

# Class of '57 Newsletter

August 2010

Volume 28

## Bernice Carver Scholarship Awarded

On Monday, May 24, the Bernice Carver Scholarship of Hope was awarded to Derek Kissinger. Kissinger, the son of Jon and Deanna Kissinger, plans to attend Indiana-Purdue University at Fort Wayne to study electrical engineering technology. The award was presented on behalf of Barbara Carver Frey, niece of Bernice Carver, by fellow Columbia City High School Class of 1957 classmate Ted Gruver of Maryland. The Bernice Carver Scholarship of Hope was established in 2000 as a tribute to much-beloved educator in Whitley County, teaching at Columbia City High School. Carver was selected as the 1979 Citizen of the Year, served as Whitley County Historian for more than 30 years and was responsible for naming Indian Springs Middle School. The school's cafetorium is named in her honor, "The Carver Center."

As one of Columbia City's most dedicated and beloved educators, our family wanted to honor her memory in the form of a scholarship that would assist a young student to further his or her education," writes Frey. "We wanted applicants who are good citizens with a quest for knowledge, an ambition to seek higher learning and a desire to share their newfound knowledge with others. These traits would best reflect Bernice's admirable character and zest for life."

## *Rooms Ready for Reunion Guests*

I blocked rooms at the Executive Inn in Col. City (260-244-5300) for Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25. The cost is \$50/night for two. The Inn has been updated and was recommended by some classmates who have stayed there recently. When making reservations one needs to specify CCHS 53rd Reunion reserved by Carol Krider. My confirmation number is 919340. These will be held until August 24 when I need to talk with the manager of the Inn once again. We have reserved the FOP building from Friday-Sunday. (It is next to Baker Park/DeVol Field.) There will be activities there on Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday brunch. The invitations will be going out soon. We haven't established the cost at this date. Roger Anderson and Ron Lovely have already made reservations. You can put this information out to the class so they can make reservations if needed. Carol

*The purpose of this newsletter is to keep members of the class of Columbia City's 1957 graduates informed as to what is happening with class members along with a little entertainment too*

## Three Things About Me

Eleven classmates responded to a survey that Joe Yoder conducted over the internet. Following is a compilation of some of the responses.

**Names I go by:** Most go by our given names, (Ron, Joe, Roger or Janis, Barb, Marg, etc. Then of course there is "Dad, Grand-Pa, Paps, or Papa-Joe". The gals are called "Mom, Momma and Mama". Also, "Honey and Sweetheart" come into play. And too, "Gram and G-ma" are in the mix. Here are some unusual too. "Galore for Rex Carpenter and Weezy for Janis Smith. "Mak and Me-Ann," are names for Mary Ann Houser Klein.

Rex gets his name because of the game of golf, his moving up to the senior tees and a James Bond movie character, (enough said).

Janis Kelly Smith responds with the following When asked about the spelling, "Weezy,": Yes, made up by my son. My middle name is Louise after my favorite aunt Louise. So my son knows I never use it because I don't really like it, but I love my aunt, so to get my goat he calls me "weezy" and others have picked up on it.

**Places I have lived:** For this area we'll just touch on the different states mentioned. Of course there is Indiana, Florida, California, Texas, Alabama, Illinois, state of Washington, New Hampshire, Oklahoma and Nebraska. Then there are two places outside of the US where classmates have taken up residency. One is Whitehorse in the Yukon Territory of Canada where Ron and Margaret Lovely call home at present. The other is Highgate, St Mary, in Jamaica.

**Places I've worked:** Of course this area covers many different places of employment. Just to mention a few that this writer considers out of the ordinary, there were Steel Mills, Underground Copper Mines, and Flour Mills ( Ron Lovely) Schangs Drive Inn, Whites Institute, and Christian Service International in Jamaica (Marsha Sevits Brady), Bunzl Extrusion, Theatres In Indiana and Michigan (Joe Yoder), Rollin Homes RV MH Park (Harold Yoder), Construction Digest Magazine, Public Relations at Franklin College and Nebraska Rural Electric Assn. (Rex Carpenter)  
Our classmates have gone into many varied occupations

**Things I love to watch:** In our spare time we enjoy watching our grand-kids grow up, playing golf, just being involved in their activities.

Television captures a good amount of our time with shows like American Idol, Survivors, Unwrapped (a cooking show), Dancing With the Stars, Cash Cab, Wheel of Fortune, Jeopardy, English Programming, Political News, and movies.

