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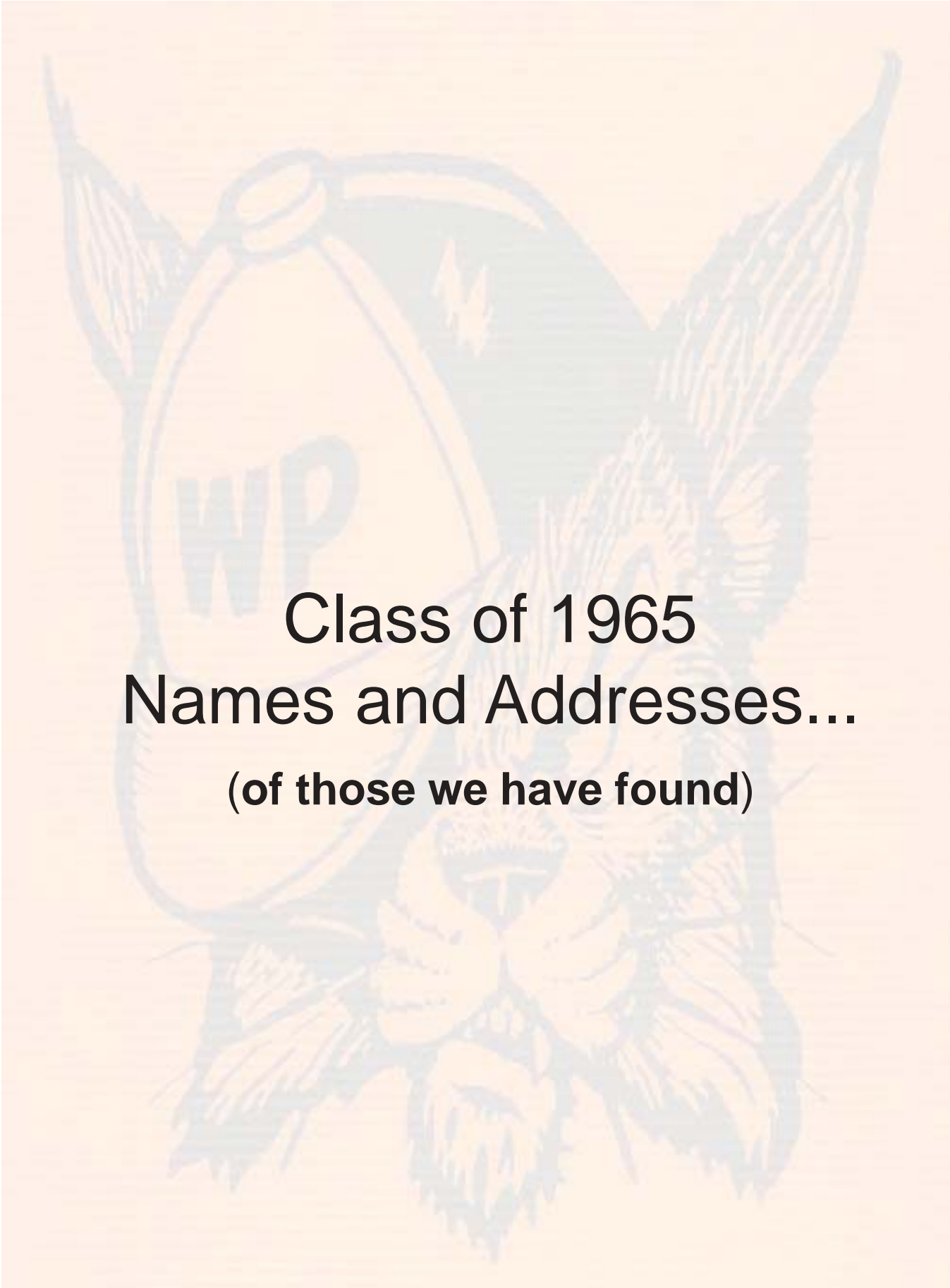
Wow! 40 Years! So much has happened and yet it seems like yesterday that we were about to graduate from WPHS. We made this CD to help you “catch up” with the current whereabouts of old friends, and to also take you back to the year of 1965 with all of its memories. Now is the time to rekindle and renew old relationships.

We hope that you will stay in touch with us, so that we can get together again in another 5 or 10 years. Should your address change please contact either Sue Gipson Price isawesaw@aol.com or Dotti Allen Curto dcurto@cfl.rr.com.

Enjoy this CD for it was designed to reflect the spirit of our class. Hopefully it will refresh our memories of the days when we were the “almighty Seniors”.

Cheers to the Class of '65.

The Reunion Committee



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In Memorium

With tender feelings, wonderful recollections,
and condolences to those whom they loved,
we fondly remember these friends.

Diane Jean Beede-London

Fred Heyward Compton

Carolyn Cook

Hilary Craig

William Lorance Dent

Linda Lou Donbrosky-Smith

Pamela Louise Flagg-Epting

Jim Fosgate

Jack Edward France, Jr.

Patricia May

John Scott Morehouse

Vincent McKay Palmer

Carole Lynne Riffle

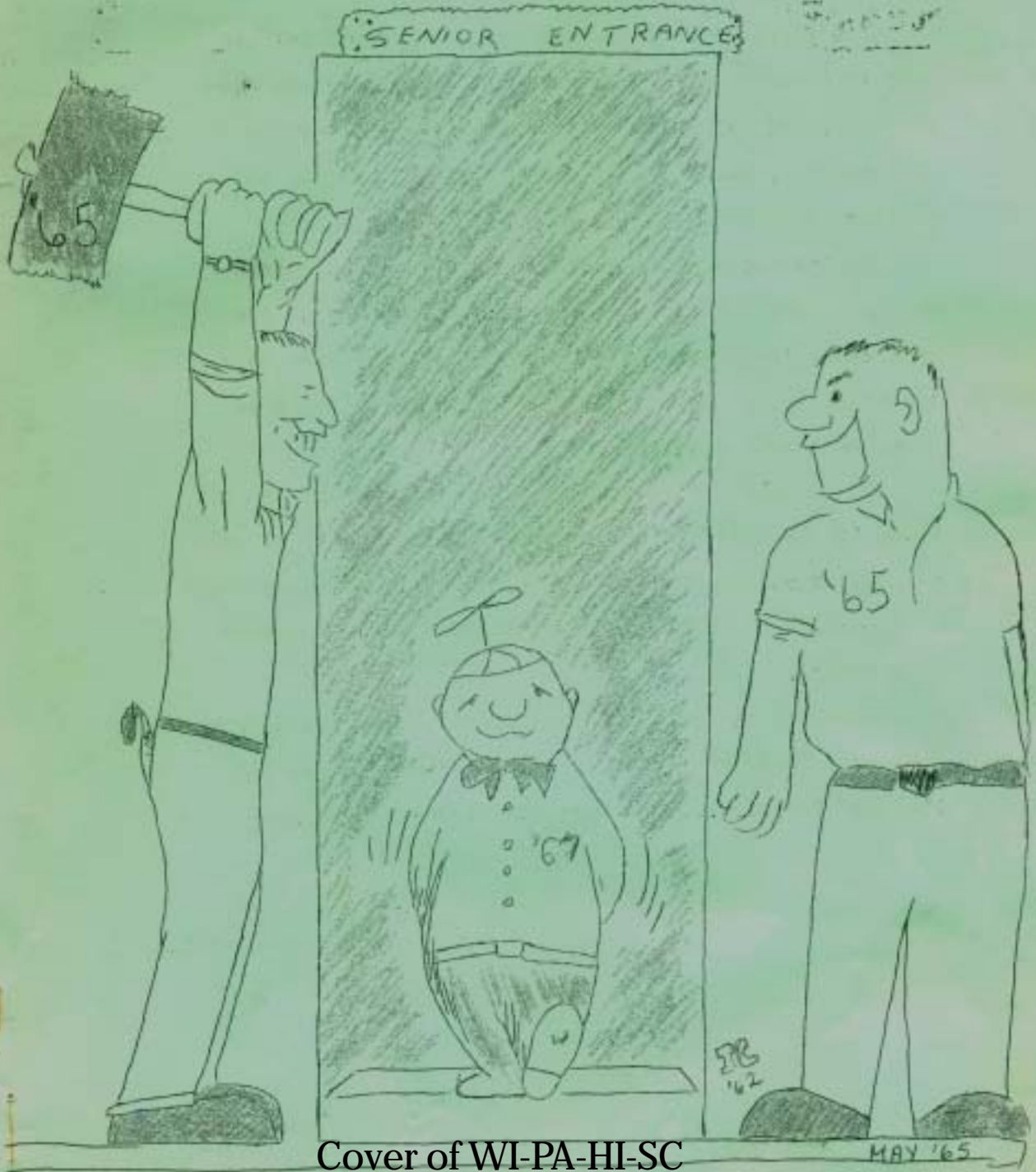
Barbara Schmidt-Singleton

You left this earth too soon,
but while you were here you made indelible impressions on our lives.
We rejoice in having known you, and mourn for having lost your companionship.
You will never be forgotten by your fellow classmates of 1965.



Wildcat Memories
The last volume of the
WI PA HI SC

WI-PA-HI-SC



Cover of WI-PA-HI-SC

MAY '65

May 1965

From the Editor 1965-1966

The Wi-Pa-Hi-Sc will soon close its pages for the year 1964-65. It's been a year of compliments and disapproval, but all in all, the Wi-Pa-Hi-Sc has presented, with success, we hope, the news, society, sports, and creative efforts to Winter Park High School.

As its Editors, we would like to thank all those who have backed the school's publications, and at the same time, thank all the members of its staff for contributing their time, efforts and talents in order to meet our weekly deadlines.

