



Alumnews

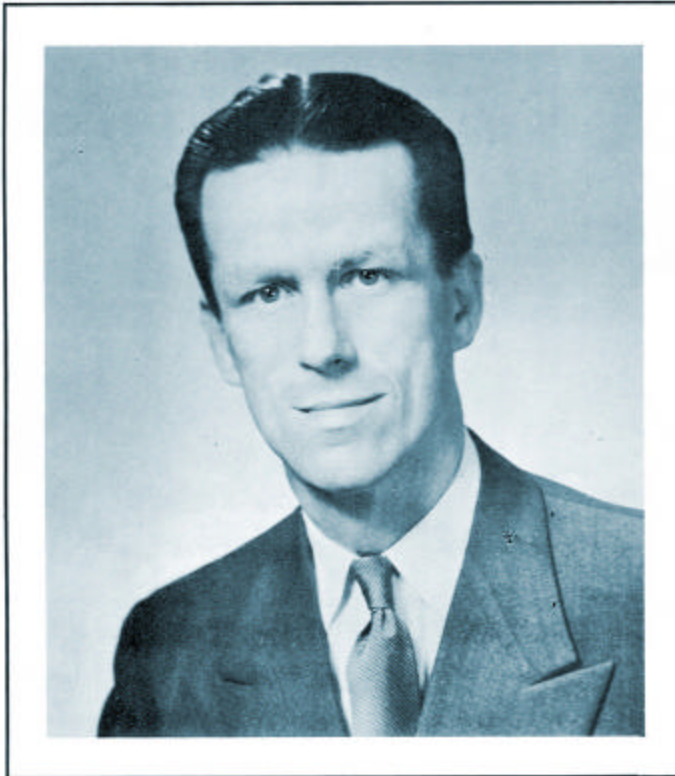
Celebrating the Life of Richard J Hammond

**Loma Linda Service for R.
J. Hammond**
By Norma (Beers) Heid '57

The Loma Linda service for Richard J. Hammond was held at the Campus Hill Church on April 2, 2006. My husband, Jack, and I drove up from San Diego and we were not surprised that there was a large group already there 30 minutes before the service. Just outside the church we recognized and greeted friends we had not seen in years (some for 50+ years). We were happy to see Raymond Pelton and his wife, Virginia, and Cindy. We worked with them at New England and have kept in touch over the years. They live fairly close to Loma Linda in Yucaipa. Mr.

Pelton took part in the service and his was one of the tributes given in remembrance of Elder Hammond.

My earliest recollection of Elder Hammond was when I was very young. The old GBA at 415 Newbury Street was one of the centers of Adventist Society in the 40's (the other being the "San") and my parents (Lloyd and Connie Beers) used to take David and I to the Saturday night programs there, etc. Basically, I grew up knowing Elder Hammond. It seemed like he was always there. I remember the Acadette practices and the trips to area churches on Sabbaths and also the "big" trip in the spring to Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, etc. As I have gotten older I think about what a patient man Elder Hammond was, to put up with all of us teenagers and try to steer us in the right direction. He was always a Christian in whatever he said or did. I know a lot of us didn't appreciate it then. I remember David and I getting into a fair amount of trouble in our four years at 415 Newbury and getting reprimanded by Elder Hammond, but then he would come by our house on



September 8, 1914--March 23, 2006

Marble Street and bring something he thought we would enjoy – maybe some maple butter he had bought. He would also write little notes of encouragement to anyone who might need them. I still have some of his notes and they mean a lot to me now, being older and realizing what this wonderful man dealt with every day. A lot of us remember Elder Hammond inviting us to the Boston Pops on a Sunday afternoon, or a visit to Durgin Park for strawberry shortcake.

It seemed to me that most of the tributes given to Elder Hammond at the service in Loma Linda and many of the fond memories were related to the time he spent in Boston/Stoneham. Bill Brace gave a very eloquent Homily and referred to Elder Hammond's

correct usage of the English language

and the sometimes "High English" that we had to really listen to in order to understand. Elder James Hayward (who looks exactly the same as he did 40 years ago), Ken Hutchins, and Elder Lowell Bock also gave moving tributes to Elder Hammond.

We were pleased to see Wally (Coon) and David Gebow, Nellie (Coon) and David Stone, and Jackie (McCleary) and Don Coon and catch up with them and their families. Mrs. Davies was there as well as her daughter, Dorothy. We had a nice visit with Jim and Esther Boyd and Al Deininger. Audrey Moorhouse was there and Don Perkins was there from Indiana Academy. Of course, Emily Hammond was there and very gracious, as always.

