



# South Salem High School

## Class of 1963 NEWSLETTER

WINTER 2014

### *Always Faithful to Our Fallen*



*By Cobe Grabenhorst*

**I**t has been my pleasure and honor to visit the Vietnam War Memorial, the "Wall" if you will, each and every time I travel to our nation's Capital, Washington, D.C. I've made this trip seven times now. And, always to pay my respect

to our two classmates who are honored there, their names chiseled into granite, my shirt-tail cousin Charles F. Burrell and Stephen W. Kurtti.

This year's trek to D.C. was most poignant for me, since we had just celebrated our 50-year Class of 1963 Reunion eighteen days earlier. I was attending a conference there, and one of my dear friends Vietnam Veteran David Markham and I were showing his new Canadian bride Edna the sites on the Capital Mall ... you know, the Smithsonian, National Gallery of Art, Air and Space Museum, Natural History Museum and so on, stopping at the Willard Hotel for drinks, walking around the White House after dinner at Hamilton's and about 9:30 we walked over to the casually lighted, yet so powerful, Lincoln Memorial. From the side, its columns framing the lighted and elegant gracefulness of the Washington Memorial.

Then at 10:00 we crossed the street to the "Wall." At night, the only lighting here is a small, low-energy lights along the base of the wall, so very somber yet serene, quiet and reverent, the names shadowed by the gash the wall cuts through the lawn. Edna used the light on her phone so I could find Chuck and Steve's names and I used my camera to photograph them after I had said my "hellos" and "that we had them in our hearts at the 50<sup>th</sup>." I always touch their names lightly, hoping not to be disrespectful, then a step back and a slow salute. This time, at night, seemed more special, so very peaceful! I later realized that that day, September 11, is now called Patriot Day. A fun-

filled and great day in Washington, a solemn tribute to cap that day!

My service was as a Marine, and our motto is "Semper Fidelus" which means "Always Faithful". I will be faithful to you, Chuck and Steve... a visit always when I am in Washington. Semper Fi!

*To all our classmates, and their families,  
that have served our country  
since graduation – Thank You  
You are truly appreciated.*

*With Special Remembrance  
to Chuck and Steven!*



CHARLES F BURRELL



STEPHEN W KURTTI



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# A French "Connection"

By: Rand Wintermute

**I**t was great seeing all our SSHS buddies at our 50th Reunion. The reunion brought back a kaleidoscope of car memories going back to our Senior year when I drove Jack Sparks, Tim Plummer, and Bill Southworth over to the Aumsville Pavilion in my MGTD on weekends to dance with the "country" girls on Saturday night; (watching "shy Bill" dance was a treat and so funny!) On Saturday mornings I would wait for Gary Olson and his green '51 Chevy to go "cruise" Commercial. Later in the afternoons I would wait for Mike Mischke and his '53 Mercury Hardtop to go pick up Becky Lorenz and Leslie Denton for a ride to the beach.

Then top the Saturday night off with a Poker game at Wes Chase's house, with Don Sheldon, Gary Allen and Dave Johnson. (How carefree and simple our lives were then...sigh!)

Our great year of '63 was capped off by Wally Ogdahl and I driving my old MG to our senior "Skip days" to meet up with Howard Phillips, Gary Allen, and Roger Applegate at Neskowin that June of '63. Great Memories!!

My love for classic cars, as a past PCA "Judge" and Porsche rally driver/owner culminated this spring in participating as a Co-Driver in an Austin Healey BN2 Roadster through Northern California. This is a demanding 5-day rally encompassing 1,000 miles patterned after the great Italian Mille Miglia, the forefather of this prestigious car rally which only accepts classic cars built before 1957. The race started on April 27th at the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco, on a sunny day and showcased all 78 cars in the race at the hotel that day. Among the cars entered were a 1927 Bentley "LeMans," a 1938 Lancia



Aprilla, a 1952 Aston Martin DB2, several 1956 Porsche Speedsters, a rare Porsche 550 Spider, and my Austin Healey.

Our race rally took us through Squaw Valley, Sacramento, Sausalito, and parts of Nevada. Each morning we had our standard Rally



"brief" on safety, followed by a great lunch at a winery, and then five more hours of driving each day over a designated route. This Rally is not for the meek at heart and physically demanding due to the terrain, hot weather, and occasional "breakdown's" with our car.

Each evening found us at a fantastic restaurant, usually Italian with a great Pinot Noir! I plan to drive in next year's California Mille Miglia with my Austin Healey 3000 and may need a co-driver; if any of my SSHS car buddies mentioned above want to go please contact me!

My 35 year career in the U.S. Coast Guard included assignments at Coast Guard activities in London, New Orleans, D8 as a District Commander, Pac Area HQ in Alameda, CA, Lant Area HQ in Portsmouth, VA., combined with other tours.

