

Winter 2007 Edition of

# The Cleveland Journal

A publication of the CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



## A Memorable Past, A Promising Future



Photo by Helen C. Sing '70

- Meet some amazing grads
- Grand Open House reports
- Wayne Floyd on CHS

Inside: ▪ And more, more, more

## Ed Landon: A Teacher for the Ages

by Don Duncan '43

At age 92, Ed Landon is Cleveland High School's "living legend," a man who spent a quarter of a century (1948-1973) teaching young Eagles about the past and, in the process, giving them invaluable tools – curiosity, fair play, social values – with which to deal with the future.

Easily the most popular teacher/coach in Cleveland's history, Landon's financial rewards were meager by today's standards.

In his best years, he left the house at 6 a.m., returned at 9 p.m. and earned \$250 a month, plus \$5 extra for his master's degree.

But, Landon says, what he gained in memories from his interaction with students was "priceless."

"I think I've been invited to something like 30 class reunions since I left Cleveland," he said in an hour-long telephone interview from the home he now makes in Madras,

OR., with his daughter Marlys Alger, one of four Landon children to graduate from Cleveland. "I'm always amazed that people still remember me and want to talk about my classes and the teams I coached."

The essence of Ed Landon, as his former students know, cannot be distilled into a simple news story. But these notes from a recent conversation with him provide few snapshots of "the living legend" known as Ed Landon.

Q: Where did you go to school and did you play sports?

A: I graduated from little Moclips High School, down in Grays Harbor County. I wasn't very big, maybe 5-9 1/2 and 155 pounds. Baseball was my favorite sport. Our teams were pretty good. We lost just one game in my four years there.

Q: What about college and the war years?

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Annual Meeting of the CHS Alumni Association  
December 8, 2007, 10 – 1 at Cleveland High School

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# Wayne Floyd: The Old Coach Came off the Bench to Lead the School

Wayne Floyd, Cleveland's interim principal, was caught by surprise when Principal Donna Marshall informed him of her intention to resign just a few weeks before Cleveland High School was to re-open after an extensive, two-year remodeling project.

Marshall had talked for several years about "moving with her children," Floyd said. But it was always some time in the future.

Suddenly, while Floyd and Marshall were driving to the Central Office of the Seattle School District in August (the school would re-open after Labor Day), Marshall turned to Floyd and said, "My resignation letter in my briefcase and I'm going to submit it on Friday."

Marshall's words left Floyd "kind of numb, because we had such a good team (of CHS administrators) and had accomplished a lot."

Floyd's anxiety was understandable. Students and faculty were about to move into a new building that was not finished, the school would be losing its principal (Marshall), assistant principal and athletic director (if Floyd moved up) and a math teacher. Furthermore, five teaching positions were unfilled.

Floyd took stock. "When I came to Cleveland a few years ago, I fell in love with the rich diversity and how alive the

students were. At the same time, there was a gloomy morbidness that hung like a cloud in the hallway that needed to be lifted to allow the students to grow and blossom."

Floyd would need all his skills as a coach, a teacher and a role model for students in the days and weeks ahead. Fortunately, he was in good physical shape from a lifetime of athletics, and his "parents and grandparents and the village that gave their two-cents in raising me" made sure he wouldn't run from a challenge.

The Arkansas-born Floyd moved to Seattle with his parents when he was 3 or 4, living in Yesler Terrace and attending Leschi and Bailey Gatzert (elementary schools), Mercer (Jr. high) and Franklin High School. He believes his decision to attend Mercer rather than Washington Jr. High, which most of his friends chose, changed his life. He was forced him to find new friends and broaden his outlook.

In addition, spending summers in Arkansas with his brother and grandmother "gave me an appreciation for hard work, earning the things you want and not being wasteful. It also reinforced my self-discipline and respect for my elders."

Floyd doesn't remember a time he wasn't involved in sports – baseball, football, track, wrestling, cross-country, basketball. At Franklin, he played "a little of everything," earning the school's Best-Athlete Award in his senior year. He also captained the track and basketball teams and was Homecoming King."

Studies and outside work were not overlooked. Floyd was on the honor roll and had a part-time job with South Park Community Center and the Auto Club of Washington.

Not surprisingly, Floyd was recruited by several colleges in his senior year. He was intrigued by Long Beach State, but narrowed his search to Tufts University, University of Chicago and Cal (Berkeley). He asked his parents for a car and was told that if he left Washington State he wouldn't need a car.

"I quickly began looking at in-state possibilities," he said. "UW, too big. WSU, too far. Whitman, too expensive and not fully paid for."

But on the way to Whitman to check it out with three student-athlete friends – from Garfield, Rainier Beach and Shoreline – they stopped at Central Washington University (Ellensburg). Floyd liked what he saw and looked no farther. He would spend the next four years at CWU.

Like a lot of young men, Floyd didn't know what he wanted to be. He started in pre-dentistry, moved to optometry, flirted with accounting, business administration, aeronautics and recreation. Finally, in his senior year, he settled on education.

Like most minorities, Floyd has experienced varying degrees of prejudice and racism "throughout my life." The most memorable was during his freshman year at Ellensburg, when he was walking off campus to get a pizza. "A truck drove by and some young white men yelled a hate-



Photo by Helen C. Sing '70

ful, racist obscenity out the window."

"Up to that time," he said, "being in college was an exciting, pleasurable learning experience. I learned a brutal truth that night and never looked at my situation the same again. The innocence was gone and real life was upon me. It was like reading a novel set in the Deep South or watching an episode of 'Roots'. I could not believe that this blatant act of hate was hurled in my direction."

After graduating with a degree in education, Floyd hoped to return to Seattle to teach and coach. Failing to find an opening, he took a temporary job as a "desegregation affiliate," riding with students from Rainier Valley and the Central Area who were being "bussed" to North End schools. When the youngsters arrived at the school, Floyd provided support in their new surroundings.

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CHSAA Newsletter Editor

## Ribbon-Cutting Made Re-Opening Official

A few days after the newly renovated Cleveland High School opened its doors to students, an official ribbon-cutting took place in the spacious new gymnasium.

It was quite a ribbon: red silk, roughly two-inches wide and a good 40 feet long. The Seattle School District provided new red- and blue-handled scissors, and ribbon-cutters were allowed to take their pick.

Among the roughly 30 ribbon-cutters lined up along the length of the ribbon were contractors, architects, educators and assorted friends of Cleveland.

Cameras were focused, scissors at the ready. At the word "Cut," the snipping began. Each cutter wound up with a nice little chunk of ribbons as a keepsake and the knowledge that he or she had a small snippet of Cleveland's on-going history.

Dick Lee of the Seattle Schools, who emceed the program, graciously wore a Cleveland t-shirt for the event, even though he was a star basketball player at Ballard High School in the '60s.

Seattle Schools Superintendent Dr. Maria Goodloe-Johnson, newly arrived

from Atlanta, spoke of lofty goals. Parents who send their sons and daughters to the newly remodeled Cleveland High School, she said, should expect their children to earn (or at least aspire to) "A" grades in every class and take advance-placement (college-level) classes before graduation.

Also speaking were David Della '73, Seattle city councilman; Bill Maynard, former Cleveland principal '71-'76; Don Mills '49, CHS Alumni Assn. president; Wayne Floyd, interim principal, and Thea Leidel '08, student body president.

## Parental Concern Wins Out; Old-Time Lockers Back

The doors of the newly renovated Cleveland High School had been open for only a few weeks when parents started calling the school to find out why, after spending \$67 million, the students didn't have individual lockers the way they did when their parents went to school.

Students who lug heavy backpacks, filled with everything from textbooks to laptops to brown-bag lunches, are flirting with the possibility of having back problems when they grow older, some parents argued.

The bottom line: School District officials agreed with the parents and immediately ordered 1,000 lockers to be installed in the halls of the main classroom buildings (#1 and #2). There was no reason to install

them in building #3, which houses the commons/cafeteria/gymnasium.

Since the re-opened school has nowhere near the 1,000 students it will eventually house, there will be more than enough lockers for everyone.

Veteran educator Charles Chinn ('63), who has helped open several remodeled Seattle Schools and is now assisting interim CHS principal Wayne Floyd, said Cleveland was the only one of the city's "older" schools that has not had lockers in recent years. They were removed and the space filled with classrooms, he said, "back when Cleveland received a Bill Gates grant," which envisioned so-called "small schools" as the ideal setting for a good education. There would be a laptop for

every student and a full set of textbooks in every student's backpack.

