



# South Salem High School

*Class of 1963* **NEWSLETTER**

2018 Spring Edition

## Can you believe that it has been 55 years!

### You will have TWO opportunities to celebrate!

We have tried to accommodate everyone's schedule so we will be hosting both a Spring and Fall event. We hope you can attend both, but if not .. at least try to put one on your schedule.

Also make sure you let Bernadette Stone Barrett know if you have made changes to your e-mail, address, or phone number.

**rlbdbarrett@aol.com**

### May 16, 2018 - 1-5 p.m. at Coria Winery in Salem

Coria Winery is a beautiful new winery on Liberty Road, just past Hylo Road.  
<https://www.coriaestates.com> • 8252 Redstone Ave. SE, Salem, OR 97306

Cost will be \$15 per person. Light appetizers, soda and water will be provided, as well as an array of wines from Coria. To acquire the venue we bought two cases of wines for those that drink wine. You will need to bring a coat or warm sweater as the winery sits on top of South Salem Hills with views of mountains both east and west.

Please RSVP by **May 10, 2018** to Ann Byerley Wineland  
at [ann.wineland@gmail.com](mailto:ann.wineland@gmail.com)

### September 7, 2018 - Fall 55th at Minto Brown Park

Directions and more information will be sent in the summer. We will provide snacks and an assortment of water, soda, non-alcoholic drinks. BYOB for beer or wine. No cost for this second opportunity to meet old friends and make new ones.

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# 2017 Mini-Reunion

Thanks to Frieda (Karen Fortmiller) Flint, Denny Ward Duncan, Miles Schlesinger and Ann Byerley Wineland, the mighty lunch group pulled together another great visit to the Oregon Coast and an opportunity to reconnect with classmates. Denny and Miles researched the area. After multiple negotiations with Mo's Seafood in Lincoln City and a last effort to remind Mo's that 30 plus people had just arrived by Denny, Mo's accommodated us during a busy summer afternoon.



*Classmates visiting at the 2017 Summer, Mini Reunion. Information about the fall 55-year reunion is in this newsletter, makes plans to attend!*



*Frieda (Karen Fortmiller) Flint, one of the organizers of this event, was all smiles!*



*Gary Fries in deep conversation with Jim Shinn.*



*Enjoying lunch and the company are John and Mary McClurg, Mary (Blanchard) and Chuck Smith, Ruth Ann and Roger Monette with Sherry Troxell Beard.*



*Jim and Trish Shinn enjoying the day!*



*David and Barbara Rowe*



*Cobe Grabenhorst and Howard Phillips take the opportunity to catch up.*



*Jerry Green and Jeanie Osko Price deciding on lunch with Ron and Barb Cross.*



*Hal and Ann Byerley Wineland (one of the great organizers, visit with David and Barbara Rowe.*



*Roger Monette*



*Miles Schlesinger (another of the organizers), visits with Trish Shinn.*



*Mike and Janie Parker visit with Roger and Sharon Wilson*



*Howard and Randi Phillips enjoying the day.*



*Jean and David Avison*



*Jeanne Otto visiting with organizer Denny Ward Duncan.*



*Ken Birrell looks serious!*

## In Sadness...



**DALE  
EICHELBERGER**

*January 9, 1945  
April 11, 2017*

**D**ale Raymond Eichelberger, 72, a lifelong resident of Salem, passed away on Tuesday, April 11, 2017 at his home. He was born on January 9, 1945, the middle of three children to Adrian and Lorraine (Beecroft) Eichelberger in Salem. He graduated from South Salem in 1963, and attended a couple of semesters of school at OSU. He then worked at the Del Monte can plant as a mechanic, until he went to work for the Oregon Department of Transportation as an engineer. After 30 plus



years, he retired from ODOT in 2016. In his spare time, he was a tinkerer, loved cars, especially his 1984 Camaro Z28, loved real estate, and especially loved his family. Dale is survived by his children, Greg Eichelberger (fiancée Sherri), Kevin Eichelberger (Chrissy), Kristi Axness (Dave); brother, Rick Eichelberger (Kelly); 5 grandchildren, and his cousins Steve Beecroft, Bob Beecroft, Linda Mario and their families.



**RICHARD "DICK"  
TOPPING**

*August 9, 1945  
June 13, 2017*

**R**ichard "Dick" Topping is survived by his two children, Richard III and daughter Shawnee. His wife of 44 years preceded him in death in 2008. He worked at Fairview and SOCP where he retired

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# AGING!



