

eMa-Hi Times

Winter 2009 – Class of '59

REUNION CORNER

Reunion Activities and Information

August 14 - 16

The next Reunion Committee meeting will be during the first part of March. We'll send out a recap of further plans that are made at that meeting. Just a reminder that Friday night, Aug. 14th, will be at Walt's Pour House, and Saturday the 15th at The Mill Casino. We were able to obtain a block of rooms at The Mill. Rates in the Lodge are \$110.00 and in the Tower at \$120.00. Just mention Class of '59 when you make your reservations, to get these rates.

Reunion Committee

My Past 50 Years...

By now you should have received your "invitation" to share a recap of your life since graduation from MHS. The information that is coming in is pretty interesting when you consider some of us have a tough time remembering what we had for breakfast!

Just a reminder – if you haven't sent in your story of "life, as I remember it," please take a few senior moments and jot it down. Any questions... email to mhs59@comcast.net.

Editor's note: This is one classmate's recap of what he/she is looking forward to in the future...

"I mostly look forward to time with family and friends and watching my grandkids grow up. Can't believe where all the time has gone since high school graduation until I go back and read what I've just written and realize what all has made my life so full and rich since then and now. I feel so very blessed!"

For Class Discussion – an update



Franklyn reports that the bench project is being worked on by the MHS shop class(s), so costs should be kept to a minimum. He will be meeting with the school officials later this month to get the details. We'll provide an update report after his meeting.

The Islands “Down Under”

I love to travel! One place I really enjoyed was New Zealand. My first visit there was in 1985 over the Christmas Holiday. We enjoyed the North Island with sailing on the Bay of Islands, enormous Hibiscus as large as my face and the veggies that were also as big as my head. The long summer days make them grow huge - four meals from one head of cabbage, broccoli or cauliflower. And the cherries are out of this world.

We took the ferry across to the South Island and began our driving tour. After reporting home to our family in Hawaii we found out that our computer store had been robbed by the man we left in charge of it while we traveled. Our vacation was cut short as we had to return and chase our money and inventory back to Illinois along with the FBI. We went from a hot summer in New Zealand to sub zero temperatures of the Midwest in three days. Two years later the trial resulted in a hung jury as one little old lady kept falling asleep and could never make a decision as to guilt or innocence.

It was twenty three years later in 2008 that we finally got to complete our adventure to the South Island of New Zealand and we did it up royally. We flew 18 hours from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand to feed on homemade fish & chips, wrapped in newspaper where a \$2.00 order is big enough to feed four people. We stayed in Youth Hostels and Holiday parks where you rent a clean sleeping room but share the kitchen and bathing facilities. We met very interesting travelers from all over the world.

While driving south we spotted the original bungee jumping canyon. We spent the rest of the afternoon watching the “fools” jump off a specially constructed bridge for \$125 per jump. It was exciting and very difficult to photograph – I got to run the video camera and finally caught a couple of guys actually falling, most of my video was jerky and jumpy trying to catch the action.

I'm the official driver on all our adventures, as my husband is busy taking pictures. He finally set his camera to take photos from the car as I refused to stop as often as he wanted. The lupine flowers were so outstanding – they covered entire river beds with all the colors of



the rainbow. We hit their season perfectly and the lupines were everywhere. Seems the locals consider them weeds they are so overpowering! Many years ago a Scottish lady used to paint pictures in New Zealand and after one of her return trips to her homeland, she brought back some lupines to add color to her paintings and this is the start of the lupines of New Zealand. We tried to bring back some seeds but the agriculture department confiscated them in San Francisco, darn!

Our flight around Mt. Cook was glorious. Our pilot said it was one of the best days he had ever seen as far as the weather goes down there. I thought I would be fearful of the flight but it was absolutely wonderful flying over the Southern Alps; mountains, glaciers and snow as far as the eye could see. I also got to run the video camera again – really jerky – I finally gave up and just enjoyed the view. We stayed in a Youth Hostel at Mt. Cook and had a great time sharing our dinner with other travelers. Meeting people is one of the best parts of traveling.



