



South Salem High School

Class of 1963 NEWSLETTER

2019 Winter Edition

Normandy Remembered

by Rand Wintermute



Greetings from our home in Lower Normandie-Lonlay L'Abbaye. Below is a French brief on our tour a few weeks ago through Normandie...(French spelling)

This is really a story about D Day Veterans and their ultimate sacrifice on 6 June 1944 (I thought you might find it entertaining for the South Salem Alumni newsletter.)

Debbie and I arrived to Paris on 1 June, to celebrate with other Veterans, D Day at Normandie, and to meet some of the older WW2 Veterans Arm who risked their lives to liberate France from the German Army and Luftwaffen, flying over head, on that terrible day on 6 June 1944. As a retired US Coast Guard Veteran, I brought along three Coast Guard flags to honor three Coast Guard Petty officers who died in battle on that historic day.

We had the wonderful experience of flying on Delta , along with former Lance Corporal Loren Kissick, (age 95) a former "Half Track" Machine Gunner, who drove onto the beach from an LSI landing craft, with his machine gun blazing into German fire from overhead. He was only 19, and barely started to shave...his driver was killed along with the ammunition specialist aboard the Half Track; he took over the driving as they approached Arromanches, an historic seaside village in Caen. He survived the landing and went on to help liberate Paris and eventually meet up with the Russian Army swooping in from the North of Paris. His story brought

tears to my eyes as I listened on the long nine hour flight to Paris.

On D Day, as Loren Kissick was honored by French President Macron and President Trump, I saw Loren bow and caught up with tearful emotions of that stormy day on 6 June, 1944. After the



ceremony, I visited the three Coast Guard graves of the sailors I had read about as a retired Commander, when I served at HQ in Washington, DC. I wrapped a Coast Guard Flag around all three white crosses, saluted, and said a prayer to each; one Coast Guardsman was only 18, and the other two were only 19 years of age. Seeing the 9,387 white crosses of American Soldiers and Sailors there at the Normandie American Cemetery, grabs you right in the heart like a Fighter's punch. If, and when you get there, be sure to bring plenty of hankies, as it is a tearful event for any American to see. The American Cemetery in Colleville-Sur-Mer is truly

Continued on page 2

In This Issue ...

Normandy Remembered by Rand Wintermute	1-2
More Photos From Our Past	
West Salem Grade School.....	2
A Summer of Mini-gatherings for the Class of 1963 –	
Coria Winery - May 15, 2019	3-4
Trolley Ride - July 17, 2019	5-6
Gales Creek - September 5, 2019	7

Columbus Day Storm Remember

Larry Nunn and Kathy Hall Highcove remember.....	8-9
Notes from Classmates – Marvin Dolezal.....	9
In Sadness - John M. Reid, Jr.	
Shirley Christine Coon, Nancy Owen Cherin	
John Varah, Raymond Kent Blackmer	10-11
Finding Classmates.....	11
Funding Issues.....	11

Normandy Remembered

Continued from page 1

magnificent overlooking the Sea, and should be on everyone's bucket list; if you cannot go, watching the movie "Saving Private Ryan" is a second option.

We are living part time in Lonlay l'Abbaye, where we own a cottage in the French countryside; this is a wonderful French village, centered around the Boulangerie (bakery) where we have croissants and capuchino's every morning as we look out over the stream and flowers in the village. We are fortunate to have a doctor, salon, and small gas station here too.

I drive my 1955 Peugeot 203 around the Village daily and we have a wonderful Abbaye here as well. Lonlay l'Abbaye is known for it's famous French cookies, which are sold worldwide from the cooking company here in the Village. We are approximately two hours by train to Paris, with trains running until 10 pm, so getting to Paris and back, is never a problem.



Debbie and Rand visiting the Normandy American Cemetery

More Photos From Our Past

West Salem Grade School

Contributed by Kathy Friesen Holques



I ran across these pictures when I was packing up. I think this is first and second grade at West Salem Grade School. I moved to Lebanon during the third grade so I think this is first and second. Thought you might be interested.



A Summer of Mini-gatherings for the class of 1963

May 15, 2019 - Coria Winery

Pictures by Frieda Flint (Karen Fortmiller)



The beautiful Coria Winery was the location for the May mini event.

