



From the President's Pen:

Max Elliott
FMS Class of 1958

Amazing how time speeds by! It seems like only yesterday that it was October 11-14, 2002 and **The Lollapalooza** was in full swing. Then, as we began planning the next reunion to take place in 2006, it seemed so far away. Now, it is only one year out. Yes, the **2006 Golden 50th** reunion will be held in DeLand, Florida on the first weekend in August (August 4-6) next year – 2006!

Since the last newsletter, we have had an FMSA Board Meeting (6 May 2005). At that meeting we voted to fill our two board vacancies. Our new members are **Lee Hansen (1964)** and **Asa Dean (1960)**. Lee wrote the article on **Col. Prentiss (Faculty)** in the last newsletter. Asa is our Webmaster, created our website for us, and writes the Spin the Web column for the newsletter. Note that the complete minutes from our last board meeting are posted on the site (www.fms-assn.org). Please check out the site when you can.

Also, at the May Board Meeting, **Jeffery Fawsett (1960)** was selected to serve as the official Reunion Committee Coordinator for the 2006 golden 50th reunion. As such, Jeffery will keep track of all committees for the board.

I should explain about our Secretary and Editor-in-Chief of our newsletter, **Sue Elliott (1960)**. Sue did not actually attend FMS. However, she has worked tirelessly for us from the very beginning to form this association, FMSA, and was given the title of Honorary Cadet by the founders. She was so good at helping, that I married her. Anyhow, Sue has located over 50 more cadets in the last few months. In addition to finding new Florida Military School and College cadets, she has also located many of the Sky Harbor Academy elementary school students. The Sky Harbor Academy was opened in the later FMS years. In this newsletter, among her other contributions, Sue has included items from letters and emails that we have received from **David Serbe (1967)**, **Bill Peters (1967)**, **Edward Albers (1964)**, **Lee Hansen (1964)**, and **Vic Williams (1970)**. As an aside, **Terry Bryan (1964)** called to relate some of his experiences. We were wondering how many Vietnam Vets we had in the group. Thanks for the call Terry. It's always good to hear from FMSers!

AUGUST 2006 – Happy 50th FMS!

The BIG 2006 is only a year away! The clock is now ticking and the countdown has begun. The **2006 Golden 50th reunion** planned for the first weekend in August, 2006 – Friday the 4th, Saturday the 5th, and Sunday the 6th! We will

have the use of almost all of the available space at the Holiday Inn for gathering and displays. The lobby will be the main place for our check-in and registration. Their Hospitality Suite will serve as a focal point for meeting, information dissemination, and general socializing. There will be main events, displays, and sidebar activities.

The main events, of course, will be a dinner & dance on Saturday evening and a Sunday morning breakfast followed by our general meeting.

Displays will be set up in various locations throughout the Holiday Inn facilities. For **The Lollapalooza** we had several pictorial and item displays and a couple of continual slide shows. We plan to repeat those and expand with film presentations. Of course, our museum in DeLand will be available for visiting.

Some of the sidebar activities we are organizing are:

- Downtown DeLand Shopping Tour
- DeLand Historical Tour
- Pool Party
- River Cruise
- Golfing
- FMS Pictorial Ghost Tour

The next newsletter will include more details and instructions on registration procedures. The FMSA website will also contain the information and will be updated frequently.

Cadet/Faculty - Greg Jackson

By Sue Elliott

Max & Sue Elliott attended family wedding in Chattanooga, TN and used that opportunity to meet and interview Greg Jackson who resides there.



Greg Jackson is among a very few men who have the distinction of having been both a cadet and a faculty member at Florida Military School. Born in Pennsylvania, Greg's family moved to Chattanooga, TN but his father was later transferred to Jacksonville, FL. Greg transferred to Florida Military School halfway through his junior year. "Our time as cadets gave us a lot of individual strength to stand up for what we believed." He graduated from FMS in 1966.

Continued on Page 2



Greg credits Col. Prentice and others at FMS for opening new avenues to him. He was hopeful to go to the Naval OCS but because of his eyes, he was forced to change his direction and decided to teach. Col. Ward called him to return to FMS as a faculty member in the Fall of 1969 but since he had resumes out, he thought about it until December when he called Col. Ward. Being offered room, board, clothing and a meager salary, he started teaching in the Spring of 1970. When he returned to FMS as a Faculty member he found the school much different from when he had left. At that time all cadets were boarding students, but on his return there were day students, girls and later elementary students.



