



November 2017

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Life & Times of the Rebels of '69

Class of 1969 Thornton Fractional Township South High School, Lansing, IL

The Albert "Happy" Brose Memorial Award

*TF South established the Albert "Happy" Brose Memorial Award in 1968 to recognize students who showed the most improvement or succeeded in spite of setbacks. The first award went to Ed Steinweg (TFS '68); the second to **Alan Liptak** for his remarkable improvement on the football field.*



**Warrant Officer
Albert C. Brose**

A Lasting Connection

by **Alan Liptak** (Indiana)

I sit here wondering what to say about receiving the Albert C. Brose Memorial Award in my senior year at TF South. The first thought that comes to mind is the sacrifice soldiers like Happy make for our country. It was truly an unexpected honor in 1969 to receive this award that represents this man's

Albert "Happy" Brose graduated TF South in 1960 and was the son of Edith Glenn and step-father Alton Glenn. His classmates and neighbors remember Albert as a fun guy, which earned him his nickname Happy, a boy who liked cars, drag racing, and sailing on Lake Michigan.

Happy graduated from the University of Illinois in 1964 with an engineering degree and then pursued a Masters Degree until 1966, when he left the U of I to enlist in the U.S. Army.



Twenty-five-year-old Happy Brose had been in Southeast Asia for only a few weeks and had already flown more than 25 aerial missions over hostile territory. As he returned from his mission on May 18, 1967, the Bell UH-1 Huey Helicopter he was piloting crashed. Happy Brose did not survive.

Warrant Officer Albert C. Brose's

courage on the battlefield. It was really a great surprise to even be considered for it.

I never met Happy, but I know my achievement in football was minuscule compared to what he gave for all of us.



Alan Liptak receives the TFS Albert "Happy" Brose Award in 1969 from Mr. Alton Glenn, Happy's step-father.

The one thing Happy and I had in common was in reference to his nickname "Happy." I remember that like Albert, I, too, always had a fun-loving attitude. This common attribute makes me feel a special connection then and now to who Albert C. Brose was.

Like me, Happy was not much of an athlete, but his attitude inspired others. Happy's part in the Vietnam War as a U.S. Army helicopter pilot was to lead

many military honors include the Purple Heart, Air Medal for Meritorious Service, Bronze Star Medal of Valor, Aviator Badge, National Defense Service Medal, Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal, Vietnam Gallantry Cross Unit Citation, and the Vietnam Service Medal.

Mr. Brose lies at rest in Calumet Park Cemetery, Merrillville, Indiana. His name is inscribed on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, DC .

Albert C. Brose
Panel 20E Line 21



2011—Classmates of the TFS Class of 1960 honored Happy Brose with a plaque displayed at TFS.

his men into battle. Only in part do I feel a small resemblance to him having led my team on the gridiron as a quarterback. Even though we were young, we were leaders in our own right.

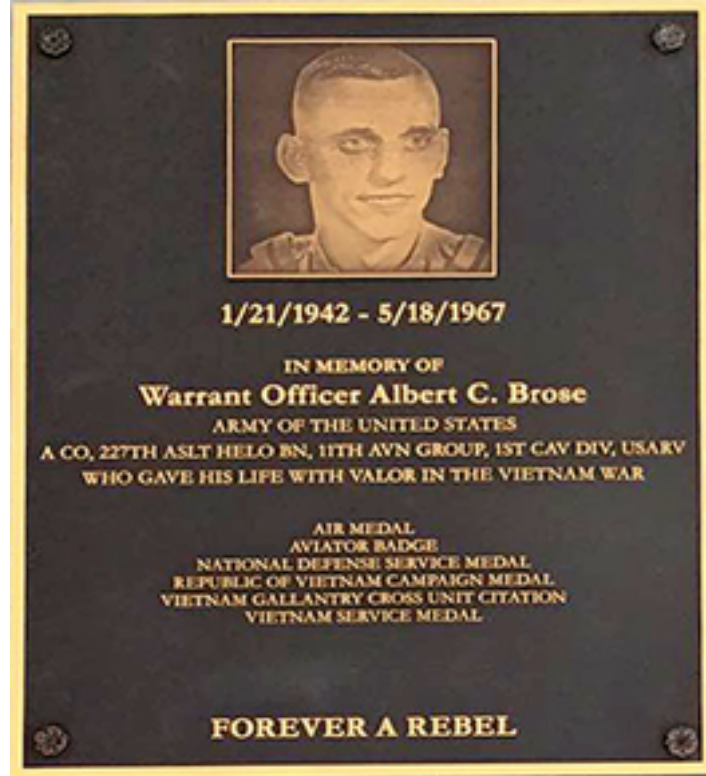
None of my high school athletic accomplishments were that great, but I always enjoyed being part of a team. (As they say, “There is no *I* in team.”) What was achieved on the field was not as important as the joy of being part of a group of young men. That joy is what kept me striving to be the best I could be.

