

Special Diamond Anniversary Edition

TIGER HI-LINE

Cedar Falls High School
Class of 1957



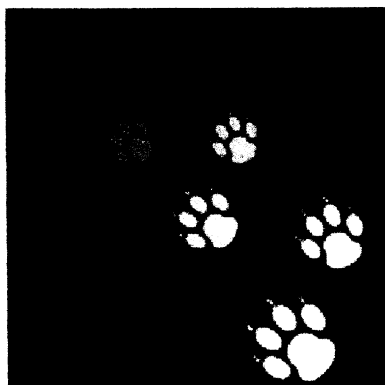
More Paw Prints in
the Sands of Time

1957 - 2017

Special Diamond Anniversary Edition
Tiger Hi-Line

Paw Prints in the Sands of Time – 1957-2017

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Memory and the Sands of Time

Terry Ley

Memory is a strange human faculty, and it has become stranger as I have aged. Perhaps you have noticed that, too.

Why can it take me minutes or hours to remember the name of a former colleague or the first name of the person I'm talking to when I can remember—on demand—the first and last names of all my Cedar Falls teachers K-12?

I reached back into that bag of Cedar Falls memories in a panic a few years ago. I didn't realize that I am claustrophobic until the MRI machine moved me into darkness in a tube that was too close to my head for comfort. Instead of screaming (my first option) I decided to pass the time by naming all of my teachers. And I did! I began with Yvonne McGrane (kindergarten) and progressed through Inez Margaret Walker (second grade), Rosa Janssen (fourth grade), Lucille Creighton (sixth grade), Charles Lindsey (eighth grade history), Blythe Lamme (world history), Ella Mae Heide (junior English), and Joe Valenta (senior phys ed). The machine was still clicking when I finished, so I ventured into recalling the names of my college teachers, but I didn't have nearly a perfect record there.

When I retired in 2001 I figured that forty years was long enough for me to teach, but I soon missed the classroom. For fourteen years now I have taught a class in memoir writing for "seasoned adults" in our area, where we deal in memory every Tuesday morning. In the process of writing and sharing what we have written we stimulate each other's memories, mostly of pleasant times from our diverse personal histories. Those sessions have inspired me to write about being in the Robins reading group in first grade, being frustrated by Miss Soles when she frowned upon my primitive art, the humiliation of forgetting the words for my solo in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the shock of being pinned to the mat by heavyweight Jay Rogers in about fifteen seconds during phys ed. Not all of those events were happy ones at the time, but they make me smile now.

As soon as you finish reading this page you can enjoy some Diamond Memories of classmates who responded to my recent invitation, memories that have lasted at least sixty years, most of them pleasant. Some recall silly occasions or momentous, life-changing events. Some recall their roles in sports or theater activities. Some pay tribute to teachers who affected their lives in important ways.

Déjà vu is a unique subcategory of memory: the feeling that you have been somewhere before. If you feel that you have read much of the rest of this memory book before, it's because you probably have. Becoming increasingly lazy in retirement, I have recycled pieces that appeared in similar books published for our reunions in 2007 and 2012. If it all seems new to you, perhaps that's a sign that, like me, you're getting older. I wish you pleasant reading—and remembering!

Diamond Memories

Traditionally, the sixtieth anniversary is the Diamond Anniversary. I asked classmates to think about Diamond Moments or experiences at Cedar Falls High School that shine through the sixty (or more) years since they experienced them. Something funny? something emotional? something that became significant to their lives since then? something they are proud of? something embarrassing? something that happened to someone else? My challenge was to limit themselves to around sixty words. Here are their Diamond Memories. – Terry Ley!

- ❖ **(David) Bert Lamb** – I was not a good football player. No, that's not right; I was a lousy football player. I could never tackle correctly and once speared a poor kid from Oelwein, injuring his ribs. I regret that. Also, one of the coaches asked me after a practice why the back of my jersey was so dirty. I should have tried bowling.
- ❖ **Lanny Robbins** – In November 1955 we moved from a farm near Ithaca, Nebraska, to Cedar Falls and rented the top floor at 521 Main Street, right across the street from the public library. When my brothers and I had been working out in the farm field plowing, disking, or mowing alfalfa our dad would ask us how we were making out, for instance, did we have plenty of gasoline, or did we check the oil in the tractor engine before we started that morning. At CFHS I remember meeting Mary Jo Kofron in the hallway between classes once, and I asked her how she was making out. She said, "Well, Lanny, the usual way, of course!"
- ❖ **Jackie Oelberg Schaab** – One silly memory, a constant routine, is from band class. We'd all stand ready, listening for the bell signaling the end of the period, in our runner's pose, ready to dash into the hallway, out the door at the end of the corridor, and once outside running to the other end of the building to get to the cafeteria lunchroom FIRST.
- ❖ **Pat Maulthauß Tipple** – One day as I sat in the front row of biology class, I was lost in my reveries. Mr. Anton Hofstad, seeing me lost in space and wanting my attention, walked past me, hit me on the top of the head with a rolled up piece of paper, and exclaimed, "Isn't that right, Miss Maulthauß!" The surprise made everyone laugh. He got my attention and everyone else's.
- ❖ **Faye Blankinship Hunt** – A fond memory I have occurred during my first few days at CFHS, classmates asking me to just talk so they could hear my southern accent! I wish I could have had longer at CFHS, but without losing my time at Lone Oak High School either.
- ❖ **Jerry Hayes** – One of my most memorable CF experiences was taking driver training from Mr. Keith Young in a 1957 Chevy with a stick shift. I was scared to death because my driving experience was in Wyth Park with Bill Engel. As far as I know, everyone survived. Mr. Young told about a driving experience eating a sack lunch

while driving with his family. He said that after that, they stopped at a park to eat. I know what he would think about McDonalds and texting.

- ❖ **Susie White Jorgensen** – I have so many fond memories. Homecoming was the greatest, though. It seems to have followed me for the past sixty years. When I step out of line, one of my classmates quickly reminds me to act becoming a queen. Memories continue to live on.
- ❖ **Bonnie Juhl Tammen** – As I think of my time at CFHS one teacher and one class stand out. I think this teacher was very wise, and I know the class would never be allowed today the way she taught it, which is very unfortunate. It was a combination of psychology and sociology. Her lesson or what I remember of the class is as timely today as it was then. My college degree is in behavioral science, I think, because of that teacher and that class. I prefer the term “facilitator of learning” instead of teacher. My favorite college professor used that term. That class was PDL, and facilitator was Marietta Abell.
- ❖ **(Billie) Jean Johnstone Brennecke** – As I reflect on my one year with this special class, electing me as class secretary sure made me feel welcome and accepted! It was such a privilege to graduate with all of you. I am looking forward to our sixty-year reunion and the many conversations!
- ❖ **David Skaggs** – My Diamond Memory would have to be Mr. Nutting in my junior year. He recognized I had the aptitude to be a machinist. He helped me develop that skill. Look in the 1956 yearbook. There is a picture of me titled “Mechanical Mastermind.” It paid off. After four years and four months in the Air Force as an aircraft engine mechanic I worked for Boeing as a machinist for 39 years. I am financially secure today because of Mr. Nutting’s interest in my abilities.
- ❖ **Nancy Roth Kirschenman** – My Diamond Memory is of the Bunny Hop that we did at the end of the Senior Show. I can see us in my mind’s eye, hopping down the aisle toward the stage, and think we may have looked humorous!
- ❖ **Donald Hansen** – One of my best memories is of the ice skating rink at Clay and 15th Street. Cedar Falls firemen would spray it in early December until we had a smooth skating surface. They put in lights and a hut with a potbelly stove. Madsen, Hill, Congdon, Hansen and many others would often meet at night to skate and race in subzero weather.
- ❖ **Marcia Robinson Congdon** – I attended three high schools from ’53 to ’57. Experiencing welcoming and accepting teachers and classmates helped me greatly dealing with the first moves of my life and the death of my father. Thank you, classmates!
- ❖ **Judy Jensen York** – I remember the Senior Show. Being on the stage, front and center, sure wasn’t on my bucket list. Anyway, I was teamed up with Jackie Oelberg as part of a group doing the Charleston. We got on stage and started dancing. I

looked at Jackie. Her beads were flipping up and down, and I simply got the worst giggles I've ever had. Needless to say, my part of the dance was a disaster, as was my pride.

