

eMa-Hi Times

Fall 2008

REUNION CORNER

Reunion Activities and Information

The plans are beginning to come together for our 50th. On Friday night, August 14th, there will be an informal gathering at Walt's Pourhouse in Coos Bay. Our dinner on Saturday, August 15th, will be at The Mill Casino in North Bend. There are currently no rooms available at the Mill because of a tentative concert. If the concert is cancelled, we will have a block of rooms set aside. We will not know more about this until after the first of the year.

We will be offering t-shirts, polos, and sweatshirts, with the Marshfield Alumni and Pirate logo ranging in prices from \$15.00 for t-shirts to \$34.00 for sweatshirts. We have more things being planned, but we won't be firming them up until we meet again after the first of the year.

Be sure and mark the dates, **AUGUST 14 - 16** on your 2009 calendars. Hope to see everyone then.

Reunion Committee

After the Holidays...

Watch your email box after the first of the year. We'll be sending out a template for you to use to recap the past 50 years of your life (or more, if you can remember earlier days!). We'll be gathering this biographical information early enough that we can distribute a draft of it PRIOR to the reunion gathering so that we'll all be somewhat up to date with our classmates lives thus far. We'll prepare this draft for distribution much the same as the class of 1958's bios which we recently emailed out to you. The reunion committee is also investigating how we can ultimately have books/booklets produced.

For Class Discussion – an update

Over 35 responses were received in October to the question of what we might do for Marshfield as a class to commemorate our 50th. Over 90% of the replies favored the idea of a gift, and are willing to contribute toward the costs. Of those responses, over 80% favored the suggested replacement of the Senior Bench and the balance suggested contributions for scholarship like funds. We are aware that Les Engle, class of '62, who is one of the leaders for scholarships at MHS has included our class roster in his upcoming solicitation mailing; so those who would like to donate funds toward that end will have an opportunity very soon. Gary Rossi's daughter, Jennifer, works at MHS. She



made some preliminary "discreet" inquiries about a replacement of the Senior Bench with the administration. Mike Lucas has also communicated directly with the principal on the idea and received an equally enthusiastic response. Mike has asked Franklyn Huntley to lead the ongoing activities on the project. He thinks Franklyn was kidding in his reply to the original query – when he wrote "I propose we buy me a new Harley-Davidson. Mine is a little messed up since a deer took me out a couple of week ago!"

Thanks to all who responded, and good luck, Franklyn, on your work to get the Senior Bench replaced. We look forward to your next updates on the project.

Then and Now

"Hi from John Anderson (again)"

I finally had an opportunity to read the summer '08 edition of eMa-Hi Times and it was not only great, it jogged my memory. It seems the more people talk about things and mention names, the more good and funny things I remember.

The story about the 7 year old noticing the clouds sailing by and the mountains coming up reminded me of my son's comment at a little league baseball game in airport heights when he was about 5. The wind was blowing like crazy and we were all freezing in the typical summer NW wind. Our foster son was on the field playing but my 5 year old's attention was on the shore pines that were thrashing about just behind the bleachers. He looked up at me after tugging on my sleeve to get my attention and said "Dad, we should cut down those trees so the wind will quit blowing."

In my later work with government I occasionally had reason to remember his comments when some well meaning person would come up with a solution that seem pretty logical to them but was just about as valid as my 5 year old's reasoning i.e. " we need to log all that old-growth off the slope to prevent the hillside from sliding into the road". The problem wasn't the trees; it was the road, which undercut the support for the slope. Isn't that just life though?

The mention of Tim Bullard brought a smile to my face. I went out for football as a sophomore. On the first day of practice I was doing whatever the JV coaches told me as best I could in my beginner's state of relative ignorance (coaches McClure and Paczesniak I

think). Coach Susick needed some "dummies" to stand in various formations so the varsity could run drills to identify who they were supposed to block when everyone got in condition. Evidently someone forgot to tell Tim Bullard he was only supposed to run out and stand by his man. Well, the first drill came off with a hut, hut, hut and a cloud of dust and the varsity guys all ran to pick out their duly appointed "dummy." I was really impressed with the varsity (later to be State Champions) and came out of my awe just in time to look up and see Tim Bullard coming full speed. Being either trusting or bone stupid I remained standing at my post as the designated dummy until I got knock flat on my butt about 10 yards from the point of impact. It must have been a good block because it still stands out in my mind and I remember his name and face CLEARLY. Both Tim and Barry were super players.

I never was much of a football player but I had a lot of fun just the same. Unfortunately, MHS didn't offer duck hunting as a varsity sport or I might have lettered all 4 years.



John Anderson.

FRIENDS THROUGH THE YEARS

Connie Tedford Knapp

It was a cold dark winter day in Empire and my dad and mom took me to school to register in the third grade at the old Empire Naval Base down the hill from the west end of Empire. My cousin went to school there, so my folks thought my cousin would show me the way home and they were not there to pick me up. As cousins will do, mine ran off and left me so I did not know the way home. To this day I do not remember how I got home. The streets were muddy with no sidewalks but I am sure I must have arrived home with tears in my eyes.

My dad worked at Cape Argo Lumber Mill and Paul Roam who he worked with him, invited us out to his house to meet his family and have dinner. That day I met **Pauline Roam**, who was my age and in the third grade. We became life long friends going through school together. Also our families remained life long friends.



