

DUST IN THE WIND

A Class of '76 Newsletter

Volume 2 Issue 6

<http://www.mers.byu.edu/>

2006

TIGER WOODS, EAT YOUR HEART OUT



WHY ARE WE UP THIS EARLY?--Class of 1976 duffers got up early on June 17 to show their skills at the Angel Park Golf Facility-Mountain Course for the Reunion golf tournament. Registration started at 7 a.m. with the tournament starting at 8 a.m. After a fun day of golfing, the LVHS duffers attended a B-B-Q and awards were handed out. No list of award winners was available. Thanks to Gene for the photos from the golf tournament.

MEMORY BOOK UPDATE

Hello Everyone:

Summer has come to a close, Halloween is just 2 weeks away, Thanksgiving and Christmas are just around the corner. Where did the year go? I promised the Memory Book would only be delayed by one month. Well, good news!!!! The book is at the printer's, finally. We are working on the layout which I hope to finalize by the end of this week, 27 October. The printer anticipates it will take approximately two weeks to print, bind and get the order to me and we can start the distribution, finally.

Many thanks to Cathy Schultz Chapman (Chairperson), Rick Schofield, Peri Downs McCulloch and James Deakin for helping to choose the photo's for the book and a special thanks to Cathy, as Chairperson, for guiding the committee, keeping things moving forward and most importantly, making final 15 selections of the photo's from the one's the committee members selected. There were so many great pictures it was a daunting task.

Thank you to everyone who took pictures and submitted them to the website: Judy Stiborek Gibson, Linda Elsen Stinar, Lori Portrykus, Peri Downs McCulloch, everyone who took photo's using the camera's on the tables and who took pictures during the golf tournament. It turns out we have many photographers extraordinaire! If you want to see all the photo's, just go to the website: www.mers.byu.edu/long/LVHS, scroll down to Reunion Pictures, click on this and the various photo's sites will come up.

Many thanks to David Long for managing the website for the photo's and the Newsletter Dennis Berry puts out each month. If you haven't had a chance to read it, take a moment and catch up. It's fun reading. Thank you Dennis.

Well, that's the update on the Memory Book for now. If you did not attend the Reunion but would like to purchase the book for the bio's the cost is \$35.00 and I need to know as soon as possible before I go to print next week (the week of Halloween). Please send a check or money order payable to: Judy Newmarker, 4009 Fielding Court, Cypress, CA 90630

Happy Haunting

Judy



RAMBLINGS FROM THE EDITOR



Wow. Another issue in the box.

I hope you enjoy this issue. Lots of golf photos thanks to Gene Leon. I wish I could have been there. I paid my fees but wasn't able to make it. Next time. Good news from Judy Newmarker about the Memory Books. Can't wait to see them. Jim McKusick's sons band is doing an album aka CD. Make sure you pick up a copy when it is released. Look for information in Dust In The Wind for release information. You can also go to their MySpace site and hear some of their music. Hate to say this but I will anyway. I was rooting against the Denver Broncos against the Colts and Peyton. My San Diego Chargers are fighting the Broncos for first place and the eventual playoff spot. Don't forget this newsletter is for our class to share news about each other. I am sure in the past 30 years there hasn't been a wedding, birthday, birth or any other special event that has happened to our classmates. Share. We are interested in what has happened to each other the past 30 years. Send a copy of that old

newspaper clipping.
Send those 40th
birthday party
photos. I will try my
best to find stuff to
fill the pages but I
can use a little help.
Till next issue,
Thanks,
Dennis

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SOUNDING OFF:

Tramlines juggle school, performing

(Reprinted from the Oct. 24 Las Vegas Review Journal)

Tyler McKusick laughs at himself, mainly because he realizes that he just said something that sounds as if it came straight from a Calvin Klein commercial.

"It's our passion, our desire," he says breathily before breaking into laughter, his cheeks reddening until they almost look sunburned.

