



NEWS & SEHS

CLASS OF 1957

ONLINE NEWSLETTER

February 2016 Edition



BULLETIN BOARD

❖ ***Class Luncheon March 17th, St. Patrick's Day!! Mark your calendar today so you can enjoy a great luncheon with your Leprechaun Pals from 1957! Proud of you for the response to our Christmas Luncheon – Good Show! If we ever break 100, I will bring my Chippendale pals and we will perform at the luncheon.***

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

Dick Knode



Norma Jean Hull



Carl Gearhart



Howard Rice



Gordie Sanders



Frit Hill



Judy Iseminger



Alice Lindsey



Nancy Minnich



Bob Moats



Phil Brader



Barbara Locke



Don Smith



Elaine Finniff



Judy Statler



FEBRUARY ANNIVERSARIES

Arthur & Anne Corderman Helton



Gene & Brenda Smith



CLASSMATE ACTIVITIES

John Newton



West Virginia's John Newton named 2015 US Youth Soccer Administrator of the Year

BALTIMORE (Jan. 15, 2016) — John Newton of Vienna, W.Va., was honored as the 2015 US Youth Soccer Administrator of the Year award recipient Friday night at the US Youth Soccer Awards Gala, held in conjunction with the 2016 US Youth Soccer Workshop in Baltimore.

Hilary Kennedy, host of The US Youth Soccer Show, set the stage for the night as the master of ceremonies for the more than 1,000 in attendance. Boys and Girls Recreation and Competitive Coaches of the Year, Young Referee of the Year, Administrator of the Year, Volunteer of the Year, Goal and Save of the Year, TOP Soccer Buddy and Coach of the Year and the Dr. Thomas Fleck Award were also presented during the Gala, and the US Youth Soccer Hall of Fame inductees were honored, as well.

John Newton has served as a volunteer, coach and referee during more than 30 years in youth soccer. After volunteering at the club and state level throughout the 1990s, Newton was elected vice president of programs for West Virginia Soccer Association in 1998. In that role, he helped increase the number of teams competing in state tournaments and has also assisted with two US Youth Soccer Region I Championships held in West Virginia.

The recipient of the Administrator of the Year award is selected by the US Youth Soccer Board of Directors. The Administrator of the Year Award honors the extraordinary accomplishments in administration over a career.

Editor's Comment: Congratulations John, you make the Class of '57 Proud!

Doris Holsinger

I fell twice 2 weeks ago, both knees gave out at the same time and I laid on the floor for 2 hours until I could crawl to the phone to get help. No broken bones thank goodness. I am the care taker for my husband so I had to rely on my daughter and sister and daughter-in-law. I now have someone coming in 4 hours a day to help Jim and I am getting the rest I need. We would appreciate prayers and thoughts from everyone.

Editor's Comment: Medical Alert systems are sometimes essential. Glad all turned out OK and the Class of '57 will certainly have you in our prayers.

Bob Westphal



Bob, here's Frances Jane, 6 months old, with Grandma Leslie. Frannie is reading Shakespeare to her grandma.

The city of Albany, a few miles from us, has a big mission downtown, homeless folks, rehab programs for drugs and alcohol, located in what amounts to the city's ghetto, lots of marginal homes, people without work, no insurance, all that sort of thing. We have a medical clinic down there, and I spend one day a week working, just amazing stuff, with many other volunteers. Some of the stories and conditions are heart-breaking, but it never fails to astonish me, the strength of the human spirit in really very difficult circumstances. If you have any sort of mission or shelter nearby, I urge you to offer your services, or help, to people who really need it. I know I get more out of it than I give, really.

Poly Fitz

Recently, some of the class of '57 members along with other friends met Gordon Sanders and his wife Connie at Bob Evans for lunch. After an enjoyable meal, we all went back to Somerford Place to sing with those who resided there. It was a very rewarding experience with the eleven of us probably reaping the greatest blessings. We already have plans for a repeat performance.



Glenn Julian

Chick-fil-A, the same fast-food outlet has once again proved a positive to the world. This time it did so by unveiling an amazing Veterans Day tribute that left Georgia resident Eric Comfort in complete shock.

