



***NEWS & SHHS***  
**CLASS OF 1957**  
**ONLINE NEWSLETTER**



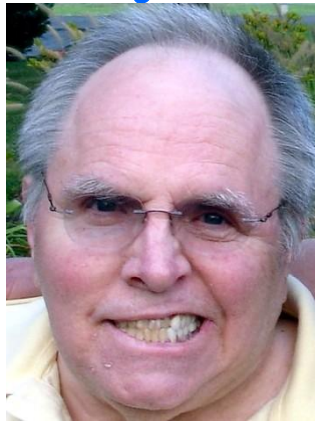
*April 2011 Edition*

**APRIL BIRTHDAYS**

*Fanny Selset*



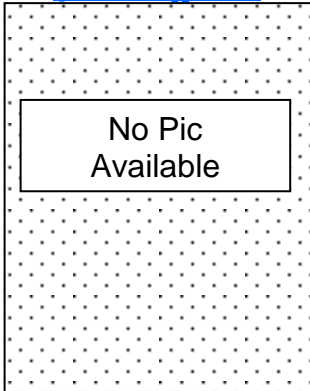
*Sam Lantz*



*Betty Norris*



*Ronnie Butts*



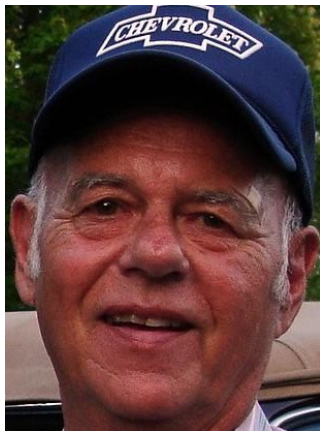
*Vicki Brenner*



*John Newton*



*Ron Houser*



*Dick Krumpe*



*Gail Sweeney*



*Rebecca Scuffins*



**APRIL ANNIVERSARIES**

*Pete & Linda Baker Femen*



*Dick & Susan Messersmith*



**CLASSMATE ACTIVITIES**

*March Class Luncheon*

Fifty-three 'youngsters' attended the March Class Luncheon on the 17<sup>th</sup> and we had a couple of "first-timers", Jackie Conley and Joanne Brill.

The Clear Spring Food Pantry sent a thank you letter to our class for the food and cash donations that were collected at the Christmas Luncheon. Thanks for your generosity.

Everyone enjoyed the fashion show put on by Polly, Kirklyn, Jo Ann, Jone and Barb. They had stunning Spring outfits and received a standing ovation for their performance.

The following schedule was confirmed for the 2011 class luncheons & picnic:

*June 16<sup>th</sup> Luncheon @ Western Sizzler*

*September 15<sup>th</sup> Picnic @ FOP Picnic Grounds*

*December 15<sup>th</sup> Christmas Luncheon @ Western Sizzler*

Mark your calendar now and get off you duff and attend the events. Next year, we will be celebrating of 55<sup>th</sup> Reunion!!!!!!

If you click on the link below, you will see pics of the March Luncheon. Get your buns to the June Luncheon so we can talk about you after you leave.

[\(Click Here\)](#)



[Larry Weber](#)

Larry is conducting a special Easter Celebration with full orchestra and chorus not once, but twice, on Easter weekend. If there is interest among members of the Class of '57 to find a church service appropriate to Easter, here are the details.

"Because We Believe" is a musical affirmation of faith. It will be presented at 7 o'clock the evening of Saturday, April 23, at Grace Brethren Church, 250 Philadelphia Avenue, Waynesboro, PA. Larry is pastor of this church. The same program will be repeated at 7 o'clock the evening of Sunday, April 24, at Maranatha Brethren Church, 19835 Scott Hill Drive, Hagerstown, MD.

[Gloria Bower's Husband, Richard Clem](#)

Richard collects Civil War artifacts and writes articles about the Civil War. He shared with us a Sergeant's Shield of a Union Soldier that he found near Lappans Crossroads. Click on the picture of the shield below for the article about Sergeant C. W. Willett.



