

TATTLER TWO

Vol. 22, No. 1

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CLASS NOTES

I am sorry but there are many In Memoriams.

IN MEMORIAM

Rosalie (Bower) Amoroso died on July 14 in Ithaca.

Rosalie's love of dance began while taking classes in her parents' dance studio, The Bower School of Dance. After graduating from IHS, she moved to New York City where she attended the American School of Ballet and then auditioned for and joined the New York City Rockettes, with whom she performed at Radio City Music Hall for many years.

Returning to Ithaca, she began her family and started the Ithaca Academy of Dance. As a dance teacher she was able to share her joy of dancing with adults and children for over 40 years. She taught hundreds of students over the years and never turned any away, even giving free instruction to those who could not afford to pay for lessons.

Her family dance studio was part of the downtown Ithaca Commons area for three decades until a fire forced her to relocate. She reopened at a new location within three days, refusing to let the fire stop her from continuing to teach what she loved.

Rosalie is survived by sons Clifford Ducey Jr., Stephen Ducey, Eric Ducey; daughter Shanna Yalamanchili; daughters-in-law Jodi and Patricia Ducey; son-in-law Kennedy Yalamanchili; grandchildren Stephen Jr., Patrick, Brendan, Danielle, Meghan, Christopher, Colin, Winston, Kaia, Lincoln, Jackson and, Carlyle; her sister Diane and niece Leslie Ann Dysart.

Contributions can be made in Rosalie's memory to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at [ASPCA.org](https://www.aspca.org).

IN MEMORIAM

Starr Atwood (formally he was Charles Starr Atwood) died on December 19, 2018, in Franklin, Tennessee, where he had been living for some years.

After graduating from IHS in 1959, Starr attended Cornell, where he got his B.S. degree from the School of Hotel Administration, and Case Western Reserve University, where he got his J.D. After working for International Hotels, Holiday Inn and International Finance Corporation, he became an administrative law judge for the state of Tennessee, the position from which he retired.

His favorite pastime was golfing.

Starr was survived by wife Becky; sons Jay and Craig; daughter-in-law Kristina; grandchildren Savannah, Madison and Catherine; sisters Anne Woodruff and Phoebe Alden; and brother Richard.

IN MEMORIAM

Betty Boyle died on November 5 at the Beechtree Care Center. She had been a resident of West Danby.

Before retiring, Betty had worked in the food service field at Cayuga Medical Center, Lourdes Hospital in Binghamton and the Reconstruction Home.

Her survivors include sisters Kathleen Metcalfe and Lois Grant, a great niece, a great nephew and several cousins.

Back in late June, **Carol (Robinson) Battenfeld** wrote about a short but lovely trip she had recently taken. The guy she calls her Fish Prof . . . Carol

has been doing German to English translations for him on his ichthyological research . . . invited half a dozen people to the island of Sylt (in the North Sea) for the celebration and dedication of a reading room. Carol notes that the rental van in which the group was traveling was loaded on a train for a half-hour's trip from the mainland to Sylt. While Sylt is an island, it's connected to the mainland by a causeway.

Carol says the entire island is like one enormous film setting: reed-roofed houses, low stone walls, riots of roses blooming just everywhere. And not a scrap of loose paper or a garbage is in evidence.

Everyone was well-dressed, nobody was obese (but the food was terrific) and the weather was gorgeous.

There were a wonderful bunch of young students at the institute, all obviously devoted to their subject, but not with much money. Fortunately, there is special housing for them because owning anything on this once-poor hardscrabble island now costs megabucks. Sylt is really "in", particularly the village of Kampen. Carol surmises that anyone actually employed on the island has to commute from the mainland because of the prices.

This was Carol's third visit to Sylt – each time with glorious sunshine – although she wonders what it is like in the dark of winter.

IN MEMORIAM

Bill Cass died on March 8 in Lindale, Texas, in a rehabilitation center after having undergone heart surgery.

I wish I could report more about Bill's life but I have found no obituary. He was part of our IHS class but, like a number of others, received his high school diploma from Cascadilla School. He worked as a park ranger in Florida. While still working and living in Florida, he met Sarah Partain, from Texas, and married her. After his retirement, as Sarah's family were in Texas, Bill and Sarah moved there, but they subsequently divorced. I am not aware of any surviving family members.

Bill Coggshall and wife Janet Littlefield are grateful that they and their loved ones have not contracted COVID-19. Fortunately, technology – particularly Zoom, based in nearby San Jose – has made it possible to stay connected with friends and colleagues. Bill has conducted his business (web site development and management, including "Hearing Market Research", Technology Bloopers", "Why Men Die Young", and "Wilddancer") for several decades from his home, and continues to do so.

