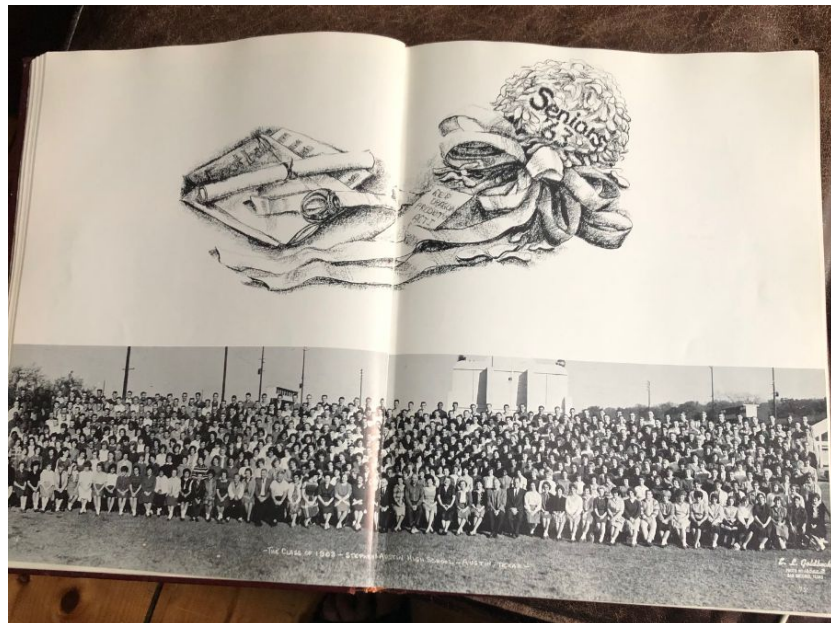


# AHS 63 July 2021 Newsletter

## *Little Stories from the Class Edition*

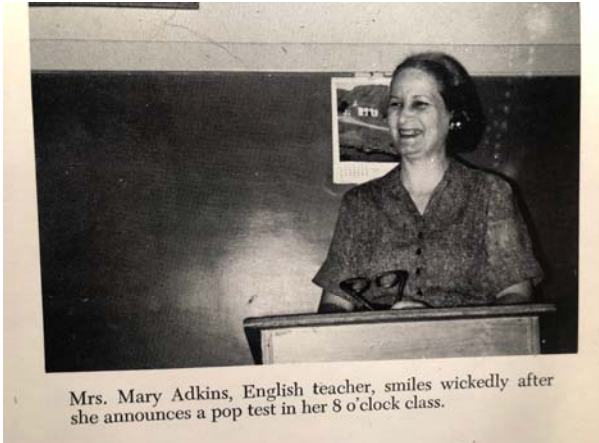
*Northern Outpost, sunny, 80 degrees, nyaaaa.* We have not been off gallivanting. No. We have been crashing around the castle for days chasing the gremlins who stole the laptop's logic board. We know not what that even is, but the ransom was real enough. Leaving it to the local magician to grapple with the problem, we put on our best face—Mary Kay's southern belle face plaster and mascara—and off we went to the 4th of July parade where we regally waved and threw candy from the back of a vintage 1987 teal El Camino. Small town New England produces heart-stopping American Pie parades. Children lining the red-bricked sidewalks, waving tiny flags. Hand-painted murals of historic scenes on flatbeds with costumed children waving tiny flags back. A yellow karate dragon weaving all over the street ... horses and riders bedecked with bunting ... firetrucks from three towns blasting their air horns ... Legion officers raising the flag on the pier and mountainous servings of strawberries on scratch biscuits. Three thousand calories worth. Sigh. Meanwhile back at the castle, miracles not ceasing, the magician had snatched back the class stories from the miserable thieving gremlins and the laptop was restored yesterday. Good thing. The Guggenheim will weep to at the bequest of these newsletters someday ... breathtaking and rare as it is to find "bomb scare" and "dried uterus" in the same story. Indeed. Prepare to gasp. ~Q



The way we were ... and exactly the way we remember it

*From Jimmy Raup, 10th grade*

In the 10th grade, my English teacher was Mary Adkins. It was an advanced class or honors class or whatever they called grouping then. There were a lot of smart people in that class, and you may ask “How did you get in, Jimmy?” Beats hell out of me, but I was there.



