

THE CELLAR TO THE ATTIC

LAKE FOREST HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1960 REFLECTIONS

SEPTEMBER, 2017 VOL. 2

A WORD FROM YOUR EDITORS

*The beautiful thing
about memories is that
we own them. We tend
them like a garden,
saving the beautiful
flowers and yanking
out the weeds.*

Our memories give us an authentic voice. The Cellar to the Attic provides us the chance to give expression and to shape our memories in the context of our lifelong experiences. We are pleasantly surprised and delighted that so many classmates have hopped on board. For the editors, each email we receive from you is like opening up a box of Fannie Mae chocolates.

Hurricanes Harvey and Irma tilted this edition in their direction. Many classmates living in the path of the storms reported in and it appears all have been spared major damage. In addition to storm-related updates, David Lawrence has submitted a beautiful and touching piece on Melodie Pack. Dick Woy reflects on childhood days gone by. Mac McClory provides a host of childhood photos from the pre-iPhone era

when we rarely took photos. Julie Zaugg checks in from France; noted architect, Margaret McCurry, gives a stunning example of her work; Carol Muñoz discusses "Border Wars" living in south Texas; Tom Porett shares links to his prodigious body of work. Bruce Daniels is our resident cartoonist and adds humorous drawings throughout. Marilyn Lasher coordinates submissions, keeps track of all of you, and makes sure we meet our deadlines. To these folks and too many others to mention, I can say with conviction that the future of The Cellar to the Attic is bright. Even as you read this, classmates are pulling their thoughts together for future editions. – **John Poynton**

September, 2017

WORD IN



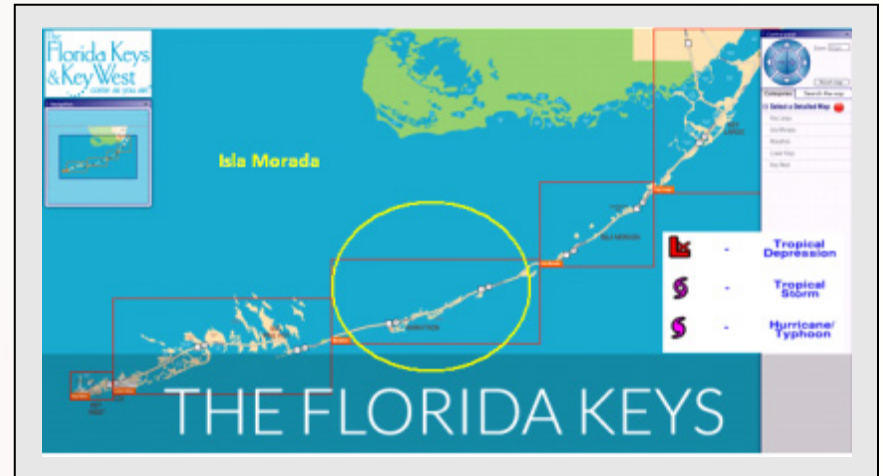
A team of techies from a company called Code RGV here in McAllen assembled a portable computer and communication lab and also headed for Rockport to give the people a way to communicate and keep up with online accounts, social media, etc. People here are helping in any way they can, knowing next time it could very well be us.

Regards, **Carol M. (Carol Velo Muñoz)**

Hurricane Happenings

Re Houston:

We were so incredibly lucky not to have had any effects from Harvey here. That being the case, nevertheless, I just asked my insurance agent to get me a flood insurance policy. Almost everyone here has family in Houston, including me. Thankfully they are all ok, although my nephew did have some flood damage. What I find amazing is there has been no looting, no shootings, no riots; just an outpouring of help and concern. It is very gratifying. McAllen sent a huge convoy of city public works equipment and personnel to Rockport, which you don't hear much about, but which is where the hurricane actually made landfall as a category 4. The whole town was virtually wiped out.



From **Carolyn (Tittmann) Wightman**:

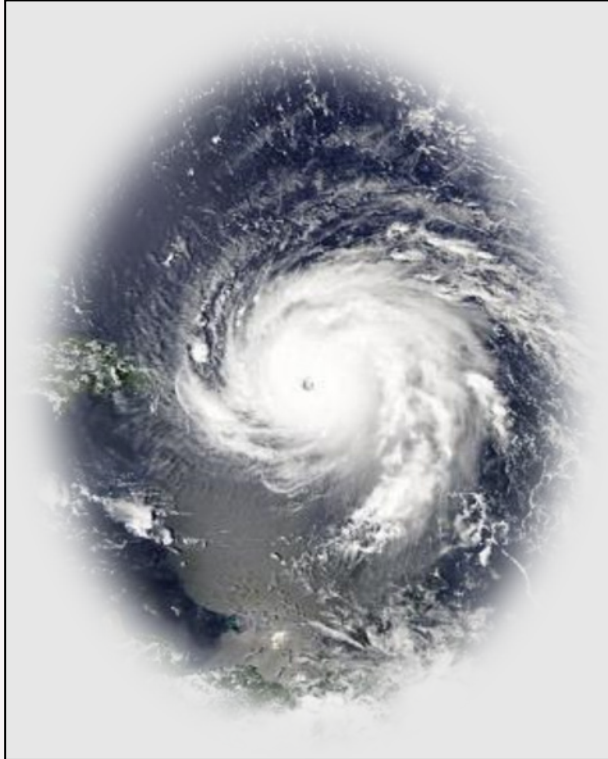
We live in Islamorada, right at Bullseye. We're currently secure in West Palm Beach, which though it may also be bulls eye is inland and with huge protection. Thanks for asking and we'll stay posted. Blessings to all! May we reconnect soon with less stress!

The Wightmans

305.852.5452

Beach@BPBeach.com

www.BarefootPossibilities.com



Hurricane Irma

Thanks for the updates. Certainly our collective thoughts and prayers remind us of the bond we all share in times like these. Much love, Mac

Mac McClory

Just got back from Johns Hopkins Hospital where I had some neck surgery. Not fun. Looks like we lucked out with the eye going off the west coast of Florida (we are on the east coast). Hopefully not even 100 mph winds. Thanks for the mail and say hello to “junk arm Johnny” for me. Bill [Lampe]

My wife Judy and I live in a condo in a small Florida town called Ponce Inlet and frankly its like living in a resort. We have tennis, golf, marina and are across the street from the ocean. Although we have no near term plans to come to Illinois I would very much like to see what other ex classmates are doing.

Thanks in advance Bill Lampe

Bill Lampe

Hi Bill,

We hope you folks are geared up for the big one. When you have a chance, keep us apprised.

Godspeed

Nancy Kelley Donahue: All is well here now. We had no power from Sunday through Saturday. Cold showers were wonderful! We are in a non evacuation zone, so we stayed here because of our animals. Bella is a Goldendoodle, Wesley is a rescue cat and Gigi is a special needs mini macaw. They made it through fine, also, although the constant heat was not easy for them either. Restaurants were mostly closed because of the power issues, but each day more were open for business, long lines and all. Bob and Karen Berning live nearby and they lost part of a fence, but had power and are well. It was quite an adventure, but a humbling one as well. We are reminded how fortunate we are and will no longer take for granted our many comforts of home. Life is good and we are so grateful!

September, 2017

WORD IN

Riding the Storm Out

From: Dean Belmonte
[mailto:dfbelmonte01@gmail.com]
Sent: Saturday, September 16, 2017 11:44 AM
To: Marilyn Lasher <mlasher21@sbcglobal.net>
Subject: Re: From the Cellar to the Attic #2

Hey Marilyn!

Got your e-mail and was glad to hear from you. Talked To Steve Rice and he recommended to reply to you. My wife Kathy and I stayed home and rode out the storm. No damage or loss of utilities. All was fine cant say the same for some of our older friends though.

I retired from Southern Wine & Spirits in 2011 and moved to the Villages in Florida. "Living the dream" At Southern I was a fine Wine Specialist and called on almost every Country Club and Restaurant in Northern Ill. Can't believe that I got paid to go out and eat and drink with my friends.

Dean & Kathy Belmonte
263 Capri Ct
The Villages, Fl. 32162
Home 352-633-5676
Cell 847-204-0282



James Paramski, Upper Peninsula, Michigan: Have enjoyed living in the UP for the last 40+ yrs. But the best is yet to come. Have two grandsons, Max Maloney and John Paramski now playing football for Mich Tech Univ. Thru High School they were on different teams, 200 miles apart. Made for some tough Friday Nights. But now I (we) can make one 90 mile trip and watch both on the field at the same time. Am I livin the life or what??? The two guys are also taking Civil Engineering Courses. I AM livin the life!!!!

Dick Sheridan: Great to hear from you. We currently are in Mequon, WI. We have lived here since 1976, but have been wintering in Palm Desert, CA.

Dick

Linda (Henrickson) and Richard (Don's brother) Nelson – And then there's John and Linnea within our four-year sphere!

