

Newberg Echoes

Alumni Edition

Newberg High School Golden Gathering

August 8, 2004

VOLUNTEERS WORK TO MAKE GOLDEN GATHERING HAPPEN

It takes many volunteers to keep the Golden Gathering happening each year. Committees that function during the actual reunion include registration/greeting, refreshments, and set-up/arrangements.

For 2004, Frances Johnson, registration chairperson has on her committee, greeters; Ginger Sasse, Aretta Winters, Hazel Mary Harrison, Mike Twenge and Elvern Hall. Those at the registration tables will be Janny VanFleet, Pat Council, Joann Cloepfil, Mildred Riley, Ron Baker, Jack Twenge, Betty Jo Mead, Vi McNeil, Nancy Lamb, Jeanne Twenge, Dorothy Edwards and Betty Pogue.

Serving on the refreshment committee for this year are volunteers Doris Brandt, Clara Schultz, Larry and Patti Renne, Joyce Hubbell Beals, Donna Barker Scollard, Jennifer McAdams, Virginia Wahl, Sue McIntyre Arendt, June

Jackson Warnock and chairperson, Pat Hickert McGregor.

Last year's refreshment helpers were chairperson, Doris Mardock Cooke, Myrna Hoy Royal, Ione Gwinn Tiger, Lucile Davis Jimerson, Janette Crane, Larry and Patti Renne, Sammy Maher, Donna Jo King, Janet Eide Unfleet and Pat McGregor.

Jan Sander with the assistance of Doris Brandt is chairperson of set-up and arrangements again this year. This includes working with the A-Dec management to confirm the date and time of the reunion plus supervising table and picture easel set-up and clean up afterwards. This committee also sees that signs are placed on roads to direct people to the Gathering.

Lorene Nissen has volunteered at each Gathering to take pictures of those attending and sees that they are properly identified for use on the Web page and displayed at the next reunion. She is also official historian and has several scrapbooks and picture boards that she up-dates yearly.

CHANGES MADE IN GG FLYER MAILINGS

Mailing procedures for the Golden Gatherings flyer have been updated this year in an effort to avoid unnecessary duplication and expense. All lists are computerized by class. Combining husband/wife mailings and keeping changes current has shaved the list and reduced postage and stationery expense.

Class lists were provided by class representatives, and a graphic arts class did all the printing and preparation for mailing. Class representatives are still the main source in determining changes to names and addresses, and they will be receiving post office updates so they may keep their lists updated.

Sue Swart McHale and Bev Heater Zurcher have worked together on this project, as well as on the mini-Echoes.

DONATIONS DOWN

Expenses for the 2004 Gathering are exceeding income. The committee relies upon your financial assistance to keep the yearly gatherings solvent. Please send your contribution to Pat McGregor, 2127 NW St. Andrews Dr., McMinnville, OR 97128.

AT THE DOOR ...



Betty Pogue, Joann Cloepfil, and Pat Council greet alums at the 2003 Golden Gathering.

YEAR-ROUND VOLUNTEERS ALSO BUSY

Volunteers continuing work throughout the year include class representatives who report changes in names and addresses to the flyer committee. They are Janny Boyes VanFleet, Les Umfleet, Maryle Christie Hutchins, Susan Swart McHale, Jan Sander, Betty Anderson Pogue, Frances Reid Johnson, Barbara Newlin Miller, Shirley Kane, Gene Buckley, Larry Rickert, Cecilia Parker, Virginia Rothrock Twenge, Lorene Nissen and Bev Heater Zurcher, chairperson.

As full-time treasurer for the Gathering Committee, Pat McGregor pays the bills, accepts donations and keeps records. She reports a 2003 income (all donation) of \$937.00, expenses of \$609.32 (postage/stationery and refreshments) and a balance of \$1256.20. For 2004, income has been \$405.00, expenses \$609.32 with a declining balance as of July 5 of \$1,159.04.

Seth Returns...

