



NORTH & SOUTH
Hagerstown High Schools
Class of 1957
Online Newsletter

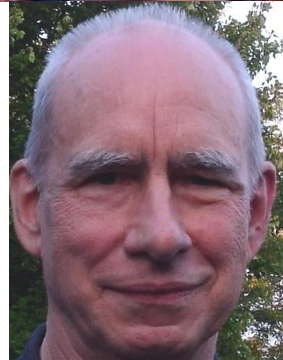
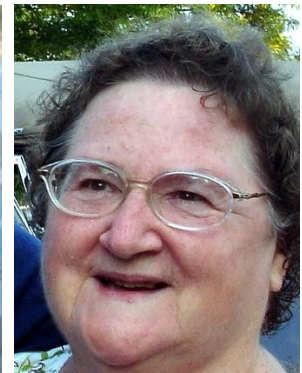


March *2015* Edition

Bulletin Board

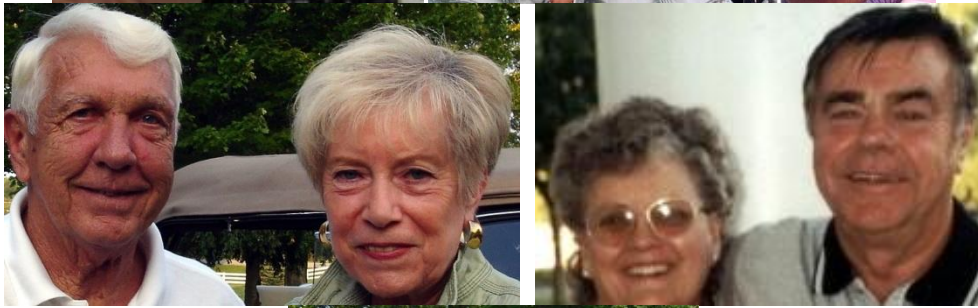
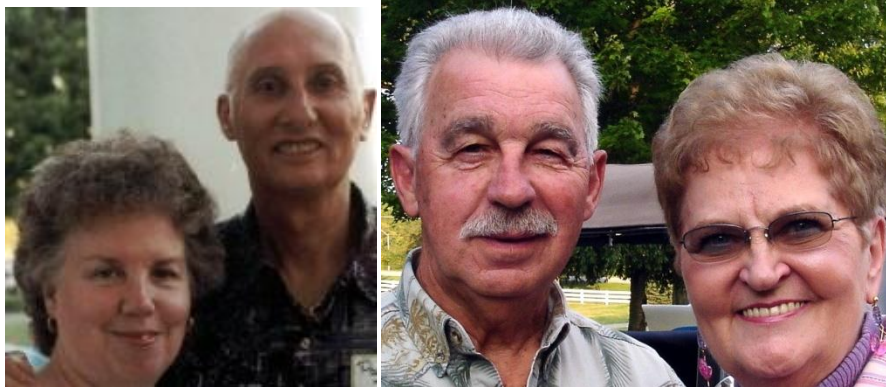
- Get well wishes to some classmates; Nick Carter, Dave Bragunier & Donna Lowman.
- Class luncheon is on March 19th, starting at 11:30 at the Western Sizzler located on Halfway Blvd. Please make your reservation with Jo Ann @ jkline6160@myactv.net. We need 50 to reserve the entire room.
- Cabaret 2015 will be held on March 21st to raise \$15,000 for an all terrain chair for an amputee veteran. If you would like to donate there are two ways: 1) Send me a check made out to Our Lady of the Chesapeake and "Independence Fund" in the memo section. 2) Donate via our web page at <http://independencefund.org/give/cabaret-2015-indy-fund>. Following is a link to an article in the local paper about the event: <http://www.pasadenavoice.com/community/neighbors-hold-cabaret-fundraiser-support-amputee-vets>

March Birthdays





March Anniversaries



Class Activities

Nancy Hanks & Ann Snyder

Andy Snyder and I drove down to Myrtle Beach to see Donna Lowman Doughty. We left at 4:00am and arrived early afternoon on Friday. We spent the day and evening with her and her family. She was thrilled that we came

down. We hugged and talked about all the trouble we used to get in and we laughed. She has a great family surrounding her and Earl takes good care of her and she remains up-beat

She played cards with her family the night before we got there and she still has plenty of spunk. Her kids told her husband that he needed to tell her it is all right to go. That maybe she wanted to know he would be ok after she was gone. So finally he agreed and he put his arms around her and said; "Honey, it's alright to go." She looked at him, smiled and said "Go where?" She is still Donna, the girl with humor in her heart even under difficult circumstances.

We stayed overnight, hugged, said our goodbyes and drove home. She indicated she wants a memorial service at the Chesapeake Bay in nice weather and to let her ashes sail into the wind. That seems to be a fitting end to the life of an incredible woman who raised an incredible family who love her.