Mrs. Mary Adkins, English teacher, smiles wickedly after she announces a pop test in her 8 o'clock class.

What I remember most about Mrs. Adkins is how she adored her husband. She talked about him frequently, and he always was “Sam Adkins,” not “Mr. Adkins” or “my husband.” Always “Sam Adkins.”

She assigned us short story/book reports, and we had to read them and then to stand and to deliver the reports to the class. One of our number, who shall remain anonymous, drew “Of Mice and Men” by Steinbeck. He delivered his report of the classic story as a comedy. He had hilarious descriptions of the characters and of the plot. We laughed and laughed.

When I say “hilarious,” I mean to the class. Mrs. Adkins was horrified at this blasphemy, and I hope this traumatic experience did not shorten her life. I suspect, but do not know, our classmate did this intentionally for the sole purpose of getting a reaction. Boy, was there ever a reaction!

*From Kathy Shive Matthews*

I cannot remember the name of the Math teacher (older woman, classroom on third floor? maybe second floor — I looked in the yearbook, and maybe it was Mrs. Peebles, not sure....). She disallowed chewing gum in class (perhaps it was

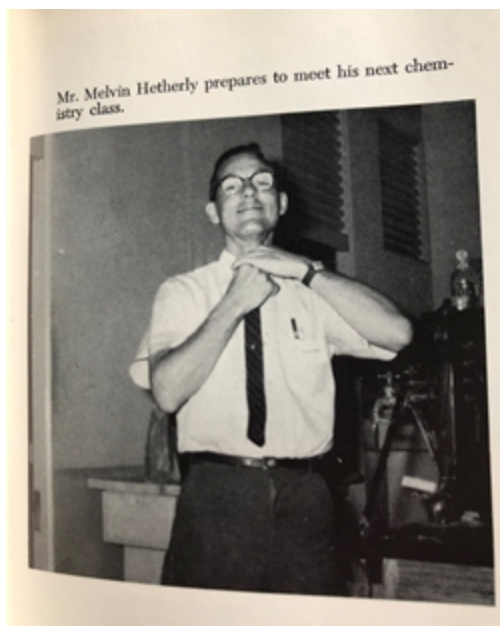


Mrs. Bobbie Peebles, plane geometry and algebra teacher, smiles happily as she departs for the World's Fair.

not allowed at all at AHS), and one day Grant Simpson (I think.....) walked into class, chewing gum, and he went down the aisle between our chair desks, took the gum out of his mouth, and tossed it out the open window at the back of the classroom. The Math teacher told him immediately and in no uncertain terms to go down and find it and throw it away properly. So.....wait a little while, and Grant comes meandering back into the room chewing gum, and takes it out of his mouth and throws it into the trash can. The class erupted! The teacher was still furious — can't recall if she sent him to the office, but the memory of the tableau — always makes me laugh. Perhaps someone else has the same memory more clearly!

*From Jimmy Raup, 11th grade*

I took chemistry in the 11th grade, and the only thing I remember about the class is I sat behind Susan Jungmichel (sp?). What a hoot she was!

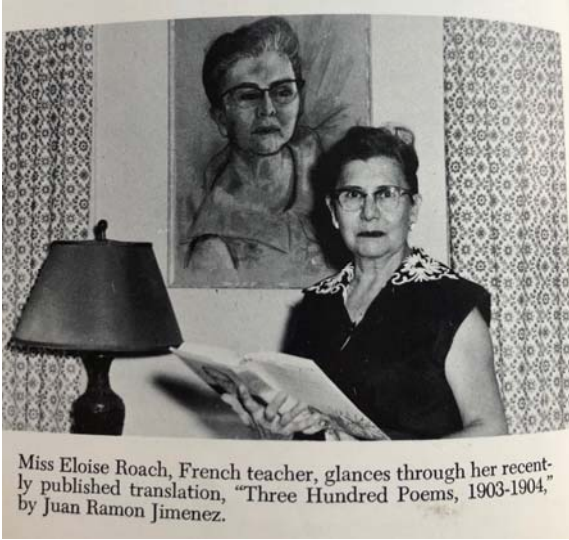


Oh, wait. I remember one other thing. I do not remember the teacher's name, which you will see is just as well, but he was nervous in front of the class and a bumbler. [Mr. Hetherly? looks the part ..heh] One day he was demonstrating an experiment for us at the front of the room, and the experiment required concentrated sulphuric acid.