TOTALLY TUNED IN



Echoes reporter:

Recently we ran into Seth Squatt (NHS '29), who was on another visit to his old hometown of

Newberg. We found Seth, who celebrated his 93rd birthday last February, in an upbeat mood, listening to music on his iPod. After greeting him and getting a bit reacquainted, we asked him what he was listening to.

Seth: Right now it's some group called *You Too*. Strange name, but pretty good! You know, I have packed about 1000 tunes into this little gadget! This tiny box has about a century of music in it! When I was a boy my folks had a crank-up RCA with a six-penny nail for a needle and records that were about a half-inch thick and played on only one side and for only a couple minutes at that! They loved Fritz Kreisler, Enrico Caruso, and Alma Gluck in those days—and they're in here. Pretty soon, along came two-sided 78s and Jeanette MacDonald, Russ Colombo, and the like. I thought we'd gone as far as possible when 45's came out. A lot of these 78s and 45s are in here—and I've copied off my old recording of George Fox's quartet, the Four Flats, I think they called themselves! But even before we got settled in with 45s, along came LPs, 8-track-tapes, CDs and now this here iPod! Some of all these old tunes are in here, too. Now, once again, I'm wondering, where could innovation and change possibly go from here! Do you remember going down to one of the local eateries in the old days and sticking a nickel into the juke box and watching the contraption actually select the record you asked for and play it right before your eyes? Now, would you look at this little wonder I'm holding! It's bigger than a carload of jukeboxes! I'm delighted, and little sad,

NHS RAINS RICKERTS: RICKERTS ALSO REIGN

Larry Rickert, '41, notes that graduating from Newberg High School is a tradition in the Edward Rickert, Sr. family.

Edward Rickert Jr. began that procession in 1934, along with Mildred Groth, also '34, who later became his wife.

In 1936, another son, Robert, donned cap and gown. He married Sylvia Buskuhl, '35. They were followed a few years later by their daughter, Diana Rickert Waggoner, '58, their son, Robert (Rick), 62, and his wife, Linda Martel, '66. Rick and Linda's sons, Rob '90, and Randy, '92, and Randy's wife, Melanie Martincek, '94, all joined the Rickert/NHS graduate group.

In 1939, daughter, Corinne Rickert Wenrick became an NHS graduate.

In 1941, Larry accepted his diploma and later married Peggy Reiser '47. Their daughter, Janet Rickert O'Neill followed her parent's example in 1966, as did their son, Thomas, in 1969. Thomas' son Jeremiah, '92, and his wife, Brenda Boyd, '91, completed the chain, at least for now.

Adding royalty to the family tree as well as to Newberg High, were Mildred, Sylvia, Diana and Peggy, all of whom were either queen or princess in the Newberg summer festivals.

and flummoxed all at once!

Echoes: Last time we chatted together, you talked about all the changes in our local schools over the last century. Now you are reminding me of the changes in recorded music over that time. What other changes in and around Newberg do you especially notice, Seth? Seth?

(Echoes: Seth wasn't listening to us anymore. He had just found another tune on his iPod, closed his eyes, smiled, and nodded in rhythm with Jan Peerce who was singing *Bluebird of Happiness*. We quietly walked away.)

REMEMBER WHEN?

Excerpts from an article contributed by Genevieve Mills Hall, '54

If you are old enough...take a stroll with me...close your eyes...and go back...before the Internet... back...way back...

I'm talkin' about Hide and Seek at dusk, Kick the Can, Hula Hoops and sun-flower seed...wax lips and mustaches... saddle shoes and Coke bottles with the names of cities on the bottom. When your Mom wore nylons that came in two pieces. When all of your male teachers wore neckties and female teachers had their hair done, and wore high heels. When you got your windshield cleaned, oil checked, and gas pumped, without asking, all for free, every time. And, you got trading stamps to boot! When the worst thing you could do at school was smoke in the bathrooms, flunk a test or chew gum. And the prom was in the auditorium and we danced to an orchestra, and all the girls wore pastel gowns and the boys wore suits. And, with all our progress...don't you wish...just once...you could slip back in time and savor the slower pace...and share it with the children of today.



