



SOUTH SALEM HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF 1963 NEWSLETTER

WINTER 2005

A LOVE STORY, MOUNTAIN TREK AND EXOTIC BEACH

BY ROGER APPELGATE



Little did I dream back in June of 2003 that when I gave myself a year to honor the transition from a working to non-working life that I would meet the “love of my life”! Rochelle Gerratt and I reconnected through a mutual friend from Colorado after not seeing each other for over 17 years. Synchronicity at work! We had a brief and intense love affair 25 years ago but the timing wasn’t right. She was a single mom in graduate school in Berkeley and I was starting my career at Marion County Health Department. During my year of transition and after our 40th reunion, I had been reflecting on people who made an impact on my life; and when a mutual friend came to Oregon to visit, I asked about Rochelle. She gave me Rochelle’s telephone number and a week later I called.



Roger and new wife, Rochelle

Our conversation continued almost nightly for the next two months plus I sent her daily e-mail poems by the Persian mystical poet, Rumi (our mutual favorite). After exchanging visits and continued nightly conversations we both realized we were given a unique opportunity and we knew we wanted to

spend the rest of our lives together. Our timing was right! I sold my house in Salem in eight weeks and bought a car with air conditioning for the Tucson weather. On July 30, 2004, I moved to Oro Valley, Arizona, just north of Tucson. On October 1, 2005, we were married at our house which looks out on the nearby Santa Catalina Mountains and is five minutes away from the state park and entry to numerous hiking trails which we thoroughly enjoy.



Roger and Rochelle going over the Thorung-La pass.

In November we returned from a month-long honeymoon, trekking in Nepal for 16 days and a week of R&R in Thailand with four nights in Bangkok and four nights at a Railay Beach Resort (aaahhh-sand like flour and warm, clear water!). Trekking in Nepal had been a lifelong individual dream that we know shared together.

Flying into Kathmandu on a clear day was like dropping into a valley of Eden surrounded by majestic snow-capped guardians! Our trek on the Annapurna Trail turned out to be more rigorous than any of our group of eight plus four Nepalese guides and four Nepalese porters expected. An early storm brought three days of rain as we started out from

Besisahar in a subtropical region. Then, as we gained elevation, we hit snow on the trail for the rest of the way until we got well over the Thorung-La pass at 17,700 feet. Getting over the pass was a tough 13 hour day starting at 3 a.m. after a short night’s sleep at 14,300 feet and with our headlamps lighting each next step! We went up 3,000 feet and then down 5,000 feet (with lots of slipping, sliding and falling down!) to reach the next village of Muktinath where we stayed for two nights and rested up. During our trek we stayed in “tea houses” (inns) along the way which were quite spartan. There was no heat, mostly no hot water, toilets (usually down the hall or beside the building) were the squat variety. The rooms were just big enough for a couple of wooden platform beds with foam mattresses. Thank God for hot

(Continued on back cover)

INSIDE THIS ISSUE ...

<i>A Love Story, Mountain Trek and Exotic Beach</i>	1
<i>Class of '63 Turns 60 Celebrations</i>	2-3
<i>Classmates Share 60th Birthday Photos</i>	4
<i>Notes from Classmates Featured are Toby Pomery and Roger Applegate</i>	5
<i>The Scrunchie</i>	6
<i>Why Computers Sometimes Crash</i>	6
<i>Editor's Column</i>	7
<i>Note from our Treasurer</i>	7
<i>Help Us Find These Classmates</i>	7

CLASS OF '63 TURNS 60 CELEBRATIONS!

Some of the class of 1963 are pictured below at the gathering on Friday evening, September 30, at Magoo's in Salem. Jim Eastridge's hospitality was enjoyed by the classmates who dropped by to visit and catch up. Some new faces were in the crowd and hopefully more can join us at this annual event next year!

Those attending, but not pictured were Vicki Andrews Sanders, Mary Blanchard and Sharon Johnson Bradford.



Bill and Donna Weaver.