When Greg left FMS in the fall of 1970 after a disagreement over grading policies, he went to Jacksonville, as his parents were living there. He was totally unaware that the school folded that December. He sent out resumes and decided to return to Chattanooga. After a local bank received his resume, they called him for an interview and he began work the following week. The man who hired him later left that bank and then hired Greg to be a credit manager for him. Greg got married and then later left to work with Salem Carpet Co., but found the job cut too deeply into family time so he went back to the banking field, first in opening a new branch and then later when that bank was closed, he stayed on in the main office managing funds until nine months later when that bank also folded. He sold cars for a year so that his family could stay in Chattanooga. Greg later went to work with a company, National Print Group. He is now the Vice President of Purchasing with the company. He likes Chattanooga and the people there, but found it so different coming back as an adult. Greg likes the mountains and lakes of the area and the changing seasons. He is an avid outdoorsman as seen in his photo, both as a hunter and a photographer. Greg is close to his family although he has been divorced for 17 years.

Spin the Web



by Asa "Ace" Dean '60
FMSA Webmaster

Florida Military School Association's (FMSA's) official World Wide Web Site can be seen at this URL: <http://www.fms-assn.org/>

Other Sites

This is not the only web site available for FMSA. I know of these that follow (please tell me if you know of any others).

FMS Photo Site by former FMS Cadet **Andy Staley '68**:

<http://fmsphotosite.tripod.com/index.htm>.

FMS Site by former FMS Cadet **Tim Tyndall '68**:

<http://www.ediscountheaven.com/fms/> .

<http://www.ediscountheaven.com/fms/Lollap.htm>

FMS Forum. a new chat-room style site on Yahoo! that **Steve Fulford '60** has developed. To become a forum member, email Steve Fulford (sheffield42@yahoo.com) and request an invitation to join.

See the Links page on FMSA's web site for these and other web sites of interest. And, if you will permit me this plug, FMSA's web site has been donated by my company, Asa Dean Computing <http://www.AsaDeanComputing.com>

Questions & Comments

Send me your questions, comments, criticisms (ouch!). IRAPilot2@cox.net

Asa WHO???

Asa Dean, an Autobiographical Sketch

This started out to be an article about all the places I have lived and all the jobs I have had. It turned out to be more of a biography than anything else. I hope you will find it interesting.

1941 I was born in Vancouver, BC Canada. I lived until age 2 ½ on Vancouver Island. My dad had joined the Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) and taught pilots to fly fighters.

1943 I lived with my parents in my grandmother's home in Ft Lauderdale, FL while our new home was being built in Miami, FL.

1947 I went to William Jennings Brian School and lived in Miami, FL. Being very shy, I flunked the first grade!

1948-1960 Dad moved his flying business, Dean's Air Taxi from Miami to the Airport, in Melbourne, FL. He also was the airport manager. We actually lived right at the airport in some rooms that Dad and Mom made into living quarters. I got my first job at age 6 working for my Dad and Mom. I got my social security card. (Remember that, in those days, you didn't get a card until you started work.) I earned 25 cents per hour as the airport line boy. I was the janitor, too. I swept the terminal building and picked up the trash around the buildings and cleaned the toilets. I pumped gasoline and oil into the airplanes. I helped the Eastern Airlines crew load and unload baggage from the large twin-engine aircraft.

Continued on Page 3

Continued from Page 2

We moved to a rental house after the financial picture improved. Later, we moved into a brand new house that my parents purchased. I didn't enjoy working for Dad (sound familiar?) so I started out looking for other ideas. I became a paperboy (didn't everybody?).

Later, I purchased some lawn mowing equipment and started my own yard maintenance service. I don't remember, but I don't think that lasted very long. I got a job as a dishwasher at bakery. This is the only job from which I was fired. The baker didn't call it that, but that's what it was. He said that I did too good a job... that means that I was too slow. Well, Dad had taught me to do a good job...

During the next few years I held several part time and summer jobs, some of which provided me the funds to pay for my laundry, entertainment, snacks, etc. at FMS. I was a stock boy at a drug store chain. I was a soda jerk (yeah, I know, just forget the soda part) and a short-order cook. I was a movie house usher. I got on-the-job training and became an engraver at a jewelry store.