You see, I was not much for being in the limelight. I always felt great, deep inside, for those behind the scenes who made things work. Even today it makes me feel good when someone at work is recognized. I believe success comes from pushing each other to be better, and I think Happy was that kind of guy, too.

As time goes on, my high school memories grow shorter, but I cherish all that has been. I’ve come to realize that in life, it is not the accomplishment that is so important, but the personal relationships with others that matter.

Our connection with God, country, family, and friends is what men like Albert “Happy” Brose stood for and defended.

Happy’s presence is missed, and his parents were truly blessed with a son



whose sacrifice will live in my heart and the hearts of others forever.

Thank you Happy and thank you to all who have fallen or served in the defense of America. God bless us all.

2017—Happy Brose is honored on the new TFS Rebels Remembered Wall of Honor.

For the past 20 years, Alan Liptak has been a flight attendant for Southwest Airlines, but now considers himself semi-retired. "Which means I don't fly as much as I used to."

Alan enjoys golfing, fishing, and going to high school football games. "I was a football, softball, and basketball referee for 14 years. I also enjoy traveling; it is in my blood."



Last month, four classmates shared their experience with September's monster storm, Hurricane Irma. Here is one more story.

Running from Irma

by **Carolyn "Inky" White Scofield** (Illinois)



When my husband Dave and I received an invitation to my nephew's wedding in Florida, we thought we would extend this trip into a vacation, spending time with family and have a short excursion to Key West. We were looking forward to sitting on the Gulf with a drink in hand and relaxing. We knew it was hurricane season, but I had purchased trip insurance, so no worries.

We left Wednesday, August 30, and spent a couple of days with my sweet grandson, Austin, in Lakeland before heading to Orlando for the wedding. I was so excited since this was the first time in eight years my whole family was together in one spot. The wedding was wonderful and we had a great

time. We kept joking about Hurricane Irma sitting out in the water. She was a very big storm, but was going to stay east. NO WORRIES.

On Monday night, as I packed for our three days in the Keys, I started to think that we should cancel this part of the trip. I called the resort in Key West to ask about this. They said, "NO PROBLEM. Come on down." Even if Irma did come their way, it would not be until Sunday, and we were only staying until Friday morning.

I called the airport to ask about flights to and from the Keys. They said, "NO PROBLEM." They could get us out earlier if necessary. Tuesday morning we headed to the airport, ...so looking forward to that drink.

Our flight went off without a hitch. Upon landing, our first encounter was with a local Uber driver, who was taking us to the hotel. He seemed very nervous about the storm and was planning on leaving soon. We arrived at our beautiful resort. Again, I am really looking forward to that drink. And a spa day.

But, Dave and I talked it over and decided to change our flight from Friday to Thursday, just to be cautious. I called Orbitz to change the flight. Then there was a knock on our hotel room door. It was the manager with an evacuation notice for noon on Wednesday. I spent two hours on the phone trying to change our plane. No luck. NO FLIGHTS AVAILABLE!

No problem. We will rent a car and spend the night at the hotel and drive out on Wednesday. Guess what! NO CARS AVAILABLE!

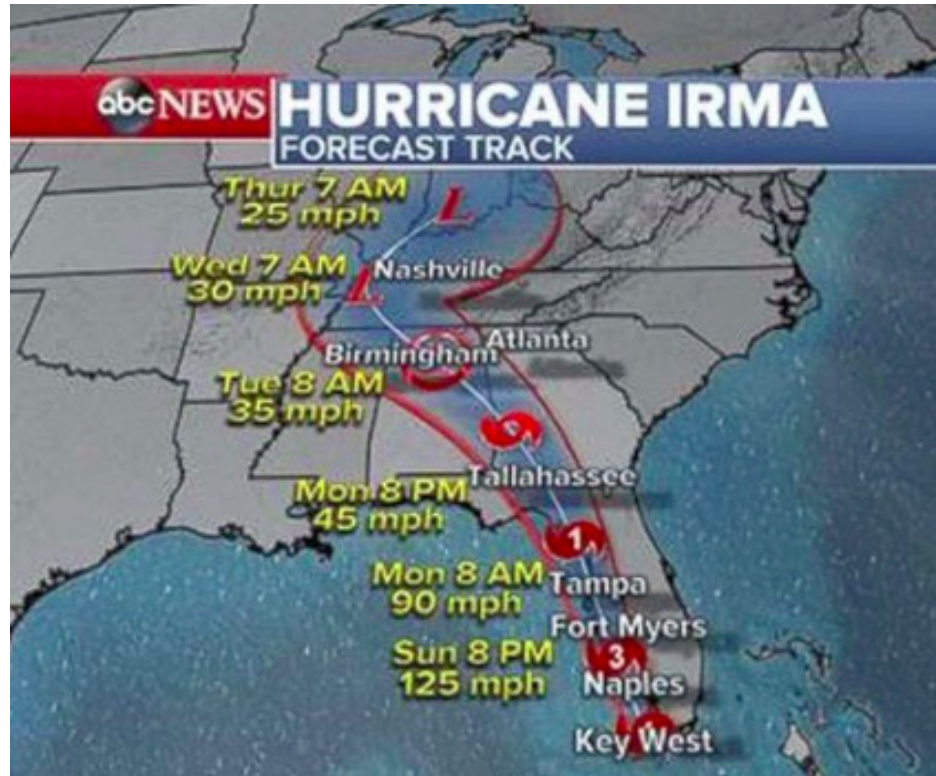
By this time, panic was setting in and I really wanted OFF this island. We decided to Uber back to the airport to see if we could do anything there. The airport was a bust. NO CARS TO RENT. NO PLANES TO TAKE. And GREYHOUND BUSES—FULL.

