

Ribault Senior High School
Jacksonville, Florida

Class of 1967



September 2021, No. 4

QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER

“The falling leaves drift by the window. The autumn leaves of red and gold.” [Composed by Joseph Kosma in 1945.] Fall begins on September 22. We started this year with so much hope that 2021 was going to be a better year (it just had to be!) and in several ways it has been. To paraphrase some much needed and timely wisdom from an Andy Stanley sermon: Do not see the world through the printed headlines, see the world through the people that surround you, see the world with the realization that we love big—write your own headlines. We must stay optimistic, upbeat, hopeful and most of all kind to one another.

OUR VETERANS

More news on our veterans . . .

James Canady wrote that he, **Kent Davis** and **Kerry Page** all joined the Navy in February 1967—months before graduation. They joined on the “buddy” system. Kent said the only time they did anything as “buddies” was when they signed the enlistment papers. LOL!

James was stationed at Mayport and in California.

Kent went to Vietnam from 1968 to 1970. He received the Combat Action Ribbon, Viet Nam Service Medal, Meritorious Unit Citation, Armed Forces Reserve Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Army Service Medal and Good Conduct Medal [really, Kent?]. He was a gunner’s mate in Vietnam and later joined the Army Veterinary Corps as an officer.

Kerry was awarded a Bronze Star and a Purple Heart for his bravery in Vietnam. We lost Kerry to cancer in 2009.

William (Billy) Gilsdorf served in the U.S. Army (Captain, Military Police) from 1973 to 1977 and then served in the Army Reserves from 1978 to 1984, and retired as a Major.

Keith Dobson joined the U.S. Army in 1967 and retired in early 2010 as a CW4 after serving 42 years. Keith passed away on August 6.

55th REUNION UPDATE

An update on the reunion plans will be sent in a couple of weeks in a separate class email.

PERSONAL PLEA FROM SHARON LANE ON COVID

Tragically Covid is still with us and has not skipped affecting some of our classmates and their families. Prayers for those who have had a brush with this virus. PLEASE consider getting the

vaccine if you are still on the fence! We are all old enough to remember having that small pox scar on our arm and standing in line for the polio vaccine. Vaccines have helped to essentially eradicate a variety of dangerous diseases. Our hospitals are overwhelmed by this second wave of Covid reporting that 90+% of current patients are unvaccinated. Serious illness can be prevented by getting 2-five second shots. Please don't be that person lying in a makeshift ICU on oxygen or a ventilator and probably alone without your family at your bedside. If you won't do it for yourself, then consider your family and friends—particularly your underaged grandchildren and great-grands who are not eligible for the vaccine. Until we can get a handle on this scourge, we all have to do our part by taking all precautions—vaccination, social distancing and wearing a mask. PLEASE make that appointment today, won't you?

MESSAGE FROM LOUANNE TAYLOR, A LIBRARY MEDIA SPECILIST WHO APPRECIATED OUR WEBSITE

I wanted to thank the Class of '67 for putting together the “Do you remember in 1967. . .” page on your class website.

As a library media specialist, my job for the summer is updating our center's reference guides with the help of some student volunteers. We're currently working on “The Outsiders” unit for our English curriculum guide. **Your page led us to some great websites to check out for the 1960s history and culture portion of this guide, so the team and I wanted to make sure we thanked you 😊.**

One of my volunteers showed me this 1960s history guide that the library staff loved: <https://www.fragrancex.com/fragrance-information/flower-power-music-art-and-culture-of-the-1960s.html>. We wanted to share it with the Class of 1967. As a kid born in 1967, this was a fun read for me!

LouAnne Taylor
louanne@booklicious.net

Note from Alice: Please check out our class website to see what LouAnne is thanking us for.

<http://ribault67.homestead.com/remember.html>—”Do you remember in 1967. . .”