One very memorable job was being a private courier for a car dealership. I would ferry cars or money between that and other dealerships in order to move products where needed. Another memorable job was that of a TV Antenna installer. I saw the wanted sign in the window for a TV Technician. I took the sign in and announced, "I'm your technician". (To this day I have no idea where I summoned the courage to overcome my shyness and do that.) The boss asked if I had any experience and I said, "No". He asked why I thought that I was his technician. I told him, "Because I'm going to work for nothing until you think I'm worth being paid." Without skipping a beat he said, "Grab a broom and clean the store". I did. He started paying me a few days later. Of course I lived in Deland, Florida while attending FMS in 1958-1960.

1960-1969 After FMS I joined the US Marines. I survived boot camp, living in Paris Island, SC. Florida Military School prepared me very well for the military life. Already having learned how to march, get through inspections without too many demerits and how to take apart an M-1 Rifle, I was filled with confidence. I was proud to have received 4 out of the 5 awards given to recruits upon graduation.

I was transferred to Camp Lejeune, NC where I was a Chaplain's aide, then a Legal Clerk. I was an embarkation non-commissioned officer. I was charged with figuring out how to load 5 ships bound for Cuba during the missile crisis. The only mistake I made was planning to put a 6-by truck into a hold (an area of the ship), which was 3 inches too short. I let the air out of the tires and drove it on board anyway!

I lived in Venues, Puerto Rico while we performed war maneuvers. I was a mail clerk. I went to avionics school in Memphis, TN. From there I was transferred to a helicopter base, a Marine Corps Air Station, near Jacksonville, NC where I maintained the radio equipment in UH-34 helicopters. Then I was transferred to Marine Barracks, MCAS,

El Toro, CA., where I maintained the radio equipment in jets.

One of about a dozen hand picked Marines, I got some training in some special purpose computers. I was transferred just a few miles away to Marine Barracks, MCAF, Santa Ana, CA. I became a Marine Tactical Data System (MTDS) technician. A system built by Litton Industries in Van Nuys, CA., there were 13 air-conditioned helicopter transportable huts, each with 4 large round CRT screens where operators would identify aircraft as friend or foe. If foe, they could order an air strike or missile. I became the shop chief with about 25 guys.

I married my first wife in 1965. We lived for a short time in her mother's apartment. Then we bought a mobile home in Santa Ana. My last duty in the marines was as a Supply Sergeant in Monkey Mountain, DaNang, Viet Nam. So much for my million dollar education, huh? I guess that they knew I was getting out of the Marines and they didn't want me to spoil the broth, so to speak. Rock apes entertained us and air strikes threatened us.

1969-2005 Then, back to civilian life... We bought a house with a handshake on Lakewood Blvd, Long Beach, CA. I had a son. I got a job with Douglas Aircraft Company in Long Beach, CA as a Research & Development Computer Tech where I maintained both analog, digital and hybrid computers. I was a shift supervisor. I became a software technician. I spent many months staying there after hours reading the annuals about programming and became a programmer. I wrote code in Assembly Language, BASIC, FORTRAN, micro-code, Clarion, and Visual Basic. I was promoted to Electronics Engineer. Moved to Thousand Oaks, CA., where I worked for a company producing software products for the CIA.

Marriage was failing, so we moved to Hemet, CA., where I started my own company, Ace Repairs. I built an air-conditioned shop with generator, air compressor, bench and lots of tools in the back of a truck. The company flourished, but the 13-year marriage failed. I purchased a small trailer and lived in it for a few months while I tried to sort out being single again. Move the trailer to Inglewood, CA., where I took a job with Erehwon as a Warehouse Manager.

Some time later I worked at Rexon Business Machines. As a Software Engineer I wrote a diagnostic operating system. That's a program that... oh never mind. I met a flight instructor at work and he taught me how to fly. I bought a small airplane; a Piper Colt.

I finally met a lady that could put up with me... at least for a while. I sold the trailer and the airplane and bought a motor home. She bought a trailer. I no longer remember why we needed so much space... but it should have been a tip off that we couldn't put up with each other for extended periods and we needed the extra space. Oh well, we started our planned 2-year odyssey, touring the US. We took about 6 weeks to get as far as Albuquerque, NM. We returned to California and went our separate ways. I lived in Lomita, CA., where I took a job at

Continued on Page 4

Continued from Page 3

Epson America. I flew around the US teaching computer and printer repair to Epson subsidiary companies. After recovering financially, I purchased a mobile home and moved to Torrance, CA.