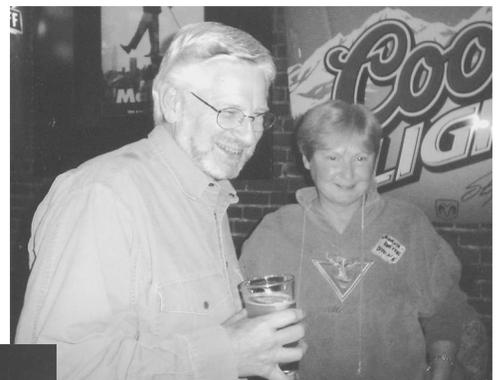


Pictured at right are host, Jim Eastridge and Sue Gleckler Palmason.

Mary Lee (Mo) Milne and Cobe Grabenhorst enjoying the evening.



At right, Bernadette Stone Barrett and Roger Wilson share a laugh.



Laura Lee Swearingen also joined the celebration.

Jack Sparks and Kris Campbell Lockard, pictured on right.



Jack with Polly Clark above.



Mike Everett, left, dropped in to say hello.



On the left are Bill & Judy Cole; pictured on the right is Larry Nunn.



SATURDAY NIGHT POTLUCK

Saturday night Barb and Ron Cross opened their lovely home for a potluck with another opportunity to get together.

Weather was not cooperative so the party was moved into Ron's wonderful garage/workshop which was the envy of all the men in attendance!

The food was superb, conversation lively with memories abounding, and the 60's music added the special touch.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF KRIS CAMPBELL LOCKHARD AND NEWSLETTER STAFF.

The South High birthday cake was a hit!

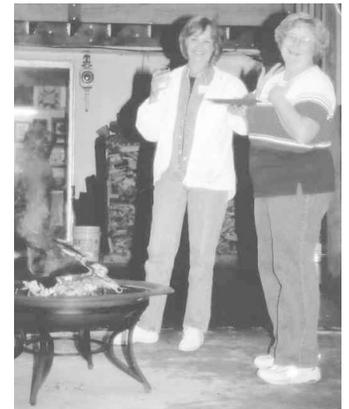


Enjoying some of the wonderful food provided by classmates was Laura Lee Swearingin.



Your newsletter staff (pictured at left) used the opportunity to get-together and celebrate! Pictured left to right, Vicki Andrews Sanders, hostess for the evening, Barb Hoxsey Cross, Bernadette Stone Barrett, Sharon Johnson Bradford and Sue Glecker Palmason.

Barb and Vicki brave the weather to stand out by the firepit!



Linda Barker DeSantis and Bernadette Sone Barrett enjoy catching up!



Phyllis Jenks, Sharon Johnson Bradford and Vicki Andrews Sanders mug it up for the camera!



Earlier in the day, the newsletter staff joined Rob Worrall in Independence at his antique shop. (See Spring 2005 article about Rob's store)



From left to right at the table are Judy Nunn, Larry Nunn, Judy Cole, Linda Barker DeSantis and Bernadette Stone Barrett.

CLASSMATES SHARE 60TH BIRTHDAY PHOTOS



Pictured above is Mike Sather, Roger Wilson, Mike Ryan and birthday boy Bill Weaver at his surprise 60th birthday party!



An additional surprise for Bill was when fellow classmates Sue Gleckler Palmason, Barb Hoxsey Cross and Vicki Andrews Sanders showed up to help him celebrate!



The 60's couple – Glen Johnson and wife, Sue; son Bjorn 28 and Krysia; son Lars 26 and Shannon; Rich and daughter Erika 33. Picture taken at a surprise party thrown by their children.



Bernadette Stone Barrett and Sue Glecker Palmason celebrated their October birthdays with friends at the South High 60th birthday celebration.



Bernadette is pictured, at left, in Hawaii where her actual birthday was spent with husband Richard.



Barb Hoxsey Cross celebrated her birthday at their cabin on the North Fork River with her new puppy!



Sue is pictured with her granddaughter.