- ❖ **Gwen Gersema Hayes** – My Diamond Memory is working on the senior class show. We had worked on many projects over the years, but somehow this felt like an ending while it was really just a beginning. Class of 1957, thanks for staying in touch after all these years. I love you for that.
- ❖ **Ellen Pohl** – If you were in Miss Lamme's history class at 1:00 p.m. you might recall her ranting and raving about someone emptying the pencil sharpener in her wastebasket that had the globe on it. She informed us it was for paper only. Nobody said a word or confessed to it. After about ten minutes she gave up and started the class. I was too embarrassed, shy, and scared to death of her to confess.
- ❖ **Sue Rosenberger Rice** – I can't think of any one thing in all my sixty years, just the WHOLE experience! I am overcome with gratitude for my town, schools, friends, games, playgrounds, parks, pool, the '50s era, the '40s memories, all the activities. How rich and fortunate we were to live in Cedar Falls, Iowa, during that time. I loved it ALL!
- ❖ **Barbara Cole Heitland** – Sixty years is a long time to reflect on, but here goes. I had many memorable times in high school, but my life changed when my classmate Bonnie Juhl introduced me to my future husband at the famous Black Hawk Rollerdrome. Marvin and I had 51 years of married life. I know that God put him in my path.
- ❖ **Shirley Nielsen Lincoln** – There are several outstanding memorable things from high school, but I think the one I cherish the most is when we did *Oklahoma!* Not only was it one of the largest shows, but it was on the new stage. We had mikes, flying scenery flats, but it involved just about the whole school when you count the orchestra. It felt like such a professional production. I sure had fun, and I think all the others did too.
- ❖ **Ralph Congdon** – My most lasting memories of my time in the Class of '57 besides the class in general revolve around two individuals: Francis Babcock, teacher of multiple mathematics courses and high school coach of multiple sports, and newly-arriving junior student Marcia Robinson. Mr. Babcock has been extolled by others in previous memories sections, and I agree he did influence my life. Marcia Robinson became my lifelong love and partner after a chance meeting on Day One of our junior year in the principal's office. Married 56 years on August 26, 2017.
- ❖ **Dee Ann Schafer Christensen** -- So much! TeenTime. Dick Hamilton (Be still, my heart). Wednesday matinees. *Time Marches On!* (D. Nelson still owes me a nickel for movie ticket.) Baker's rendezvous. Grandma Schafer's Great Escape. Anticipation of Bertch's driver's license and frenzy of the ride. My accident in B. Heddens's car. Army-Navy game win. GAA. Pep Club Skits. *Tiger Hi-Line*. After-football

dances. Rainbow Girls' blackball fear. Starch-drenched crinolines. Jackie O's pajama parties and apple thefts. Fuzzy green screen at my inaugural TV party. Sliding hill and spinning toboggan rides behind Father's car. Cocoa and toast at Sandra's house. Sven Hansen's religious conversion as he knelt and tinkled the piano. Luther League and Madsen's first kiss. Highgenboten's spiffy new car. J Rosenberger relationship. CC's call nipping us at Gerry B's house. Susie's W's singing envy. Choir class ejection. Failing Home Ec dishtowel hemming. Miss Wartman pranks. Mrs. Hobson's loosely knit dresses and resultant sagging bosom. Friends! These voices inspired, layered and bound the collage of my life.

- ❖ **Charlie Trask** – After my stellar performance at CFHS, I joined the USAF. Honorable discharge in 1961. Hired by John Deere in 1962, retired from PEC in 1997. Met a pretty little girl and married in 1964. We were elderly at the time, so we have been married for only 53 years. Rejoined the Iowa Army National Guard in the early '70s, retired in 1987—22 years service. It's been a good ride!
- ❖ **Gene Larsen** – One day Francis Babcock told me he doubted I could get an A in his class. Of course I proceeded to work hard to prove him wrong, so on the next grade I did get an A. He motivated me. Did I keep it up? No! But the lesson I learned was that your results in life are usually closely related to your efforts.
- ❖ **Beverly Smith Bechtel** – Difficult to choose a worthy memory. I have a few memories that have never left me. *Oklahoma!* would be one, Blythe Lamme is another, attending CFHS with grade school friends, Kay Bramlette, playing in the high school band at football games, Billie Jean Johnstone. That is it for now.
- ❖ **Terry Ley** – Some of my happy times occurred in the cafeteria—not at lunchtime, but at the sock hops after home football and basketball games! I enjoyed the powerful role of disk jockey, spinning top tunes by Elvis or Pat Boone or The Platters or Patti Page or Bill Haley and The Comets for dancers. I honored requests whenever possible: the fellows generally wanted “slow dances,” and the girls often danced “fast dances” together while the boys stood in clusters watching! Joyful times together.
- ❖ **Cheryl Palmer Immerzeel** – Oh, how I loved those Bismark doughnuts from Lawn City Bakery! The Wheat boys worked there every morning before school. Somehow I got the combination of Harry's locker and STOLE the rolls!
- ❖ **Gerald Assink** – I remember that I went to my dad's business to run heavy equipment after school every day. Eventually that turned into a business for my brother Charles and me. I also helped my son, Jeff Assink, in his construction business until about six years ago.
- ❖ **Lois Madsen Lueck** – I think this was in sophomore English class: The teacher was reading or telling something when a soft murmur came from the back of the room, “How fast did the buckboards go in your day?” The sound carried, and the offender

was sent immediately to the office. Apparently to the principal, coming from that particular teacher, it was no big deal."

- ❖ **Don Wilson** – My Diamond Memory happened when we were juniors. Keith Young had taken over the Tiger wrestling program and really turned it around. Previously we were looked at as the doormats of the conference, but, now we began to win. The New Hampton meet was the jewel. They had won fifteen straight, and our victory over them confirmed wrestling was back at CFHS. Class members included myself, John Jorden, Paul Steele, Roger Trueg, Gene Larsen, Rich Somers, and Jerry Martinson.
- ❖ **Kay Bramblette Gray** – As part of the student writers for the *Cedar Falls Daily Record*, our assignment was to go to the newspaper's office and observe how the newspaper functioned. My classmate and I were assigned to drive the company car to businesses. We were to obtain ads for the paper's high school graduation issue. We were told to take a red Chevy in the parking lot. We went to the parking lot and got into a blue Chevy. We called on many businesses. When we returned to the paper's office a few hours later we were greeted and questioned by the police. They wanted to know why we drove in a blue Chevy that wasn't ours. We explained what is unexplainable, that we had gotten into the wrong car by mistake. We apologized and returned to the high school. We were embarrassed by our mistake, but not as much as when it was published in the newspaper. We were identified in the *Tiger Hi-Line* "as the two students who had driven in a stolen auto." We were innocent of "borrowing" that car. We had explained how overexcited we were to be doing the newspaper assignment for the benefit of our graduation day.
- ❖ **Dennis Nichols** – It went something like this: I believe I was a junior. I was the one who got caught by Mr. Pries throwing erasers at him in typing class, and instead of getting off my chair to go to Mr. Stanard's office—and being prompted by a few of the other students—I intertwined my arms and legs through my chair. Mr. Pries dragged me all the way down to the office, including down the stairs. It was a long, embarrassing, and very bumpy trip!