*Dick Messersmith*



The week of March 12th, my granddaughter, Jane Messersmith, a Junior at Bucknell, spent her Spring Break with Susan and I. We did the Universal/Disney tourist thing and this is a photo of us in the first car at the Dino ride in Disney Animal Kingdom. Susan is pretty animated. As a heads up to anyone coming to Universal this summer, if you want to see the Harry Potter attraction, you must be at the park when it opens and go straight to that attraction.

*Nevin & Barbara Fosterly Smith*



Lance Corporal Zach Moore, Grandson of Barb, has completed phase one of his Air Traffic Controller training in Pensacola Florida on October 26th 2010

and is currently stationed at Cherry Point N.C. for the next phase of his ATC training. Zach has earned his Green Belt under the MCCAP program. He is also interested in Flying and Paratrouping.

### *Bill & Polly Fitz Martin*

The only thing really happening on our busy calendar that is different is that our grandchildren keep us active by attending the sporting events that they in. Our granddaughter, Allie is a freshman at Williamsport High School and is running track this spring. Believe me, she does not get her running ability from her grandmother. Last Friday just watching her run the 1600 (four times around the track) at Clearspring, made me tired. Of course I am 56 years older. Our grandsons love baseball and are playing at Maugansville Little League. Spencer is ten years old and plays on a major league team. Samuel is seven and is now with a minor league team. Spencer is also part of a traveling baseball team. We try to attend as many of their events as possible, because so soon they are grown. We often see other class of '57 friends at these sporting events.

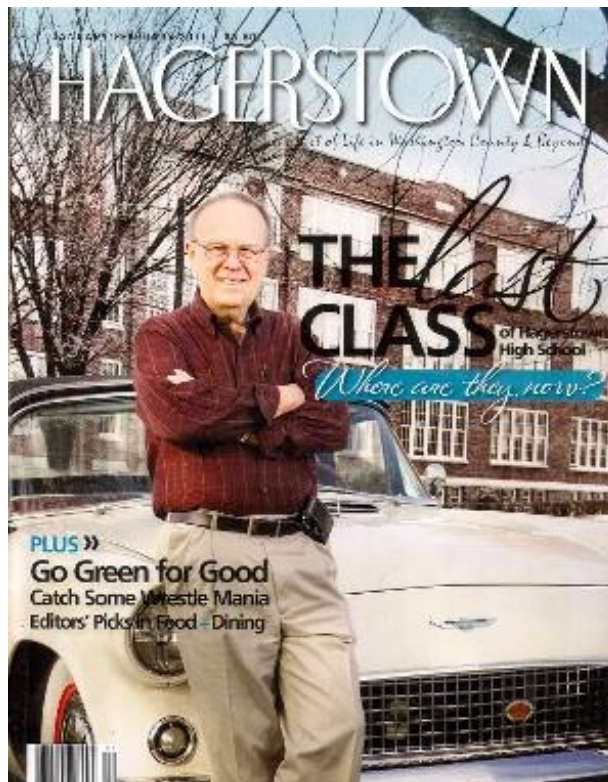
### *Don & Gene Bucket Bowman & Bob & Arlise Weaver Cianelli*



We had a great week in Florida with friends fishing, golfing, shopping, eating, goofing off and boating. Had a close call when the skipper of our vessel clipped the Marker 8 sign in front of the restaurant we were sailing to for breakfast one morning. Suffice it to say, everyone in the waterfront restaurant was aware of our pending arrival after we "rang in" our presence via metal on metal. The owner introduced us to all the patrons as the folks who just "rang" the channel marker! We won't mention who was captain of the vessel. Strangely enough, we have an affinity for announcing our arrival at this particular eatery. Two years ago, one of the gang fell off the dock into the bay as we tried to dock at the same restaurant!

### *Hagerstown Magazine Article*

The Hagerstown Magazine, January-February 2011 Edition, has an article about the last graduating class of Hagerstown High (Class of 1956). As you can see from the cover below, an elderly gentleman from the Class of 56 is leaning on the hood of a Thunderbird with the school in the background. If you click on the picture, it will take you to the article on the Hagerstown Magazine's website.