*By: Barb Hoxsey Cross*

**A**fter the last newsletter, classmates were happy with the content but were sad at the number of obituaries. An additional debate was held on the value of publishing the full obituary or summarizing. We erred on the side of giving our classmates

the full measure of what their family felt was necessary to sum up their loved one.

The real issue is that we don't want to see our classmates' passing. We continue to age and what that means.

By now, you have all faced a few hurdles medically speaking. Last weekend I had an opportunity to talk to my oldest grandson about the changes in our bodies as we age. Jackson turned 21 and was sidelined in his running career with injuries at first, then the long road to recovery

in college. I told him that in my mind, I still felt like I was 21 with all the years ahead, all the adventures still to take. People have cliches they use to describe what it's like for them to age. "I can't believe I'm turning 40." "Old age is not for sissies." I was telling Jackson that one's mind stays the same, but one's body makes many changes. At 40 the love handles add with increasing speed, at 50 the love handles shift to the stomach, at 60 the love handles drop below the belt or disappear, and at 70 the love handles can't get off the floor.

But let me back up a little. When I was nine, our next door neighbor and sister to my best friend, Callie Lightner, was dying with bone cancer. I didn't know what that meant except that she had a scar and a big dent in her leg. Then I remember looking out my bedroom window one morning and they were taking her away in a big black hearse. I wondered if I would live to age 10. I wasn't sick but felt that maybe a person just dies. About two weeks

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## Notes From Classmates...

*Beverly Fillis-Countryman writes ...*



Just saw my name on the Missing Classmates as of June 2016. I thought I would check in to let you know I am still alive and going strong.

I live about 25 miles by road from Fallon, Nevada, in the middle of the Dead Camel Mountain range between Fallon and Silver Springs. Life is quiet here, which I really enjoy. There were only two other households in our little valley for the past 28 years. Just last month our little valley received new residents, a young couple from California. It has been nice having younger bodies close by that have the homesteading dream.

We have about 30 head of goats that graze the desert in our little valley. No one in our little valley has a well, so we truck water from fifteen miles away for all our household, landscaping and livestock needs. We create our own electricity with solar panels, wind generator and generator back up.

Life in the high desert has been busy but good over the years, I cannot think of anywhere else I would want to live, even though the older I get, I do miss some of the conveniences of town.

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*John Luchau writes ...*



John wrote a beautiful article on his trip in 2015 with his brother Wes on the Willamette River. You can see the full article on our website [SSHS63.com](http://SSHS63.com) Thanks John for sharing this adventure.

*Denny Ward Duncan writes ...*



As my sister and I get older, we have grown much closer. So when she asked me if I would be interested in going on an "adventure" with her I jumped at the chance. But she made me wait two weeks before she told me the destination of this little adventure. Now, my sister lived in Australia for a year, Sweden for three years and England for about 10 years. And she does go back to England and environs every year to visit friends. She invited me to accompany her to Ireland, Edinburgh, and London for a month. I was ready.

My first obstacle was getting a passport. (My old one expired in 1981- 40 years ago I met my sister in Sweden and we toured Europe.) That process took about three months and quite expensive.

The day finally arrived. I took the shuttle to PDX, flew to Calgary, then Heathrow and on to Ireland. We picked up our rental car and drove to our cottage that we rented for a week in County Clare, Ireland. Cars are small because "roads" are extremely narrow, just wide enough for two cars to pass. (During the month I was there I saw only six pickups. There is no place for them to drive!

Our cottage was quite remote but cozy and fun. They are not used to many Americans, because there are a few amenities that are not provided. Our kitchen was supplied with a tin of tea, a package of "biscuits", some sugar and a small bottle of milk. What it did NOT provide was a washcloth, soap, or toilet paper!

Our week in County Clare was so wonderful. We spent our days touring the countryside, visiting castles, ancient churches and cathedrals, and the most amazing cemeteries. The evenings were spent exploring local pubs where my sister usually joined groups playing traditional music while I chatted with the friendly locals and "sampled" a lot of Guinness!

This truly was an amazing "bucket list" trip. Stay tuned for the next installment - week 2!

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*Continued on next page*



*Freida (Karen Fortmiller) Flint writes ...*

I have been bitten by the travel bug, despite a limited budget to indulge myself. When on a cruise a couple of years ago, a fellow cruise mate asked me where I wintered. I suppressed an urge to laugh out loud, then

told him, "Corvallis, Oregon, of course!" My recent trip to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, however, may result in my being able to change that response.