Joan & Ken Austin

Many Thanks...

...to Ken and Joan Austin for use of the A-Dec facilities again this year
...to Loren Berg Chevrolet for providing blue and gold balloons
...to Russ Brandt for working with Gathering committees as the A-Dec representative.

GOLDEN GATHERING BEGINNINGS FUELED BY PREVIOUS REUNIONS

Although The Golden Gathering in its present form began in 2001, three past reunions that included several classes should be mentioned in any history of this event because they doubtless fueled the idea of a 50-plus reunion.

In 1995, the class of '45 invited 10 additional classes from '40 to '50 to a Saturday evening banquet celebrating not only their 50th reunion, but also the history of those high school years. It was held on the second weekend in August. Dick Twenge, chairperson, was assisted by other class representatives in planning this well-attended event.

The untimely demolition of Renne School instigated a special gathering in 2000. A committee headed by Ed Savage and comprised of NHS graduates who attended high school from 1939 through 1964—along with other interested community volunteers—had solicited donations and planned an appropriate monument. The stone monument was placed on the NHS/Renne school site. The dedication was held July 29 as part of the Old Fashioned Festival, with a remembrance session held at the Edwards School library.

The class of 1950 on their 50th reunion in 2000 set the pattern for future gatherings featuring *senior* classes. For their traditional Sunday picnic, six classes—those who shared the building with them in '47, '48, '49, '51, '52 and '53—were invited to join in. It was held on the second Sunday in August at the present Newberg High School Cafeteria.

Ron Baker, hard working chair of this picnic, remembers, "The attendance was much better than we had expected, probably 150 and everyone seemed to have a great time renewing friendships and of course, talking about the *good old*

days."*

He also recalls an incident at the administrative office while making arrangements. One of the staff bought out a podium that had been found recently in a storage room explaining that it was labeled as a gift from the class of 1950. It was moved to the high school and used at the reunion. Ron wonders if anyone remembers this gift—and also where it is now?

The success of these reunions for older graduates indicated a desire for an annual gathering. In the spring of 2001, a group of interested NHS alumni met and set in motion an annual Golden Gathering to include all NHS graduates who have been out of school for over 50 years, plus any alumni, teachers or friends of NHS who wanted to attend. The date was set for the second Sunday in August at Florence Billick Park in Dundee, later moved to Dundee Grade School due to weather concerns.

Lists from classes dating back to the 1920s were added to Ron Baker's original computerized list, and over 1,500 invitations were mailed. Nearly 250 attended that year and the attendance has remained approximately the same each year. In 2002, the Gathering was held at the current NHS cafeteria. That year it was decided that the Gathering would be held annually on the second Sunday in August hopefully at the high school. Due to construction in 2003 the high school was not available, so Ken and Joan Austin offered the use of their A-Dec facilities.

Many volunteers continue to work to make the Golden Gathering happen each year. They deserve thanks as do the alumni who came before and started the idea that *old times can indeed be golden.*

TIME TELESCOPED FOR OLD TIGERS

At the 1945 event hosted by the Class of '45, Jim (James) McHale remembered:

Prewar Newberg with cheap gas, frequent Greyhound Bus trips to Portland...a school called Edwards: Men named Douglas, Renne, Armstrong, Bear and others... Keltner's forehead. The war and shipyards...commuters...dangerous old Rex Hill.

The pulp mill with a sour, rotten egg smell. The flooded Willamette and the sloping bridge leading to the river's surface. A dry town with taverns all around. Model A's and log trucks in the school parking lot and a horse (sometimes). The Francis and Cameo emerge along with Honest Dan Harmon, Fortune's Drive-In. Fog on the football field at night. Hormones...lots of hormones.

The Skating Rink-Armory, Sammy's Bowling Alley, then snooker, and the Stage Depot with pop bottle labels on the ceiling. Pinball machines with cracked glass and Vaughn Monroe on the Jukebox. Sock Hops and parking and making out. Argyles knitted in Home Ec...and Biology.