From: Linda Nelson [mailto:lnelson1@comcast.net]
Sent: Sunday, August 13, 2017 10:57 AM
To: Marilyn Lasher <mlasher21@sbcglobal.net>
Subject: Re: Second Issue: "From the Cellar to the Attic"

Hi Marilyn.....thanks for forwarding this note....I hope you are doing well these days. I recently retired from Northern Trust after 56 years....I'm trying to catch-up on household activities that were neglected while I worked at Northern. I did not receive the initial newsletter and would like to have a copy. Would you kindly forward to my e-mail address or mail to me at 1050 S. Ridge Rd., LF. Thanks and let's get together for lunch some day.....
Kind Regards,
Linda Nelson

September, 2017

WORD IN

Karen Hensel: Jon [Jack Henrikson], how could I forget you.....you sat in front of me most of my high school years in classes we shared. Henrikson, Henrikson, Hensel.....remember??? ha ha ha! Glad you are doing well. Hello to all.

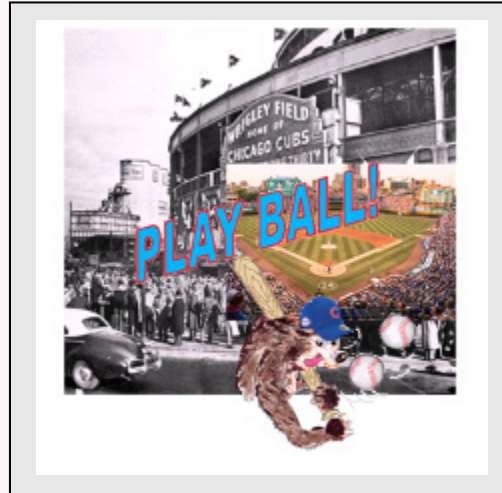
Patsy (Haas) Johnson (One of the "Lake Forest Girls" dervishing around Krafft's!)

From: johnson patsy [mailto:patsy591942@yahoo.com]
Sent: Saturday, August 12, 2017 12:18 PM

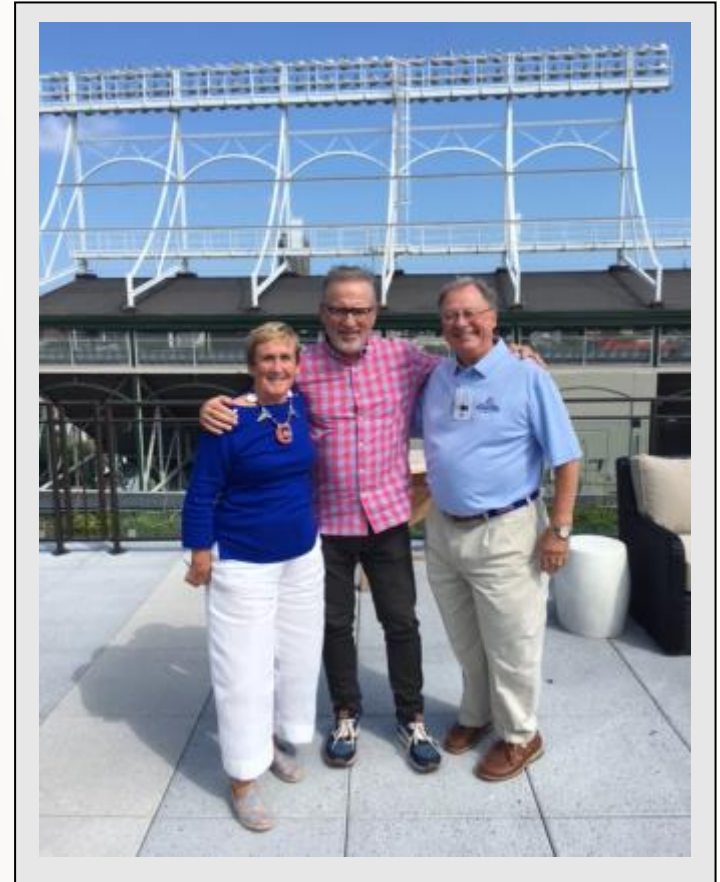
To: Marilyn Lasher <mlasher21@sbcglobal.net>
Subject: Re: Second Issue: "From the Cellar to the Attic"

This is fun-am curious to know what has become of us. there are two great web sights one is i remember Lake Forest when and the other is you know your from Lake Bluff. just reading about Kraffts drugstore is hysterical all the french fries and cheeseburgers etc. please keep in touch there are some wonderful memories.

Patsy Haas Johnson



Pony Swanton: Pony, Gridley, and Joe Maddon the manager of the World Series champion Chicago Cubs on the rooftop of the newest addition to Wrigley Field. We were very fortunate to have lunch and an afternoon of conversation with Joe and 2 of our very best friends. An exciting experience.



That evening we attended the Cub game where the Cubs scored 17 runs! On to the 2017 World Series. More stories about Krafft's Drug Store, the only thing I can add is I had breakfast there every morning for 6 years, as well as the after school stop. Still the best french fries ever! I'm enjoying the newsletters, hope everyone contributes. **Pony**

September, 2017

WORD IN & JULIE ZAUGG

From: Judy Caspari [mailto:backachers@gmail.com]
Sent: Tuesday, September 26, 2017 7:20 AM
To: Marilyn Lasher <mlasher21@sbcglobal.net>
Subject: Re: From the Cellar to the Attic #2

Hi Marilyn;

This is Judy Bonnett Caspari. I have been lame in responding not thinking that I had anything to add, but alas, as I read and read, I do remember feelings and some memories. I remember "guppies" and girls' basketball where guards could not make a "full court press". I think Carolyn made comment to that.

I remember sneaking out of the house one really early morning to canoe with Rich Dangremond. I remember the walk to Lake Forest Drug Store where you could still sit at the bar and get a soda. It seemed like a really long walk!

I met up with Sunny Greene in Atlanta many years ago, and was sad to hear he had lost his wife and son and had a stroke. We had a wonderful conversation about Charter schools.

I still live near Richmond, VA on a farm with my daughter's family after having lost my husband 17 years ago.

I am late getting this off. I look forward to the next issue and will promise to get more organized for the next one! Thank you Marilyn for your diligence in trying to round us up.

– **Judy Bonnett Caspari**

JULIE ZAUGG



Yet another voice heard from... I had hoped to write earlier with something of substance about post high school life, career, family, etc. but that is not going to happen so soon.

What I can briefly recount, however, is that four years ago 4 of us class of '60 members had a reunion of sorts: **Barbara Narjes Balliet, Robin Thurman Svejcara, Margaret McCurry Tigerman** and I met up for 3 days in Paris, France, to talk and sightsee and talk and eat/drink and talk. Then we took the train out to my house in Normandy, where I have lived for 16 years, to basically continue the sightseeing and talking and eating/drinking for another 5 days. We had not seen each other for probably 45 years (Yikes!) so had a lot to share. Barb had made small photo albums for each of us including images from high school. We did talk a lot about our high school days and unanimously agreed we had received a great education.

September, 2017

JULIE ZAUGG

JULIE ZAUGG (cont'd)



Julie Zaugg, Margaret McCurry, Robin Thurman, Barbara Narjes

Julie Zaugg, Margaret McCurry, Robin Thurman, Barbara Narjes



MADELEINE DOERFLER
French
University of Minnesota,
B.S.
University of Mexico
University of Wisconsin
University of Grenoble
University of Bordeaux

And to **Miss Doerfler** I will always be grateful for the fine training in French language and culture she imparted to us in her gentle and persuasive manner.

September, 2017

JULIE ZAUGG

JULIE ZAUGG (cont'd)

I am in the process of putting together a memoir for my grandchildren which I would be willing to share in part if anyone is interested. It is just in the planning stages right now so think next year or so. Am very glad you and others have taken the initiative to put together "From the Cellar to the Attic". It will be interesting to see it develop as others join in.



FRANK H. TOWNSEND
English
Williams College, A.B.
University of Chicago,
M.A., Ph.D.

(For years I read the Atlantic Monthly magazine using the analytical skills taught by Dr. Townsend.)



HELEN M. CORY
Guidance Counsellor, Latin
University of Minnesota,
B.S., M.A.
American Academy in Rome
University of Illinois
University of California
Northwestern University

I have always regretted not taking Latin but had a chance to talk with Helen Cory when she moved to Lake Forest Place where my parents were also in residence.)

September, 2017

SEPTEMBER MELODIE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MELODIE PACK LOHR



That's our Junior Prom picture — Mel and me —
and I'm not too sure how it happened.

I must have asked her, and while holding the phone, she said “Yes” to her mother in response to a different question.

Here's the inside scoop on that little romantic adventure. I'm absolutely sure we never kissed, and I'm guessing we didn't hug either; evidently I was a monastic at the time. Well, about 40 years later, Melodie allowed as how she was “interested” in me in high school. C'mon girl: with a kid as nerdy as I was, you're going to have to speak up about these things....



During the last 25 years of her life, Mel and I were in regular touch via email. And the one thing I managed to do right was to try to be a source of support for her as she battled a long series of health issues. Until her final illness, the most serious of these was Guillain-Barré syndrome. It's a relatively rare and particularly vicious autoimmune disorder in which the body's immune system mistakenly attacks the peripheral nerves. It leads to profound muscle weakness, and becomes life-threatening as it weakens lung functioning. In other words, it becomes hard to breathe.

Since this was before the era of the mobile device, weeks and months would sometimes go by when I didn't get messages from her, and she didn't have enough voice to talk on the phone. I'm sure I don't have to add that this is hard to witness in a friend. We're all now of an age when we've been to any number of funerals and memorial services. And I rarely feel that I have anything particularly cogent to say to the bereaved. Frankly, I'm not much help during final illnesses either: perhaps the best one can do is to be a good listener, or simply just to be there.