The future has in its grasp the outcome and final place in the world for every one of us, and only we hold the key to unlock the door of the future. Take advantage of opportunity, SENIORS, and seek and find YOUR key to your future.

Good-bye and good luck to the students, faculty, and "hallowed halls of Winter Park High School," from its Class of 1965.....and from the Wi-Pa-Hi-Sc.....

Diane Beede
Diane Kurek

From the Editor _____

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Diane Beede

Diane Kurek

A Message from The Senior Class President

These are just a few of the fun-filled events that have brightened our Senior year.

Our first day as Seniors with all our under-sized “T-Rousers”.

Our outstanding football season and the long-awaited homecoming victory... “Wonderland by Night” and the joy mirrored in Janice’s tear-filled eyes.

The Christmas Formal and Jim Appleman’s rush to push me out as Penny’s escort. (It was only the end of the room, Jim, and the dance wasn’t that long!)

The hay stack at the Sadie Hawkins Dance.

Four wonderful beatles, (Mr. “Ringo” Creech, Mr. “Paul” Stabell, Mr. “John” Toppen, and Mr. “George” Gordon !) singing those romantic songs (yeh, yeh, yeh) at one of our many pep rallies.

The absence of Chem. II “Skip Day”, because Dr. Bender moved the deadline for reports from 3:30 to 8:30.

The frantic sale of tickets for the Senior Class Play, “Pride and Prejudice”, during the last four days before the performance.

The various “comments” heard by the Towayam staff concerning their (Huntley’s) changes in the yearbook. (I’m sure it’s going to be the greatest ever, Huntley.)

Our delightful “catbox”...with the giant caterpillars, graders, trucks, and those huge “staph germs” gobbling up everyone. All this supplemented with dirty shoes for students; but solved by the Key Club sidewalk!

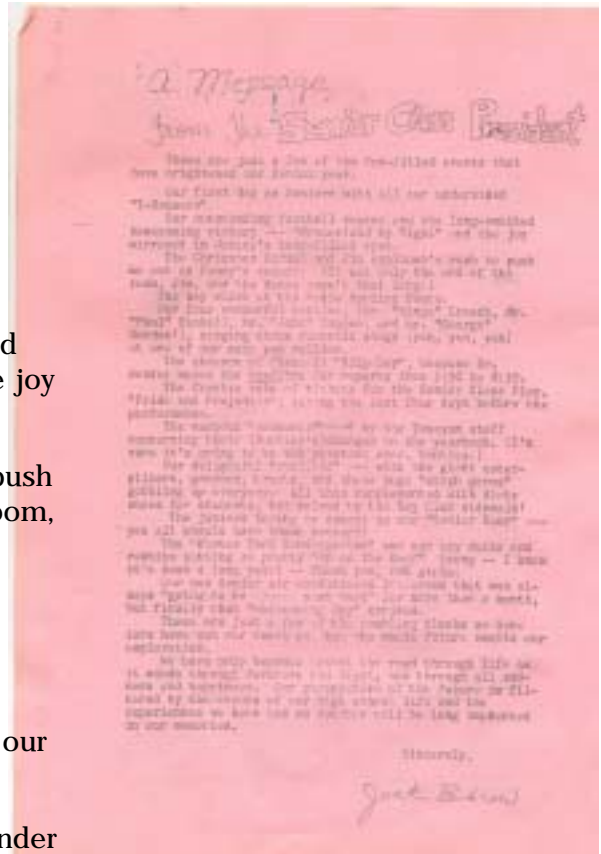
The juniors trying to cement up our “Senior Door”...you all should have known better!!

The “ Winter Park Kindergarten” and our toy ducks and rabbits sitting so pretty “ Up on the Roof” (song... I know it’s been a long year)...Thank you, CME girls.

Our new Senior air -conditioned lunchroom that was always “going to be opened next week” for more than a month, but finally that “refreshing day” arrived.

These are just a few of the stumbling blocks we Seniors have cut our teeth on, but the whole future awaits our exploration.

We have only begun to travel the road through life as it winds through darkness and light, and through all sadness and happiness. Our perspective of the future is filtered by the events of our high school life and the experiences we have had as Seniors will be long implanted in our memories.



Sincerely,

Jack Buhrow

CLASS HISTORY

Class of 1965

CLASS HISTORY

CLASS OF 1965

The actual beginning of the Class of 1965 is a debatable point. There are those who have been a part of it since the first grade at Park Avenue Elementary and later, at Lakemont and Audubon Park. A good portion of the class is comprised of the sons and daughters of Martin-Orlando employees. This vast influx took place mainly during the days at Glenridge and Maitland. Incidentally, the Class of '65 boasts the first students who attended Maitland Junior High for their entire three junior high school years. Since then, a great number have come into our class as a result of their parents wishing to take advantage of the outstanding business opportunities in Central Florida. By our Junior Year, we were a tight group (but just how tight can 500 people get?). In the remaining two years, a various assortment of individuals arrived and have since become an integral part of what is to go down in history as the Class of 1965, the largest Senior Class ever graduated from WPHS.

It has been said that history molds the future. Many events and series of events will doubtless have a significant effect on our class and its future.

Our Senior Year had an auspicious start as several hurricanes swept through the state, leaving us unscathed for the most part, but giving us a holiday free school. We went on to see the one bright spot in a hard-fought, but rather fruitless football season, when the Wildcats won the Homecoming Game against Oak Ridge. Several hundred loyal fans saw a beautiful queen crowned that November night, and a few months later, numerous formally-dressed Cats saw another Senior girl lauded as the Senior Class selected and crowned their Christmas Queen at the 1964 Christmas Formal.

Our academic achievements are not to be forgotten. Our class has produced winners in math and science contests throughout the county and state. We can claim winners in essay and writing contests. We have a number of Horst Scholarship semifinalists. The preminence of our intellectual potential is evidenced by the large number of students who will be attending colleges and universities all over the nation. For this we can thank the excellent faculty of Water Park High School.

The leadership shown by our class in the school, county, state and national events received is to be complimented. Through the offices achieved by members of our various clubs, we have produced outstanding leaders. This is an indication that our generation is capable of producing the essential leadership for the intelligent advancement of our nation.

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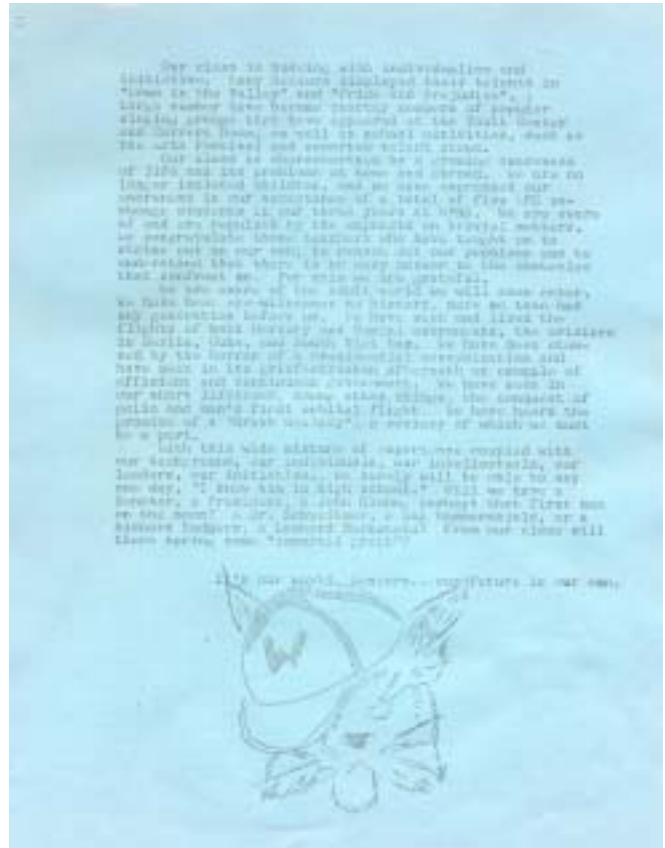
Our class is budding with individualism and initiative. Many Seniors displayed their talents in "Down in the Valley" and "Pride and Prejudice". A large number have become charter members of popular singing groups that have appeared at the Youth Center and Carrera Room, as well as school activities, such as the Arts Festival and assorted talent shows.

Our class is characterized by a growing awareness of life and its problems at home and abroad. We are no longer isolated children, and we have expressed our awareness in our acceptance of a total of five AFS exchange students in our three years at WPHS. We are aware of and are repulsed by the emphasis on trivial matters. We congratulate those teachers who have taught us to strike out on our own, to reason out our problems and to understand that there is no easy answer to the obstacles that confront us. For this we are grateful.

We are aware of the adult world we will soon enter. We have been eye-witnesses to history, more so than has any generation before us. We have seen and lived the flights of both Mercury and Gemini astronauts, the crises in Berlin, Cuba, and South Viet Nam. We have been stunned by the horror of a Presidential assassination and have seen in its grief-stricken aftermath an example of efficient and continuous government. We have seen in our short lifetimes, among other things, the conquest of polio and man's orbital flight. We have heard the promise of a "Great Society", a society of which we must be a part.

