

CLASS OF '57 NEWSLETTER

OCTOBER 2011

VOLUME 30

JOE

My friend Joe was not easy to know. Was it by intent? I never thought so. The kindness he shared, showed that he cared, often without seeking recognition. The things he worked hardest for benefited others. Unselfishness was his trump suit. He would open his door if you knocked, but he never advertised that he was home. Although he was a class member for only 2 years, he started and published our newsletter for 28 issues (14 years). He kept us informed of what was going on when we made things known to him and only complained when we withheld our stories. The part that he played was the part that he made, seldom relying on others for guidance. A man all his own, working his way towards home, finally losing the battle of cruelty. So, goodbye, my friend, I will remember to the end and hope to share eternity with you. Ron

THE JOURNEY OF THE ASHES

Joe was incredibly claustrophobic which is why he was cremated, leading to his final adventure:

1. Tom and Katie Nelson and I went on a Holland America (Joe's favorite cruise line) into the Caribbean. One night we met on the back of the ship and scattered some ashes into the sea. It was a gorgeous moonlit night and the ashes found a stream, joined together and floated away in the wake of the ship.
2. I took a container of ashes to Fort Meyers Beach where we both had spent several hundred hours. I scattered some at the base of the "pretty" building (it is the only one with pots and greenery painted on the sides) which Joe used as his turning back point when I continued my run.
3. I scattered ashes all around Joe's favorite table at Plaka, our favorite Greek restaurant. He sat there and "people watched" and ate breakfast while I ran the beach. He loved the Plaka breakfast, especially the pancakes with extra syrup.
4. Since Joe was an avid plant guy and I have a "black thumb", I risked sprinkling ashes on his plants on his pineapple plantation. Now they have to grow, if I keep them watered.
5. My sister, Susie, her husband Tom and I went to Disney World. Joe's breakfast at the Pop Century food court was always a large cinnamon roll, so we bought 4 rolls and we ate three of them. The fourth one I cut into pieces. Then we went out back to a small lake, sprinkled ashes on the roll and tipped the roll into the water. We thought it would sink, but it didn't. I guess the roll wasn't as heavy as I thought. Strangely enough, once again the ashes and roll pieces all joined together and floated under the bridge.
6. After the celebration, Joe's family members went to the Yoder farm and sprinkled ashes all around the Christmas trees that Joe had planted from the first year we lived on the farm. The first one is now taller than the house and Joe always put the lights on it at Thanksgiving and took them down at Easter. The lights were a beacon during a snowstorm to guide people on State Road 9. When you saw the lights, you knew how far you still had to go.

Joe passed away on January 19th (a date that he loved). Camp Winnebago was founded in 1919 and Joe loved that camp experience. He had a 1919 sticker on his El Camino and a chair with 1919 on it. His e mail password included the number 1919. I am assuming that in heaven his cloud number will be 1919.

(The previous account was taken from a letter written by Joe's wife, Dee)

WHERE I LIVE BY ROSE ANN NESS HARRIS

I AM NOT SURE WHERE TO START, HOWEVER, I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT WE MOVED HERE 12 YEARS AGO. WE PURCHASED A SMALL ACREAGE (A LITTLE OVER 2 ACRES) WITH A BRICK RANCH-STYLE HOUSE, A SHED BIGGER THAN THE HOUSE AND BUILT TWO MORE SHEDS. WE BURN WOOD, SO MOST OF THE SHED ROOM IS WOOD STORAGE AND OUR LAWN MOWER. WE LIVE ABOUT 8 MILES WEST OF BROOKHAVEN, MS, ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE OFF THE ROAD. WE ARE SURROUNDED BY TREES ON ALL 4 SIDES, MOSTLY PINE. SINCE WE MOVED HERE WE PLANTED ABOUT 100 TREES, A LOT OF THEM ARE OAK BECAUSE OUR DEER REALLY LIKE ACORNS. WE HAVE A LOT OF WILDLIFE AROUND US, BOBCATS, DEER, WILD TURKEY, RABBITS, COYOTES, AND A COUPLE OF NEIGHBORS WHO COULD BE REFERRED TO AS "WILDLIFE", BUT MOST OF THE NEIGHBORS ARE GOOD FRIENDS.

THE ROAD IN FRONT OF OUR HOUSE RUNS BETWEEN TWO SCHOOLS THAT HAVE KINDERGARTEN AND HIGH SCHOOL CLASSES. THEY ARE NOT CONSOLIDATED, SO IT'S KIND OF LIKE GOING BACK IN TIME. A LOT OF GRADUATIONS, BALLGAMES AND COMPETITION. THE CITY SCHOOL BUS FOR CITY SCHOOLS AND THE MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL OF ARTS COMES WITHIN A MILE OF OUR RESIDENCE. I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW THEY SEPARATED THE SCHOOL SYSTEMS, BUT I KNOW THEY HAVE A LOT OF DIFFERENCE OF OPINIONS ON TUITION, ETC. WHEN SCHOOL STARTS EACH YEAR.

