



***NHS* & *SHS***  
**Class of 1957**  
**Online Newsletter**



**October 2011 Edition**

**OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS**

**Paul Bohn**



**Rose Marie Nigh**



**Barbara Grogan**



**Terry Cunningham**



## OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

### Jerry & Pam Hess



## CLASSMATE ACTIVITIES

### Carole Smith



Grandson Justin Trumpower (S/Sgt, Flight Engineer, USAF) is the tall, lanky kid (28 next month) on the left. He's one-third of the way through his year-long TOD in Afghanistan.

*Editor's Comment: A group of true American Patriots. We need to give thanks everyday that these young men and women decide to put their country ahead of self.*

## [Ecile Carbaugh](#)



I'm sending a very heartfelt "[Thank You](#)" to Gary Stenger. I was the lucky recipient of a very unique and one of a kind door prize at the class picnic in September. It was a gorgeous monarch butterfly [hand carved by Gary]. Little did he know to me butterflies have always been one of God's special creatures. They remind me that just like the butterfly with God's help we can go from something rather insignificant to a beautiful being that can fly. Thanks again Gary and to Bob, Joann, Phyllis Nick and everyone else who go out of their way to make our get together so enjoyable.

*Editor's Comment: Gary outdid himself with this exquisite carving. It is truly a work of art.*

*(Click on the butterfly for a video of the picnic pictures.)*

## [Susan Morton](#)



In August, I went on our "ladies only" 6<sup>th</sup> annual road trip (my sister-in-law & two nieces). We decided on a Royal American cruise for our 2 week cruise and land tour of Alaska via the

inside passage and glaciers. We went to Denali where we stayed two nights and then by train to Anchorage. Our stops during the cruise were at Ketchikan, Juneau, Skagway, Seward and yes Bob, we passed the Palin home and flew over her home.

It was a cold rainy vacation but we survived. I panned for gold and got a few flakes to keep, went for a dog sled ride with Iditarod dog sled (on wheels) and oh, yes, in the ships casino I hit the jackpot!

At Anchorage a friend and co-pilot for United and a bush pilot took Kim and I for a 2 hour flight over Wasilla and Anchorage, stopping or “flying in” to his friend’s home to visit and taking off again. This was an exciting 1<sup>st</sup> time experience for me in a Cessna and the finale of our trip this year.

## Carroll Wright

### It's that time again



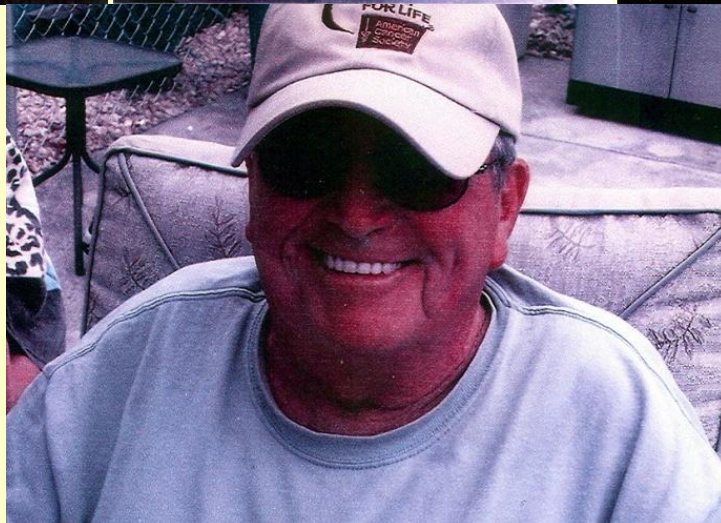
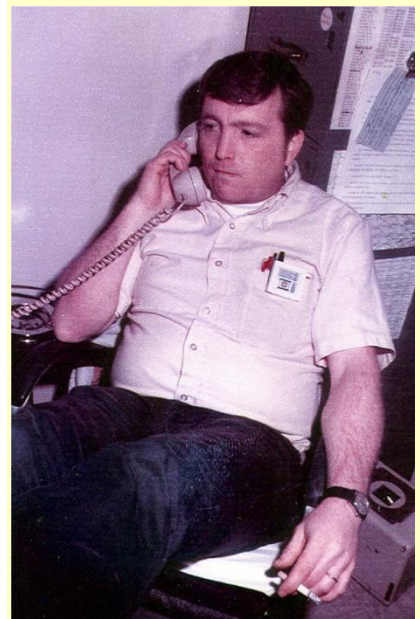
Public Opinion/Marshall DeLoatch  
Above: 7th-grade teacher Diana Kongkeattikul (better known as Mrs. K.) prepares her classroom Tuesday for incoming students at Chambersburg Area Middle School South. Left: New 8th-graders tour the school during Tuesday's orientation. See Page 3A for the results of a school district audit and a report on personnel changes at the Franklin County Career and Technology Center.

