



# South Salem High School Class of 1963 NEWSLETTER

JANUARY 2012

## Randolph, A Horse

By Kris Lockard



In my ancientness, I have decided to learn how to ride a horse. I used to show horses as a young adult but I never took equitation lessons. I just sort of hung on and got by. However, if a rider knows how to properly give the horse signals it can understand, there can be an amazing relationship develop between a rider and his/her beast. A horse is incredibly sensitive to the slightest of motions of the rider and with just a hint of a signal from a well-trained rider, a well-trained horse can actually show a willingness to please and perform with the rider as a team, well, more or less. Call it on my bucket list, but this is the experience I was after. So, as I spent some time recently in Hawaii, I signed up for riding lessons at a private school that has horsemanship on its curriculum. They also provided individual lessons to just anybody. Lucky me! I gave some background about my horseback experience, of which I have had zip for the last forty years. I said I wanted to ride a horse that, like me, had one hoof in the grave and therefore, wouldn't jump out from under me at the sight of something as scary as say, a butterfly. I was assured that all of their horses were especially bred for the temperament essential for being school horses. "Bomb-proof" is the expression usually used. I rather prefer the word "comatose."



I show up at the stables in the little town of Waimea on the Big Island of Hawaii. The instructor points out to me a big, rawboned, buckskin gelding by the name of Randolph. Yup, Randolph. He looks a bit like the Trojan horse without the wheels. She takes me into the tack room and shows me that on the wall, they have listed the pedigrees of all their horses. I was a bit gob smacked when I saw that Randolph was sired by a horse named Root Canal. No, I did not make that up. Not sure I wanted to risk my neck with a creature sired by one of the most

painful experiences known, I tentatively entered the corral to go fetch Randolph. What would he do, wheel around and kick me into the middle of the next week? No, he wiped his nose on my shirt and then appeared to fall asleep. I thought we just might be able to get along. With a little help, I managed to remember how to put an English saddle and bridle on him but knew immediately that boarding the beast was going to be a challenge all in itself. Laugh, if you must, but I was going to need a step stool. This stable didn't have a step stool. After all, their students are kids: young, athletic, and able to put one foot in a stirrup the height of one's armpit and pull themselves up on the horse without even thinking about it. My instructor suggested I use the

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## Notes From Classmates...



*Marge (Meier) Cleland writes ...*

Thank you so much for your work to keep the South Salem Class of 63 newsletter going.

Somewhere along the way I lost my year book and it is especially nice to see the class picture along with recent photos and stories about classmates lives and current events.

What a wonderful mixture of life stories and events!

I have been living in San Francisco and although I still have lots of family in the area and do not live that far away geographically, I don't get back up to Salem often and have lost touch with those I knew in high school. Over the years, I have married twice (divorced & widowed) and worked as an executive assistant in the construction management industry (see [www.transbaycenter.org](http://www.transbaycenter.org) for the latest project). My Mom lived with me for many great years and when she passed away, my sister Jody's oldest daughter Kristin stayed with me while she attended the Academy of Art University. Kristin graduated with a Graphic Design degree, worked in SF for a year and in March of this year accepted a job in Anchorage, Alaska. Jody and her family live in Homer, Alaska so moving to Anchorage was "close to" going home for Kristin. I have watched my 401K go up and down so much recently that I will probably keep working until hopefully things settle down more. I am looking forward to retirement someday. Meanwhile, I keep busy with friends, trips to see family, and enjoy my dog Ziggy.

Again, thank you so much for the time and effort you have and are putting into the newsletter. If you want to include the above in a newsletter, please feel free to do so.



*Rand Wintermute writes ...*

Hi, I was recently in Carmel showing one of my classic cars at Pebble Beach. I took 1st place in the Pacific Grove Rallye/ Concours in Monterey, California with the

award for the classic car that Looks the "Fastest standing Still" with my Porsche 356 (see photo at right).

I am racing my Cheoy Lee Sailboat in the Bay and getting ready for the America's Cup in 2012-13 !! Doing a lot of rallies in my Porsche when not sailing .... will visit the Ferrari factory in Maranello, Italy on Sept 13 as a guest. Still into cars and sailboat racing now that I am retired from the U.S. Coast Guard after 30 years!

I am living in Sausalito now where I moved two years ago and love living in the SF Bay area! Just love it there and took a trip to Rome in September.