LINCOLN COUNTY IS ABOUT THE SIZE OF WHITLEY COUNTY AND THE TOWN OF BROOKHAVEN IS NEARLY 15,000, WITH A RATIO OF 60-40 WITH AFRICAN AMERICANS HAVING TAKEN OVER AFTER KATRINA. WE HAVE FOUND THAT BROOKHAVEN, LINCOLN COUNTY, MS, IS A VERY RELAXING PLACE TO RETIRE.

WE HAVE ACCESS TO A POND WHICH THE NEIGHBOR JUST RE-STOCKED THIS SPRING WITH MEDIUM-SIZED CATFISH. KEITH KEEPS OUR YARD, THE NEIGHBOR'S YARDS AND AROUND THE POND MOWED. THERE ARE SOME OLDER-LARGER CATFISH IN THE POND, SO WE HAVE CATFISH QUITE REGULARLY. CATFISH NEVER WERE MY FAVORITE, BUT I'VE LEARNED TO TOLERATE THEM. THE SOUTHERN WOMEN DOWN HERE HAVE GIVEN ME SEVERAL COOKBOOKS SO I CAN TELL WHAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT WHEN IT COMES TO SOME TYPES OF GUMBO, RED BEANS AND RICE, EGGPLANT, ETC.

WE HAVE A GREAT DONUT SHOP WHICH IS RUN BY SOME PEOPLE FROM CAMBODIA AND WE HAVE GOTTEN TO BE GREAT FRIENDS WITH THEM. IT'S OUR USUAL STOP FOR COFFEE, AND OF COURSE DONUTS, EACH MORNING TO FIND OUT WHAT IS GOING ON. WE HAD A VERY HOT SUMMER, BUT SINCE THE END OF AUGUST THE WEATHER HAS BEEN GREAT, MUCH COOLER.

MY TRIP TO THAILAND BY BARB FREY

SUWASSADEE-KAA (THAT IS HELLO, (FEMALE) IN THAI). SUWASSADEE-KRUB WOULD BE IF A MAN WERE SAYING HELLO.

EARLY IN THE SPRING OF 2011, MY FRIEND, BILLIE INVITED ME TO TRAVEL WITH HER TO THAILAND TO VISIT HER SON, STEVEN AND HIS WIFE, NUCA, A THAI GIRL. BILLIE AND HER LATE HUSBAND HAD GONE TO THAILAND FOR THE WEDDING SEVEN YEARS PRIOR. SHE HADN'T SEEN THEM SINCE THAT TIME.

I DEBATED FOR QUITE SOME TIME ABOUT THE TRIP BECAUSE OF THE LONG 18 HOUR FLIGHT FROM LOS ANGELES TO BANGKOK, BEING GONE FOR 3 WEEKS AND OTHER CONCERNS. NEVERTHELESS, I APPLIED FOR AND GOT A PASSPORT, VISITED PUBLIC HEALTH FOR THE REQUIRED SHOTS, MADE FLIGHT RESERVATIONS AND THEN I WAS COMMITTED!! BILLIE MADE THE HOTEL RESERVATIONS. WE WOULD LEAVE ON NOVEMBER 9 FROM LAS VEGAS TO LOS ANGELES TO BANGKOK AND THEN TO PHUKET (POO-KET) ARRIVING ON NOVEMBER 11 AND OUR FINAL DESTINATION. PHUKET IS WHERE THE TSUNAMI OCCURRED 6 YEARS PRIOR.

WE LEFT LOS ANGELES AT 9:30 PM ON THAI AIRWAYS IN ECONOMY, BUT IT WAS LIKE FIRST CLASS ON A STATE-SIDE AIRPLANE. WE HAD A FRESH PILLOW, BLANKET, FOOTREST, TV/MOVIE SCREEN ON THE BACK OF THE SEAT IN FRONT OF US, INCREDIBLE SERVICE, DELICIOUS FOOD BEAUTIFULLY PRESENTED AND WE WERE QUITE COMFORTABLE FOR THE ENTIRE 18 HOUR FLIGHT.