September, 2017

SEPTEMBER MELODIE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MELODIE PACK LOHR (cont'd)

The heart of the problem is that death is both an inevitability and a mystery, and that couldn't possibly be more uncomfortable; I mean, how often do you get onto an airplane without bothering to ask what the destination is? Those who embrace a specific salvation narrative have it easier than those of us who don't. I've tried to generate one for myself, but I've failed.

In that context, I offered to teach a religious education course at my church called "Thoughts and Feelings About Our Mortality." Frankly, I was keen to know how others were handling the problem. As to the course title, it didn't last long: everybody immediately started calling it "David's Death Course." OK, at least we're 'gettin' real', as the kids say.

The other thing that didn't last was my assumption that only a few people would be interested in such a dour subject. Actually, 60 people immediately signed up, which would have been fine if it was a lecture course. But there's no reality to that, since it isn't about transferring my ideas to anybody else: it's about sharing ideas. So I divided it up into four eight-week versions of the class, in order to keep the discussions manageable.

That equals 32 consecutive weeks of talking about death, and I've got to be honest: it about killed me. One of many things I learned is that there has to be a balance in the contemplation of our mortality. If you proceed on the assumption that death only happens to other people, you're in for a rude surprise. But if you dwell on your own mortality too much, it will be corrosive of your mind, your heart and your soul.

So, how to find that balance? Well, in various science classes, I learned that the second law of thermodynamics (the law of entropy) states that organized systems (like us) are temporary, and that everything eventually deteriorates. And not only am I not inclined (or qualified) to question hard science, all that I've learned—from watching cop shows on TV—tells me that human beings don't exactly dress up too well in their second hundred years on this earth; eventually things really do seem to fall apart...

OK, but if we're all going to become thin soup in the end anyway, how do you explain the extraordinary energy with which living things express their deep desire to keep on living? It's not just humans and the other animals, it's also all the plant life, the birds, the insects, the microbes.... If it's alive, it wants desperately to stay alive. If a plant seed germinates below a sidewalk, it will struggle until it can find a way to crack that concrete and get the air and sunshine it needs to survive.

I've never known a more compelling human example of that mission than Melodie. The Guillain-Barré, for instance, meant long stretches of lying in a hospital bed and gasping for air; it really doesn't get much more grotesque than that. And meanwhile, consider this picture—the very essence of a lovely living thing: In battling the cancer that eventually took her life in the summer of 2016, Melodie essentially lost everything you see here: from her hair down to the proper functioning of virtually every part of her body. I'll spare you the details: you can imagine them perfectly well on your own.

When asked by her doctors, near the end, if she really wanted to undergo the rigors of still another round of chemo, she said "yes," even though the odds of a successful outcome were extremely poor. Yet she battled through it and survived, earning her the epithet of "Miracle Mel" from her medical staff.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MELODIE PACK LOHR (cont'd)

The lesson I choose to draw from this story is that the image of youthful Mel and the drive to beat back the ravages of her terrible illnesses are two facets of the same thing: a drive to embrace the life force with your entire being. And she accomplished it as well as anyone I've ever known. So now, rest in peace, dear Melodie: your determination inspires us. – **David A. Lawrence**

Note: Melodie passed away on Sept. 21, 2016 after battling cancer. Early in her career she was a noted singer who did backups for Janis Joplin, Joan Baez, and many other luminaries. With a Fine Arts degree from UCLA, she spent years as a sculptress. She also became a registered nurse and then a family nurse practitioner. Melodie received her Master's Degree in Nursing from the University of Pittsburgh. At the National Institutes of Health Bethesda, MD she was named nurse of the year, and cited for Public Health Service Meritorious Research. Guillain-Barré syndrome abruptly ended her career. She then co-authored a book about recovering from total paralysis.

STEVE RICE

Steve Rice checks in from Savannah (Skidaway Island), GA, and offers a plethora of sources about Lake Forest history that will serve us well in future editions. Thank you, Steve! He continues to hit them long and straight on the golf course at Skidaway, where he lives with his wife, Molly.

DRUGS IN THOSE DAYS MEANT FRIES



The ever-popular Krafft's Drug Store in Lake Forest during our high school years. Looking back 57 years ago, our "rendezvous" there growing up became a "Rendezvous with Destiny".



Forest Scout

Julie Zaugg

JULIE ZAUGG
Page Editor



Barbara Narjes

BARBARA NARJES
Circulation Manager

1st year: M. McCurry-Art; S. Williard-Copy; S. Hanke-Athletic Section; S. Deutschmann.
2nd year: B. Savage-Senior Index; C. Vels-Head Typist; T. Porett-Photography; M. Renshaw-Activities; C. Friedrich-Social Life Section; J. Nagel-Club Section.
Not Pictured: J. Zaugg-Fine Arts Section; Alice Hastings.



Forest Trails

BETH OAKS
Editor-in-Chief



ANNE COCHRAN
Assistant Editor



Carolyn Tittmann

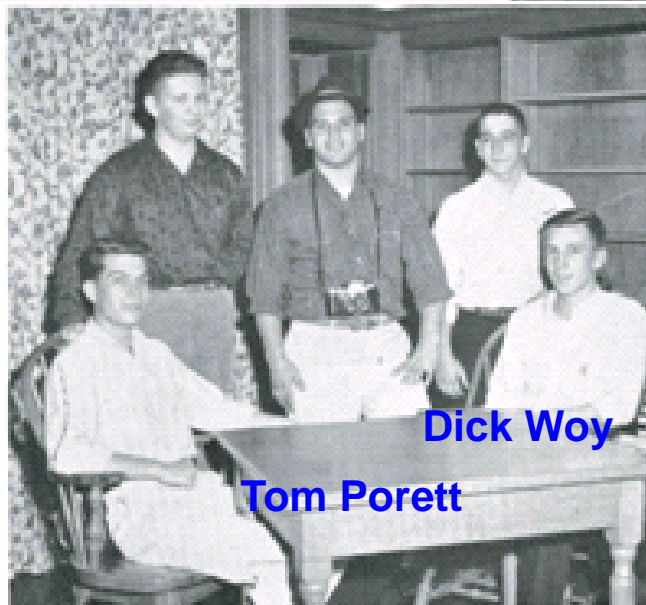
CAROLYN TITTMANN
Business Manager



LEAH DAY
Advisor



DAD SWAN
Advisor



Dick Woy

Tom Porett

Under the expert guidance of Mr. Benton, these photographers have supplied this year's Yearbook with most of its pictures. Left to right: C. Lewis, M. Merritt, T. Porett, M. Rhines, R. Woy. Not Pictured: C. Fisher.



Margaret McCurry

September, 2017

MARGARET McCURRY

Margaret McCurry

You are doing a terrific job of connecting members of our class. Here's my news: While Stanley and I closed our business office this spring I have relocated to our home and am still in business as Tigerman McCurry Architects. Stanley is "of counsel" as it were to the firm but at 87 he is retired but still very active in the community. All of our archives have been acquired by the Art Institute of Chicago including many of our Architectural Drawing Collection which has been donated to the Department of Architecture and Design at the Art Institute. The permanent galleries of the Department just opened this week and their exhibit includes several drawings by Stanley. We have also endowed the archival position in the Burnham Library at the museum. Our architectural library has been donated to the Graham Foundation for the Fine Arts in Chicago and a portion of it will be on display at the Chicago Architectural Biennial which opens at the Cultural Center this weekend.

I'll look forward to reading about our class and wish all those who are connected with Florida safe havens.
Margaret

Margaret McCurry, FAIA, FIIDA
Tigerman McCurry Architects, Ltd
910 N. Lake Shore Dr. #2916
Chicago, Illinois, USA 60611
(p) 312-644-5880

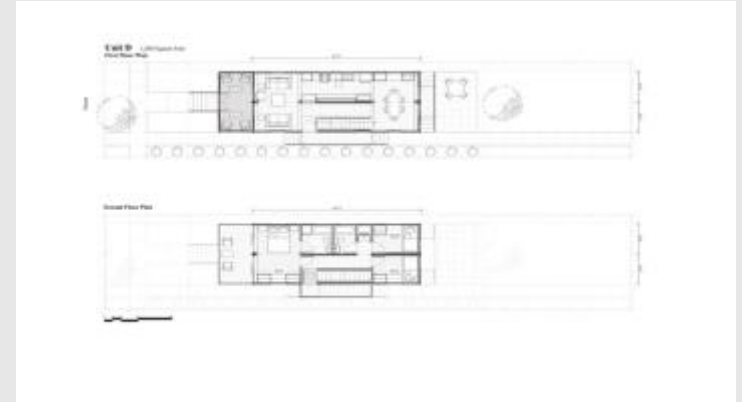


Hi Marilyn, I am attaching a photograph of a house in Wilmette that I designed several years ago. Thank you for asking for one of my projects. The house is on Linden just east of Green Bay.

September, 2017

MARGARET McCURRY

Margaret's Creative Design Use of "Container Housing"



September, 2017

CAROL (VELO) MUÑOZ

Carol (Velo) Muñoz

It was such a delight to read about long forgotten and long remembered parts of our LFHS days. I was surprised nobody mentioned Krafft's Drug Store and the soda fountain where many of us stopped for coke and fries after school.