By the time it became obvious that the dream was not "financially feasible" for a money-strapped school district, the lockers were long gone and toting heavy backpacks from morning to late afternoon was a way of life for Cleveland students.

Chinn emphasized that fear of student drugs or firearms had absolutely nothing to do with removing the lockers at Cleveland, "because that's never been an issue at this school."

The lockers, costing "a goodly sum of money," should be installed by winter break, Chinn said. They will be along the walls of the halls, not in the first-floor alcoves that many older Cleveland grads remember.

# Ed Landon: A Teacher for the Ages continued from page 1

A: I'd graduated with a B.A. from Western (Washington State College) and got married to Virginia. I taught for about half a year and then we got word of the horrors of the Bataan Death March (in the Philippines). I decided to enlist. I took some tests and had a choice of cryptographer's school or being a tail gunner on a B-25. Cryptography was more appealing. I was told I'd be a second lieutenant when I finished. . . In one day, Roosevelt froze the commissions. He also ordered a tax on excess war profits. Unlike today!

Meanwhile, Virginia became Rosie the Riveter in the shipyard. After the war, she decided airplanes were going to be more important than ships, and she switched to Boeing, staying there more than 25 years.

When the war ended, Virginia wanted me to go back to school and get a master's degree, a pretty rare thing in those days. I went to the UW on the GI Bill.

Q: Did any professors there impact your future life and teaching style?

A: The class I'll never forget was English History, taught by perhaps the most popular professor in UW history, Giovanni Costigan. I loved it.

His first exam changed my life. I wrote four bluebooks on just three questions. I felt I'd cooled it. When I got the exam back, I'd received a B. I was incensed. I went to see him. He said, 'What's on your mind, Mr. Landon?' I was surprised he'd know my name when there were several-hundred students in the class. I told him I thought I had done A work on his exam and had received only a B.

He asked to see my bluebooks, scanned them quickly and said, 'Mr. Landon, you're lucky I didn't read your bluebooks more thoroughly. Otherwise, I'd have given you a C. You'd read all the material in the textbook, but you didn't cite a single source from the extra reading I'd suggested. Always check the bibliography and read some of those books, too.'

It taught me a lesson that I would use in the classroom when I got to Cleveland. For the next test, I read several books besides the textbook and cited sources all over the place. I received an A.

A month or so later, while walking down the hall, Professor Costigan approached me and said, 'You haven't been to see me lately.' I said that I had tried to prepare for my tests the way he had suggested and felt there was no more reason to bother him. He said, 'I've been waiting for you. I want to offer you a job - as my teaching assistant. Tell me if you want it.'

I did. And for two years I was the assistant to the most popular and important professor on the campus.

Among my unforgettable memories of Costigan is the time he carried a little 3x5 card during a lecture, looking down at it occasionally. One of the students asked Costigan what he had written on the card that enabled him to speak for a full hour without interruption. Costigan handed the young woman the card.

There was nothing on it.

Q: Did you attend the famous debate on the UW campus in 1971 between Costigan and William Buckley, the well-known conservative?:

A: I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Hec Edmundson Pavilion was jammed that night. The debate lasted almost three hours and Costigan had Buckley on his heels the whole time. The press had a wonderful time writing about the professor way out here in Washington State who beat the 'great Buckley'.

Q: Did you pattern your teaching style after Costigan's?

A: In many ways. I taught five classes of history a day at Cleveland, and they

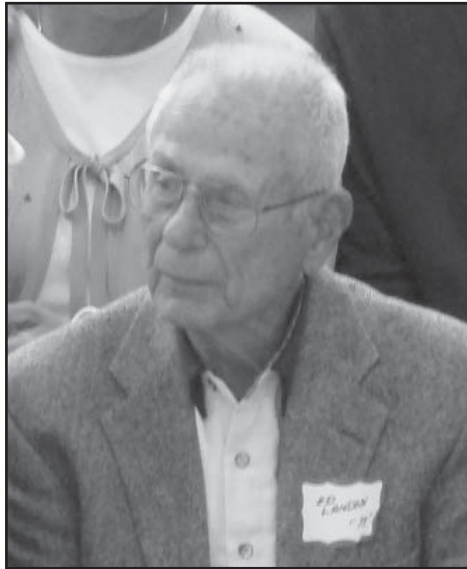


Photo by Helen C. Sing '70

were usually loaded. On the first day, I'd tell the students that I was known as the toughest grader in Cleveland and that I expected them to work hard. It would be easy to get a C-grade from me, I'd say. All they had to do was attend class every day, read the textbook thoroughly, take good notes and they'd earn a C. To get a B they'd need more gumption. They'd have to check the bibliography, read some of the extra books and write critically, citing pros and cons from the books they'd read. To get an A they had to do all the B things in a superior manner.

I had some awfully smart students. Some a lot smarter than I was. I'll never forget Shirley Ann. I'd just finished a unit on the Washington State tax system and lectured on our sales tax as being so regressive that it should be replaced. I could see Shirley Ann - whose dad worked for the FBI - sitting there with tight lips, just dying to take me on.

I said, 'Shirley Ann, tomorrow, first thing, you get to rebut my arguments.' I know she spent her whole evening working on her arguments. So, the next day I spent

## CHS Grads: Imagine Writing a Book On Little Old Georgetown

After graduating from Cleveland High School at age 15, June Peterson ('42) - who grew up on Beacon Hill with her sister Jean ('44) - enrolled in Seattle University, intending to become a history teacher and maybe doing a bit of writing someday.

It was while attending college and working part-time in Georgetown that the young historian-to-be discovered the wonderful old houses with their gingerbread trim, the enormous brick brewery that had slaked the thirst of Seattleites and heard the stories of Georgetown's lusty days as an incorporated city that remained independent of stodgy Seattle as long as it could.

After graduation, Jean taught history in schools like Firlands Sanatorium and The Florence Crittenden Home, places most teachers shied away from because many of the students were emotionally disturbed. Jean found herself doing more counseling than teaching.

Her love of history never died. And she never forgot Georgetown -- a place that bravely soldiered on even though many Seattleites seemed to regard it as a dumping ground for the city's least desirable industries.

In the '70s, after years of researching Georgetown and thinking about the place, she sat down and wrote a book that she says almost seemed to write itself. It was called "Georgetown: That Was a Town." It is

### Celebrating Ed Landon's 93rd Birthday

**What:** A party honoring Ed Landon's 93rd birthday

**When:** 1:30 to 3 p.m. Sunday, Dec. 2

**Where:** Glen Acres Golf & Country Club, 1000 S. 112th St., Seattle, WA 98138

The class of 1957 is spearheading the events and all former students of Ed Landon are invited. A fund drive to create a scholarship in his name is underway.

Light refreshments and desserts will be served. No charge and no gifts! But cards and written messages would be appreciated. Address them to Ed Landon, P.O. Box 999, Madras, OR 97741 or call 1-541-475-7140.

If you plan to attend, please e-mail your RSVP to Mary Ann McCord (Bosnich) at manmccord@AOL.com. You also may phone (206) 762-4598 or mail your RSVP to Jim Yurina, 4152 14th Av. S., Seattle, WA 98108.

almost the entire class giving the Republican arguments in favor of the sales tax. When I'd finished, I called on Shirley Ann.

She said, 'Mr. Landon, you just stole everything I was going to say.'

And I answered, 'That's what a good teacher's supposed to do - give both sides.'

Any further questions?'

Q: Was coaching hard at a school as small as Cleveland?

A: When Dave Currie quit as football coach in '53, I got the job. We had 600 kids in school and played football against schools like Roosevelt that had maybe 1,000 in their sophomore class alone. We had this diverse bunch, some very short and skinny. We'd do OK until we had to put in substitutes, and we didn't have very many. But we never quit competing. We did better in baseball and basketball than we did in football.

Q: How did Cleveland survive the civil unrest of the '70s.

A: I was the history department head when we had the Black Panthers and the Indian Revolution. Turmoil after turmoil after turmoil. I had a talk with principal (Bob) Tate and vice principal Wilson and said, 'we can't hide from the problem.' We had white, black, yellow and red kids. I spent that entire summer reading books

and writing a black history to use in the classroom. At the same time, Garfield got a federal grant for \$50,000 to have a black-history written. Mine worked just as well.