AFTER LANDING IN BANGKOK AT 6:30 AM, WE WENT THROUGH SECURITY AND BOARDED A 747 FOR THE 90 MINUTE FLIGHT TO PHUKET, KNOWN AS "THE PEARL OF THE SOUTH". WE THEN TOOK A LONG TAXI RIDE TO OUR HOTEL, THE SUGAR PALM AT KATA BEACH. WE UNPACKED AND HEADED FOR THE BEACH WHICH WAS 2 BLOCKS AWAY. THEN IT STARTED TO POUR RAIN, SO WE HIGH TAILED IT BACK TO OUR ROOM AND SLEPT TIL 3 AM. OUR BODY CLOCKS WERE OUT OF SYNC, OF COURSE. WE READ, TALKED AND WATCHED TV UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO GO TO BREAKFAST, WALKED TO THE BEACH, CHECKED OUT THE AREA, DID A LITTLE SNACK SHOPPING, THEN LOUNGED BY THE POOL. ONE DAY WE TOOK A TUKTUK, AN OPEN-AIR CONTRAPTION, TO KARON BEACH AND ENJOYED THAT AREA WITH A LONG WALK AND BOUGHT A HUGE PAPAYA TO TAKE BACK TO THE ROOM. FRUITS OF ALL KINDS WERE SERVED AT THE BUFFET BREAKFAST EACH MORNING. WE ATE PAPAYA, DEVIL FRUIT, WATERMELON, LONGONG AND ENJOYED IT ALL.

ON NOV. 16, WE CHECKED OUT OF OUR HOTEL AND TOOK A CAR ARRANGED BY THE HOTEL TO THE AIRPORT. BILLIE HAD DECIDED THE EXTRA MONEY WAS WORTH IT AFTER THE IDIOT TAXI DRIVER WE HAD COMING INTO THE HOTEL. WE LEFT PHUKET HEADED FOR BANGKOK AND THEN TO CHIANG MAI, CALLED "THE ROSE OF THE NORTH". STEVEN AND NUCA WERE THERE TO MEET US AND DROVE US TO THEIR

LOVELY HOME. NUCA HAD PREPARED DINNER FOR US WITH THE HELP OF THEIR 19 YEAR OLD MAID, AWN, WHO HAD ESCAPED FROM BURMA BY TRAVELING THROUGH THE JUNGLE AT NIGHT. AWN LIVES WITH HER BROTHER AND HIS FAMILY.

STEVEN AND NUCA LIVE IN A LARGE HOUSE WITH A POOL AND LUSH TROPICAL TREES AND FLOWERS. THEIR HOME IS GATED AND THEY HAVE 4 SECURITY CAMERAS SHOWING ON THEIR TV AT ALL TIMES. THEY WORK FROM THEIR HOME AND I NEVER WAS TOLD WHAT THEY DO FOR A LIVING. BILLIE AND I EACH HAD OUR OWN BEDROOM AND WERE MADE TO FEEL AS IF WE WERE IN A 5-STAR HOTEL. NUCA HAD PLANNED AN OUTING FOR EVERY DAY WE WERE THERE.

WE DROVE INTO THE MOUNTAINS AND HAD TEA AT A 5-STAR RESORT, VISITED THE FAMOUS VAROROS MARKET TEAMING WITH MANY VEGETABLES, FRUITS, FLOWERS, MEATS AND PARTS, EELS AND FROGS IN BUCKETS, AND THINGS I NEVER DID LEARN WHAT THEY WERE. WE RODE AN ELEPHANT, VISITED THE HMONG VILLAGE IN DOI PUI, AND SAW MANY, MANY TEMPLES (WATS), WENT TO A HUGE 3-STORY MALL TO SHOP, THE QUEEN'S GARDENS, THE KING'S GARDENS, AND ONE DAY WE GOT TO STAY HOME AND ENJOY THE POOL.

THE HIGHLIGHT OF BEING IN CHIANG MAI WAS THE LOI-KA-THONG FESTIVAL. THIS FESTIVAL IS HELD ON THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON AND INCORPORATES OUR FOURTH OF JULY AND THE ROSE BOWL PARADE, NYC AND NEW ORLEANS AT MARDI GRAS! WE HEARD FIRE CRACKERS GOING OFF NIGHT AND DAY FOR A WEEK PRIOR TO THE BIG DAY. WE WENT TO THE PARADE AND THE YOUNG LADIES (SOME WERE YOUNG BOYS!) RIDING ON FLOATS WERE DECKED OUT IN THEIR THAI FINERY WITH TIARAS AND BANNERS ACROSS THEIR CHESTS. PRECEDING THE FLOATS WAS A PICK UP TRUCK WITH AN ENORMOUS BOOM BOX IN THE BED OF THE TRUCK AND A GASOLINE ENGINE TOWED BY THE TRUCK TO PROVIDE THE POWER FOR THE BOOM BOX. IT WAS HILARIOUS. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE MARCHED IN THE PARADE. WE WALKED TO THE RIVER AREA AND BOUGHT A SMALL FLOAT WITH A BASE OF PALM LEAVES, AND FLOWERS AND CANDLES FITTED INTO THE LEAVES. WE LIT THE CANDLES, AND PUT OUR FLOAT IN THE RIVER TO TAKE AWAY ALL OUR TROUBLES AND SINS FOR THE YEAR. WHO KNEW IT COULD BE THAT EASY! DINNER WAS IN A FABULOUS RESTAURANT WITH A WATERFALL AND GREAT FOOD. WHILE AT CHIANG MAI WE HAD DINNERS OF DIFFERENT CULTURES-INDIAN, ISRAELI, SPANISH AND LOTS OF THAI DISHES.