Sports: Auto Races, Foot Ball (Huskers) and Golf - Golf - Golf (Neil Cooper)

And finally Natural Things such as: *Waves on the Ocean*, *Trees Turning Color*, *Cloud Scapes*, *Wet Snow Clinging to Branches*, and *Wildlife in my backyard*.

**Places we have been:** Again most of the states of the US were mentioned So We'll go with places outside continental US. Other than Disneyland our travels have taken us to: Canada to visit Fairbanks and Alberta (6 visitors with 2 living there)

We traveled to Europe to visit England, Scotland, Austria and Germany. Some classmates went to the Orient to see Bangkok, Siagon, Japan, and Korea.

US cities we have gone to include New York, Seattle, and San Francisco.

Other places on this planet that we have visited: Mexico, Monterey Peninsula, Honduras and the Caribbean Islands.

**Of course we love to Eat, Eat, Eat:** Again too many to list individually, but the categories include:

**Seafood** such as Shrimp, Lobster and a fresh water fish known as Walleye.

**Ice Cream and Sweets:** Yogurt with Bran Flakes, a Hot Fudge Sunday, Fudge Bars, Anything Chocolate, Cookies and Pastries

**Chicken:** Lee's Famous

**Other Meats:** Pork Chops, Breaded Tenderloin, Braunschweiger, T-Bone Steak, and Venison

**Salads type things:** Salads, Corn on the Cob, Crispy Fried Potatoes, and Tomatoes with Ranch Dressing.

**Unusual Mixtures:** Scrambled Eggs with Sautéed Tomatoes (an Italian Dish), also Strata Celli [( an Italian soup) noodles and spinach], and finally Spaghetti cooked with bacon.

## More Things About Class Members

**Family stuff:** Seeing brother first time in many years, Spouses continued health improvement, family get-togethers (wife's reunions), and getting a five generation picture taken.

**Grand-children's activities,** (graduation, weddings, and golf games)

**Traveling:** with wife, riding in a helicopter, taking twin grandson's to Columbia City for a visit, seeing Canada's East Coast,

**Other things** Some are looking forward to Retirement, hearing from friends, email, morning, good health, and warm weather.

Of course **Golf,** ( T-times, Birdies, Sub par, and good weather) thanks, Rex, Neil and all who love golf.

**Finally: The 53<sup>rd</sup> CCHS Class of '57 Reunion**

## Health Report

Joe Yoder reports that he is now fighting cancer. He remains positive and has the following analysis to share.

From this whole experience, my brush with cancer, I have come up with the following analogy:

Cancer, like wind, is named for its source, (lung, skin, pancreas, etc). Wind is also named for its source, the direction from which it comes. In the Mid Western states, a wind from the southwest blowing across open fields, often brings a tornado, or from the northwest across the Great Lakes a cold icy storm.

But a Chinook, is a Native North West Indian name for the warm winds that come west off the Cascade Mountains, in the spring, that brings hope.

"Like winds, you can tell where cancers come from, but not where they are going, how they get there, or when they might change course."

I'll be waiting for the Chinook at the end of this challenge.

## A Friday Night in the Life of a 70-Year-Old

It's Friday night at 8:00, just the time to start a project. There's no one home but me, so it must be alright. The project? Transfer down feathers from the too-full pillow to a zipper-top pillow case, resulting in two nice-sized pillows.

Egads, what was I thinking? As soon as I snipped even an inch of the stitching on the ticking covering the pillow, loads of goose down started floating out and over the opening. The answer (according to my rational thinking) was to hurry and clip a larger opening so I could transfer the feathers to their new home. Get the picture, without words? Yes, more feathers flying everywhere, lots on the carpet, some on the dining room table, some under the dining room table. Even feathers stuck to the walls!

Next good idea? Get out the trusty Dyson and suck up the feathers into the vacuum cleaner. Immediately, the clear plastic canister swirled with white. I began to wonder if the suction device would get stopped up with feathers, so I unhooked the canister and dumped the contents into the trash can. More feathers flying everywhere. Sneezing and wheezing, I retreated to the bedroom awaiting a new genius of an idea for completing the project.

## Farewell to Loved Ones

We need to keep the following people in our thoughts and prayers as they go through the mourning process for family members who have passed away.

Marsha Sevits Brady's grandson was killed in a tragic accident. Jarod was 21 years old.