"For all the unrest, the kids at Cleveland, which was the most cosmopolitan school in the city, were always respectful. We just didn't have the problems they had at many schools.

Q: Family facts?

A: My wife Virginia died this year (March 10). We'd been married 65 years. After I retired from Cleveland in '78, we divided our time between our cabin at Mo-clips and a nice warm place in Mexico.

We had four children, one son and three daughters. All of them graduated from Cleveland. Rick played football and baseball, even though he was starting to show signs of muscular dystrophy. Daughter Marlys, which whom I now live in Madras, is the principal of an elementary school. Daughter Judy, our oldest, is now in her 60s. Our youngest is Barbara.

I find it hard to believe that the women who now organize reunions and ask me to attend are no longer the fresh-faced 17-year olds I see pictured in my yearbooks. Why, they're now well up in their 60s. But, then, I also find it hard to believe I'm almost 93.

still referred to by historians and read with interest by those who are rediscovering Georgetown as a place to live.

June met her husband, Ray Robinson, after she retired from teaching and was volunteering at the National Archives in Washington, D.C. Her husband was a career employee in Army Intelligence and the CIA. They now lives in Sequim, Clallam County.

During a recent drive through Georgetown, June says, she noticed that many of the old houses had been lovingly restored, including the old "Georgetown mayor's" home.

June continues her love of history and education in Sequim, where she's in her third term on the Sequim School Board, has written booklets on the history of Clallam County, chairs the Clallam County Heritage Board and a parks advisory board, and pens a monthly column for the local newspaper.

She's amazed that people are still reading her book on Georgetown. Maybe someday she'll do one on Sequim.

## Autism Life Skills Class

I want to thank the many alumni who visited Cleveland's Autism Life-Skills classroom during September's reunion and open house.

This program was designed to help autistic students learn the skills necessary to get a job after leaving Cleveland. Lessons are geared to the developmental ability of each autistic child as he or she moves from adolescence to adulthood.

Many skills targeted in this curriculum were chosen to help the autistic child adapt to the community and gain independence.

On my "Wish List" is a request for funds to provide for our second semester's out-in-the-community events. One of the alums, David James, returned to my classroom and made a kind donation toward this cause. My students and I want to thank you, Mr. James, for your thoughtfulness.

Sincerely, Lois Mehus

P.S. Our "Wish List" is still active and any donations will be greatly appreciated.

# CHS Grads: The Kings of Swing Revisited

Don Case ('48), former alumni president and a member of the "original" Kings of Swing, says the history of the band has been skewed over the years and he would like to set the record straight.

For one thing, says Case, Ed Ottum, the band teacher widely credited with starting the band in 1944, could not have been the founder because he didn't come to Cleveland until 1945. The music teacher in '44 was Margaret Wood.

"Ottum turned us into a good band when he got to Cleveland, but he didn't start the band," says Case.

The real founder, says Case, was Don Kinsley, the band's drummer.

Case went on to say that the band was formed by Kinsley to perform in 1944 at Cleveland's annual Vodvil. Although Case was only a junior high school student at the time, he was asked by Don Clifford ('44), one of the band's founders, to join because they needed saxophone players.

Several photographs taken at the time bear out his memory of the band's founding, says Case.

"Somewhere in the archives is a picture from the 1944 Vodvil that shows the first Kings of Swing: Clifford, Dick Keene, Helen Woodley (piano), Jim Furlan and Hardy Schmidt on trumpet, Gordon Parker and I on saxophones, and several others."

Case adds that "the real clincher" is a photo in the 1945 school annual of The Kings of Swing, which includes Furlan, Case, Cameron, Parker and Kinsley on drums.

Kinsley went on a career in music and education, graduating from what was then Central Washington College of Education. He was a principal at Asa Mercer Junior High and founded the Imperial Drum and Bugle Corp.



The Kings of Swing with Marilee Winn Johnson ('52) at the CHS Grand Re-opening. Photo by Helen C. Sing '70.

"Nowadays," Case says, "The original Kings of Swing are considered to be anyone who was a member between 1945 and 1948. This is not written in cement, but who's to argue?"

The Kings of Swing were reunited in 1987, primarily through the efforts of Gordon Parker. The band's first gig was for the class of 47's 40th reunion, in the Bellevue Athletic Club.

"Frankly, we stunk," says Case, "but we had a lot of fun. It took about three years to get anything halfway decent put together."

Case says he has more than 2,200 songs on his computer, including six versions of Autumn Leaves. The version by The Kings of Swing, Case says, "is as good as any recording by the so-called big timers."

## Joe Colello: Not Your Ordinary Joe

Another Cleveland "boy" who made good is Joe Colello, who, with wife Gayle, divides his time between a home at Glen Acres Golf Club in Seattle and one of Lyle Anderson's exclusive golf-course communities outside of Scottsdale, AZ.

Colello ('60), who grew up in South Park, is not an easy man to catch up with, although some caught a glimpse of him – along with his uncle – at Cleveland's grand re-opening in September. He flies around the country – bird-hunting here, playing golf there, visiting old friends somewhere else – since retiring in 2003.

What enabled Colello to retire in style, he says, was former Gov. Gary Locke's decision to sign a bill that enabled him to turn his South Park Rascal's Restaurant and mini-mall into a casino. Overnight, the property became infinitely more valuable.

Even though an accident kept him from realizing his life's dream of being a professional golfer, Colello hasn't known many disappointments.

In high school, he was first-string catcher on the Cleveland baseball team for four years and also lettered in football.

"Cleveland had a Colello as catcher on the baseball team for nine straight years," he says. First was my older brother, George, and after me came our younger brother, Dominic."

At Cleveland, Colello also became good friends with Lyle Anderson, the premier golf-course developer in the U.S. and may-

be the world. "Lyle had a car, and I'd loan him a couple of bucks to buy gas, because I didn't have a car."

Colello was drafted into the Army in 1964. Tough life? Not really. He spent his entire military career playing golf. In France, he became a member of the four-man All-France U.S. Army Golf team, which won the All-European U.S. Military (all branches) golf championship in Berlin in 1965.

That same year, Colello won the Spring Open Golf Tournament at Bershtesgaden, Germany, best known as "Hitler's final hideout."

After his discharge from the Army, Colello married the girl he met on a blind date at the Rainier Golf & Country club. As luck would have it, she also was a golfer. They've been married for 40 years.

Colello won the Washington State Open as an amateur in '67 (Fred Couples would win it, also as an amateur, 10 years later). In '69, Colello missed qualifying for the U.S. Open by just one stroke, "when the other guy chipped in." Shortly after that, Colello took a nasty fall on the stairs and tore up his knee (he has since had a knee replacement).

Meanwhile, wife Gayle has won more than her share of golfing honors: three-time Seattle Amateur ladies champion, 20 times club champion at Rainier Golf & Country Club.

When Colello's golfing dreams died, he spent four years in the early '70s owning

## Marilee Winn Johnson: For Her Life's a Song

Marilee Winn Johnson ('52) made her first appearance as a singer in a recital in Seattle at age 3. She went "big time" two years later, singing "Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me" on Uncle Benny's radio show in California.

Marilee has been singing in public ever since. Small wonder she was chosen to be the principal vocalist at Cleveland High School's 70th, 75th and 80th birthday parties.

Marilee grew up on Beacon Hill, always singing and – in her youthful innocence – thinking that everybody could sing.

"It took a while," she says, "before I realized that not everybody can carry a tune."

By age 12, Marilee's voice already attained a maturity far beyond her years. During summer vacations, while visiting an aunt in California, Marilee took voice lessons from a "Mr. Giraldi," who helped her a great deal.

Back in Seattle, Marilee was accepted into the Seattle Children's Chorus, directed by Gustav Stern, which sang at a performance by the San Francisco Opera Co. In time, she would sing in choruses with the Seattle Opera, the Seattle Symphony, Seattle's Summer Concerts in the Park and the Aqua Theater.

At Cleveland, she sang in the chorus and in various stage productions, and was one of a handful of students in Seattle high schools chosen to work with drama professors at the UW. They were sent throughout the district to "act out" fairy tales for elementary students. She also was a member of a USO troupe that sang for soldiers during WWII and the Korean War.

Favorite teachers: Miss Raine, Miss Phimster and Ed Landon.

"Miss (Margaret) Raine, whom everyone said was really tough and a 'hard grader' introduced me, and our class, to The New

and racing dragsters and funny cars. One of his cars car qualified for the hot-rod finals at Indianapolis in '71. For a time, he "owned the world's fastest Chevrolet."