Certainly we witnessed the end of an era (our youth) with the promise of seeing each other, and most certainly Elder Hammond, in Heaven.

HOW DID RICHARD FIRST CONNECT WITH THE STONEHAM CHURCH?

This is May 12 and we are talking to Evelyn Davies about stories of Richard Hammond in his younger days, so go ahead, Mother.

The first time I remember anything about Richard Hammond was in Copley Square in Boston, MA. And this young man stood on the corner and it seemed that he had agreed to a blind date with 2 or 3 other fellows and when... it was Sunday evening and he had agreed to this blind date but he didn't realize that it included a dinner and then a movie and so he couldn't afford the dinner and he told the fellows, "I don't go to movies" so he had to excuse himself and walk away. He ended up in Copley Square. Whether he knew that my husband, Harvey Davies, who was the assistant organist at the Old South Church or whether he knew that he was an Adventist or whether knew that he was playing at the church that evening for the service or not, I do not know, but anyhow he apparently went in to the Old South Church and he went up to the organ loft and spoke to Harvey and then they came out of the Old South Church and I suppose I was with them but we ended standing on the corner of the street there right in front of the Old South Church. And it was my first time I had ever seen Richard Hammond. I had a feeling that it was Harvey's, too. And he looked very thin and he needed a good square meal. And Harvey must have thought so, too. Because he invited him to Sabbath Dinner at the Stoneham Church. I think that was the beginning of Richard's attendance at the Stoneham Church. We felt sorry for him. He was a struggling student and didn't have any money, so Harvey would invite him to dinner. And I think he had many dinners in our home. It seems that...I guess that's about the story, isn't it?

I guess, I don't know the story. Was he a Divinity student at Harvard? I think so. Getting a Divinity Degree. Okay. So that was how Richard Hammond appeared upon the scene. That's right. He lost out on the blind date, and he ended up with the Davies. What a twist of fate, huh? Yes, Okay, thank you Mother. We were great friends for many years. Okay.

Thanks to Evelyn and Roger for this story. Evelyn went on to work at GBA for some 20 years, from 1965-1985 Pa

"ALGUNAS AMIGOS"

This was written by Richard Hammond, who knows when, but it covers a series of events that some boys at GBA were involved in with him during the late '40's. It was a secret organization, and the cover was closely guarded, didn't become common knowledge who everyone was, at any rate! Myself, Paul Asgerisson was one, (I owned the car!) David Johnson, Gene Gascay and Paul Turpel rounded out the quartet.

And you know, It was a whole lot of fun! I'm still involved in doing similar events to this day!

Richards wife Emily requested that it be told and gave me what he had written. So here it is at last, In Richards own words!

One afternoon last December Bob, Ray, Tom and Bill shuffled into my classroom for a sixth-period jam session. It was just before Christmas and the approaching holiday season had left our personal finances in a state of appalling indigence. But somehow our conversation took the turn. Wouldn't it be fun to surprise a few folk this Christmas eve? And perhaps even more fun to continue such surprises throughout the New Year? Furthermore, why not conceal our identity, letting the people guess all the while, "Where did this come from?" "Would you boys like to conduct this experiment?" I ventured. Would they! They took the line and literally ran away with it. They would do the work, although I could hold honorary membership, and incidentally, underwrite twenty percent of the total costs.

During our conflag it was suggested that we adopt the obscure name of "Algunos Amigos"—some friends. That was agreeable to all, so we had some cards printed to confirm this cryptic title.

It was voted to meet in one of our homes for an hour every Monday evening, where the boys could plot their surprise attacks on individuals or families who perhaps had met with an unexpected reverse. They also desired to extend a cheery greeting in some material form to many of their unsung neighbors who rarely, if ever, received an unexpected kindness. As suggested above, the expense of these weekly enterprises would be shared equally by the five of us.

To convey their packaged greetings the boys would have to rely upon Ray's 1928 Chevy, a grave risk at best. It insured neither a quick nor silent get-away. Three months after he acquired his armored tank Ray cosily informed a schoolmate that he had driven his car for ninety days and hadn't had a wreck. A near-by observer retaliated that in reality he had driven that wreck for ninety days and hadn't had a car. For the current winter, however, he boasted a heater that was equal to any reasonable plunge of the mercury. It would have helped if there had been a little more glass in the windows. The right front seat was a relic of something that had been something, and unless the passenger was forcibly restrained he usually catapulted himself into the unwelcome laps of those behind, for the seat was no longer anchored to the floor. But it did provide a covering refuge for the pump and pliers, the latter weapon being used for everything from adjusting the sparkplugs to raising and lowering the rear right window. The back seat, "supported by coil springs of varying degrees of conviction", invariably aroused new respect for that time-honored method of travel—walking.

