

eMa-Hi Times

Summer 2008

COOKIN' ON THE FAST TRACK

Dedicated To: Marilyn Smith

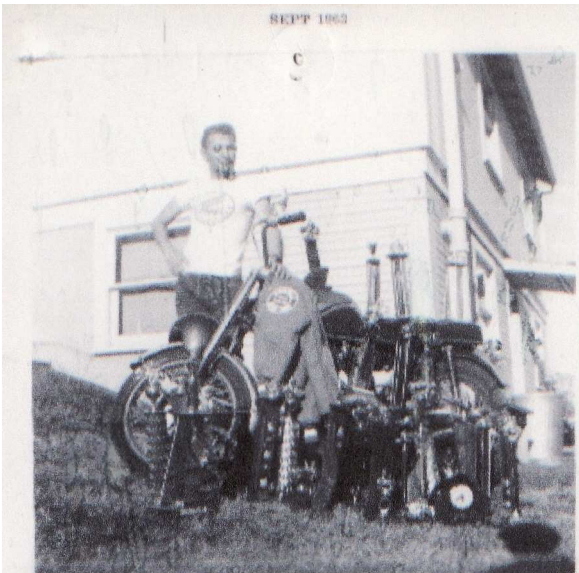
October 12, 1940 to October 26, 2006

Marilyn was my inspiration for writing "Cookin' on the Fast Track"

As we traveled together for Seminars, training and workshops, I gave Marilyn many of my recipes for cooking that I made at the racetrack. She wanted me to develop a special feature for Christian Women's club and even named it, "Cookin on the Fast Track". What a friend!

However as I began to write this book, it became much more than a cook book. It brought back memories of my life on the racetrack.

As my husband Ron left the house in '62 with some guys that had come over for dinner, I said, "Do not buy a bike." Little did I know a new life would begin as he came home with 150 CC Honda from Harless Honda.



One. State Class Champion 23 Trophys

the sales manager of Yamaha called Ron to ask him to go to work for their motorcycle company.

We took the bike out to Langlois racetrack and the racing began. It was not long until we moved up to a 305 CC Honda Hawk and racing continued with a car towing a trailer with the bike on it.

Ron was a highly energetic person but for the first few years we struggled to make a living.

As time passed, Ron started to drag race motorcycles more and more and we found ourselves at the racetrack every weekend. He began racing just for the fun of it but pretty soon he was making a name for himself in the Northwest. One evening

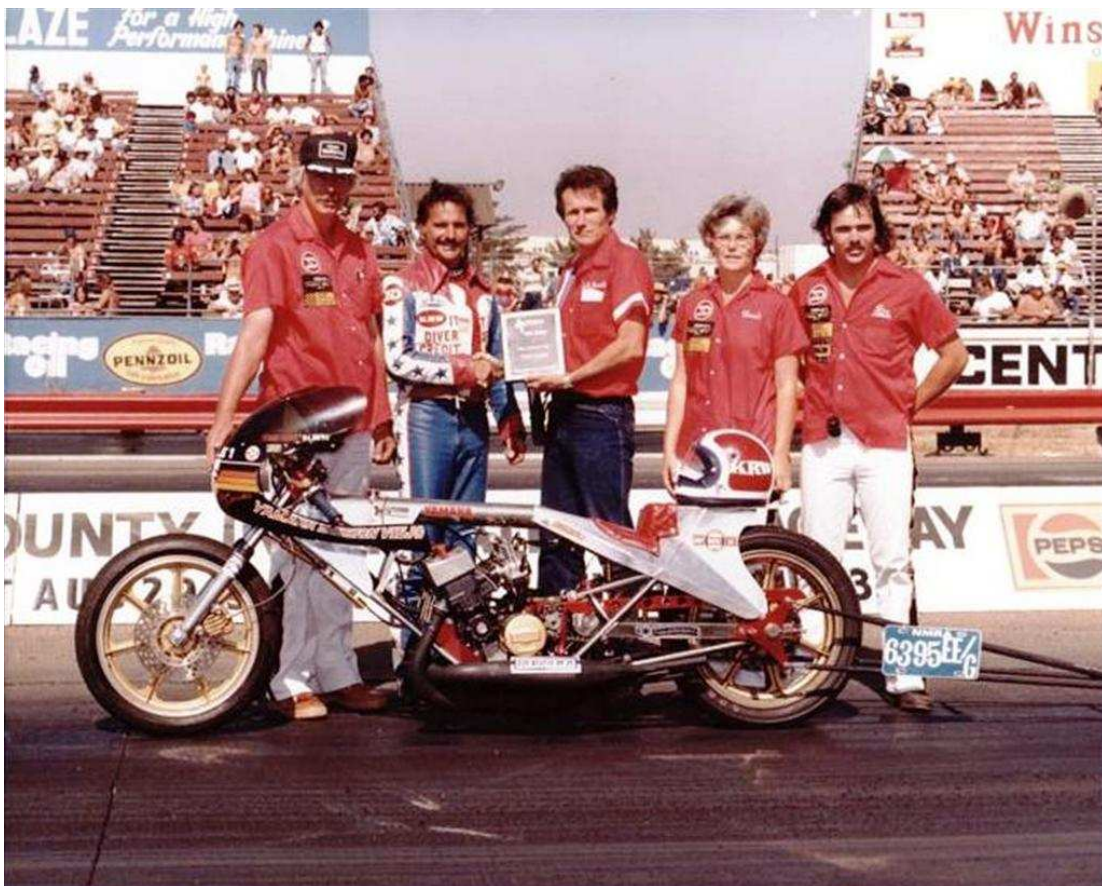
Right away our future began to look brighter as I paid off every debt that we had with our first paycheck. This began a brand new life style for us giving us the financial freedom I so badly wanted.

