

CLASS OF 1960

CELEBRATION OF OUR 60TH REUNION YEAR – 20??

Volume XVIII
Summer 2021



Fireside Grille, Middleboro, MA



NOTE:

Our BHS Class of 1960 60th reunion scheduled to be held at the Fire-side Grille in Middleboro, MA has been postponed once more due to the uncertainty of the Covid-19 Delta Variant. More on the next page...

$$\frac{60}{60} = 2020$$

WE STILL WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!

YOUR CLASSMATES WOULD LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU. SEND US A NOTE-AND MAYBE EVEN A PHOTO- VIA EMAIL (JUDITHDONOHUE@GMAIL.COM) OR PICK UP THE PHONE AND CALL JUDY HIGGINS DONOHUE, 352-603-3941. ALSO, PLEASE PASS THIS ALONG TO ANY CLASSMATES YOU KNOW WHO DO NOT HAVE EMAIL. WE ARE NO LONGER MAILING "HARD" COPIES OF THE NEWSLETTER.

JUST EMAIL OR CALL
JUDY HIGGINS DONOHUE.

OUR CLASS WEBSITE: <http://www.bhs1960class.com>

Judith Higgins Donahue, Kerry Harkins, Tom Chew & Sharon Keith Cerci have joined forces as our class celebrates its 60th High School Class Reunion. In the past, you have received our newsletter issues with great enthusiasm, curiosity & pleasure as you read about fellow classmates. Hopefully you will be able to join us.



Judith



Kerry



Tom



Sharon

RESCHEDULING OF OUR 60th

Hello Classmates,
We have all heard the phrase "out of an abundance of caution" frequently over the past few months, relative to the COVID-19 virus Delta Variant. With those words in mind, your Reunion Committee has decided to postpone our 60th BHS reunion which was tentatively scheduled for August 29, 2021 until we have a better understanding of the guidelines that we may or may not be under. We will keep you post-

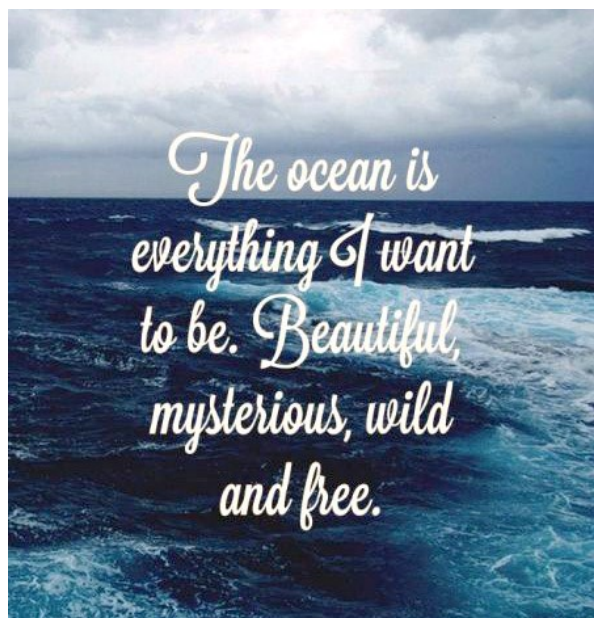


ed. In the meantime, we may explore the possibility of a mini-gathering this fall, depending on the status of the virus. Your Reunion Committee

As with previous reunions, our class will be raising funds for another scholarship for Brockton High School students. This time we have set an ambitious goal of \$20,200. You may be surprised to hear that we have already passed the halfway point. (See related article by Tom Chew on Page-4)



Top of Next Column Please



Dining Room



We will be communicating with you in the months ahead with more details. In the meantime, we are hoping to collect and publish current photos from everyone in the class. Our goal is to have "then" and "now" photos from as many people as possible—even if you don't plan to attend. You will see a few classmates in this newsletter. It is wonderful to see how our classmates are aging gracefully, showing the same face they had in 1960, enriched and enhanced by experience and wisdom.



The way to happiness: Keep your heart free from hate, your mind from worry. Live simply, expect little, give much. Scatter sunshine, forget self, think of others. - Norman Vincent Peale

Linda (Crosby) Myers

Just Yesterday in Campello



Harking back before Brockton High School (BHS), even before junior high, to the south end of town, Campello, where I grew up. Specifically, the area around Nelson's Playground...Keith Avenue, Clifton Avenue, Warren Avenue up as far as Huntington School. I wonder whether any of you from the south end remember any of the special places I do.