Now I am really starting to panic. My daughter-in-law, Laura Pelcher Lear (TFS '96)

and son Craig Lear (TFS '95) went on Facebook with their Lakeland connections to see if anyone had a plane to come get us. NO LUCK. So what do we decide to do? We called Uber.

The first driver said he would not take us to Miami, but the second driver turned out to be the best thing so far on this island. He said he would take us, but first he would try to get us on a tour bus to Miami. Thanks to this wonderful man, we hooked up with a tour bus leaving Key West at 5:30 pm.

Dave and I had been on the island for a full three hours trying to get off the island!



After 3 1/2 hours on the bus and meeting some great people, including the bus driver, we were let off at the Miami Airport. We went in to rent a car, but Avis did not want to rent us a car because we already had a rental. I explained to the man that the rental car was in Lakeland waiting for our return, but that we had no way to get back to Lakeland.

I was getting a little hysterical by this time! I think he was worried that I was going to go postal, so he talked to his manager. They agreed to give us the car.

We spent the night in Miami overlooking the airport and the crane that later blew down! I was supposed to be watching the sunset over the Gulf with a drink in my hand. Instead, we watched the planes take off as we ate a Subway sandwich at 11 pm. What a great vacation.

We got up the next morning to another evacuation notice, this time for Miami. I asked Dave if he felt Irma was following us. We headed out to drive back to Bradenton to my sister, Sandi White Jaroscak (TFS '65), and my brother, Jim White (TFS '72). Since the hurricane was staying to the east, we figured we would be safe.

We spent the next 48 hours helping my sister, brother, son, and daughter-in-law gather water, gas, and food, and shutter up homes. Fun vacation so far.

**If this seems like a long story, just remember...
it was a very long week!!**

On Friday morning we decided that my daughter, Dawn Lear Stanley (TFS '89), and her family should drive to Chicago since their flights for Sunday out of Tampa had been cancelled. As they were getting ready to head north in one of the rental cars, OUR MONDAY FLIGHT FROM TAMPA WAS CANCELLED. The storm was now heading up the west coast. Again, I think Irma was following us.

After some heart-wrenching discussion, we decided to take both rental cars and drive home. We left at noon on Friday. I think I cried for the first two hours of our drive. I felt I was abandoning my Florida family in time of need.

The drive was horrible. TRAFFIC, NO GAS, NO HOTELS. We drove on back roads, staying off of I-75, which was a parking lot. Now the storm was heading up the middle of the state. You guessed it. Right where we were.

We headed to Alabama and stayed in Birmingham. It took us 14 hours to drive what should have been 6 hours. The weather notice said the storm was coming more toward Alabama. Yep, just where we were!

The next night, we stayed in Louisville, Kentucky and watched Irma batter Key West, Miami, and Naples. We felt thankful that we were gone from there, but worried about my family in Bradenton, Lakeland, and Orlando. Oh by the way, I finally got that drink in my hand in beautiful Louisville. NOT quite what I had in mind.

Thankfully, my family was safe and sound. My nephew Bob Jaroscak (TFS '87) in Bradenton, my niece Debbie Jaroscak Sowder (TFS '91) were all safe as well. We got home to Illinois with some good stories, and I was able to take "being chased by a hurricane" off my bucket list.

Compared to what the people in the islands are suffering through, our adventure was just an inconvenience. We pray for all those that have suffered and wish them well.

*Dave and **Carolyn "Inky" White Scofield** own their own business, Waters Edge Gift, Garden & Pond Shop in Lansing, IL. Inky says she is not yet ready to retire and probably will not be returning to Key West anytime soon.*



Newly Named TFS Football Field Honors Padjen Family

In every year of TF South's 59 seasons of competitive football, there has been a Padjen on the field, either playing or coaching. So, on October 13, 2017, Dist. 215 Board of Education dedicated and renamed the TFS football field Padjen Field.

