

# Class of '57 Newsletter

December 2009

Volume 26

## CLASS REUNION 2010

Classmates, mark your calendars to reserve September 24-26 to join your classmates once again in Columbia City. We have reserved the FOP Building (Scout Building) near Baker Park/DeVol Field for the entire weekend.

Aloha. Saturday night plan to attend the Class of '57's Hawaiian Luau-Columbia City style. Begin now to look for your flowery Hawaiian attire--dress is very casual. We think a great time will be had by all at this informal party. This is year 53 since graduation and we chose to celebrate it in conjunction with the Friday night high school homecoming game and parade. The CCHS Alumni Assn. also is holding their golf outing on Saturday.

This year the golf team for the Class of '70 issued a challenge to other classes to enter a team of four in the 2010 event. Profits from this fundraiser help support some service-oriented extracurricular activities and the scholarship fund for the local students. Golfers, can we meet this challenge with at least one team? How about having a group to represent our class in the Homecoming Parade?

Other plans at the FOP Building are to gather for Friday night (probably a pizza party and lots of catching up). Of course the Luau will be there on Saturday night and we plan to meet there for breakfast and to say our fond farewells until the next reunion.

Please plan to attend any or all of the events. Let us hear your comments. More later.

## About Heart Attacks

There are other symptoms of an heart attack besides ***the pain on the left arm.***

One must also be aware of ***an intense pain on the chin***, as well as ***nausea*** and lots of ***sweating***, however these symptoms may also occur less frequently.

***Note:*** There may be no pain in the chest during a heart attack.

The majority of people (about 60%) who had an heart attack during their sleep, did not wake up. However, if it occurs, the chest pain may wake you up from your deep sleep..

If that happens, ***immediately dissolve two aspirins in your mouth*** and swallow them with a bit of water.

*Afterwards*

***- phone a neighbor or a family member who lives very close by***

***- say "heart attack!"***

***- say that you have taken 2 aspirins.***

***- take a seat on a chair or sofa near the front door, and wait for their arrival and...***

***~ do NOT lie down ~***

A Cardiologist has stated that, if each person, after receiving this e-mail, sends it to 10 people, probably one life can be saved!

*I have already shared the information--*

*What about you?*

***Do share this message; it may save lives***

*This article came to Joe Yoder on the internet in August, 2009*

## THE CLASS REUNION

Every ten years, as summertime nears,  
An announcement arrives in the mail,  
A reunion is planned; it'll be really grand;  
Make plans to attend without fail.  
*I'll never forget the first time we met;  
We tried so hard to impress.  
We drove fancy cars, smoked big cigars,  
And wore our most elegant dress.*  
It was quite an affair; the whole class was  
there.  
It was held at a fancy hotel.  
We wined, and we dined, and we acted refined,  
And everyone thought it was swell.  
*The men all conversed about who had been  
first  
To achieve great fortune and fame.  
Meanwhile, their spouses described their fine  
houses  
And how beautiful their children became.*  
The homecoming queen, who once had been x.  
The jocks who were there had all lost their  
hair,  
And the cheerleaders could no longer do kicks.  
*No one had heard about the class nerd  
Who'd guided a spacecraft to the moon;  
Or poor little Jane, who's always been plain;  
She married a shipping tycoon.  
The boy we'd decreed 'most apt to  
succeed'*  
Was serving ten years in the pen,  
While the one voted 'least' now was a priest;  
Just shows you can be wrong now and then.  
*They awarded a prize to one of the guys  
Who seemed to have aged the least.  
Another was given to the grad who had driven  
The farthest to attend the feast.*  
They took a class picture, a curious mixture  
Of beehives, crew cuts and wide ties.  
Tall, short, or skinny, the style was the mini;  
You never saw so many thighs.

At our next get-together, no one cared  
whether  
They impressed their classmates or not.  
The mood was informal, a whole lot more  
normal;  
By this time we'd all gone to pot.

It was held out-of-doors, at the lake shores;  
We ate hamburgers, coleslaw, and beans.  
Then most of us lay around in the shade,  
In our comfortable T-shirts and jeans.