Both Bill and Janet have replaced their "in-person" music lessons (he on trumpet, she on harpsichord) with virtual ones. In a musical vein, Bill remembers playing Bugler's Holiday in a trio with **Dana Furman** and **Gordy Light** in our senior year.

Bill and Janet usually visit Janet's sons' families in Guatemala and the United Kingdom during the summer, but those trips had to be cancelled because of the virus. They did manage to celebrate their anniversary with brief trips to Monterey and Sausalito.

IN MEMORIAM

Kate (Catherwood) Fackelman died on July 14.

Kate left IHS after our sophomore year to go to the Ethel Walker School. And after graduating from there, she attended and graduated from Vassar College.

Horses – in her childhood she rode with her father Martin Catherwood – connected her to the love of her life Bud Fackelman. They were married in 1964. One year out of veterinary school for Bud and a year into marriage, they headed for Nigeria to assist in founding the Ahmadu Bello University Veterinary School there. (As noted in a previous issue, **Myra Fincher's** parents were also there, her father also involved in establishing the school.)

After Africa, came a seven-year stint in Switzerland where daughter Paula was born. Kate returned to the states in 1973 and lived in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maine, Texas, Wyoming and New Mexico. In more recent years she and Bud enjoyed RVing to, and living in, many rural areas in the west. Life for them was never, ever boring!

Kate is survived by husband Bud Fackelman, sister Mary Louise Catherwood, daughter Paula Pierce and son-in-law Ken Pierce.

Contributions in Kate's memory may be made to Best Friends Animal Society; 5001 Angel Canyon Rd.; Kanab, UT 84741-5000.

In the previous issue, I had included a picture of **Myra Fincher** in the rooftop garden at McGraw House in Ithaca, where she lives. A little added information from Myra about the garden and herself: There are 45 raised boxes in the garden. And Myra has been doing walking laps for 20 to 25 minutes a day there since February. If it is too chilly or wet she walk in the hallways. The picture in the last issue showed Myra (with mask) in a barren garden. A new picture from Myra should add a needed bit of color to our lives.



Joan Foss is a classmate . . . I imagine there are very few . . . who had been affected to COVID-19 workwise. She writes that she can't wait for 2020 to be over. She was furloughed in March from her part-time job working with special needs infants and toddlers. She has been isolating and

hasn't touched another human being or hugged a living soul since then and is just waiting for a vaccine so she can visit family members again.

Meanwhile, we will have to do with a picture of Joan in her COVID-19 regalia. (I hope you will agree that the mask color suits her.)



Dana Furman recently wrote, "Not much news at this time except . . ." But the "except" is a really big deal. He reported on the growth of two new twigs on his family tree; he and wife Elizabeth became great-grandparents for the first time in September and are expecting another great-granddaughter in March. They are exceedingly thankful.

IN MEMORIAM

Jane Galvin-Lewis died on April 27. She lived most of her life in New York City but moved to Georgia not too many years ago.

After attending Ithaca public schools through our sophomore year at IHS, Jane transferred to Northfield School (now Northfield Mount Hermon School) in Massachusetts where she

completed high school. She then attended Boston University, where she received an A.B. in psychology, and later New York University, where she earned an M.A. in psychology and human relations.

She married John Hargraves Lewis, who was in the diplomatic corps, in 1969. They later divorced.

She was a journalist. Among her journalistic experiences, she was employed by Ms. magazine, where she worked for Gloria Steinem.

She was an ardent feminist but an often-quoted line from Jane is, "You don't have to be anti-male to be pro-female."

She was active in a number of Black organizations, among them the National Black Feminist Organization, which she founded, and the National Council of Negro Women.

She formed a training company that designed some of the first non-sexist multi-cultural games and puzzles along with curricula material.

And she was also a comedian. She was the subject of the film "Sentry at the Gate. The Comedy of Jane Galvin-Lewis" and was one of four African-American women comedians whose careers were examined in a 1984 video, "I Be Done Been Was Is".

What do classmates in the time of COVID-19? For **Henry (aka Heinz) Hoffman**, he says he has been keeping busy putting in a huge veggie garden. And he also has a koi pond which keeps him occupied.

Randy Little had been a frequent visitor to Ithaca due to Cornell activities in which he was involved but most of those trips have gone by the wayside since spring, a result of COVID-19, so the storm windows stayed on the Forest Home house all summer. (Good news: that's one less chore that had to be done this fall.) One new excuse to go to Ithaca did develop, however, when his younger daughter's Pennsylvania landlord decided to sell and refused to extend her lease. So over a hectic few weeks the Littles rented a van and shuttled all of her stuff to Ithaca. Randy says he now knows every pothole in that stretch of I-81 by heart.