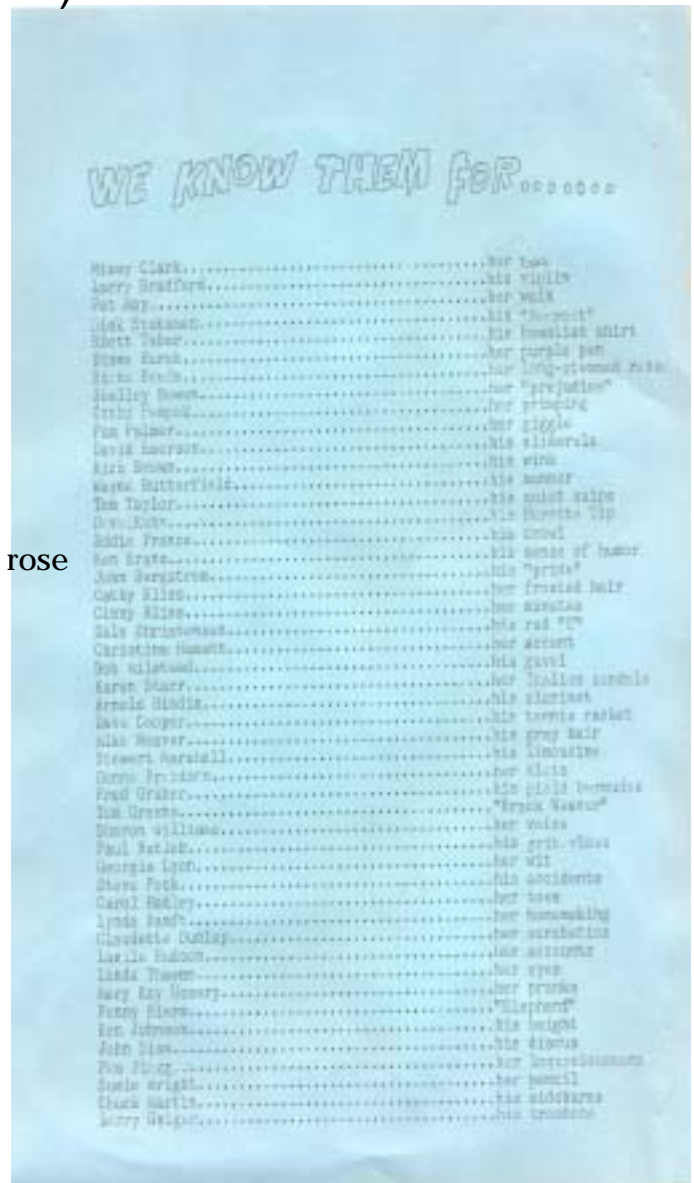
With this wide mixture of experience coupled within our background, our individuals, our intellectuals, our leaders, our initiative...we surely will be able to say one day, "I knew him in high school." Will we have a Senator, a President, a John Glenn, perhaps that first man on the moon? A Dr. Schweitzer, a Dag Hammerskjold, or a Richard Rodgers, a Leonard Bernstein? From our class will there spring some "immortal great"?

It's our world Seniors...our future is our own.

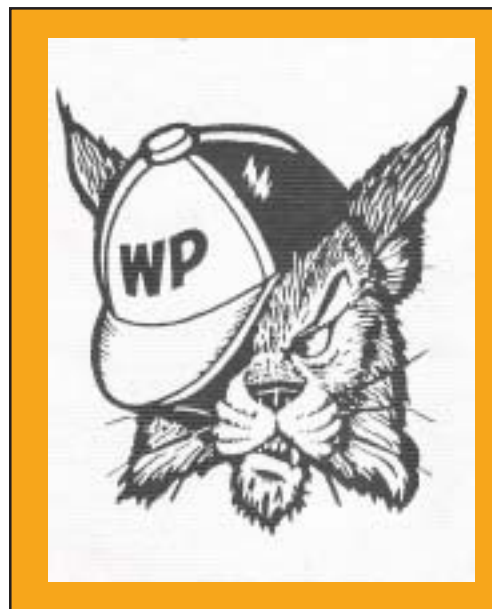


We Know (knew) Them For...

Missy Clark	her moo
Larry Bradford	his violin
Pat May	her walk
Dick Stutzman	his "Bearcat"
Rhett Taber	his Hawaiian shirt
Diane Kurek	her purple pen
Diane Beede	her long-stemmed rose
Shelley Bowen	her "prejudice"
Cathi Pempek	her primping
Pam Palmer	her giggle
David Emerson	his sliderule
Rick Brown	his wink
Wayne Butterfield	his manner
Tom Taylor	his quiet quips
Dave Kuhn	his Burette Tip
Eddie France	his drawl
Ken Kranz	his sense of humor
John Bergstrom	his "pride"
Cathy Bliss	her frosted hair
Cinny Bliss	her minutes
Dale Christensen	his red "C"
Christina Hamann	her accent
Bob Milstead	his gavel
Karen Starr	her Italian sandals
Arnold Hindin	his clarinet



Dave Cooper	his tennis racket
Mike Weaver	his gray hair
Stewart Marshall	his limousine
Donna Freidman	her diets
Fred Gruber	his plaid Bermudas
Tom Greene	“Brack Weaver”
Sharon Williams	her voice
Paul Butler	his grit vines
Georgia Lyon	her wit
Steve Peck	his accidents
Carol Hadley	her toes
Lynda Ramft	her homemaking
Claudette Dunlap	her acrobatics
Lucile Hudson	her accounts
Linda Thorne	her eyes
Mary Kay Usery	her pranks
Penny Heirs	“Elephant”
Ken Johnson	his height
John Sias	his discus
Pam Flagg	her loquaciousness
Susie Wright	her pencil
Chuck Martin	his sideburns
Larry Geiger	his trombone



Do You Remember?

When Jack Buhrow went with Bobbi Hayes...when the sophomore girls wore outrageous costumes to join Tr-Hi-Y...when a sophomore played the lead in the Junior Class Play, "The Skin of Our Teeth"...1962 Homecoming and "Deep Purple"...when Bob Milstead and Dottie Allen started dating...the time Frank Dame brought a toad to dancing class...The Twist...Junior Cotillion...when Linda Thorne wore combat boots to the Prom...1963 Homecoming and "Over the Rainbow"...our victory over Edgewater...the floods when it rained...the parties at Ronnie's after the Latin Club banquets (and orchestra concerts)...cast parties at Mead Gardens...when Kit Whitner was elected Miss Winter Park High School...when Janet Squillante and Bobbi Sias walked the halls of WPHS...our great exchange students of years gone by—Caesar, Kursheed, Francoise and Asger...American History lapboards..."Mummy's Boys" and the Halloween carnivals at Park Avenue Elementary...Junior Honor Society tapping in ninth grade...Miss Sierra and her dog...the days when the Maitland Hawks shared lockers with Glenridge Lions while they waited for their school to be completed...Mindy Meers and her Potted Posies...when Todd Johnson tripped coming through the hoop at the Homecoming game...when steady couples wore matching shirts...HBA...1964 Homecoming and "Wonderland By Night"...when Mr. Johnson took some members of the Class of '65 to New York...the ninth grade trip to Washington, D.C...when all the girls wore dresses with a million crinolines under them...when Vic Whitehurst played Santa Claus in the Christmas Extravaganza...when the jail almost fell down in "Down in the Valley"...when the Pea Pickers were originated in Blueridge, N.C...when Susi Wright fell off some parallel bars and broke her collarbone...when Gail Green read Thatch's letters over the loudspeaker...when the drag strip at Geneva was the only place to spend a Saturday Night...when the Youth Center opened for the first time...when Sandy Borden couldn't find Walter Fly during Honor Society tapping...the Hurricane parties at WPHY...when Don and Jon Wilkins made points for the WPHS cagers...playing tennis up at the recreation center before the school courts were finished...when YOU couldn't wait to be a Sainted Senior???



That Was The Year That Was

The annual Howdy Week and Howdy Dance, sponsored by the Student Council, helped everyone get acquainted and re-acquainted...Crutches and casts were a fad...The GAA sponsored Play Day...”The place was Steak ‘n’ Shake...many happy students were tapped for membership in the National Honor Society...Queen Janice Thornton reigned over the



Homecoming festivities (and our win over OakRidge)...The Junior Class Presented “ The Mouse That Roared”...they Key Club sponsored a “Memory Walk”...Penny Proctor was elected Christmas Queen...Upperclassmen (sic) saw the prompt opening of the Senior Cafeteria (air-conditioned yet!!)...the Great Staph Plague struck...the Student Council elections featured the Chessmen...The WPHS cindermen and harriers turned in victorious track and cross country seasons...WPHS gave a course in construction and heavy equipment operation...surfing was “in” and dragging was “out”...the Senior Door was walled up and Disneyland came to WPHS...Li'l Abner (John Bergstrom) and Daisy Mae (Linda Armantrout) reigned over the Sadie Hawkins Dance...fencing was introduced at WPHS...GTO's (sic) were “in”...the great “feud” between the Pea Pickers and Coleoptera (sic) continued...the men's faculty played Hazel Walker's Arkansas Travelers—and lost!...the Senior Class presented “Pride and Prejudice”...Wildcats donated to the Easter project...the Thespians offered “Sorry, Wrong Number” and “The Hitchhiker”...WPHS boasted its first annual Arts Festival, “An Evening of the Arts” featuring “Down In The Valley”...the tennis team went to State...Towayam rumors were rampant...an astronaut didn't make it

(see '65 Horizons, page 22)...the auditorium was cleared during a DCT assembly so WPHS students could see Gus Grissom and Orlandoan John Young soar heavenward in their Gemini capsule...saddle shoes enjoyed a rise in popularity...navy blue and cranberry were “in” and madras was on its way “out”...scores of 'Cats went to see the Beachboys... Daytona was again populated by Parkers driving woodies and toting surfboards...the favorite after-school sport was skate-boarding on the Senior Walk (despite of Mr. Fitz's protests!)...two National Merit Finalists brought honors to WPHS...Seniors and Juniors continued to look forward to the 1965 Prom...It was quite a weekend, gang...”Twas quite a year, wasn't it Seniors ????

