



NHHS & SHHS



Class of 1957 Online Newsletter

2017 Winter Edition

BULLETIN BOARD

- ❖ *Our sincere condolences to Larry and Chris Stenger on the death of their son.*
- ❖ *Get well wishes to all our classmates who are battling illnesses and injuries.*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

Carole Sue Ambrose, Paul Bohn, Darlene Burgan, Donna Bush, Barbara Grogan, Darlene McCleary, Rose Marie Nigh, Bob Nitzell, Frank Reel.

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Barbara Carbaugh, Ecile Carbaugh, Nick Carter, Terry Gossard, Lorraine Minor, George Mongan, Jerry Norris, Dewitt Powell, Les Seville

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Barbara Esterly, Mike Flynn, Nancy Nunnamaker, Dave Ridenour, Garry Shank, Jewel Smith, Carol Smith, Me

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!



OCTOBER ANNIVERSARIES

Jerry & Pam Hess, Jack & Audrey Coffelt, Frank & Peggy Papa

NOVEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

***Vernon & Vivian Davis, Larry & Donna Bush Keller, Gordon & Connie Sanders,
Patrick & Carol Smith Daly***

DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

***Richard & Susan Morton Lohman, Garry & Avrsy Shank, Ron & Sharon Palmer,
John & Ruth Cozzoli, Lewis & Dianna Myers Fichter, Lynn & Delores Shaffer Rice,***

CLASSMATE HAPPENINGS!

Alice Ann Lindsey



My nephew, Sam, his wife, Merrian and their two boys, Owen (4), and Jack (4 mos.) came in from California for Thanksgiving. Sam's mother, my sister, Barbara lives just two blocks away from us here in Willow Valley. On Owen's birthday we all had a ride on the Strasburg Christmas Train complete with Santa, carolers, and Christmas lunch. We had such a good time riding through the Amish countryside. Great birthday celebration!!

George Barkdoll, Lorraine Minor, Jerry Shank, Rosalie Wolf, Polly Fitz, Bill Martin



Group enjoying a week long motorcoach trip to Myrtle Beach, SC. Said they were still celebrating our 60th Reunion.

Bob & Arlise Weaver Cianelli



Entire Cianelli family in Scottsdale, AZ during the week of Thanksgiving. Ava, a junior at Brandeis HS in Heloties, TX, our energizer bunny and who enjoys physics and calculus, is front left, yours truly, Arlise, the blonde bombshell I met in high school and who asked me to marry her in 1962, Mia our 14 going on 30 year old violinist and future author is on the right front. Back row L-R, our son Tom, Treasurer of USAA, daughter-in-law Kelly (who says I am her favorite father-in-law), grandson Colin a Junior at AZ and officer of his fraternity, grandson Brady a senior at Santa Margarita in CA, co-captain of the soccer team and headed to AZ next year, our daughter Angie, CFO of Global Genes, and our son-in-law Bob Rowe a real estate broker. What a fun time with the entire diverse family!!!

Frank & Becky Suffins Reel



Frank & Becky have been doing this for 49 years and they plan on retiring after 50 years of making kids happy!

Editor's Comment: Frank would have been scarier going just as himself!

Christmas Luncheon



Great turnout for our 2017 Christmas Luncheon. Great fellowship and Polly Fitz led the mob in singing Christmas Carols. Missed a number of our classmates who are recovering from illnesses and injuries. Our prayers went out to all. Members donated plenty of foodstuffs for a local pantry. Next event will be our March Luncheon on the 3rd Thursday of the month. Mark your calendar today!

EDUCATION SECTION

CHILDREN OF THE GREATEST GENERATION

(and their children - so they will understand)

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age cohort. We are the Silent Generation.

We are the smallest number of children born since the early 1900s. We are the "last ones."

We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world

at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.

We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans.

We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

We can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch.

We are the last to see the gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors whose sons died in the War.

We saw the 'boys' home from the war, build their little houses.

We are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead, we imagined what we heard on the radio.

As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside".

We did play outside, and we did play on our own.

There was no little league.