Our first job was Christmas Eve. The boys of course were in charge, but I tagged along for company. We already had the addresses of a number of families and were anxious to take off. Every available space in the car was bulging with fruits, vegetables and candy, made possible by some friends who helped us get our start. We had waited until 11:00 p.m. since it was much easier then to "case the joints." The boys worked in pairs, alternating on each foray, being extremely cautious in their approach to the doorstep. Some of the crates of edibles they lugged were

Alumnews

VOLUME 15 ISSUE 1 SUMMER '06

President	Arthur Barnaby 1951 PO Box 703 Milton Freewater OR 97862-0703 951-359-4344 Email AFBarnaby@Juno.com
Vice President	Olga Batista Slocum 1978 81 Washington St Lynn MA 01902-4710 781-599-3497 Email DOSlocum@aol.com
Secretary	Elaine Hedden French 1966 190 Elm St Littleton NH 03561-4500 603-444-0268
Treasurer	Bill McGregor 1964 8 Rt 385 Catskill NY 12414-5028 518-943-4998
Alumnews	Paul Asgerisson 1950 9123 N Clarendon Ave Portland OR 97203-2750 H 503-978-1103

quite heavy, and their enforced rapid breathing punctuated the crisp air with a series of short-lived smoke screens. Stealthily surrendering their cargo they rang, or rather jammed the door bell, and then ran! It really pleased them when they drove by a few minutes later and found every light in the house aglow, for they knew then that their torpedoes of good will toward men had made a direct hit.

From that unpretentious beginning the night-before-Christmas these teenage boys have, with few exceptions (which they blame on their examinations) surprised a number of people each week. Roses have been slipped into the wheel-chair of invalids, gardenias sneaked into the bedside of accident victims, along with something practical as well as palatable for those who like to eat, and books for others who enjoy reading.

As these unexpected visits continued to succeed each other with mounting interest, Alunos amigos were given a requisition for some groceries from a friendly observer associated with a chain of markets in this area. With that lift to our own slender budget the five of us went shopping one mid-winter afternoon after school. Here the boys learned first-hand some of the simple economics of market values. They had been given only five dollars, which will not buy a lot of food, but I challenge any thrifty housewife, including my own, to even rival, much less excel these lads in extracting the last gram of value from the cash they had to invest. They were determined to make their purchases total five dollars even. With three pushcarts well filled they tallied up and discovered there four cents left to spend. A candy bar? No, that cost a nickel. But what could you buy for anything less? Persistently they combed the market from stem to stern with eyes sharper than those of the President's bodyguard in the inaugural parade. After two or three complete circuits around the store Tom triumphantly spotted a box of tooth picks marked at four cents. Again, fair exchange was no robbery.

A weekly program such as this made every boy an alert "spotter", and our Monday night forums found each Amigo vying with his fellows in reporting the most urgent cases under his observation. You would have thought they had the responsibility of executing the provisions of the Marshall plan. Quite often, though, their selections were just nice worthy people they wanted to surprise with an anonymous visit. After long and vigorous debate plans were laid to deliver the goods to all who survived the screening.

Since three members worked as call-boys in an adjacent hospital, they readily functioned as fifth columnists without the taint of suspicion. Many deliveries of miscellaneous gifts, along with flowers and candy, bore the stamp of a routine duty so far as the patients and working personnel were concerned.

One evening a friend, who is a staff writer for one of Boston's newspapers, joined us on our weekly round. This, he thought would make good copy for his column "Off the Beaten Path."

When the six of us crammed into Ray's chariot, it seemed to swing a little lower than usual. We had always had reservations regarding the forthrightness of the starter, for occasionally the floorboards had to be removed and the battery coaxed and caressed before the car would budge. Tonight these doubts became certainties.

At the first stop Tom and Bill delivered a baseball to the home of a likable kid whose infectious grin atoned for every ounce of mischief he could generate. Operation "baseball" successful. Our guest was then put to work, and without incident he merely asked a night clerk to "kindly deliver these packages." Safe again. But at the next stop he wanted an action picture of the boys sprinting away from the scene of delivery. In an unguarded moment we chose Bob and Ray, our two and only chauffeurs, to commandeer this mission. This was a serious lapse, for one of them should have stayed behind the wheel. For the second muff we nosed the car in the wrong direction..