Ron was doing so well with his sales he was asked to transfer to Southern California after being with the company one year. Along with the relocation we moved into bigger bikes and got sponsors for our trips to the racetrack picking up lifetime friends as we went around the country.

With each bike that Ron raced he captured number one, winning the World's Record for ET and MPH. He had the track record at every track he raced on.

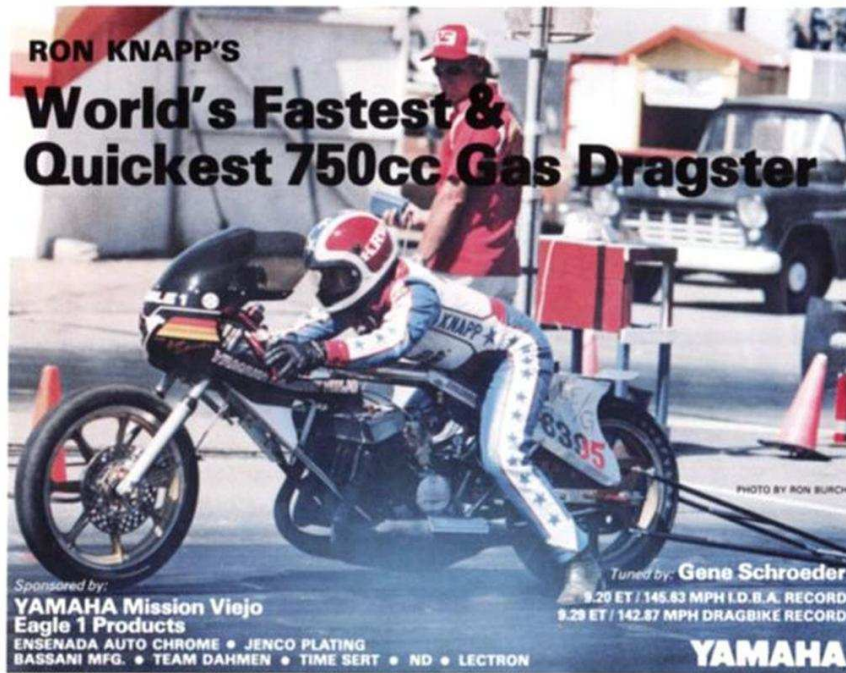
The last two bikes Ron raced were a 350 CC Yamaha, Little Asphalt Shaker, and a 750CC Yamaha, Eagle One. The 750 CC was brought over from Japan for Kenney Roberts, our factory racer. Ron took just the water-cooled engine out of it and sold the chassis. A national record was set with each bike and we are told those records are still standing. The bikes ran on pump gas.

In 1982 we won the best appearing Pit Crew Award from NRMA.



Left to Right: Gene Schroeder, tuner, Rocket Ron, owner and rider, Connie Knapp, Pit Boss and Dean Knapp, helper and photographer for the tracks.

Rocket Ron is on the poster with the 750 CC Yamaha taking off the line.



I cooked many meals in line for registration and in the pits for the racing crew and anyone else who stopped by our Pit Area. Life was good to us as we hung up our racing days in 1985. I was named The Pit Boss which really means camp cook. The 350 CC and the 750 CC went into museums for motorcycle racers. The leathers were also put in a museum. The

leathers had the red silk lining in them from Evel Knievel's private bolt of material.

Ron was given the name, "Rocket Ron," by the PR Department of Yamaha Motor USA in his early days of racing. He was called in from the sales territory to do ET's and MPH on the new bikes that came in from Japan at Willow Springs, California. Many of the commercials were made from those runs.