In the fourth grade, we transferred to the shiny new school that had just been built to catch the growing school demands at Michigan Avenue.



Marilyn Paul was a new transfer to our school and began to pal around with us. We had many experiences and had many slumber parties as we grew into high school.

The fifth grade we moved near **Betty New** at the Motor View Drive In area and we played together even though she was a grade behind me. Our brothers were the same age and became friends. When we moved to Empire and Betty's family moved near us again and kept us together in our activities.

The year we were in the 8th grade, Empire schools consolidated with Coos Bay. Up until that year we had the choice of schools that we would attend. Of course after we were all at Marshfield for a week, we were home.

All through school, I was quiet and shy. My parents did not have a car and they would not let me stay after school to play sports or join a club as they had no way to pick me up. I rode the bus that chugged along the route from Marshfield to Empire and on to Charleston. Marilyn and Pauline rode the same bus as they lived between Empire and Charleston.

In my sophomore year, I went to work at the Sunset Theater in Empire where I was able to walk to work. Later I worked between Sunset and the Motor View Drive-In. I had I learned how to drive and my parents helped me to buy a car.

The high school years were a fun part of my life as I got to spread my wings and I began to see and experience life.

Graduation was anticipated by each one of us, as we knew we had a whole new life ahead of us and we went our separate ways.

Pauline stayed in the area and we remained friends. After our transfer to Southern California when I would return home on vacation, Pauline and I always met for lunch to stay in touch.

I have seen Marilyn and Betty now and then and it was always good to see them to remember the old days and to talk about our future plans.

I feel fortunate to have a friend that has known me almost all of my life through bad and good.

Some people cross your path for a season.
Some people are in and out of your path.
Some people come to walk along side of you.



Today is a bright sunny day and finds me living back in Grant Pass, Oregon, and knowing how valuable each one of you is that helped shape my life and lay down my roots to make me into the person that I am today.

Connie Tedford Knapp

Please see the 3rd grade class photo on the next page...

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

Please help us name each of these “kids”. If you recognize anyone (including yourself), please forward your recollections to mhs59@comcast.net.



Embarrassing Moments

The following recollection is being printed with the guarantee of anonymity from the eMa-Hi Times staff.

I don't remember whether it was our Junior or Senior year at Marshfield, and I don't remember if the occasion was a Junior Prom or a Senior Ball. I won't share the names of the other classmates who were present at the time of my embarrassing experience.

We were two couples, dressed up in our best for the dance. We went out for a “fancy” dinner at the Hilltop restaurant just beyond the north end of the North Bend Bridge. We had reservations and they had a great table waiting for us – including a white table cloth and cloth napkins! Later that night, after the dance, I reported the following dining experience to my parents.

Our waiter asked if we would like wine with our dinner. We agreed to the offer with a certain amount of adult confidence. The waiter then asked “what kind of wine would we like?” I told my folks that I was quick to get past this potentially embarrassing situation by answering “what would you suggest?” The waiter made a suggestion, and I proudly assured him that his choice would be fine. So far, so good.

A few moments later, the waiter returned to our table with the bottle. The wine glasses were already at the table. I then related to my parents what then transpired, noting that it probably should have been expected – after all, how could a restaurant in North Bend be expected to have competent help! The waiter poured wine in my glass first, as opposed to serving the girls first! And, he only filled the glass a little way up. Then he stood there, like some dummy (probably trying to figure out how he was going to cover up his obvious lack of manners). Finally he asked “will that be all right?” I told him “yes,” and he seemed to regain his composure. He then poured the wine in the girls’ glasses, followed by the other boy’s and mine.

My parents (after they quit laughing) informed me of the custom for the wine to be sampled for acceptance by the person ordering it.

I give my humble apologies to the waiter, who was probably laughing as much as my parents that evening.

Remembering...

The daughter of our classmate Auby Blackwell (**Sally Daugherty**) has notified us that she recently passed away.

Marilyn Paul Forman sent the following note to MHS 59:

My husband, Don, died August 17, 2008 of cancer. He was diagnosed a year ago just before our trip to Turkey. We went anyway and had a nice time. Our travel friends helped us thru the bad spots in the trip.

My mother has moved out of the Bay area and is now living with my brother and his wife, Rick and Dianne Paul, in Gresham. I am not aware of any announcements in The World.

My plans are a little up in the air for now but do plan on attending some, if not all, of the reunion functions.

Noted in the Coos Bay World Obituaries:

***Violet Clemens’** son, Matthew, died in a logging accident in Tiller, Oregon in September. He was 45 years old, and is survived by his wife and two children.*

Editors note...

First, let me thank those classmates who taken the time to share thoughts, memories, and experiences with us all. We appreciate your participation very much.

Now, as fall turns to winter, families and friends draw closer together, and as December approaches, the years as well daylight hours seem more precious. The leaves are gone from the trees, and if we're planning on roaring fires in the fireplace, the wood is neatly stacked. Families are planning special get-togethers, either on "the" day or on a nearby, reasonable substitute, to accommodate busy schedules and our extended families. The calendar is already full! Our Christmas cards recount the year almost past and resolve "to get together soon."

Friday, June 5, 1959, may have been our commencement, our beginning or start into the larger world experience, but **August 14-16, 2009**, will be our time when we can gather with fellow classmates to relive our memories, friendships and often painful times of growing up. We made it, so let's rejoice together!

Jane Kutch Mercereau