Bob Hall's father passed away at the age of 95.

We apologize for the shortness of this article, but room does not allow the usual length.

## Address Changes

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### A Note From Jo Ellen

At Easter this year, I traveled to San Jose, Costa Rica for two weeks to visit a nephew and two nieces. My brother lived there 37 years. He died in 1994. I had not been there for 22 years. His children are now middle aged, and I met their adult children for the first time. I was treated like Queen for A Day every day, as I am the only connection to their father and USA relatives. I spoke Spanish 80 percent of the time. Weather was perfect, and I had a grand visit and trip.

*Jo Ellen Adams McConnell*

## News From Classmates

### A Recent Note From Jay Smith

We recently returned from a 6 week trip south. We went to visit our son in Dallas first. He and I built a storage shed while we were there(I guess it was a working vacation). Actually it was fun. We then went to Houston to watch Purdue in the NCAA. We moved on to New Orleans for a few days (I even took a cooking class). Next we headed for FL to spend time in Panama City, Apalachicola, Orlando, and Daytona Beach. Our two daughters and grandchildren met us in Daytona for a week on the beach. My wife, our two granddaughters(age 4 and 6), and I then went back to Orlando. The rest of the family headed back home for work and school. We took in the Orlando fun sites, Magic Kingdom, Epcot, Downtown Disney, etc, etc. We enjoyed our trip, but it was nice to get back home too. We plan to attend the reunion in September. Hope to see you there. Jay.

### A Note From the Feits

This note from Thom Feit can be read in full by going to the address given below.

This summer we selected a travel to the Northeast and the Canadian Maritime Provinces. Well, we have completed the first third of our trip as we leave Nova Scotia.

We shall update as needed.

<http://ourtravelswithkona.blogspot.com/>



## Wasn't It Fun (Or Was It)

Well it was a beautiful, sunny, Sunday afternoon, not too warm, but enough to make us exuberant about being alive and in love, One of those perfect days to take a drive in my 1930 Ford Model A Tudor Ford.

One of my school chums and another student we knew had been wanting to make connections with one another so my girlfriend and I asked them to go on a drive with us. We naturally arranged for them to get into the back seat together. As we drove around we talked, sang songs and had a great time. We ended up about suppertime at the Barrel(a local drive-in) for chicken sandwiches and root beers.

Well, what to do next? Me, being the driver, I suggested, "Why not go out to 3 pits and park for awhile. (does this sound familiar?). 3 pits so named because hey were working gravel pits located about 3 miles south of town, were frequently used by local teens to "park". They agreed, so off we went.

After parking for a while (no details needed here) this other fella and I got out to have a smoke. By this time the testosterone was about to take control of our 17 year old bodies and we began to scheme how we could get those girls to go "skinny dipping" with us. We were hoping that if we could get them down over the bank without their clothes on, they might need a boost to get back up. (Didn't this sound like fun?)

When we finally got up the nerve to ask them, their response was equivalent to an atomic blast, so what the heck, we'd go it alone.

We went over the edge of the bank, took off our shoes and clothes in the moonlight and down the bank we went (it was quite steep) and into the water. The temperature of that water soon cancelled out all rambunctious effects of that testosterone. Sunk-a-ditch, it felt like the same temperature of the Artic Ocean off Point Barrow. Needless to say, we very quickly scrambled back up the bank and when we stuck our heads up, the girls had turned on the headlights. Back down the bank and into the water (there was no beach). It seemed even colder this time, so back up the bank again. Same old story, the headlights were still on.

Back into the water again (by now it was no longer fun or funny). The water seemed to get colder each time we went in and by this time I

was pleading with God, "I will never cheat, steal, lie or do anything bad again (does this sound familiar?) if you'll just make those girls turn off those damned lights."

Back up the bank. Hallelujah !!! No lights. Then we heard snickering and laughing from the car. (We were soon to find out why) After our invitation to get naked and go "skinny-dipping", those girls were in a vengeful mood. They were ticked off! They had turned on the headlights and unbeknownst to us, while we wee scrambling up and down the bank, had slipped out of the car, quickly tied our pants legs shut, filled our socks, shorts and t-shirts with sand and gravel, stuffed them into our pants and covered everything up. (I just found out while writing this story that they had considered throwing our clothes into the was and even as much as I loved that little doll, that would have put them on foot). Then they snuck to the car and turned off the lights.