### *Adult Truths*

1. I think part of a best friend's job should be to immediately clear your computer history if you die.
2. Nothing sucks more than that moment during an argument when you realize you're wrong.
3. I totally take back all those times I didn't want to nap when I was younger.

4. There is great need for a sarcasm font.
5. How the heck are you supposed to fold a fitted sheet?
6. Was learning cursive really necessary?
7. Map Quest really needs to start their directions on # 5. I'm pretty sure I know how to get out of my neighborhood.
8. Obituaries would be a lot more interesting if they told you how the person died.
9. I can't remember the last time I wasn't at least kind of tired.
10. Bad decisions make good stories.
11. You never know when it will strike, but there comes a moment at work when you know that you just aren't going to do anything productive for the rest of the day.
12. Can we all just agree to ignore whatever comes after Blue Ray? I don't want to have to restart my collection...again..
13. I'm always slightly terrified when I exit out of Word and it asks me if I want to save any changes to my ten-page technical report that I swear I did not make any changes to.
14. I keep some people's phone numbers in my phone just so I know not to answer when they call.
15. I think the freezer deserves a light as well.
16. I disagree with Kay Jewelers. I would bet on any given Friday or Saturday night more kisses begin with Miller Lite than Kay.

17. I wish Google Maps had an "Avoid Ghetto" routing option.
18. I have a hard time deciphering the fine line between boredom and hunger.
19. How many times is it appropriate to say "What?" before you just nod and smile because you still didn't hear or understand a word they said?
20. I love the sense of camaraderie when an entire line of cars team up to prevent a jerk from cutting in at the front. Stay strong, brothers and sisters!
21. Shirts get dirty. Underwear gets dirty. Pants never get dirty, and you can wear them forever.
22. Sometimes I'll look down at my watch 3 consecutive times and still not know what time it is.
23. Even under ideal conditions people have trouble locating their car keys in a pocket, finding their cell phone, and Pinning the Tail on the Donkey - but I'd bet everyone can find and push the snooze button from 3 feet away, in about 1.7 seconds, eyes closed, first time, every time.
24. The first testicular guard, the "Cup," was used in Hockey in 1874 and the first helmet was used in 1974. That means it only took 100 years for men to realize that their brain is also important.

### Qsms

- 1 \* Accept the fact that some days you're the pigeon, and some days you're the statue!
- 2 \* Always keep your words soft and sweet, just in case you have to eat them.
- 3 \* If you can't be kind, at least have the decency to be vague



4 \* If you lend someone \$20 and never see that person again, it was probably worth it.

5 \* It may be that your sole purpose in life is simply to serve as a warning to others.

6 \* Nobody cares if you can't dance well. Just get up and dance.

7 \* Since it's the early worm that gets eaten by the bird, sleep late.

8 \* The second mouse gets the cheese.

9 \* Birthdays are good for you. The more you have, the longer you live.

10 \* Some mistakes are too much fun to make only once.

### *Senior Texting Code*

Since we seniors are texting more below is the Official Senior Texting Code.

- ATD ~ At The Doctor's
- BTW ~ Bring The Wheelchair
- BYOT ~ Bring Your Own Teeth
- CBM ~ Covered By Medicare
- CUATSC ~ See You At The Senior Center
- DWI ~ Driving While Incontinent
- FWIW ~ Forgot Where I Was
- FYI ~ Found Your Insulin
- GGLKI ~ Gotta Go, Laxative Kicking In
- GGPBL ~ Gotta Go, Pacemaker Battery Low!
- GHA ~ Got Heartburn Again
- HGBM ~ Had Good Bowel Movement
- IMHO ~ Is My Hearing-Aid On?
- LOL ~ Living On Lipitor
- SGGP ~ Sorry, Gotta Go Poop
- TTYL ~ Talk To You Louder
- WAITT ~ Who Am I Talking To?

- WTP ~ Where's The Prunes?

## COMEDY CORNER

### *Education & Comedy*

My father never drove a car. Well, that's not quite right. I should say I never saw him drive a car.

He quit driving in 1927, when he was 25 years old, and the last car he drove was a 1926 Whippet.