Tom Padjen (TFS '68), TFS football coach for 40 years, accepted the honor for three generations of TFS football-connected Padjens, who include—

- Tom's uncle John Padjen, first TFS football coach—1959
- Jim Padjen (TFS '62)
- Tom's brothers John (TFS '72), Bill (TFS '76), and Bob (TFS '77), the new TFS Head Football Coach
- and next generation Padjens including Tom's daughter Karie (TFS '95), a student athletic trainer, son Mark (TFS '98,); and nephews Peyton (TFS '12) and Reis (TFS '16)

"It's a tremendous honor," said Coach Tom Padjen, but, "it's the name on the front of the jersey that's more important than the name on the back."



Coach Tom Padjen and Dist. 215 Board of Education Pres. Richard Dust make it official—TF South Padjen Field.

What's in Your Vista, Cheryl?



Cheryl Ridder Woldhuis (Illinois) shares this sunset vista just a short drive from her home. "This is Crystal Lake," Cheryl says. "A place where I find peace."

Share your vista with our classmates. Send a photo of where you live and tell us what you like about the place you call home. Email your photo to TFSouth69@gmail.com

Happy November Birthday!

Barb Homans Schwarz, Craig Gutowski, Dick Schoon, Janet Ferko Carey, Donna Zentz Diver, Patty Bain Mansker, Owen Watterson, Cindy Graham Kats, Dave Bulla, Barbara Elliott Rudow, Diana Steinweg Plese, Dean Danks, Mark Inman

Celebrated October Wedding Anniversaries

Juno & **Marion Luszyk Bunge** (Indiana)—35 years

Holly & **Dave Ervin** (Indiana)—41 years

Wanda & **Keith Gardner** (Illinois)—44 years

Deborah Moss & **Rich Wold** (Indiana)—46 years

Bobbie & **Chris Cooper** (Illinois)—40 years

Bob & **Anita Harris O'Dell** (Indiana)—47 years

Welcome New Grandson!

Sue and **Art Banet** (Alaska) will forever forward be known as Grandma and Grandpa with the October arrival of first grandchild, Barrett Meyers, son of daughter Ceri and son-in-law Mike of Indiana. Art is armed with selfies and baby photos, holding friends and strangers hostage until they ooh and aah. Says Art, "This here guy with the new title is pretty proud."



TFS **TEAM69** Heard from...

Mary Ebbens Knighton (North Central Florida)—By the time Hurricane Irma got here, it was a Cat 1. We were blessed that we had just some tree damage around the property. No power for 7 days, so we lost our freezer food, but that will be replaced a little at a time. Thanks for your concern. ["Florida Classmates Weather Hurricane Irma" Oct. 2017]

Sandra Fritz Zaborski (Illinois)—Thank you for sending the TFS **Team69** newsletter. I enjoy reading about the adventures a lot of our classmates had or are having in life. It's nice to connect with some through Facebook since we've all made that promise, "we'll get together sometime" and we rarely do. I can't believe this year went by so fast. I hope this finds you in good health and I look forward to the next newsletter. Until then..."see" you on Facebook!



Dave Dickinson (California)—Great issue, as usual. I remember going to **Frank Mazzocco's** house and watching the Blackhawk games with the sound off. All the while he would be honing his broadcasting skills. So in a way, I helped him attain his greatness. Good job, Frank. ["Stirring Up the Gray Matter" Oct. 2017]

Faith Vankley (Indiana)—Hello to everyone in the Class of '69. I am still alive and living in the State of Indiana.

Sue Mullen Kotur (TFS '70)—What a great job you all do on the newsletter. Although I am a 1970 graduate, I look forward to reading about the Class of '69. Keep up the good work!

Art Banet (Alaska)—The TFS Newsletters are wonderful and I enjoy them a whole lot.



Our Heartfelt Condolences to...

Patricia Bain Mansker and her family on the passing of their mother, Jewell Dean Evans Bain, 85, in October. Mrs. Bain and her husband William lovingly raised their four children, Patty, Judy, Gregory, and Jeffery, in Lansing. Mrs. Bain, homemaker and certified nurse's aide, resided in Lincoln County, Tennessee, where she was born.

We're Always Looking for Classmates

We've lost touch with some of our classmates. If you are in contact with any of those listed below, please ask them to contact us at TFSouth69@gmail.com

John Stewart
Jim Stevens
Cindy Stelzer
Jerry Stefaniak
Anne Stamper Martin
Barbara Sroka Carlson

Scott Southard
Adair Simmons
Angie Schurman
Karen Schultz
Bob Rossman
Harold Rossi

For the Nov. 2017 *Life & Times*

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