of the 15th a settlement hasn't been reached. We talk two or three times a day on the phone & keep up with each other's activities. That's our up-to-date status. For a quick review of the year: a week's vacation was spent in Trenton, Missouri with Bill's sister, Helen, & family in June. Because of the short time & the long distance, we decided to fly. Rick & Bill thought the flight was great--I thought it was a bit rough. Glad we didn't have to go on to Cuba, as Kansas City was just far enough! Helen & I enjoyed coffee & chats in their lovely air-conditioned home, & took time out to pick up the men who played golf in all that heat. The cousins had fun getting reacquainted. They are just three weeks apart in age & got along beautifully. They kept busy with golf, baseball, swimming & relaxing once in awhile. Then we spent 10 days in July at Priest Lake with Bill's sister Janet & husband. It was the wrong time of the year for fish & huckleberries, but we did lots of relaxing & swimming & having our beach fire every night until about 11:00. Discovered a satellite so had to watch for it every night before we could go back to the cabin & have our card games--real wild living! We took many trips to Bozeman for visits with the Grandmas, saw some good football, made our yearly jaunt to Great Falls with the Jorgensons for a week-end. This time we had our boys along & while the men played golf, the mothers found miniature golf courses for the boys, bowling alleys, & a swimming pool. We were exhausted! Saw the Pappins at Homecoming at the Sigma Chi house where we met their son (a Sig pledge) & they met the Jorgenson's son (a Sig pledge)--a small world! We regret that we haven't seen more of the 'old gang'. We haven't even seen the co-editors to help celebrate Luther's joining the clan. We were supposed to go to Honolulu this year to visit my aunt & uncle. They were going to celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary & we our 20th, so we thought that was reason enough to get together. However, an orthodontist has changed our mind--guess we could keep looking for rainbows! Hope this finds all of you in good

condition, enjoying many blessings, & staying as 'sweet as you are'. Love to all.
P.S. Attention Robin MacNabb: A new quip for you--"Due to lack of interest, tomorrow has been canceled."

NEILSON, Bettie & Luther: (From Luther) First of all, I must let you all know that credit for this newsletter goes to Bettie. You can tell the few letters I typed by the errors in them. My greetings to all of you whom it has been my pleasure to meet. As for the rest of you, I hope that the time comes soon when I will meet you. You've perhaps all been hearing & reading about the terrible rains we've been having here in L.A. I can report that we are safe & will be as we're located in a safe spot in Santa Monica. The greatest moment for us this year was when we exchanged "I do" last May. I resigned from Hamilton Stores last June & we've been goofing off since then. Have had an offer to become General Manager of Presbyterian Conference Ranch near San Antonio, Texas. Will be flying down there to look the situation over before we make any decision. But maybe....' (From Bettie) Looks like Luther did a good job of bringing you up-to-date on our doings. We spent six weeks in Minnesota this summer with his folks & enjoyed that. Then we were back at "West" for about six weeks to help out at the end of the season at Eagles' Corner. We have enjoyed the California winter except for this very heavy rain the past 8 days. Have been south to San Diego & north to San Francisco area & Yosemite. Fun to be tourists for a change. Rose & Herm came to L.A. a week ago for the Gift Show so we had good visits with them on Saturday & again on Monday. I'm all for this married life & hope you will all get to meet Luther soon. Didn't hear from Winchesters so their name is being deleted. Sorry! All of the one year delinquents came through this year except Rossiter. New list of one year delinquents is: Beck, Grantham, Heinrich, MacNab, Martin, Orton, Pappin, Rossiter, Stephens, Stetzner, Thompson, Winans, Wolcott, Yovetich.

Best wishes to all of you.

Love & kisses,

Peg, Bill, Bettie, Luther.

ROLL CALL

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Mr. & Mrs. John Gates, 114 W. Moreland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118
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