Thanks for the update on our SS HS friends. I have fond memories of Tim Plummer and Jack Sparks and me, driving my MG to all the SS basketball games to watch my buddy Gary Allen play basketball. Gary probably doesn't realize what "Sparkels," Plummer and I went thru on most Friday night "away" basketball games to get to watch him play. Driving, sometimes in torrents of rain in an old MG in 1963, to get to Corvallis, Lebanon, or Sweet Home was a good driving lesson for me and served me well in these historic car rallies that I participate in. It probably gave Jack Sparks and Tim Plummer, and sometimes Wally Ogdahl, HEMMOROIDs riding in that old sports car in 1963! Gee, what great fun we had. I miss all of you and thank my Senior Class pals (you know who you are) for welcoming me as a "Transfer" from California, my Senior year! Now I am back home for good - I love you all.



*Rand's Award Winning Car*

*This picture of my race prepared MGA, was taken at the Pacific Grove-Carmel Concours & Rally. I drove my 1957 "LeMans prepared (this*

*means Dual "Webers" with a race cam and Judson Supercharger) MGA Roadster in the Rally with my Navigator, Gary. This was a "Martini" rally, requiring only a stopwatch (and accurate odometer!) Of course, an appreciation of good Gin as well. The rally ended at the Polo Field in Carmel Friday night, with the British Beefeater Gin Company supplying to the drivers and Navigators their British "libation"! A fun time for all 97 classic cars with a driver & navigator. Sunday was the highlight with the Pebble Beach Concours on the Lawn, decorated with classic Ferrari 250 GT SWB's and Mille Miglia Alfa's and Lancias. My real thrill for the 8 day event was meeting and having lunch with John Surtees, one of the greatest Ferrari drivers of all time, and certainly one of the best F1 drivers in history. A great guy with a great*

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## *Randolph, A Horse ... continued from page 1*

fence. Glad nobody else was watching, I clamored up the fence and was able to plop my body astride Randolph's expansive back. The horses I used to show so many years ago would have stepped away from the fence about the time I was spread-eagled in mid-air. Randolph, however, didn't move an inch. This was my kind of guy.

Off we clippity-clopped. The instructor told me the positions that the rider's hands, legs, knees, feet, and shoulders should be in. Randolph and I dutifully walked and trotted, trying to keep our various body parts positioned just so. We even cantered, a bit awkwardly but, by golly, we did it. Mostly I flopped around like a huge bag of marshmallows. Randolph didn't seem to mind. Good old Randolph! The instructor, however, hollered at me to sit up straight, hands low, head up, shoulders back, ankles tucked into the horse's sides, and above all, relax! Well, of the two of us, Randolph was the one relaxed. In fact, I think he dozed off a time or two. I was much too busy forgetting to do one thing while concentrating on doing something else. Whose idea was this, anyway? After several lessons of trotting and cantering, the instructor showed me how to get Randolph "on the bit." This means arching his neck to where his face is vertical and his back legs are well underneath him and balanced, ready to respond to feather-like aids of the rider's hands, seat, and legs. Randolph didn't want to do it at first, of course. It was much easier to slop around like an old school horse. Also, this benign old hag on his back had never before asked from him this level of discipline. Besides, he knew I

*Randolph falling asleep while having his ears scratched.*



didn't know what I was doing. But, he tried and I tried. Soon he would do it with very little cue from me. He would shlorp the bit around in his mouth and slobber and drool like an Olympic level dressage horse, well, more or less. We tried some basic leg aid exercises like stepping sideways where the horse's feet actually cross over one another. Try that with feet the size of dinner plates. We tried walking along a rail with the horse's shoulder into the fence, his fanny away from the fence. Then we would try the much more difficult opposite maneuver: shoulder out, fanny in. I would scratch his neck and tell him what a good boy he was and he would shlorp, slobber, and drool all the more. Later, he wiped it all off onto my shirt.

Alas, time came to go back to Oregon and I wished I could get Randolph into my suitcase. I had to leave him there on the rolling, grassy hills of Hawaii's beautiful Kohala Mountains. However, I'll be back, with a clean shirt, ready to get to know Randolph all over again.

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## *Notes From Classmates ... continued from page 2*



### *Roger Monette writes ...*

Glad to see some of our classmates on the net. The year 2011 - a memorable year for sure.

