

Now that I am a parent,  
what I think about most  
when I think of Mom & Dad,  
is what an excellent job they  
did as parents, and, HOW  
EASY THEY MADE IT  
SEEM! I have the highest  
respect and admiration for  
both of them. I also think  
of all that they give without  
asking for anything in return.  
I Love Them...

Janet



*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Jourdan Smith*



When I think of Grandpa, Grand-  
ma I still remember all the  
talkies we have had. I am working  
on my Erector set. I cuddle  
with all the animals you made  
for me!

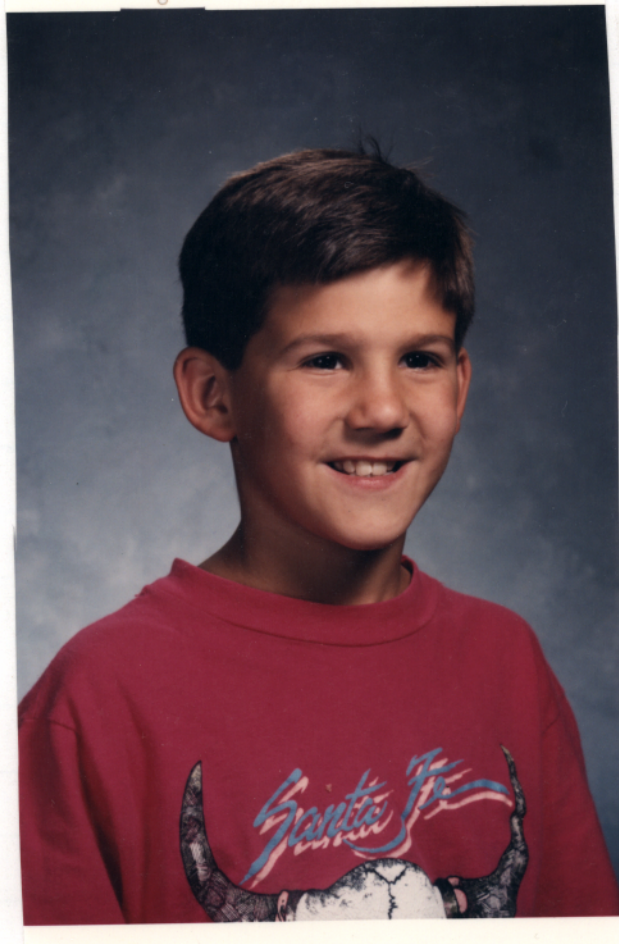
Love

Jourdan



*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

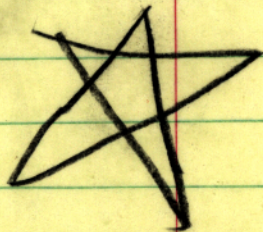
*Trevor Smith*





When I think of Grandma and  
Grandpa I think of Grandmas  
sewing room full of neat gadgets  
and Grandpas neat computer and  
I want one just like it

Sincerely  
Trevor





*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Brittany Smith*





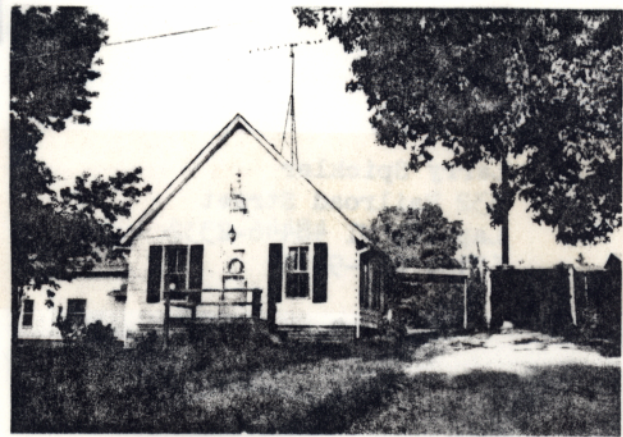
When I think of Grandma and Grandpa I remember the time when Grandma took me to a zoo that was built into a man's house. When I think of Grandpa I remember a talk Grandpa and I had when I went to visit. The talk was about jobs, and schools. I will never forget ~~the~~ great times my Grandparents and I shared.

Love Brittany



*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Larry Spickler*





Dear Dale and Virginia,

12 May 1992

Congratulations on your fiftieth wedding anniversary! I regret that I am not there congratulating you in person, but constraints of time and money prevent the journey right now. As I doubtless told you at Christmas I have relocated to Lapeer, about 16 miles north of my former home in Oxford. The hassle involved in moving is similar whether the move is 16 miles or 1600 miles; I'm currently living out of buckets while replacing leaky pipes beneath the house. I've sweat-soldered a good bit of copper pipe in my time, so the entire project should cost less than \$100. Water is heated on the kitchen's tiny gas stove until I determine whether the water heater can be salvaged, so I'm beginning to appreciate how the pioneers lived. Deer occasionally browse in the cornfield across the road and quench their thirst in the Flint River at the foot of the hill. The city wants to build a soccer field where cornstalks now stand, and that would be a shame. Lapeer would remind you a lot of Salem in both size and character. I'm not a total stranger here, having shopped here for years. It should be possible to sell this house at a profit in a few years and find another one to fix up. That will happen sometime after I have The Mother of All Garage Sales to ferret out much of the stuff that never should have been moved here in the first place. The enclosed photo is one that appeared in the realtor's ad. You can see that I'm not exactly dealing with a mansion here; I looked at other houses which had rooms larger than my entire floor plan. It does tend to keep the snow off in the winter, though.