"In those days," he told me when he was in his 90s, "to drive a car you had to do things with your hands, and do things with your feet, and look every which way, and I decided you could walk through life and enjoy it or drive through life and miss it."

At which point my mother, a sometimes salty Irishwoman, chimed in:

"Oh, bull----!" she said. "He hit a horse." "Well," my father said, "there was that, too."

So my brother and I grew up in a household without a car. The neighbors all had cars -- the Kollingses next door had a green 1941 Dodge, the VanLaningshams across the street a gray 1936 Plymouth, the Hopsons two doors down a black 1941 Ford -- but we had none.

My father, a newspaperman in Des Moines, would take the streetcar to work and, often as not, walk the 3 miles home. If he took the streetcar home, my mother and brother and I would walk the three blocks to the streetcar stop, meet him and walk home together.

My brother, David, was born in 1935, and I was born in 1938, and sometimes, at dinner, we'd ask how come all the neighbors had cars but we had none. "No one in the family drives," my mother would explain, and that was that.

But, sometimes, my father would say, "But as soon as one of you boys turns 16, we'll get one." It was as if he wasn't sure which one of us would turn 16 first.

But, sure enough, my brother turned 16 before I did, so in 1951 my parents bought a used 1950 Chevrolet from a friend who ran the parts department at a Chevy dealership downtown.

It was a four-door, white model, stick shift, fender skirts, loaded with

everything, and, since my parents didn't drive, it more or less became my brother's car.

Having a car but not being able to drive didn't bother my father, but it didn't make sense to my mother.

So in 1952, when she was 43 years old, she asked a friend to teach her to drive. She learned in a nearby cemetery, the place where I learned to drive the following year and where, a generation later, I took my two sons to practice driving. The cemetery probably was my father's idea. "Who can your mother hurt in the cemetery?" I remember him saying more than once.

For the next 45 years or so, until she was 90, my mother was the driver in the family. Neither she nor my father had any sense of direction, but he loaded up on maps -- though they seldom left the city limits -- and appointed himself navigator. It seemed to work.

Still, they both continued to walk a lot. My mother was a devout Catholic, and my father an equally devout agnostic, an arrangement that didn't seem to bother either of them through their 75 years of marriage. (Yes, 75 years, and they were deeply in love the entire time.)

He retired when he was 70, and nearly every morning for the next 20 years or so, he would walk with her the mile to St. Augustin's Church. She would walk down and sit in the front pew, and he would wait in the back until he saw which of the parish's two priests was on duty that morning. If it was the pastor, my father then would go out and take a 2-mile walk, meeting my mother at the end of the service and walking her home.

If it was the assistant pastor, he'd take just a 1-mile walk and then head back to the church. He called the priests "Father Fast" and "Father Slow."

After he retired, my father almost always accompanied my mother whenever she drove anywhere, even if he had no reason to go along. If she were going to the beauty parlor, he'd sit in the car and read, or go take a stroll or, if it was summer, have her keep the engine running so he could listen to the Cubs game on the radio. In the evening, then, when I'd stop by, he'd explain: "The Cubs lost again. The millionaire on second base made a bad throw to the millionaire on first base, so the multimillionaire on third base scored."

If she were going to the grocery store, he would go along to carry the bags out -- and to make sure she loaded up on ice cream. As I said, he was

always the navigator, and once, when he was 95 and she was 88 and still driving, he said to me, "Do you want to know the secret of a long life?"

"I guess so," I said, knowing it probably would be something bizarre.

"No left turns," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"No left turns," he repeated. "Several years ago, your mother and I read an article that said most accidents that old people are in happen when they turn left in front of oncoming traffic.

As you get older, your eyesight worsens, and you can lose your depth perception, it said. So your mother and I decided never again to make a left turn."

"What?" I said again.

"No left turns," he said. "Think about it. Three rights are the same as a left, and that's a lot safer. So we always make three rights."

"You're kidding!" I said, and I turned to my mother for support.

"No," she said, "your father is right. We make three rights. It works." But then she added: "Except when your father loses count."