We hurried off the next day to take a jet-boat ride up to where the movie The Lord of the Rings was filmed. This was my first real jet boat ride and it was exciting. The boat only needs about 3 inches of water to travel on and the young pilot was skirting up the glacial streams looking for the deepest channels. He showed us where the early island occupants found the original jade treasures. These areas are now protected and even though we searched many beaches for jade, the only kind I could find was in jewelry stores. I think the beach jade is protected by the biting flies – they got my ankles at one beach and I’ve never had such itching. I took a Benadryl to stop the itching, then another one in four hours – only to find out that they were 12 hour pills – so I don’t remember much of the next day as I was out of it – but my ankles didn’t itch!

We had picture postcard weather the entire trip but did have a couple of rain storms. I thought I had seen it rain hard in Hawaii but it was nothing compared to what we experienced in New Zealand. During the rains it was a good time to meet the locals in their Pubs and drink the local beers with them. We had a fine time and great food there too! I love to knit and was constantly on the lookout for a yarn factory or someplace where I could buy their local yarn. Nothing! All those sheep and no yarn shops! Finally found a little kiosk in Queensland but I have a better selection here in San Jose than I found in New Zealand. I was astonished at this. There is a lot of possum fur available but no yarn. To me possums are like rats but in New Zealand they grow the softest fur and the locals are making coats, parkas, bikinis, slippers, vests, out of the fur. They are trying to get an industry started so the people will hunt the animals to extinction as there are so many of them.

The journey to Milford Sound was thrilling. They have only had a road to the Sound since the 1960’s as the road had to be built up to the tree line before a tunnel could be punched through the mountains. As it is, the tunnel is 2 miles long. The drive up was okay but after the tunnel the down road to the Sound was exciting to say the least – very steep and with lots of switchbacks. Sure glad we were in an auto rather than one of the buses, which would have been very scary.



Once we boarded our ship for the overnight adventure on the Milford Sound, the weather was once again absolutely gorgeous. Too often the sides of the Sound are shrouded in clouds but our day was perfectly clear so once again it was a photographer's paradise. And the waterfalls, they were everywhere – the water actually was warm from the friction of the water falling so far down the cliffs to the sea. Black coral usually grows in the deep ocean water but it grows there in 10 to 15 feet of water as all the fresh water coming down the waterfalls makes a kind of lens that tricks the black coral into thinking its is in deep water.

There were about 60 people on the overnight cruise on the Milford Sound. Most were foreign students from all over the world. Of course, we were the “oldsters” but everyone was so friendly and conversational that there was no generation gap. We played board games until late into the night, laughed and drank beer with the best of them. The next morning as we were watching a pod of dolphins, along cruises a Norwegian Cruise Ship – boy did it look huge next to our small craft. Everyone waved and there were lots of horns tooting and honking as they floated past us. We



were sure having more fun on our smaller boat watching the wildlife and touching the waterfalls.

The train ride from the West Coast across to Auckland was beautiful and rainy all the way. We spent the night in a Youth Hostel in downtown Auckland and departed home to the San Francisco Bay area the following morning. Australian immigration would not let us go outside the airport in Sydney as we didn't know that we had to have a special visa into Australia, so we spent our six hour layover in the Sydney airport.

This was a wonderful two week vacation and one I highly recommend to any adventurous travelers. We were astonished at all the activities and adventures available to travelers on the South Island of New Zealand.



Doris (West) Vaughn

On the Road Again...

TIME FLIES...even in Mexico! It was December 11, 2008, when we last shared our travel chronicles from San Miguel de Allende, 1200 miles south of the U.S. border. The past seven weeks have been enlightening, safe and healthy. Mexico continues to feed our curiosity with its diverse geography and cultures.

SAN MIGUEL de ALLENDE

Our final two weeks in December in San Miguel were filled with celebrations – the Mexican people’s and ours. Posadas – nightly parades of hundreds of families re-enacting events of the Christmas Eve story -- followed routes through the cobblestone streets, looking for an inn for the Baby Jesus to be born. Fireworks, horses, bells, bands, candles, singing – all were a part of the festivity. Bells rang at all hours of the day and night in indeterminable patterns from six churches. These people really know how to celebrate a holiday (and every month has many)!



Grandson Jasper followed the celebratory examples with a big two-year birthday party, with the traditional cake and “custard jello”. Everyone in the campground came, including the Mexican owners and grandchildren who were seasoned piñata “whackers.” Michelle simmered the seasonal drink, “Pancha” in a big pot with many ingredients known and unknown. It was a delicious fruit soup served warm (with a splash of rum for some).