Senior

MOST ATHLETIC Karen Paine

WITTIEST Georgia Lyon

MOST TYPICAL TEEN Penny Proctor

FRIENDLIEST Missy Clark

MOST TALENTED Beth Rupp

MOST VERSATILE Christina Hamann

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED Linda Armantrout

MOST INTELLECTUAL Sharon Koslowski

BEST ALL 'ROUND Lucile Hudson

MOST SCHOOL SPIRITED Janice Thornton

MOST DEPENDABLE Gail Green

BEST LEADERS Susi Wright

BIGGEST FLIRTS Nan Lucas

MOST BASHFUL Julie Cottrill

John Sias

Huntley Dent

John Bergstrom

Caldwell Smith

Larry Bradford

David Cooper

Steve Peck

Tom Taylor

Jack Buhrow

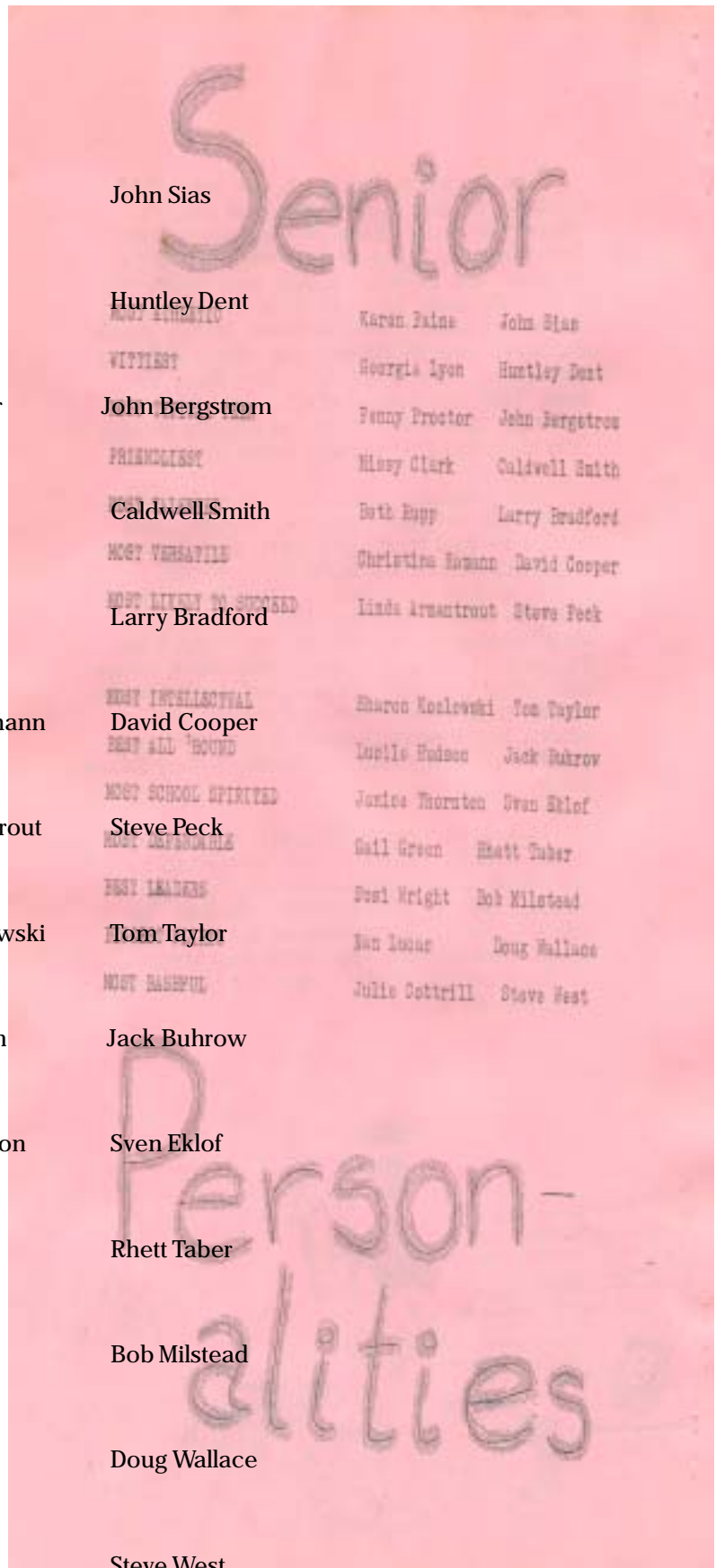
Sven Eklof

Rhett Taber

Bob Milstead

Doug Wallace

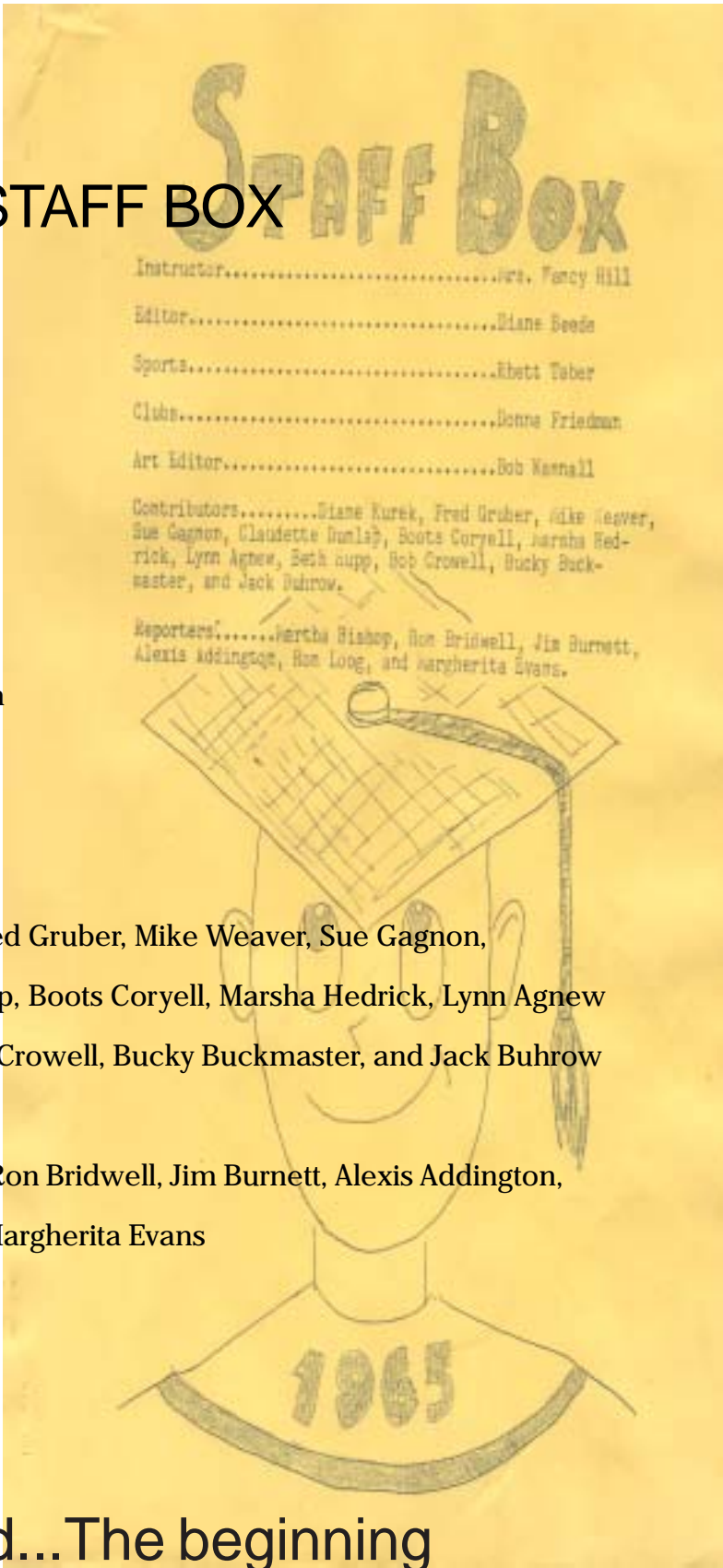
Steve West



Personalities

STAFF BOX

Instructor	Mrs. Nancy Hill
Editor	Diane Beede
Sports	Rhett Taber
Clubs	Donna Friedman
Art Editor	Bob Wannall
Contributors	Diane Kurek, Fred Gruber, Mike Weaver, Sue Gagnon, Claudette Dunlap, Boots Coryell, Marsha Hedrick, Lynn Agnew, Beth Rupp, Bob Crowell, Bucky Buckmaster, and Jack Buhrow
Reporters	Martha Bishop, Ron Bridwell, Jim Burnett, Alexis Addington, Ron Logg, and Margherita Evans



The end...The beginning

The background features a large, faded logo of a Native American figure, likely a warrior or chief, wearing a feathered headdress and holding a bow. A shield is visible on the figure's chest, containing the letters 'WP'.

WPHS History And Urban Legends

I Didn't Know That...

Excerpts from the Winter Park High School Yearbook Collection

Winter Park Public Library

www.wtpl.org

The Winter Park Graded School (constructed 1916) stood at the southeast corner of Park Avenue South and Lyman Avenue, once the site of Winter Park's first golf course. It replaced the original school that had been built in 1886 on Park Avenue North. A testimony to the

"Prairie School" architectural style in America, the three-story H-shaped building opened in January 1917 with an auditorium, ten classrooms, eight teachers, and 150 pupils in eleven grades. Due to a lack of equipment, Rollins College accepted eleventh and twelfth grade students without tuition, and a twelfth grade was added to the school



later. In 1926, additional classrooms were built, and a new cafeteria began serving lunch. (In 1929, lunch cost ten cents, with milk being an additional two cents.) 1935 saw the construction of a playground. A high school campus on Huntington Avenue opened in 1923, but Park Avenue Elementary School, as it was known, conducted high school classes until 1927.