As you asked about living in McAllen, I will write a bit about life here and how I happen to be here. My late husband grew up in Donna, a few towns east of McAllen. When he opted for early retirement, he decided he had had enough of Chicago winters and wanted to move back to Texas, but I told him I would only move if I got to pick the town and it was not going to be Donna. Pablo was not one to be idle so he promptly started his own business. I continued working as a computer programmer so we could have an income while his business was building. It was always a 2-person company so when he passed nearly 5 years ago, I had to run the show myself. I hired a management company to take care of the day to day activity and I only need to deal with the beginning, the end, and problems with each account.

Anyway, about McAllen: you probably have heard about it on Border Wars, but contrary to rumor, it is one of the safest cities in America. Sadly, just over the border there is a lot of violence. I used to go to the nearest border city of Reynosa for shopping and entertainment, but not anymore. I go several miles to the east to Nuevo Progreso, still a safe and fun area. McAllen and the whole Rio Grande Valley is unique in that it is a dual culture area. I just came back from 3 weeks in Europe where I visited 5 countries and everyone spoke English. I came back home and returned to my volunteer position at the front desk at the hospital only to realize that here in the U.S. nobody speaks English! It upsets me that people in Washington are making immigration and land usage decisions when they have no understanding of what the dynamics are here.



Just wondering if anyone else remembers going to Helander's for school supplies and to pick up that annual city sticker free. Just take it from the stack on the counter. And Best record shop on the corner. Spent a lot of time and cash there

September, 2017

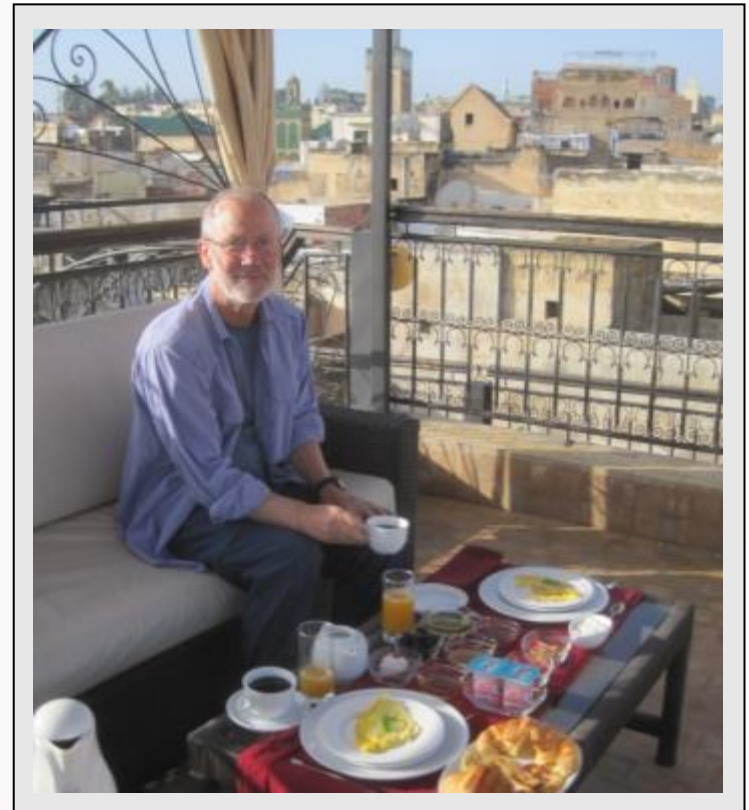
CAROL (VELO) MUÑOZ & DICK WOY

Carol (Velo) Muñoz (cont'd)

They are currently planning a border wall (we already have a rather big, ugly wall through a great part of the border) right through the Santa Ana National Wildlife Preserve. It is a jewel with many endangered species and the last native stand of vegetation in the state. This is also the plan for the National Butterfly Center, created to save the monarch butterflies for which this is a migratory route.

We have a 100-year-old mission still in use that will be on the other side of the wall. You see, the wall is not going along the border but a couple of miles inside. Unlike California and other border states most of the property here is privately owned. Many are ranches and riverfront businesses. The wall would, and does currently, cut off access to the river and it's water for these lands. If they go through Santa Ana as planned it will cut off river access to all the wildlife there. This plan also virtually gives the river to Mexico. Currently the border separating the countries is mid-river. We get thousands of winter Texans here every year (most from the Midwest and Canada), and their favorite places to go are Nuevo Progreso and South Padre Island. Me, too. SPI is about 75 miles from McAllen. I have a condo there where my grandson is currently living while he works on the island for the summer to earn money for his senior year in college. Another perk to living in McAllen is, of course, proximity to SPI. I'm not sure what you want to know about living on the border but I hope this answers some of your questions. What part did Mexico play in your career, and how does your experience at the California border compare with mine at the Texas border? Looking forward to hearing from you. By the way, the newsletter mentioned the private cars on the commuter train to Chicago. I commuted to the city while going to school for my programming classes and had no idea a private car existed, so of course, the first morning I used the train the last car stopped right in front of me so I just boarded that car. I was unceremoniously thrown out since I had inadvertently boarded the private car. How humiliating! – **Carol (Velo) Muñoz**

The Lake Bluff Scene "From Lake Forest to Ravine Forest Drive" LF ...Dick Woy's Memories



September, 2017

DICK WOY

Dick Woy (cont'd)

Lake Musings

Lake Bluff is well named. As we all know, its two defining features are Lake Michigan and the long high bluff that overlooks the lake. Fittingly, Center Avenue, the town's main street and probably the original one, is a grand divided avenue with a grassy center that runs from the railroad station and business area directly to the edge of the bluff. Many of my best memories of childhood involved the lake, and I didn't realize until later and living elsewhere how unique and special it was to live near it during those years.

Our house on Ravine Forest Drive (also well named) was on a wooded lot with a deep ravine behind it that ran through woods out to the lake about a mile away. As small children, I and the other kids in the neighborhood, including Jeff Wilbur and Tom Porett, liked to play in the woods and the ravine behind our houses, exploring the trails and in time venturing further and further from home. I remember very clearly finally reaching the very end of the ravine – and feeling like a world explorer as we came out to the beach and saw the big lake.

A little later, I remember fishing for perch off the big cement pier at the town beach, stopping to dig up night crawlers for bait in a vacant lot across from **Tom Potts's** house on our way to the lake. Also, in the Spring there was a smelt run when smelt in the millions came in to shore to spawn; and I remember catching the little fish with a dip net and then eating them at a big "smelt fry" on the beach at night around a bonfire.

At around that time, our Boy Scout Troop went on an overnight trip across Lake Michigan on a Navy ship from Great Lakes Naval Base just north of Lake Bluff over to Benton Harbor, Michigan, and back again. We were all very impressed by the Navy ship – and by the pictures of nude girls that the sailors had taped up on the wall of the engine room. Unfortunately, the trip was very windy with big waves; and many of us got seasick, including yours truly. I don't remember everyone in the Troop, but I think **Don Nelson** and **Don DePra** went on that trip.



Thanks for organizing the Newsletter. Attached is a contribution you may consider for the second newsletter. (If it's too long, please let me know, and I will shorten it.) Also attached is a jpg file of an old photo of Walter Bohon and myself in the motor boat referred to in the piece. It's been interesting and fun to think again about the years I lived in Lake Bluff and Lake Forest. Thanks again. Best, **Dick Woy**

J. Richard Woy
JRW Associates
138 Sewall Avenue
Brookline, MA 02446
O:617-731-9852

September, 2017

DICK WOY

Dick Woy (cont'd)

Anyway, it's not that I don't remember and appreciate all the other great things about growing up in Lake Bluff and Lake Forest – like playing touch football in **Jim Kingery's** big side yard; the Fourth of July parade and fireworks in Lake Bluff; playing driveway basketball behind **Jim Kuhlman's** garage; movies at the Deerpath Theatre; Friday night at the Cellar; Latin class with Miss Corey and English with **Dr. Townsend**; or getting a line drive single in Artesian park off pitcher **John Poynton** and just beyond the outstretched glove of shortstop **Bill Wolverton**. (I remember that last one because I didn't get many like it.) It's just that most of those things could have happened in other places while Lake Michigan and the other Great Lakes are unique and unlike anything else in the World.

Hi Dick,

Love your article and will not change a word of it. Well, maybe just the part about you hammering a line drive off me ☺

Thanks so much for taking the time to pull together some of your memories. They say the best things in life are free. Our adventures in and around Lake Michigan, playing in the ravines and woods, and Artesian Park games are prime examples. You have reawakened them for all of us.

Best regards, *John*

NOTE: Walt Bohon lived on North Avenue near the Indian Trail Tree, Joel Eiserman, Whitey Olson, Dr. Ward and Crazy Mary. He was in Sandy Swan's Cub Scout photo.

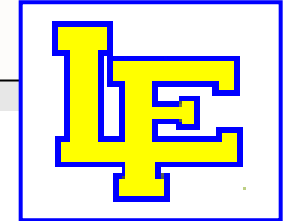
We'd like to hear from you, Walt!