Headlines...

Our World in 1957

In 1957 it would have been hard to convince us that we weren't the center of the universe, but, as it turns out, there was action elsewhere, too! Here are some facts about the world we entered after we flipped the tassels on our mortarboards and ventured into our respective futures. Remember how much ice cream you could get for a dollar at Baker's? (Those were the days!)

Top News Headlines: Volkswagen sold its two-millionth Beetle; The British Medical Research Council established a direct link between smoking and lung cancer; *American Bandstand* made its television debut; Great Britain and Russia began tests on the first hydrogen bombs; The House for Un-American Activities Committee convicted playwright Arthur Miller for not revealing names of alleged Communist writers.

In Washington: President, Dwight D. Eisenhower; Vice President, Richard M. Nixon.

Top Songs for 1957: "Young Love" by Tab Hunter; "Love Letters in the Sand" and "April Love" by Pat Boone; "Jailhouse Rock," "All Shook Up," and "Teddy Bear" by Elvis Presley; "Wake Up, Little Susie" by The Everly Brothers; "Honeycomb" by Jimmie Rodgers; "Tammy" by Debbie Reynolds; and "You Send Me" by Sam Cooke.

1957 Prices: bread, \$0.09 a loaf; milk, \$1.00 a gallon; eggs, \$0.83 a dozen; a new car, \$2100; gas, \$0.31 a gallon; a house, \$18,000; postage stamps, \$0.03; minimum wage, \$1.00 per hour; average annual income, \$5443.

Academy Award Winners: Best Picture, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*; Best Actor, Alec Guinness, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*; Best Actress, Joanne Woodward, *The Three Faces of Eve*.

Popular Television Shows: *The Burns and Allen Show*, *I Love Lucy*; *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, *Perry Mason*, *Gunsmoke*, *Dragnet*, *Leave It to Beaver*, and *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

Hot New Toys: The Radio Flyer "Radio Rancher" red wagon; Frisbees; and Tonka trucks.

Top Books of the Year: *Miracles on Maple Hill* by Virginia Sorensen; *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac; and *The Wapshot Chronicles* by John Cheever.

Adapted from the on-line dMarie Time Capsule for May, 1957

May I Have Your Autograph?

Terry Ley

Autograph books became a minor fad when we were in seventh grade, at least among those of us who attended Lincoln School. We didn't have yearbooks that year like the high school kids had, and, fortunately, we had to wait a long time between leg or arm casts to sign. The autograph book seemed a likely substitute.

The first few pages of my autograph book are filled with the very formal signatures of classmates, including Shirley Elayne Nielsen, Donnie Hansen, Dickie Lee Nelson, Jackie Joy Oelberg, Ralph H. Congdon, Beverly Marie Pollock, and John Clifford Longnecker. For some reason, Dick Nelson signed the book twice, once as Dickie Lee and once as Dick.

David Skaggs must have started the trend to write a witty entry. Others followed his lead, also waxing poetic.

Terry, Terry, full of joy / Terry, Terry, a happy boy. – **Dave Skaggs**

Little Terry in the tub / Where mom forgot to pull the plug / Oh! My body, oh my soul / There goes Terry down the hole! – **Wayne Madsen**

Mary had a little lamb, / She put it by the heater, / And every time it turned around, / He burned his little seater! – **Paul Steele** ("P.S. I got this from Wayne.")

Yours till England gets Hungary and fries Turkey in Greece. – **Dee Ann Schafer**

First comes love, / Then comes marriage. / Then comes Terry / With the carriage. – **Jerry Martinson** ("Yea 7-3s!")

When you're sixteen and think you're sweet / Take off your shoes and smell your feet. – **Mary Lou Petersen**

Don't worry if your job is small / And your rewards are few. / Remember the Mighty Oak / Was once a NUT like you! – **Sue Rosenberger**

When you get married and buy a Ford / Save a place for me on the running board. – **Carol Rogers**

And you wonder why no one in our class has ever won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry!

Our Feel-Good Duds

Amazing, how some of us can remember a particular favorite piece of apparel or outfit that we wore in high school fifty years ago!

The fellows who responded to our reunion survey in 2012 tended to remember only the Levis and T-shirts that were their voluntary school uniforms. (Jerry Hayes, however, remembers wearing his *brother's* Levis, making them especially cool.) Those who had earned them also mentioned their letter sweaters ("Gone forever," added Gene Larsen.) But a few fellows remember some unique outfits:

- Ralph Congdon: Red pants with black stitching along the seams—"worn on game days"
- Bill Paup: His new white bucks "until someone stepped on them minutes after I got them."
- Lanny Robbins: His marching band uniform
- Richard Sorenson: His leather jacket
- Jerry Custer: His pink and black sport coat
- Roger Fiscus: His khakis and a yellow oxford cloth shirt with a button-down collar
- Terry Ley: His charcoal corduroy pants, pink-and-white checkered button-down shirt, and black tassel loafers—"but never on a gym day!"

The girls were far more likely than the guys to respond to this question, probably because they were more fashion-conscious than the guys were. Many of them remember fondly their dyed-to-match sweater and skirt sets, their can-can slips, and their saddle shoes. But, again, a few remember making unique fashion statements:

- Gretchen Fisher: Her black skirt with big pink polka-dots
- Gwen Gersema, Mary Griffith, and Ellen Pohl: Their poodle skirts
- Cheryl Palmer: Her big-cuff bobby socks
- Peggy Nelson: Her white buck shoes
- Sandra and Sharon Hoffer: Their cheerleading outfits
- Sue Rosenberger: Her Pep Club outfit—black skirt, white blouse, and red scarf
- Billie Jean Johnstone: Her blue suede penny loafers
- Judy Jensen: Her wide red leather belt
- Barbara Cole: Her penny loafers and purple can-can slip
- Barbara Backerman: A circle skirt and princess-line jumper that she made
- Kay Bramlette: A shift dress and coat that she made for home ec ("I got an A+ for sewing, and my mom got an A+ for the final ironing.")

Our Fun and Games

One of the most pleasant aspects of retirement is that favorite pastimes for which we once salvaged minutes and occasional hours can become full-time pursuits if we choose to make them that. We can devote quality time to old hobbies and find time to develop new ones.

Almost everyone who responded to our reunion survey in 2012 listed at least one hobby, and some listed a half-dozen.

When we were in high school, we joined clubs that reflected our interests, for example, Future Teachers, Future Nurses, Science Club, Camera Club, Future Business Leaders of America, and Speech Club. (Sometimes we joined a club because we were really interested in the club's focus; sometimes, just because it met during the class period that we had an unfavorable class.) Did we eventually become teachers, nurses, scientists, photographers, and business leaders? Not necessarily, although five classmates who eventually became teachers were members of Future Teachers during their senior year.

CFHS could never have offered enough clubs to satisfy our diverse interests even then, and our range of interests has undoubtedly widened considerably since 1957. For instance, if we were to organize clubs to reflect the present hobby interests of our classmates, we would have to begin with a Travel Club, a Book Club, and a Fishing Club, each of which might attract at least fifteen who responded to our survey. Travel, reading, and fishing were the most frequent responses.