In a 1989 article from *The Winter Park Outlook*, Frances J. Murrah describes her teaching experiences at the grammar school in the 1940's. She recalls weekly trips to the Winter Park Public Library on Interlachen Avenue, visits to the fire and train stations, and even stops at O'Brien's Drugstore for ice cream. Classes frequented neighboring Rollins College. "If we walked over the 'Walk of Fame' on campus," Murrah recollects, "we might bring back to class the names of one or two of Rollins' famous visitors to read about and find out why they were famous."

The property on Park Avenue was purchased in 1961 by Rollins and became the location of its continuing education program. The site was utilized for offices and classrooms until 1988, and the following year the aging



school was removed, despite much protest. The lot stood vacant until Rollins decided to develop the property itself in 1997. Today the 400 block of Park Avenue houses the Gap, Starbucks, a parking garage, and other modern wonders. A plaque erected there by Rollins commemorates the building, students, and staff of Park Avenue Elementary School.



The old Winter Park High School, built in the style of Mediterranean Revival, was completed in January 1923. A newspaper article at the time declared it one of “the most complete and architecturally perfect school buildings to be found anywhere in the state.” Classes

began in 1927, and the building served as a junior and senior high until 1969, when a new campus was built off Summerfield.



The Winter Park High School annual of 1923 measures only 3.25 inches in length and 5.25 inches in height and is bound by a single black ribbon. The yearbook is titled 'The Annuwinpa' - presumably short for 'The Annual Winter Park.' At this point, the high school was still part of the school building on Park Avenue. The text in the annual was handwritten, and five amateur black-and-white photos were pasted onto its pages. There were seven teachers who each taught multiple subjects, coached sports teams, and performed administrative roles.

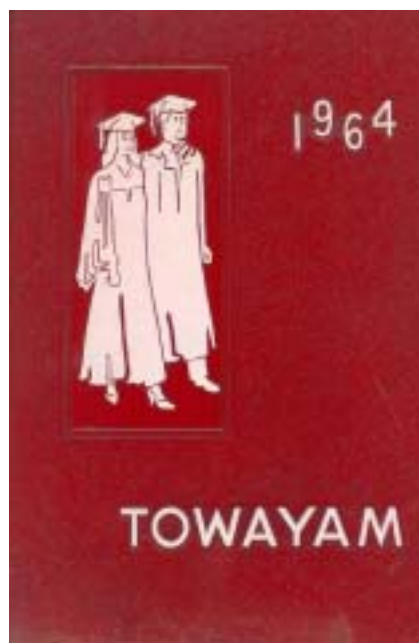


Winter Park High School graduated nine seniors in 1923. Florence Fry, one of these seniors, was designated the Honor Student and gave the valedictory speech at graduation. In the annual, there are only two other photos in addition to the three shown here - one of the school building and one of the teachers. 12 juniors, 14 sophomores, and 27 freshmen are listed on the Roll Call page. The Athletics page explains, in a tongue-in-cheek manner, that the basketball team “played hard-fought games, winning some, losing some. Yet we believed if the teams had had better backing from the school body they would have been considerably more successful.” There are accounts of a school-wide Field Meet and the efforts of the swimming team. Fleetwood Peeples, then in his first year as swimming coach at Rollins College, led the swim team. (Peeples [1898-1993] taught swimming until he was nearly 80 years old. A park near Rollins and the pool at Winter Park High School are named after him. A Society page in the annual tells of picnics had, and the book concludes with a page of jokes.



The 1941 Towayam is a textured maroon spiral notebook with silver stenciling on its cover. The WPHS chapter of the National Honor Society, was organized in 1934 and selected 10% of the seniors and 5% of the juniors each year to be members. A school handbook prepared by the Student Council in 1941 explains that membership in the National Honor Society was “purely honorary, since the group is too small to accomplish a great deal.”

The handbook features other guidelines, including a “Do’s and Don’ts” list that warns, “Do not eat in front of the school at any time.” The handbook also explains that “the first Winter Park High School Annual was published by the class of 1939. Before this there had been only an annual paper devoted to the seniors.” In 1940, the yearbook received the name “Towayam” which means “Beloved by All”.



In the 1941 Towayam, the seniors (61 total - the largest graduating class yet) were allotted headshots, a quote, and a list of their extracurricular activities throughout high school. A page of reminiscences mentions an April Fool’s Day joke in 1939 involving a proclamation of a Nazi organization. “What was meant to be fun soon turned into the F.B.I. and the F.B.I. turned a few people pale, and a few pale people turned over a new leaf.”

The record for the Wildcat football team in 1958 is an unimpressive one: 2 games cancelled, 1 tied, 4 lost, and 3 won (the best score being a 24-0 victory over Leesburg). The 1958 yearbook is dedicated to one of the coaches, Bill Orr, who graduated from Stetson College and taught Physical Education and Biology at Winter Park High School in addition to his work as football coach. Fellow coach Bill Gordon graduated from Rollins College and taught Science and Mathematics at Winter Park, where he served as head of the Mathematics Department. Gordon’s son, William R. Gordon II, graduated from Winter Park High School in 1980 and twenty years later returned... as the new principal! Now that is impressive!

In 1958, Winter Park High School saw the completion of a new auditorium and the graduation of 154 seniors.

The annual Coke Party each September was a trademark of the WPHS Student Council for many years. The Student Council was organized in 1939, and at the beginning of the 1956-1957 school year, the Student Council created "Howdy Week" to orient and welcome new students. The 1959 Howdy Week instituted a Howdy Doody Dance, and the 1960 Howdy Doody Dance featured a live band in place of the standard jukebox. Howdy Week continued well into the 1970's, growing to encompass the entire student body rather than just sophomores and new students.

The Winter Park High School Band was formed in 1939. The 1975 Towayam praises the Band as "one of the top marching units in the area." Despite their talent, however, the WPHS Band was not allowed to play for President Ford when he came to campaign in Orlando in 1976 or for President Carter at a 1980 political rally because of a board policy established in 1974 that forbade student groups from promoting a partisan political cause.

During homecoming week a group of seniors performs at the annual Powder Puff game, in which guy cheerleaders support the girl football players. Another highlight of homecoming week was Coach Larry Gergley's 200th game on October 6th, a 30-6 victory over Boone that made Winter Park #1 in the district. Gergley was the 15th coach in Florida high school history to achieve this milestone.

The Winter Park High School campus on Summerfield was built in 1969. The school's motto boasts of "Personal Excellence in a Caring Place." Today, this caring place is one of thirteen high schools in Orange County, a school district that is the 14th largest in the country and 4th largest in the state.

Winter Park High School achieved the highest average score on the 2001 FCAT for Orange County high schools, a score greater than the state average. The 2000-2001 school year saw 3200 students walk the school's halls, in contrast to an enrollment of 62 in 1922-1923.



The 1987-1988 school year marked Orange County's shift to a middle school system and was the first year that the campus on Huntington served as the Ninth Grade Center, welcoming the class of 1991.

Wildcat spirit is still alive and thriving, 114 years after the Winter Park educational system began in a small school on Park Avenue North.



Messages From '65'ers

From Denny Fender

“'65 Wildcats.....

.I regret being unable to join you for the reunion, but there are a few things I've learned during the last 40 years which I want to share with each of you. I'm not a philosopher, nor an accomplished writer....I'm just an old retired fighter pilot turned high school teacher. But my experiences in war and peace, military and civilian life, in health and sickness, in my youth and now in middle age, have taught me a few things that I think are appropriate for this gathering. Please consider these thoughts.....

1. Life is precious and short.
2. It can end with little or no warning.
3. Enjoy life every day.....life is not a practice exercise.....its the real thing. Generally you only have one chance to do it right.
4. Time is a mindset....don't let a clock completely run your life....MAKE TIME to do things you enjoy. The memories of it will serve all of us well.
5. Do something you've always wanted to do.....you all are approaching 60 years of age...it's time to do those things that will make you happy and provide lasting memories.
6. Smile a lot and try to be happy regardless of the circumstances....it's a choice you can make and it's way more fun to be happy than to go around with an attitude and a scowl.
7. Hundreds of thousands of men and women, including some of our classmates like Bill Dent and Charley Clark, have paid the price in blood for you to have the freedom to be here today. Don't forget them. Honor them by loving your country, voting, and being proud to say the Pledge of Allegiance. It is your RESPONSIBILITY to do this.
8. If there is some one you love, then frequently tell them that you love them....its not a sign of weakness to tell someone that they are important in your life. Hug your wife and kids, call up an old friend, take some time to play with a child. Do it because it's important.
9. Don't forget God. He is your best friend.....He will never forsake or forget you and He will be your strength during the most difficult circumstances if you'll just talk to Him and lean on Him for support and strength.

I wish each of you the best of luck and hope to see you at the next reunion.”

Denny Fender

From John Morehouse's wife

This message was sent to Sue Gipson-Price. Susan Morehouse wanted to share this story of John's last day with his classmates and friends. This was posted on the Allcoast Sportfishing Message Board (www.allcoastsportfishing.com)

I'll write more later. I read this and everything flooded back. I miss him so much. Thank you for calling the other night.

Susan Morehouse

"A Tragic Day..."