Walt Bohon & Dick Woy on Lake Michigan



Dick Woy (cont'd)



Societies . . .

Jerry Werhane Club

MEMBERS

FRONT — J. LINDBURG, B. OAKES, C. TITTMANN, D. CODLIN

BACK — S. MARSHALL, J. WERHANE, C. RODERWALD, R. GREEN, R. WOY, J. EISERMAN, M. DOUGLAS

NOT PICTURED — K. CRAY

Carl Roderwald DICK WOY Lester St. John
Ray "Sonny" Green
Joel Eiserman

September, 2017

DICK WOY & TOM PORETT

Dick Woy (cont'd)

My dad did play clarinet in the Benny Goodman orchestra. My brother, Alan, actually ended up with a career in music and is now a recently retired Professor after 30 years teaching clarinet at the Crane School of Music at SUNNY Potsdam.

As for me, the short version is that I ended up earning a Ph.D. in Psychology, then worked for a number of years at the National Institute of Mental Health, and for the past 25 years have run my own small management consulting business, doing work mostly in education and health care. Jeannie and I met in college and were married during graduate school. She has worked for many years in college textbook publishing. No kids, although we spoil our two grown-up nieces and their children. Along the way we have lived for extended periods in New York City (the Upper west side); Bethesda Maryland; and for the past 30 something years in Brookline, MA.

What got me started thinking about the years in Lake Bluff and Lake Forest again was the long list of names and email addresses to which Marilyn's original email inviting newsletter contributions was sent. Seeing all those names of people I had known well but not thought about for a very long time brought back many memories from that time. Hope to stay in touch and good luck with the Newsletter. If you are in touch with **Tom Potts** and/or **Tom Porett**, please pass along my regards. (I'm trying to remember the name of our high school chemistry teacher who teased Tom Potts by calling him "tumpets".)

Best, **Dick Woy**

Tom Porett



An accomplished artist/photographer, unstoppable, the most solid and fastest footballer!

Great to hear from you and greatly appreciate the work you are all doing keeping this ragtag group connected! Currently I am wrapping up my summer residence (we call them camps) up in Northwestern Ontario near the town of Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior. This has been a difficult summer as I lost my wife Jane in February, we were married 53 years and originally met up here while I was on an expedition with a professor from the University of Wisconsin (where I did my undergraduate studies.)

September, 2017

TOM PORETT & FERGIE LOCKE

Tom Porett (cont'd)

Below is a selected list of video pieces that are viewable on the internet for no charge. It is a mix of documentaries and ambient video works that are part of a catalog of 64 pieces I have on vimeo.com/tporett/videos. Thank you all for your work in putting this together. Tom

Documentaries:

vimeo.com/tporett/youngfair Dick Clark's Young World Fair - Chicago, 1966

vimeo.com/tporett/cowboyactions shooting Unusual hobby of shooting western firearms while in period costumes

vimeo.com/tporett/harmonizing Documentary of Philadelphia Doo Wop singing group

vimeo.com/tporett/vimeo.com/tporett/tattoo2 & [tattoo 3](http://vimeo.com/tporett/vimeo.com/tporett/tattoo3)

Documentaries of the Second and Third Annual NYC Tattoo Convention - PG rated!

Ambient Video Works

vimeo.com/tporett/forkbay Scene of gliding through a bay off of Lake Superior

vimeo.com/tporett/whispers Matrix of shadows on Philadelphia sidewalks

Thomas Porett

673 Aubrey Ave.
Ardmore, PA 19003

dimagery.com

vimeo.com/tporett/videos

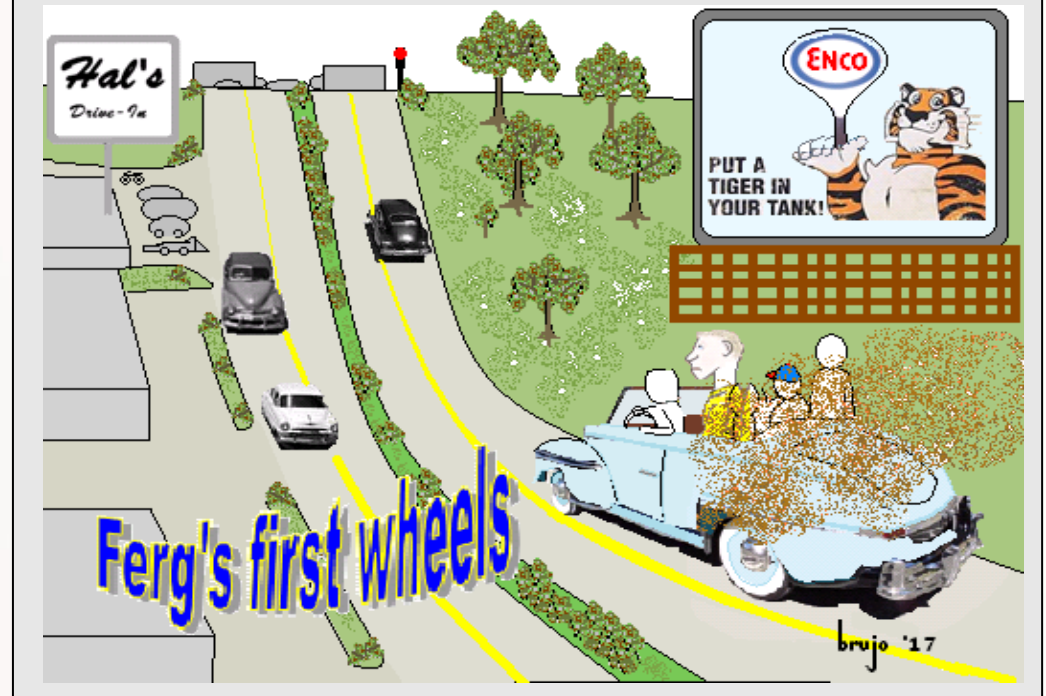
soundcloud.com/tporett

Fergie Locke

Fergie Locke



A DRIVE DOWN MEMORY LANE OR THE SKOKIE HIGHWAY



Deer Path Student Council Officers



Newly-elected officers of the Deer Path school Student council group around the office in the school library. They are, left to right, Wallace Winters, treasurer; Ray-Green, president; Suzanne Skinkle, secretary; Joan Nagel, vice-president. They went into office September 20, together with 34 room representatives and delegates from the school athletic department, music section and patrol group.

Wally Winter, Ray "Sonny" Green, Sue Skinkle, Joan Nagel

The Forest Scout

VOL. XXXIV, NO. IV

LAKE FOREST (ILL.) HIGH SCHOOL, DECEMBER 14, 1959

PRICE 25 CENTS

Pep Rally Honors Squad As Conference Champs

Jim Kingery



Mac McClory

Younger days From the "McClory Files"

Award Certificates To 32 Football Men

"The success of our team is due to the fact that they (the boys) played football not only well but they played together." This was said by Head Coach Herman Schillereff during the Pep Rally after school Friday, December 4. The rally was held in honor of Lake Forest's winning football team.

Along with the band, cheerleaders, Pep Club and the general student body, the coaching staff, and the football team were present.

The cheers and singing that opened the program were followed by Mr. Tom Short's resumé of the boys' four years as a football team, and the introduction of Mr. Schillereff, who then presented the 1959 Northwest Suburban Conference trophy to the Co-captains of the football team, Sonny Green and Bill Rawson. After Mr. Schillereff introduced the entire football coaching staff he made special mention of Sonny Green, Bill Rawson, Jim Hebert, Jim Kingery and Tom Porett who were awarded the honor of being on the All Conference team of the Chicago papers and Sonny Green who was made all Chicago area "end" on a team which includes boys from Chicago and suburban schools.

Varsity letter certificates were awarded by the athletic department to Boggs, Bohn, Brunel, Buckley, Burns, Cathcart, Dailey, Daniels, Eiserman, Fitzgerald, Gardner, Green, Hebert, Janicek, Johnston, Kingery, McClory, Krustovich, McGovern, Moulder, Paranski, Porett, Rawson, Rhines, Rogan, Sorenson, Trobec, Tucker, Weisenbach, White, Wilson, and Wilbur.