Surprisingly, nearly as many might join a Quilting Club! Likely charter members would include Barbara Backerman, Gerry Bernard, Mari Carnal, Jackie Cox, Marlene Gerdes, Gwen Gersema, Sharon Glassel, Billie Jean Johnstone, Mary Lou Needs, Peggy Nelson, Cheryl Palmer, and Nancy Roth. Oh, and Jerry Custer, who quilts with his wife when he is not hunting, fishing, or gardening. Some of these classmates might join several others in a Sewing and Needlework Club.

We would be wise to organize several other clubs as well, all of which have several prospective charter members:

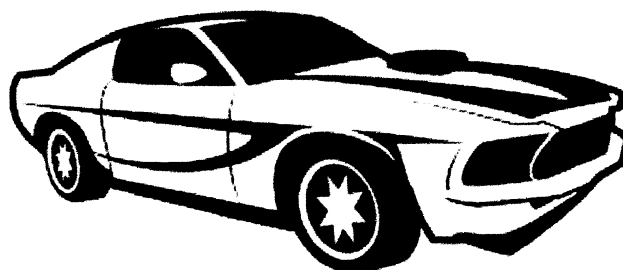
- **Music Club** – Kay Bramblette, Dennis Corwin, Bonnie Juhl, Terry Ley, John Longnecker, Mark Nelson, and Shirley Nielsen.
- **Golf Club** – Howard Bunger, Don Hansen, Carl Highgenboten, Sharon Hoffer, John Longnecker, Richard Sorenson, and Don Wilson.
- **Hunting Club** – Jerry Custer, Dennis Johnson, Don Juhl, Wayne Madsen, and Jerry Martinson.

- **Car Club** – Dean Baker, Don Beisner, Addison Bergfalk, Arlyn Harberts, Jerry Hayes, and Dennis Nichols.
- **Genealogy Club** – Barbara Backerman, Gretchen Fisher, and Lanny Robbins.
- **Sudoku Club** – Faye Blankinship, Lois Madsen, and Wayne Madsen.
- **Investment Club** – Judy Bertch, Gene Larsen, and Marcia Robinson.
- **Woodworking Club** – Addison Bergfalk, David Garrison, Mary Griffith, Ed Hollis, Don Juhl, Bill Paup, and Jim Williamson.
- **Collectors' Club** – Dean Baker (sports cards), Barbara Cole (poems and stories), Gwen Gersema (dolls), Jeanine Riter (rocks and fossils), John Roskam (vintage telephones), Rusty Smith (John Deere memorabilia), Charles Trask (John Deere memorabilia, Jewel-T autumn leaf dishes, and Lionel trains), and Jim Williamson (vintage Allis-Chalmers garden tractors).

Some classmates reported more exotic hobbies. Perhaps you would like to join them in forming new clubs. If you're interested in graphics, see Jerry Davis; making event videos, Jerry Hayes and John Roskam; tapdancing, Sandra Hoffer; "dancing to da blues," Dennis Nichols; bowhunting, Dennis Johnson; birding, Mary Lou Petersen; reading Jerry Hayes' e-mails, Roger Fiscus; carving wooden ducks, John Bertlshofer; yoga and tai chi, Dee Ann Schafer; gambling, Jim Shook; celestial navigation, David Skaggs; knitting Christmas socks, Beverly Smith; and rebuilding computers for GIs, Jim Williamson.

Dennis Corwin reported napping as a hobby, but we may not find a clubroom large enough to accommodate the potential membership among the Class of '57.

We congratulate one classmate who reported sex as his hobby. How large a clubroom will we need to accommodate that potential membership? We'll have to have at least two, as you know, to form that club!



Lessons Learned:

What We Learned While Students at CFHS

We're about as wise now as we're ever going to be. We have covered a lot of territory in over seventy years, sometimes by plan, sometimes by accident. Most of us often think about our pasts, about how other people and circumstances have shaped us. Perhaps those thoughts sometimes take us back to CFHS. What kind of kids were we then? What did we learn while we were in high school that we still find useful today?

In 2012 I invited all class members to reflect on their time at CFHS and to write about one lesson that they learned while students there that has affected their lives since then in some important way. Maybe we learned important lessons in classrooms, of course, but maybe we learned them elsewhere, too—maybe while participating in a sport or extra-curricular activity or completely outside the school campus.

Twenty-four classmates accepted our invitation. Some approached the task quite seriously; others, with tongue-in-cheek. One wrote a poem! You can read their thoughts below. The rest of you are probably still thinking about it, right? – Terry Ley

Milferd (Bud) Kelley

We moved to Cedar Falls in the summer of 1954, and I attended school in the fall as a sophomore. In retrospect I now know I came from an extremely dysfunctional family. I was shy, withdrawn, and had a pretty low self-worth opinion. Anton Hofstad, biology teacher, in that very first year took me under his wing and encouraged me to do some extra-curricular work, and eventually I submitted two of my projects to national contests. He was always there when I needed encouragement or direction. In one of the contests I received an honorable mention, and in the other one I won a \$75 savings bond and a small plaque for the school. I learned a great deal from Mr. Hofstad. The biggest lesson: Sometimes, just when we need it most, God will provide a mentor that will lift us above our family situation

and cause us to see that there is hope. The other lesson I learned is that if I had it to do all over again, I would be a teacher—one looking for someone to mentor and impart a fresh vision of hope.

Don Hansen

My "best lesson learned" started in the first grade at Lincoln School. The English language is difficult to master because there are so many exceptions, but our early teachers gave us a great background in the rules governing spelling and grammar. Improving our English skills was an ongoing process; we probably started constructing sentences and paragraphs in junior high. I do know that when we graduated from CFHS, our English composition skills gave us a big advantage over students from other schools.

Faye Blankinship Hunt

I was only at CFHS for our senior year, but I found that I was quickly welcomed by the students. I also realized that the quality of education there was very superior—the students were well-versed and the faculty was top-notch! I learned that the teachers were "real" and that they were interested in making successes of their students; therefore, they "helped" anywhere they could. It was really wonderful that I met so many people that year and made some friends that are lasting! I wish I had had a chance to have a longer history with all of you because I know that there would have been more special experiences together. Thank you for making my senior year special!

Bert Lamb

I loved sports—especially basketball and hurdling in track. I was a great basketball player—in shoot-arounds before games. But as soon as someone guarded me, I was a goner. I could not control the ball on the dribble, and I could not come close to dunking. No matter how much I practiced, I had neither sufficient skill to dribble effectively nor adequate jumping ability to dunk the ball.

In track, I was tall enough to cover the distance between high hurdles in the optimal three strides, and I had good technique, but that was not enough. Bob Seeks' shorter stature required him to take four strides between hurdles, which meant he had to alternate his lead leg over successive hurdles. Still, he

always beat me because he was fast, and I was just too damn slow.

At CFHS, I learned to recognize my limitations and to enjoy life within those limitations.

Ellen Pohl

I did learn to type in the business class, and I have used that most of my life, just did not do well in spelling—still the bane of my life. I also learned how to balance a checkbook. That still has its ups and downs. Some months it comes out just right; others, I'm off a dollar or two. I feel I got a great education at CFHS. Listening to some of the young people today, I wonder how they made it through school.

Beverly Pollock Beenken

I enjoyed my years living and going to school in Cedar Falls. I should have graduated with the class but didn't. Thank you for including me in **our** class of '57! I went to Hawkeye Tech and got my GED, which I am proud to say I did—only a couple of credits to get, so it was easy. Carol Rogers Hoeweler and I are still very dear friends; we do lunch when we can. I treasure her friendship greatly. I remember what Mr. Young (driver's ed teacher) taught me after all these years. I thought he was so neat!

Ginger Lee

At CFHS I learned to think and to ask questions, but until recently I haven't done much of either. Reading books by David C. Korten has been instrumental in kick-starting it again.