A HUGE thank you to our website originator, Elisabeth (Liz) North Nightingale, for the incredible job she did single handily as our first webmaster beginning in 1997. Frankie Cribbs assumed webmaster duties, with Liz's blessings, around 2005. After Frankie's death in 2007, Judy Baucom Hunter took over the reins until 2021. The website is no longer the communication source it once was but we are maintaining it because of the wealth of information and history it holds. Only birthdays, email addresses and the In Memory page are regularly updated.
<http://ribault67.com>

MESSAGE FROM FAYE SOUTHERLAND GASTON (FORMER CLASSMATE)

Where to start . . . I moved in our junior year to Daytona Beach and graduated from Mainland High, but I have always considered Ribault “my school.” I so appreciate the info about fellow classmates and things happening with everyone.

I married my high school sweetheart, Chuck Brady (Seabreeze 1966). We moved to Gainesville where he became an engineer and I became a RN. The next few years were very busy. I was a nurse

at 21, a mother at 22, a widow at 24. After losing Chuck, I focused on raising my son and work, moving into various management positions such as Nurse Manager Oncology, Hospital Supervisor and Director of ED.

I got remarried to Bill Gaston (GHS 1967) and had two daughters. Then I went back to school and received an MBA and became a Chief Nursing Officer and VP of Operations for a major corporation. I even went to Saudi Arabia and helped open a hospital there called King Faisal (that trip is an entire newsletter!). I retired after 30 years but didn't stay retired long as I was called to help at Shands where I was AVP of Trauma and Critical Care. I really enjoyed the excitement of a teaching facility, but finally retired again to our home in Gainesville. I am so fortunate to have all my children and grandchildren living in Gainesville except for one granddaughter attending nursing school in south Florida. Our younger granddaughter is in her second year at UF. Then we have 7 year old twin grandsons who are majoring in daredevil antics. They are all the sunshine of my life. For those of you who remember my mother, she is healthy and active. She lives close by in her own home. She still makes all family costumes for school events!

I consider myself blessed as Bill and I are healthy and have been able to travel a lot. We hope to do a makeup trip from 2020 this August traveling down the Columbia and Snake rivers. That little skinny girl from Lake Forest never expected such a great life.

My favorite teacher was Miss Bates from 6th grade and Mr. Carter from Ribault Junior High. Both taught me lessons that I continue to carry in my heart--don't judge others and play to win.

I wish you all the very best post pandemic year (or as we call it, the "Pandamnic").

Love, Faye
faye11708@icloud.com

BOBBY AND DARLENE'S BEAUTIFUL LOVE STORY

The Introduction

The reunion committee was hard at work trying to locate classmates. As we were going through a stack of returned mail, Jan Long Ryan decided to focus on the mail of the guys. No surprise as she **was** the sweetheart of the class. She came upon Bobby's letter. We had lost contact with him and every address we had was no longer valid.

Since this was the time just before we had home computers, off to the phonebook Jan went. She managed to contact his dad and discovered that Bobby (single) was back in Jacksonville to take care of his ailing father. The interesting part here is that I was living back with my parents to help take care of my mother. Who knew we grew up only one mile from each other?

Jan asked me to contact him to see if he would attend our meetings. I followed up with a phone call a few days later. We had about a half hour conversation where he asked questions regarding different classmates. Some of the committee members were meeting for dinner that night and I asked Bobby if he would like to join us. We agreed to meet at McDonalds and in true Bobby fashion, he went to the wrong location (still has that issue today).

We met and drove together, had wonderful conversations and he especially enjoyed seeing Billy Coker as they were in 2nd grade together.

Dating

We didn't consider that we were dating. We were classmates with a lot in common now with our family situations. However, we spent a lot of time talking and getting to know each other. I've always been attracted to intelligent men (maybe that's why I was divorced for so long) and was intrigued by how smart he was.

His father passed away and my mom was admitted to a nursing home within weeks of each other so that gave us a little more time together. I finally introduced him to my family and a few church friends. We began attending church together and, of course, they assumed that we were serious but, in our minds, we were still friends. After attending a New Year's Eve service, Bobby suggested that we could get married. We both were shocked at this decision, so we decided to not tell anyone and "wear the thought" for a few weeks. The first person I told was my daughter and her reaction was "what took you guys so long?" It seemed that everyone knew that we were destined to be together except us.