You never know what is going to happen when you throw the last line and push off from the dock. I usually think about the finding the mother off all kelp paddys loaded with fat fish or getting into a full speed bluefin bite with not a soul in sight. Today we left the dock at 5:30am with a day of salmon fishing planned dreaming of limits of big fish for everyone on board. I am sure everyone that left the dock this morning was thinking the same thing. The day was going great we had 7 fish on the boat for 4 guys and we were working on the last fish of the day. We had passed a couple fishing from an older Chris Craft about thirty minutes earlier. We had waved hello, bragged a bit about how many fish we had on the boat and didn't think another thought about it. I was talking to friend on the radio, he is actually a casual acquaintance but he is a nice guy and I would consider him a friend anyway, when a frantic voice broke through on channel 18. It was a woman pleading in a panicked voice for help. She exclaimed that her husband was on the deck and he wasn't moving. As it so happened I had my partner Doug, an LA City paramedic, and another friend Dave, a trauma physician, on board and we picked up and headed for the distressed vessel. As we arrived I recognized the vessel as the Chris Craft we had passed a little while earlier. I pulled along side and our guys boarded the vessel to find a frantic woman and a man in his early 50's on the deck in full cardiac arrest. Dave and Doug along with another off duty fireman started CPR. Two other volunteers got on board to drive the boat and we headed for Ventura Harbor about 13 miles away. While underway, the trio continued CPR trying to revive the victim. During this time we contacted the Coast Guard and the Harbor Patrol and requested emergency assistance. The Coast Guard sent a rescue boat and the Harbor Patrol sent a towboat. I followed the Coast Guard back to Ventura Harbor to collect my crew. Sadly to say the victim didn't make it. It's a strange feeling seeing someone alive and well one minute and the very next minute seeing that same person laying lifeless on the deck of a rescue boat covered with a gray blanket. To all of you guys and gals out there that see this everyday please excuse my emotion. Also to all of you who do this day in and day out, thank you. It is truly and amazing sight watching a group of professionals stop what they are doing and risk their own safety to help someone in need. You never know what is going to happen when you throw the last line and push off from the dock. Life is short and every minute should be treasured. Get home early to see your kids, skip the next business trip or go fishing! Be SafeCCa/k/a "Fin-Addict"

From Huntley Dent

It's amazing how hearing old names brings them back instantly. I remember Casey and her younger brother Thad...I think that "is" right. And Gary was my photographer for the year book..we had a very creative time together. There are so many...

I look forward to seeing the Cd. Thanks for taking all the trouble to find me. I have counted up, and since I was born, I've lived in 42 different houses. Even Winter Park was just a three-year Air Force stint for my father. But of course high school is something you never forget. I loved Winter Park, but I must say I don't return because of painful memories. My twin brother died in Vietnam, and my family retreated to Winter Park when I was a senior at Harvard. It was a terrible time, and I guess I put the town behind me. I talked about the place nostalgically for years, remembering the old hotels and lakes and all.

I went to grad school briefly in the 70s, and lo and behold, the chairman of the English dept had gone to Rollins College.

I never pursued higher education much but became a free lance writer, especially interested in spiritual subjects. Oddly, I became a ghost writer for several famous people. One of them long ago, was Michael Jackson.

I have written 26 books, only one under my own name, and have had 7 national bestsellers. Strange, yes?

I remember all my old friends, I think, but have kept up with none. It's amazing how many you found, and again I am sorry I was so tough. Since 1996 I have lived in three places in Santa Fe, one in Santa Monica, one in Cambridge Ma, and since the early 90s I've lived in upstate NY, Malibu (my own beach!), as well as Santa Fe once again. I guess the wanderlust of being an Air Force child stuck.

In high school my best friend was Carl Fowler. Did you find him? We kept up for a very long time, even sharing adjacent apts in Denver for a while. He is married and runs his own travel agency in Brattleboro VT.

I tend to remember names at odd moments. Chip nusbickel, David Cooper, Doran Copenhaver, Vicki Kingdon, Nancy Glass, and faces of course. Once I was sitting in a cafe in Winter Park CO and someone from WPHS came up to me..very karmic. I remember more faces than names.

In the late 70s my congenital eye problems got worse. I had ten eye operations and eventually became legally blind. but I see well enough out of one eye to write, and adaptation comes easily for me.

I spend a lot of time gardening and listening to classical music. I have never married and love a solitary life.

Right now I am writing a movie and hope to see some big stars in it. Cross your fingers. It's a much tougher field to break into than books.

I wanted to supply this info for anyone who has wondered about my fate these forty years. As for teachers, I esp remember Ed Hotaling and Mrs. Weissenberg, both of whom taught English. I know she can't be alive, but Ed must be only sixty or so.

thanks for contacting me,

Huntley

From Susie Wright



Susie Wright couldn't come to the reunion from London but wanted to share this picture of her family.

From Beth Rupp

Greetings from San Francisco! They come by way of Los Angeles, Houston, Denver, Omaha, Lincoln (NE), and Gainesville.



After graduating from WPHS, I went to the University of Florida, where I got a degree in music (minors in history and invertebrate zoology). There followed a masters and a Ph.D. (music history, specializing in the medieval period). After spending time on the faculty at a small Methodist college in Nebraska and the University of California Riverside, and as a radio broadcaster, accountant, editor, and organist/choirmaster (not concurrently!!), I settled into my current profession of private music teaching: piano and historical instruments (harpsichord, clavichord, and virginal). In working with my various students, I discovered that my gift is teaching. I was surprised. I always had thought I was a researcher (as in transcribing obscure music notation obscure for medieval and Renaissance manuscripts)!

A couple times a year, I play harpsichord gigs, particularly around Christmas (Handel's *Messiah*, Bach, Vivaldi) and for other large-scale Baroque works (masses, ballets, concerti, etc.). These entail moving my instrument, which is always an exciting adventure. We haven't dropped it yet, but we've come close!

I have done a great deal of writing: academic and professional music journals, newspapers (concert reviews and sports), consumer magazines, ad copy, and so on, including a number of music books.

My other main interest is needlework, which I also teach. Currently I am teaching at the CATS consumer festivals (stitchingfestival.com). This year's sites are Nashville, Hershey, Burbank, and San Jose. If you're attending, please look me up! My professional name is Martha Beth Lewis. If you're a stitcher, you may have run across my articles in needlework magazines (*JustCross Stitch* is the magazine where a great deal of my work is published).

I have two sons: Andy (30) and Matt (25). Andy lives in L.A., and Matt lives in this area. In my spare time—hah!—I read, entertain, and partake of chocolate. I love football, sailing (Bay and offshore), and am active in my church.

You're invited to my website (marthabeth.com). If you or anyone you know teaches music privately, piano or otherwise, I think you'll find helpful information on music pedagogy, business aspects of a private studio (including advertising, promotion), and music copyright (marthabeth.com/piano.html). There are several QA files with teachers' questions. Follow the parent/student link on the piano page to material for parents (and grandparents!) with children taking private music lessons (consumer.html). In addition, there is information for adults studying piano, plus a QA file with questions from parent/students, music humor, music links, etc. (Thinking about starting piano study? Start! Next year you'll be a year older, whether you can play the piano or not!) At needlework.html, you'll find lots about

needlework, needlework humor, and needlework copyright issues. Other topics are linked from my front door: chocolate (cooking disasters, kid activities, etc.), sailing, poodles, miscellaneous (Southern humor, linguistics, Advice from Mom, etc.).

If you can't reach me at marbeth@comcast.net, I'm always available at marbeth@marthabeth.com.



From John Walters

Hi, Sue !

You asked for comments or messages, so let me give you some "update". In 2000 while visiting the central coast of VietNam where I had once lived, I met a young woman, MyLinh, in Tuy Hoa. We fell in love and we engaged in May, 2000. I returned to VietNam in 2001, and we were married in SaiGon, April 9,2001. We spent April in SaiGon and honeymooned in Dalat, the Central Highlands. In December, 2002, my cousin and I bought a convenience store in Orlando and sold it later to open another on Longwood last year. I have been working for the US Government in the Small Business Admin. since Hurricane Charlie in disaster relief as loan officer and now in the legal dept. Last year Linh and I spent April and December in SaiGon. Twenty years ago I wrote a book called The Long Way Home, and I am now getting it co-written by a well-published local author and we will get it printed and marketed, hopefully this year. My daughter, Melanie, who was a cheerleader at WPHS, and I loved that, now has three sons. Her husband is a Publix manager, and is also a Winter Park graduate. My best to everyone!!!!

John

From Dorian Coppenhaver

WPHS 1965

40 years? Seems impossible! After leaving WPHS I attended college at Duke University where I majored in Zoology after thinking seriously about History and Music. College was eventful, but not atypical. I became a dedicated basketball fan (surprised?), played in the symphony, had a radio show and did most of the stuff college students are supposed to do. Graduated in 1969 – the last class of the turbulent 60s. I decided to go to graduate school and remained at Duke, where I got a PhD in biochemical & evolutionary genetics in our centennial year. The last few years of that time I was living and working in New York where my mentor had moved to NYU. Life in Greenwich Village was a tad different from OUR Park Avenue! While there I got married (1974) to a fellow Duke graduate student – Anne Powers – who finished her doctorate a year after me.

After graduating for the third and last time I began a postdoctoral experience. To the astonishment of everyone who knew me, I went to Kenya for a year doing a genetic survey of baboons with a colleague from Duke; which means I was on safari for a year trapping the beasts and taking samples. Being on safari for that long means you have a lot of time to fill. I dabbled in photography, birding, tracking, reading, writing and became passable in Swahili. My office today is decorated with some of the pictures I took back then.