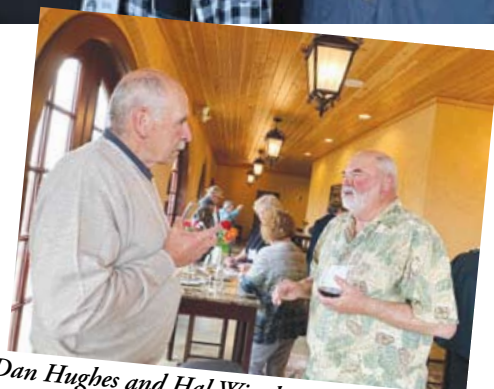
Barb Hoxsey Cross, Mary Ellis Hughes and Ron Cross were all smiles.



Ann (Byerley) Wineland and husband Hal Wineland



Cobe Grabenhorst



Dan Hughes and Hal Wineland in a "serious" conversation....a hunting trip in the works?



David Rowe (l), Sue Maris Hill (above), Connie Wallace (above right)



Don Sheldon and Doug Hill



Frieda Flint (Karen Fortmiller) and Denny Ward



John and Mary (Howser) McClurg

Larry Nunn, Don Sheldon, Cobe Grabenhorst, Sharon (Johnson) Bradford and Mike Everitt catching up



Denny Ward and Cobe Grabenhorst



Doug Hill and Roger Monette enjoying the day.

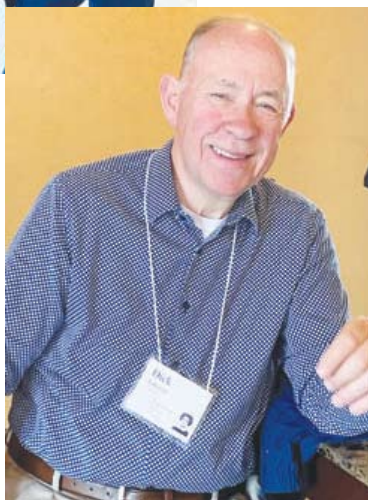


Freida (Karen Fortmiller) Flint, Sharon (Johnson) Bradford and Denny Ward were enjoying the day.

As are Roxanne and Dan Withers



John Totten and Roger Wilson



LaVonne (Boltstad) Johnson and husband Dick Johnson joined the festivities.



Sharon (Johnson) Bradford and Mike Everitt (above), (right) and Barb (Hoxsey) Cross were all smiles, as were all those who attended



July 17, 2019 - Trolley Ride in Portland Hosted by Dave Rowe



The group gathers to board the trolley for a nice day arranged by Dave Rowe (below left).



Inside the beautiful restored trolley.

*From Left to Right: Denny Ward, Dwayne
and Colleen Aas and Dan Withers.*



Don and Cindy Sheldon are smiles at lunch after the trip.



*Cathy (Huntley) Bernard and Miles
Schlesinger in conversation*



Roger and Sharon Monette



*Mary
McClurg*



*Cathy (Huntley)
Bernhard and
Sylvia (Walker)
DePue*



Dan and Roxanne Withers

*September 5, 2019 - Gales Creek
Hosted by Ann and Hal Wineland
at their family farm*



Host Hal Wineland prepares the grill (left) while Bernadette (Stone) Barrett and Ann (Holweger) Jones visit.



Bob Jones (above left), Mike Parker (middle), Larry Nunn (above right) John McClurg (right), Ann (Holweger) Jones and Cathy (Huntley) Bernhard all relax and are all smiles at the event

Classmates Remember the Columbus Day Storm



Larry Nunn's Remembrances

During high school I didn't have a car. Instead I had a Honda 50 motor scooter; the step-thru kind.

On Columbus Day, after school, I needed to take some papers to a friend who lived on 45th St. NE, north of Center St. I was headed east on Mission St. toward Lancaster Dr. I got as far as the I-5 ramp when I was pulled over by a State Cop. He gave me a citation. No it was not for speeding; not on a Honda 50. It was for lack of rear view mirrors. It was about 4:30 in the afternoon when the cop let me go.

I was headed north on Lancaster Dr. when the wind started picking up. By the time I had turned onto Center St., headed toward 45th St., it was blowing pretty good. I turned onto 45th St., headed north, and the wind was really blowing. I was sitting straight up going about 60 mph. That was faster than I had ever had that scooter up to. I stopped at my friend's house.

I dropped off the papers and headed home. My friend asked if I didn't want to stay at her house until the wind died down. I foolishly said no. Going south on 45th St., all hunched over, I could barely make 25 mph. Then I turned onto Center St., headed toward Lancaster Dr. By the time I got to Lancaster Dr., I had been blown over three times. I turned south on Lancaster Dr., again hunched over, and the wind was really blowing me around. I finally wised up and stopped at another friend's house at Lancaster Dr. and MacLeay Rd. My friend's father took me home about 10:00 that evening after the wind died down.