The Wedding

June 15, 1996—one of the worst storms. There was no electricity so side doors were opened. The Sweet Adelines were part of the program and just as they were taking the pitch, a fire truck with sirens blaring drove by the church. My 5-year-old granddaughter, who was the flower girl, decided that the chorus needed help with directing so she assisted directing. When Bobby and I were kissing, my nephew, who was the ring bearer, decided kissing was gross and he promptly expressed his disgust by putting his fingers in his mouth and loudly expressed the word "gross."

The most interesting part of our ceremony was when the minister kept referring to Bobby as my wife during the entire ceremony. He finally realized his error at the end of the ceremony and finally we were husband and wife. Just as the wedding party was exiting, the electricity came on and we enjoyed the reception with lights. We truly believe that God brought us together and we are so blessed that He did.

dfriend708@aol.com

CAREER/RETIRMENT/LIFE TODAY

Patrick Knezevich

Carrie and I have moved back to the northside of Jacksonville. We recently purchased a new house in the Oceanway area. We are also expecting our third greatgrandchild early next year. This one is a girl! The other two are boys. Our grandson has just been promoted to Sgt. in the U.S. Army.

patrickknezevich@att.net

Nancy Pace Ford

Alice asked that we, the members of the Reunion Committee, write something about ourselves for the next newsletter. So here is a recap on where I am and what I am doing today. Bruce, my husband of 47 years, and I live in a condo in Jacksonville Beach. We also have a log cabin home in western North Carolina. Our two sons, Matt and Chris, and their spouses are in Pooler, Georgia and Brevard, North Carolina, respectively. The three grandsons, ages 2 to 11, are in Brevard, so we are able to see all frequently.

I am still working as a social worker at Mayo Clinic Florida. My status as PRN (whenever necessary) means that I can work when I want to but am working pretty close to full time. I enjoy reading, crafts and traveling.

My role on the Reunion Committee, as you well know, is the Treasurer. Prior to being ordained as a priest, my husband was an accountant so he helps me keep the “books” straight for the reunion monies.

I look forward to contact with all of you as we move toward our 55th high school reunion.
npford49@hotmail.com

Larry Simpson shares his career story as one of the prosecutors of Ted Bundy

Part I of III:

I went to Florida State University in Tallahassee, graduating with a major in Government and a minor in Math (thank you, Ms. Wolf). I went to FSU’s Law School and graduated in December 1973 with high honors. During the summer of 1973, I interned with the State Attorney’s Office in Tallahassee. I accepted a job offer from the State Attorney and was sworn in as an Assistant State Attorney on January 2, 1974. Four years later I was assigned the prosecution of the Theodore Robert Bundy/Chi Omega homicide case.

Ted Bundy was undoubtedly one of the most prolific serial killers in history. He killed at least 30–35 women. Bundy, himself, hinted it could be in the triple digits. Numerous states were involved, including Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, and lastly Florida. All of his victims were young, female, white, attractive, and most of them had dark hair parted in the middle. His victims were beaten about the head, strangled, sexually assaulted, and many were buried in remote areas. Bundy went undetected for several years, in part because his crimes were committed in many different jurisdictions and there was no coordinated law enforcement effort to link the crimes together. Even when Bundy was a suspect, witnesses had difficulty identifying him because he often changed his appearance and was described as being “chameleon like.” His beard could be long, short, or he could be clean-shaven. He may have long hair or short hair. His skin color would sometimes be bronze, like he used a tanning bed, and at other times he would appear grayish or almost white. He changed clothes often, wore different hats, and otherwise disguised himself.

The Bundy case was the biggest case ever prosecuted in the State of Florida for good reason. It had everything: a serial killer, horrendous, multiple homicides and assaults, cutting edge forensic evidence, and worldwide media coverage. The case had my full and undivided attention for 14 months—24 hours a day, 7 days a week. I traveled throughout the United States: Seattle, Washington; Salt Lake City, Utah; Albuquerque, New Mexico; New York, New York; Baltimore, Maryland; San Diego, California; Detroit, Michigan; and all over the State of Florida. I talked to hundreds of law enforcement officers and witnesses, hired the best experts available and did everything I could to determine if Bundy committed these murders, and if so, to prove that he was guilty.