The first insert is a front page Public Opinion newspaper picture of our oldest daughter, Diana Kongkeattikul – known to her students at Mrs. K. Diana teaches 7th Grade Ancient History at Chambersburg Area Middle School – South. She’s been teaching at CAMS for about five years – the last four as a 7th grade English teacher. She enjoys teaching at the Middle School (She has way more patience than I would have teaching this age!). Her husband, Suwan or Ting, teaches math at Shippensburg Area High School. He’s in his second year there after teaching for 16 years at Scotland School for Veterans Children until it was closed by the state three years ago. They have two daughters – Tess and Grace

The second picture below was taken of our youngest daughter, Becky, posing in front of the Eiffel Tower in Paris this past January. Becky is learning the French language preparatory to serving in foreign missions. She has had the opportunity to view all many of the sights of Paris, attend the French Open tennis tournament, tour the Normandy battlefields and spend the summer at a camp near Marseilles in southern France.



## **Terry Cunningham – A Pictorial Biography**



***Editor's Comment: How does one go from being a cute little boy to what we see today!?***

## Perfect Attendance (54-55 Year)

### Set Attendance Record



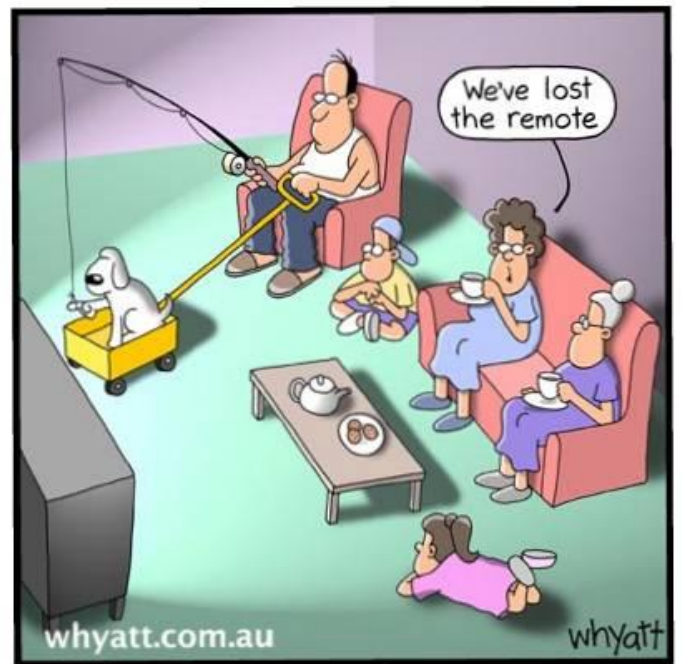
**THESE STUDENTS** at Hagerstown High School have turned in outstanding school records—not one of them has missed a day's school in four years, and some of them have been on hand every day for nine or ten years. Left to right they are: First row, Velda Petre, Wanda Kaetzel, Barbara Hess; second row, Barbara Kepfinger, Janet Knode; third row, Betty Lee Norris,

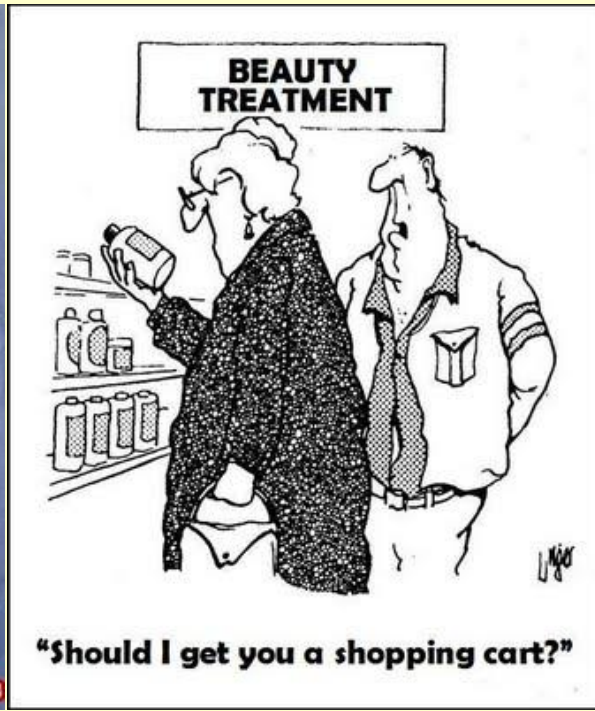
Jacquelyn Conley, Kirklyn Middlekauff, Barbara Carbaugh, Marie Stottler; fourth row, Gerald Huggin, Robert Baker, George Barkdoll, Jack Brining, and Robert Hess. End-of-the-school year activities made it impossible for three other students who deserve a place in this group to be on hand for the photograph. They are Elva Wiles, James Cooper, and William George Mills.