Ron retired from Yamaha, and it was hard to leave behind the life style we had made with our racing and employment. I retired as Office Manager from the Narramore Counseling Center in Rosemead to move back to Oregon.

We have been speaking and traveling for Stonecroft Ministries since 1978 telling people about our new found life in Jesus Christ. Yes, life has been good to us and we appreciate all the Lord has given to us over the years.



Connie Tedford Knapp
"Pit Boss"

Sports Report: July 14, 2008.

The golf fans in the gallery around the 4th hole of the Quail Valley Golf Course in Banks, Oregon, were hushed as the amateur senior stepped up to the tee. The determination of this competitor was evident on his face as he selected the 7 iron from his bag. He carefully surveyed the 135 yard, par 3 hole; teed up his ball and took a couple of deliberate practice swings. Forty years of playing this game had developed the purposeful stroke that he then applied to that little white ball.



All eyes followed the flight of the shot as it rose, and then dropped onto the face of the green. The length of the shot was correct and the alignment to the pin looked good. The ball's short run on the green was true, and it dropped into the cup!

The first hole-in-one for Bob Berger had just been recorded. His mates say he was so elated that he bought the beer at the "19th hole".

** There are approximately 500 million rounds of golf played each year in the U.S.*

** On average each course has about 30,000 - 40,000 rounds played each year.*

** Each course reports 10-15 hole in ones each year.*

** A hole in one is scored once every 3,500 golf rounds.*

** Only 1-2% of golfers score a hole in one during the year.*



REUNION CORNER

Reunion Activities and Information

The dates are set – **August 14–16, 2009.**

At this time we have had 173 classmates (of the 216 that were notified) respond to the questionnaire asking about attendance plans for these dates. We have received only 18 responses that indicate that they will not be able to attend. Now that we have a pretty good idea of how many will be coming, our committee will meet again after the summer to plan activities and events. Again, if you have suggestions, send them to mhs59@comcast.net and they will be forwarded to the committee.



Front Row (from left): Franklin Huntley, Ted Ploof, Marilyn Whipkey Speidel, MaryAnne Jacobson McKinley, Tina Holland Weekly, Durwood Post

Back Row (from left): Harvey Koski, Don Steen, Bill Lawrence, Dick Kent

Class of 1958 celebrates 50th

To the class of '59 - we wish you a grand 50th next year. I know it will be a super good time, as ours was the weekend of August 1-3, 2008. Comments were: Dennis Celorie had a blast (first time back for a reunion), Dave Sampson really enjoyed himself, Jim Vick was on good behavior and Dave West tolerated everyone. The ladies were beautiful; the guys --- not so much. Some reinforced how much they miss "the old home town." Some visited their hearts out. We were connected in that egos mostly were set aside. It was less about "me", and more about "you" and what "you" were about. Although we were not as spry as in the past, our energy and spirit rocked, said one. Some made new lifelong best friends, others kept the old and made new. We could be quiet if only for a moment and enjoy our connectedness. We laughed and hugged and were happy and sad. We remembered how privileged we were to be together and remembered those who will never be with us again.



We had nine first time people attend and they each rec'd a lovely Oregon history book. We had just over 80 classmates participate in the weekend activities

We all got together at Black Market Gourmet for Friday night, (some of us gathered at Casino lounge earlier on Thursday night), and Saturday was a tour of the Egyptian theater, and others went shopping in Charleston and to the beach. Saturday night was in the Salmon Room East of the Mill Casino and Sunday brunch was also held there, no host with the public.

Our dancing classmates were fabulous; especially one couple, Mike and Judy Peterson who seemed to dance every dance for two solid hours. Dick Smith and Tom Patch were not far behind... The music (one man band) did a great job of blending in the crowd and kept the sound down where we could visit easily.



The dessert on Saturday night was special... a chocolate pirate chest filled with delish mousse.

Our MC's (Tim Bullard and Dennis Celorie) did a bang up job. Classmates came from East Coast, South and Gulf, Texas, Heartland, Canada, Alaska, the Southwest, Montana, California, and the majority from the Pacific NW of Idaho, Washington and Oregon. We also have retired Lt. Colonels, Majors, and a pole vaulter currently ranked third in the world... in the 65-69 age group. Also

attending were our newlyweds of one week - Dave West and Betty Cabal Fraser.

It was a year in planning and over in three days.

Regards:

Kay (Holman) Voth, MHS class of 1958

Then and Now

Bob Eddy

THEN...

In 1959, Walt McClure coached the Marshfield Track team. It wasn't listed in the Mahiscan pages as "Boys Track," but Hunter, Rossi, Johnson, Kroger, Sumpter, and Kent were all boys. These guys were great, and along with their under-classmate team members, they took 2nd place at the State meet that year.

