



MHS CLASS OF 1958

Newsletter



Volume 5 February, 2012 Number 1

Letters

Dear Norma,

Thank you so much for remembering me with the newsletters, I love them. I was so excited when I got a letter from Phyllis Rankin Hann that I cried.

I wish I could have made the 50th reunion, but it just wasn't possible.

My husband passed away in Feb. 2008 and it's been hard since then. My daughter and 2 grandsons, Christopher (28) and Shannon(21) live in Chicago. It's about 80 miles from me. They both work and go to school so I don't get to see them as often as I want. My daughter has a German restaurant, so she is very busy all the time

I would love to hear from anyone who wants to write.

Carolyn Burnworth Daves
12716 North 100 East
Wheatfield, Indiana 46392

Dear Norma,

I just received the Oct. 14th Monongahela High School newsletter and wanted to thank you for remembering my sister, Trudy.

Just to update you, I am retired as of the end of last year after spending 42 years in the fluid power business.

Currently I am keeping busy with our 7 rental properties here on the Indianapolis north side. My wife, Cathy and I are generally in pretty good health (knock on wood,) and are planning on spending a couple months this winter in Sarasota.

We have three grandchildren (our middle son, Scott) Jessica 13, going on 23; Samantha, 10; and Coulson, 7. They live in Hilton Head, S.C., so we don't get to see them as often as we would like. Our other 2 sons, Corey and Chris are here in Indianapolis area and have never married and it does not appear as though we will be getting any more grand-kids unless one of them decides to "rob the cradle."

I enjoy being kept up to date with our old classmates.

Carlton Geltz

Hi Classmates,

Update: I have a 2nd job and spend most of my evenings working on a writer's manuscript or taking Lamziegirl to the dog park.

I think a fabulous job was done on the website and I really like how each person has their own bailiwick and who we should contact. The site certainly reflects a lot of thinking, planning and hard work. You are all so enthusiastic and out there trying to get all of us to participate and you have a lot of good ideas as well! You must be very proud! And I say thank you to the MHS Class of 58 A-Team!

I'll trade you these 90 degree temps for some of your heavy snow and sub zero temps!

I got my MHS calendar! It is great! What a wonderful job you folks did! Mem-o-ries!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thank you!

My best to all.

Rosemary Bindi Sanderson

Ed. note - more about the calendars on page 2.

Dear Norma,

My husband, Harry, died on Oct. 12, 2011. We had been together for 26 years (married for 23) and most of them were very good, with lots of love, laughter and some good friends. The really hard part for me is Betty Ferrari died in May and she and Harry were my best friends.

I have never lived alone and miss having someone to talk to, so being able to read and send e-mails helps pass the time and feel like I have contact with the outside world.

Thank you for keeping in touch.

Barbara Williams Jackson

Newsletter staff,

Wow, a fantastic newsletter. You sure outdid yourself. My daughter-in-law read it and commented how great it was. I told her we had a fantastic committee and great classmates. Thanks again.

Linda Gayhart Heimbuecher

Condolences

Our most sincere sympathy goes out to Barbara Williams Jackson, on the death of her husband, Harry, on Oct 12, 2011.

William A. Spohn

The Daily News of Newburyport Mon Oct 03, 2011

NEWBURYPORT — William A. Spohn, 71, of Ring's Island, Salisbury, died Wednesday, Sept. 28, 2011 at Brigham Manor after a long illness.

Bill was born in Pittsburgh, attended local schools and graduated from Waynesburg University. After serving in the U.S. Army, he received his Master's degree from Carnegie Mellon and his Doctorate from the University of Connecticut. A life-long educator and mentor, Bill taught high school history in Pittsburgh, served as high school principal in South Windsor, Conn., was assistant superintendent in Salem, N.H. and superintendent of Rockport Public Schools. He completed his career as a professor in the Education and Interdisciplinary Studies Depts. at Salem State University.

He is survived by his wife, Eleanor Bailey of Ring's Island; children and step-children, Diana Spohn of Bronxville, N.Y., Christopher Spohn of Waterford, Conn., Steven Bailey and Jill Witt of Brethren, Mich., Timothy and Michelle Bailey of Bainbridge Island, Wash., and Diana Bailey of Amesbury and his grandchildren, Evan and Quentin Spohn, and Kip, Madeleine, Tristan and Jocelyn Bailey.

MHS Calendar

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Get your 2012 calendars here! We have ten 2012 calendars left. These are wall calendars, with a photo of the old high school on the front and each month has a picture of one of our past reunions.

Each donation to our reunion fund over \$15.00 will secure you a calendar. As soon as Judy gets your donation, she will send out your calendar.

Send your money to:

Judy Leach

504 Jackson St

Monongahela, Pa 15063

DON'T FORGET TO VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT:

www.mhs1958.org

There are messages there from some classmates!