While the columnist-photographer was stationing himself some thirty feet away from the house, Bob and Ray haltingly made their approach. Alas, a dog blocked the path. They paused a few minutes to rub noses, hoping to covert the hound to the integrity of their mission. An instant later they dumped their bag of spuds and beat it, just as the camera flashed. The whole community blazed forth in one startling effulgence. Every dog, kid and neighbor living on that short street seemed to interpret the unexpected explosion as a call to arms. Bob, Ray, and the photographer hot-footed it for the car, their canine escort close behind barking for revenge. Bob got there first and dove through the left front window into the back seat—a fair imitation of Sharkey the seal gliding through a ring.

In disorderly array, with no regard for feet or arms now painfully entwined,

we got off to a quick stall. This embarrassing delay made our exit about as private as a goldfish bowl. Chagrined but adamant, Ray finally kangarooed us out of those precincts back to my home for a snack and a post mortem on the evening's adventure. Luckily, however, our collective and individual identity was not detected.

Not long afterwards the boys embarked with a new set of articles to distribute. There was a Whitey Kurowski ball glove for a ten-year old boy living in an adjoining town. Also a Fifth Avenue compact we had bought at a jeweler's auction for \$1.00, now ticketed for a student nurse. A pair of sox for another doorstep, and a box of Fanny Farmer's for a night shift supervisor completed the itinerary, all of which were delivered when the parties involved weren't looking. A day or two later the ball glove was shagging flies in the outfield, the compact had helped normalize a shine nose, the sox were adorning two tired feet with inches to spare, and the candy had been the means of its recipient breaking her solemn resolution not to add another pound.

One day in school Tom and Bill noticed two boys unwittingly admire the new bible of a classmate. Promptly two Amigos went to the Massachusetts bible Society and purchased a Bible for each. Two days later the consignees, agog with surprise, precipitated a new wave of sundry whisperings which already were legion.

About this same time another classmate of the boys suddenly collapsed after a sever lung hemorrhage, forcing his immediate withdrawal from school. It was quite a blow, for all of his plans must be indefinitely postponed. He would be in a sanitorium for months, maybe a year or two. What could we do about it? Bob had previously overheard this boy whom we shall call Joe, and who had a \$15.00 record player, express a desire to own a recording of Handel's "Messiah." But the cost, \$28.25, was prohibitive. So what? So we wrote a letter asking for help.

One late afternoon at school the phone rang. "Come and get the records", we were told. "some Friends" were now helping "Alunos Amigos (some friends)". The following Friday evening at the favorite hour of eleven Ray taxied us out to the sanitorium where we unloaded the two eleven-record albums of Joe's coveted "Messiah." Delivery was made to the drowsy admitting clerk who obliged by asking no questions. I have never seen four happier boys than Ray, Tom, Bob, and Bill when we drove away. Early the next week the usual reliable grapevine assured us that the gift had found its mark.

School ended and the vacation began with Alunos Amigos trying to maintain their customary pace. In the past six months scores of deserving people have been pleasantly surprised (we hope) without knowing the true source of the mystery.

An adventure like this could justly be called delinquency in reverse, for these goys have learned that unselfish courtesy to others does not make one a sissy, and that giving is a thousand times more fun than getting. And I don't believe they are any poorer for their investment in the happiness of others.

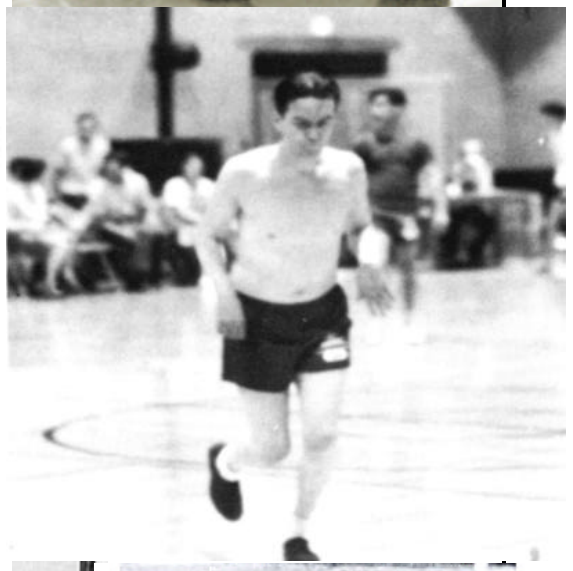
Late this summer they hop to take a junket to New York, Washington, and maybe the Railroad Fair in Chicago, providing Rays' 21-year old wagon, which is still covered, doesn't give up the struggle somewhere this side of Framingham. However, I notice that he is stocking up on baling wire, and of course he still has those pliers under the right front seat. After a bit of rubber-necking and auto-mat-ing, all but Bob, who goes to College, plan to come back home to after-school jobs and Monday night meetings, and try to be even better "amigos" to all they can reach.