New Year's Eve found us on a cruise ship on a course through the Panama Canal. Three weeks later, we found out my oldest son, Scott, had stage four pancreatic cancer. From diagnosis to death - 3-1/2 months. He left us too soon, but suffered too long. Together we fulfilled his bucket list while he was able.

The month of June was spent house sitting for a friend in Honolulu, Hawaii. Pearl Harbor, water park, boogie boarding in the surf, helicopter ride, climbing Koho Crater - always something to do, and having fun. Back home again, went for a hot air balloon ride (my sixth). Each one was different. They're lots of fun.

*Picture of Roger on top of Mt. Hood with this caption: Roger Monette at the summit of Mt. Hood, May 21, 2009.*



Still doing the business; I enjoy it. Keeps me as busy as I want to be, maybe more at times.

Due to a knee injury, scheduling priorities, and weather, I haven't been able to do any mountain climbing this year. Plan to do more next year. Then there was the ten day elk hunt in Montana. The three of us got two elk. Had to pack one of them seven miles, thankfully all down hill. Walked more than forty miles on that trip.

What lies ahead for this year and beyond is yet to be experienced. Enclosed is a little something to help with communiqué expenses. (Thank you Roger!) Hope to see everyone in 2013.

*Roger Monette, rogmon@hotmail.com*

# A Washington Mini-Reunion

By Chris Holm Kline

How to spend a perfect, sunny, late fall afternoon? On a beautiful terrace in northeast Seattle, with wonderful people from our South Salem High School class. The informal mini-reunion of alums living in the Puget Sound area was held on September 23 at the home of Glen and Susan Johnson. Sue Gleckler Palmason, Dan Withers and his wife Roxanne, Chauni Taggart Haslet and her husband Bill, and Christine Holm Kline gathered around the garden tables with Susan McGee Johnson adding North Salem High wisdom to the hospitality that she and Glen offered. Over dishes contributed by all, classmates became re-acquainted, sharing memories and life journeys, all laced with laughter and appreciation.

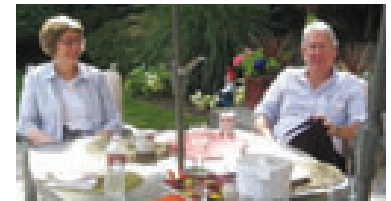
Along with the anticipated 50th reunion currently being planned for 2013, all agreed that mini-reunions are a relaxed and special way to re-connect. Another informal mini-reunion is being planned in the spring at the Chris Holm Kline's South Sound home. We hope classmates will attend whether they live in Washington or would just love to join. Further information will be available in a later newsletter and/or on the SSSH blog.



Front L to R: Bill Haslet, Chauni (Taggart) Haslet, Chris (Holm) Kline, Susan (McGee) Johnson, Glen Johnson. Back L to R: Sue (Gleckler) Palmason, Dan and Roxanne Withers.



Susan (McGee) Johnson, hostess for the day visits with Sue (Gleckler) Palmason.



Dan and Roxanne Withers.



Chauni (Taggart) Haslet and Chris (Holm) Kline



Host Glen Johnson and Bill Haslet

## Newsletter Contributors:



Thanks to all who provide financial support for our class newsletter and website development efforts. Your generosity is amazing! We do continue to have snail mail costs as many classmates do not use email or we do not know your email address. If you are receiving the newsletter through our USPS mailing and do have email, please share that information with Barb Hoxsey Cross (barb.cross@comcast.net) or Bernie Stone Barrett (rlbbarrett@aol.com).

Roses to these classmates who have helped keep the news coming through their funding support. Contribu-

tion checks should be sent to and made payable to Sue Palmason.

Thank You to **Dave Johnson** and **Roger Monette**  
And, keep your stories coming!

## In Sadness ...

The following classmates lost parents in 2011

Judy Sugnet's mother  
Denny Ward's mother  
Keith Wonderly's father  
Didi Warren's father

We extend our deepest sympathy to the families and friends of these classmates.



# A Remembrance

## FINDING GOLF BALLS AT SALEM GOLF COURSE

Between high school years, berry and bean picking was really not the highlight of my summer months, but I had to have a job and that was it. A local neighbor (Steve Carlson) and I made that scene, picking berries at one time or another and picking beans in another frame of time.

We'd ride our bicycles over to Homestead Road, a half mile south of Croisan Creek Road and the South River Road and we would pick long enough to make enough money for a round of nine holes of golf at the Salem Golf Club, a daily occurrence. Finding a round of golf so high in price, we seldom paid.