Disappointment, disillusionment, and distrust about our world situation has given me a kind of paralysis similar to what I believe many others have, causing us to think there's nothing that can be done to make it better. Now I know differently.

The strategy of "divide and conquer" continues to be used by the "kings" against the "serfs" over the centuries, only now they have different titles. Our corporate rulers own all the media and want us to fight against each other; so if we're busy calling each other names, like Christian/Muslim, Black/White, Democrat/Republican, Gay/Straight, on and on and on, then what the wealthy elite do is not getting our (commoners) attention.

Let's find the similarities in our fellow human beings, rather than the differences, and not judge and condemn others. Let's stop letting the big, wealthy guys have it all their way, stop thinking that we can't make things better, and start getting involved in and knowing what's happening.

Let's start building our local communities by using local banks and credit unions, removing our accounts from the megabanks and keeping our dollars in our own communities. Let's buy from local businesses rather than big multinational corporations.

Let's get together and stick together--we can make a difference. Otherwise our great, great, greats will end up with absolutely nothing on a barren earth.

Dick Nelson

I've pondered what lesson I learned in high school, and I don't have one! What I do have is the total accumulation of experiences with classmates and teachers and even administrators (C. C. Stanard) who influenced me to become who I am, and I thank all of them for their efforts, honesty, decency, and understanding.

Cheryl Palmer Immerzeel

Wow! A lesson to be learned was to do your homework. For some reason I guess I don't remember much except having fun. They were the best years of my life. One thing that stands out was this boy (Terry Ley) who sat across from me in typing class. His fingers were just flying over the keys. I do think he got the typing award for the highest words per minute. I guess I also learned that office practice was not for me.

Judy Jensen York

The trepidation I experienced every time I entered Emma Jane Hobson's classroom! I soon realized that I had better have my homework done, right or wrong, than to experience her lashing out at me. I was never so happy as when her class was over! She lived not far from me. When I saw her occasionally she could really be nice. I think she may have had some frustration in teaching, and we were the recipients. Anyway, she did teach me to always have my I's dotted and my T's crossed and to be prepared.

I so enjoyed growing up in Cedar Falls at the time we did. It was so safe

and the parents worked together with the school to keep us on the straight and narrow. What fond memories!

Charlie Trask

The hair has turned gray and is starting to thin some. I used to charge into things, but now it's more like a leisurely stroll—an afternoon nap is now essential. Writing is something I don't care for and will put off as long as I can. You won't find me writing your next bestseller. Computers leave me pulling my hair out, but eBay keeps me broke. I married later than most but found a real keeper—48 years she reined me in—three kids and three grandkids. I spent four years in the USAF and another in the Iowa Army National Guard. I worked at John Deere PEC for thirty-four years, retired in 1997. I collect anything that's not nailed down. For things learned: Don't call out "Bingo!" in Lamme's social studies class. Probably wouldn't change a thing.

Dee Ann Schafer Christensen

Juventa est divisa in partes tres!
Youth is divided into three parts: one part learning, one part development, one part reckoning. CF teachers guided me on my rocky, adolescent path and channeled my life. Tough to pick just one voice, for it was the entire chorus that led me. In seventh grade, Mrs. Hobson gave me a D in deportment. Imagine! Me? I shut up and earned a record player from my parents. Mrs. Pratt taught no-holds-barred Latin and English. She set a rigid standard and laced it with patience and atta girls! I took every Pratt class I could. History class was the tops for me. Cicero said,

"To be ignorant of what occurred before you were born is to remain a child." Miss Lamme loved history. She taught me to love it too and to reason and challenge and think. I used that legacy to become...a teacher.

Jackie Oelberg Schaab

The Oelberg family purchased its first auto in 1951, a brand new Plymouth. We were so happy and especially loved going to the new drive-in theater that summer. Dad was so proud of that car. He didn't want anything to happen to it, but he apparently steeled himself when first Marolyn, and then myself, got our licenses just a few years later.

One of the conditions of my having the Plymouth for an evening was that he needed to know exactly where I was going and what time I'd be back. He'd even check the odometer afterwards! He'd always taught us to be clever, and I sure thought I was when I learned, apparently from someone else, that mileage wouldn't accrue when driving backwards. Oh, the joy.

Oh, the misery. I soon learned I didn't feel good when I "cheated." Even though I only did it for a few blocks, a few times, each time I got a terrible sick feeling in my stomach. This lesson was reinforced several times in the ensuing years, but it is a lesson that has served me well.

Bill Paup

Two things come to mind about good old CF High. First, one of the more important things a teacher can do is to

take an interest in individual students and then show some creativity in the interests of that student. When I needed out of a full-year course at semester time, Don Nutting created an Industrial Arts course just for me. This proved to be a very positive experience in the short term and had an impact on my teaching as well.

Second are the lessons learned the day in Senior Auto Mechanics when the whole class bugged out on Walt Haynes. Ron Moore and myself were setting the rod bearings on Dick Nelson's Chevy engine with Mr. Haynes's help. Our first clue of a problem was when Mr. Stanard came through the door. That was the first and last time that I ever witnessed a teacher actually getting shouted at by a principal. We thought at the time, and many times since, that there was a definite message there about classroom control.

Susie White Jorgensen

We had many good teachers
that were gentle and tame,
and a few that were not.
I won't call them by name.

But, one lesson learned
was to keep your mind open
and try staying sane.

Shirley Nielsen Lincoln

I don't remember if I ever took a class from Miss McDowell, but I sure do remember her. She was in charge of choosing the contestants for the speech contest held every year. I didn't find reading very easy. I hated to read aloud

for fear I would mispronounce words and sound stupid.

So why did I decide to try out for interpretive reading? I prepared my piece like one possessed, almost memorizing it. She chose me! She worked with me, giving me courage and praise for my delivery. I don't think I won any standing at the contest, but that didn't matter. I was hooked.

Naturally, as a teacher and a mother, reading aloud was a big part of my everyday life. I loved giving voice to characters in stories. I used readers theater as a tool in teaching both elementary and junior high school, as well as Sunday school and church. Adults and kids alike took part in the productions and loved it. The "ham" in me thrived. Fifty-five years later, I'm still reading aloud and participating in readers theater, giving voice to others' written words.

Thank you, Miss McDowell, for giving me courage to use my voice to bring literature and a few laughs to others.

Bonnie Juhl Tammen

I feel I learned an appreciation of music from Mr. Evenson and of art from Mr. Kitzman. The one I feel the strongest bout is Miss Marietta Abell, who taught PDL. I had always been interested in people and lifestyles, but her PDL class, the empty lifeboat theory, and the study of lifestyles instilled in me a strong interest in psychology and sociology. I was an RN, and my degree was in behavioral science. I still love people-watching and helping others.

David Skaggs

"Nothing ever comes to one, that is worth having, except as a result of hard work" is a quote from Booker T. Washington that was used by the faculty to describe me under my senior picture in the 1957 yearbook. Their perception of me was probably, at the time, based on the fact I always had a job when I was in high school. I worked at the Armory Lanes bowling alley on Washington Street. In the summer months I worked for Larsen Construction.

However, once I graduated and was out in the real world I realized it meant I should get busy and make something of myself, not only by working hard but also by working smart. That is why I joined the Air Force and was trained as an aircraft engine mechanic. This led to a lifetime job with Boeing Aerospace as a machinist. I had to attend a community college to take the math I should have taken in high school. Thanks to the faculty—and especially Don Nutting—for setting me on the right path to a secure career and financial security now that I am retired.

Kay Bramlette Gray

I began wondering how difficult it would be to put my lesson into words. I loved high school. It was a time of belonging to a group of students who were eager to learn. I was motivated to learn new ideas and study old ones.