Colello settled down in South Park from '74 to '95, first running his dad's old grocery store and, in 1981, branching out and building Rascal's restaurant and a little strip mall. Gary Locke signed the casino bill in '99 and four years later, Colello cashed in.



York Times, the biggest paper I had ever seen. And she made Lit. class so much fun and so interesting.

"Miss Phimster, the well-coiffed, smartly dressed drama teacher, was very lovely. She knew her way around a stage and was a wonderful director.

"What can I say about Mr. Landon that hasn't been said many times over. He was my home-room teacher for four years and I have such respect for him. He had a killer smile and laugh and was one of the most good-natured people you could ever find.

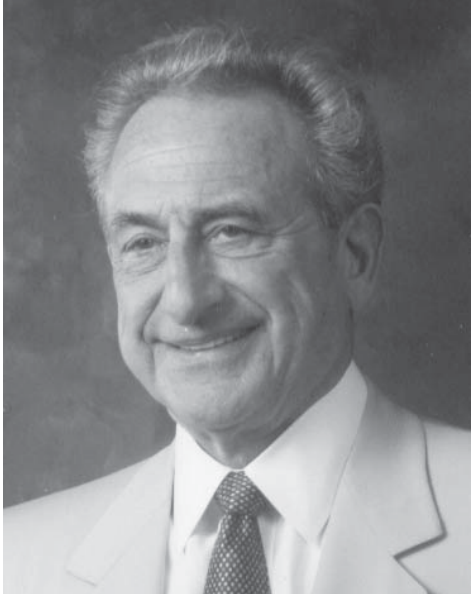
"Now, in the senior part of my life, I'm performing in musical theater with Tacoma Musical Playhouse. The great thing about this is that my husband, Walt, is part of the fun, too. I got him interested in doing shows with me about 12 years ago. To directors, we're known as 'the older couple who work in theater.'"

The Johnsons last show together was "Damn Yankees." One of the great rewards they receive from theater, Marilee says, is "the 'family' we become part of. Age is never considered, and we mingle with kids, young people and middle-aged."

In addition to doing theater, Marilee has a "One Woman Show," which she performs for private parties, banquets, fund-raiser and Christmas parties. She describes it as "entertainment for any age, from 8 to 88." Call her at (253) 719-8587 if you are interested

Marilee has a son who lives in Anchorage with his family and two married daughters who live close by.

# Mike Mastro, The Man With the Golden Touch



Michael R. Mastro (43), the man who pulls off million-dollar real-estate deals before lunch and sometimes swings a few more before going home to his Medina home at the end of the day, grew up in modest circumstances on Beacon Hill during the Great Depression.

Mike's father worked for the City of Seattle and Mike attended St. George's School before moving on to Cleveland. In high school, he got good grades and was one of the rare boys who could be called a "snappy dresser" ("snappy" being defined as someone who wore something other than soiled corduroys day in and day out). He was not much involved in student activities outside the classroom, preferring after-school jobs.

He recalls "Mr. Imus (the vice principal), Coach Starcevic (who coached football

and taught history)" and a rather curvaceous female English teacher. But that list, like the list of fellow students he remembers, is quite short.

Life post-Cleveland is, however, very vivid to him. Asked why he keeps working in his 80s, he answers without hesitation, "Because I love it." He adds, a moment later, "If you have your health, wealth and a job you love, there's not much more anyone could possibly need."

Mike has those things and the extra rewards that come from remarkable success in the marketplace – from a Bentley automobile to a private jet to a multi-million-dollar home not far from that of Bill Gates.

In his senior year at Cleveland – while the nation was fully involved in World War II – Mike took a nationwide test for high-school boys and scored high enough to be selected for the V12 program, to give young men a college education and train them to become officers in the U.S. Navy.

Mike wound up at tiny Wabash College, a private school in Crawfordsville, Ind., where, he says, "I piled up a lot of credits" before becoming a Lt. JG and being assigned to combat duty aboard the USS San Francisco. The war ended before he had a chance to fully test his seafaring skills.

After two more years of education at the University of Washington (business and economics, on the GI Bill), Mike had a bachelor's degree. The day after graduation in 1947, he was hired by People's Bank, where he rose to vice president and manager of the Third and Stewart Branch before leaving after 22 years to make his fortune in real estate.

"I'd been doing real-estate deals in my spare time the last few years I was at the bank," he says. "I realized that doing it full time was what I wanted to do."

Initially, Mike had a partner in what was called GM Investments. After 10 years, Mike went solo, founding Mastro Properties, whose signs are hard to miss all over the Puget Sound area.

By 1989, it was obvious that Mastro had a knack for deals, when he – according to the Puget Sound Business Journal – sold \$211 million worth of property, which included eight office buildings and two business-park docks developed for the Boeing Co.

Business Journal stories list many other good years for Mastro: \$70 million in 1995, \$78 million in 1996, \$115 million in 1998, including hotels and office plazas from Vancouver, WA, to Everett to Palm Springs, CA.

In 2005, The Journal noted, Mastro had 5,100 lots in his company portfolio, had built "thousands" of condo units and his developments included hotels, senior housing facilities, warehouses, mid-to-high-rise offices and even water-theme parks.

In just the first half of 2006, the Journal noted, Mastro Properties engaged in a "transaction frenzy," with sales and acquisitions totaling \$235.5 million.

The Journal reporter gushed that since its inception in 1967, Mastro Properties had controlled and developed more than \$1 billion worth of properties in the Puget Sound Region alone.

The Cleveland High School graduate has owned land in Oklahoma, Arizona, Texas

and Oregon. The Business Journal again: "he's been called a phenomenon and a Seattle real estate legend." The Journal adds: "he (Mastro) is his organization."

The "organization" puts on a modest front. It is housed in a nondescript building on Rainier Avenue (unless you see posh interior and Mike's Bentley parked out back). Still a "snappy dresser," he likes tailored suits and monogrammed shirt cuffs. A creature of habit, he rises at 5:30 every day, works out at the Washington Athletic Club and goes to lunch every weekday but Friday with his son and associate, Michael K. Mastro.

Father and son dine at Mike's favorite Italian restaurant, Terrazzo Carmine, near Pioneer Square. Mike's been going there for 22 years, and the waiters are ready with his daily cappuccino. On Fridays, Mike takes his wife to lunch "uptown."

On a recent weekend, Mike and his wife flew to Toronto in Mastro Properties' private jet. "She'd never seen Toronto, and I thought it would be nice," he says. It's his second marriage. His first wife died of cancer. Mike has two grandchildren and one step-grandchild.

Mike rarely attends sports events, preferring to watch games on TV. He avoids boards and organizations, but sends contributions to such varied institutions as Seattle Opera, The Rep, the Symphony, The Fifth Avenue Theater, Seattle Art Museum and his old school, St. George's.

In the time it took to read this, Mike Mastro probably figured out how to earn more money before the week is out than most Cleveland grads will earn in a lifetime.

# Lyle Anderson Makes the Leap From South Park to Private Jets

Lyle Anderson was about six-years-old when he found himself in a small boat with his father, rowing around the 9-hole Earlington Golf Course his father had recently leased. The Duwamish River had flooded, covering the golf course and wiping out both the family's bank account and his father's dream of managing his own golf course.

The Andersons wound up going to the Red Cross for help. Being destitute, even for a short time, Anderson has told many interviewers, was an experience he's never forgotten and doesn't want to repeat.

Anderson did well in his studies at Cleveland, and, according to baseball coach Dick Pangallo, "was one of the smoothest third basemen I've ever seen."

"In addition," Pangallo said, "Lyle was just a peach of a kid."

Anderson graduated in '59 and went on to the University of Washington, earning a bachelor of science degree in electrical engineering four years later.

Today, as head of Lyle Anderson Co., Inc., he's one of the premier developers of golf-course communities on planet Earth, racing around in his Gulfstream III jet from Arizona to Scotland to Hawaii to check on his various properties. He pals around Jack Nicklaus and Hale Irwin and hires Jack and to design most of his golf courses.

The homes in Anderson's vast developments are mostly architect-designed multi-million-dollar mansions for the nation's well-to-do. Even the clubhouses have won national awards for design.

Golf Connoisseur Magazine says of Anderson's magnificent golf-course commu-

nities in Arizona and New Mexico: "Where some people see coyotes and rattlesnakes, Lyle Anderson sees a luxury community. His high-end developments have earned him the nickname 'The Desert Fox.'