I was driving at the time, and I almost drove off the road as I started laughing.

"Loses count?" I asked.

"Yes," my father admitted, "that sometimes happens. But it's not a problem. You just make seven rights, and you're okay again."

I couldn't resist. "Do you ever go for 11?" I asked.

"No," he said " If we miss it at seven, we just come home and call it a bad day. Besides, nothing in life is so important it can't be put off another day or another week."

My mother was never in an accident, but one evening she handed me her car keys and said she had decided to quit driving. That was in 1999, when she was 90.

She lived four more years, until 2003. My father died the next year, at 102.

They both died in the bungalow they had moved into in 1937 and bought a few years later for \$3,000. (Sixty years later, my brother and I paid \$8,000 to have a shower put in the tiny bathroom -- the house had never had one. My father would have died then and there if he knew the shower cost nearly three times what he paid for the house.)

He continued to walk daily -- he had me get him a treadmill when he

was 101 because he was afraid he'd fall on the icy sidewalks but wanted to keep exercising -- and he was of sound mind and sound body until the moment he died.

One September afternoon in 2004, he and my son went with me when I had to give a talk in a neighboring town, and it was clear to all three of us that he was wearing out, though we had the usual wide-ranging conversation about politics and newspapers and things in the news.

A few weeks earlier, he had told my son, "You know, Mike, the first hundred years are a lot easier than the second hundred." At one point in our drive that Saturday, he said, "You know, I'm probably not going to live much longer."

"You're probably right," I said.

"Why would you say that?" He countered, somewhat irritated.

"Because you're 102 years old," I said..

"Yes," he said, "you're right." He stayed in bed all the next day.

That night, I suggested to my son and daughter that we sit up with him through the night.

He appreciated it, he said, though at one point, apparently seeing us look gloomy, he said: "I would like to make an announcement. No one in this room is dead yet"

An hour or so later, he spoke his last words: "I want you to know," he said, clearly and lucidly, "that I am in no pain. I am very comfortable. And I have had as happy a life as anyone on this earth could ever have."

A short time later, he died.

I miss him a lot, and I think about him a lot. I've wondered now and then how it was that my family and I were so lucky that he lived so long.

I can't figure out if it was because he walked through life, or because he quit taking left turns.

Life is too short to wake up with regrets. So love the people who treat you right. Forget about the ones who don't.

Believe everything happens for a reason.

If you get a chance, take it and if it changes your life, let it.

Nobody said life would be easy, they just promised it would most likely be worth it."

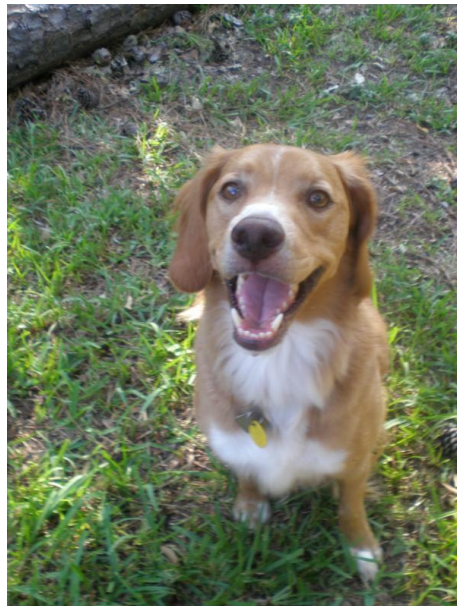
**[ENJOY LIFE NOW - IT HAS AN EXPIRATION DATE!](#)**

*Remember When*

*All the girls had ugly gym uniforms?*



*Nobody owned a purebred dog?*



*Your Mom wore nylons that came in two pieces?*



*They threatened to keep kids back a grade if they failed. . and they did it!*



*Playing baseball with no adults to help kids with the rules of the game?*



*When being sent to the principal's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited the student at home?*



*Telephone numbers with a word prefix... (Yukon 2-601). Party lines.*



*Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, 'Do Over!'?*

*'Oly-oly-oxen-free' made perfect sense?*





*The Worst Embarrassment was being picked last for a team?*