After a month’s explorations of this charming, 500+ year-old town, some language and cooking schools, a Christmas Eve dinner hosted by Brent and Michelle, and an all-campground Christmas Day potluck, it was time to move on!

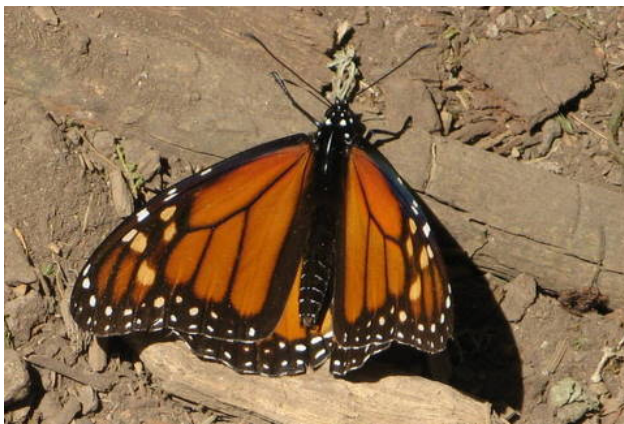


P.S. We responded to Barack Obama’s invitation to gather a community group to discuss and send ideas on our national health care. So our “community” became the San Miguel campground; Dick posted a notice and convened the 20+ campers gathered in a lawn chair circle. It was a hearty discussion with interesting views from mainly US and a couple Canadian citizens. Dick compiled the results and sent them off to the Obama team. How great to even think our views might be considered!

INLAND MICHOACAN

With its striking mountain landscapes and fertile soils, this is not only the “avocado capital of the world”, but grows lots of coffee, bananas, citrus, papaya, corn, potatoes, squash, chocolate, and many other fruits and vegetables. We have so enjoyed eating locally wherever we are. No digestive issues at all so far. This must have been an incredibly beautiful area in the early 1500’s when the Spanish brutally invaded for the silver and other precious metals, enslaving the native people in the mines. The Spanish architecture now beautifully defines the cities, and some of the 500-year-old mines still function.

- Patzcuaro (or as Jasper pronounces it, Pet Squirrel) – its familiar campground from our last Mexico trip became home base for a week. ...memorable for its large lake with islands and villages, its active town square, and large, busy Mercado.
- Uruapan – translated “eternal spring,” lush vegetation and a very productive agricultural area. A lively plaza invites families to gather with music, the “old men dancing,” vendors and pigeons (always pigeons) for children to chase. A lush national park of river and waterfalls is within the city.
- Morelia – named after Jose Morelos, a key figure in Mexico’s long independence movement. A handsome state capital, declared an UNESCO World Heritage Site, an imposing cathedral with pink baroque façade and twin towers over 200’ tall dominating the plaza. Portions of the 500 year-old aqueduct system.
- *The Monarch Butterfly Sanctuary at 11,000’ elevation in the forested highlands is the winter home of millions of Monarch Butterflies. It takes 3-5 generations for these little wonders to fly over 12,000 miles to the Great Lakes area of*



the U.S. and Canada

(although there was one from Seattle and one from Tillamook that our grand-daughters, Kellan and Haley, and niece, Maile, raised). What a miracle to see tens of thousands in the air, the trees, on bushes and the ground! Unfortunately, depletion of

milkweed in the U.S. is a major threat to their future health.

TEOTIHUACAN

This pyramid site, 30 miles NE of Mexico City, is thought to be Mexico’s biggest ancient city, perhaps with a population of up to 200,000 in A.D 600. The construction of this magnificently-planned city began about the time of Christ. Its Pyramid of the Sun, built about A.D. 160, is the third largest in the world. We climbed it on our last trip; Brent, Michelle and Jasper summated it this time. We enjoyed the world-class museum and other extensive structures.