By the fiftieth year, it was abundantly clear,  
We were definitely over the hill.  
Those who weren't dead had to crawl out of  
bed,

And be home in time for their pill.

And now I can't wait; they've set the date;  
Our 53rd is coming, I'm told.

It should be a ball, they've rented a hall  
At the *Boy Scout Building*, in ol' CC.  
Repairs have been made on my hearing aid;  
My pacemaker's been turned up on high.  
My wheelchair is oiled, and my teeth have  
been boiled;  
And I've bought a new wig and glass eye

I'm feeling quite hearty, and I'm ready to  
party

I'm gonna dance 'til dawn's early light.  
It'll be lots of fun; But I just hope that there's  
one

Other person who can make it that night.

Author Unknown

*Sent in by Carolyn Hilligoss Fisher in  
September .*

### **On the Mend**

Martha Cooperrider Miller who lives in Garrett, IN. returned home in the early part of September having undergone surgery for cancer from which she has been suffering. Martha's address is 1315 S. Cowen Street in Garrett. The zip code is 46738. Martha appreciates all the cards and letters that she has received, and also all the thoughts and prayers that have been said.

### **Cataract Surgery**

Two classmates have reported having cataract surgery in the last six months. Myra Lorber Epstein had her second cataract removed, Bill Yaney just had his first. Bill continues to cope with Parkinson's Disease. Myra's comment about her surgery was, "I always noticed, as I did today, that the waiting room was filled with "elderly" people. Today, I realized that I was one of them. Such is life."

### **It's A Small World**

By Myra Lorber Epstein

Some weeks (now months) ago I got an e-mail from Ted Gruver who ran into a sorority sister of mine, from I. U., in Naples, Florida. I think they were attending some event or meeting, and the usual question of "Where are you from?" came up and when Ted said, "Columbia City, Indiana", she surprised him with my name.

I am sure you have run into similar situations, only backing up my "small world". It seems to happen frequently.

Last spring a friend and I were having lunch at a restaurant and our server had a food mishap, so later the manager came over to our table and she mentioned being from a small northeastern town in Indiana. I knew it would be Columbia City. It was.

### **Treasurer's Report**

Statement 6/01/09 to 12/01/09

Beginning Balance

Receipts

#### **Checking Balance**

\$1186.50

Disbursements

\$121.50

Joe Yoder Newsletter \$110.36

Flowers

Anderson \$42.80

Total Checking Balance

Checking Account Balance \$1011.84

as of 12/01/2009

JANIS KELLY

Treasurer

### **Did You Know**

I had to go into the kitchen and check this out for myself. Whoever looks at the end of your aluminum foil box? You know when you try to pull some foil out and the roll comes out of the box. Then, you have to put the roll back in the box and start over. The darn roll always comes out at the wrong time. Well, I would like to share this with you. Yesterday, I went to throw out an empty Reynolds foil box and for some reason I turned it, and looked at the end of the box. Written on the end it said, "Press here to lock end."

Right there on the end of the box is a tab to lock the roll in place. How long has this little locking tab been there? Then, I looked at a generic brand of aluminum foil and it had one, too. Then, I looked at a box of Saran Wrap and it had one, too! I can't count the number of times the Saran Wrap roll has jumped out, when I was trying to cover something up. I'm sharing this with my friends. I hope I'm not the only person that didn't know about this. I know, you're going to go and check your boxes, so go ahead!