Another Letter

Dear Norms,

On Friday October 14th my 7th great grandchild was born. Carter Edward Fincik - 7lbs 9ozs, 18 1/2 inches. That makes 7 grand kids and 7 great grandkids. What a joy but bankroll breaker....To top it off most of them have birthdays within 2 months of Christmas.

I have a granddaughter that just got out of the air force and is working in Pittsburgh as an assistant in surgery, and one that is working in a lawyers office. She got her masters last year. Two are mom's and three are still in school. Then there are all the little ones, When I go to Pa that is who I spend the most time with.

I have to admit I enjoy my Red Hatting. I just came from Ga. and in February we are going on a cruise.

I enjoy reading about all my MHS friends and it seems I am closer to most than when I was in school...I think I was too quiet then. Boy has that changed. Keep up all the good work. Christine Skinkis McNees

John and Patty Allen -Proud Grandparents

Two of John Allen's grandsons are following his footsteps, or, if you prefer, his flight path. John says the sons of his daughter Robin Kennedy and her husband Chris Kennedy, who is himself a Navy captain, have their eyes on the skies. Kevin, the oldest, was graduated from Penn State in May with a major in aero engineering. He was on a Navy ROTC scholarship and was commissioned as a Naval ensign by his father, next to John's Blue Angel static display airplane that is located just outside the Naval Air Station Oceana at Virginia Beach, Va. John was the commander at Oceana during his last tour in the Navy. John and Kevin's Grandfather, Captain Joe Kennedy USN Ret, pinned on Kevin's bars at the ceremony. Kevin then went to Pensacola, Fla., for Navy flight training. He is in Corpus Christi, Texas, flying a T-34 and he hopes to solo soon. Grandson number two, Hunter, was graduated from Old Dominion University in December with a degree in mechanical engineering technology. He was on a Marine scholarship and was commissioned a Marine Corps second lieutenant. Like his brother, Hunter was commissioned by his father next to John's airplane at Oceana. Robin and Hunter's girlfriend pinned on his bars. Hunter reports to Basic School in March 2012. When he completes the courses at Quantico he will attend flight training school starting September of 2012.

Needless to say, Patty and John are extremely proud of these young men. "They are certainly great young Americans," John says.

Stuff you didn't know you didn't know!

submitted by Beatrice Christina Bradford

Men can read smaller print than women can; women can hear better.

Coca-Cola was originally green.

It is impossible to lick your elbow.

The State with the highest percentage of people who walk to work: Alaska.

The percentage of Africa that is wilderness: 28%.

The percentage of North America that is wilderness: 38%.

The cost of raising a medium-size dog to the age of eleven: \$16,400.

The average number of people airborne over the U.S. in any given hour: 61,000.

Intelligent people have more zinc and copper in their hair..

The first novel ever written on a typewriter: Tom Sawyer.

The San Francisco Cable cars are the only mobile National Monuments.

Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history.

Spades - King David

Hearts - Charlemagne

Clubs - Alexander the Great

Diamonds - Julius Caesar

$111,111,111 \times 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987, 654,321$

If a statue in the park of a person on a horse has both front legs in the air, the person died in battle. If the horse has one front leg in the air, the person died because of wounds received in battle. If the horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes

Only two people signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4, John Hancock and Charles Thomson. Most of the rest signed on August 2, but the last signature wasn't added until 5 years later.

Half of all Americans live within 50 miles of their birthplace.

Most boat owners name their boats. The most popular name requested is Obsession

Bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers and laser printers were invented by women.

The only food that doesn't spoil is Honey .

The day are there more collect calls than any other day of the year is Father's Day

" Blessed are they who can laugh at themselves, for they shall never cease to be amused!" (Unknown Author)

Congratulations

Elaine and John Gerboc celebrated 50 years Oct 28, 2011.

Dear Classmate,

First of all, I want to thank all Classmates for being the generous individuals that you are. You have never failed to help the committee in support of our projects.

As you know, Dennis had our photos and announcements on a limited Photo Site. We have moved to the next level with a full Website named **mhs1958.org**. This he started on Oct 1, 2011 as promised at the recent party.

Would you be willing to help maintain our site with a monetary donation? There are certain ongoing fees and costs associated with maintaining a website.

A few are listed below.

. Purchase names (domains)

. Server data space fees

. Monthly Hosting fees (Ours is GoDaddy)

The money that you donate will be earmarked to keep the site up and running and will not be used to send the **Committee to Cancun** this winter.

I hope I can count on your support for this endeavor.

If you decide to donate, mark your check "**Website Donation**" and send it to Judy as usual. Judy Leach
504 Jackson St Monongahela, Pa 15063.

Thank you. Thelma Wilson Lutes

ELDERLY SEX

One night, an 87 year-old woman came home from bingo and found her 92 year-old husband in bed with another woman. She became violent and ended up pushing him off the balcony of their 20th floor, assisted-living apartment, killing him instantly.