Golf Digest this year chose Anderson's Loch Lomond Golf Club (Scotland) as one of the "100 Best Golf Courses in the World Outside the U.S." The course will host an upcoming Barclay's Scottish Open.

An article by Bill Hoffman, in Stratos Magazine, notes that "Anderson has developed some of the world's great golf communities, including Desert Highlands, Desert Mountain and Superstition Mountain in Arizona, Las Campana in New Mexico, Hokuli'a on the Big Island of Hawaii and the aforementioned Loch Lomond. He called the clubhouse at Superstition Mountain, outside Phoenix, "simply fabulous."

Golf courses in Anderson's developments have hosted 29 professional championships.

What drives Anderson, writes Hoffman, is "his family and the thrill of the chase."

He adds that Anderson told him, "I get tears in my eyes when I drive around Desert Highlands (six golf courses), which was my first effort to design a community."

Anderson says he went into developing golf-course communities because he simply likes golf. And he went into high-end developments and the taking of "monumental risks" because he still fantasizes about being broke, the way his family was when he was a boy.

Anderson told Hoffman, for the article in Stratos, that he sometimes fantasizes about being in Iowa with just \$100 in his

pocket and trying to figure out how to start all over again.

Besides golf, Anderson likes deep-sea fishing. He always catches and releases. He almost never plays a full 18 holes of golf any more, "because it's simply too time-consuming." Four or five holes a week are sufficient, he says. In fact, he'd like to see courses reduced to 12 holes, so it wouldn't take an eternity to play a round.

Now in his 60s, he figures his golf handicap is about 5 or 6, although he

almost never turns in a scorecard.

Anderson has 50 companies, all under one umbrella, and roughly 1,500 employees. His wife is named Missy. He has three children, a step-daughter and four grandchildren.

If he hadn't become a developer, he says, he'd probably have been in stocks and bonds, because he likes to work with money and investments.

# Wayne Floyd continued from page 2

Later that year, he was hired by an alternative-school program to teach multi-age groupings" (K-8) and, in his spare time, to coach basketball, softball, track and football at various Seattle high schools. The job lasted 15 years, until he was moved to the central office "as an Instructional Resource and Support Teacher."

Floyd's star was rising. He moved on to Garfield High School, to teach health, physical education and traffic-ed. He also became: department head, dean of students, athletic director, and basketball and cross-country coach.

At Garfield, Floyd took over a basketball program that – despite a rich history of championships – hadn't made the playoffs in recent years. It was not, Floyd says, a team loaded with talent. Nonetheless, "we came together down the stretch and made it to the state tournament, with a lot of hard work, hustle and heart." He could not

resist adding "and excellent coaching."

The next year, the Floyd-coached Bulldogs won the state basketball championship. The school hasn't won a state title in basketball since.

After 10 years at Garfield, Floyd moved on, getting a taste of administration as co-principal at Wing Luke Elementary School. Next stop: Cleveland High School, as dean of students and then as assistant principal.

As interim principal, Floyd said, "I have grown tremendously in a short time and look forward to finishing out the year strong."

The old coach still falls back on sports when the going gets tough: "High school sports is the epitome of the life lesson. Everything you learn in sports can apply directly to life."

Like the man in the principal's office, Cleveland obviously has nowhere to go but up.

# Cleveland's Grand Re-Opening

Grand Re-Opening Photos by Jamie Mitchell except as noted



Photo by Helen C. Sing '70





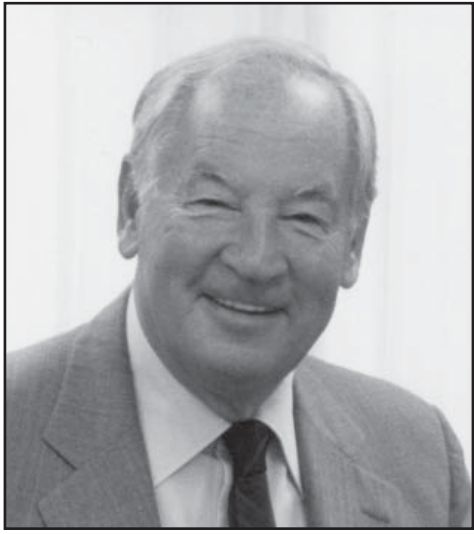
Photo by Helen C. Sing '70



Photo by Helen C. Sing '70



# CHS Grads: From Cleveland to Jet Aircraft Legend



When Joe Sutter was growing up in a home overlooking Boeing Field, he dreamed of someday getting a job in aeronautics. Sutter's dream came true. And, in the process, the 1939 Cleveland grad became a Boeing Co. legend: "The Father of the World's First Jumbo-Jet, the 500-seat Boeing 747."

Now 86, Sutter looks out the window of his Fauntleroy home and watches ferryboats cross Puget Sound and glide into the dock. It is, he says, a fascinating, ever-changing sight – though, perhaps not quite as romantic as watching airplanes come and go over Seattle.

Sutter confesses that his heart will always be at the Boeing Co. where, in honor

of his great contributions to the aircraft industry, he still maintains an office, which he visits one day a week to consult with today's Boeing engineers, who are working on next-generation 747's.

Sutter grew up on Georgetown's Swift Avenue and attended St. George's Elementary School. What was the Sutter family home, he says, "is now in the middle of I-5."

Sutter entered Cleveland High School in the mid-30s and, although too small to engage in sports, cheered the Eagles team that won its first – and so far only – city football championship in 1937. He remembers Don Harney, a mainstay of that team, being in some of his classes.

Sutter took "all the math and science courses they offered at Cleveland." He remembers his algebra and calculus teacher, "Mr. (Hiram) Pratt, as being "a rather stern, humorless fellow, but nevertheless a superior instructor." Sutter was especially interested in physics and found Cleveland's physics and chemistry teacher, Mr. Hassenmiller (Kenneth), to be a little less rigid than Pratt and equally "superior" in imparting information.

"I must say that I thought my education at Cleveland was every bit as fine as what I received in college," Sutter says.

As for Ray K. Imus, the legendary assistant principal who spent 35 years at

Cleveland, Sutter says, "I think the kids were half-scared of him. We were expected to learn something while we were there. So we did."

After graduation, Sutter enrolled in aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington. When the U.S. entered World War II, he joined the Navy and spent several "scary" years aboard a destroyer escort in the Atlantic.

At war's end, he completed his Bachelor of Science studies at the UW in what he calls "the era of slide rules" and then anxiously awaited some job offers. There were two: One from Douglas, the other from Boeing. "Douglas offered \$10 more a month, but I decided to take a temporary job at Boeing."

The "temporary job" lasted 40 years. Sutter cut his teeth on Boeing's 707 and 727 jet aircraft, doing so well as a team player that when it came time for Boeing to tackle the biggest jet of them all, the 747, he was a natural choice to lead a team of 4,500 engineers.

The time frame was the shortest for any Boeing jet (just 29 months from start to finish) and while the number of engineers involved seems large, it was considerably less than the 6,000 who worked on the 737.

"It takes one or two years to figure out what the airlines want," said Sutter,

explaining how a "concept" is developed. The engineers then figure out how to turn a concept into reality.

The "kid from Cleveland High School," with only a bachelor's degree in a field increasingly filled with master's degrees and doctorates, succeeded admirably on the 747, "the world's largest jumbo jet." After it was introduced, to rave reviews, Sutter spent four or five years running Boeing's Everett plant before returning to headquarters "to run the company's entire engineering department."

In his present role as a Boeing "senior advisor" on all things pertaining to the 747, Sutter still fields calls from "younger engineers." And his name is enshrined in every book that mentions the Boeing 747.

A few years ago, Sutter, along with Jay Spenser, wrote a book titled simply "747." The subtitle reads: "Creating the World's first Jumbo Jet and Other Adventures from a Life in Aviation." It is now in paperback and, for those interested in the history of aviation, a must-read.

Although the Airbus A380 recently surpassed the 747 in size, the present version carries fewer passengers than the 747 because considerable space is given over to luxury suites.

No matter what happens in the future, Sutter is the highest flying Eagle of them all.

## You Can't Do Much Better Than Coach The All-Time Best Prep Hoopsters

Most coaches spend a lifetime drawing diagrams on blackboards and dreaming of coaching a championship team – "just once."