While he was demonstrating how to do the experiment, he spilled sulphuric acid on his shirt ... but did not want us to think he made a mistake. He kept talking and demonstrating, the hole the acid made in his shirt kept getting wider and wider, and when the acid reached his skin, he bolted from the room.

Hilarity ensued. [*... understatement!!*]

*From Emily Eichelberger Harrell*



I guess you don't want the story of when Miss Roach left her class and ran quickly to her old black car and drove home when there was a bomb scare at school!

The next scare, she stayed at school!

*[Unbelievable ... we want MANY more stories like that!]*

And it's not really a story—I was in Mrs. Cadwallader's homeroom. She kept a real, dried up uterus on her desk ... I think forever!

I'm thinking if i can come with anything else!

*[We can hardly wait for another edition to find out what ELSE you remember Emily Eichelberger!]*



*From Jimmy Raup, 12th grade*

I took Civics in the 12th grade, as I guess most people did. *[duh. it was required!]* Once again, I mercifully cannot remember the teacher's name, but I do remember the semester-long project he assigned. The Legislature was in session, and we were to select a bill and follow its progress to passage or to demise by newspaper clippings from the Austin paper. We were to put the clippings into a binder and to turn it in for an important semester grade.

Finding and following clippings from the Austin paper about a specific bill was difficult to next to impossible, I thought. So...I did not do the project. I do not mean I did it poorly. I DID NOT DO IT AT ALL!

This was very unlike me to blow off a major assignment completely, and I began to worry about what the hell I could do to keep from failing a course required for graduation. We were well into the semester, and I had not yet come up with a bright idea, and then....

Our teacher came in to begin class one day, and we quickly became aware he was drunk. I do not mean we smelled alcohol. I do not mean he was tipsy. I mean he was sh\*t.faced.drunk. Not sure if someone in our class reported this strange occurrence to the office, but someone came to our room and led him away. We never saw him again.

A very good teacher took over the class and taught us the rest of the semester. The first thing she did was cancel his semester project on legislation. The loud sigh of relief which reverberated through the halls of AHS was mine. A reprieve!

Probably was the reason I graduated with the rest of y'all.

*[PROBABLY!?!? We are not surprised to find no pics in the 63 Comet of either teacher, but we don't care ... we have been hooting at the captions that got by Mrs. McDougall on some of these teacher pics ... either that or Mrs. Mac was having some fun looking the other way? hmm]*



## **JULY BIRTHDAYS**

- 01 Tom Burnett (45)**
- 03 Dana McSpadden Blaylock (45)**
- 07 Mary Frances Mercado Guerrero (45)**
- 08 Cheryl Lucksinger Sassman (45)**
- 14 Kathryn Huss (45)**
- 15 Becky Brownlow Steinback (45)**
- 17 Caroline Jenkins Ragsdill (45)**
- 17 Mollie Gregory Tower (45)**
- 19 Bruce Lindsey (45)**
- 22 Linda Burk Kemp (45)**
- 22 Barbara Keller Visage (45)**
- 23 G.M. Ziller Jr. (45)**
- 23 Saralyn White Stewart (45)**
- 23 Ralph Bailey (45)**
- 24 Charles Taylor (45)**
- 26 Lucy Ross Farland (45)**
- 26 Janie Penn (45)**
- 28 Refugia Gomez (44)**
- 27 Margery Kengla English (45)**
- 27 Kathy Lewis Steel (44)**
- 28 Leslie Robinson Moeller (45)**
- 30 James Means, Jr. (45)**

31 Jeanne Richey O'Meara (45)

*Y'all know we don't make these up, right?—you've got to  
send in your birthday so we can add it to the list.*

*Just hit reply.*

*Got it?*



## LOYAL FOREVER, Y' ALL

[Answer: Mary Williams, Lulu Peal, Meiling Lung,  
Bob Bodin, Kenny Roberts, Hank Hundley, and Malone Hill]



## *Ecce Amplius*

Three more newsletter items came in and we wish to bring them forward at this time without actually admitting we forgot to include them ... uh ... which is to say

**WE FORGOT & HERE'S MORE**

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# I.