My second Columbus Day story.

I worked at the Chevron Station at Commercial St. and Waldo Ave. The station was owned by classmate Walt Clay's dad. As an aside, that was how I got through high school. Walt's dad had a rule, we had to have the lube bay cleaned up by 8:00 pm. Then we were to do our homework, between customers, until closing at 10:00 pm.

During the summer we opened about 6:00 a.m. I opened one morning and a pickup with a camper pulled in. The guy got out and asked if, in addition to getting gas, if could he and his family use the restrooms to clean up. I, of course, said yes. The pickup had California ham radio call letter license plates. Note, this was before the days of vanity license plates. I mentioned that my dad was also a "ham". We had a nice visit.

After the Columbus Day storm, a lot of California phone company repair trucks started coming to the station for gas. Shortly the crew boss stopped in and explained to Walt's dad why the phone company trucks were stopping at this station. He said I had been very helpful and friendly the previous summer; so he decided to return the favor and use our station.



Kathy (Hall) Highcove's Remembrances

It's been awhile, but I can still recall the October day when a powerful storm hit the Willamette Valley. I remember the huge winds, sheets of rain and the subsequent power outage that that left most of us shivering on a dark autumn night.

But along with those memories of fear and discomfort, I recall how my parents, who'd, experienced the Depression and WWII, resolutely dealt with this emergency situation.

I could be wrong, but I believe most of the Salem population didn't have a clue that a cyclone was on its way into town. On the morning of October 12th, adults went about their normal routines, and their children went to school. You and I were seated in our afternoon classes at South Salem High School, waiting for the last bell.

Usually, during our last period Friday classes, we'd stealthily watch the classroom clock, impatient to start our weekend activities. But on that Friday afternoon, I doubt that many of us were day-dreaming about a football game or a movie. Instead, we were all increasingly discomfited my sudden blasts of wind and rain that rattled the classroom windows.

When the last bell finally rang, we swiftly gathered up our books and headed for our lockers. A few minutes later throngs of jovial students filled the hallway, on their way home. Many of us went directly to the parked buses and took a seat.

When all riders were aboard, the driver took us on the usual route toward 12th street. But once underway, the long vehicle rocked whenever the winds hit it. Bus rocking usually took place when a bus load of Saxon fans entered a rival team's town and began a stomping rendition of "We are the Saxons, mighty, mighty Saxons!" But not this time. We were sitting still in our seats, gazing at the tree limbs, leaves and paper trash that blew by the bus windows.

"We're gotta walk home in THAT?" someone yelled. "We'll get soaked!"

Yeah, I thought, my umbrella's gonna go inside out.

Whenever the bus stopped to let people out, I heard shrieks and cries when a classmate felt the chill wet wind. Soon it was my turn. I determinedly stepped off the bus, wrestled with my umbrella, trying to keep my books from tumbling into a puddle ... and watched it turn inside out. After a brief struggle to get the spokes and wet nylon sorted out, I gave up and nearly ran the two blocks to my front door. No one was home. My mother, principal of Hillcrest School for Girls, was still at work, as was my father, a chief engineer at the downtown Highway Department. I changed into dry clothes.

Continued on page 9

Columbus Day Storm

Continued from page 8

My younger sister Peggy stumbled in the door a half hour later. Her coat and skirt dripped water. She had taken a city bus home from school, and then she'd walked up Bluff St. hill in the wind and rain. She was not happy.

For an hour, she and I stood in front of our large rear view windows and watched our trees and plants thrash and bend under the wind's force. Then the lights went out ... I picked up the phone to call our father – the line was dead.

"What'll we do?" asked my sister.

"Uh ... don't know," I replied, and tried not to look too worried. After all, I was supposed to be taking care of her ... and our small dachshund, Heidi, who whined and shuddered whenever blasts hit our house. Just then, Dad rushed in the door. While at work, he'd noted the growing violence of the storm and knew he was needed at home.

"Are you girls okay?" he asked as he hung up his overcoat. We nodded, "Is your mother home?" We shook our heads. Now he looked worried. Mom didn't drive and rode to and from the school with one of her teachers, Lois.

"The phone doesn't work," I told him. "We can't call her."

"Okay. She must be staying at the school. I'll change clothes and find our portable radio so we know what's going on."