**Editor's Comment:** *Wow, they must have really liked school.*

### ENTERTAINMENT SECTION



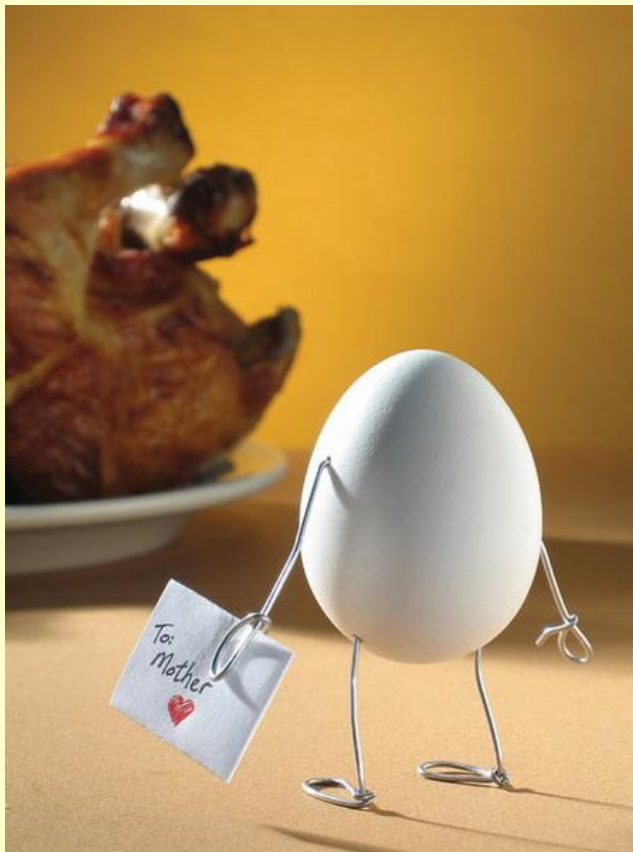




When artists get bored . . . . .









Fruit with life experience



Modest pear



Paper training our little dog, Frank.

**EDUCATIONAL SECTION**

**The Washington Post's Mensa Invitational**

**Once again invited readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition.**

**Here are the winners:**

1. **Cashtration** (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period of time.

2. **Ignoranus**: A person who's both stupid and an asshole.
3. **Intaxicaton**: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.
4. **Reintarnation**: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.
5. **Bozone** (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.
6. **Foreploy**: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of getting laid.
7. **Giraffiti**: Vandalism spray-painted very, very high.
8. **Sarchasm**: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.
9. **Inoculatte**: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.
10. **Osteopornosis**: A degenerate disease. (This one got extra credit.)
11. **Karmageddon**: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.
12. **Decafalon** (n): The grueling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.
13. **Glibido**: All talk and no action.
14. **Dopeler Effect**: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.
15. **Arachnoleptic Fit** (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.
16. **Beelzebug** (n.): Satan in the form of a mosquito, that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.
17. **Caterpallor** (n.): The color you turn after finding half a worm in the fruit you're eating.

**The Washington Post has also published the winning submissions to its yearly contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternate meanings for common words.**

**And the winners are:**

1. **Coffee**, n. The person upon whom one coughs.
2. **Flabbergasted**, adj. Appalled by discovering how much weight one has gained.

3. **Abdicate**, v. To give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. **Esplanade**, v. To attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. **Willy-nilly**, adj. Impotent.
6. **Negligent**, adj. Absent-mindedly answering the door when wearing only a nightgown.
7. **Lymph**, v. To walk with a lisp.
8. **Gargoyle**, n. Olive-flavored mouthwash.
9. **Flatulence**, n. Emergency vehicle that picks up someone who has been run over by a steamroller.
10. **Balderdash**, n. A rapidly receding hairline.
11. **Testicle**, n. A humorous question on an exam.
12. **Rectitude**, n. The formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.
13. **Pokemon**, n. A Rastafarian proctologist.
14. **Oyster**, n. A person who sprinkles his conversation with Yiddishisms.
15. **Frisbeetarianism**, n. The belief that, after death, the soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck there.
16. **Circumvent**, n. An opening in the front of boxer shorts worn by Jewish men.

