

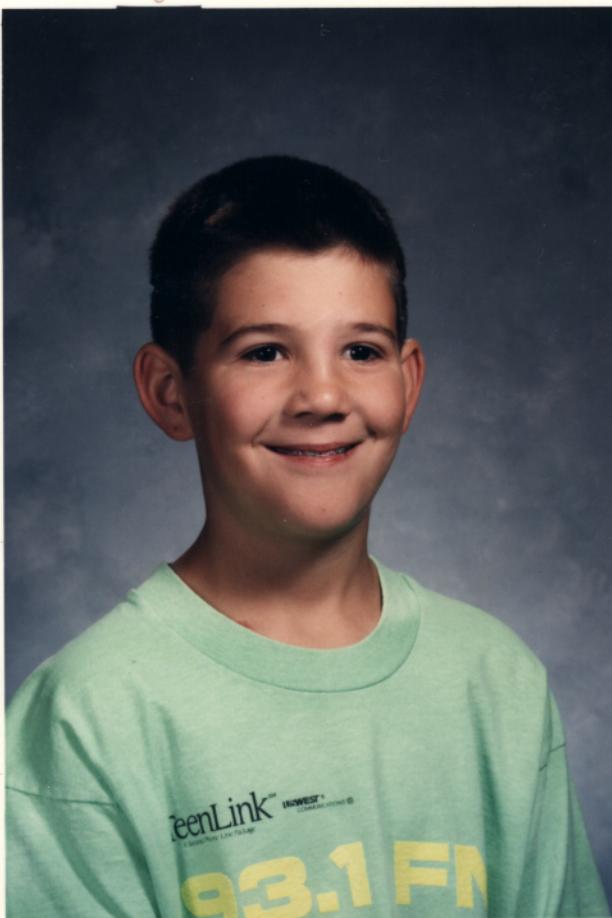
Now that I am a parent,
what I think about most
when I think of Mom & Dad
is what an excellent job they
did as parents, and HOW
EASY THEY MADE IT
SEEM! I have the highest
respect and admiration for
both of them. I also think
of all that they give without
asking for anything in return.

I Love Them....

Janet

Dale and Virginia Leipper
Book of Memories

Jourdan Smith

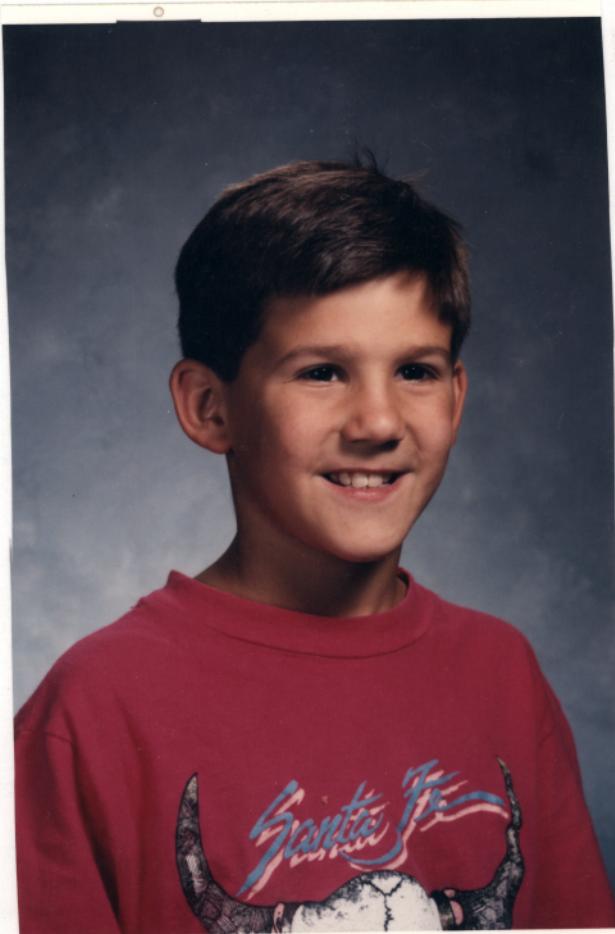


When I think of Grandpa, Grand
ma I still remember all the
talks we have had. I am working
on my ~~Erector~~ ^{lego} set. I cuddle
with all the animals you made
for me!

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

A large, hand-drawn 'X' mark, likely a signature or a mark of finality.

Dale and Virginia Leipper
Book of Memories

Brittany Smith

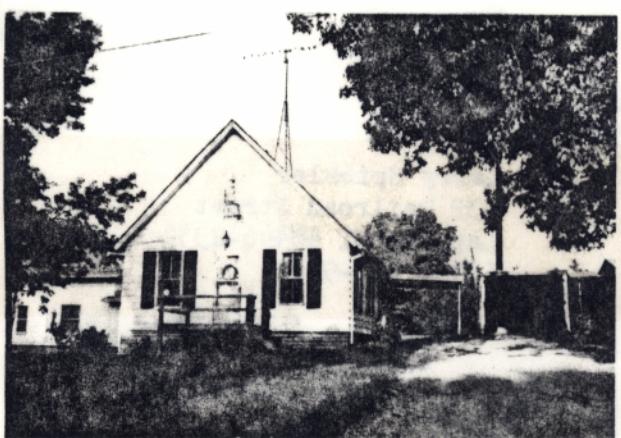


When I think of Grandma and Grandpa I remember the time when Grandma took me to a zoo that was built into a man's house. When I think of Grandpa I remember a talk Grandpa and I had when I went to visit. The talk was about jobs, and schools. I will never forget ~~the~~ great times my Grandparents and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

Mr. & Mrs. Robert L. Thomas
2804 46th Street
Des Moines, IA 50310-3156

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. ~~Virginia and I did not meet again until we were 9th 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 my blanket, ~~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 clothes in Harrison's kitchen.
 Her mom washed and we two dried.
 Mrs. Harrison always said the
 drying should be done before the washing.
 And it was so.

A fun family - calm, pleasant
 people.

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

Slumber parties and moonlight.

III

One 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 Liepke - 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 & Diane —
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.
Thats 46 yrs. I forgot to mention
that your parents visited us over-
mitt (they stayed in their trailer) but we
showed them around the Morris.
I don't remember what year. And you
were home Bryan, when we two, plus
daughter, husband & 2 gr. children
stayed overnight with your parents.
And then in 1988 ^{June} Virginia & Bill &
Bob & I met in Nebraska Valley —

just 1 mile from where I grew up,
at the Singing Hills Golf Club for our
50th ~~th~~ high school graduation. This
was very meaningful for me. So
it's been a long time friendship.
We are looking forward to this
celebration of their marriage. Wow!
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 —
I am T.
your mom knew me as
Margaret.
I go by both my names. —