And then there's Fred Harrison, head basketball coach at Cleveland for just three short years (1974-76). During that time, his 1974 team took third in the State 2A championships, his 1975 teams – with Marvin Morris as assistant coach – won the State 2A championship, and his 1976 team won the State 3A championship.

Cleveland's '76 basketball team also was voted the Washington State "Team of the Century" by a panel of 60 reporters, editors, coaches, sports information directors and historians.

Harrison, now 62, is tall, trim and graying. Although retired from coaching and teaching, he keeps in touch with some of his former Cleveland players and never tires of talking about sports.

A '64 graduate of Seattle's Rainier Beach High School, Harrison went on to earn degrees at Highline Community College, Eastern Montana College and Seattle U. He is in the Athletic Hall of Fame at Montana State/Eastern Montana College and the Northwest Athletic Association Community Colleges.

While teaching physical education and health at Asa Mercer Junior High School, starting in 1969, Harrison put together a flag-football team, "which was undefeated for three years." He also watched Asa Mercer's young athletes excel in track.

"It was obvious we had a wealth of talent – fast hands and tall, neither of which can be taught," says Harrison, who became an assistant to head basketball coach Frank Ahern. He laughingly recalls suggesting to Ahern that he "get rid of 7th grader Jawann Oldham. . . who had great hands, but was in special education and I wasn't sure he'd settle down." Oldham would become a team leader and go even-

tually play in the NBA.

Asa Mercer went 63-0 with Ahern as coach and Harrison as his assistant.

In 1973, Harrison took over the junior varsity basketball program at Cleveland, while still teaching at Asa Mercer. After winning the junior-varsity championship and almost beating the varsity in a challenge game, he knew the team would be something special.

Harrison moved to Cleveland fulltime in '74, a head coach at age 28, and saw the young team, most of which he had inherited from Ahern, go 15-10. The young Eagles were improving fast, however, and they took third in the State 2A tournament. Coaches and sports writers began talking about something special going on at Cleveland.

"We had Eli Carter, who was one of the most intelligent basketball players I have ever coached," says Harrison. "We had Carl (Ervin), the best total point guard I ever coached. We had James Woods, our leading scorer."

And, of course, there was the highly talented Oldham, who looked more like a future NBA player every year. Oldham didn't disappoint. He was with Chicago in the NBA when Michael Jordan joined the team.

"When I came to Cleveland it was one of the most diverse schools in the state," says Harrison. "Bill Maynard, the principal at the time, did a great job of keeping everything under control. It was a wonderful place to be for a young teacher and coach."

In 1974, he says, Cleveland started slowly. Garfield led Cleveland 25-0 after the first quarter "and the coach kept pouring it on, winning by something like 50 points. After the game, I just sat in a chair and cried. There was nothing I could have done to stop the slaughter. I vowed right then never to run up a score on anybody. Cleveland and Garfield played a second



L to R: Buddy Williams, Phil Petty, Fred Harrison, and Carl Ervin. Williams, Petty, and Ervin played on Harrison's State AA/Metro Championship Team of 1975, with a record of 25 - 0.

game that year, and Garfield won by just seven points.

Harrison says his sports idols, John Wooden (UCLA basketball) and Vince Lombardi (Green Bay Packers), also refused to run up the score on much weaker opponents.

When a team has as much success as Cleveland did – 25-0 in '75 and 23-1 in '76 – there are bound to be complaints.

"Early on, they said we were recruiting kids, which was not true," says Harrison. "After a thorough investigation, we were cleared. And one of the investigators told me, 'We did find some things wrong at other schools, however.'"

The greatest reward for a coach, says Harrison, is to see his players do well after they get out of school. Four became basketball coaches.

Mike Bethea, one of Harrison's "Asa Mercer kids," is coach of the highly successful Rainier Beach program. Wayne Floyd, the interim principal of Cleveland, coached Garfield to its last state basketball championship. Carl Ervin, a member of the '76 Team of the Century, was an assistant coach under Al Hairston at Seattle U. Jawann Oldham, another star of that

team, is believed to be coaching in China.

Harrison kept scrapbooks on his teams at Mercer and Cleveland and recently turned them over to some of the young men who played on those teams."

What does one do for an encore after winning back-to-back state championships? Harrison moved on to Highline Community College as a health and physical education teacher, eventually taking over as Highline's athletic director. After 30 years in education, he retired in 1999. A year later he became an assistant basketball coach at Seattle University, a job he held for seven years.

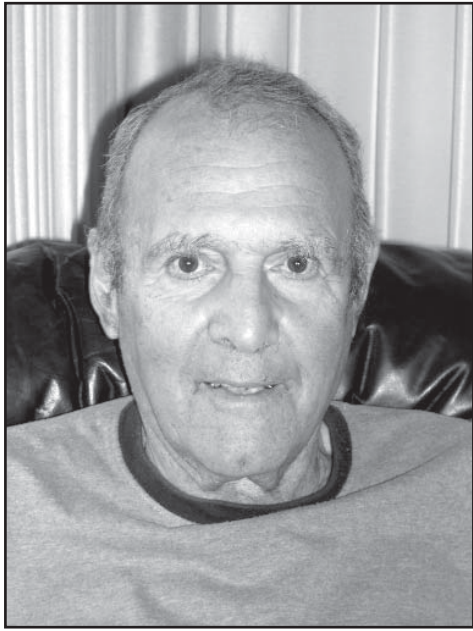
In retirement, he spends considerably more time with his wife, Linda.

*The Teams:*

'75: John Bell, Robert Keller, Keith Lowery, Jawann Oldham, Philip Petty, Carl Ervin, Maurice Young, Brad Bowser, James Brown, Eli Carter, James Carter, Danny Horne, Buddy Williams, James Woods.

'76: John Bell, Brad Bowser, Eli Carter, Tony Carter, Gary Bowman, Jesse Gardner, William Hunter, James Jones, Tom Kihara, Carl Ervin, Larry Roberts, Robert Keller, Jawann Oldham, James Woods.

## Dick Pangallo Lived His Dream After CHS



The annual West Seattle-Sealth High School football rivalry, previously known as the Huling Cup, recently was renamed the Pangallo Cup – in honor of Dick Pangallo, who went on to a long career as a teacher and coach after graduating from Cleveland in 1949.

Pangallo, who had coached at both schools, was honored at the game, won by West Seattle, 48-13.

The name change was welcomed by many because the Huling Bros. auto dealership, after whom the cup was originally named, made headlines last year when former employees, in the now closed business, were charged with cheating a mentally ill customer out of his life savings.

Pangallo, always gracious, said that while he was delighted to be honored, he felt sorry for Huling Bros., “because I always bought my cars from them and was always well well-treated.”

Now 76, Pangallo is happy to talk about his life in sports. He grew up in the South Park area, started at Cleveland High School and – and when his parents moved to West Seattle – continued to come to Cleveland every day “by hitching a ride with (Gaylord) Peltier, the track coach.” After school, he turned out for baseball and football, in season, and then caught a bus back to West Seattle.

Cleveland would have won the Metro baseball title in '49 if not for a fly ball dropped by its ace centerfielder, Pangallo, in the championship game with Ballard.

“I saw it all the way,” Pangallo says. “There is no way I could have dropped it. But I did. The next day, Mr. Imus, the vice principal, called me into his office and told me how sorry he was.”

Pangallo wanted to be a coach as far back as he can remember. Cleveland coaches Loren Ralph and Rex Scott were his first role models.

Following graduation, Pangallo spent two years at the University of Washington and then two years at Western Washington to earn his teaching certificate. His first job was teaching 6th graders in Oakville, Grays Harbor County. In 1957, he made his way back to his old school, Cleveland, teaching physical education and General Math while serving as an assistant coach in baseball and football under Ed Landon, “one of the finest gentlemen I’ve ever known.”

Pangallo’s favorite bit of coaching trickery occurred in the waning minutes of a football game against Queen Anne. The football had been kicked to Cleveland’s one-yard line, and with Cleveland trailing and time running out, Pangallo called his team together and said he wanted the team to line up as usual, except he wanted one player to wander over to the sidelines but stand in-bounds. The quarterback threw a pass to the “lonesome” player near the sidelines, who proceeded to run 99 yards for a touchdown.

“The next day, Leon Brigham, athletic director for all Seattle Schools, called me down to his office and chewed me out

for pulling such a stunt,” Pangallo says. “Later on, I learned that Brigham, when he coached, was famous for pulling just such tricks himself.”