I THINK I SAW EVERY BUDDHA, MONK, ELEPHANT STATUE AND ORCHID OR OTHER EXOTIC FLOWER ONE COULD SEE IN THAILAND AND ON NOV. 26 AT 4 PM I LEFT CHIANG MAI FOR BANGKOK AND LOS ANGELES ARRIVING AT 7:30 PM THAT SAME DAY. MY DAUGHTER, JO LISA, MET ME AT LAX AND I STAYED WITH HER UNTIL MONDAY. IT WAS GOOD TO GO THAILAND, BUT LIKE ALL TRIPS WE TAKE, IT WAS GOOD TO BE HOME.

BALANCING THE SCALES

SOMETIMES THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN ACT ARE NOT IMMEDIATELY KNOWN OR DISCOVERED, SO IF YOU WILL INDULGE ME FOR A FEW MINUTES I WILL TELL YOU THE FINAL HAPPENINGS OF THE SKINNY DIPPING INCIDENT BACK THERE IN 1956.

AFTER THE BONE CHILLING DIPS INTO THE WATER OF 3 PITS ON THAT SUNDAY EVENING I WENT TO BED FEELING PRETTY CRAPPY. THE NEXT MORNING MY MOTHER CALLED ME FOR BREAKFAST AND TO GET READY FOR WORK, BUT I WAS EXHAUSTED AND BURNING UP WITH FEVER. WHEN I DIDN'T RESPOND TO HER SECOND CALL, SHE CAME UP THE STAIRS ON THE RUN THINKING I HAD BEEN DRINKING AND WAS HUNG OVER. (SHE WAS ALWAYS SUSPICIOUS OF THAT BECAUSE OF THE ANTICS OF MY OLDER BROTHER). SHE FELT MY FOREHEAD AND ANNOUNCED, "YOU ARE GOING TO THE DOCTOR!". SHE CALLED DR. LANGHOR'S OFFICE AND MADE AN APPOINTMENT FOR THAT AFTERNOON.

AT THE DRS. OFFICE THE NURSE CHECKED MY TEMPERATURE (103). SHE INFORMED THE DOCTOR AND HE CAME IN TO EXAMINE ME. HIS INITIAL DIAGNOSIS WAS PNEUMONIA AND HE INSTRUCTED HER TO ADMIT ME IMMEDIATELY. (THAT MEANT UNDRESSING AND PUTTING ON ONE OF THOSE GOWNS WITH NO BACK IN IT) SHE PUT ME STRAIGHT TO BED. SHORTLY, THIS NURSES AIDE, CUTE AS A BUTTON, SWEET AS SUGAR AND WITH THE INNOCENT LOOK OF A LITTLE LAMB, CAME IN. I REALIZED IT WAS ROSALIE FARBER (HENCEFORTH KNOWN AS *RKF*). SHE TOOK MY TEMPERATURE, MY HEART RATE AND BLOOD PRESSURE AGAIN AND LEFT. THEN SHE CAME BACK WITH ICE WATER TO DRINK AND COOL WATER TO WASH OFF THE SWEAT. THIS WAS MY FIRST TIME IN A HOSPITAL AND EVEN IN MY WEAKENED CONDITION, THINGS WEREN'T LOOKING TOO BAD. THIS ILLUSION, HOWEVER, WAS ABOUT TO BE SHATTERED, BECAUSE IMMEDIATELY THE DOORWAY TO MY ROOM WAS DARKENED BY NURSE RATCHET (HENCEFORTH KNOWN AS *NR*)