At the end of Keith Avenue, across Warren, was a short dead-end street, Keith Avenue Ext., that ran alongside a ballfield...Nelson's Playground, it was called. Actually, a ballfield with bleachers, tennis courts, swings and a slide. My dad, an avid baseball fan, took me along to many of the games there from the time I could walk. He was a fan, I was not. When I was a little older, once he was situated and well into the game, I would slip off and head for the swings. He barely noticed. Life was different then. Safer. We lived only five houses up Keith Avenue...this was practically my own back yard.

The brief Keith Avenue Ext, ended at the woods. From there, a short path led to an open space known as "the dump". It wasn't a trash dump but a tree trunk dump. A huge pile of tree trunks, stripped of branches, was piled up helter-skelter. I don't know where they came from or why they were there. We climbed on them and walked them like tightropes. Thinking back now...we could have been easily killed there. Our angels must have been watching over us... at any time the huge trunks could have dislodged, rolled over and crushed us. We, however, never gave it a thought. Kids!

I sometimes played in the woods with a couple of my friends. I think Francine, Noreen, and Arlene were all with me at one time or another. Our hideout was in a particular thicket. It appeared impenetrable but, if you crawled through, it was open in the middle. A small log made a perfect bench to sit on. One day...must have been Pirate Day...we buried a small jewelry box, shaped and carved like a log but lined with red velvet. The landlady, who owned our house, gave it to me along with some pieces of colored, rounded glass...my gemstones. Treasure. Occasionally, we heard other voices, but we never saw anyone. We were well screened from view by the dense growth.

Another path through the woods led to a small brook, continued on the other side, and came out on Market Street across from Huntington School. Sometimes we took that path to school. (Top of Next Column Please) →

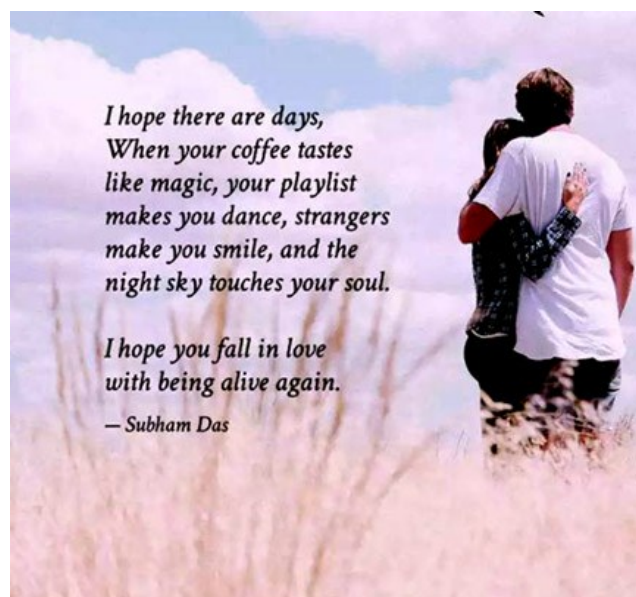
A rope hung over the brook from a tree that grew by the water's edge. Older kids swung across the brook on it. I finally worked up the nerve to try it one time.

Hesitating, I barely had enough momentum to carry me to the other side, landing me splat in the mud at the water's edge. I went to school that way...my shoes encased in mud, socks and legs mud-splattered. Usually we went a bit upstream and crossed on some rocks, balancing carefully, getting our shoes just a little wet. We visited the hideout and played on the logs over a two-year period, give or take, when we were seven, eight, or nine years old.

When I was about eleven, construction began on a new junior high - South Junior High School - right on top of the woods, the path, the brook, the logs and our hideout. I attended the first eighth grade class at South and was in the second ninth grade class to graduate from there into BHS.

Walking the halls of the bright, shiny, spacious new school, I calculated my buried treasure might lie somewhere under Mr. Lazour's classroom or maybe Mr. McIntyre's.

When I dredged up these ancient memories, I wondered whether anyone else remembers the time when South Junior High was an adventurous wood with a gurgling brook running through it, a brook with an old frayed, but thick, brown rope hanging over it, perfect for testing your Tarzan skills on. Hunkered down and hushed in our hideout, were the voices we heard yours?