This last year my wife Debbie and I traveled to France to visit Paris, attend the Le Mans du 24 Heuer Race, and the highlight being invited to the 70th Anniversary of D Day in Caen, France on 6 June.



In Paris we enjoyed

our morning Croissant at many French Cafes and the "people-watching". We visited the Louvre, Musee de Orso where all the Impressionist Artists work is displayed, the fantastic Musee National Legion d'honneur, Napoleon's Tomb, the Shakespeare Book store where E. Hemingway spent a lot of time in his "Paris years" and the Notre Dame Cathedral (Breathtaking!) We could not miss Ralph Lauren's Flagship store and restaurant (called simply "Ralph's" where a cheeseburger costs you only 35 Euro's-about \$48!!)

We spent a week at the 24 hour Lemans race which was quite the experience. It was wet and a very dangerous track at the start of the Race with speeds at about 200 mph. What a thrill to hear the engines. Culminated by great shopping at Le Mans, and a train ride through the French country side watching the wonderful gardens of the French people.

*Continued on page 6*



# Visiting a “Nene” Nursery

By: Kris Campbell Lockard



*One baby gets airborne, but the other two didn't make it off the ground. The parents following in the air.*

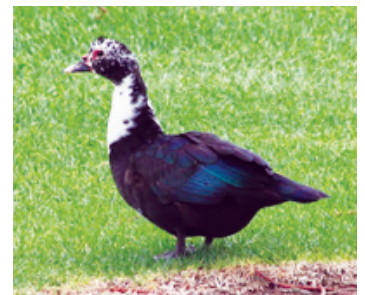
Things are getting lively here on the 3<sup>rd</sup> fairway of Waikoloa Village golf course or, as I call it, the Nene Nursery. Nene are the endemic and endangered Hawaiian geese. There have been a record twenty-three goslings which have hatched and spent the past four months growing up right here on the fairway, green, tee box, and small lake of the par three 3<sup>rd</sup> hole. The older Nene babies, three or four families worth, are now trying to fly, but with mixed success. Many barely get off the ground but fly only about twenty yards before crash landing. Others do a tippy-toe dance across the grass, flapping their wings like all get-out but never do get off of the ground. Some have managed to soar off into the sky but leave behind members of their family that can't yet fly. Those family members run full-tilt along the ground after the others, raising their honking to a whole new level of hysteria: “Don't leave me! Don't leave me!” Some of the birds that do manage to fly have sometimes tried to land in the lake, often not leaving enough water to coast to a stop, therefore face planting on the opposite bank. Is there any wonder the Nene is an endangered species?

Amidst all of this wing flapping, honking, and fussing about calmly stands Bob. Bob is a black and white Muscovy duck who has moved to the Nene Lake here on the 3<sup>rd</sup>



fairway. Why Bob chooses to be the only duck on a lake of geese is a mystery when there are plenty of his brethren on the lake on Hole #18. Bob spends a lot of his time floating around by himself and nibbling on the weed that grows vigorously in the lake, which may well be the reason he stays here. The lake on Hole #18 doesn't grow the weed, possibly because it is too full of golf balls, many of them mine. Bob gets regularly chased by the Nene which have babies, but seems not to irritate the seven Nene which do not have babies. In fact, they don't seem to mind hanging out with a duck.

*Bob the Duck*



*Parents on the left watching their babies try out their wingy thingies*



*Babies running, running, running*

In my way too active imagination, I picture a perfect world where Bob comes to the rescue and teaches the baby Nene to fly. He becomes a hero and all the Nene love him. In reality, Bob sits on his rather ample duff and merely watches the pandemonium going on around him. Not unlike what I do from my lanai, ample duff included. Other times, Bob waddles with his seven goose buddies around the fairway until they finally plop down on the grass and all of them take a nap. Who says that doesn't make it a perfect world?

# Geometry to Public Speaking Class

By: Ron Boise

I had problems with geometry and it wasn't connecting with me, at all. Mr. Ballantyne asked questions throughout the first term, some questions going to me, some to others, but I couldn't answer any of them. Then, the first term final came to be.



All the test questions were a blank to me. The teacher wanted the work sheet to show how we got our answers. The only writing I could give him was my name and date at the top of the page. I did try within that hour to answer as many questions as I could manage, but I drew a blank. I felt awful.

During the last half of the test though, the teacher approached me and very quietly told me to work out as much as I could and to stay seated when the bell rang for the next class. He wanted to talk to me. I had a good idea what he wanted to discuss, but didn't know he wanted to go this direction.

The bell rang, the rest of the class exited the room and went on to other classes. Mr. Ballantyne told me that part of the grade was answering questions, which I didn't volunteer, so those results didn't amount to anything. Finishing the test was a biggie, but those results, well, you know. I was in trouble and was probably not going to graduate.