IN MEMORIAM

Debbie (Wells) Macomber died on August 14. She lived in Indianapolis.

Anyone who had the fortune of knowing Debbie knew that nothing was more important to her than family. From passing on her love of shelling on the beaches of Sanibel, to sharing the gospel of the Barefoot Contessa's Outrageous Brownies, to enthusiastically responding to every single, "Grandma, Grandma, watch me [insert dance move, guitar solo, trick off the diving board]," the unconditional love and devotion she had for her family was unmatched.

Debbie and husband Marshall met at Cornell University. (He was her freshman orientation counselor!). He was the love of her life. The family was able to come together in two exceptionally special places: Sanibel Island, Florida and Lake Wawasee, Indiana. In these homes away from home, Debbie was able to repeatedly spend time with family. Even though she would want it pointed out that she was merely an "outlaw," it is undeniable that the family is anchored by the kindness, generosity, and love that she exemplified.

On Sanibel, Debbie was always the first to suggest a family lunch at Gramma Dot's or a trip on the Sanibel Thriller to watch the dolphins play (and maybe learn something new about the island - even though she already knew it all). She was always up for a hand of Gin Rummy or a game of Bananagrams by the pool. As grandkids swam and splashed, she imparted wisdom such as the difference between "bring" and "take" and the ever popular Fractured Fairytales.

Lake Wawasee was truly one of Debbie's happy places. From her throne on the porch, she trounced everyone, regardless of generation, in Words with Friends. She always made sure the freezer was stocked with Eggos, sausage links, and Dilly Bars, preparing for the inevitable onslaught of family members who would pass through the kitchen. At 5 p.m., family knew they would find Aunt Debbie on the porch with a glass of wine, ready to kibbitz over cocktail hour.

More than anything, Debbie wanted her family to be happy and was most concerned with the accomplishments (big or small) of her children and grandchildren, as well as the accomplishments of the copious amounts of cousins and extended family members who loved her so fiercely.

Thanks to Debbie being the self-designated photographer of the family, memories and photos will live on in the 40,000+ photos on her computer and her “creeper” status on social media that both horrified and delighted her grandchildren.

She is survived by her husband of 58 years Marshall; daughters Laura Brueckmann and Janet Hansen; son Rob Macomber; sons-in-law Brad Brueckmann; and Curt Hansen; daughter-in-law Linda Macomber; grandchildren Erik Brueckmann and wife Stephanie, Heidi Brueckmann, Kirstin Brueckmann Kruip and husband Benjamin, CJ Hansen, Jamie Macomber, Casey Hansen and Brian Macomber.

Contributions in Debbie’s memory can be made to The Pink Fund, which provides financial assistance for people receiving treatment for breast cancer – www.bit.ly/3aulaA2 or P.O. Box 603, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48303; Broadway Cares / Equity Fights AIDS – www.bit.ly/31118gb or 165 W. 46th St.; New York, NY 10036; or Christamore House, a multi-service neighborhood community center serving Haughville and the near westside in Indianapolis – www.bit.ly/3avBFMz or 502 N. Tremont St.; Indianapolis, IN 46222.

IN MEMORIAM

Bob MacDougall died on December 1 in Lakeland, Florida.

After graduating of IHS, he worked at Cutting Motors – he became the service manager there – before moving to Florida in 1972, where he worked as a maintenance engineer for Polk County before retiring.

Throughout his life, Bob was a self-taught master of all things mechanical. He had a passion for restoring antique vehicles, motorcycle riding, westerns, and old-time rock and roll.

He is survived by wife, Sheila; son Tim MacDougall; daughter Kim MacDougall Gates; stepson Craig Carter; brothers Richard MacDougall and Charles MacDougall; grandchildren Shane, Mallory, Charlie, Christopher, Ashlynn, Courtney and Britney; as well as many other extended family members.

In the time of COVID-19, **Cuyler Page** is quite fortunate to live where he does. He writes that all during the summer the daily rates of infection in British Columbia were in single and eventually low double digits and even now, as the province is reentering lockdown, the numbers in the Okanagan region where he lives remain very low.

Overall, the COVID-19 period has been extremely productive for Cuyler. He has continued to work as curator of the Vernon Museum in Vernon, BC. While the museum was locked down from March until late summer, while the other five staff worked from home developing museum-oriented experiences on the web, he was able to continue working in isolation in the museum itself. Having developed a new plan for the museum’s galleries and exhibits, in March he moved his tools into the building and set up a woodworking and craft shop and could freely make noise and sawdust while building new exhibits.