Pangallo went to West Seattle as head coach in '60, compiling a 34-34-8 record over eight years, and winning a Metro League championship in 1961. He was 2-14 in a less than memorable two years at Lincoln (1971-72). He became head coach at Sealth in 1978 and over the next five years compiled a 30-20 record, still the best in Sealth history.

While at Sealth, Pangallo pulled off a memorable bit of ingenuity. The teachers were on strike when Sealth played Roosevelt. Although the teams could play, with non-teaching assistants on the bench, head coaches couldn’t even sit in the stands. Pangallo went up the Space Needle, with a pair of binoculars, and scouted the Roosevelt team. They lost that day, but Pangallo picked up enough information to beat Roosevelt the next time they met.

Although Pangallo has had a heart attack and a bypass, he works out daily, travels with his wife, attends Husky football games and is proud of his four children (two boys and two girls). Son Dick was an all-state hurdler and ran track at the University of Washington.

## June Anderson Evanoff: Multi-Talented Artist Still Going Strong

Although June Anderson Evanoff (48) is known primarily as an artist, it’s hard for those who know her to find a canvas big enough to include all her skills and honors.

She’s also been a piano teacher, taught gourmet cooking and become a book-printer of note.

June’s Swedish-born parents had their last child, June, late in life. Mom was 45, dad 50. June’s sister was 18, her brother 16. It meant being raised pretty much as an “only child.” She remembers admiring the painstaking work done by her father, an “old country” cabinet-maker.

June grew up on Beacon Hill, graduating from Beacon Elementary School (K-12, in those days) in 1944. (Interesting note: June was elected Girls’ Club president at Beacon the same year Howard Glazier was elected Boys’ Club president. A few years later, both were elected presidents of Cleveland High School’s girls’ and boys’ clubs. June also served as student body president for half-a-year at Cleveland.)

At Cleveland, thanks to a push from June, French Language classes became a part of the curriculum. Not surprisingly, she was the first president of the French Club. During her Cleveland days, she also was a Seattle Times Ski Queen (‘47).

June, who started piano lessons at age 7, playing piano in Cleveland’s orchestra and with The Kings of Swing.

But it was not until her roll-room teacher (Mr. Joyce) looked at her hands one day and told her she should be an artist that she decided to pursue art seriously.

Among the teachers who offered guidance, she says, were Margaret Walthew, business studies; Ed Ottum, music, and Dorothy Crim, girls’ advisor, who thought June should “work for the FBI after graduation.” Miss Crim even promised to help her get an FBI job.

But June was offered several scholarships and went to the UW instead, enrolling in the School of Music and singing

with the Seattle Philharmonic and Choral Society, then the official chorus of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra.

After just two years, June’s mother became ill and June dropped out of the U to go to work. She also married George Evanoff, a fellow member of the school orchestra.

June was in her early 20s when she began taking art lessons and found the principal focus of her life. Her oil paintings – florals, seascapes and landscapes – now hang in 28 countries and are displayed in such places as the Nordic Heritage Museum (Seattle), Grastorp Museum in Sweden and The Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

She’s been featured in one-woman arts exhibits at Purdue University, Gallery North in Edmonds. And her paintings are in private collections in Canada, Japan, Europe and the United States.

June also has been artist-in-resident for the Pacific Northwest Ballet, and is a private printer (Ilis Press), whose first book was described by the Book Club of California as “one of the finest first editions we have seen.”

Not surprisingly, she has served as president of Swedish Club Arts, the Mercer Island Visual Arts League, the Seattle League of Arts and Gallery North.

But painting isn’t June’s only skill. She took cooking classes and worked for a time in the Rainier Bank food department, cooking for the board of directors. She later taught classes in gourmet and ethnic cooking, and catered for large groups as well as individual families. Swedish dishes are her favorites.

Ask June about her “favorite job,” and it won’t be wielding a brush at an easel, printing a book or concocting an exotic dish. Surprisingly, she says it was working at the Federal Reserve Bank, where she counted currency and looked for counterfeiters. She also worked as an office manager and was secretary to the manager of Beth-

lehem Steel’s Seattle plant until it closed.

Shortly after becoming a single parent, June was selected to represent Swedish Americans in the U.S. by demonstrating cooking and painting at the 1976 Smithsonian Institution’s celebration of this country’s Bicentennial.

A special moment occurred when a couple stopped at the booth where she was painting and listened attentively while she described what she was doing. When she finished, the man said, “I’ll see that this information stays in the proper channels.” June thought it was an odd comment and said to the man, “What do you do?” While the man’s wife glared at June, the man responded, “I, uh, work for the Smithsonian.”

June learned later they were Vice President and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller.

Since 1998, June has been chief organizer of an annual reunion of those who attended Beacon Hill Elementary School



before the building was taken over by El Centro de la Raza. Most of the “old grads” are now in their 70s and up. At the ‘07 reunion, June presented a floral painting to El Centro de la Raza which the director said was “worthy of Monet.”

June lives and paints on Mercer Island.

## Veteran’s Day Assembly



Attending the CHS Veteran’s Day Assembly spearheaded by Rebbecca Emanuel, CHS Music Staff and featuring music of the CHS Band and CHS Choir: left to right, Don Mills ’49, Bernie Moskowitz ’57, and Jim Southcott ’56

# Eagle 100

The Eagle 100 includes those individuals who have made contributions to the Cleveland High School Alumni Association of \$100 or more in a year. We would like to thank the Eagle 100 members for the period July - November 2007:

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Betty Young Robinson	Della Cookstetter & Merlin Bosch	Howard H. Wang	Linda Amodei Murphy	Ruthann Kantzer Gatto
Beverly Voelker McKnight	Donald R. Mills	Judy Fort (Forthoffer) Butterfield	Lois M. Olson	Sam & Sharon (Robinson) Ronnie
Charles Frederick Widger	Dorothy Clausen	Jeanne Brannon Nichols	Louise Bianchi Bullington	Stanley E. Moran
Charlotte Eldridge Teufel	Douglas L. Wong	Kay J. Haarmann	Margaret Goodman & Harold R. Imus	Stanley G. Ridings
Clarence F. Seeliger	Douglas R. Verhoef	Kazuko Umino Bill		Vince B. Alit
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Please accept my tax-deductible donation to the Cleveland High School Alumni Association.

- I would like to be designated a Platinum Eagle with a donation of  \$5000  more: \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- I would like to be designated a Golden Eagle with a donation of \$1000 - \$4999. Donation Amount: \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- I would like to be designated an Eagle 100 with a donation of  \$100  more: \$ \_\_\_\_\_
- I would like to support the Cleveland High School Alumni Association with a donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please enter total of your check here.)

Please allocate my donation as follows:

Mailing expenses (\$10 suggested)	\$ _____	Alumni Association General Fund (unrestricted)	\$ _____
CHS Athletic Fund	\$ _____	Scholarship Fund:	
Memorial Forest Fund	\$ _____	Annual Scholarship Awards	\$ _____
		Endowment Fund (restricted)	\$ _____

Mail make your check payable to CHSAA or Cleveland HS Alumni Association and mail to:  
**CHSAA, P.O. Box 94004, Seattle, WA 98124-9404**

Member #1:  
Name (First, Maiden, Last): \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

Member #2:  
Name (First, Maiden, Last): \_\_\_\_\_ Class: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (with area code): \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: We are updating and adding e-mail addresses to our membership database and have found this to be an effective way to quickly communicate information regarding what is happening at our alma mater as well as time sensitive information about your alumni association.

- Please check here if this is an address change.

I'd like to volunteer; please contact me. I am interested in the following:

- I'd like to serve on the Board.
- I'd like to serve on a committee (Alumni Relations, Scholarship, Golf Scramble, Finance & Budget, Memorial Forest, Audit, Bylaws Review, and/or Nominations/Election).  
Please state your preference: \_\_\_\_\_
- I'd like to help out with an event, activity, or in some other way.

*Look for more alumni profiles in future newsletters!*

# Fallen Eagles

Listed below are alumni who have passed away recently. They will be missed.

Lovilla Browning Crandall, '32  
Bernie Simonson, '36  
A.L. 'Nibs' Pricco, '37  
Walt Benadom, '38  
Jeanne Ethier Carter, '39  
Clement J. Zipp, '39  
Ed Spangler, '40  
Frank Yellam, '40  
George Lucker, '42  
Joanne Ianniciello, '52  
Geraldine Rolshiem Onustack, '53  
Gerald F Egbert, '54  
Henrietta Tarrach Wickham, '59  
Jon E. Moore, '65  
James M Agbalog, '66

# 2007 Tax Deductions

Looking for a 2007 tax deduction? All donations to your Alumni Association are eligible as tax deductions on your 2007 Federal Income Tax.