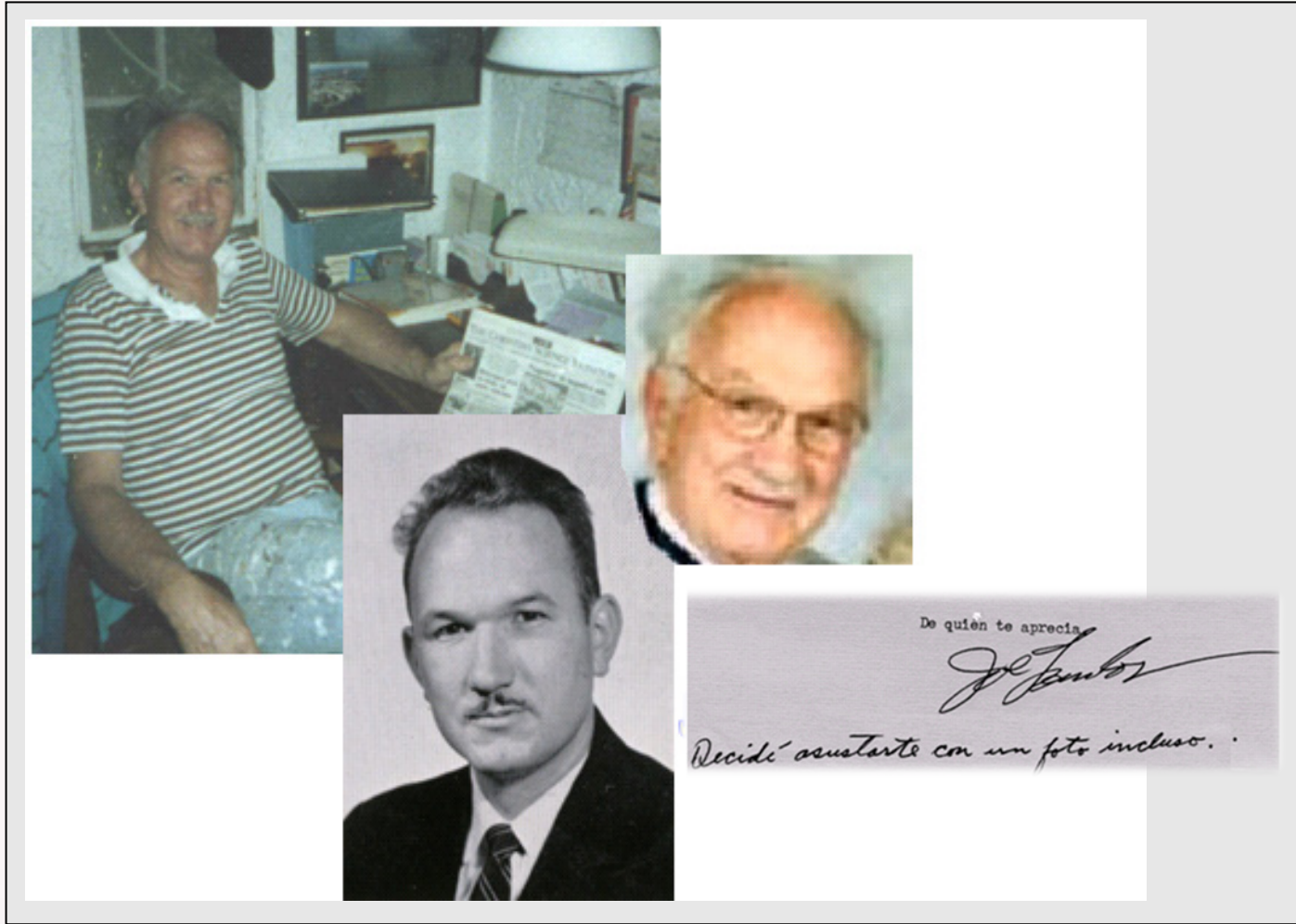
The Varsity and Junior Varsity cheerleaders closed the pep rally by leading victory cheers and, along with the band, the school song.



Tim Weigel led LFHS football to undefeated seasons all four years; yet the 30 game varsity winning streak and a share of bragging rights started with our class of 1960, conference champions. Our quarterback, **Jim Kingery**, was out sick the day we lost our only game to Grant at home. **Ara Parseghian**, the great Notre Dame football coach who recently died, was the guest speaker at our football banquet. At that time he was coaching **Northwestern**

September, 2017

A FACULTY FAVORITE



LFHS Spanish teacher for 30 years, Señor **Joseph Lawlor**, passed away at age 87 in 2012. Retired to Winter Haven, Florida with his wife, ballet dancer Pirkko. Together they founded the Ballet Conservatory-Dance Centre. They had three children.

September, 2017

TOM POTTS

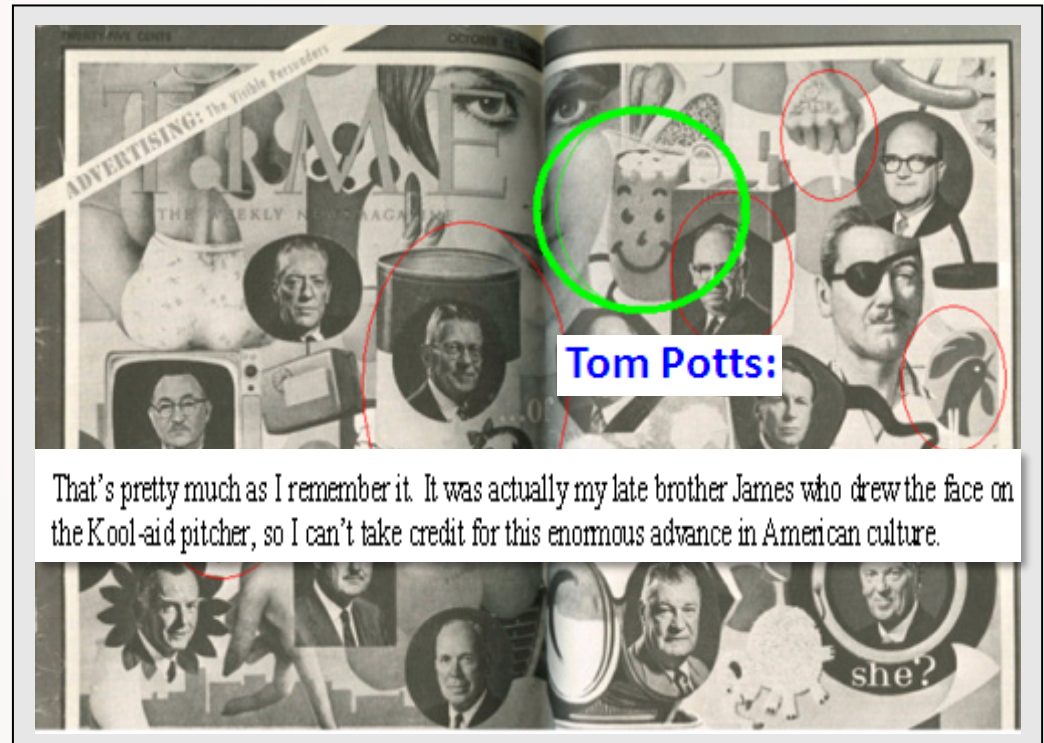
C. Marvin Potts (Tom Potts' dad)

Bruce Daniels writes: Cartooning had suddenly inspired an apathetic and ambivalent me to move beyond my bedroom studio at age twelve. One of Dad's advertising acquaintances who lived in Lake Bluff was C. Marvin Potts whose son, Tom and I were best friends. Marv Potts headed the art department of the Foote, Cone and Belding agency. Tom was a fellow aspiring cartoonist who sat next to me in seventh grade choir practice ignoring the choirmaster and drawing variations of Lil Abner cartoonist Al Capp's "bald iggle".

In his book, *With All Its Faults*, Fairfax Cone credits Potts with having created the iconic Kool Aid ad displayed on the cover of Time Magazine as one of the great ad images. There Cone relates an intriguing story about Potts. When a frosty pitcher of Kool-Aid was being photographed, artist Potts whimsically drew a smiley face; a cartooning habit I indulged in many times. Potts in a casual way had accidentally created an advertising campaign theme for Kool-Aid.

Wikipedia History: The precursor to Kool-Aid Man, the Pitcher Man, was created on July 10, 1954 by Marvin Potts, an art director for a New York advertising agency hired by General Foods to create an image that would accompany the slogan "A 5-cent package makes two quarts." Inspired by watching his young son draw smiley faces on a frosted window.

"Kool-Aid Man"



Potts created the Pitcher Man, a glass pitcher with a wide smile emblazoned on its side and filled with advertisements. Kool-Aid. It was one of several designs Potts created but the only one that stuck, and General Foods began to use the Pitcher Man in all of its advertisements.

September, 2017

MARILYN LASHER

Marilyn Lasher

Lake Forest High School was selected in Architectural Digest's list of the most attractive high schools in every state.

Lake Forest High School, which was just named as the "most beautiful" high school in the state by Architectural Digest, is part of that legacy. It was built in 1935 and designed by Lake Forest native Stanley D. Anderson, who built a total of 30 public and commercial buildings in the area including Lake Forest Hospital, according to a biography

The original construction of the school was a Works Progress Administration project. It was "originally intended more for the children of the domestics and the local middle class," since most of the city's wealthy residents sent their children away for boarding school, according to a booklet chronicling the school's early history. Plus, it was intentionally designed to look like just another estate, "so as not to disturb its surroundings."

Architectural Digest agreed, saying the main building "looks more like a country manor than a public high school." (Take a look at [Architectural Digest's complete list for each of the 50 states](#) to see how Lake Forest compares.)

[Click here for the full article!](#)

LFHS Named 'Most Beautiful Public High School' In Illinois



Historical photograph of Lake Forest High School (City of Lake Forest)

John Poynton

LFHS Dreams late 1950's

By John Poynton



Do you believe in dreams and that sometimes dreams do come true? Or perhaps engage in fanciful thinking? I must admit that a good deal of my time at LFHS was invested doing just this as I stared out the classroom windows rather than concentrate on the lessons of the day. And my report cards prove it!