We are terribly pleased that her friends sent this in:  
it so happens that the remarkable  
**Carol Ann Foyt Shepherd**  
has been recognized by the Fredericksburg Rotarians  
**as Rotarian of the Year**



which is no small thing. and so we ALSO note it with pride.

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## II.

Especially apropos to a patriotic month, we heard from

**Rich Adams**

who sent in a poem he wrote honoring his friend

LTC Sam Lombardo at his 100th birthday celebration

(on the halftime football field two years ago at the Super Bowl).

Rich wrote: "Sam was a 10-year-old immigrant from fascist Italy, later a highly decorated platoon leader during the Battle of the Bulge, and raised the first American flag on German soil after crossing the Remagen Bridge (a flag made by his platoon when his request for a "real" flag was denied by higher up)."

Rich also wrote that he wished to send it in because Sam is in hospice care at this time, and he would like the class to know about him while he's still here instead of waiting until Veteran's Day.

It's always a privilege to honor a veteran. So here is Rich's poem:



**Sam Lombardo, LTC, US Army (Ret.), Born July 12, 1919**  
On his 100th Birthday

*From distant shore, when first a child, you braved the ocean's harm  
Your youthful eyes gazed up to see a lady's outstretched arm  
Come here, she said. You've found your home, my land from sea to sea  
I only ask you honor those whose blood was shed for me*

*For what I give comes at a price, the lives of heroes past  
Who loved my flag and did their part, defended to the last  
For freedom's right does face a foe; its enemies abound  
Beyond the seas, within it's shores, the snares and arrows found*

*I pledge allegiance to the flag, you promised years ago  
Of the United States of America, the land you came to know  
One nation under God, one source, then given to be a man  
And said you then that you would serve, do all that duty can*

*Through decades three, in uniform, you were my guard and shield  
And kept your oath to honor me on distant battlefields  
When then you led through smoke and fire, those were the sunny days  
Hours of mine beneath the sun, prayed God would show the way*

*Then returned I the flag you made, the red and white and blue  
The emblem of democracy, the standard you held true  
You've honored me and all who serve; you've done your duty well  
And with your actions, voice, and pen, made known what I would tell*

*Yes, soldier, husband, father, friend, my patriot from the start  
Your faithful service to my unit remains your sacred heart  
So welcome those who've gathered round to toast your life anew  
And don't ever sleep or think you're done; I've more for you to do*

*By her friend and fellow Country Warrior, Rick Adams  
July 22, 2019*

**From distant shore, when first a child, you braved the ocean's harm  
Your youthful eyes gazed up to see a lady's outstretched arm  
Come here, she said. You've found your home, my land from sea to sea  
I only ask you honor those whose blood was shed for me**

**For what I give comes at a price, the lives of heroes past  
Who loved my flag and did their part, defended to the last  
For freedom's right does face a foe; its enemies abound  
Beyond the seas, within it's shores, the snares and arrows found**

I pledge allegiance to the flag, you promised years ago  
Of the United States of America, the land you came to know  
One nation under God, you swore, then grew to be a man  
And said you then that you would serve, do all that duty can

Through decades three, in uniform, you were my guard and shield  
And kept your oath to honor me on distant battlefield  
When then you led through snow-clad field those men that sunny day  
Aware of mines beneath the snow, prayed God would show the way

Then witnessed I the flad you made, the red and white and blue  
The emblem of democracy, the standard you held true  
You've honored me and all who serve; you've done your duty well  
And with your actions, voice, and pen, made known what I would tell

Yes, soldier, husband, father, friend, my patriot from the start  
Your faithful service to my own reveals your servant heart  
So welcome those who've gathered round to toast your life anew  
And don't slow down or think you're done, I've more for you to do

*By his friend and fellow Crispy Warrior, Rich Adams*

*July 12, 2019*

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### III.

So many of you wrote in to express appreciation for Chuck Worrell and his life and your remembrances of him ... thanks to Jimmy Raup for sending this link on a very special Woodstock, Vermont community memorial for their longtime coach.

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*Carry on out there...*



Q

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