"Girls Sports" were, of course, "girls sports."

... and NOW

In 2005, Marshfield High invited 160 women who had excelled in those "girls sports" prior to 1976 to return to Marshfield for an overdue "lettering" ceremony held in February, 2006. You can read about it, and those women who were recognized, on the Marshfield website.

I was aware of this celebration after hearing about it from my little sister Peggy (class of 1970) who was one of those invited to participate. I must admit, when she called to tell me that she had been in Coos Bay for this event, I had two immediate feelings – regret and pride. Regret - because when I was the Ma-Hi Times Sports Editor I had missed the opportunity to cover any "Girls Sports". Pride - because Peggy, our family's athlete, was now being recognized for her accomplishments in tennis at Marshfield.

Paula and I live near our 3 youngest granddaughters and I had a great time giving them a short family history quiz. I asked them who had been the best athlete when they were a kid – Papa, Uncle Jim, Uncle John, or Aunt Peggy. The immediate, and unanimous, response was "Papa"! I said no, and asked them why they thought that. They said "because you're the biggest." Next guess... "Uncle Jim!" Wrong again, I informed them. When I asked for their

3rd guess, the reply was less emphatic, but predictable... “Uncle John.” Again, good guess, but wrong. I took them to computer and we logged on to the MHS website. There it was - a picture of Aunt Peggy slamming a serve at some match as she and her doubles partner made their way to the State Semifinals in 1967 and 1970.

I first received word of the 2008 Marshfield Boys Track Team from an email exchange with Dick Shanley, who had gone to Oregon from California to attend the 100th Coos County Track meet with Mike Morrisey. The news that he shared was great. Marshfield had gone on to win its first-ever STATE Track Championship!

Fran Auer Sichtung Worthen receiving her “letter” in 2006

Whoops! I meant to say they won the school’s first **Boys** State Track Championship. It seems that Marshfield **Girls** Track team had already taken the State Championship in 1972 and 2005. The Boys team coach was Fran Auer Sichtung Worthen. Yes, that’s correct; she’s a woman – coaching the Boys Track Team. It should be noted that she did have a number of assistant coaches who are men. She was also the head coach when the Marshfield Girls team took the State Championship in 2005. If that’s not enough, Fran was the Pirate track star who led that Girls team to the 1972 State Championship. You can read the details of the records she set at Marshfield, and then in college and international competition on the MHS website at:



<http://www.marshfield.coos-bay.k12.or.us/Athletics/spring/track/image/1970/fran/franHOF.htm>.

“What Kids & Grandkids Say and Do”

Grandkids are great – but we also remember those special moments with our own kids when they were young.

When Connie Tedford Knapp responded to our general request for information to share with classmates, she sent these memories along with her report of life “in the pits”.

After transferring to Southern California, we came home every summer on vacation. One of the unique things in the Southland is the clouds do not move across the sky very fast. While in North Bend, our son Dean, 6 years old, was out playing and

came rushing into the house. He got a hold of me and said, “Mom come quick.” I followed him out side and he pointed to the sky and said, “Look the clouds are sailing across the sky.”

He must have paid close attention to the sky. Connie remembers that the next year, when Dean was 7...

We bought our first house in Covina, California. The living room faced the San Gabriel Mountains. During the summer the smog hung in the valley obscuring the mountains from sight. Dean, then 7 years old, got up one winter morning as I was opening the drapes. He looked out in the wintertime view and declared, “Look, Mom, the mountains rose up again!”

Remembering...

We have received the sad news that Cap Johannesen passed away suddenly in May in his apartment in Sweden.

Link up...

In the last issue we listed a number of Websites that featured information about some of our classmates. Here's the link to another one to add to the list...

John Hosking

http://www.geocities.com/mike_v_49/john_hosking/john_h.html

Just a thought...

The class of 2009 will have ended their senior year classes a few months before we will be gathering for our 50th reunion. Some of them may even see some of us and realize that we were them 50 years ago. To put this into perspective, imagine what we would have thought in 1959 if we had seen members of the class of **1909** celebrating their 50th at the Timber Inn!

For class discussion...

Mike Lucas and Franklyn Huntley have been in contact with members of the reunion committee discussing various ideas related to what our class might want to provide to the High School or the community in the name of Marshfield's class of 1959.

Early thoughts were triggered by the moving and, ultimately, the breakup of the original Senior Bench. In Mike's letter to us all in the Winter '08 edition of eMa-Hi Times, he suggested that the class of '59 might want to spend "a couple of bucks" to provide a lasting tribute to the school.

We'll be soliciting your input on this topic in the near future, so please give it some thought.

Should we do something?

If so, what might be an appropriate gift?