DOWN TO THE SEA

- It’s time to leave the high country (we’ve been at 5000’ to 8000’ elevation for over six weeks), and head east down to the Emerald Coast on the Gulf of Mexico. It’s nice to park by the crashing waves at Monte Gordo and the historic seaport of Vera Cruz. Now we’re in fresh fish, oyster and shrimp country—Dick’s digestive tract can feel the tides!
- Catemaco (Vera Cruz state) is a fishing village on Laguna Catemaco, ringed with volcanic hills. We camp along the river (well, after one night by the lake with thousands of Grackles in the trees overhead). There are many different species of

herons, kingfishers, anhinga, warblers, flycatchers, etc. Jasper is getting pretty good at spotting birds (especially Vermillion Flycatchers). Brent and Michelle head south and west for their own adventures. Our friends and ex-neighbors, John and Marilynne Keyser, have driven 3200 miles from Terrebonne, OR, to join us for a month to explore the Yucatan Peninsula. They are world-class birders. Marilynne is in charge of birding sites for our trip, Glenda is overseeing Mayan ruins, John has fishing spots, and Dick is trying to co-ordinate everyone's wishes as route and campsite planner. (!) A local guide takes us, by boat, up a river through mangrove lagunas. What a beautiful place with great birds – some even on the Keyser's life list! We, on the other hand, can't remember which we see, so they recur on our life list and are new and wonderful.

- Villahermosa (Tabasco state) is noted for its Parque-Museo La Venta . These ruins and especially the famous Olmec heads carved from basalt weigh up to 40 tons; the rock is thought to have been brought from hills over 60 miles away using river rafts. The Olmec's flourished between 800 – 400 BC., and are called the “mother culture” of Mexico.
- Frontera is a small town near the Biosphere Reserve Pantanos de Centla –3030 sq. km. of lakes, marshes, rivers, mangroves, savannas and forests which are an irreplaceable sanctuary for countless creatures (including jaguars, ocelots, howler monkeys, tapir, tortoise, manatee, crocodiles, and 230 bird species!) We followed the Rio Usumacinta and the Rio Grijalva, two of Mexico's **largest** rivers, followed board walks raised just above the waters...what a great place for us!
- Isla Aguada is on a narrow isthmus on the Gulf of Mexico southwest of Campeche. It's January 20 and we read that this RV park touts a big screen TV. The Keyser's and we were eager to see and hear our new president. Like most amenities at RV parks, it was “being repaired.” So we huddled around a computer under a thatched roof, listening to NPR radio, hearing a message of hope and change! It was still a



Dick Kent and Glenda

thrill! With this message of hope and change for our culture, we embark on an immersion into the Yucatan and Mayan culture. If we re-emerge, we'll report in our next chronicle! Communications by email or telephone has been sparse at best. We think often, with love, of our family and friends.

Then and Now

Sports remembered...

With your request for content for the Ma-Hi Times I recalled a conversation I had with several friends recently about high school sports. While at Marshfield High I played on the girls' basketball team, the volleyball team and the tumbling team and while it was great fun, even though it could never compare with the level of athleticism required of basketball, volleyball, and gymnasts today, especially for girls sports, I have wonderful memories of great times.

However, what I most recall is being part of not only a school but an entire community that really supported the teams at our school. Our football stadium and the basketball gym would be filled to capacity for nearly every hometown game. Even as young children we rarely missed a game because that was simply good family entertainment. In fact, my dad had not only season tickets but sat up in the special box seats reserved for the diehards! And when the team won, which was nearly always, dad always had passes for them to enjoy a free Dairy Queen on him! This was typical of the mentality of our community and it created great enthusiasm for our sports programs.

As I compared our activities to those of my children and grandchildren I can't help but wish they had experienced what I experienced. At football games we always had not only great cheerleaders, but a huge pep club that was very involved using hand signals, flashcards, etc. to support the cheerleaders and the team and we had a wonderful marching band to put on tremendous halftime shows at every home game, not just at homecoming. At basketball games we always had a pep band, pep club, and great halftime shows put on by different groups such as the girls tumbling team or the boys gymnastics team. The excitement of our games was riveting. Then to top it all off, we would have an after-game dance. How good could it get for a bunch of teenagers!

My children attended a school about the same size as ours but didn't even have a football team. Instead, soccer was king. We had great teams and won state championships in both boys and girls soccer. Community support was good but nothing like ours was and if we had a halftime show by the marching band it would be for Homecoming. We had a less than mediocre basketball program, which was very frustrating because that was where two of my kids excelled. Karen did get to play college basketball and soccer but she had to work really hard to prove herself because her high school program was so weak. The only halftime shows I recall during basketball season were when Karen or another friend who were state champion "baton twirlers" would put on a show. The audience loved it but the sports program just didn't encourage that type of thing. Occasionally we would have a small pep band. I don't remember them ever having an after-game dance. They had several dances throughout the year, just not after games.