When we stood up on top of the bank, cloud cover had blown in, leaving barely enough light to see. Our clothes were gone!! OH S-IT The chill in the breeze on my wet, naked body caused me to start shaking uncontrollably, like a sled dog trying to pass herring bones at 30 below zero. That part of my anatomy that had not been squashed in the previous story now felt like it was being frozen off. We were in shock from the cold and the disappearance of our things so with everything still hinging out we began digging like badgers.

Obviously the girls heard us scratching around looking for our things and decided to help us out. They turned on the lights again. (Bless their little heart) It was hit the deck or back into the water (no choice here). I am sure they could hear me grrroooooaaan as I hit the mound of gravel covering my clothes. (Ooooooh, nooooo, scrambled eggs again.)

My lily white butt, colder than a well diggers behind in January, was now shining in he headlights. Then in the best masculine voice I could muster (does this sound familiar?) I said "TURN OFF THOSE DAMN LIGHTS!!!! But by this time those girls were laughing so hard they couldn't find the light switch. (I am sure even God Himself was laughing too. Did He just get me again?)

Shortly they turned the lights off, we found our clothes and I stood up still shaking like a leaf in a storm. I put on my t-shirt and jeans over my sand-covered body (this was a big mistake and you will soon see why.) Forget about socks and shorts. I slipped on my penny loafers and headed for the car.

When we got there the girls had moved to the backseat and the atmosphere would have frozen a glacier. All we could hear was the sound of silence and could feel the glaring stares on the backs of our heads. (They would have won an Academy Award for this performance).

Well, nothing to do now but head for town, so I started the car, turned on the heater and we took off. Oh my how I wished that I had been more careful about brushing the sand off my body, for every time I worked the clutch, that part of me that had just felt like it had been frozen off, was now being rubbed raw by the sand in my jeans.

By the time we got back to town there wasn't enough testosterone left to even ask for a good night kiss. I wouldn't have gotten one anyway.

As I recall that was the only date our friends ever had and I was in the doghouse myself for a while.

I don't know if there is a moral to this story, but I have learned this: In every situation you should always keep your butt covered.

### **What the Girls Saw (And Did)**

I never knew until now whether or not those boys had contrived that gravel pit scheme on the spot or not, (who would have guessed?), but once it began, what the heck, we'd play our part.

Ticked off? WE WERE FURIOUS!! Who did those two little twerps think we were, to expect us to take our clothes off and go "skinny-dipping"? How would our parents have reacted if they had known that we had allowed ourselves to be lured into this situation. (My mother would have had a cow!) When those ornery boys chose to go it alone, we began scheming how to make them suffer the most and still have a ride back to town. So, we buried their things, crept back to the car, turned off the lights and waited.

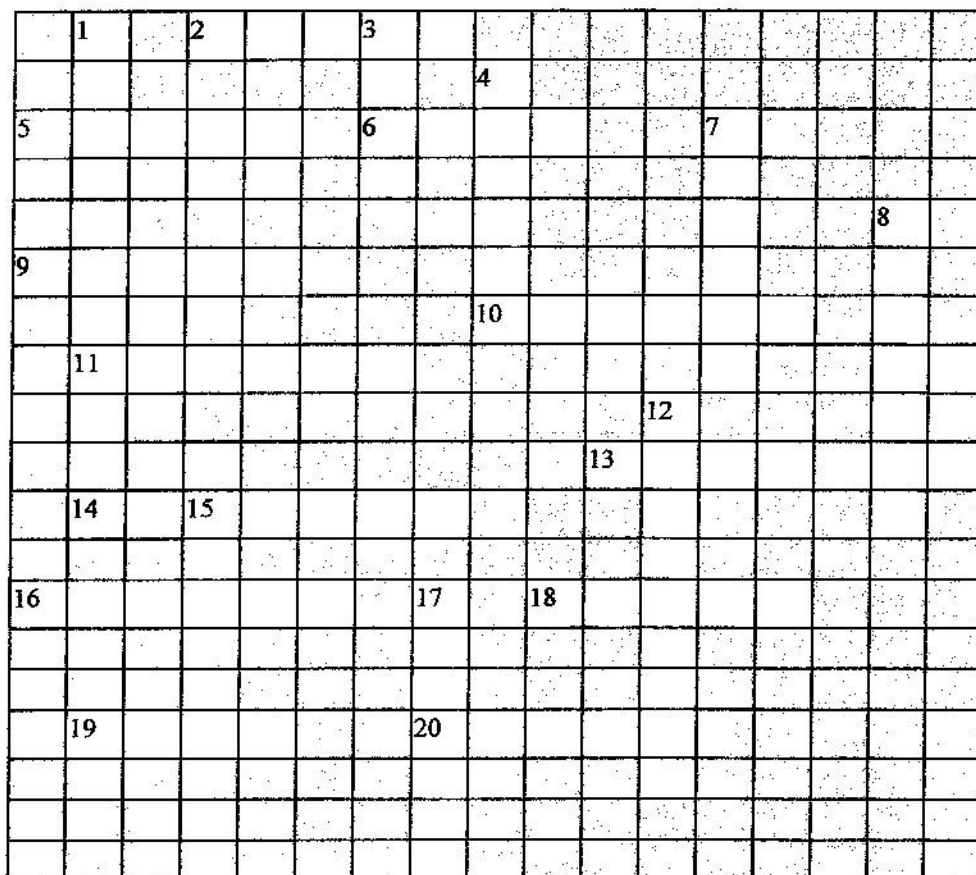
When we heard them scratching around, muttering obscenities in the dark, me, being a good little girl, thought I would help them out. So-- I turned on the lights again. With the look of deer in the headlights they hit the ground like a ton of bricks. All we could see were 4 shiny, lily white, butt cheeks. At this point we lost it and began laughing uncontrollably. We weren't even looking for the light switch. We couldn't stay mad any longer so it was pure Hollywood after that.