*The scenes of the forest, the mountains, the oceans
allow us to recharge ourselves to
move ever forward... Kerry F. Harkins*

Class of 1960 Gives Back (Update — 8.5.21) - by Tom Chew



When the Class of 1960 Reunion Committee was discussing what contribution our class might make to Brockton High School to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of our graduation, a suggestion was made to offer a scholarship. Through the generosity of many of our classmates, the initial goal was surpassed almost immediately and finally amounted to over \$11,000 resulting in two scholarships of \$5,500 each, one of the largest awarded at Brockton High.

It was no surprise, five years later, when the 55th Reunion planning group came together that they again wanted to provide a scholarship for the graduating class of Brockton High. Once again, the generosity of our classmates was overwhelming and two scholarships of \$5,000 each were awarded.

So here we are now, looking forward to our 60th Anniversary. Because we had already established a track record of awarding scholarships, several classmates have continued to send in checks in anticipation of the class once again making a scholarship gift to the BHS graduating class. I am pleased to report that we have \$11,550 towards the scholarship, mostly from one extremely generous classmate. Given that starting base and that our 60th anniversary is in 2020, it seemed almost too easy to make our goal this time to be \$20,200. If we still want to use \$20,200 as our goal, we need \$8,650 more to reach that goal. We already have proven we can do it twice before. Can **WE** do it one more time?

If you agree, please send your check payable to “**BHS Class of 1960 Scholarship**”, to Tom Chew, Treasurer, 21 Freedom Cir, Pembroke, MA 02359. Individual donation amounts are always kept confidential. Any amount will be greatly appreciated.



Relax.

Don't rush.

Don't force.

Don't stress.

Let things happen,
trust the process,
and try to enjoy the ride.

Lori Deschene

HONOR TO THE SOLDIER
AND SAILOR EVERYWHERE,
WHO BRAVELY BEARS HIS
COUNTRY'S CAUSE. HONOR,
ALSO, TO THE CITIZEN WHO
CARES FOR HIS BROTHER IN
THE FIELD AND SERVES, AS HE
BEST CAN, THE SAME CAUSE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

SUMMER'S THE TIME FOR 'HELPING NEIGHBORS' 30 JUNE 2021

BY: ALAN POLLOCK



Family Pantry of Cape Cod volunteer Dick Govoni, who provided the \$20,000 matching grant to kick off Helping Neighbors, spends two days each week as a “picker,” choosing groceries to fill each client’s bags. Alan Pollock Photo

When it comes to summer food on Cape Cod, it’s all about cookouts, lobster rolls and soft-serve ice cream. But for lots of year-round residents, summer’s just another season in the struggle to put nutritious food on the table.

“Some of our summer folks might not know it, but the high cost of living means that lots of local families need extra help making ends meet,” Cape Cod Chronicle Publisher Henry C. Hyora said. “Maybe it’s the server from their favorite restaurant, or the landscaper sprucing up their summer house.” Each year, thousands of them turn to the Family Pantry of Cape Cod to close that gap.

As it does each year, The Cape Cod Chronicle is encouraging its readers to contribute to the Family Pantry of Cape Cod as part of its summertime Helping Neighbors campaign. This year’s campaign aims to raise \$75,000, about \$10,000 more than readers raised last year. Each week through Labor Day, we’ll be running a list of contributors alongside stories featuring the good work of the Family Pantry and the people who make it possible.

One of those people is Dick Govoni, a Cape retiree who volunteers with the Family Pantry. Govoni is providing a remarkable \$20,000 matching grant to start Helping Neighbors with a big push. That means that, until the grant runs out, donors to the campaign will see their generosity doubled.

Govoni retired from a 27-year career with the U.S. Army in 1993. Years ago, he put some money in an investment club created by a friend. The fund grew nicely over time, and he considered making a big donation to the Family Pantry, the place where he volunteers bagging groceries every week.

He met with Pantry Executive Director Christine Menard, who encouraged him to create a matching grant for Helping Neighbors.

In talking with Chris, I thought it would do a great deal more for the Pantry to encourage people around the community to kick in a few bucks of their own,” Govoni said.

Govoni said he’s already confident the donation will be used to its greatest possible benefit. The Family Pantry uses the purchasing power of the Greater Boston Food Bank to

provide nutritious staples for clients, supported by donations from individuals, grocery stores and farms. Every donated dollar provides four nutritious meals, and Govoni knows his \$20,000 – doubled by Chronicle readers – will help real local families.