*Sent in by Joe Krider*

### Good-bye to a Classmate

Robert L. "Bob" Anderson, 70  
Nov. 21, 1939 — Aug. 28, 2009  
Robert L. "Bob" Anderson, 70, of California passed away peacefully on August 28, 2009, at Mercy San Juan Hospital after surgery for esophageal cancer. Born Nov. 21, 1939, to Earl M. and M. Catharine (Blain) Anderson in Auburn, he graduated in May 1957 from Columbia City High School. He entered the U.S. Air Force in January 1958, retiring in February 1978. He was united in marriage to Mary B. (Mann) on Feb. 14, 1965 in Carson City, Nev. He enjoyed all sports and, while in the Air Force, participated in many softball and basketball leagues. Bob was an avid fisherman and bowler who enjoyed attending his grandchildren's various sporting activities. One of Bob's favorite times of the year was organizing the Omaha Woodmen Youth Camp in Nevada City, Calif., in which he participated since 1978. He also enjoyed attending Omaha Woodmen Senior Camp in Nevada City. Holidays were Bob's favorite time of year, spending time with family and friends. Survivors include his wife Mary, sons Curtis and Christopher, a daughter M. Catharin Rawlings, a brother Donald B. of Columbia City, his twin brother, Roger Anderson, of Omaha, Neb., and grandchildren Christine and Bobby Anderson and Taylar Rawlings. Bob was a Field Rep, Area Manager, and State Manager for Northern California/Northern Nevada Omaha Woodmen Life Insurance Society, retiring in 2002. After retiring Bob became a Fraternal Coordinator for Northern California/Northern Nevada Omaha Woodmen Life Insurance Society. He was a member of Omaha Woodmen Lodge 339, Roseville Elks Lodge 2248, and VFW Post 4647. He was preceded in death by parents and son Craig A. Anderson and brother William E. Anderson. *Bob's obituary was copied, in part, from the Columbia City Post and Mail that appeared in the September 5<sup>th</sup> issue. Liberties were taken and omission of names were made to accommodate the information in this news letter.*

### What Ever Happened To...

*(This column is an attempt to reconnect with long lost classmates.)*

*The first attempt to reconnect to Duane Sandmyer was successful. He is now living in Bradenton, Florida. Duane writes the following...*

"After graduation I went to work for the Fort Wayne News-Sentinel and went into a printing apprenticeship. I remained in the printing business most of my life having worked in as many as 40 of the larger newspapers across the country. Last part of my career was spent in the computer end in I.T.

I have 2 sons and 2 daughters back in Indiana and Illinois. After my divorce in 06. I moved to Bradenton where I keep myself occupied in the various lodges in town. My mother and sister live only 10 minutes away so I get to see them on a regular basis.

"When first arriving in Bradenton, I signed up for 45 hours of private dance lessons and had a great time but still need to fine tune my Latin dances, so I'll probably go back. I am now looking for a dance partner and hope to find a nice girl to date. If any of you know of one, send her my way. (Smile). I love getting in the car on any given Sunday and just driving along the coast looking for good out-of-the-way restaurants. When I get lost I just hit "Home" on the GPS and leave the driving to it"

*Duane's address is 5507 25<sup>th</sup> Street W., Bradenton, FL, 34207-3504*

Hopefully more of you will contact Joe with your stories.

## Good-bye to Family Members

Roger Bridge's brother, Richard Bridge, born on February 15, 1935, passed away on September 14, 2009 at Bethlehem Woods, Fort Wayne. Born in Whitley County, he was the son of Russell V. and Vera M. (Smith) Bridge. He graduated from Columbia City High School in 1953. In 1954, he moved to Fort Wayne where he attended GE Apprenticeship for 3 1/2 years. On Aug. 6, 1954 he was united in marriage to Barbara J. Barnes. For 24 years, he worked at Bowmar Instrument Corporation as a production engineer and for 19 years he worked at ITT where he retired in 2001 as the manager of the manufacturing engineering group.

*Also the following note from Heidi Schwarz.*

My husband, Julius, passed away Sept 22, '09 of a massive heart attack. Heidi (Schwarz) Siewert

*Heidi continues to say, in another email.*

My husband's death was a shock to me, my family, and to all who knew him, as he was healthy and strong. To the very week before his death, as a 4th degree black belt in Judo & Karate he taught 4 martial arts classes each week at the Rhinelander YMCA, and volunteered at the Food Pantry carrying large boxes of groceries to the cars of our area's needy families.

Our oldest grandson, Eric Martin will be 18 on January 4, will receive his Karate Black belt in Julius' class soon after, and has been asked to take over his grandfather's place assisting in the martial arts training. Today I found out that he also wants to begin serving at the Rhinelander Food Pantry... I know Julius is looking down and smiling..... We all miss him terribly.....

Heidi goes on to say:

"Christmas Wishes from the cold Northwoods of Wisconsin to all my classmates, and God's Blessings in the New Year."