Some friends took Sharon Johnson Bradford to Disneyland to help celebrate her 60th birthday!

NOTES FROM CLASSMATES ...



TOBY POMEROY
WRITES ...

Following HS I attended the University of Puget Sound for two years and the University of Oregon for two, studying pre-medicine. In my last year at the University of Oregon I took a jewelry making class and with that turn of my head, there went my life.

I looked for someone in San Francisco to apprentice with and not finding anyone, I rented a cabin in the coast range and for six months continued to train myself as a jeweler.

In the summer of 1968 I opened Tobias Silverworks, a custom jewelry store in Eugene. It was an adventurous and awakening time, punctuated by having to convince the Selective Service that I would be of no use in that heartbreaking Viet Nam escapade.

In 1970 I closed my jewelry store, bought a van, strapped my 14 ft. tipi and those beautiful long and lithe fir poles on top, reduced my possessions to what would fit on board and went traveling.

I considered those two years as studying abroad. A year in Canada, a year in New York, a winter at 7000'

in my tipi near the continental divide outside Boulder. I worked as needed, creating jewelry in my workshop/home van,

In 1973, I returned to the valley and opened Talisman Jewelers Ltd., a designer-goldsmith's shop in Corvallis. It was a beautiful store; fun,



successful, a contribution to the community, but I became bored anyway. In 1993, I realized it was time for a new adventure.

After consulting in jewelry businesses for a while, I launched a jewelry design company called Studio Eclipse. a jewelry design and manufacturing firm specializing in the creation of Eclipse Hoop earrings; the Ultimate Hoop Earrings™. I am committed to having Eclipse hoops known, worn and loved worldwide.

In July of 2001, I was diagnosed with prostate cancer and after considerable reflection and from my commitment that we are remarkably capable beings, I chose to deal with the issue holistically.

With the loving support of my angel/wife Lee, I fasted, altered my diet to vegan macrobiotic, (no wheat, sugar, alcohol, caffeine, very low fat, lots of fresh, organic vegetables) juiced daily, took regular colonics and sought to discover the imbalance that would invite my cells to go insane.

This January, curious to see what progress might have been made, I had another biopsy and the report from Johns-Hopkins cancer lab came back perfectly clean, no cancer nor pre-cancerous cells! We are very happy and relieved, and I am most appreciative of our friends and family who stood with us for the possibility of being well, naturally.

I have three children, Naomi Heberoy, 30, a restaurateur in Portland, Oregon; Colin, 20, Junior at University of California, San Luis Obispo; Andrew, 17, Corvallis H.S. Senior. Naomi and her husband Michael have given us August, a grand 5-year-old granddaughter.



ROGER
APPELGATE
WRITES ...

I have a new address: 10 E. Strada Patania; Oro Valley, AZ 85737
e mail: rogeraaz@comcast.net

I moved here a year ago (just north of Tucson) after reconnecting with an old but brief flame of 25 years ago. Amazing what retirement might bring forth! Timing was right and we were meant to be together. We are getting married Oct. 1st and going trekking for 3 weeks in Nepal for our honeymoon!

Please pass on this new address or let me know to whom I can send info. After 60 years in Salem, I love the 360 days of sunshine and desert hiking down here.

Be well, Roger Appelgate

(NOTE: The above e-mail was the opening for us to ask Roger to write the article on Page 1.)



THE SCRUNCHIE!

A HUMOROUS LOOK AT THE AGING PROCESS

BY

KRIS CAMPBELL LOCKARD



There are challenges to getting older, not the least of which is when the doctor jerked estrogen therapy out from under me. “But... but,” I whined, “I have hair where no woman should and I’m losing it in places I never would have dreamed. My cheeks have slid off my face and are hanging from my jawbones. I’m manufacturing belly fat faster than rabbits have babies and my wonder bra has thrown in the towel. Everything has dried up. Everything! WAAAAAA!” says I. “Tsk.” says he. I shuffled out of his office, feeling older than dirt.