But who hasn't thought of winning the lottery, discovering a gold mine or finding buried treasure? The odds of one of these coming true are astronomical. Yet...yet, it happens. I would like to share my small good fortune of being on the receiving end of one such fantasy. It started on a hot July afternoon in 1969 at a small drug store in Vero Beach, FL, located about a half block from the ocean. I dropped in to have a Coke at the counter. Not five minutes later a very excited man plopped down next to me in a bathing suit still soaking wet from the ocean. His name was Mel Fisher. Mel, his wife and kids had begun diving for sunken treasure from one of the Spanish galleons just offshore of Vero. This day he found a piece of gold the size of my index finger with the Spanish Royal Seal on it. The discovery hinted the sunken galleon might be somewhere in the vicinity.

Mel was a chicken farmer in Indiana when he decided to uproot his family and pursue his fantastical dream of finding sunken treasure from one of the 17th Century treasure laden galleons caught in hurricanes as they raced back to Spain. Old maps and Spanish records indicated Vero Beach to be a good place to start looking. The fact that gold and silver coins occasionally washed up on Vero's shore served to buttress this hypothesis.

It is hard to describe what happens to a bystander like myself when in the midst of such circumstances. Primal feelings of greed, loss of logic, secrecy, unexplained outbursts of laughter and unadulterated joy swept over me. This was BIG...COLOSSAL...STUPENDOUS and I had to get in on it. The primitive part of my brain was in complete control. An idea struck me. My father had authored a book, "Where to Find Buried Treasure". We had several unsold boxes of books that my wife, Ann, was always after me to throw out so we could have more closet space. I offered them to Mel and suggested he could hand them out to people in order to whet their appetite to invest in his venture. A couple of weeks later I ran into Mel. He said the books had indeed generated enthusiasm, and he subsequently gave me some stock in the venture.

September, 2017

JOHN POYNTON

John Poynton (cont'd)

"Should I ever find the 'Mother Lode'", said Mel, "You will participate in the treasure!" I gave the shares to my mother.

Mel continued to find enough treasure off of Vero Beach to keep the dream going well into the 1970's. But the "Mother Lode" was never discovered. Mel decided to relocate to Key West to look for the 1622 wreck Nuestra Senora de Atocha. My interest and enthusiasm for the venture had waned as life, family, work, bills, etc., consumed me.

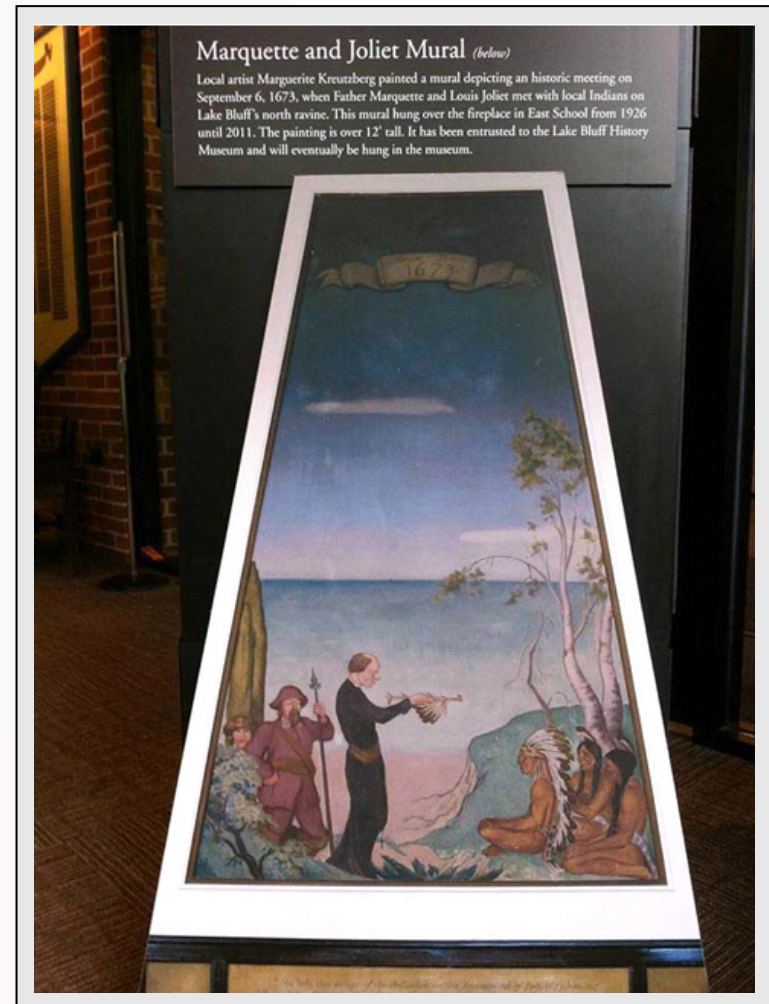
Then one evening in 1985 lightening struck! We were watching NBC News and there appeared Mel Fisher on the screen. He had found the "Mother Lode"...the Atocha...with an estimated value of \$400 million! I called my mother, now in failing health, and eagerly asked if she still had the stock. "What stock?", she replied, as my heart sank. The next day she went to her safe deposit box and indeed discovered that she had kept the shares.

Over the next several years, every three or four months, a plain padded envelope would come to the house. I would eagerly rip it open and a few silver and gold coins and emeralds spilled out. Do you remember what it felt like on Christmas mornings as a five or six year old? This is exactly how I felt three or four times each year. I should add here that Mel didn't keep the best records, and likely sold more than a 100% of the stock in the venture. But he was a charming, likable adventurer who allowed so many of us to be part of the dream.

I have enjoyed sharing much of the treasure with family and friends over the years. It allows me to retell the story each time I do it. Although this telling of the story is not accompanied by treasure, I would like to thank you for permitting me to express it one more time.

—John Poynton

Lake Bluff Images



September, 2017

SANDY SWAN & BRUCE DANIELS

The Mutos



Sandy Swan mentioned the Mutos in one of his emails. Tony was one of the Muto Brothers who delivered mail in his little black panel truck. This was before the red, white and blue postal trucks and mail pick-up stations (they were olive drab color).

Eddie Muto also worked at the musty dark Post Office behind the counter uptown between Wade's Grocery and the Police Department before it moved across the street from the corner drug store, also known as "Helen & Darryl's".

Henry Muto worked as a Garbage Man. He once wrestled Johnnie See from the Orphanage, later a professional boxer, to the ground in grade school after Johnnie pelted Henry with an ice ball! Johnnie got his face washed in snow in front of school just before the morning bell rang.

Billy Muto was in the class of 1956 along with his cousin, **Mary August**, a year later.



DANIELS' DEN



(cont'd)

September, 2017

BRUCE DANIELS

Estate of Mind: Retracing Lake Bluff

Forty-six years after leaving Lake Bluff for college, in 2006 Suzanne and I returned. I felt like Rip Van Winkle unnoticed in a place unfamiliar but vaguely resembling a village I once knew. So much had changed, yet pieces of the faded fabric remained. The village's raw edges were removed; the people strangers, yet some familiar faces remained.

Where to stay? I searched the internet for a suitable place near Lake Bluff and discovered the Harrison Manor at Stonebridge, a 45-acre conference center in town. Formerly called Stonebridge Priory of the Servite Fathers, I once trespassed onto those same grounds with friend Eddie Risty. We hiked along the Chicago and Northwestern Railway freight tracks, through an abandoned hobo jungle, across a swinging bridge and ultimately greeted by one of the priests. After being offered a Coke, we were cordially escorted off the premises. Now I was to return legitimately.

The old mansion was lavishly appointed in dark wood and stone. The grounds offered a swimming pool, tennis court and a trail leading into a woodland preserve with ponds and a stream. The fields were lush with summer flowers and birds of all kinds enjoying the open spaces. There I saw Nature through earlier eyes, stirred with emotion.

Sister Marie hosted a luncheon at an elegant bistro once housing the Corner Drug Store (French Fries .15 cents!). Brother John treated us at McCormick's restaurant on Skokie Highway where our family dined so many years ago. Our hostess was the daughter of those same owners, having worked there for over 50 years!

The days were hot and humid. Nonetheless, we walked the mile or so along the abandoned North Shore Line right-of-way now the "Robert McClory Bike Trail". We reached Uptown and visited the fine new library/museum and the original Veteran's Memorial Stone where General Douglas MacArthur had placed a wreath 55 years ago. The museum featured photographs of that historic event along with the demolished Orphanage, Crazy Mary's Frank Lloyd Wright house, and other relics of the past. There we bumped into the late Tom Brunet's sister and chatted.

Long gone were the A&P and Wade's grocery, Munch's Drug Store later owned by Howie Willms where I picked up comics and up old cigar boxes. Murray Cleaners, White's Variety Store, the hardware store and real estate offices also disappeared replaced by boutiques, three banks and two restaurants. Nowadays families travel to West Lake Bluff to do any serious shopping. We visited the memorial stone discovering newfound recognition of those who had served in Vietnam. Brother Tuck scanned the list expressing shock at how many had apparently died in combat. Suddenly he found his ownname inscribed in tribute to his service in a different war.