Dad, who loved to fish and hunt, seemed prepared for this emergency. He found lanterns and cooking implements in his camping gear. He tuned in the small radio to a local station. Then he started a fire in the fireplace and walked determinedly out in the backyard to securely tie down the pool cover. Heidi ran out after him and I watched from the window as the wind rolled the dachshund across the lawn like she was weightless.

A couple hours later, in a cold dark house, Dad warmed up tomato soup and made toasted cheese sandwiches. He sat on the hearth and solemnly told us: "You'll tell your grandchildren about this storm someday."

Then the front door flew open.

"MOM!" Peggy and I yelled.

"Isabel!" said Dad. "How'd you get here?"

My mother, brought up on a hardscrabble Montana ranch, stood there with wet, disheveled hair, sopping wet scarf and coat, battered umbrella, and a very proud expression on her reddened wind-chafed face.

"Well, Frank, Lois and I tried to drive here and then power lines went down in front of the car. Lois said she was going to drive back to the school. So I told her to go ahead, but I'd walk home. After all, it wasn't that far. I didn't want to stay at the school all night! I had a flashlight."

It was hard to believe that my 50-something mother, several pounds overweight, who mostly gardened for exercise, had somehow navigated 12th street in the dark, stepping over downed lines and tree limbs as she leaned against the wind. But somehow she had done it. And she was very ready for soup and sandwiches.

The next day, as many street crews cleared away fallen trees and hoisted up telephone poles, Dad told all of us to get in the

car for a tour of the damage. After all, it was a sunny day, scarcely a cloud in the sky, and Dad proclaimed, "You'll never see anything like this again."

So we looky-looed at the flooded neighborhoods, gawked at the muddy angry river, and watched homeowners and business people clean up their properties. Looking back on that day, I remember a community hard at work to get things dried out, repaired and working again.

Happily, the Columbus Day Storm was never repeated during the years I lived in the Northwest. But have I ever fulfilled my father's prediction and told my grandchild all about the big storm? No. I'm not sure she'd be interested. She's very young but has already witnessed several fierce fire storms here in L.A. that turned our blue skies gray and left a thin coat of white ash on cars and lawns.

Nowadays, I wonder what natural emergencies might be in her future. I can only hope that her future community will deal with a catastrophe as competently as the folks did in my Salem hometown.

The pioneer spirit was still alive and strong on Columbus Day, 1962, in Salem, my home town.

Notes From Classmates...



*Marvin Dolezal
writes ...*

**OMG I'm RICH
Silver in the Hair
Gold in the Teeth
Crystals in the Kidneys
Sugar in the Blood
Lead in the Butt
Iron in the Arteries
And an unexhaustable**

supply of Natural Gas!

**I never thought I would accumulate such
Wealth!**

In Sadness...



JOHN M. REID, JR.
September 1, 1945
April 23, 2019

John Mercer Reid, Jr., age 73, of Salem, Oregon passed away on Tuesday April 23, 2019. John was born September 1, 1945. He was the son of Eythel J. (Ray) and John M. Reid. He attended Bush School, Leslie Middle School, South Salem High

School, and graduated from Western Oregon State College with a degree in education..

John taught school in California, Texas, Virginia, Japan, Indonesia, Haiti, and Honduras. John married Marsha Bible. They were divorced years later. John leaves his daughter, Julie Nadeau, her husband, Tom, and grandchildren, Kate and Andrew. Sister, Peggy Reid, brother-in-law, Ron Bates. John also leaves niece, Debbie Bates, and nephews, Bob Bates and Walter Bates.

No services. Fond memories and expressions of sympathy may be shared at www.hed-fh.com for the Reid family.

A note from Don Sheldon

John Reid was my best friend for early years. I spent many days and nights growing up with him and his family. His older sister married Ron Bates here in Salem. Ron and Babs were my wife Cindy and my first landlords 27 years ago. John was a great friend and a good pitcher in his days at O.C.E. His parents were my adopted parents during my three years with him at Baker School. John taught school in east L.A. for a number of years. I believe his daughter graduated from McKay high school with one of my boys.

We were like brothers for three years. Mr Reid, John's dad, taught me how to water ski in the 3rd. grade. I taught John how to pogo stick. I spent many nights in the basement of their home. John's parents treated me like their own. They were the closest things to "Leave It to Beaver" parents. Mrs. Reid reminded me of Barbara Billingsley and Mr. Reid was a perfect Ward Cleaver. He worked at Thomas K Woolen Mills and was high up in the company. The greatest people around! I loved them very much. John was a wonderful friend and a good man. He will be missed. Good bye good buddy. Don



**SHIRLEY CHRISTINE
COON**

November 5, 1945
June 7, 2014



**NANCY S. OWEN
CHERIN**

January 19, 1945
November 1, 1985

Mrs. Cherin died November 1, 1985 at her home after a lengthy illness. She was 40.