There was no city playground for kids.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like.

On Saturday afternoons, the movies, gave us newsreels of the war sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.

Telephones were one to a house, often shared (party Lines) and hung on the wall.

Computers were called calculators, they only added and were hand cranked; typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing the ribbon.

The 'internet' and 'GOOGLE' were words that did not exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on our table radio in the evening by Gabriel Heatter.

We are the last group who had to find out for ourselves.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth.

The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow.

VA loans fanned a housing boom.

Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans put factories to work.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility.

The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics.

The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands of stations.

Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

We weren't neglected, but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus

They were glad we played by ourselves until the street lights came on.

They were busy discovering the post war world.

We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed.

We enjoyed a luxury; we felt secure in our future.

Depression poverty was deep rooted.

Polio was still acrippler.

The Korean War was a dark presage in the early 50s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks for Air-Raid training.

Russia built the "Iron Curtain" and **China** became Red China .

Eisenhower sent the first 'advisers' to Vietnam.

Castro set up camp in Cuba and **Khrushchev** came to power.

We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our homeland.

We came of age in the 40s and 50s. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, "global warming", and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with unease.

Only our generation can remember both a time of great war, and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty.

We have lived through both.

We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better. not worse.

We are the Silent Generation - "The Last Ones"

More than 99 % of us are either retired or deceased, and we feel privileged to have *"lived in the best of times!"*

**I thought
growing old
would take
longer.**

A Frickin' Elephant

Jake is five and learning to read.
He points at a picture in a zoo book and
says, "Look Mama! It's a frickin' elephant!"

Deep breath... "What did you call it?"

"It's a frickin' Elephant, Mama!
It says so on the picture!"

and so it does...

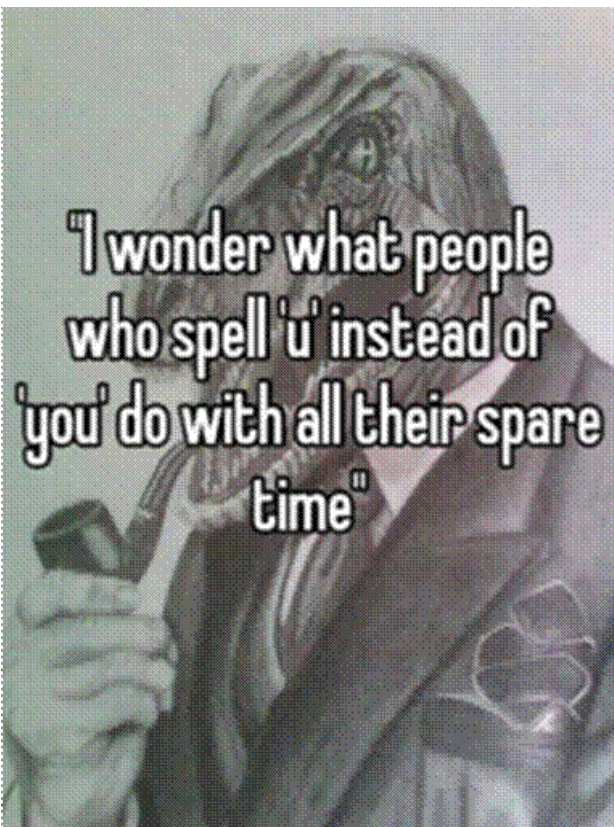
"African Elephant"

Hooked on phonics!
Ain't it wonderful?

**Sometimes, the first step
towards forgiveness is
realizing the other person
was born an idiot.**

**I finally realized it..
People are prisoners
of their phones
that's why they are
called Cell Phones.**





'IT'S ONE WORD GEORGE!'

STARECAT.COM

How many boxes of these Thin Mints do I have to eat before I start seeing results?

Got tasered picking up my friend from the airport today. Apparently security doesn't like it when you shout, "Hi Jack!"

**Growing old is
hard work...
The mind says
"yes" but, the
body says "what
the hell are you
thinking"**

My bed is a magical place
where I can suddenly
remember everything
I was supposed
to do.