I decided to start my second business, this time as a Computer Consultant. I wrote software, installed computers and networks and taught people how to run them. One of the companies was American Honda Motor Company. They asked me to give them full-time attention for a couple of months. I reluctantly agreed, thinking that it might actually hurt my business growth to be tied up so long with one client. Four years later I was still there. The stress was finally getting to me and I actually had to quit.

I finally gave up ever finding a lady with whom I could spend my life with. I decided to fix up my bachelor pad the way I wanted to. For reasons it took me a long time to understand, I found my sole mate, my second wife, Cheryl. We've been able to put up with each other for 18 years, so far.

We moved to an apartment in Modesto, CA., where one of my customers was based. I liked the area. We had an office in a strip mall. I discovered that most of my business was coming from everywhere except Modesto. I had customers in Canada, Los Angeles and elsewhere. I decided I really didn't need an office, so we moved into a rental house. We bought another airplane.

Thirteen years after I had started my computer consulting business I decided that I was working way too hard for the income. I learned that while I was a good technical type, I just wasn't that good at running a company. I was *averaging 80 hours a week*. One of my customers offered me a job. Sold the airplane.

We moved to Tacoma, WA., working as a programmer for a real estate software company. A few months later, they had to layoff 40% of their work force.

We moved to Waco, TX., doing programming for a small company. For a month we lived in a home while it's owners were out of town. We moved into a rental home with option to buy. A few months later the company went out of business. I'm becoming a bit paranoid... To cut expenses we moved into a small apartment.

Then I moved into a small apartment in Omaha, NE., where I worked for Creighton University as a programmer. Once finances improved a bit Cheryl joined me in a rental house. Never having lived in a northern climate, I spent one winter there and could not put up with another.

We moved to Phoenix, AZ., into a rental home. A year later, I was 55 and we moved to a senior community. We love the quiet. I became a windows designer, writing software for cash registers. We bought another airplane.

Seven years later, we had an opportunity to live with our airplane at a private airport. It was the opportunity of a lifetime. I became the Airport Manager. Once more, the company suffered financially and I quit with them owing me over \$18,000. Now 62, I decided to retire early.

While retired, I spent a year (2003) recovering the money they owed me. I started a small business doing Brochure Web Sites. I also did a lot of volunteer work. My wife's company was doing well and they were having a hard time finding dedicated talent. They offered me a job as a Civil Engineering Drafter, using AutoCAD. They wouldn't pay me much, but I decided that would be fun, so I accepted. Four months later, I'm still having fun and I'm becoming valuable to them. I study a lot at home and on the weekends. No longer retired, but what the heck...

I don't think that I'll have any more different jobs. And Cheryl threatens divorce if I ever move again.

MONEY \$\$\$ TALKS...

Thornton Ridinger, Treasurer

FMS Class of 1958

The FMSA account balance stands at \$1,540.22. The only transaction since our last report was for the March newsletter expense.

As noted in previous newsletters, we are hopeful that we have enough money to carry us through to the Golden 50th Reunion next August. However, it will be a bare bones effort since newsletter costs run about \$350 per issue, and other expenses can be assured.

I would like to encourage all who are able to make a donation to this non-profit effort. As you know, no one is being paid for any of the work that is being done, but there are costs involved in any such enterprise. The quality of the reunion events depends not only upon the registration fees, but also upon the upfront efforts that can be put into it.

Your financial support will be very greatly appreciated and we intend to recognize our donors at the reunion.

Again, and most importantly, this is a strictly volunteer effort. Not only are none of the FMSA people being paid, their personal expenses are not being covered either. It is truly a labor of love.

Let's make the Golden 50th even better than the Lollapalooza -- a hard job to do, but one that is doable.

The SEARCH GOES ON

Sue Elliott, FMSA Secretary

We continue on our quest to locate more former cadets. Although we do not have as many new finds to report as in previous issue, we have found some. Our efforts have been focused primarily on compiling computerized lists of cadets with names taken directly from the annuals.

Col. Ward provided us with a complete set of Yearbooks from his collection. This have proved

Continued on Page 5

to be invaluable to us in our search and we are indebted to him. After our search is completed, these will be permanently placed in our FMS Museum.

Harry Silvis, '65, has also been a great help in this endeavor. He took the classes of '64,'65 and '66 as his personal search. We were able to provide him with some leads to follow and he is steadily locating new cadets. He also assisted us in the data entry phase by entering several other classes into databases.

We are now in the possession of fairly complete databases of names for all classes including even those who only attended a year or two and did not graduate. Now we are comparing these to the master mailing list that Max maintains. He has the official lists for the Association. Error in the new databases are still being discovered regularly but eventually we will have complete and correct lists.