Was the lesson about having outstanding teachers who taught me how to think for myself and to decipher all the information that the books offered me? Was that the special

lesson? *No*, that wasn't "it." Did my favorite lesson mean the skill I learned from my typing class? That's always been useful. *No*, that wasn't "it."

Maybe it was the times I was able to express myself participating in the band, or clubs that I belonged to, or other outside activities. *No*, that wasn't "it."

Could it have been the times when I'd walk down the hall with my boyfriend to my locker and went to dances and proms with him? *No*, that wasn't "it."

Well, maybe it was the potlucks before games, the student assemblies, the pep rallies, the slumber parties, or the sports games. *No*, that wasn't "it." What was it? What did I bring away or find of value by attending our high school?

For me the lesson has been the long-lasting and caring friendships that were made in high school. Through friendships I was given sound advice in good times and difficult times. Friends gave me the confidence and courage to face new challenges.

The friendships have lasted over the years. Now when we have reunions it's as though time hasn't passed. I enjoy being with my classmates immensely.

I especially remember my high school best friend, Judy Bertch. We were together every step of the way in school, and we remain dear friends. Our friendship and the things I learned while being friends with her, such as loyalty, honor and caring, have stayed with me all my life.

That is my lesson, the awesome gift of friendship.

Jackie Cox Reth

I am not sure that there was one particular thing that I learned while attending CFHS, but what comes to mind is a way of life. We were taught respect for our parents, teachers, and fellow students. Also we were taught to have a good work ethic as we went out in the world, so we could achieve our goals for our lives, whether we went to college to provide us with a career, went out into the work force, or whatever we wanted to do, we had the respect and ethics to help obtain these goals.

I believe we were very lucky to be teenagers and going to school in the '50's. We didn't have the drug problem there is today, we were between wars and conflicts so people could make a decent wage; we respected our peers and elders; and a lot of us were lucky enough to come home after school to find our mothers there to welcome us home, interested in our day. So I thank the teachers of CFHS and my parents for teaching me to respect others and to develop a work ethic. I hope I have instilled both in my daughter, who demonstrated them both as she served fifteen years in the Navy.

Lois Madsen Lueck

I've been having a hard time with this assignment, as I suspect a number of other people have too. I feel like I have grown so much after high school—but what had I learned up to that point?

Maybe one thing is

responsibility. I tended to procrastinate, and I certainly learned this is not a good idea. I don't have a specific example—just know that it was not unusual for me to be working on the larger assignments late into the night, the night before they were due. I know I would have done a better job by devoting more time—earlier. I think as time went on I did improve a bit, but there was still lots of room for improvement when I was facing college assignments. What can I say? Having to be reminded of this assignment several times, I still haven't conquered it completely!

John Roskam

I have one memory that did influence my work career. It's not actually academically related, but still I observed a situation that I thought was something that I would like to do as a job after high school. That was watching the telephone company guys installing the phones for the intercom for the auditorium that was being completed during our junior year. As I watched them doing their work, I thought that would be something I'd like to do after high school. Before I graduated, I went over to the telephone company and got my application in. I then bugged them about once a week asking them when there would be an opening for me. After the first couple of weeks they told me not to "bug" them anymore and they would call me when there was an opening. Finally, in July, they did call me, and I went to work August 5, 1957. Installing telephones was actually only a short part of my career. From there I eventually went into management. After working there almost 29 years, I was offered an early retirement in 1986. How could I refuse

a full retirement as age 47? I've never been sorry for that decision. And I still had four kids at home!

Judy Bertch Stayduhar

Somewhere along the way, a teacher in high school lectured to us about the importance of proofreading. I never gave it much thought, and I was never too serious about the idea. However, something inside of me kept telling me it was a good idea and that it was a good habit to acquire. Would you believe that even to this day I still proofread? When I taught first and second graders, I repeated the word day after day. I would write it in huge letters on the board, and I would tell the children they needed to proofread their work five or ten times. And today, when I am writing a letter or emailing, or writing a contract or simply writing a check or friendly note, I proofread my work. It has become a part of my life, thanks to my teacher in high school. I'm wishing you all well. Enjoy your time together and know that I will be there in spirit. And a HUGE thank-you to Terry for all his hard work.

Terry Ley

Being editor of *Junior Highlights* when we were in ninth grade and editor of *Tiger Hi-Line* when we were seniors taught me the importance of meeting deadlines. I relearned that lesson every week: I would post *Hi-Line* assignments on Mondays; write my own pieces before 3:00 p.m. on Thursdays; edit other pieces as they were submitted, but always before 3:00 on Thursdays when, with Mrs. Struyk, I oversaw the typing crew; and, at home on Thursdays, write headlines and design the page as it would appear in the *Daily Record*. If I failed to deliver the material to the *Record* office on Friday morning, no *Hi-Line* would appear that week. Because we didn't miss our deadlines, our page appeared every Tuesday afternoon for our classmates and the whole community to read. The lesson (and the habits) I learned through student publications have served me well throughout my life.



But there are advantages to being elected President. The day after I was elected, I had my high school grades classified Top Secret.

--Ronald Reagan

You Don't Say...

A Literary Matching Quiz

Frances Smith's *Tiger* staff must have had fun deciding which quotation to place under each senior's photograph in our yearbook. Do you remember yours? Better yet, can you match each of the following quotations with the senior whose photograph appeared above it? You can find the answer key on page 27.

- A. John Hill
- B. Jerry Martinson
- C. Mary Jo Kofron
- D. John Longnecker
- E. Bob Seeks
- F. Shirley Nielsen
- G. Lois Madsen
- H. Bud Gilson

- I. Arlyn Harberts
- J. Carl Clopton
- K. Judy Jensen
- L. David Skaggs
- M. Ralph Congdon
- N. Jerry Hayes

- 1. Happiness was made to be shared.
- 2. A soft answer turneth away wrath.
- 3. A quiet lad—but quite a lad!
- 4. Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.
- 5. Men of few words are the best men.
- 6. A good laugh is sunshine in a house.
- 7. Labor is the price which God sets upon everything worth having.
- 8. His smile dwells a little longer.
- 9. Endeavor ye to use all the big words possible. It makes a good impression.
- 10. Good humor is one of the best articles of dress one can wear in society.
- 11. Happiness lies first of all in health.
- 12. Youth comes but once in a lifetime.
- 13. The vocation of every man is to serve other people.
- 14. A sportsman's delight is in alertness and keenness.

You have brains in your head. You have feet in your shoes. You can steer yourself in any direction you choose. You're on your own. And you know what you know. You are the guy who'll decide where to go.

-- Dr. Seuss

Early Literary Gems from the Class of '57

Long before Mrs. Emma Jane Hobson taught members of the Class of '57 to diagram sentences in seventh grade (and love it), they were writing their own sentences for original stories and poems. These vintage pieces, recently unearthed in a dusty attic in Auburn, Alabama, were written by classmates when they were in second grade at Manual Arts School.

- "Cinders" by Shirley Nielsen – My pet is a cat. Her name is Cinders. She can push the door open with her paw.
- "My Pet" by Judy Jensen – I have a pet dog. His name is Duke. He is black and white with brown ears. When the baby sits on the floor Duke jumps over her.
- "Toys" by Harry Wheat – One day George and I played our toy animals were people. The dog could sit up on his hind legs. We placed a Bible in his front paws. We played he was reading to the people.
- "Rose Mary" by Marcene Ruby – I bought a doll with my own money. It is made of rubber. Her name is Rose Mary. She is so cuddly and soft my baby brother likes to play with her.
- "The New Bicycle" by Donald Hansen – I got a bike for Christmas. A string was tied to the tag. I had to follow the string until I found my bicycle. I rode my bike right away.
- "My Doll" by Dee Ann Schafer – I have a little dolly. Her name is Sandy because her hair is sandy. I like to dress Sandy in long dresses.
- "My New Pet" by Terry Ley – We are going to move into a new house. When we move Daddy is going to get me a dog. It is going to be a bulldog.