I stayed two weeks with a friend in the old part of Puerto Vallarta, the Romance, where the real people live and work. Her two bedroom apartment, part of a beautiful old house, costs \$800 a month. A wonderful meal, healthy, fresh, delicious, is under \$5.00. Is this a fancy area with huge condos and fancy hotels? No, not yet, anyway. Its cobblestone streets, homes, uneven sidewalks, fish markets (the fish so fresh there is no bad odor), taco stands right on the sidewalk, fresh fruits and vegetables, a tortilla factory, a tile store, and real people saying, "Hola, buenos dias," with a smile, even though they have never seen you before. There are geckos (real and blown glass), quality crafts, art of every description. There's the Malecon, a broad walkway studded with restaurants, sculptures, tourists from everywhere, people selling everything, and the relentless pounding of the Pacific via the Bay of Banderas.

Needless to say, I fell in love with this wonderful city and hope to be able to spend a couple of months there next winter. Fingers crossed! I deserve this, right?



*Roger Applegate writes ...*

The last two weeks of May and the first week of June Rochelle and I spent in Japan. We started our journey with a five day self-guided hike along a section of the Kumano Kodo trail which is the only

other UNESCO designated trail besides the Camino de Santiago in Spain.

We began with an orientation and hike in Kii-Tanabe and ended in Kii-Katsura. Daily hikes were 5-8 miles with overnight stays in small Japanese inns called ryokans. After leaving our shoes at the main entryway we donned slippers. We entered our room through sliding doors and removed our slippers before stepping onto the tatami straw mat floor. Furniture consisted of a low table and a couple of legless chairs or sitting cushions. Before dinner we wrapped ourselves in cotton yukata robes and took a relaxing soak in the onsen, a Japanese hot tub. Dinner and breakfasts were a variety of small plates that included miso soup, rice, fish, meat, vegetables, and tea - only half of which we could identify! Invariably the presentation looked too beautifully arranged to eat. But eat we did and it was always wonderful! While we ate dinner, futons and quilts were laid out in our room. Needless to say we slept very well.

At the end of our trek we took a train to Osaka and then on to Mt. Koya. Mt. Koya is a Buddhist spiritual center of Japan. It is where a main sect of Buddhism was brought back to Japan from China by its founder. There are numerous Buddhist temples that provide the only tourist accommodations in the village and it has the largest cemetery in Japan. In the temple where we stayed we had wonderful vegetarian meals and attended a Morning Prayer service. This was one of the highlights of our trip.

After a night in Mt. Koya we traveled to Kyoto where we spent six nights at an Airbnb. Having spent two months in Kyoto as a freshman student in 1963-64, so much had changed that the only thing I recognized was the famous Zen temple rock garden! In Kyoto we visited many temples, gardens, museums, and attended a shortened version of a tea ceremony as well as a show of cultural arts, music and dance. The aesthetics found both in nature and everyday objects were one of our most poignant experiences and lasting memories. Being on our own and taking public transportation we got lost many times. One of the most striking things about those "lost" experiences was that each time a local person would appear seemingly out of nowhere and offer to help or lead us to our destination! There is a Japanese saying for sensing what is going on or what they call "reading the air", "kuki o yonde". People seem to be very attuned to any kind of dissonance in speech or body language. Plus they are very kind-hearted. One shop keeper to whom we asked directions to a restaurant for lunch left her shop and led us 4-5 blocks through narrow winding streets to our destination!

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## *Notes From Classmates...*

*Continued from page 7*

After Kyoto we traveled to Kanazawa and then to Murodo in the Japanese Alps where we stayed at the highest hotel on the main island next to a road lined with walls of snow 30 ft. high! Our last stop before heading to Tokyo was two nights in Matsumoto where we enjoyed a wonderful local onsen about a mile walk from our ryokan. On our last day in Tokyo after more sightseeing, eating, walking, and shopping, Rochelle found a beautiful kimono that now hangs on the wall over our bed. A daily and nightly reminder of a wonderful trip! We hope to return soon.

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## *Finding Classmates...*

People are losing their landline phones or retiring and changing e-mail and home addresses.

Since we are planning the 55th reunion and we do not want anyone left out, please let Bernadette Barrett know if you have any changes to your contacts. Or if you know anything about the people on the "missing" list! Any information will be appreciated and please send to:

**rlbdbarrett@aol.com**  
or call 541-753-3286

James Alexander  
Michael Anderson  
Evelyn Cobb Lewis  
Judy Brimm-George  
Michael Butler  
Floyd Chase  
Katherine Jo (Katy) Clyde  
Shirley Christine Coon  
Ray Coopriider  
Schelly Culver  
Joan Davidson  
Larry D Davidson