"Vengeance is mine", sayeth the Lord, but sometimes we get our share too.

# PUZZLE THEME LOCATED IN THE CRYPTOGRAM

VZZFBJYBFAF LWT KZMMZPOBLMBFAF ZU RVJ UBURBJF  
U=F

## Your Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

2. Press hard on the accelerator
5. Stream of water
6. More than a good amount
9. Old and cranky female
10. romantic loser
11. Much more than a good amount
13. Ungainly fix
14. Kissing and hugging
16. Cool customer
18. To deny full measure
19. Uncool customer
20. Cute young female

### DOWN

1. Presidential township
3. Good amount
4. dressed for skinny-dipping
7. total lack of funds
8. Beaten in a transaction
12. Nowhere in particular
15. Old and cranky male
17. To leave hurriedly (ancient porcine)

*Coney Island Hot Dog  
Anyone?*

Coney Island Sauce - from Vera Schang  
for Schang's Drive-In, Columbia City, IN

This recipe makes a very large amount of  
condensed sauce which is frozen and then  
reconstituted by adding water when ready  
to use.

1/2 cup suet (may substitute any hard  
vegetable lard)

2 cups chopped onions

2 large garlic buds, minced

5# ground beef

4 cups water

3T paprika

3T chili powder

3T salt

3T black pepper

1 1/2 T all spice

1 1/2 T cummin

cracker meal, #1 fine

In dutch oven:

cook onion and garlic in suet until it is  
dissolved (if using other lard, cook till  
onions are limp) add ground beef, crumble  
and cook until done ( not red anymore) add  
4 cups water combine all spices in separate  
bowl, stir well add to beef mixture and cook  
for 15 min.

To thicken mixture, use cracker meal,  
as needed, to absorb liquid, blending all  
well. Put mixture into pint containers and  
freeze.

To use - place contents of a container in  
large sauce pan (or crock pot), defrost,  
add water to get proper consistency, add  
hot dogs to sauce and heat. Serve on bun  
with mustard, chopped onion and a dab  
of relish -----Enjoy!

P.S. the use of "other lard" is a guess on  
my part; you may need to drain the  
excess fat before adding the water. I  
personally would simply use a small  
amount of vegetable oil to cook the  
onions and garlic and then add the  
ground beef without any added fat in this  
health-conscious time. Joan

**Cross Word Puzzle Answers**

**ACROSS**

- 2. tromp
- 5. crick
- 6. slew
- 9. biddy
- 10. dumpee
- 11. gaboos
- 13. cobbled
- 14. necking
- 16. Dady'o
- 18. fudge
- 19. nerd
- 20. Chick

**DOWN**

- 1. Worshington
- 3. mess
- 4. nekked
- 7. busted
- 8. skinned
- 11. boondocks
- 15. codger
- 17. amscray

**CRYPTOGRAM ANSWER:**

Hoosierisms and colloquialisms of the fifties