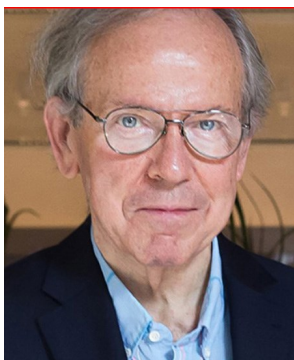
“I see it every day,” he said.

While there are many food pantries serving various parts of the Cape, the Family Pantry is the largest that’s available for anyone to use, without geographic restrictions. Clients have a confidential interview on their first visit and then are entitled to come for food every 14 days. Rather than just picking up pre-bagged groceries, Family Pantry clients can choose which foods their family will like, selecting from frozen meats, cheese, eggs, fresh produce as well as traditional canned and packaged food products.

In some respects, the Cape’s hunger problem is really a housing problem. For year-round Cape residents in the workforce fortunate enough to find housing, rent or mortgage payments consume much of their monthly budget. After utilities and other expenses, there’s little money left over for unforeseen emergencies like a broken-down car, medical expenses or a burst water heater. By helping with another big household expense, food, the Family Pantry helps locals stretch their money, Menard said.

Thanks to efficiencies brought about by the pandemic, the Family Pantry can now serve more clients per hour than ever before with even better customer service. The nonprofit has also expanded its “Healthy Meals in Motion” mobile food pantry, which proved to be a lifeline to senior citizens during COVID-19. The Pantry also helps people connect with federal food assistance and with help paying their home heating bills, and even provides a selection of gently-used clothing for clients to peruse. For some people, the Family Pantry provides a temporary boost when facing hard times, but for an increasing number of working families, it’s part of what makes it possible for them to stay on Cape Cod, Menard said.

Update on Bernard Donohue (Brian):



Our classmate, Brian Donohue, continues to excel and amaze. In a phone conversation earlier this month, the Annapolis grad and decorated Viet Nam combat veteran talked about “Night Watch,” a volume of poetry he published in 2018. The book, described by

one critic as “powerful, complex and beautiful, perfectly measured and crafted,” is a collection of poems written over the past 50 years. Brian says he started writing poetry at age 11--probably a bit of a surprise to those of us who knew him then. His poetry has earned him the *Vagabond Literary Prize* in Munich.

As father of seven and grandfather of 14, Brian and his wife Mai, also a successful author (<https://maigoodness.com>), continue to have a busy life in Barrington, RI. Despite a long battle with Parkinsons disease, Brian exudes a positive spirit. He says Mai’s wonderful cooking is helping to keep him healthy, despite the challenges that come with the disease. You can learn more about Brian and about *Night Watch* here: <http://nightwatchpoems.com>. You can reach him by email at info@maigoodness.com.

Here is what the book jacket has to say about Brian.:

“B.G. Donohue, a 1964 Annapolis graduate, served in the Mediterranean Sea during the 1967 Arab - Israeli war and is a Bronze Star decorated Vietnam combat veteran, serving in the River Patrol Force from early 1968 through 1970. Thereafter he advised the Navy Dept on management development. He served on President Gerald Ford's Task Force on Refugee Resettlement. He has also advised two consecutive Rhode Island Governors as Special Assistant. In the private sector he serves as Investment Counsel and Trustee. He has also published as Penrod, his nom de plume.



“I can imagine no more rewarding a career. And any man who may be asked in this century what he did to make his life worthwhile, I think can respond with a good deal of pride and satisfaction: 'I served in the United States Navy.'”

John F. Kennedy





Dick Govoni recently gathered a few BHS 1960 friends for lunch in Sandwich; From the left: Marvin Geller, Ron Scarborough, Jim Capiello, Dick Govoni, Diane Abruzzese Barbour, Alan Young, Dick Connolly, & Lennie Miele

Some Images from our Past:



CHET MILLETT - Head Coach
JOHN BROPHY - CapTain
JACK REARDON - JACK PARKER - Line Coaches



I have the names, but the only 1 I know is Margaret.

Remember this Jacket? Doesn't it bring back some great memories?



As a single footstep will not make a path on the earth, so a single thought will not make a pathway in the mind. To make a deep physical path, we walk again and again. To make a deep mental path, we must think over and over the kind of thoughts we wish to dominate our lives.

-Henry David Thoreau

"The glory of friendship is not the outstretched hand, not the kindly smile, nor the joy of companionship; it is the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when you discover that someone else believes in you and is willing to trust you with a friendship."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



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