The Alumni Association is designated as a 501 (c) (3) tax exempt organization by the IRS; therefore your donations to support our various programs are eligible as a taxable deduction to the extent permitted by the IRS Code.

We are also organized under the Washington State Nonprofit Corporation Act, RCW 24.03 and registered with the Washington's Secretary of State as a charitable nonprofit organization.

Our Alumni Association was formed to preserve the Cleveland Memorial Forest and support and assist the students and staff of Cleveland High School.

For those of you, who have given generously this year, please accept our sincere thanks for helping to grow our alumni association and for investing in our efforts to support our newly renovated "alma mater." Go Eagles!

# 2008 CHS Annual Golf Scramble

The planning is just beginning on our CHS Annual Golf Scramble and we're looking for volunteers and major sponsors. We need your input for a location to make this activity a success.

Ginny Ogle, John Christensen and Don Mills are current committee members and additional members are needed. For now, please contact us at 206-878-2401 if you can help. We'll have a new contact number when we have identified a Chairman.

Watch for the date and location, to be announced. We hope to be teeing off on either the 2nd or 3rd Friday of August 2008.



# The Double-header was Great



by Don Duncan '43

There was much going and coming at 15th Avenue and Lucile Street on an overcast Sept. 22, as alums gathered to celebrate Cleveland High School's 80th birth-

day and grand-reopening following a two-year closure for a \$67 million renovation.

Head counts were difficult, but an estimated 1,200 alums – give or take a few hundred – walked unfamiliar halls in search of “my old roll room,” chatted with former classmates and attended an assembly in the new 1,350-seat gymnasium.

Another 100 or so showed up the next morning for a breakfast of pancakes, sausage and scrambled eggs, courtesy of the CHS Alumni Association's board of directors, headed by president Don Mills ('49).

Although the reception for Golden Grads ('57 and earlier) was scheduled to begin at 10 a.m., hundreds of aging alums – not wanting to miss a moment of conversation with old friends – began arriving shortly after 9 a.m. The large commons/cafeteria area was filled to overflowing well before the official starting time.

The oldest grad in attendance appeared to be Leonard “Spike” Richards, 95, who was an 8th grader when he joined junior high and high school students in the historic “Walk up the Hill” from Georgetown to open Cleveland High School in January 1927. Richards graduated in 1931. Don Snyder ('44) brought Richards to the celebration.

Easily the most beloved returnee was Ed Landon, 92, who taught U.S. and World History and coached for 25 years (late '40s through '73). Landon, who now lives with his daughter in Madras, OR., received a standing ovation when he was introduced at the assembly. Also returning and speaking briefly were Bill Maynard, a very popular former CHS principal (1971-76) and David Della ('73), a Seattle City Councilman.

Half-an-hour before the assembly began, alums started gathering in the gymnasium to listen to The Kings of Swing, a big band formed at Cleveland back in 1944 and now – with younger instrumentalists – one of the premier Seattle-area dance bands playing '40s and '50s Miller, Shaw and Dorsey arrangements.

Several members of the early-day band were in the audience, including Don Case ('48), former Alumni Association president; Harry “Pee Wee” Cameron, Gordy Parker, Judge Joel A.C. Rindal, Harry Sankey (who attended Franklin), Burr Cline, Louise Bianchi Bullington and June Anderson Evanoff.

Marilee Winn Johnson ('52), a talented singer and stage performer, emceed the program, opening with a God Bless America that triggered memories of the recorded voice of Kate Smith that always ended Seattle Rainier's baseball games in Sick's Stadium. Marilee added a beautiful rendition of The Way We Were (Memories) later in the program and me join her in a Cleveland-flavored parody of I'd Grown Accustomed to Her Face (“...we'd better treasure what we had, it's such a pleasant blur, remembering what we were.”). To close the program, she led the audience in Cleveland's Alma Mater.

Pianist Louise Bianchi Bullington ('49) bravely soldiered on when a new Yamaha piano was “dumped” on the floor – and badly damaged – while being moved from the school's music room to the gymnasium. Although the electric keyboard brought by The Kings of Swing was unfamiliar, Louise sat on a box atop a stool – in order to reach the keys – and didn't miss a note.

Among the assembly highlights:

- The present day CHS cheer squad leading some contemporary yells, followed by a remarkably trim and agile Marge Wallrof Brown ('54), sister of former teacher/coach Paul Wallrof ('50), leading a yell from “the good old days.”

- Thea Leidel ('08), ASB president, answered the question, “what in the world do students put in those backpacks?” by unloading her pack on the gymnasium floor for all to see. Biggest laugh: The large bag of munchies, deemed critical to stave off hunger pangs. Estimated weight of the backpack: 14 pounds.

- Bob Tate, CHS principal from '65 to '69, touched on the civil rights protests of the '60s and the changing face of Cleveland during his tenure, praising those parents who worked tirelessly to calm the troubled waters. Tate, a baseball and basketball star at the University of Washington and coach of Garfield High School's first state championship basketball team in '57, yielded the floor to Wayne Floyd, interim CHS principal, who “coached Garfield's last state championship basketball team.”

- Several alums took to the shiny new gymnasium floor while The Kings of Swing played an old Glenn Miller dance tune, “In the Mood.” An aging gentleman, who appeared to be afflicted with Parkinson's, didn't miss a beat as he bravely shuffled and pivoted on the floor with his lady love.

- When the last notes of Cleveland's Alma Mater had died away, The Kings of Swing resumed playing while alums tapped their feet and lingered to give hugs to people they hadn't seen in years and, quite possibly, will never see again.

Those who toured Cleveland were amazed to discover how quiet it has be-

come, thanks to modern sound-proofing, and how much light those new floor-to-ceiling windows allow into the classrooms.

A three-story classroom building now occupies the South end of the property, where a “new” gymnasium was built in '69. At the school's North end, where portables and woodworking and metal shops used to be located, is the two-story gymnasium/cafeteria/commons complex.

Only the middle building – the gutted and totally remodeled original Cleveland High – bears the slightest resemblance to what we remembered. It was fun to walk its halls and try to locate “old” landmarks, like Mr. Imus's office. What used to be the cafeteria now appears to be a performing arts rehearsal hall. The old locker area is solid classrooms. And the library has a large wing devoted solely to computers.

Perhaps the biggest surprise was the stairs. Gone in the remodeled “old” building are the familiar stairs worn into hollows by thousands of feet over the years. In the two new buildings, the stairs are metal.

Oh yes, and to find an elevator in all three buildings was, as many said, “simply unbelievable.”

I would like to offer special thanks to Don Mills and JoAnn Victor Smith ('56) of the CHS alumni assn. for the countless hours they put into meetings and preparations for the event, to Dick Lee of the Seattle School District and Chuck Chinn ('63), special consultant to CHS during its start-up period, and to the teachers and students of present-day Cleveland High School who came in on the weekend to serve as guides and to let the alums know the weekday use of various classrooms.

And, of course, a heartfelt thanks to all who contributed financially to the alumni association to make the event possible.

Back when the planning began, Alumni President Mills said he saw no reason why “little Cleveland” couldn't stage a grand re-opening celebration equal to the ones at Ballard and Roosevelt, both of which opened remodeled schools in recent years and have many thousands more alums than Cleveland has.

It was a brave statement. But from the newsy tabloid invitations to the well-attended open house to the Sunday morning pancake breakfast, “little old” Cleveland did itself proud.

Our thanks to Don Duncan '43 for his many editorial contributions and the many alumni profiles in this issue of The Cleveland Journal.

The Friends of Cleveland High School  
Cleveland High School PTSA  
&  
The Cleveland High School Alumni Assoc.

cordially invite you to celebrate

**Red & White Night**

@

**Cleveland High School**

**Thursday, March 20, 2008  
Auction & Dinner  
5:00 PM**

**Table of 8 - \$250  
Individuals - \$30  
Founder Level - \$75\*  
Preferred Seating**

For more information please contact Dick Lee at  
rjlee@seattleschools.org or 206-252-0476

**School Address: 5511 15th Ave. S.**

**GO EAGLES!**