In addition, he has been able to continue design work for a new children’s museum in a nearby town. Working on the assumption that the “Hands-On” style will again become possible, they went forward with planning and are just beginning construction by using independent contractors to make individual pieces in their own workshops, thus eliminating the need for personal contact.

Musically, there have been no orchestral jobs this year, but several chamber music groups in which he plays have found ways, once things relaxed a bit during the summer, to continue. The two woodwind quintets in which he plays met outdoors in city park outdoor amphitheatres -- each town in the region has one – and they are wonderful places to share music. And, as a bonus, the rehearsals became informal concerts for people in the parks.

Here's a little clip of one quintet -- Valley Winds "performing in Penticton, BC.

https://m.facebook.com/story.php?story_fbid=609346969770925&id=267302007308758&fs=0&focus_composer=0

This summer, **Candace (Rumsey) Reneau** wrote that while she is still in Texas she has moved within the state, from Jacksonville to Rusk. She explained that after her husband passed away two years ago, she had a small metal house on her daughter's land as her daughter wanted her to be close by so she could watch over Candace. The wisdom of that decision has been borne out as Candace reports that she seems to have several issues going on that the doctors cannot pinpoint. She has undergone test after test, very annoying as she still have things she want to do.

From the warmth of Fort Myers, Florida, **Chris (Mathewson) Salerno** writes that she and husband Richard have been safely ensconced in a fine retirement community for the past three years. She says that in many ways it is an extension of the winter home they had on Sanibel Island, with many Sanibel neighbors also there. Normally it is a very active community in every way with extensive options for mind, body and spirit. These days, for obvious reasons, it is quieter.

Chris adds that their eighties bring a few more physical twinges and more focus on therapeutic activities. Their other home, in Vermont, is lovely in summer, but ice and snow are to be avoided. Their kids have taken it over for the most part, winter and summer.

Sandy (Deeley) Scaglione writes that she and a few other IHS '58 classmates have gotten together for lunch at Stewart Park a couple of times. She had been joined by **Priscilla (Petitti) Edsall, Roberta (Coleman) Hunter, Carol (Stevens) Jordan** and **Linda (Womble) Conrad** to reminisce and simply enjoy being together at the park.

Sandy also shares some sad news. She says it has been a difficult summer as both her brother-in-law Tony Scaglione and Carol Jordan's husband Roger passed away. Our condolences go to Sandy and to Carol.

IN MEMORIAM

Bev (Bower) Tuckerman died on July 23 at her home in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, where she had moved in 2008 to be near family.

Graduating from IHS in 1958, Bev married Ralph Tuckerman in June of 1959. They moved to Elmira and bought Cory's Hardware, running it as the family business for 22 years. In 1982 they moved Alpine, New York on Cayuta Lake. Bev became the lead florist at Stillman's Green House in Montour Falls. After the couple celebrated 47 years of marriage, Ralph died in 2006. Bev retired and moved to Poplar Bluff.

Bev attended the Odessa-Catherine Methodist Church, served faithfully on numerous church committees and sang in the choir. She was a member of the Elmira Women's Bowling League. She also lead the Wrangler's Marching Corps in Elmira, maintained the Schuyler County Veteran's Memorial Garden and worked on special projects at the Poplar Bluff Veteran's Museum.

Bev enjoyed gardening, floral arranging, sports, fishing, quilting, cooking, bowling, NASCAR, the New York Yankees, the St. Louis Cardinals, all the woodland critters that visited her back porch and her cat Spike.

Bev loved her family. She enjoyed any time she could spend with them whether in person, by phone or on FaceTime. She always said they were her greatest blessing.

She is survived by daughters Penny Tuckerman and Cindy Shane; son Ricky Tuckerman; son-in-law Michael Shane; daughter-in-law Kirsten Tuckerman; eight grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren, sisters Nancy Gambitta, Cora Fellows and Linda Warner; and brother-in-law William Warner.

Contributions in Bev's memory can be made to the Odessa-Catherine Methodist Church, 305 Church St., Odessa, NY 14869 or Elara Caring Tri-County Hospice Services Inc. 1614 W. Business Hwy 60, Suite A-2, Dexter, MO 63841.

Both members of an IHS couple having their 80th birthdays take place in the same year? It happened for **Jack and Maryjean Yengo**. To celebrate, the Yengos rented the Cook mansion in Montour Falls for four days, invited the family and had a grand time. Below and on the next page are pictures of Jack and Maryjean and also of the mansion.