All this to say Athletics at Marshfield High School were awesome!!! Our facilities were great, our coaches and fans were the best, I'm assuming we had good financial support, and the memories are terrific. I truly wish my children could have had similar experiences. They enjoyed what they had because they didn't know any different but I do and so I say "Thank you, Marshfield High, for the memories!"

Louise Reinhart Miller

Fast Forward...



As we search for “missing” classmates we get some interesting and helpful hints as to where we might look for an individual. Louise noted her fond memories of the “after-game” dances.

Here’s a classmate we just found on the internet.

As an accomplished ballroom dancer, he has really graduated from the days of the sock-hops!

Ed Waggoner, circa August 2007

Fond memories...

One of the funniest times I had at Marshfield, was when my mother went to the school to talk to my English teacher, Mrs. Baker. She told Mom that she was so proud of her daughter, Darlene, because she loved English so much she came in first period and third period for class. Mom had to disappoint her and tell her we were twins and that the other person coming to class was Charlene. She just couldn't believe it and called both of us in to make absolutely certain. Charlene and I always had a good laugh over it.



Charlene

I loved going to MHS. Our Junior year, after Charlene finally got out of the hospital in Eugene, Dad bought us a 1950 Ford without floorboards. He put plywood on the floor. We had so much fun. Tom Hamilton used to siphon gas out of it at night and our Dad couldn't figure out what kept happening to our gas, so he put a lock on the gas cap and one night Tom came to siphon the gas and wound up with none. He said they ran out of gas on the way back to Empire and had to walk the rest of the way home.

One of the nicest things to happen in the last few years is since our last class re-union: Tom and our son, Ramond have gotten close. They talk often and Ramond has met his 92 year old Grandmother and lots of cousins he hasn't seen since he was 6 years old. Ramond will be 48 in April, so it has been a long time coming. I am so happy for all of them, especially Ramond. Ramond has even changed his name back to Hamilton like the rest of that side of the family. He has also met two of his sisters. Tom and Sue have been very gracious and kind.



Darlene Davis White

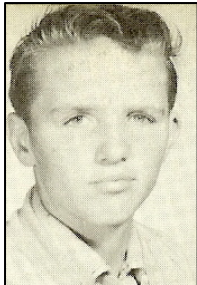
Recognition of Life's Changes

There are many ideas that come to mind, but the most fundamental for me is the transition between birth and death - the maturation or aging process.

When young, I viewed life in a horizontal fashion – every event unique and personal. As age crept through that naïve veneer, I began to realize that life is indeed cyclical and humanly global. While personal events are perceived as tragedies or accomplishments, I am struck with the fact that mankind experiences similar histories. Indeed, there are cataclysmic and life numbing events, but life has a habit of mixing the same ingredients/properties with every generation. One need only study religion and history to reach similar conclusions.

Consequently life is now perceived as a series of chapters. Conceptually, our experiences are neither that original nor unique. As a people, we have much more in common than we may realize. This understanding helps to appreciate and value others. Additionally, this concept enhances the ability to be a better listener, communicator and promotes compassion.

Life's chapters are equated to decades. As pointed out to my children, as we learn to recognize maturity, think of the past ten years and multiply by five, six or whatever value to reach seventy or eighty years of age... a mere “nothing” in terms of infinity. The Bible states in eloquent words that “...life is but a vapor.” If only mankind could appropriate that concept at 10 years of age.



Martin P. Matheny

... from the last issue ...

Connie Tedford Knapp sent in the picture of the 3rd grade at the Empire Naval Base; the teacher was Mrs. Davis. Check out the next page for the “best guesses” as to the identity of the students.

Any corrections or additions? Email your input to mhs59@comcast.net.

Picture of the 3rd grade at the Empire Naval Base; the teacher was Mrs. Davis.



Bobby Schultz Pauline Roam Jerry Texell Connie Tedford Melvin Triplett Ed Langworthy



Ray McElmurry Janet Ott Kathy Raines Karen Winkle



Ruth Walter Dave Kelley Leon Nichols Emily Pullis Dick Virgil Dick Durwood Post Dick Kent Miss. Davis