Some were poets, too.

- "Little Elf" by Lois Madsen – Little Elf! Little Elf! / You better duck under. / It's going to rain. / Little Elf! Little Elf! / Come out, the sun is shining.
- "Pecky" by Shirley Nielsen – Pecky came to me on Easter Day. / I would feed her whenever I went to play. / I fed it and watered it and watched it grow. / And soon it laid eggs right by my toe.
- "Little Jenny Wren" by Gwen Gersema – Spring is very near. / Jenny Wren will soon be here. / We'll hang up her house of blue / So she'll sing a song to you.

Tiger Personality Pop Quiz

We are fortunate to have had some colorful characters in our class, folks who have distinguished themselves in unusual ways. Can you remember (or guess) which of the following personalities performed the unusual feats listed below? In case you're uncertain about whether you have the right answers, you can find them on page 27.

- A. Don Hickey
- B. Marcia Robinson
- C. Jackie Oelberg
- D. John Hill
- E. Jay Armstrong
- F. Milferd Kelley
- G. Bill Paup
- H. Dennis Nichols
- I. Bert Lamb
- J. Bob Heddens
- K. Dee Ann Schafer
- L. John Longnecker

1. Who recited "The Gettysburg Address" in Mr. Lindsey's eighth-grade history class with his fly unzipped?
2. Who took off his warm-up pants to enter a basketball game but had forgotten to put on his shorts?
3. What transfer student met her future husband in the CFHS office the day she registered?
4. Who, on her first date with Bob Heddens, convinced him to let her drive his father's car, then ran over a stop sign and into the ditch?
5. Who played the accordion in the Senior Show combo?
6. Who worked part-time at a funeral home after retirement?
7. Who discovered that his fly was down throughout the class period when he "substitute taught" Algebra 2 for Miss Rait?
8. Who did a humorous reading of Elvis' "All Shook Up" for the Senior Show?
9. Who remembers Mr. Pries dragging him in his chair all the way from the typing room to Mr. Stanard's office?
10. Whose children, when they were in junior high, were impressed that (thanks to Emma Jane Hobson) their father was "one of the premier sentence diagrammers of the Western World"?
11. Who liked CFHS so well that he returned to teach there for 32 years?
12. Who has visited Alaska more than twenty times?

Score: _____ / 12

Chuckles, Snickers, and Howls

Fortunately, if our classmates' responses to our reunion survey in 2012 are any indication, we have plenty to smile about when we remember our lives at CFHS. Kay Bramblette submitted the longest catalog of those good times: "proms, dances, study halls, walking or driving to school, dating, Baker's ice cream shop, learning tap dance steps for shows, potlucks before games, dances after games, sleepovers, driving in bad weather, homework, very cold winters, walking to my locker with friends, the teachers who were nice, the class subjects that were fun, gym classes, lunches at the Maid-Rite...."

Other classmates recalled specific high school events that still make them chuckle:

- Bill Clark: Cruising the strip and Main Street—and Teen Time dances
- Dennis Corwin: The time when John Longnecker put on Groucho Marx glasses, nose, and mustache in an English class
- Jerry Custer: The time someone put an alarm clock in Miss Lamme's desk drawer—and how she thought it was a fire alarm when she awoke from her snooze and evacuated the classroom, thinking it was a fire drill
- Bert Lamb: The time when Harry and George Wheat hid several alarm clocks in the typing classroom, setting them to go off during class ("The Wheat boys drove Mr. Pries nuts!")
- Sharon Hoffer: Fooling teachers and many students by exchanging classes with Sandra from time to time
- Sharon Glassel: Hiding out at the track while the gym class ran their laps, joining the group for only the last lap
- Milferd Kelley: Cruising in John Longnecker's light green '49 Chevy
- John Bertlshofer and Faye Blankinship: Being asked to say something (anything!) right after they transferred to CFHS, so that curious listeners could hear their Southern accents
- Marcia Robinson: The time when Dee Ann Schafer told the Government substitute teacher that her name was Priscilla Pimple
- David Skaggs: Getting caught for drag racing in his '49 Olds in front of the school after school was out
- Lanny Robbins: The time when Mr. Babcock startled a dozing geometry student by dropping a stack of books on the floor near the student's desk
- Cheryl Palmer: Stealing Bismarck rolls from Harry Wheat's locker for a breakfast feast
- Don Beisner: The time several classmates disconnected the drive shaft on Mr. Evenson's car when it was parked near Miss Devereux's home late one night
- Addison Bergfalk and Roger Trueg: The time Roger fell through a stairway ceiling while Mr. Stanard was posted nearby

- Dennis Nichols: Arlyn Harberts “finally rolling his pickup over in front of the school”
- Dick Nelson: The time he was “messing around” in study hall and Mrs. Ash threw Bert Lamb out
- Wayne Madsen: The time someone threw a torpedo against the front wall of the study hall when Norm Jespersen was proctor
- Shirley Nielsen: Wearing sheets as togas in Latin class
- Lois Madsen: The terrible ballet assembly (“The dancing was terrible, and at the conclusion, Bert got up and thanked them ‘for a most interesting performance.’ We went on to Mrs. Struyk’s Senior English class after that, falling all over our chairs laughing at the performance and Bert’s masterful handling of the thank-you at the end.”)
- Carl Clopton: Hating to make a class presentation while he was in school, then becoming a teacher a few years later
- Terry Ley: The time when Jim Gray stuck John Longnecker in the derriere with his compass during Mrs. Fry’s ninth grade algebra class (“Jim drew blood and a cry of anguish from John, but I don’t believe Mrs. Fry ever knew what happened.”)
- Dee Ann Schafer: “My first and only date with Bob Heddens when I convinced him to let me drive his father’s car. I ran over a stop sign and into the ditch. Good-bye, Bob!”



You may not always have a comfortable life and you will not always be able to solve all of the world's problems at once, but don't ever underestimate the importance you can have because history has shown us that courage can be contagious, and hope can take on a life of its own.

-- Michelle Obama

Consumers and Dispensers of Wisdom

If we become wiser with age, we are surely nearing perfection, aren't we? Everyone younger than we are should be lining up seeking our advice. How long is your line?

When we were young, our elders shaped our thinking. According to classmates who responded to our reunion survey before our last reunion, mothers and fathers were especially prominent sources of "the best advice anyone has ever given you," but so were our teachers and coaches. And, according to those classmates' responses, our elders gave us sound advice: Be yourself. Live in the present, but plan for the future. Save your money. Treat others as you want to be treated. Do the best job you know how to do. Keep your word.

On the other hand, some of our classmates cited fail-safe advice that was off the beaten track:

- Gene Larsen: (from his father) There's no such word as *can't*.
- Dee Ann Schafer Christensen: With attachment comes sorrow.
- Roger Trueg: If you want to kill time, work it to death.
- Barbara Nutting Locke: Follow your banker wherever he goes.
- Carl Highgenboten: When the incoming starts, get your butt as close to mother earth as possible.
- Paul Steele: (from *Des Moines Register* columnist Harlan Miller) There is no solution; seek it lovingly.
- Bert Lamb: (from a tennis pro) Get to the ball; bend your knees.
- John Bertlshofer: Make yourself known, but have the facts before you do.
- Gwen Gersema Hayes: (from Mr. Hofstad) Stand straight and be proud of being tall.
- John Hill: (from Mr. Babcock) Quit complaining and accept responsibility.
- Jackie Oelberg Schaab: Don't suck your thumb in public.
- Bill Paup: Don't pick your nose in the dark.