Returning to the states I accepted another postdoctoral position, this time at The University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston, TX. That was 27 years ago, and I'm still here. I've enjoyed a fairly typical academic career, with the normal number of twists and turns. Recruited to do protein chemistry and evolutionary studies, I eventually switched departments and did work in antivirals, immunomodulation and aging. I've published (100-odd articles, chapters, books, patents, and reports), taught (medical students, graduate students and allied health students - sometimes about things I barely understood), traveled (often on the governments nickel!), and served on more committees than I care to remember. A few years back I closed my lab and became a full time Associate Dean in the Graduate School of Biomedical Sciences here, where I am responsible for student affairs, admissions, curricular matters and administration. I've found that constant interaction with active intelligent graduate students either exhausts you or keeps you young. I'm banking on the latter.

At home, Anne and I have celebrated 31 years together. She has been a high school principal and now is on the faculty at the University of Houston - Clear Lake. Ask us about two career couples! We don't have children, but have had two wonderful exchange students, a Dutch son and a German daughter, with whom we are very close, and who provide a great excuse to run to Europe. (Got to see those grandkids!) I've remained active in music, with a string quartet (we'll play your anniversary party if you pay enough!), membership in the local symphony (where I was principal viola for a dozen or so years before stepping down due to work commitments) and choir director at our church.

I still get to Winter Park to visit my mom every year. Plus, my younger brother and his family live in Oviedo. So when I am in town, I hope to run into some of you.

From Nancy Wayman Deutsch

Nancy Wayman Deutsch
662 Granville Drive
Winter Park, Fl. 32789
407-644-8862

February 21, 2005

Dear Sue,

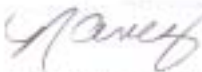
The WPHS reunion plans sound great. Unfortunately, for me, it is happening the same weekend as The Winter Park Sidewalk Art Festival. As Vice President of the Art Festival Board of Directors I must be at the festival from eight o'clock Friday morning until six o'clock Sunday night. There is an art festival party Saturday night that I must attend as well, so I will have to miss the entire WPHS reunion. Please send my regards to my fellow classmates! I hope that some will be able to check out the art festival which is one of the highest ranking art festivals in the United States. It is free to the public and open from nine am to six pm all three days.

I am sorry that I will not be able to participate in the Artists Corner on Saturday. I am a free-lance writer of fiction and poetry and have a new anthology book out, **Florida Shorts**. It is available on Amazon.com, from www.iuniverse.com, and by order from Barnes and Noble, Borders, and Books A million booksellers.

My email addresses are Nikkiinu@aol.com and Nikkiinu2000@yahoo.com. I would be happy to hear from my WPHS classmates and friends.

Have a great reunion!

Nancy Wayman Deutsch



PS: I'll look for fellow wildcats on Park Avenue. In case you're wondering, I look *exactly* the same as I did back in high school—but, then don't we all?!

Do you remember when the WPHS Band had a bake-sale table
at the Winter Park Sidewalk Art Festival?

Have times changed!
Be sure and check it out

HAPPY REUNION!



Just Published...



Florida Shorts

Short Tales By Five Florida Writers

Scott can't get rid of the girl. Noreen can't stand her husband. Sam likes the blonde. An author falls out of a book. Sheila finds another victim, and Drew just wants another piece of pie.

[Amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

Keyword: Florida Shorts

[iUniverse.com](https://www.iUniverse.com)

*Nancy Wayman Deutch
nikkiinu@aol.com*

From Jody Roberts- Smalley



Graduated from Stetson University in 1969 with a BS in Biology

Spent a year interning in Medical Technology at Orange Memorial Hospital (now ORMC) and then worked in the hematology department after graduation

Married in 1969 and husband went to Vietnam in the U.S. Army for a year- we did get to meet in Hawaii for R&R for our first anniversary

Husband and I moved to Gainesville, FL in 1971 so he could get his master's degree

Worked at Alachua General Hospital and attended Gator football games for fun

1974: Moved to Alexandria, VA. -husband got a job with the federal government in the Fish and Wildlife Service

Worked at Jefferson Memorial Hospital for 4 years and started working in the blood bank

Transferred to Fairfax Hospital blood bank in 1977 and continued to work there for 25 years

1978: Had a daughter Rebecca Claire- now a special education teacher

1992: Joined Northern Virginia Community College as adjunct instructor and taught courses in immunology and blood banking part time (currently still teaching at the college)

Divorced husband after 24 years of marriage (long story and I won't go into it)

Promoted to Technologist 3 in charge of teaching medical technology students and peer training

1994: Joined Northern Virginia Community College Orchestra (now I am principal second violin)

I retired on disability on January 2, 2004 after 25 years at Fairfax Hospital. I really enjoyed the last 10 years of my career as a lecturer and teacher. I currently have metastatic breast cancer. I am on chemotherapy and will continue on it indefinitely. On a happier note: I started taking violin lessons again and spend some of my time playing in the NVCC orchestra and playing duets with my friend. I enjoy sending emails to friends, working on the computer and painting landscapes with oils. I have been able to travel over the years and have had many foreign students stay with me.

40 years ago we were all so young! I wish I could be there at the 40th reunion but I will be thinking about all of you who are there and hoping you have a wonderful time celebrating this noteworthy occasion.

landscapes with oils. I have been able to travel over the years and have had many foreign students stay with me.

40 years ago we were all so young! I wish I could be there at the 40th reunion but I will be thinking about all of you who are there and hoping you have a wonderful time celebrating this noteworthy occasion.

Everyone who has sent a message is asking to stay in touch with our class. Send them an e-mail. It's a great feeling to talk again with an "old" friend!

From Gary Luther

UNTOLD TOWAYAM TALES

By Gary Luther

Towayam photographer, 1965

“Never let the facts get in the way of a good story.” – Mark Twain

To preface is to deface. Usually no one reads them anyway. Readers are anxious to get to the good stuff. Since literacy requires effort (unlike radio, TV, videos, etc.), the reader must be rewarded. We aim to please.

“I’ll bet the thought of throwing anything away would have you shaking in your sandals,” my wife chided. If I had followed her advice, there would be no story to tell. Besides, the entire collection of 35mm negatives for the *Towayam* fit into a small plastic shoebox. Perhaps the 2,000+ books in my library were the real source of her displeasure. Also, she loved pulp romance novels. I didn’t have one on my shelves...except those boring classics recommended for English majors.

While the marriage didn’t survive, the *Towayam* negatives did. For every photo used in the yearbook, there were at least ten frames shot. You might say the contents of this CD are the “out takes.”

Since I developed each roll of film and made prints one at a time, I wasn’t anxious to print them all. Teenagers are inherently lazy, just getting accustomed to the notion of work. Forty years later, thank the Winn-Dixie photo lab that printed the remaining images you didn’t see in your yearbook.

As a photographer, I’m self-taught. When I was 14 years old I read (and followed) the instructions accompanying all photographic materials. My textbook was *Basic Photography*, a tech manual published by the Army Air Corps. Beyond that, practice has been my teacher.

IMPORTANT: *Towayam* is an acronym meaning “To The Way of America.” It is not “Tow a Yam.” Likewise, the student newspaper *Wi-Pa-Hi-Sc* suggests “Winter Park High School,” even though it sounds like some x-rated activity.

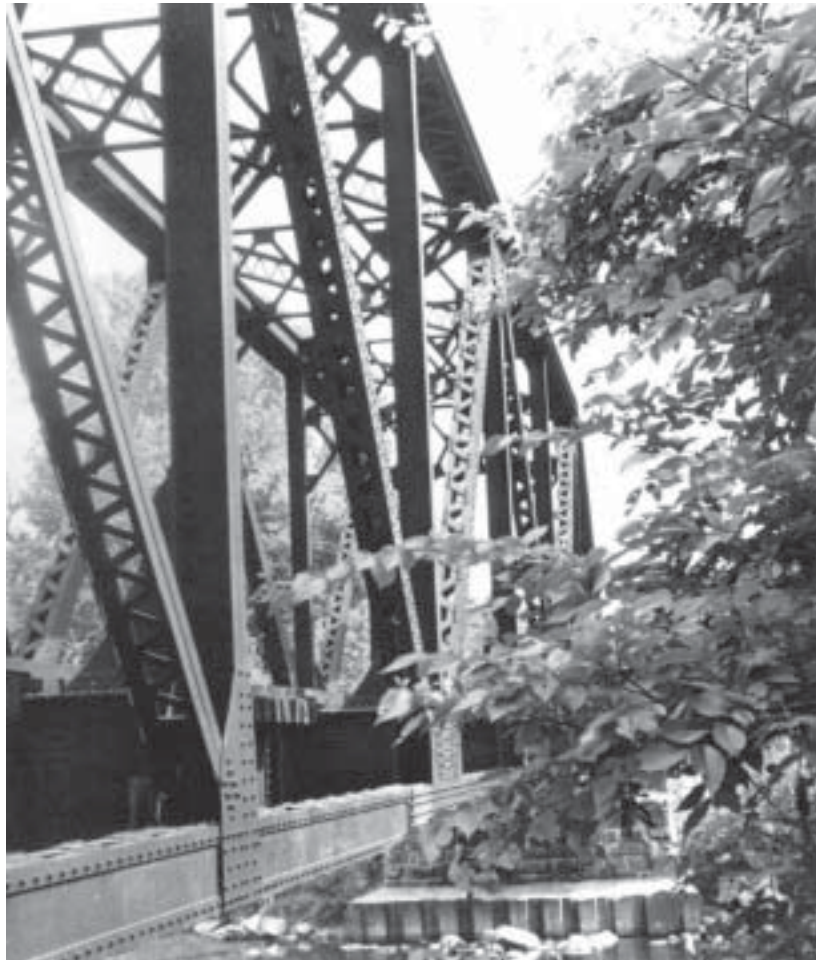
Okay, maybe I lied about prefaces. Let the *Towayam* tattling and true confessions begin!