[Alice Ann Lindsey](#)

My niece Hannah Borgeson has an addiction -- to swimming! She swam the Manhattan Island 28.5 mile Marathon swim -- a full counter clockwise circumnavigation of the island of Manhattan. Hannah has also participated in the 8 Bridges Hudson River Swim. For one week, each day's marathon swim begins with one bridge and ends at the next covering distances ranging from 13.2 to 19.8 miles. The year Hannah turned 40; she decided to challenge herself with the goal of swimming in 40 different pools which she proudly accomplished.

In her work life, Hannah is the Graduate Services Manager for the Spitzer School of Architecture at The City College of The City University of New York. Before or after work she enjoys swimming. Bicycling is another of her passions. Once a month Hannah leads a midnight ride in New York City with close to 100 followers.

When Hannah and her mother (my sister, Barbara Lindsey) came for Christmas this year, she wanted to swim in the indoor pool at Willow Valley and we made it happened the day after Christmas. It was to be her 82nd pool! She can tell the rest of her story via the 82nd pool post on her blog: www.40pools.wordpress.com.



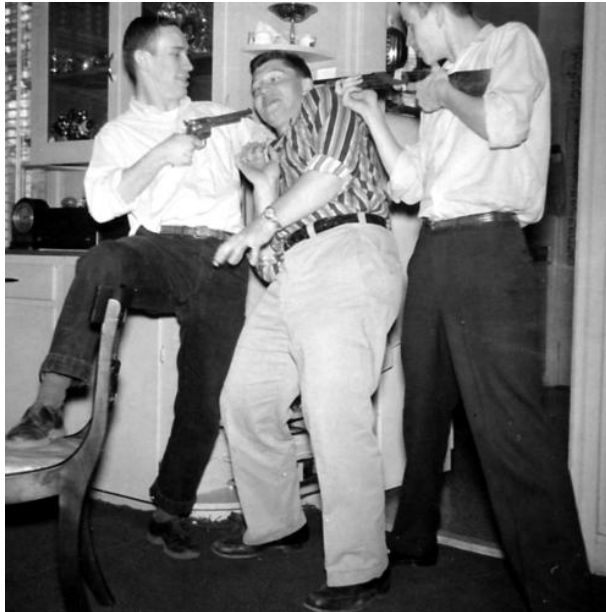
Strock, Knode, Kline & Middlekauff



Cool day in Florida

Charlie LeFew

[Click on the Pic Below to View All the Pics](#)



Valentine's Day Stories

Jim Carnes

In 1964 I was stationed at the Boca Chica Naval Air Station in Key West. One of the men in my division got into a bar fight in a brothel--well the sign outside said it was a bar, but it was really a brothel. (My guy broke the other guy's jaw in 17 places with a cue stick!) He was subject to Court-Martial and I was assigned as assistant defense counsel.

The lawyer and I went to the brothel on Valentine's Day to take statements from the witnesses to the fight. Well, as we went in the "witnesses" thought they had some mid-day customers and came rushing up to kiss us. When I got home that evening I tried to explain just why I had lipstick on my cheeks. I don't think she bought the story, even though it was true, and Jim did not get lucky on Valentine's Day in 1964!

Alice Ann Lindsey

Valentine Day was celebrated at Willow Valley Communities on Friday which happened to be my birthday. John headed to the fitness center and I started the day at my warm water arthritis class. We begin the class with all sixteen of us following the team member leading our exercises. We came to a stopping point and she led the group in singing happy birthday to me and another member of the class. It was fun and unexpected.

The afternoon was spent making dinner for an across the street neighbor who had just returned from having surgery. Her husband was grateful for a warm supper. He actually is a good cook himself, but nice not to have to bother on that day. Nothing like homemade cornbread fresh from the oven with creamed chicken, green beans, and some Valentine cake to make them feel remembered and cared about.

At 4:30 John and I headed in to Lancaster for a lovely, yummy dinner at the Belvedere Inn. Then we headed back to Willow Valley for the formal Valentine dance with over 100 of us from both of our campuses. John is still recuperating from a twisted ligament in his knee, but he rose to the occasion and danced with me twice!! Someone in our group put the band up to playing happy birthday and I had another serenade. Quite a birthday!!

The real Valentine Day was a quiet one until mid afternoon when we decided to take a drive to the other side of Lancaster to El Serrano to toast the day and each other with some excellent margaritas! Now we are home as it snows and blows a gale outside - brrrrr. Good for snuggling! By the time you read this, we'll be thinking about Spring!

Arlise Weaver

On Valentine's Day, four neighborhood ladies spent the evening making baskets for the upcoming trac-chair fund raiser. I can't think of a better way to spend Valentine's Day evening than trying to help an amputee veteran.

[Bob Westphal](#)

**Struggling through another New England winter!
From this:**



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