Sometime later, Phyllis Jenks Bauer and I were wandering around a garden fair and stumbled upon two women selling face goop. You never know what you’ll find at a garden fair

but this was not your ordinary Ponds cold cream that our mothers used for 80 years, but some high priced, highly recommended by some obscure foreign dermatology study, Swiss-made in really pretty jars face goop. Phyllis and I looked at one another and said, “It’s gotta be good, right?” So we each shelled out copious amounts of bucks to buy enough of this stuff to slather our mugs for a few weeks and then happily toddled off, convinced that we were going to cure the mess that estrogen had created by its absence. Well, a few weeks later we saw each other again. We took one look at one another and said, “Didn’t work, huh?”

So goes women’s epic battle with sags, bags, blotches and all the other nasty stuff that makes us look like,

well, our mothers. My skin has sagged so much that just the other day, someone mistook my navel for a hole in the ground. No kidding. To keep my navel where it is supposed to be, I gather my skin up on top of my head and hold it in place with a scrunchie. This is also the only way I can keep track of my bosoms. Otherwise, no telling where they go. Lark Brandt tried this and the cleft in her chin ended up on the end of her nose. “No, Lark, not THAT much!”

So what the doctor hath wreaked, the scrunchie doeth fixeth. It doesn’t cost one hundred bucks a visit, keep you waiting two hours, or get rejected by your HMO. Plus, at night, if you want, you can keep it in a really pretty jar.

WHY COMPUTERS SOMETIMES CRASH!

BY DR. “SEUSS”

If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port, and the bus is interrupted at a very last resort, and the access of the memory makes your floppy disk abort, then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash, and the double-clicking icon puts your window in the trash, and your data is corrupted cause the index doesn’t hash, then your situation’s hopeless and your system’s gonna crash!

If the label on the cable on the table at your house, says the network is connected to the button on your mouse, but your packets want to tunnel to another protocol, that’s repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall.....

And your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss, so your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse; then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang, ‘cuz sure as I’m a poet, the sucker’s gonna hang.

When the copy on your floppy’s getting sloppy in the disk and the macro code instructions are causing unnecessary risk, then you’ll have to flash the memory and you’ll want to RAM your ROM, and then quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your Mom!

Well, that certainly clears things up for me. How about you?

WILL YOU HELP?

We are in need of articles from classmates telling us what you have been up to these past 40+ years; photos are always fun and interesting to see.

Have you taken a trip that was exciting; won an award; participated in a service organization; found a classmate; reconnected with someone from high school due to the newsletter?

WE WANT TO KNOW!

Your input is vital to keep the newsletter coming! Won’t you help?



EDITOR'S NOTE ...

'Tis the season for holiday traditions, remembering friends and family near and far and maybe adding a new tradition. I have been reminded so much this year about the importance of friends. This is probably truer for those of us who survived the first 60 years and are beginning to enter the most challenging time in our lives. These are a couple of my thoughts:

- We won't live forever. I'm reminded of a quote from one of my favorite movies, *Shawshank Redemption*: "Get busy living or get busy dying." One of the best ways to live your life to the fullest is to share your life with good friends.

- True friends share the good times and the bad. We discover who our true friends are during the bad times.

This holiday season I challenge you to think about one of your high school friends that you've let slip away over the years. Send them a card, call them, or meet for coffee or lunch if you're fortunate to live close enough to get together. You may discover that your reaching out is just what they needed. If the newsletter staff can help you with an address or phone number, please let us know.

Get busy living!

Bernadette Stone-Barrett

TREASURER'S NOTE!



It's time, once again, to ask for your financial support to keep news about the SSSH class of 1963

coming. As this print issue goes into production the possibility of a class website is actively being considered, with a decision anticipated this winter. Whether the news continues in print awhile longer, or is posted to a website, additional funding is needed now to make it happen.

If you're enjoying catching up on the current activities of others in our class, please send whatever contribution you can to:

Sue (Gleckler) Palmason

4718 Main Street

Unit D

Edmonds, WA 98026

e-mail: sgpedmonds@comcast.net

Thank you for your support!