*Heidi's address and phone number are:*

Heidi Schwarz Siewert  
6179 Harmony Hill Drive  
Rhinelander, WI 54501  
PH: (715) 362-6403

## Alaskan Cruise

**From Carolyn Hilligoss Fisher**

My husband and I are doing fine. He is NOT employed now, so that is something for me to adjust to!! I worked part-time at a golf course in Angola and now help with catering parties at the Clubhouse, which is quite nice. This course is only 6 yrs. old and high clientele, cost is \$75.00 for 18 holes with cart!!

Don't have any plans to travel this winter, because we went to Alaska/Cruise in July and celebrated our "50th", (although it isn't until '10), but it was the time for us to go. We have three sick relatives in Seattle area we wanted to visit, and our daughter stayed with her cousin, and the price was RIGHT!! My Dad, Hilly, is very active and healthy, so we decided for these reasons we MUST go now! Scenery is most beautiful and most days on our side trips the temp. was 75 - 80 so that made it so much better.

## Purpose

The purpose of this newsletter is to maintain a current list of classmates and their addresses. To keep our classmates updated about others in our class and to pass on special types of advice for our future.

## **Annual Brunch Planned**

The 10th Columbia City High School Alumni Association Florida Brunch is planned for Sunday, March 7, 2010. The Brunch will be held from 11:30 a.m. - 2:30 p.m. at the Jacaranda West Country Club located at 1901 Jacaranda Blvd., Venice, Florida 34293. Club Office phone number is 941-493-5010.

The club is located off Exit 193 on I-75 going West on Jacaranda Blvd. for approximately 3 miles or 5 stop lights. The Jacaranda Country Club entrance will be on your right. From US 41 go East on Jacaranda Blvd. for about 2 miles, Club will be on your left.

Reservations are required for a head count.

Send a check in the amount of \$23.95 per person before February 25, 2010 payable to:

**RUTH ANN BOWIE DAVIS**

104 Martinique Rd.

North Port, FL 34287

Telephone: 941-429-9641

Email: [jdavis41138@msn.com](mailto:jdavis41138@msn.com)

## **Changed Email Addresses**

Russell Erne [russleta61@yahoo.com](mailto:russleta61@yahoo.com)

Ray Bechtel [rbechtel@sinc.net](mailto:rbechtel@sinc.net)

Harold Yoder [hyoder13@hotmail.com](mailto:hyoder13@hotmail.com)

Harold has moved. His new address is

6627 Clover Crest Dr. Ft. Wayne, IN 46815

Orville Grable [ocgrabel@embarq.com](mailto:ocgrabel@embarq.com)

Marsha Sevits Brady

[john\\_marsha@verizon.net](mailto:john_marsha@verizon.net)

## **News?**

Surely you noticed that there was a plethora of articles that were taken off the internet. That's because there were, "not so many" articles and stories from the classmates. It was felt that the internet messages were important for everyone to see so that is why they were used. It is hoped that in the future, if there is to be a continuation of the news letter, more of you will contribute your stories and articles to Joe Yoder at 3636 Country Club Blvd., Cape Coral, FL, 33904 or email your article to Joe at [yoder1939@live.com](mailto:yoder1939@live.com).

Also, some of you may be disappointed to note that something you sent in was not published. The reason for this is that the Yoders got a new computer and in getting it to be functional some of the programs were lost. An example of this is the "Changed Email Addresses" found in the first column of this page. The names were deleted, but then were found again and lifted over to this page.

Joe wishes to apologize of any disappointments in this newsletter.