NR SEEMED AS BIG AS A CHICAGO BEAR'S LINEBACKER AND IN A GRUFF VOICE DEMANDED, "TURN OVER!!" IN HER HAND WAS A SYRINGE THAT LOOKED LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD A PINT OF MEDICINE AND WAS TIPPED WITH A NEEDLE THAT LOOKED LIKE A FOUR INCH NAIL. SHE STOOD OVER ME LOOKING AS THOUGH SHE WAS THINKING, "YOU LITTLE PISS ANT, I CAN SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG, SO DON'T GIVE ME ANY GUFF". I QUICKLY PULLED THE SHEET UP TO MY CHIN AND ASKED IN A TREMBLING VOICE, "IS THERE PENICILLIN IN THAT SHOT?" (I WAS ALLERGIC TO PENICILLIN). THEN SHE SAID WITH THE AUTHORITY OF MOSES PARTING THE RED SEA, "TURN OVER. I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS SHOT! DOCTOR'S ORDERS!"

I CLUTCHED THE SHEET AS TIGHTLY AS I COULD AS I JUST KNEW THERE WAS PENICILLIN IN THAT SYRINGE AND IN MY STRONGEST VOICE I ASSERTED, "NO!!!" WELL, BEFORE YOU COULD SAY JACK JOHNSON, SHE RIPPED BACK THE SHEET, FLIPPED ME OVER LIKE A PANCAKE, EXPOSING MY SKINNY LITTLE WHITE BUTT AND IT WAS "WHAM , BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM," AND SHE DROVE THAT NEEDLE IN TO THE HILT. (SUNK A DITCH THAT HURT!!!) SHE LOOKED DOWN ON ME AS IF TO SAY, "THERE, YOU DEFIANT LITTLE S.O.B, THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO TELL ME NO" AND WITH A SMIRK OF AUTHORITY ON HER FACE, STRODE OUT OF THE ROOM. I IMMEDIATELY FAINTED AS WAS MY NORMAL REACTION TO PENICILLIN.

THERE WERE NO FURTHER SHOTS OF PENICILLIN AFTER THAT, ONLY LARGE ANTIBIOTIC PILLS. I THINK MY 5' 2," 105 POUND HILLBILLY MOTHER HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT. I AM SURE THERE WAS A CONFRONTATION BETWEEN HER AND *NR* REGARDING THAT SHOT AND WHEN MOM WAS ANGRY SHE HAD A SCOWL ON HER FACE THAT WOULD MAKE KING KONG BACK DOWN AND A SHRILLNESS IN HER VOICE THAT WOULD DRIVE THE DOGS BACK UNDER THE PORCH, COVERING THEIR EARS. SHE COULD HORSEWHIP YOU WITH HER TONGUE AS EASILY AS FLICKING A FLY.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER I WAS AWAKENED BY *RKF* WITH A MISCHIEVOUS LOOK ON HER FACE LIKE THE LITTLE IMP THAT SHE WAS, INSISTING THAT I SHOULD REMOVE MY SWEAT SOAKED GOWN (SHE HAD A CLEAN ONE FOR ME)AND SHE WAS GOING TO GIVE ME A BATH. I THOUGHT, EVEN AS WEARY AS I WAS, THIS WAS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN AND ASKED, "YOU AND WHO ELSE?" SHE REPLIED, "HONEY, THIS IS WHAT I GET PAID FOR, SO I CAN DO IT OR I'LL SEND IN A NURSE." (I THOUGHT AFTER THE PRIOR NURSE EPISODE, I HAD BETTER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH *RKF*) EMBARRASSING AS IT WAS, (IT'S A GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T TAKE MY BLOOD PRESSURE OR HEART RATE THEN) IT DID FEEL GOOD TO BE CLEAN AND DRY AND IN A FRESH BED AND I WENT RIGHT BACK TO SLEEP.

THE NEXT THREE DAYS WERE PRETTY MUCH CARBON COPIES OF THE FIRST, EXCEPT THERE WERE NO MORE VISITS FROM *NR*. HOWEVER, THE SAME PUZZLING QUESTION WAS ASKED EVERY MORNING. "DID YOU HAVE A BOWEL MOVEMENT?" EACH DAY I REPLIED, "NO." (HAD I KNOWN WHAT WAS ABOUT TO COME, I WOULD HAVE LIED AND SAID, "YES".) ON THE FIFTH DAY, I FOUND OUT WHY THAT QUESTION WAS ASKED. YOU HAD TO HAVE A BOWEL MOVEMENT IN THOSE DAYS BEFORE YOU WOULD BE DISMISSED FROM THE HOSPITAL. (DOCTOR'S ORDERS) WHEN I RESPONDED "NO" *RKF* INFORMED ME THAT SHE WAS GOING TO HAVE TO GIVE ME AN ENEMA. (WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?) ONCE AGAIN I ASKED, "YOU AND WHO ELSE?" SHE ANSWERED, "EITHER I DO IT OR A NURSE WILL DO IT", SHE GAVE ME ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE IMPISH GRINS AND LEFT THE ROOM.