**TODAY IS THE OLDEST YOU'VE EVER BEEN, YET THE YOUNGEST YOU'LL EVER BE, SO ENJOY THIS DAY WHILE IT LASTS.**



### Observations On Growing Older

- ~Your Kids are becoming you...and you don't like them...but your grandchildren are Perfect!*
- ~Going Out is good... Coming Home is better!*
- ~You Forget names.... But it's OK because other people forgot they Even knew you!!!*
- ~You realize you're never going to be really good at anything.... Especially Golf.*
- ~Your spouse is counting on you to remember things you don't remember.*
- ~The things you used to care to do, you no longer care to do, but you really do care that you don't care to do them anymore.*
- ~Your husband sleeps better on a lounge chair with the TV blaring than he does in bed. It's Called "Pre-sleep".*
- ~You miss the days when everything worked with just an "ON" and "OFF" Switch...*
- ~You tend to use more 4 letter words ... " what?" ..... "when?"... ???*
- ~Now that you can afford expensive jewelry, it's not safe to wear it anywhere.*
- ~You notice everything sold in stores is "sleeveless"!!!*
- ~What used to be freckles are now liver spots.*
- ~Everybody Whispers.*
- ~Now that your husband has retired.... You'd give anything if he'd find a job!*
- ~You have 3 sizes of clothes in your closet.... 2 of which you will never wear.*
- ~But Old is good in some things: Old songs, Old movies, and best of all, OLD FRIENDS!!*

*It's Not What You Gather, But What You Scatter That Tells What Kind Of Life You Have Lived!*

### 1950's version of an E-Mail

Long ago and far away, in a land that time forgot,  
Before the days of Dylan, or the dawn of Camelot.  
There lived a race of innocents, and they were you and me,

For Ike was in the White House in that land where we were born,  
Where navels were for oranges, and Peyton Place was porn.

We longed for love and romance, and waited for our Prince,  
Eddie Fisher married Liz, and no one's seen him since.

We danced to 'Little Darlin,' and sang to 'Stagger Lee'  
And cried for Buddy Holly in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Only girls wore earrings then, and 3 was one too many,  
And only boys wore flat-top cuts, except for Jean McKinney.

And only in our wildest dreams did we expect to see  
A boy named George with Lipstick, in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We fell for Frankie Avalon, Annette was oh, so nice,

And when they made a movie, they never made it twice..

We didn't have a Star Trek Five, or Psycho Two and Three,  
Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold, and Chester had a limp,  
And Reagan was a Democrat whose co-star was a chimp.

We had a Mr. Wizard, but not a Mr. T,  
And Oprah couldn't talk yet, in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had our share of heroes, we never thought they'd go,  
At least not Bobby Darin, or Marilyn Monroe.

For youth was still eternal, and life was yet to be,  
And Elvis ;was forever in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never seen the rock band that was Grateful to be Dead,  
And Airplanes weren't named Jefferson , and Zeppelins were not Led.

And Beatles lived in gardens then, and Monkees lived in trees,  
Madonna was Mary in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never heard of microwaves, or telephones in cars,  
And babies might be bottle-fed, but they were not grown in jars.

And pumping iron got wrinkles out, and 'gay' meant fancy-free,  
And dorms were never co-Ed in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We hadn't seen enough of jets to talk about the lag,  
And microchips were what was left at the bottom of the bag.

And hardware was a box of nails, and bytes came from a flea,  
And rocket ships were fiction in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Buicks came with portholes, and side shows came with freaks,  
And bathing suits came big enough to cover both your cheeks.

And Coke came just in bottles, and skirts below the knee,  
And Castro came to power near the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had no Crest with Fluoride, we had no Hill Street Blues,  
We had no patterned pantyhose or Lipton herbal tea  
Or prime-time ads for those dysfunctions in the Land That Made Me, Me.

There were no golden arches, no Perrier to chill,  
And fish were not called Wanda, and cats were not called Bill

And middle-aged was 35 and old was forty-three,  
And ancient were our parents in the Land That Made Me, Me.

But all things have a season, or so we've heard them say,  
And now instead of Maybelline we swear by Retin-A.

They send us invitations to join AARP,  
We've come a long way, baby, from the Land That Made Me, Me.

So now we face a brave new world in slightly larger jeans,  
And wonder why they're using smaller print in magazines

And we tell our children's children of the way it used to be,  
Long ago and far away in the Land That Made Me, Me.

If you didn't grow up in the fifties,  
You missed the greatest time in history,