A beautiful new school...with newly waxed floors and twin brother janitors...unappreciated. Dirty cords, pegged cords. clean cords, but all with ubiquitous oxblood Brogans...or logging boots.

Academic achievement...stolen turkeys for the banquet...basketball state tournaments. Football championships and freshman initiations.

Class Spirit...community... Hurrah! Newberg High School... Newberg UNION High School.

Live all you can The right time is any time...William James

JIMMIE KUHN REMEMBERS DOWNTOWN NEWBERG

Jimmie Kuhn '42, submitted a time-capsule of old Newberg, a glimpse of which follows. For a complete copy, you may contact him: 15 Norman Place, Tenafly, NJ 07670 or email JKuhn1917@aol.com. Fascinating reading, especially if your roots are in Newberg.

Remembrances of graduation seem few and sparse at first, but with some thought, and probing of dim recollections, whole volumes of memories reappear. Did you buy your school clothes in the fall at Miller's, where you could stick your feet into the X-ray machine to see a green-glowing image of the multitude of bones wiggling and jumping as we flexed our foot, and note with amazement the fence of tacks that fastened sole to upper? And where, as a little kid you marveled at the cash containers winging their way on a network of wires strung across the width of the store to the upstairs cashier's office?

Then there was the available rest room at Pearson & Knowles (at least for men), the inky-smelling Graphic office, and across the street, John Grof's key shop, with John scooting around on a little platform, for he seldom used his wooden legs except when going to church; the deathly stillness of the Carnegie Library, presided over by the formidable, massive librarian, whose name I never knew, but feared; ordered books and music at Frink's Bookstore, and avoided Leonard Frink's pool hall as a place of sin, took boots and shoes to Eddie Beal to be resoled; stopped by Wilhelmson's Meat Market to get a really good roast or steak; going into Larkin & Prince Hardware for a pound of nails, and inhaling the masculine, horsy smell of a well-oiled harness; stopping by in the Whoppie (a Model T, converted into a pickup) at the Creamery

on a hot July day to get a 50 lb. block of ice, wrapped in gunny sacks, to take home, split and pound into pieces for making ice cream in a big wooden freezer; sitting at the counter at Westfall's grocery store to suck up the most delicious 10¢ pineapple milkshake imaginable; getting film at Ferguson's Rexall Drug Store, and a hot water bottle at the Pharmacy close by Millers where Betty Brown's mother clerked.

Did you stop by Ray Parrish's College Pharmacy, passing Abe's second Hand store on the way; roller-skate at the American Legion Hall Saturday night, and attend Scout meetings there; see a movie on Dime Night at the Francis Theater; watch Mickey Rooney in loin cloth sport around as Puck in the movie—*Mid-summer Night's Dream*—we attended as part of Anne Sitton's English Literature class? Did you get your haircut at Ira Weiss's, next to Dave Jones Tin Smithy, or at Harold Cornell's barbershop, close by Roy Baker's Radio & Electric Store?

We called each other on the phone by giving to the operator, a number, such

as 127-W, and if she recognized your voice, might respond with your name. Passing the office of Doctor Soine, on the east end of town, Dr. Hester's office, 2nd floor, near the Municipal offices, and Dr. Bump's office across the railroad tracks, further west on First Street, where Doc Root extracted and filled teeth. McCoy's Carpentry Shop built along the new 99W, while the sharper cornered spur of 99W had been left, but took one only back to 99W, affectively stranding the West End Gas station.

To the north of Central School was Allen's cannery, where scores of women pitted brined cherries to make maraschinos; the lawyers in town most noted were Herb Swift and George Layman, both powers in the city. George was Bessie Laymen's son, and not only was mayor of Newberg but also was elected a state representative. The warp and woof of Newberg, with its people, can still be remembered, perhaps more easily by those of us who moved away and seldom visited—no newer memories have intruded or covered over those laid down half a century ago.

OUT TO THE BALLGAME WITH...



Ted Bennett, Hub Mardock, Stan Palmer, Milt Riley, George McAdams
Dick Barker, Del Ellis, Don Young, Dick Riley, Marv Heater