AFTER A BIT, *RKF* RETURNED WITH A WHITE PORCELAIN TRAY CONTAINING PARAPHANELIA CONCEALED BY A WHITE TOWEL. WHEN SHE REVEALED THE CONTENTS OF THE TRAY, (VASELINE, RUBBER GLOVES AND A PITCHER WITH A PLASTIC TIPPED RUBBER HOSE) I THOUGHT I WOULD TAKE MY CHANCES WITH A NURSE THIS TIME. (THIS WAS MY BIGGEST MISTAKE BECAUSE SHORTLY AFTER *RKF* LEFT, IN CAME-YOU GUESSED IT-*NR*. UNBEKNOWNST TO ME, AFTER THE CONFRONTATION WITH MY MOTHER, *NR* HAD JUST BEEN WAITING TO STICK IT TO ME AGAIN. EVEN THO, AN ENEMA WOULD HAVE BEEN A VERY MENIAL TASK FOR AN EXPERIENCED NURSE, SHE COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET AT ME.

NR CAME INTO MY ROOM WITH A BIG SMILE ON HER FACE, STOOD OVER ME AND INFORMED ME IN A VOICE DRIPPING WITH HONEY, THAT THERE WAS NO ESCAPING THIS PROCEDURE. (DOCTOR'S ORDERS) I COULDN'T GO HOME UNTIL IT WAS DONE. (I THOUGHT TO MYSELF, "OH SH-T, I'M TRAPPED!!"). THEN SHE ORDERED, "TURN OVER ON YOUR SIDE, MR. LOVELY, OR I WILL DO IT FOR YOU" (I KNEW FULL WELL THAT SHE COULD AND WOULD DO JUST THAT)

WITHOUT FURTHER RESISTANCE, DISCRETION BEING THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR, I TURNED OVER ON MY SIDE. SHE PUT ON THE GLOVES, LUBRICATED THE PLASTIC END OF THAT HOSE, THEN ME (YOU KNOW WHERE) AND INSERTED THAT PLASTIC THING UP MY "WAZOO". SHE INSTRUCTED, "LIE STILL AND TAKE DEEP BREATHS" AND SHE BEGAN TO RAISE THAT WHITE CONTAINER THAT WAS FILLED WITH WARM, SOAPY WATER. I COULD FEEL THE WATER GOING IN. SHE KEPT SAYING, "HOLD IT, HOLD IT, HOLD IT," ALL THE TIME RAISING THAT CONTAINER HIGHER AND HIGHER AND HIGHER. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO EXPLODE.

THEN *NR* BENT OVER TO SEE IF ANYTHING WAS LEAKING OUT. UNFORTUNATELY FOR HER, I SNEEZED, "ACHOO!!!!!!" THE PLASTIC END ON THAT HOSE FLEW OUT OF ME LIKE A SHOT FROM A CANNON AND THE WARM SOAPY WATER INSIDE OF ME SQUIRTED OUT LIKE AN ERUPTION OF OLD FAITHFUL DOUSING *NR* FROM THE TOP OF HER STARCHED, WHITE CAP TO THE TOP OF HER SPOTLESS, WHITE UNIFORM, INCLUDING HER FACE AND GLASSES. SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE HAD JUST BROKEN OUT WITH A SEVERE CASE OF THE BROWN MEASLES. I TURNED MY HEAD TO SEE WHAT HAD HAPPENED, BUT BEFORE I COULD LAUGH, SHE YELLED, "DON'T YOU DARE MOVE!!!!!!" AND STOMPED OUT OF THE ROOM, HOLDING HER GLASSES IN HER HAND.

IN MINUTES, *RKF* AND ANOTHER AIDE? (SEE PAGE 8, LOWER LEFT HAND CORNER OF THE 57 ANNUAL) CAME IN WITH BUCKETS OF WATER, MOPS, SPONGES AND TOWELS. *RKF* SENT ME TO THE BATHROOM TO SHOWER AND PUT ON MY STREET CLOTHES. HALLELUJAH!!!! I WAS GOING HOME. (DOCTOR'S ORDERS) AS I WAS DRESSING I HEARD GIGGLES IN MY ROOM. ONE OF THE GIRLS WHISPERED LOUDLY, "LOOKS LIKE THINGS BACKFIRED ON *NR*". THE OTHER ANSWERED, "YEAH, SHE SURE GOT THE SHI-Y END OF THAT DEAL" AND THEY BOTH CRACKED UP AGAIN.