Times have changed. The water tower is gone. The Chicago & North Western name is no longer. The Pure Oil, Standard Oil and Sinclair gas stations have vanished. The "Mary Janes", baseball bubble gum cards and popsicles of "Bill's Dairy Store" (aka "The Milk and Cream") have been replaced by a wine and liquor store. Out on Skokie Highway the twin white Mobilgas towers and truckers' café are gone, replaced by industrial/commercial buildings. Tanglely Oaks, the old Armour estate, has been subdivided, leaving the mansion but little else. The wild strawberry fields where we collected buckets for jam and short cake have been replaced by beautiful large homes replacing more modest homes. (cont'd)

September, 2017

BRUCE DANIELS & DAVID LAWRENCE

Estate of Mind: Retracing Lake Bluff (cont'd)

Crab Tree Farm remains but with a polo field constructed on the lakefront where cattle, corn and cow pies were found. Crazy Mary's has been subdivided into gorgeous wooded lakefront lots. Drs. Ward, Dangremond (Rich's dad), Sleeter and Townsend can be found on shelves as old black and white photos in the Lake Bluff Museum. Sadly, even the Stonebridge Manor House is being closed and subdivided into a large housing tract.

Lake Forest hadn't changed much although Krafft's and Brooks Smith are gone.

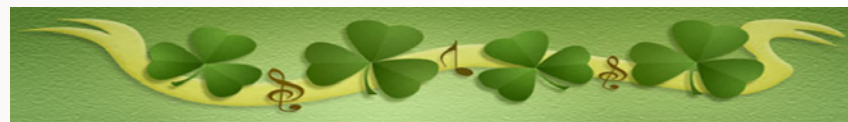
I drove to Libertyville on archaic Highway 176, still two-lanes and jammed with traffic, railroad crossings and freight trains in Rondout. Yet the meadows and forests were gone, victims of urban sprawl. As I drove through Libertyville, I could not recall a single building or landmark.

We soon found ourselves at O'Hare Airport catapulted into the sky westward, ultimately driving home in the hot dry Southern California climate through the pastel desert browns away from the leafy green confines of the North Shore. There are trade-offs. When growing up, I longed to live out West in a place where we raised our boys in the San Bernardino Mountains. Back East is virtually unknown to them. – **Bruce Daniels**

How to Become Irish

Some of you already know this: my father's family name was originally spelled "Fagan"—the archetypal Irish name—or at least in this country it was. Well, he was about as Irish as the grass in my backyard. So why did his parents change it from its original Russian ethnicity? For the same reason F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Jimmy Gatz" changed his name to "Jay Gatsby"—to try to sound more American.

Now, one day, while indulging my vestigial Cubs allegiance with a bunch of other Chicago-area guys, Anthony Rizzo hits a leadoff homerun for the third day in a row: as far as we know, that's never been done before, so it's an historic moment. But wait, the umpire who called it "fair" is over-ruled by his three colleagues, and suddenly it's just a foul ball. How humiliating for that poor guy. And I later found out that the 'poor guy' in question was umpire Clint Michael Fagan, a rookie, who goes by the name Mike Fagan.



Well, I moonlighted for a number of years as an ump, both in recreational and in tournament baseball, and I felt bad for Mike. So I wrote him a little note with a pep talk in it, and that started a conversation. I told him that I had both an uncle and a nephew named Mike Fagan/Fagen, and in the process of revealing the family history, copped to the fact that it was nothing like the original surname—that it had been changed from an Eastern European name in the process of Americanization.

I was a little embarrassed about that—since it meant that I not only wasn't a real "Lawrence," I wasn't a real "Fagan" either, much less was I Irish. The next day, Mike wrote back: "No worries, David; our original family name was 'Swishnoski.'" – **David A. Lawrence**

September, 2017

JOAN NAGEL SPECTOR

A Warm Cocoon

Today my windshield almost collided with a monarch, but at 20 MPH the updraft lifted it safely. A straggler, maybe, on its way to Mexico. As a kid living on the edge of Lake Forest, I fed and released the caterpillars-to-butterflies, since milkweed grew all around our neighborhood. There was a gap in the teen years, but for every year since I've had a child or grandchild, and beyond, I've brought monarchs into the world from eggs, and wished them well on their late summer journey. In 1975 they discovered where monarchs go to winter – one special area in Michoacán. Like bytes on a chip, they cling in the millions to branches, as the ones who came before and the ones who will come after. I would like to stand in their midst in the cold, clean forest before I leave this planet.

It was the grandmother of our high school biology teacher – was her name Mrs. Colter? - who brought nature into the classroom, starting in first grade. I can still see her, pudgy and white-haired, twittering and whistling distinctive bird calls, helping us make star maps with blue paper and silver stick-on stars, rewarding our identification of flowers with tiny flash cards to keep.

But in high school, science was geeky for girls, and the birds and constellations and caterpillars laid dormant. Language, history, and literature were what I was steered into. Years later, a remarkable naturalist unpeeled my eyes and I learned to see again the magnificence of natural things, and it set me on the course of my truest life – wildness.

I found the flash cards in one of those boxes we have to go through now. Great memories: Girl Scout badges, 7th grade essays, LFHS report cards, football programs, party invitations, Guppie shows, even purloined sheet music from Chorus. The generations below us won't have this problem, because it all will have been digitalized on their Facebook or Snapchat or whatever.



The 65 or so years of photos I've also been reviewing are not out there. I posted a selfie on Facebook around ten years ago for some reunion or other and haven't been back since. If my life were on Facebook, these might be some thumbnails:

At my copy desk for a magazine; sweating a master's exam, scooping critters with school kids in the river, scribbling notes at conference tables, and snapshots of many countries - and there's my page. Would you click a thumbs-up if I posted: staying married for 50 years till death us did part, rearing three sons who still like me, and speaking for a full 9 seconds with Obama at the White House?

There's no doubt that Lake Forest and its schools were the incubator for a very nurturing larval stage of development most of us shared - a warm cocoon to crawl out of and evolve from. The boxes of memories are only amusing, not enlightening. As for the butterflies, there was a long, exhilarating journey ahead. – **Joan Nagel Spector**

September, 2017

THE McCLORY FILES

Mac McClory



THE McCLORY FILES

Tom Potts

Tom Porett

George Arvidson



Don Nelson

Alex Johnstone

Gayle Carlson

Lori Jackson

Nancy Adams

September, 2017

THE McCLORY FILES

From the McClory Files



Marilyn Northfelt, Nancy Kelley, Fergie Locke, Shannon Knox & Don Nelson

September, 2017

THE McCLORY FILES

Jack Henrikson "Mac" McClory



From the McClory Files

Oliver "Mac" McClory



Don DePra

Tom Potts

Rick Stocklin Jeff Bert



September, 2017

THE McCLORY FILES

From the McClory Files



Bobby Tucker

Bill Lampe



Jeff Bert

September, 2017

THE McCLORY FILES



L to R Mike, Bea and Oliver at Alta, Utah 2016

THE McCLORY FILES

I lived outside Geneva with a Swiss family and attended the local high school, College Calvin, for 2 years ('58 & '59). It was total immersion. Not a word of English for that whole time. Returned to LFHS for my senior year.

My sister Bea, who was at the U of Geneva, ended up marrying a Swiss lawyer who later became the Geneva partner for Baker & McKenzie - yes our classmate Pam's dad - and Russell Baker, also from Lake Bluff. – **Mac McClory**

September, 2017

ROBIN WILLIAMS WUZ HERE



Robin Williams

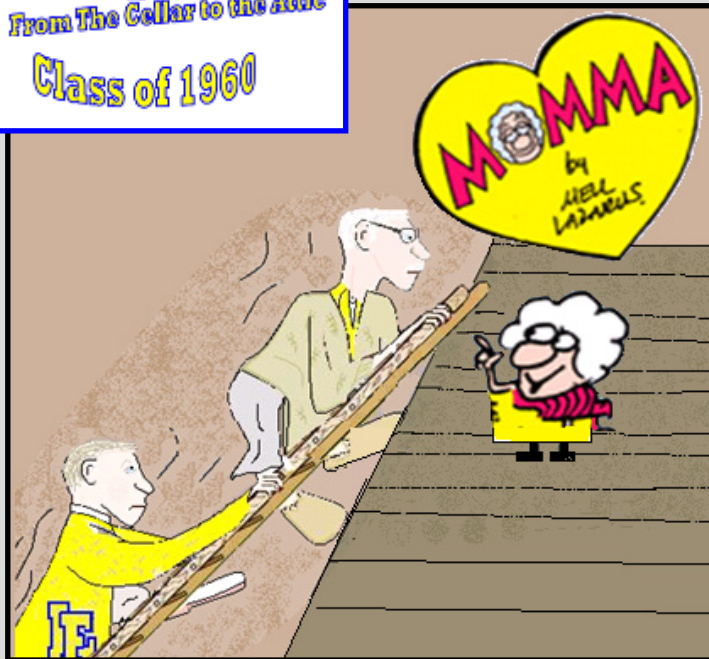
Robin Williams wuz here! He lived in Lake Forest and went to Gorton School until he was twelve.

See also:

[Photo gallery: A history of Lake Forest](#)

Video: [Lake Forest Remembers Former Resident Robin Williams](#)

LFHS
LF
From The Cellar to the Attic
Class of 1960



Compliments to Mel Lazarus, creator of "Momma" comic strip:

Momma was spotted by John following her upstairs into the attic rummaging through her trunk. Then she suddenly turned around and rushed back downstairs.

"Where are you going, Momma?" he cried.

"I'm going out to make some more memories!"

WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
See you in CTA #3!