She was born in Illinois and lived many years in Marin.

She is survived by two daughters, Heather and Rebecca Cherin, both of San Rafael, and her mother, Betty A. Boulton of Oregon.



JOHN VARAH
Died between 2015 and 2018
No obit was available but
death was confirmed
through a relative.



**RAYMOND KENT
BLACKMER**
January 31, 1945
August 11, 2019

Raymond Kent Blackmer, age 74, lifelong resident of Salem, Oregon, passed away on Sunday August 11, 2019. Ray was born January 31, 1945, to Kenneth and Mary (McCackren) Blackmer, one of four sons.

He was raised and resided in Salem where he met his future wife, Diane Wagner, who also resided on Baxter Street where they met in the softball sandlot. Together Ray and Diane were united in marriage on June 18, 1965. To this union they had three children, Laurie, Bob and Julie. His family affectionately referred to Ray as "Kenny." Ray loved attending his children's sporting events, always bringing his camera with him to capture their moments growing up. He loved photography, listening to music, and was known for a legendary sweet tooth (most notably for peanut M&M's). He also had an excellent sense of humor and loved to sing, both of which endeared people to him almost instantly.

Ray served for a short time in the US Navy Reserves. He worked for more than 20 years at Doty & Company as a CPA, as well as a few other small accounting firms in Salem, retiring after 49 years. Ray served many years as treasurer for local Little

Continued on page 11

In Sadness...

Continued from page 10

League teams and was an active member with the South Salem Friends Church.

He was preceded in death by his parents and brother, Richard.

Ray is survived by his wife of 54 years, Diane; children Laurie Hall, Bob Blackmer, Julie Blackmer Pfenning; son-in-love Mike Pfenning; four grandchildren: Jordan Hall, Justin Hall, Shane Strain and Jacob Pfenning; two great-grandchildren: Greyson and Harper; and brothers: David and Donald.

Fond memories and expressions of sympathy may be shared at www.hed-fh.com for the Blackmer family.

Finding Classmates...



People are losing their landline phones or retiring and changing e-mail and home addresses. Please let Bernadette Barrett know if you have any changes to your contacts. Any information will be appreciated and please send to: rlbdbarrett@aol.com or call 541-753-3286

Marv Dolezal found his name in this list on our website and contacted us. Please let us know if you have any information on these classmates.

James Alexander
Michael Anderson
Evelyn Cobb Lewis
Judy Brimm-George
Michael Butler
Floyd Chase
Katherine Jo (Katy) Clyde
Ray Coopride
Schelly Culver
Joan Davidson
Larry D Davidson
Karlet (or Carlette) Davis
Robert A. Day
Paul Dixon
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 Sandburn
Kathy Merin-Strickler
James Morrison
Elaine Nelson
Courtland Newhardt
David L. Nicholas
Nancy Noffsinger
Joan Penniman Langa
Elaine Pecht
Stevie Romander
Bruce Shuler
Patricia Standal
Sharon Thompson
Gail Titus Redding
Boatwright
Jerry Tracy
Mary Walberg
Kathy Wilson

Funding Issues...

The Class of 63 has two accounts.

- One is our “mailing” account. As we are no longer mailing the newsletter, that account is used to support the website that can reach all the Class of 63. The money pays for the domain and web hosting. Before a major reunion, we do mail postcards to the full class. We have approximate \$600 remaining in this fund and this amount will support our mailing for about two years. If you want to support this Class communication, send a donation to 520 – 112th Street SW #225, Everett, Washington 97204 and make checks payable to Sue Gleckler Palmason.
- The second account is our reunion account. We use about \$500 a year to provide support to host smaller “mini” reunions. This year we offered three. A gathering at Coria winery in May. This was well attended even for those that don’t drink wine. In July we offered an opportunity on the Lake Oswego Trolley. In September we offered a casual BBQ at a classmate’s farm. A committee will be working toward a gathering for our 60th reunion in 2023. We will need more funds gearing up to the 60th reunion. To give financial support for the reunion account make checks out to SSHS 63. Send to Vicki Sanders at 240 Judson Street, S, Salem, Oregon 97302

FINAL THOUGHTS

If you’re within shouting distance of Elmer’s in Salem on Market Street, come join us on the 3th Wednesday of every month at 1 p.m!

Just do it! You’ll be glad you did!!

Happy Holidays!