According to a Facebook post he published on Monday, when he walked into a local Chick-fil-A, Comfort discovered a "Missing Man Table" that contained a single rose, a Bible and a folded American flag, as well as a plaque within which was the following explanation: "This table is reserved to honor our missing comrades in arms. The tablecloth is white — symbolizing the purity of their motives when answering the call of duty. The single red rose, displayed in a vase, reminds us of the life of each of the missing and their loved ones and friends of these Americans who keep the faith, awaiting answers. The vase is tied with a red ribbon, symbol of our continued determination to account for our missing. A pinch of salt symbolizes the tears endured by those missing and their families who seek answers. The Bible represents the strength gained through faith to sustain those lost from our country,

founded as one nation under God. The glass is inverted — to symbolize their inability to share this evening's toast. The chair is empty — they are missing."

After the story went viral, the store manager, Alex Korchan, explained to WSB that his team members had set up the table because they "wanted to honor veterans." Furthermore, he offered free meals to all veterans and their family members on Veterans Day. Korchan also put up a poster so that customers could write in the names of loved ones who they have lost. "We've had a lot of people who have come in and seen it and been touched by it," Korchan continued. "It's been special to see."



Gordie & Connie Sanders



I wanted to give Judy and Tom Shaw a big shout out for helping to clear my driveway after that huge snowfall. I know this will make Gordon feel very special when I tell him how his classmates have helped out. Also we want to thank everyone for their support and prayers.

Editor's Comment: Good Show Tom, I will give you a big kiss next time I see you!

Editor's Comment: Following article is especially for Class of '57 veterans.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP

Bob Lonsberry © 2016

The account of two U. S. Navy vessels being seized by the Iranian navy earlier this week seems completely implausible. No part of it makes any sense.

The story is that two river patrol boats – bristling modern-day incarnations of the Vietnam swift boats – were navigating south from Kuwait to Bahrain . At some point, via some means, the two boats, with their contingent of five sailors each, surrendered to the Iranians.

Two accounts have been offered as to how that happened.

The first was that one of the vessels lost its engine and that they both then drifted into Iranian waters. The other was that the two boats had been operating fine, but inadvertently navigated into Iranian territory. Simply put, they got lost. Neither account seems possible.

First off, if one of the boats broke down, and the sailor aboard trained to tend the engine couldn't fix it, the other boat would merely take it in tow and they would proceed on their way. That is not a novel maritime undertaking.

The second scenario – oops, we got lost – is even less likely. It turns out that navigation and navigation equipment are kind of a high priority for the Navy. Boats don't get lost. Highly technical navigation equipment on both boats would have told crew members exactly where they were.

And in the unlikely event that both boats lost all electronic navigational equipment, and the compasses lost track of magnetic north, there is the simple fact that sailing from Kuwait to Bahrain pretty much involves nothing more complex than keeping the shore on your starboard side. And should you lose sight of shore, and can remember that the map has safety to the west and danger to the east, you'd think that the position of the sun in the sky or the fact that prevailing winds in the Persian Gulf in the winter are northwesterly, would somehow have allowed our sailors to find the Saudi shoreline instead of Iranian waters.

And all of that presumes that these two boats were operating alone in the open seas, which they presumably were not. There is, in fact, a U.S. Navy aircraft carrier battle group operating in the Persian Gulf .

The USS Harry S Truman owns the Persian Gulf these days, and the significant American military presence in Saudi Arabia and Kuwait – lands immediately proximate to the waters where our sailors were operating – makes us the biggest dog on the block.

And we've got radar and helicopters and airplanes and stuff like that.

And if an American vessel breaks down at sea, or strays from course, under those operational conditions, there are a lot of American assets that would both notice the problem and be able to offer relief. Yet no one did.

We're supposed to believe nobody radioed a couple of inexplicably lost boats to ask where they were going? When one of them supposedly broke down, a carrier battle group had no means to come to their assistance?

That makes no sense. It's completely unbelievable.

So is the apparent conduct of the sailors in the face of a supposed challenge by the Iranian military.

If one of the vessels was disabled, as is claimed, and hostile craft are approaching, bringing with them the prospect of capture and captivity, don't you put all 10 sailors on the able boat, sink the disabled boat, and race the bad guys back to international waters?