Theodore Robert Bundy was born in November of 1946 in Burlington, Vermont. His given name at birth was Theodore Robert Cowell. Cowell was his mother’s maiden name and he was born in a home for unwed mothers. Many family members believed he had been fathered by his maternal grandfather, who had a history of violence. When Ted was four years old, his mother left Vermont and moved to Tacoma, Washington, to live with family members who resided in that area. About a year later, she married Johnny Culpepper Bundy, who adopted young Ted, and gave him the name Theodore Robert Bundy. Bundy grew up in the Tacoma-Seattle area and went to high school

and college there. After graduating from the University of Washington, Bundy completed one year of law school at the University of Puget Sound and then moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, to attend the University of Utah Law School.

In Salt Lake City, he approached a young telephone operator, Carole Daronch, in the mall. Bundy claimed to be a police investigator and said her car in the parking lot had been burglarized. He insisted she return to the parking lot with him for the investigation. Once at the parking lot, Bundy told her she needed to fill out a police report at the police station. Carole agreed to go and they left in Bundy's VW Beetle. As they drove along, Bundy tried to handcuff her, but could only get a handcuff on one arm. Carole fought Bundy off, jumped out of the car, and was rescued by another motorist. The case went nowhere until about a year later when a highway patrolman saw someone in a VW Beetle driving through a residential neighborhood acting suspicious. Bundy was driving that car and when the trooper stopped and searched it, he found a bag in the back seat containing handcuffs, an ice pick, a crow bar, a rope, and a panty hose mask. This was Bundy's Death Bag. Carole Daronch subsequently identified Bundy as her assailant which resulted in his conviction for aggravated kidnapping and a sentence of 1-15 years in Utah state prison.

Shortly thereafter, an indictment for murder was brought against Bundy in Colorado. He was extradited to Colorado for the murder of a young nurse who went missing from a ski resort near Aspen. Bundy twice escaped from custody while in Colorado. The second time was December 30, 1977. Apparently, he had help to escape because he had enough money to travel from Colorado to Illinois, Michigan, Atlanta, and ultimately by bus to Tallahassee. Upon arrival in Tallahassee the first week of January 1978, Bundy rented a room at the Oaks Apartments, a few blocks from the front gate of FSU's campus.

larrysimpsonlaw@gmail.com

[PARTS II AND III TO BE CONTINUED IN FOLLOWING NEWSLETTERS]

PRAYERS

For the Family of Classmate **Wanda Key Guthrie**. As Wanda's brother, Buddy, put it "my sister Wanda passed away after a strong fight for several days" [with Covid]. Wanda passed away on August 21, 2021.

<http://www.peoplesfamilyfuneralhomes.com/obituary/wanda-key-guthrie>

For the Family of Classmate **Keith Dobson**. Keith passed away on August 6, 2021. Keith was the brother of Classmate Gary Dobson who died in 2005.

<https://www.tributearchive.com/obituaries/21972314/keith-dobson>

For **Ann Smith Nowlin** and her husband, Marion. After feeling like they had a serious head and chest cold, they were diagnosed on August 24 with breakthrough infections of Covid. Ann said they followed all the rules—masks, safe distancing and vaccinations—and they still got it. Ann is still fighting the battle with all she has. Marion has turned the corner and is fully on the road to recovery. Marion is a "once a Marine, always a Marine," who fought during the Vietnam war. He has suffered kidney loss as a result of Agent Orange and goes three times a week for kidney dialysis.

ann.nowlin@yahoo.com

For **Darlene Church Friend** and **Bobby Friend**. Darlene has been diagnosed with Stage 2 pancreatic cancer. Darlene says the good news is that it is small, contained and was caught early. She will have a total of four infusions of chemo over the next two months and then will have Whipple surgery. She had her first infusion on August 24.

If that isn't bad enough, Darlene and Bobby got Covid in early August. Bobby was very critical and spent 13 days in the hospital. He is home now recovering which the doctor said will take about seven months to get back to normal.

Darlene says their faith and all the prayers, cards, food, flowers and love from their friends and family are getting them through this "journey" in their lives.

Darlene: dfriend708@aol.com

Bobby: peace2go@aol.com

THANKS

Thanks to all who have contributed to this newsletter. Please keep the news coming. All of you have something to share and we want to hear it.