Continued...

TALE #1:

Turn to page 81 in your *Towayam* and you'll find a photo spread worthy of the Winter Park Chamber of Commerce. Note the rustic railroad bridge. It was built in 1888. Can't remember its location? Try Westerville, Ohio, ten miles north of Columbus. I took it while working at nearby Glengarry Pool in the summers of 1963 and 1964.

The Ohio bridge photo was in my portfolio when I "interviewed" to become *Towayam* photographer. As the *Towayam* publication deadline approached, there were still blank spaces. The out-of-town bridge was handy; the temptation was too much. It looked so good in the layout. No one ever said, "Hey! This isn't in Winter Park!" Speaking as a former newspaper reporter and editor, don't believe everything you see in print.



TALE #2:

Martha Puckett was on the *Towayam* staff. Then a bad hair day struck. Check out Martha's hairdo on pages 145 and 147. Through the magic of India ink, she suddenly acquired the Cleopatra look. Was this editorial punishment for a yearbook staff member who attempted double exposure in the Science Club's photos? No darkroom accident can be blamed here.

TALE #3:

Your reunion CD contains several photos of students wandering on the athletic (staph) field. This wasn't caused by spring fever. It was the result of a bomb scare in the days when phone calls cost a dime. While these photos were not included in the yearbook, see the still life taken in the *Towayam* office on page 233. Someone taunted editor Huntley Dent with "Huntley, your yearbook's gonna bomb!" *Wi-Pa-Hi-Sc* cartoonist Bob Wannall commemorated the event in the attached jpg artwork.



TALE #4:

Politics! Is anything ever new? Remember the debates about *None Dare Call It Treason* versus *None Dare Call It Reason*? John Stormer's book still shows up in used bookracks. Our WPHS Goldwater Girls (page 42) got rained on at the Colonial Plaza Mall rally. Tastefully, all of those wet blouse photos weren't printed. The Johnson rally negatives (same place, different day) included photos of the Secret Service agents on the Colonial Plaza roof. We suspect they were carrying more than radios. The first photo on page 44 shows "USA" sign, but crops out the "HRA" that was above it. Was this another example of editing any overexposure?

No. 743

CENTRAL FLORIDA CHAPTER

- HRA -

OFFICIAL MEMBER

The Count
CHAPTER REPRESENTATIVE

TALE #5

Did you know that the 1965 *Towayam* was the first to use 35mm cameras exclusively (excluding individual portraits)? My predecessors used 4x5 press cameras, which were bulky, slow and expensive. Try loading a 4x5" film carrier quickly. "You can't make a good 8x10 from 35mm negatives," they warned.

My own camera was a 35mm Zeiss Ikon Contaflex single lens reflex, which lets you see what the film sees. Press cameras don't. I heard, but didn't follow the previous *Towayam* photographers' advice. Perhaps I was remembering my great grandmother's saying, "A word from me and do as you please."

Other 35mm cameras borrowed through the year included a Nikon F with 200mm telephoto, a Retina IIIc from Huntley Dent's father, and Dr. Hotaling's Leica M3. Nearly all photos were shot with available light, including basketball games. Football games required Press 25 flashbulbs.

To vary the backgrounds in club and group shots, I often used a ladder. The cheerleaders on pages 104-105 are an example.

All the prints were made on a Bolsey microfilm reader that I bought from classmate Harry Waters. Since its lens didn't have an iris, an auto tail light bulb attached to a toy train transformer controlled the intensity, much like the dimmer switch used in homes. Other shutterbug technical tips are offered in the Camera Club text on page 143.

TALE #6:

An *Orlando Sentinel* clipping stapled to my 1965 *Towayam* reads:

'65 Towayam Wins Honor

The National Press Association announces that a First Class honor rating was awarded the 1965 Towayan [sic], Winter Park H.S., Winter Park, Florida, in the 45th All American Yearbook Critical Service of the National Scholastic Press Association.

More than 1,000 student yearbooks from high schools all over the national are judged by NSPA in groups divided by enrollment.

The top honor rating, All American, represent superior accomplishment and is reserved for top publications. A First Class honor rating means the yearbook is good but lacks the outstanding qualities need [sic] for All American.

The *Towayam* didn't get first place, but we gave it our best effort. Obviously, the *Orlando Sentinel* proofreader wasn't having a good day, either, as you can see above. Humility set in. So it goes.

WPHS TEACHER RECOLLECTIONS:

Ed "Papa" Creech taught economics and Problems of American Democracy. At one pep rally he donned a wig and banged on a cardboard box imitating Ringo Starr. He liked his students. He also liked to teach and it showed.

When the alleged Gulf of Tonkin incident occurred in Vietnam, he told the class, "This will get a whole lot worse before it ever gets better." How prophetic. I wonder if he foresaw asterisks by the names of dead graduates in the WPHS alumni directory.

Maude Gimon was my shorthand teacher. She taught me how it feels to be a minority. I was the only male in her shorthand class. Every session would begin with "Now girls...and Gary."

This skill was invaluable in college. As a journalist, getting accurate quotes is essential. A reporter can retell any story, but direct quotations make it more personal and interesting. My non-shorthand colleagues preferred the retelling technique, avoiding any difficulty. Their only alternative was a clumsy cassette tape recorder. Then it took additional time to review and transcribe the tapes.

Shorthand was neat, portable and required no batteries. Best of all, it impressed and delighted many women in my life who also knew Gregg shorthand. Thanks, Maude!

BIOGRAPHICAL & SIMULATED TRUTH DEPARTMENT:

“Every good newspaperman needs an infallible, unbreakable B.S. detector.” – Ernest Hemingway

“Let the fur fly.” – Slogan of a defunct Louisiana weekly newspaper

After graduate studies in Victorian Literature at Florida Atlantic University, Boca Raton, I arrived in New Smyrna Beach in 1971 with 1/64th of a tank of gas. I've been here ever since. I'm in my element, although in recent years the city has become overdeveloped and underplanned.

As pro bono local historian for the past 30 years, I'll share a secret. There's good reason to believe that the first site of St. Augustine was here. You could buy my well-illustrated 128-page book, *History of New Smyrna, East Florida* (\$8.95 and appropriate sales tax, plus \$2.50 shipping). Or check the web site listed below when it gets finished in a few months.

“Where in the hell is New Smyrna Beach?” my out-of-town friends would ask. Those who visited found a quiet, small town with plenty of retirees. It was too quiet (and boring) for some. Others got the impression that I had retired as well. Not true! Here's what kept me busy.

NEW SMYRNA BEACH OBSERVER. Co-founder and editor.

“Starting a newspaper is absolutely the best introduction to the who's who and what's what in any town. You can ask questions with impunity. Besides, most folks are on exceptionally good behavior and cooperative when they know their remarks will appear in print. If you can take pretty pictures, it's icing on the cake.

“The *Observer* is still published today. Now it's owned by an out-of-state newspaper chain. While they never seem to have enough money for reporters, ad salespeople are plentiful. It only proves that you never know how your children will turn out. You can only hope you've pointed them in the right direction.”

JOURNAL OF PUBLIC-SAFETY COMMUNICATIONS. Editor.

“After the *Observer*, I discovered a national association headquartered on the main street in town. The Associated Public-Safety Communications Officers, Inc. needed an editor for its monthly magazine. Their upstairs office was low profile. In fact, it had escaped my nose for news completely. The magazine was printed on glossy paper, used full color, and was filled with ads sent from national advertising agencies.

“APCO was formed in 1935 by police radio technicians. It was the originator of the Ten Signals (10-4?), and is the reason your TV doesn't have Channel 1. When the big networks were carving up frequencies for television usage in the Forties, APCO petitioned the FCC to reserve the Channel 1 frequency for police radio use. Today APCO coordinates all US public safety frequencies for the FCC.”

LUTHERS' PUBLISHING

“With my brother Alan (WPHS Class of 1967), we opened this electronic editing and publishing house in 1988. Alan assembled the original computer system. He returned to work in environmental testing laboratories in 1997. (All publishers don't get rich.) To date, Luthers' has published the books of over 100 different authors. These paying authors help finance my own local history and facsimile reprint titles.

“All printers aren't publishers; all publishers aren't printers. Services provided include art, design, typesetting, editorial, copyright, ISBN, Library of Congress CIP, UPC bar codes, and marketing. We don't print; our hands are clean. The size and complexity of each book suggests which printer is likely to do the best job.

“As the sign in the window says, 'By Chance or Appointment. Always. 10-5 Mon.-Fri. Usually.' Of course, there's a 'NO SOLICITING' sign on the door, but nobody believes it or else it's too long a word.”

LUTHERS' PUBLISHING

1009 North Dixie Freeway

New Smyrna Beach, FL 32168

(386) 423-1600

www.lutherspublishing.com

publish@lutherspublishing.com

Peace be with you. Until next time, dim the lights and play “Goodnight My Love.”

Many thanks to Gary for putting his memories on disc and meeting our 48 hour deadline. Unfortunately, his personal commitments prevent him from being with us at this reunion. Yet, his recollections bring back the mixed feelings of happiness and confusion that were the prelude to our leaving the security of WPHS. His words appropriately “draw down the curtain” on this CD....Peace be with you, until the next time when we gather together again...hopefully in 2010!

The Reunion Committee of 2005



Winter Park High School Alma Mater

Alma Mater, Winter Park
Loud our voices raising
Unto thee with praising
We sing a hymn to thee.

Honoring thy noble name
Through all time to be
Alma Mater, Alma Mater
Praise to thee