We were up before the birds and we'd bike a couple miles to the field, pick for a few hours, then ride our bicycles down the railroad tracks or the River Road bringing with us a putter, a driver and pitching wedge and have ourselves a field day playing golf.

It seemed like the course was never busy, so while walking to the next tee, we'd hunt for golf balls. Undoubtedly never getting permission to hunt for balls on that course, we never asked and we found many.

One day on the back nine we came up out of the rough and ran into two guys that were playing golf, one of them asked what we were doing. We said, "Looking for golf balls, want to buy some?" and I started to get a few of them. Our pockets were full, we even used our socks for extra space.

He said, "who gave you permission to be out here looking for balls?" I said, "well, the pro did." He said, "well, I'm the pro and I didn't give you permission to be out here".

Hmmmmmmmm, got caught by the man!!

By Ron Boise



My friend took off running in one direction, I took off in the other and the golf pro went after my friend. The other golfer was just standing there laughing at us and laughing at his friend chasing after my friend.

In the process of chasing my friend, the head cover on his driver came off and hit the ground. I saw it fall so I backtracked to pick it up. I yelled at him and got his attention, pointing to the head cover. I asked if the head cover belonged to him. He looked down at the top of his driver and not finding the head cover attached told me to drop it right there on the ground and he started back towards me.

Well, I had plenty of golf balls already and a few less wasn't going to make any difference, so I loaded the head cover with four or five balls and tossed all in a nearby lake, where they all sank. I then took off after my friend and we went home. We were never caught. We did make the golf course about once or twice a week instead of the daily occurrence during the summer months.

Rather than pay for a round, we would start on hole number 2, play the course to hole number 8 and look for golf balls in the brush as we went along, finding many. There were other courses in Salem where we sold our golf balls to other golfers along the way, making enough to actually play a legal round of golf at the Salem Golf Club, which was a rare occurrence at best.

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### Editor's Note ...



Thank you classmates for all your wonderful updates and memories of days gone by. The newsletter can only be successful if you are willing to participate. As we approach our 50th reunion, please look through the list of missing classmates. We want to make sure that all of our classmates

know about this memorable event. Let me know if you are in touch with anyone or have a clue about how we might find them. Once again, thanks for your help!

Bernadette Stone-Barrett  
rlbbarrett@aol.com

### Information ...

**Blog:** [sshs63.blogspot.com](http://sshs63.blogspot.com)

Currently the blog has the most up-to-date information about our events and happenings. All past newsletters are posted also.

**NOTE:** Our new Website: [sshs63.com](http://sshs63.com) will have lots of information on upcoming events. Of special interest will be news about the 50th class reunion. Please check regularly on the progress!

*Missing  
Classmates*

Alton Albin  
James Alexander  
Michael Anderson  
Gerald Chapel  
Katy Clyde  
Shirley Coon  
Ray Coopride  
Schelly Culver  
Joan Davidson  
Karlet Davis  
Robert A. Day  
Marvin Dolezal

James Donaldson  
Carol Duggan  
Mary Jean Eller  
Ricki Fergeson  
Steven Ferry  
Beverly Jane Fillis  
Larry Fisher  
Stephen Fletchall  
Karen Fortmiller Flint  
Linda Gilkison Myers  
Gary Fries  
Pam Gruel  
Carol Haynes  
Joan Johnson Hudson  
Max L. Huff

Ruthann Jennison McGovern  
Paul Johnson  
Joan Johnson  
Janet Jones  
Jane Louise Jones  
Joseph King  
Craig Kuhn (Nofsinger)  
Judith Lind Kanoff  
Diane Meloy Sandsburn  
Kathy Merin Strickler  
Verna Miller Benson  
Michael E. Mischke  
Elmer Mortenson  
Virginia Moudy  
Carol Murrin

Elaine Nelson  
David Nicholas  
Nancy Owen Cherin  
Elaine Pecht  
John Reid  
Stevie Romander  
Rosemary Salchenberg  
Richard Sanders  
Patricia Standal  
David Swenwold  
Sharon Thompson  
Gail Titus Redding Boatwright  
Mary Walberg  
David Wesley  
Kathy Wilson

**SAVE THE DATE:  
AUGUST 24 & 25, 2013  
SOUTH SALEM HIGH  
50th REUNION  
Friday Night at Magoo's  
and Saturday Night at Illahee.  
*Watch for more information!***