Karlet (or Carlette) Davis  
Robert A. Day  
Paul Dixon  
Marvin Dolezal  
James Donaldson  
Carol Duggan  
Mary Jean Eller Woods  
Cheryl Franklin Pack  
Steven Ferry  
Larry Fisher  
Stephen Fletchall  
Peter Groves  
Pam Gruel Charles  
Jerry Hanson  
Joan Arlene Hudson  
Paul J Johnson  
Janet Jones  
Jane Louise Jones  
Joseph King  
Diane Meloy Sandsburn  
Kathy Merin-Strickler  
James Morrison  
Elaine Nelson  
Courtland Newhardt  
David L. Nicholas  
Nancy Noffsinger  
Nancy S. Owen Cherin  
Joan Penniman Langa  
Elaine Pecht  
John Reid  
Stevie Romander  
Richard Sanders  
Bruce Shuler  
Michael Smith  
Patricia Standal  
Sharon Thompson  
Gail Titus Redding Boatwright  
Jerry Tracy  
Mary Walberg  
Kathy Wilson



# SSHS Monthly Luncheons and Why I Like Them

*By: Frieda (Karen) Fortmiller Flint*

If you read my 50<sup>th</sup> reunion bio, you'll see that after I left South in 1963, I had little involvement with anyone from the class – with a few notable exceptions. Since before the 50<sup>th</sup>, however, I have jumped in with both feet, recently meeting with a cohort of you monthly to plan events, chat about old times, develop or redevelop friendships, and – yes – grow as a person. As usual, I find that giving is receiving.

Since growing up (I'm still doing it), I've been learning a lesson I wish I'd applied as a shy, but outspoken serious student in high school: getting involved pays dividends! For example, it's been fun, rewarding, and fairly painless to plan and orchestrate our last two mini-reunions. What's not to like getting together with friends at Elmer's every month to work out details and divide the tasks, and then going over to the beach to check out locations with Miles Schlesinger, Cobe Grabenhorst, and Denny Ward Duncan? The events themselves, attended by 30 – 40 of you have been a blast!

During our monthly luncheons, we spend probably a tenth of our time talking about the next event. The rest of the time, it's a mish-mash of old times, in-between times,

and new times. Some of the people who attend were in the same social group back then, but many not; yet we were all there in the Salem of the early 60's – the same teachers, sporting events, Columbus Day storm, same places, same roads – and growing up experiences, some fabulous, but some not. I prefer to remember the good – too numerous to elaborate here. The divisions that separated us back then are gone! It's fun to find out what's happened since – what people are doing now, and to support one another in a companionable way in our golden years.

Maybe some of you are too busy with family, friends, travel, etc. to even think about joining us. However, one thing I've observed with folks as we age is the tendency to have a world that shrinks. We retire and the social life of work is gone; kids and grandkids are busy with their own lives, friends leave, too. Reaching out and getting and staying connected can add a wonderful dimension to your life!

If you're within shouting distance of Elmer's in Salem on Market Street, come join us on the 3<sup>th</sup> Wednesday of every month at 1 p.m.! Just do it! You'll be glad you did!!

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## *Aging...*

*Continued from page 5*

before I turned 10, I had a terrible stomach ache and woke up without my appendix with my Dad sitting there with me in the hospital after surgery. (He was always there with me.)

Fast forward through childbirth, several surgeries, and life. Just before the 50th reunion, on a routine check-up, I was asked to have one more routine test. The prep was slightly different and I was confused so I looked up some of the medical words on the bottle. Possible myeloma. It turned out to be MGUS, a blood disorder that may or may not evolve into something serious. My mind quickly went to what I needed to finalize before I died, but then I'm a pragmatic. I didn't sleep for a few months but eventually I wrapped my mind around the first thoughts of actually not being around. It's terrifying. Depending on your approach to life, it might mean you look to your faith, or your family, or too research, or to any other support. Then when you haven't died, you decide you better get to living.

"Move on, move forward, keep it positive." That works until you catch a cold or the flu and all the wasted nights of worry flurry back.

Lost another good friend this weekend. Aging makes that a reality. I'm not sure I'm ready to hide from that truth. I'm also working on building new friendships with old friends and younger friends. My only criteria is that their issues don't suck out my energy. I actually monitor this. Keeping positive is the only path to staying healthy. Yesterday I had a cold and didn't feel well. Is that the beginning of the end? Or the end pushed away by the smiling face of a little grandson crawling around on the grass, or swimming the length of the pool for the first time, going off to college, starting a career, or perfecting a new skill. Life doesn't really end. Let's not debate the length of the obituary but celebrate living.

**Website: <http://www.sshs63.com>  
Our website includes a list of missing  
classmates, reunion pictures,  
biographies, memorial page, contact  
information and special links.**