I WENT HOME THAT AFTERNOON REALIZING THIS ENTIRE EPISODE HAD BEEN CAUSED BY TRYING TO GET TWO FRIENDS TOGETHER AND ATTEMPTING TO GET THE GIRLS TO LOWER THEIR STANDARDS AND GO SKINNY DIPPING WITH US BOYS. ONCE AGAIN IT CAME TO MIND, ALWAYS KEEP YOUR BUTT COVERED, LOVELY.

THIS IS THE LAST STORY OF MY HIGH SCHOOL EPISODES. THANK YOU FOR YOUR FOREBEARANCE OF THE GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS USED IN TELLING THEM. I INTENDED TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE 17 YEAR OLD BOY THAT I WAS AT THE TIME. I AM LOOKING FORWARD, AND AM SURE OTHERS ARE TOO, TO HEARING SOME OF YOUR EXPERIENCES FROM THOSE WONDERFUL YEARS. PLEASE SHARE THEM WITH US.
RON

© Ron Lovely '96"

BACK HOME AGAIN

When leaves of red and yellow had succumbed to nature's call
And the smell of them a'burning announced that it was fall
When thistle down came floating 'cross meadows sparse and bare
When these old memories come a'calling. Aren't we glad that we were
there?

When hickory nuts and acorns laid scattered all around
We heard rustlings of the squirrels as they hid them in the ground
Bittersweet was gathered in the frosty autumn air
When these old memories come a'calling, Aren't we glad that we were
there?

We dressed as tramps and gypsies, threatening with tricks or treats
NO CANDY? SOAP THEIR WINDOWS!!! As we assaulted local streets
Our laughter as school children filled the playgrounds of yesteryear
When these old memories come a'calling. Aren't we glad that we were
there?

Parking out on 13 curves, don't tell Mom or Dad!
To the Barrel for a chicken sandwich. Was the best we ever had
Friday games and sock hops, pep rallies to learn the cheer
When these old memories come a'calling
Do you remember when you were there?

Columbia City, home for memories, waiting there for us to share
If your body has been absent but your heart is dwelling there
Come home for our reunion, celebrate our 55th year
Good friends, good times await you, you will be missed if you're not there

The following is the latest information on the 2012 reunion from chairman,
Gerald Putman:

WHEN: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER, 15, 2012, COUNTRY THEME
PLACE: BOB AND MARDEL'S COUNTRY HOME
(DIRECTIONS TO BE GIVEN IN REUNION INVITATION)
TIME: 4 PM, SOCIAL TIME, 6 PM CATERED MEAL AND VISITING
FRIDAY EVENING (14TH): PIZZA PARTY AT SMITH'S COACH
HOUSE
SUNDAY MORNING: NO PLANS AT THIS TIME

**TREASURER'S REPORT
SUBMITTED BY JANIS SMITH KELLY, CLASS TREASURER**

OPENING BALANCE: 9/1/2010	\$1053.86
REUNION DEPOSIT: \$1851.00	2904.86
REUNION EXPENSES: -1,282.00	1622.86
FLOWERS: -133.25	
<u>ALUMNI DONATIONS</u> -50.00	
<u>TOTAL</u> -183.25	
 <u>ACCOUNT BALANCE AS OF SEPTEMBER 30, 2011</u>	 <u>\$1,439.61</u>

(DONATIONS TO THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION IN LIEU OF FLOWERS WERE MADE IN THE NAMES OF JOE YODER AND CARL BELLMAN, HUSBAND OF BETTY SHEETS BELLMAN)

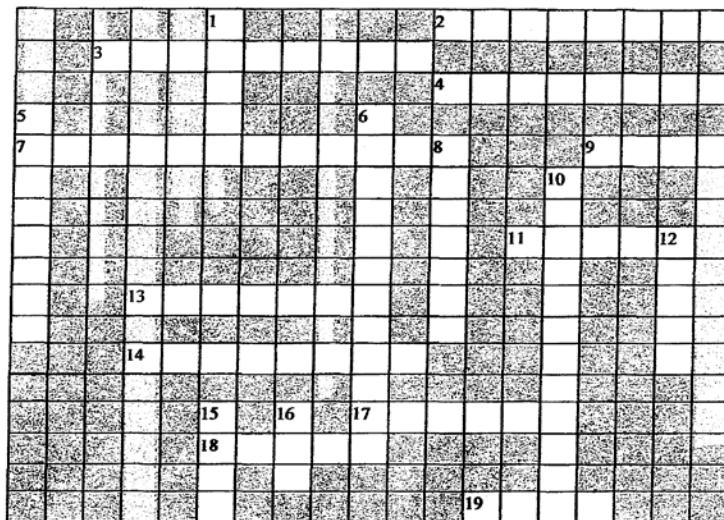
CONDOLENCES TO:

ROGER ANDERSON, WHO LOST HIS BROTHER, DON
JANIS SMITH KELLY, WHO LOST HER MOTHER, JEAN
BETTY SHEETS BELLMAN, WHO LOST HER HUSBAND, CARL

ADDRESS AND E-MAIL CHANGES

ANITA EDDINGFIELD OSBORNE: ANITA.OSBORNE@ATT.NET
JANIS LOUISE SMITH KELLY: JLKELLY@MEDIACOMBB.NET
THOM FEIT: THOMFEIT@GMAIL.COM
BILL RAMP: BILLRAMP@FRONTIER.COM
DON ADAMS: DEADAMS@FRONTIER.COM
ROSEANN NESS HARRIS: RAH39601@YAHOO.COM
NANCY POFFENBERGER ROSENBERG: NNCYROSENBERG@MAC.COM
HOME ADDRESS: 9105 KORNBURST CIRCLE
LONE TREE, CO
80124

CRYPTGRAM: FTERP, FTERP, FTERP



ACROSS

- 2. a hare's leap
- 3. See you Later
- 4. Chordette's favorite confection
- 7. Tony Bennet's road to wealth
- 9. rock and _____
- 11. Marteri (see 13 across)
- 13. How did he cross the desert (see 11 across)
- 14. Hernando's _____
- 17. The Four lads love to stand on the _____
- 18. Italian affection
- 19. Willie's _____ jive

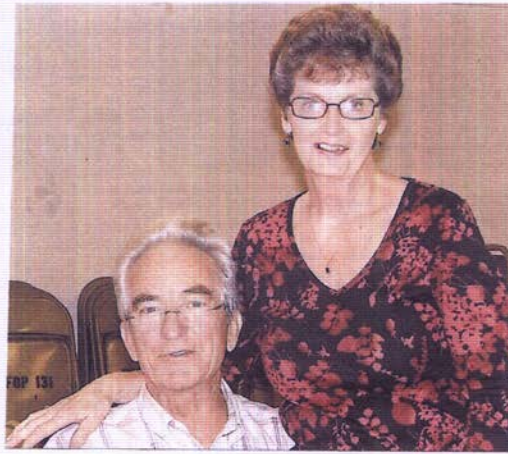
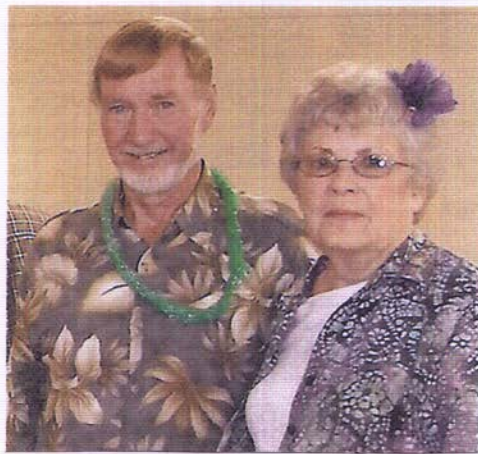
DOWN

- 1. bending low
- 5. Under the Boardwalk by the _____
- 6. obscene poultry movement
- 8. Lefty Frizzell's favorite town
- 10. hall loafer spitball thrower
- 12. _____ pokey
- 15. Just walking in the _____
- 16. I want you, I need you, I love _____

DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST AND/OR SUBMISSIONS, THIS WILL BE THE LAST NEWSLETTER BEFORE THE REUNION IN 2012 UNLESS YOU, AS CLASSMATES, SHARE YOUR STORIES FROM OUR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS AND/OR YOUR LIFE EXPERIENCES.

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK MARGARET, RON AND ROSALIE FOR THEIR ASSISTANCE IN PRODUCING AND MAILING THIS NEWSLETTER. I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THEIR HELP. CLASS COORDINATOR AND EDITOR, RAY BECHTEL

Puzzle answers on back page



PUZZLE ANSWERS

ACROSS

2. BUNNYHOP
3. ALLIGATOR
4. LOLLIPOP
7. RAGS TO RICHES
9. ROLL
11. RALPH
13. CARAVAN
14. HIDEAWAY
17. CORNER
18. AMORE
19. HAND

DOWN

1. LIMBO
5. DRIFTERS
6. CHICKEN DANCE
8. SAGINAW
10. CHARLIE BROWN
12. HOKEY
15. RAIN
16. YOU