If we didn't listen to good advice then or didn't heed it, we learned from experience. Asked what life-lessons they would like to share with high school students today, many classmates focused on making the most of education: Study hard. Do your homework. Respect and listen to your teachers. You know the line. How many people told you those things when you were a student? And did you heed that advice? Would you heed it now if you were to re-enroll at CFHS today?

Some unique responses from classmates pertain directly to school and formal education; others express broader life-lessons:

- Bonnie Juhl Tammen: We are all capable of doing things we never dreamed we could do.
- Bert Lamb: Be tolerant of flaws in others.
- Marlene Gerdes Bopp: Choices have consequences. Sometimes mother really does know best.
- Shirley Nielsen Lincoln: Find a career that both makes you happy and serves society.
- Dee Ann Schafer Christensen: Be in charge of your own intellectual growth.
- David Skaggs: Take all the math you can!
- Alan Clay: Listen more; talk less.
- Don Hansen: Good students from CFHS can compete with students from Harvard, Yale, or Stanford.
- Terry Ley: Whatever is worthwhile requires risk-taking.
- Paul Steele: Be a vacuum cleaner for knowledge. Don't specialize too soon.
- Jim Williamson: Learn everything you can; it's the only thing they can't tax.
- Kay Bramblette Gray: Mom told me to take typing, and she was right!

Tiger Personality Pop Quiz – Answer Key

- | | | |
|------|------|-------|
| 1. E | 5. A | 9. H |
| 2. J | 6. F | 10. D |
| 3. B | 7. L | 11. G |
| 4. K | 8. I | 12. C |

You Don't Say – Answer Key

- | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|
| A. 10 | F. 6 | K. 11 |
| B. 8 | G. 2 | L. 7 |
| C. 1 | H. 4 | M. 13 |
| D. 9 | I. 12 | N. 3 |
| E. 14 | J. 5 | |

True terror is to wake up one morning and discover that your high school class is running the country.

--Kurt Vonnegut

Disc Is It!

**Presented by the Class of 1957
Mrs. Peter Struyk, Faculty Director
Terry Ley, Student Director**

**Cedar Falls High School Auditorium
Friday, May 24, 1957**

*Setting: Soda Shop '57, a gathering place for teenagers
Time: The Present*

Soda Jerk: Ralph Congdon

THE OPENING: "Heart of My Heart" – Swing Band, Swing Chorus, and Tap Line

BOP LINE: "Rock-A-Billy" – The Boppers

VOCAL DUET: "Mutual Admiration Society" – Susie White and Jerry Davis

HUMOROUS READING: Elvis Presley's "All Shook Up" – Bert Lamb

DANCE: "The Charleston"

GIRL'S SEXTET: "Mood Indigo" – Shirley Nielsen, Billie Jean Johnstone, Pat Maulthauf, Shirley Maulthauf, Faye Blankinship, and Beverly Smith

VOCAL SOLO: "Why Do I Love You?" – Nancy Wilson

CALYPSO DANCE: "Plymouth Rock"

PIANO SOLO: "To Love Again" – Mary Jo Kofron

LO-HI'S: "Dry Bones" – Arman Gowen, John Longnecker, John Bertlshofer, John Roskam, Mark Nelson, Marvin Asfahl, Jerry Davis, and Lanny Robbins

TOE DANCE AND MODERN DANCE: "Ebbtide" – Judy Bertch (toe) and Sue Rosenberger, Gwen Gersema, Sandra Straight, and Kay Bramblette

HUMOROUS MONOLOGUE: "Treasurer's Report" – John Longnecker

SQUARE DANCE: "Little Red Caboose"

VOCAL DUET WITH GUITAR: "Chime Bells" – Pat and Shirley Maulthauf (duet) and Edna Fink (guitar)

VOCAL SOLO: "The Birth of the Blues" – Arman Gowen

DUO-DANCERS: "Man With the Golden Arm" – Mari Carnal and Terry Ley

BEAUTY SHOP SEXTET: "I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair"

HUMOROUS MONOLOGUE: "The Waltz" – Mary Lou Petersen

CANE AND HAT DANCE: "Three's a Crowd" – Sandra and Sharon Hoffer

VOCAL SOLO: "Fraidy Cat" – Marcia Robinson

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: "My Blue Heaven," "Blue Moon," and "Mambo Jambo" – Milferd Kelley, Dennis Corwin, Don Hickey, Ralph Congdon, Jay Armstrong, Don Hansen, and Dick Nelson

FINALE: "Bunny Hop" and "Moments to Remember" – The Class of 1957



What lies behind us, and what lies before us are small matters compared to what lies within us.

-- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Shirts for Seniors

Buy That Shirt!

If you're like us, you receive lots more catalogues in the mail than you need. We throw most of them away without examining them, but I always spend some time with the *Signals* catalog ("Gifts That Inform, Enlighten, and Entertain"), partly because it supports public television and partly because it often entertains. We chuckle as we read the fronts of sweatshirts and T-shirts that they sell. For less than \$30 you can be wearing a shirt bearing any of these sayings by next week. What size shall we order for you? – Terry Ley

*The Hokey Pokey Clinic:
A Place to Turn Yourself Around*

Phew! I made it to old age.



*Irony.
The opposite of wrinkly.*

*Old ages comes at an
inconvenient time!*

*I love gardening.
It helps when you need
to hide the bodies.*

*A little gray hair is
a small price to pay
for this much wisdom!*

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be!

Directory

Class of 1957 Cedar Falls High School Cedar Falls, Iowa

Revised August 22, 2017

Contact Regarding Directory Revision: Terry Ley (leyterr@charter.net)

Classmates provided the following information by completing contact information forms and our most recent reunion survey. For those who completed the survey, we have included the names of their spouses and, in parentheses, the number of children, followed by the number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. We have used plus signs (+) to indicate stepchildren and step-grandchildren. Finally, we have included the "primary occupation" for those who submitted surveys. Unfortunately, we have listed only the names of classmates for whom we have no contact information.

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In Memoriam...

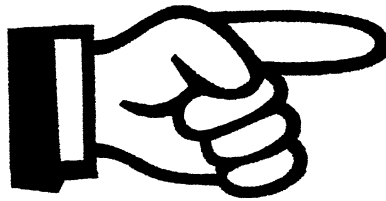
*"Every blade in the field—every leaf in the forest—lays down
its life in its season as beautifully as it was taken up."*

--Henry David Thoreau

Don Beisner
Addison Bergfalk
Virginia Blum
Robert Bolin
Kenneth Brandhorst
Burdette Burrington
Carol Carlson
Mary Willa Carnal
Jim Cawelti
Ron Chandler
Carol Corwin
Jerry Custer
Jack DeBlauwe
Dick Dutcher
Edna Fink
Roger Fiscus
Bradner Gilson
Sharon Glassel
Arman Gowen
Larry Graham
Jim Gray
Mary Griffith
Margaret Hambly

Karen Hansen
Paul Hansen
Marilyn Jordan
Mary Jo Kofron
Barry Krieger
Earl Lindholm
Fred Manley
Jim McMullen
Shirley Maulthauf
Richard (Bagg) Mitchell
Mark Nelson
Barbara Nutting
Colleen Oestereich
Donna Price
Patricia Sands
Howard Schuler
Bob Seeks
Jim Shook
Clyde (Rusty) Smith
Pat Steffensmeier
Ralph Ulrich
George Wheat

**CFHS Class of 1957
65-Year Reunion!**



2022