AN IHS MEMORY

Dorrice (Griffith) Hammer sent me this memory she had of our IHS days and I thought it was just the thing to include in the Tattler Two.

“One of the fine things the Ithaca school system gave us was a good grounding in music. In elementary school [Editor’s note: This would have been at Belle Sherman] we had a visiting music teacher, as well as being led in song by our teachers. In junior and senior high we could participate in band, orchestra and choir. I recently recalled a field trip, for perhaps a history class (?), the yellow bus filled with our classmates. This was definitely not a choral outing, but I’ve forgotten where we were heading or why. One person spontaneously started singing “Russian Holiday”, a rousing, rollicking piece our chorus was rehearsing for an upcoming concert. Instantly, all members of the chorus on the bus joined in wholeheartedly, in 4-part harmony, and we amazed our chaperones and the bus driver with our joyous rendition. It remains one of my favorite high school memories.”

I think there should be more of this in the Tattler Two, especially in the times in which we are living. So I invite you to share your memories.

A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE

One of our classmates, who wants to be anonymous, sent me what appears in slightly edited form below.

Do you remember some of the following?

- Walking or riding bikes behind the high school band from the football field back to the high school after a game?
- The smell of leaves burning by the street curbs?
- The squeaking floors at the Tompkins County Library?
- The Christmas decorations on State Street?

- Going into Rothschilds department store and seeing all the decorations, hearing the squeaking floors, riding the elevator with an operator?
- The five and dime stores on State Street, Fanny Farmers and Montgomery Ward department store?
- (For the boys) The billiards parlor on Tioga Street?
- Fighting to get into the one bathroom in the house (with the ladies always winning)? [Editor's note: We had two bathrooms, one for the sole use of my aunt who lived with us and one for the other four of us.]
- The Sputnik Restaurant by the high school (after the USSR beat us into space)?
- The old movie houses or the drive-ins (aka passion pits) on dates?
- Fairs at the fairgrounds?
- The Joey Chitwood shows with all the daredevil car acts?
- When the first commercial airline came to the Ithaca Municipal Airport at the foot of Cayuga Lake (Robinson Airlines, later Mohawk Airlines)?
- When Ithaca still had passenger train service, (the Black Diamond) or the old steam engines in the late forties? [Our anonymous source says he can still hear the old whistle sound at about three in the morning.]
- The corner food stores (aka mom & pop stores) in their neighborhood?
- Folks who heated with coal and the coal trucks with their chutes delivering the coal?
- Snowball fights on school grounds during recess?
- Bringing squirt guns to school?
- Playing mumblety-peg with a jackknife at school?
- School desks with ink wells and using ink pens?

- Scouting and Scout camp?

The anonymous source observes that life was simple in the “good old days”. We enjoyed parades, baseball at Percy field between rival business, (NCR, Cayuga Rock Salt, Morse Chain etc.), professional wrestling coming to Percy Field during the summer, and ice skating at the field in the winter before skating rinks were built. He adds that we didn’t need or demand much. We knew our neighbors, helped one another, and tried to take care of what we did have. Things did not cost much. We felt safe, could walk the streets.

For me, as your editor, I delight in the memories. And, in many ways, the “good old days” were good. But in some ways they weren’t. In some cases, we were simply too young to realize what wasn’t so good.

I also delight in things that did not exist when we were kids (including how technology enables me to communicate with classmates and produce this newsletter). And I appreciate the efforts that have been made to make some of the not-so-good things of the “good old days” better.

Are we better off today than we were when we attended IHS? I leave this for each of us to decide.

THANK YOU

Many thanks to **Dana Furman** for his recent contribution . . . it’s not the first time he has made one . . . to the Tattler Two Fund, which help keep the newsletters coming to you.

Thanks also to **Carol (Robinson) Battenfeld, Myra Fincher, Sandy (Deeley) Scaglione** and **Tom Smith** for providing class-related information. Without their help and similar assistance from other classmates, this newsletter could not succeed.

IN CLOSING

This has been a difficult year for much of the country and the world. COVID-19 has wreaked incredible damage, killing many, causing much serious illness and crippling economies everywhere. To my knowledge, no classmates

have died from the coronavirus, which is gratifying. Also I have received no reports of any who have been ill with it. But all of us and our families have surely been affected by it. On the whole retirees, which most of us are, have suffered less financially than younger folks, but many class of '58ers have family members have had to contend with job losses, business collapses and the like. And the impact of these times can take many forms. In my case, my brother Ron (class of 1962) died in September on the East Coast and I was not able to travel to be with him in his final months nor to attend his interment in person.

Here's hoping that 2021 will be a better year for you, the country and the world.

Steve