## Vatermelon Fight in the Fifties

Vell, vell, vell, and vot yoom tink eny vay, anudder vun of dem dere oldish schtories vot ain't no lying. Vel, it vas Octoberish da fort of 19 hunert und 55 ven vot yoom shood tink, I was havink mine feerst date wiff mine, as of dis day, vife. Und she had askered me to drive her to a footballing game, und like a dumkoff I was tolling her "NO", I vas having to verk. But after furdder thought I vas tinking maybe dat vas not so goodish, especially sunce I had eaten a big lot of Dairy Queen ice cream dat dere past summer vere she vas verking. Und I vasn't goink dere youst for da ice cream. So, I vas askering vood she be goink out viff me to do sometink else. Vell, she being pretty smartish, askered me, "VOT?" Und at da time da funnish ting to do was vatermelon scheeling, so I vas askering her vood dis be okay. She vas saying dat she vas never doink anything like dis before und maybe vood be all right oncet. So, I vas taking da nite offen verk at dat dere bowlink alley and vas picking her und 2 of dem under vons of dem der band marchering members up. Vun boy nd vun girl, und I vill not be tellink youse guys der names. So offen ve vent out to dat der Columbian Townshipping skool (das vatermellons vas back a shortish lane troo a smallish patch voods in da middlishof a cornfield). So, me und dis udder feller vas junping out of da car und getting 2 of dem dere gunnish sacks out of da trunk, and das girls vas driving off for a shortish vile. When dey vas commink back, ve had 2 bags full of dem dere vatermelons to eat. So, ve vas loading dem up and goink to an oldish iron bridge vot vas crossink dat dere Eel River, (vun und vun halft miles to da east). Vel, vot youm shood tink, ve vas gettingk dere, but 2 of dem dere under cars vas already dere doingk das same ting. Vell, as soon as ve had enuff to eat ve vas havingk dis

heer biggish vatermelon fight viff dem dere guys in dem dere under cars. Ven ve vas leavingk ve vas all schtickish und schmelt like dat dere frenchise perfume, "Evening in das Rootish Beer Barrel", and havingk a chicken sammish und a large rootish beer as vell. After dat I vas takingk her home before tennish o'clock und I vas kissing her tree times before she vas goingk in dat dere house und if you vas tinking dis is goot or not, vell dis vas 54 yearsh ago und I am schtill kissing dat dere same littleish doll today.

Und I vill be schwearing dat dis is da trute.

## More Stories?

There are surely more stories of the kind told above. Please share them. You don't have to use actual names of people. This way we can protect the *guilty*. And we won't use your name either. Only those who know of the given situation will know who the participants were. Now they may tell, but by now who really cares.

Here is an example:

One of the country boys who usually drove a pickup truck on dates had gone to a dance at the City Hall (where most dances were held). Upon getting the date to her home the couple sat in the truck cab for a time doing the usual kissing and holding, etc. Eventually the couple fell asleep on the truck bench (it was very comfortable, and the county boy was really pretty boring at this stuff). Eventually the girls grandmother came to the door and asked if "So and so" was out there, that his father was on the phone saying that it was time to get home as it was "time to milk the cows".

## Mini Reunion in CC

September 18, 2009 was a beautiful fall day. It was a perfect day for the Homecoming Parade. Ted Gruver and Bob Hall rode proudly in Bob's Dad's old Buick convertible representing the Columbia City High School Alumni Association. After the parade we met at Sherri's Restaurant for food and fun. (I had called and warned Sherri that the Class of '57 would be invading!)

Ron and Margaret Lovely were planning a trip to C. C. They were told about the parade and get together at Sherri's. They left their home in Alberta, Canada earlier than planned and arrived in time to be at Sherri's and were able to see more of their classmates. It was definitely a fun filled evening.

Margaret had mentioned her envy that Graham and I get together with Larry and Laurene Hearld and Tom and Bonnie Felger to play cards. So on Monday, the 21<sup>st</sup>, we played "Hand and Foot" at our home. Oh my, if the walls could talk! The noise level was unbelievable with the laughing and joy or dismay of the cards we were dealt. Again, we had a great time. Except for family, nothing beats getting together with friends.



Gals that were present included Patty Winebrenner Goldsby, Rosalie Farber Kleespie, JoEllen Adams McConnell, Mardell Feit Hall, Janis Smith Kelly and Margaret Moyer Lovely. Guys in attendance included Bob Hall, Ron Lovely, Ted Gruver, Larry Hearld, Gene Heckman, Joe Yoder, Tom Felger and Jon Pontzius.

*Article by Rosalie Farber Kleespie*

*Picture by Bonnie Felger (We think)    Altered by Joe Yoder*

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