If anyone would like to take a class to search for us we will gladly provide you with all the leads we have found. It is a very time consuming job to follow up the leads in all the classes so we would gladly welcome assistance. All located cadet information should then be funneled back through Max and a follow up welcome packet will be sent to the located cadets. The old adage "Many hands make light work" really applies here. Time is running out to gather in the new cadets before the 2006 reunion.

We alluded to the need to cut our newsletter from 4 per year to 3 per year to stretch our funds, and that is exactly what we are doing. In this slow period of the summer, we are combining issues 2 & 3 into a single issue and thus saving approximately \$350. We will resume the quarterly issues as we approach the 2006 reunion to keep everyone informed of developments.

Please forward your information to:
Max Elliott
135 Deer Lake Circle
Ormond Beach, FL 32174
Phone:386-672-8686
sgcourtney@worldnet.att.net

FROM THE RANKS -

AS I RECALL

From Vic Williams, FMS 1970

"I guess after 35 years I finally became curious about the people that I spent such an intense part of my childhood with. FMS was not exactly a walk in the park for me. My rebellious nature was not a good match for the military school regimen. That's probably why I was also in Band Company too.

That's not to say that FMS did not do me some good. It kept me off of the streets and focused my attention as well as made me highly independent. A sort of "what does not kill us makes us stronger "experience."

* * * *

"Hi all,

This is Vic Williams, class of '70. I often wonder

if anyone would really know my real name since we all went by aliases back then, and it's probably a good thing now!

I had a lot of hesitation to get in touch with my FMS past. For me it was not exactly a pleasant memory. I am not saying that it was all a bad experience either. Having just visited my mom last week she pulled out the letters that I wrote home begging her to come get me out of there.

On the other hand I made a lot of friends there and I think that the experience created a bond that was much closer than most kids in public schools got. I also discovered my own freedom and individuality from my parents. I often wonder where I would be today without the experience.

I spent a lot of time on bull ring. I got a lot of swats. I got "burned" a lot. I ran the senior belt line twice and almost killed the guy who used his buckle on me. I did a lot of night watches and Col. Ward read me the riot act more than once. I think that I was too rebellious for the military school ideal. I remember telling "the toad" that I thought that it was stupid to be walking bull ring when I could be doing duty that bettered my education. Now telling him that WAS stupid.

I also remember getting up after taps and doing all kinds of illicit things like crawling through the tunnels under the barracks, breaking into the storage / maintenance building to take paint (to paint the halls for yearly inspection) and painting supplies, slipping on a long hair wig with civies and sneaking off campus, and making coffee in the room and listening to rock-and-roll with headphones.

How about you all?"

From Edward J. Albers, FMS 1964

" I had the opportunity to visit the FMS site last Friday and to my dismay I found it very difficult to detect any of the landmarks associated with the old campus. In the middle of one of the many industrial parks is Col. Ward's old red brick house, now utilized as a warehouse. The only other building left is the mess hall with the trees that lined the road that we formed up on are now 35 feet tall. A green dumpster greets you as you stand on the sidewalk to enter the mess hall that today is a very rundown warehouse for plumbing supplies. (*Editor's note: It is a sculptor's studio and he works in some unusual mediums, like pipes.*) I stood where my room was in A Company that was near the intersection in those times, but today is a race car fabrication building. When any of you travel the area you will find that you become very confused, due to the fact that there are new roads and many industrial buildings everywhere. Today where our gym was is a parachute jumpers' clubhouse which makes me feel good that they are as excited about their sport as I was in 1962-64. I'm sure Pappas, Johnson, Maxwell, McNamara, Nelson, Bokor, Campbell, Krumrey, Perry, Davis, Cleveland, Quinn, Destin, Willis and Costello all remember that for brief time in our life at FMS we could escape the drills, inspections, TBO's, homework, study and confusion. All of this due to basketball practice and the games that allowed us to see high school girls from a distance. I was told many years later that those were the highlighted years for FMS basketball which should make us all proud to have been a

Continued on Page 6

Continued from Page 5

part of it. Those games at Deland High School allowed the entire student population to visualize what it would be like to be home again, which made for exciting times.

Remember guys, if it had not been for FMS, would you have gotten a high school diploma, gone to college, been a well disciplined father, or been such a good citizen?