McKusick's talking about his band, the Tramlines, sitting in the conference room of his father's advertising agency, the windows of which are decorated with seasonal faux cobwebs.

If McKusick comes off as a tad precocious as he speaks, the same can't be said of the Tramlines.

Though they're a young group -- two of the band's five members are still in high school -- the band possesses a grown-up sound, with panoramic, dramatic tunes whose density is abetted by three guitarists. The band's full-bodied indie rock is both intricate and immediate, layered with aching piano, walls of guitar and vocals that sound as if McKusick's singing with his heart in a vice.

It's a distinct sound that's beginning to get this bunch noticed.

The Tramlines recently traveled to Santa Monica, Calif., to have their debut full-length album, "The Bottom of the Sea," mixed and mastered by renowned engineer Ed Goodreau, who has worked with such big names as Phil Collins, David Bowie, Guns N' Roses and the Eagles.

Goodreau is working with the band on spec, charging them nothing upfront and getting paid only if the Tramlines land a deal.

"It's a very good situation, especially for a bunch of kids who have \$8-an-hour jobs," singer/guitarist/pianist Chad Felix says, grinning and surrounded by his bandmates, bassist Corey Van Cleef, guitarist Dillon Shines and drummer Michael Catalano.

The Tramlines began as a recording project for Felix and McKusick, lifelong friends who first cut their teeth in emotive local rockers First October.

From the onset, the band has stuck out from its peers -- mainly because it doesn't have many. Coming of age in a punk, emo and hard-core dominated scene, the Tramlines have never really fit in with anyone.

"When we were all younger, everyone was doing the whole screamo thing," Catalano says. "I'd go to local shows, and I didn't really like that music at all. I never listened to it. I was listening to the Beatles and stuff while everyone else was listening to Thrice."

With a more subtle, nuanced sound, the Tramlines have slowly made headway locally, but with its debut due out by the end of the year, the group is as promising as any young, unsigned Vegas band.

"We're working, we're going to school, and we're trying to do this," Felix says. "It's the only thing we want to do."

Jason Bracelin's "Sounding Off" column appears on Tuesdays. Contact him at 383-0476 or e-mail him at jbracelin@reviewjournal.com.





The Tramlines

Angel Park Golf Facility Photos



Hey, I thought you were supposed to bring the golf balls?



I was sure we were supposed to turn left at the cactus.



I think I told those guys to take a left at the cactus.



What do you mean you didn't come out here to golf?



<http://www.mers.byu.edu/long/LVHS/>



A special thanks to Gene Leon for the golf photos that appear in this issue of Dust In The Wind.



I know I had those keys a few minutes ago.

Another perfect par

A retired gentleman spent most afternoons at the local golf course. Every day he would spend about three hours out on the course, playing a round by himself. When he would return to the clubhouse, the resident pro would inquire about his score.

"Ed, how'd you shoot today?" to which the man would always reply, "Another perfect par."

The golf pro (being of average intelligence) knew that there was no way the old man was shooting straight par every day. But since he was a regular customer, he didn't want to insult the man by accusing him of lying.

Finally, one day, the pro decided to accompany the old man on his daily round, just to see for himself.

On the first tee, the older gentleman sliced the ball way off into the rough. He found his ball, but his second shot was even worse. Finally, putting it into the first hole (a par 4) took him 8 swings.

The golf pro thought to himself, "I knew it! This guy's been lying all this time. There is no way he is gonna shoot anywhere NEAR par."

They continued on, and the old man's game stayed the same, never once getting a par on any one hole. After almost 3 hours, they teed off on the 13th hole. The old man actually hit it straight down the middle -- It was the best shot he had made all day! He promptly walked down the fairway to his ball, picked it up, and began walking back to the clubhouse.

The pro was confused. "Hey, that was a great shot! Where are you going now?"

"Oh, I'm done," the old man replied with a smile. "That shot was number 72 . . . another perfect par!"