From the Iranian video, it looks like two or three bass boats and four guys in mismatched uniforms, with a couple of AK's, captured two far-larger and better-armed American boats, both of which were bristling with mounted machine guns.

Here's a fact: When you're kneeling on the deck of your own boat, with your hands clasped behind your head, and some guy's shouting at you in terrorist language, things didn't go right.

And yet, that's exactly what supposedly happened here. Ten American sailors, successors to Captain James Lawrence, are on their knees next to their unfired guns, in the face of a smaller and less well-armed opponent – with little American flags snapping in the breeze.

This is not the stuff of Commodore Perry and Admiral Farragut.

And you wonder whose call it was.

How far up the chain of command did they have to go to find the cowardly lion who ordered this genuflection before a bunch of savages? Did this get bounced all the way to the Pentagon, or the Situation Room? Which secretary of what made the decision not to put a squadron of naval aviators above those two boats to keep the camel jockeys at bay?

It is shameful, a worldwide embarrassment for the nation and the Navy. And it is topped off by an obsequious videotaped apology, and pictures of our sailors, captive in hostile hands, the female with a towel over her head.

The President can ignore this. But we can't.

We got pantsed. We got humiliated. We showed either weakness or incompetence. And unfortunately either one only invites aggression against us.

It is inconceivable that you could find 10 Americans willing to surrender themselves and their equipment without a fight.

It is not plausible that any young man or woman entering into the naval service would willingly kneel on the deck of a combat-capable ship.

Somebody told them to give up!

COMEDY CORNER

Editor's Comment: We have all been there!



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Lost words from our youth

The other day a not so elderly (65) lady said something to her son about driving a Jalopy and he looked at her quizzically and said what the heck is a Jalopy? OMG (new phrase!) he never heard of the word jalopy!

So they went to the computer and pulled up a picture from the movie "The Grapes of Wrath." Now that was a Jalopy!

She knew she was old but not that old... I hope you are Hunky dory after you read this and chuckle...

WORDS AND PHRASES REMIND US OF THE WAY WE WORD

About a month ago, I illuminated some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "Carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry." A bevy of readers have asked me to shine light on more faded words and expressions, and I am happy to oblige:

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We'd put on our best bib and tucker and straighten up and fly right. Hubba-hubba! We'd cut a rug in some juke joint and then go necking and petting and smooching and spooning and billing and cooing and pitching woo in hot rods and jalopies in some passion pit or lovers lane.

Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! We were in like Flynn and living the life of Riley, and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell, but when's the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of beehives, pageboys and the D.A.; of spats, knickers, fedoras, poodle skirts, saddle shoes and pedal pushers. Oh, my achingback. Kilroy was here, but he isn't anymore.

Like Washington Irving's Rip Van Winkle and Kurt Vonnegut's Billy Pilgrim, we have become unstuck in time. We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap, and before we can say, I'll be a monkey's uncle! or This is a fine kettle of fish! we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues and our pens and our keyboards.

Poof, poof, poof go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink, and they're gone, evanesced from the landscape and wordscape of our perception, like Mickey Mouse wristwatches, hula hoops, skate keys, candy cigarettes, little wax bottles of colored sugar water and an organ grinders monkey.

Where have all those phrases gone? Long time passing. Where have all those phrases gone? Long time ago: Pshaw. The milkman did it. Think about the starving Armenians. Bigger than a bread box. Banned in Boston. The very idea! It's your nickel.

Don't forget to pull the chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. Turn-of-the-century. Honest Injun. Iron curtain. Domino theory. Fail safe. Civil defense. Fiddlesticks! You look like the wreck of the Hesperus. Cooties. Going like sixty. I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels. Heavens to Murgatroyd! And awa-a-ay we go! Oh, my stars and garters!

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter had liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff, this winking out of the words of our youth, these words that lodge in our heart's deep core. But just as one never steps into the same river twice, one cannot step into the same language twice. Even as one enters, words are swept downstream into the past, forever making a different river.

We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the advantage of remembering there are words that once did not exist and there were

words that once strutted their hour upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more, except in our collective memory.

It's one of the greatest advantages of aging. We can have archaic and eat it, too.

See ya later, alligator