Hope to see many of you at the 2006 Reunion"

G/Sgt. Edward J. Albers, Jr.
FMS Graduate 1964 BS Rollins College 1971
FMC 1965 E.Ed 1974
Ed. S Fla. Atlantic Univ. 1994
(407) 365-6061

More Notes received . . .

From David A. Serbe, FMS 1967

"I was in the Class of 1967. I still have never actually spoken with any living person who attended FMS. For years it was kind of like I never went to high school - except I had the yearbooks to prove it. "

From Lee Hansen – FMS 1964

"I came across a couple of poems that I wrote for the Lance newsletter back in 1961. Captain "Fuzzy Lip" Statler was the advisor. The first poem is from the November 12 Lance. I don't know the issue for the second one.

STUDY PERIOD

(with appreciation to Edgar Allen OPoe)

Once upon an evening creepy, As I sacked out, really
 sleepy,

On my bunk in Howard Hall,
I snoozed while lamp light flickered o'er.

As I nodded, soundly napping,
Suddenly there came a rapping,
As of someone loudly tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door.
I jumped, but much too late,
It was the OC standing at my door.

I was read the Riot Act
While at attention on the floor.

Ah, how clearly I recall there,
It was at the start of fall there,
That the OC caught me
As he came in storming through my door.

"Son," he said, "I'll make you king,
Of all the men who walk the ring."
He wasn't kidding, now it's spring,
I've only 80 hours more.

The next time, only if or when,
I plan to hit the hay again,
I will not be so foolish then,
I'LL LOCK THAT #%@*+%ING DOOR!

THE M-1 RIFLE

As I sit here, my pen in hand,
I'm feeling very sad.
Awhile ago a man came up,
And said, "Hold on there, Lad."

He handed me a rifle then,
And called it an M-1
He said to disassemble it,
I thought it would be fun.

Now here I sit alone and blue,
Just looking at the rain,

And slowly cursing rifle parts,
That won't fit back again.

If another M-1 now I see,
Its doom I can foretell.
I'll take the blasted thing,
And throw it straight, non-stop to %#@&!

From Bill Peters, FMS 1967

"I spent 5 years of my life at and finally graduated from Florida Military School in 1967. I went to Florida Southern College, in Lakeland, for about 1 1/2 years. I left to join the Air Force & become a jet jockey, but was rejected for bad ears. I eventually received a 4-F rating -- just lucky, I guess. I went back to school & studied Computer Science and graduated in 1971 and worked in various capacities in the computer field for a variety of companies in Sarasota, Florida, including the local School Board, until 1975 when I moved to Dallas, Texas. There, I worked in the computer business for St Regis Paper until it went under to "green mail" in 1985, and was absorbed by Champion International.

Then, I worked for the Federal Home Loan Bank of Dallas as a VP in charge of computer programming until it went under in 1991 due to the S&L crisis (are you beginning to see a pattern here?). After that, I did a stint at Computer World in Dallas as a Service Manager. Then, I did consulting work and, after I was thoroughly disgusted with all the travel (I was flying around 150,000 miles a year), finally landed with Consumers Energy (a large gas & electric utility) here in Jackson, Michigan in 1992. I've been doing Microsoft Windows program development & web site work ever since & love it!

I play a lot of golf for enjoyment -- there seems to be more golf holes, per capita, here in Jackson than anywhere in the world outside of the state of Florida. It's heaven here 7 months out of the year. Winter is ok -- we like the snow & white Christmases (which we always seem to have), but March really sucks -- lots of 33 degrees & rainy days! In Dallas, it was too hot most of the time to do much outside, except for January when it was too cold, so we hibernated a lot. The family really likes it here. We are far enough away from the great lakes so we don't get the lake effect snow like Cleveland & Grand Rapids -- 30"-35" is about normal for the winter. It all usually comes in 2"-3" dustings & then melts. If you want to look us up on the map, we are 70 miles due west of Detroit on I-94 and 40 miles due south of Lansing on 127.

I got married (for the first time) in 1973 and lived in Sarasota until 1975 when we moved to Dallas. My oldest daughter Michele was born in 1975, and my son John in 1977. We were divorced in 1980. Shortly thereafter, I began dating my current wife, Jennifer. We were married in 1982 and have been so ever since. I really believe she is my "soul" mate. We have a daughter, Kimberly, born in 1985, who has her mom's great looks & my brains (ha-ha). I eventually ended up with custody of my first 2 -- one big happy family. Jennifer also works here at Consumers -- just down the hall from me -- so I have to behave all the time!...

(edited for space)