He had discussed my plight with the Public Speaking teacher, Ms. Amanda J. Anderson. She and he came up with a plan that I would be dropping geometry class in the second term, be taking my last term with Ms. Anderson, which I had to get an 'A' grade in her class in order to take a withdrawal passing grade in geometry and graduate.

Are you kidding, I asked? "That's the plan. You have no choice here. You have to make an 'A' grade in Public Speaking or you won't graduate."

The term started, I went through all of what she had, including debate, pushed myself through it, got that 'A' and graduated with the rest of the class. Mr. Ballantyne told me that some kids just don't get what math is all about when others do, but sometime down the road you'll take up a math class and it will finally make sense.

I worked a year outside school before going to college, then joined the Navy and four years later I separated from

the service and took on Chemeketa Community College for a two year course in Technology Forestry. Math in every form of the word per term was taken, starting with General Math.

The first day with 50 or so kids in the class, we had a test. Those finishing first would turn in their answers and wait outside in the hallway. Twenty-three of us made the hallway in no time at all. The teacher wanted to know how much we remembered from high school and hopefully cut the original class in half, something he could manage.

We had the same teacher throughout those two years, taking first advanced general math which included algebra and geometry, and touched on trigonometry and calculus. A term on each learning the basics. I learned more about math from this one teacher than all of the other classes I had in the past and my grades were high this time around. Apparently I just needed some slack time away from school and get away from math altogether in order to understand it better. Now it does.

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## Classmates Meet...



*Paula Fredricks  
Garlick &  
Karen Sipola  
Wood met for  
breakfast at  
Butterfield's in  
Scottsdale, AZ  
in April 2014.*



## *A French Connection... continued from page 2*

The highlight of our French escapade was being at the Normandie Celebration of the 70th Anniversary in Caen, France. We were invited to attend a ceremony



honoring E5 Petty Officer Douglas Munroe, U.S. Coast Guard who gave his life at D Day on the beach driving his LST landing Craft to shore and saving the lives of 5 Marines as they stepped on the Beach at Normandie. Walking on the beach at Normandie gives one a very profound sense of honor being an American. Seeing the notes left by the French school

children, who turned out on D Day by the thousands to worship our fallen soldiers lying in the cemetery at Normandie. Seeing the thousands of white crosses overlooking the water at Normandie and the anguish one feels for the young lives lost forever there.

I also, being German, visited the Deutsch Cemetery nearby where many German soldiers are also buried. Such a contrast and a change of mood due the black crosses of the fallen German soldiers buried there. I walked away feeling sorry for their choice in life.

The French people are very nice and are very proud of their country. We plan to go back again same time next year.

Take the time to see the movie, "Midnight in Paris." It's a great caricature of France. Au Revoir, old Class mates.

## *Notes From Classmates...*



*Bitsy Lee writes ...*

I'm still savoring our 50th reunion. It was quite a thrill to see how everyone has evolved and what wonderful lives people have chosen. There were moments when I felt time stood still and we were time travelling 50 years in the past.

My own life has been greatly enhanced ever since this last January when my youngest son moved into town. Now I have both sons living close by. Brian, my oldest, is a corporate executive. And Eric, my youngest, is a construction project manager. However, in January, he became administrator and owner of an Adult Residential Facility like my own. Our facilities are about two miles apart.

I've included a picture of some of our disabled guys in their Miracle League baseball uniforms. The one I have my hand on is Pierce. He is such a character! Yesterday, our TV cable went out and Pierce said, "Oh, No! Our television is having a seizure!" I asked him what he would like to do while he waited for the cable guys to fix it. Pierce replied, "Oh, I'll just sit on the couch and mope."

These guys can be a challenge; but most of the time, they're very entertaining! And after they leave for day program in the morning, Eric and I do our thing! These days he is training me at the gym. After we do a workout, we go for a swim and then we often follow up with a picnic



in one of the cabanas. Tomorrow we're going horseback riding; and I know I'm going to be sore because I haven't ridden a horse in 25 years! I hope I remember how!

## *Web Information!*

Our website includes a list of missing classmates, reunion pictures, biographies, memorial page, contact information and special links. Check it out!

<http://www.sshs63.com>

Check often for information on upcoming mini-gatherings and other updated information!

## *Our Sympathies...*

*We extend our thoughts and sympathies to Roger Applegate who lost his father in August 2014*

# *Check Out These Links on Our Website...*



*Check out Dave Rowe.  
His latest project is  
linked on the [sshs63.com](http://sshs63.com)  
website.*



*Also check out Dan Withers link about the boat  
restoration he has been involved in!*

*Link: <http://www.cg83527.org/images/pdf/SeaChestCG83527.pdf>*

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