Happy Holidays to all our
classmates and their families!

MISSING CLASSMATES!

Judy Nunn (Larry's wife) helped us find some of our missing classmates. We are still waiting for confirmation from these folks. We have added Connie to our mailing list.

Connie Miller Du Priest has now been added to our mailing list. Connie transfer to South Salem in her Junior year from Virginia and currently lives in Oregon.

Bjorne Persson Soderfeldt

David Wesley – The correct spelling is Wesely

Paul White – Paul A. White III

We are still looking for addresses or information from the following. If you have any information or can forward the newsletter to these people, we would welcome them to our Class of 63 database.

- Judith Brimm
- Kathleen Glenn
- Katherine Clyde
- Shirley Coon
- Robert Day
- Marvin Dolezal
- Beverly Fillis
- Leona Fillis
- Carol Haynes

- Paul Johnson
- Jane Jones
- Diane Sansburn
- Elaine Nelson
- David Nicholas
- Kathryn Nunn-Burch
- Nancy Owen
- Elaine Pecht – Herle
- Emily Sellers
- Diane Welton?
- Patricia Standal
- Robbin Sughrue
- Sharon Thompson
- Mary Walberg
- Marilyn White Evans
- Kathryn Wilson

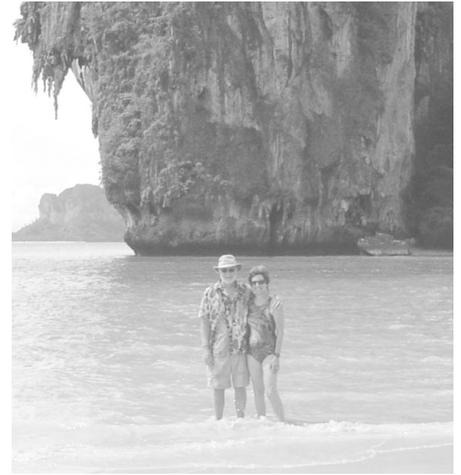
A LOVE STORY ...

(Continued from page 1)

tea and usually hot food, down and fleece clothing, and warm sleeping bags! While trekking on snow-covered and often frozen trails was tough at times, the scenery was always spectacular as we hiked surrounded by mountains that were 20,000-23,000+ feet. I found it to be very peaceful and humbling to be trekking through villages in which there were no motor vehicles and everyone walked to get where they needed to go. The villagers live a very hard life and yet they seem to have a very "here and now" approach and peaceful acceptance to life. For those map lovers who have been following along, we ended our trek at Jomsom and took a plane to Pokhara for a day and a half in the sun by a beautiful lake. Then we flew back to Kathmandu to bid our good-byes to one another and Nepal.

Rochelle and I then headed for the warmth and beauty of Thailand. Bangkok is a vibrant city filled with Toyota cars, Honda 100 motorcycles and 3-wheeled "tuck-tucks" zipping the highways and through the narrow winding streets! We visited several beautiful and famous Buddhist shrines, ate great Thai food, took a river cruise, shopped and indulged ourselves in a two hour massage! Railay Beach was a blissful end to our honeymoon. Four days of nothing to do (we did get in one inland tour) but explore the exquisite beaches, read and doze by the pool overlooking the ocean, take dips in the warm clear ocean waters, enjoy the sunsets and delight in fresh fish dinners on the patios of restaurants (shoes not required!) beside the sea.

I think one mostly goes to Nepal to walk or climb among the highest mountains on earth and experience a culture preserved in time. Besides the incredible destination, "being" in Nepal



Roger and Rochelle at Railay Beach in Thailand.

is a journey unto itself. I like to think I came away having discovered or reconnected with some higher parts of myself on this journey of a lifetime that I was able to share with my soul-mate. As they say in Nepal, "Namaste."

Roger Appelgate

(NOTE: See Roger's "Note to Classmates" for his e-mail address.)

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