



NHHS & SHHS

Class of 1957 Online Newsletter



2020 Spring Edition

BULLETIN BOARD

Unfortunately, it is the time of life when we are confronted with the infirmities of aging. Mornings start with a grunt and a groan and the chore of getting dressed. Once we get our motor going however, we take on the challenges of the day and go about helping those less fortunate than ourselves. Our thoughts go out to Woody Noel and Donna Bush.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

MARCH BIRTHDAYS

Dick Baker, Ann Corderman, Becky Goetz, Sylvia Harshman, Dick Hykes, Terry Strock, Dick Troup, Dave Unger, Rosalie Wolfe

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

Vickie Brenner, John Newton, Jerry Norris, Betty Norris, Becky Scuffins, Fanny Selser, Gail Sweeney

MAY BIRTHDAYS

Claudia Barnhart, Jack Coffelt, Sandra Couchman, Dick Messersmith, Bobbi Musser, Larry Weber, Dorothy Kinch, Doris Holsinger, Jerry Hess

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!

MARCH ANNIVERSARIES

Paul & Dixie Bohn, Ron & Barbara Carbaugh Young, Ron & Elaine Finniff Smith, Ron & Virginia Lashley Hartman

APRIL ANNIVERSARIES

Pete & Linda Baker Lemon, Richard & Rory Hykes, Dick & Susan Messersmith, Jerry & Shannon Norris, Dave & Sylvia Harshman Ridenour, Dave & Jean Unger.

MAY ANNIVERSARIES

Harold & JoAnn Copenhaver Kline, Carl & Rose Marie Gearhart, Frit & Barbie Hill

Class Spring Luncheon

Thought I would include a picture of a bright spring flower since we had to cancel our class luncheon (Corona Virus, aka China Virus). Hope it brightens your day.



Glenn Julian

Glenn Julian finished his third family genealogy book; this one is 240 pages: Rev. George Julian (1812-1906), His Life and His Ancestry.

Bob Westphal



Grandchildren watching the March weather in Vermont. To the right, a pileated woodpecker that was obviously hungry.

Gary Stenger

Teaching his class with the omnipresent masks.



Roger Kiesel

Family outing at the Space Center





John Urner



John's 80th Birthday luncheon on January 6. The children and grandchildren were all with us. Hammond and his two, Cathy and her two girls from Atlanta, and Mary and her two from Macungie, Pa.



We also had his poker group join us including Bob Nitzell.

Alice Ann Lindsey



Me and my lovely granddaughter, Lindsey, at her Bridal Shower. She and husband-to-be, Rich, were to be married April 17. Everything changed with COVID-19. They have cancelled their wedding and are trying to reschedule sometime before Thanksgiving.

Bob Cianelli & Arlise Weaver

We spent February in New Zealand and Australia and took 14 different flights during the entire trip. Great trip but at the end, we were very, very tired 80-year olds.



On the way home from Australia, we attended a fund raiser in the Marconi Museum in California. The fundraiser was for the Blind Children’s Learning Center. Kodie Lee, the AGT winner, was the featured entertainer. Kodie attended the Learning Center when he was young (pic below). We wore blindfolds to eat dinner to get a sample of the challenges the blind face. Fortunately, via a “donation auction” at the end, the Center achieved their \$250,000 fundraising goal.



Kodie at the Blind Children’s Learning Center when he was young.



Our daughter Angie was the keynote speaker at the event.

EDUCATION SECTION

As 80 year-olds, we have been on the planet for 80 years, or 960 months, or 29,210 days, or 701,040 hours or 42,062,400 seconds! Wow! That is a long, long time.

We have been through 6 wars (declared/undeclared), 14 Presidents, birth of the atomic age, polio, rock and roll, the space age, the anything goes age, and lastly the age where the claim is that no difference exists between a man and a woman! (Glad that last age is at the end of our trip through life!!!!)

At 18 we were going to conquer the world, now we are pleased to conquer the steps. At 21 we tried to consume a case of beer in one evening and now we fall asleep after one beer or a glass of wine.

But alas, we have something others of a different age do not have, 80 years of memories, friendships, grandchildren and great grandchildren. We can rightfully borrow the phrase of the great Lou Gehrig;

“Yet today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of this earth. Look at these grand classmates. Which of you wouldn't consider it the highlight of your career just to associate with them for even one day? Sure, I'm lucky. Who wouldn't consider it an honor to have known Jim Carnes? To have spent four years with that wonderful fellow, Woody Noel? Then to have spent the next 62 years with the Class of '57! Sure, I'm lucky.”

(As you can tell, I took a bit of editorial license with most of Lou's speech.)

A man smelling of booze and cigarettes sat down on a subway next to a priest. His tie was stained, there was red lipstick on his collar and face and a half-empty bottle of gin was sticking out of his torn coat pocket. He opened his newspaper and began reading. After a few minutes the man turned to the priest and asked, "Tell me Father, do you happen to know what causes arthritis?"

The priest replies, "My son, it's caused by loose living, too much alcohol, contempt for your fellow man, and lack of a bath."

The drunk muttered in response, "Well, I'll be damned", then returned to his paper. The priest, thinking about what he had said, nudged the man and apologized. "I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to come on so strong. How long have you had arthritis?" The man answered, "I don't have it, Father. I was just reading here that the Pope suffers from it."

MORAL, make sure you understand the question before offering the answer!

Why we love children.

It was that time, during the Sunday morning service, for the children's sermon. All the children were invited to come forward. One little girl was wearing a particularly pretty dress and, as she sat down, the pastor leaned over and said, "That is a very pretty dress. Is it your Easter Dress?" The little girl replied, directly into the pastor's clip-on microphone, "Yes, and my Mom says it's a bitch to iron."

A little boy was doing his math homework. He said to himself, "Two plus five, that son of a bitch is seven. Three plus six, that son of a bitch is nine..." His mother heard what he was saying and gasped, "What are you doing?" The little boy answered, "I'm doing my math homework, Mom."

"And this is how your teacher taught you to do it?" the mother asked. "Yes," he answered. Infuriated, the mother asked the teacher, "What are you teaching my son in math?" The teacher replied, "Right now, we are learning addition."

The mother asked, "And are you teaching them to say two plus two, that son of a bitch is four?" After the teacher stopped laughing, she answered, "What I taught them was, two plus two, THE SUM OF WHICH, is four."

A certain little girl, when asked her name, would reply, "I'm Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter." Her mother told her this was wrong, she must say, "I'm Jane Sugarbrown." The Vicar spoke to her in Sunday School, and said, "Aren't you Mr. Sugarbrown's daughter?" She replied, "I thought I was, but mother says I'm not."

The minister started his Children's Sermon with a question, "Who knows what a Resurrection is?" Without missing a beat, a young boy says, "If you have one lasting more than 4 hours call your physician." The pastor is still laughing.

One day the first-grade teacher was reading the story of Chicken Little to her class. She came to the part of the story where Chicken Little tried to warn the farmer. She read, "... Chicken Little went up to the farmer and said, "The sky is falling, the sky is falling!" The teacher paused then asked the class, "And what do you think that farmer said?" One little girl raised her hand and said, "I think he said: 'Holy shit! A talking chicken!'" The teacher was unable to teach for the next 10 minutes.