When Bryan asked for a photo of myself to include in your book of memories it occurred to me that I didn't have anything much more recent than a high-school graduation portrait, and that only shows how much better I looked 30 years ago. A friend in Capac (20 miles east of here) pressed her Polaroid into service and snapped the one you have along with a couple of others. I sent Bryan the best of the lot, gave photographer Mary one for her collection, and kept the third. I should send it to Michigan Governor John Engler to pitch darts at. I commented in a magazine that his photo on the cover would make a great dart board after he slashed state budget funds which were used to provide housing and food for Michigan's ever-increasing homeless population. His press secretary took offense at my use of the term "economic bigotry" and fired back an equally sarcastic retort in defense of the governor. Unfortunately this buffoon still has to serve 3 more years of a 4-year term, and an attempt to recall him last year failed. His brand of callousness shames us all.

A couple of neighborhood kids are frolicking outside my window on an unusually beautiful Michigan midday, and the mail carrier will soon arrive. My congratulations, again, on fifty years of wedded bliss. A letter says it better than a card can, and there is more room for other things. Cheers and best wishes on this joyous occasion, and may you enjoy another 50 or so!

Best wishes,

- Larry





*mari l stitt*

*16686 Iron Springs Road*

*(619) 765-1265*

*Julian, Ca. 92036*

*My most vivid memories of Dale and Virginia center in the 1970s when, after my father's sudden death, Mother joined their family in the Monterey area. Those years required love and fidelity beyond measure. They always received us warmly as we visited. It was a long, difficult ten years for us all. We never doubted she was in good hands.*

*Congratulations, Dale and Virginia.*

*God be with you all your days.*

*Love,*

*Mari*





*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Rod and Isabelle Stitt*





While in high school, Uncle Dale invited me to participate in one of his oceanographic research cruises. I still remember vividly the airplane flight to Dallas and being met there by Aunt Virginia, who had driven all the way from College Station to pick me up. During those few weeks I experienced and learned many things and have always appreciated the time and opportunities to talk spent with Dale and Virginia.

Congratulations on your Fiftieth Anniversary!

Your nephew,

Rod



*Dale and Virginia Leipper  
Book of Memories*

*Andrew Stitt*





*Dale and Virginia Leipper*  
***Book of Memories***



*Message from*  
***Bob and Jean Thomas***



## Memory Sketches or Sketchy Memories

Virginia and I first met at John Adams Grade School in San Diego. We were in 6B. Between semesters my parents and I moved into another school district in San Diego. ~~So~~ Virginia and I did not meet again until we were 9<sup>th</sup> grade freshmen @ Grossmont Union High School in Sep. 1934.

Overnights at Virginia's house were always fun. She must have been the first person I ever slept in the same bed with. One morning I awoke cold and no blankets. She had 'em all. So I learned to hang on.

Dorothy was usually around for fun too.

"There were 10 in the bed and the middle one said 'Roll Over. Roll Over'."

We all rolled over & I rolled out.  
 There were 9 in the bed & the middle  
 one said "Roll Over Roll Over etc  
 etc etc. Somehow, I believe, we  
 really used to do this.

Washing dishes in Harrison's kitchen.  
 Her mom washed and we two dried.  
 Mrs Harrison always said the  
 dishes should be done before the wash.  
 And it was so.

A fun family - calm, pleasant  
 people.

Eating our sack lunches on a hill, under  
 a Pepper Tree in front of Grossmelt  
 High School, overlooking Highway 80.  
 Now I 8.

Slumber party and no one slept.



### III

I'm whole day with the Harrison family driving all over the desert on 2 rut roads. Getting out of the car to explore cañons & hills & flora & fauna. And a picnic. This still is one of the most wonderful days of my life. I will never forget it.

In 1943 when I was stationed at Long Beach Army Air Base Virginia came to pick me up in her car so we could talk. She was married to an Army Officer - Lt. Dale Liepper - and she wore white gloves.

In 1945, soon after I had returned from Panama Virginia and Dale came out to our house to see me before Bob & I were married. Dale was only interested in keeping Virginia on the couch beside him. And I'll bet he still is.



9 Mar. 1992

Dear Bryan & Dian —

Thanks for all the info.  
We are planning our trip now.  
Have maps & books from AAA.  
and approximate dates set.  
Will let you know definitely  
when we know.

These are my memories  
of friendships with your mother.  
Since we both ~~had~~ entered the  
married state, our communi-  
cation has been the written word.  
So that would be from 1946-1992.  
That's 46 yrs. I forgot to mention  
that your parents visited us over-  
nite (they stayed in their trailer) but we  
showed them around our homes.  
I don't remember what year. And you  
were home, Bryan, when we two, plus  
daughter, husband & 2 gr. children  
stayed overnite with your parents.  
And then in 1988 <sup>June</sup> Virginia & Dale &  
Bob & I met in Redwood Valley —



just 1 mile from where I grew up,  
@ the Singing Hills Golf Club for our  
50<sup>th</sup> ~~gr~~ high school graduation. This  
was very meaningful for me. &  
its been a long time friendship.

We are looking forward to this  
celebration of their marriage. Gosh!  
they were married in 1942. I didn't  
realize that until now. Wonder  
where they met! - hope we find out  
during the celebration. This will  
be fun.

Most Sincerely —

John T.

your mom knew me as

Margaret.

I go by both my names. —