Lest you forget your necktie again. . . .



ACADETTES



CHILDREN MUST PLAY

Drawing by Brian Curdy

only his



hairdresser

knows...

Remembering Elder Hammond

From Roger Davies '63

Paul, here's a RJH story from Elaine Hedden-French. She was a freshman in 1962. I still haven't got contact info for Eileen and the flower story. Have a bunch of feelers out that should pay off eventually. I heard another story a week and half ago. A classmate of mine pinched Kirsten Anderson's (French teacher) butt in 1964. He was banned from the senior class trip. He was to sit in study hall while we had fun at the NY worlds fair. Hammond came into the library and took him to Durgan Park for lunch then told him to go home. Made quite an impression on the guy.
Roger

From Elaine Hedden French: '66

Freshman year - just there a couple of weeks. forgot my notebook at home so walked to the drugstore at the corner of Newbury St to buy one. Next day I was called into the office. I had no idea that we weren't allowed to leave GBA. Being a "military" child I did a lot of "yes, sir and no, sir" during the discussion. He told me not to do it again. Later when he met my father RJ commented on how respectful I was.

From Dorothy Austin Theriault '64

Mr. Hammond was always considered a "close" personal friend of our family. One afternoon he came by our home with flowers for my mother. She was recovering from surgery and had been sick for some time. He was warmly welcomed and we enjoyed his visit, as always. He gave my mother the flowers, I believe it was a potted plant, and said, "Flowers are meant to be enjoyed by the living". I always remember that when a friend or loved one passes away. If someone is ill, we should cheer them with a visit and flowers while they can enjoy them.

I hope that many of the lessons that Mr. Hammond tried to teach me will not be wasted, but remembered and put to good use. I count it such a privilege to have known such a kind, wise and loving person. He will live on in my many memories of him. Thank you Emily, for taking such loving care of my "second father".

From Paul Asgeirsson '50

During a volley ball game I had the good fortune to spike the ball against my net opponent. I'm no jock, so that was a real accomplishment! Thumbed my nose at whoever it was and RJ stopped the game, tongue lashed me for my unsportsmanlike behavior and tossed me out of school for the day! Trouble in River City! He and my Mother were always on the same page and I wasn't! Seems it was smoothed over by a plate of brownies my

Mother made for him. He hadn't married Ann yet and was always hungry!

And then there was the day my classmates and I riding in from Stoneham/Reading in my car thought it was such a nice day we should skip school! Well we needed Jimmy Campbell and Paul Zischka to go along with us and they road the B & A train in from Worcestor to So. Station. We intercepted them at the station so the 8 of us piled into my '33 Plymouth and took off! Managed to stay out of movie theaters, a capital offense then and had a wonderful worrisome day going to Parks and Museums. What a drag.

Met at the school front door the next morning at 415 by the stares of most of the other classes! Had a meeting with Mr. Harkins, then principal and RJ in Spauldings math room. Talk about counting heartbeats off Harkins arteries on his bald head, that was an easy chore! Mr. Hammond did a lot of smiling, for some reason. We got after school detention for 2 weeks, and had to dust every book in the library!! Lorraine Reiss got fired by Cleburn Edwards at his nursing home because she was late for work, from dusting books. My mother, I think, fed Hammond for a week with food offerings and I was in the doghouse royally for so long I forgot the reason why!!

This was the original Senior Class skip day. All you late comers just get the day off and no school cleaning after classes for a couple of weeks!!

On a train trip to Chicago from D.C., on the B&O train the Columbian, with the other Algonos Amigo guys, the waiter at breakfast suggested to Hammond that he have a glass of clam juice. "A real eye opena, Suh," he said! Hammond politely declined. But he sure liked the corn muffins baked in bacon grease! I didn't know what that flavor was either!! But really tasty!

Hammond was a no holds barred guy in writing letters to notables for whatever he wanted from famous individuals. I have in my possession letters to him typed and signed by, J. Edgar Hoover, Eddie Rickenbacker, and others who's names escape me at the moment.

My experiences at GBA were thoroughly enjoyable and if others have half as much life learning experiences as I did, you're doing well!

GREATER BOSTON ACADEMY ALUMNI ASSOC.
C/O Paul Asgeirsson
9123 N Clarendon Ave
Portland OR 97203-2750

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

Non Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
Paid
Portland OR
Permit No 4970

**Come and enjoy friendship with your classmates at
THIS years Alumni weekend. See you there on
September 29 and 30, 2006**