Brought before the court on the charge of murder. The judge asked her if she had anything to say in her defense.

She began coolly, 'Yes, your honor. I figured that at 92, if he could have sex...he could also fly.'

Address changes

Dorothy Welch dbwel777@gmail.com

Don Pender donaldpender@yahoo.com

Jane McNamee Lengyel JLengyel2@cfl.rr.com

Ron Fedorchak 7308 Moon Rock Road, Austin, TX 78739 (we assume Ron's email address did not change)

Carolyn Burnworth Daves rhodad @ embarqmail .com

Carlton Geltz carlgeltz@aol.com

Barbara Williams Jackson jackson0235@sbcglobal.net

Things I would have Changed

We recently had a suggestion, from Rose Campbell Kukovich. She thought it would be interesting to list things we might have changed in our lives. Following are some of those responses.

I'm happy with what I did in the past, for the most part, says Judy Martin Leach. Choices were made, things happened (good and not so good), but that makes you the person you are today. One thing comes to mind when it comes to life changing decisions, I wish I would have stayed in closer touch with my classmates. It's always great catching up on the past at the reunions, but maybe if I had stayed in better touch with my friends, I wouldn't have to play catch up. I possibly could have been part of the events. Oh well, I'm not one to spend time having regrets, I am a "glass is half full" type of gal, so I look for the bright spots. Things happen for a reason, you just have to look for the reason. Becoming a Marie Currie or Eleanor Roosevelt probably wouldn't have suited me. I just contributed to the next generation and prayed for the best. All in all, I feel our class is right up there with the best.

I think one of my biggest regrets was marrying and then divorcing my ex, says Linda Gayhart Heimbuecher. But then I think back to the people in my life and realize they wouldn't be there for me to love and care about, so it was meant to be. I do regret that I didn't go to college. The teachers all told me I had a high IQ, but I didn't apply myself. All I wanted at that time was to be a good wife and mother. Immature thinking, but it was what I wanted. I loved being a wife and mother.

Mo Bindi Sanderson says her hubby, Al, a WW II vet, says she should have been a general because she is always barking orders. HmMMMMMMMMMMMM!

Perhaps I should have enlisted in the military, but then, as I always tell him, I don't think I could take orders from someone. I'd have to start at the top. Then Al says that isn't exactly how the military works. So, on second thought, maybe I should have gone to college and become a veterinarian. I love animals and would really enjoy healing God's little creatures.

When it comes life-changing decisions, Phyllis Rankin Hann says it would be for better health care. On a list of things she wouldn't change, Phyllis says my boyfriend my soulmate; my friends, the best for life; my kids, awesome; my grandchildren, amazing; my house and neighborhood, good choices; my career, it taught me a lot, and high school, the best ever.

I have to say the only thing I would have done differently is to have the insight to take better care of my body inside and out. There would be no more wait until after the holidays or next week or tomorrow. It's too sad that the one thing in life I would change has no do-overs. Now it's too late for that adage people always say, "It's never too late to start." Yes it is. For me it is.

"What I Would Have Done Differently Over the Past 50 Years."

After thinking about this for awhile, Dennis Yerkey reduced it down to 8 words:

Less stuff, more friends.

More friends, more fun.

Editor's Note: *These are fewest words Dennis has ever used in his life!

I don't think I would want to do anything different, says Joann Adametz Heckman. I would probably make the same mistakes, being that I didn't know that they were mistakes when I made them. Life has been good for me. My children have turned out to be pretty good, and they have served their country, and are protecting their county and city residents. Their father served the country, and made our town beautiful with flowers and trees. What more could I have asked for? Money was the least we had, but we had family and friends and this was the best you could ask for. I was a mother. I was a wife. I was alive and healthy.

Did You Know?

We promised to tell you the stories behind these headlines in the last newsletter.

Rats! Hubby No Help

Christine Skinkis McNees is an avid dog lover and has three very spoiled dogs. They are all rescue dogs, One is a shepherd mix of medium size, one is a Jack-a-bee, which is a Jack Russell and beagle mix and of course, says Chris, we had to get a full Jack Russell. Christine doesn't recommend the Jack Russell if you like peace and quiet. The Jack-a-bee is very loving and smart and definitely the ring leader. The shepherd mix and largest dog is afraid of everything but definitely the best behaved.

.Christine says we have a dog door installed so they can come in and out at their choosing. That sounds like a great thing, right? Well, my dogs are great hunters and catch quite a bit of things, such as snakes, rats, squirrels, and even a opossum.

One morning, I got up and headed to the kitchen to get a wake up cup of coffee and almost stepped on a DEAD RAT. It seems one of my wonderful dogs thought it would be a great idea to bring their "treasure" into the house to show me. I really did not want to scold them as I think they intended it as a gift, but I think I should have as the "gift" was repeated about two weeks later. I now no longer walk to my morning coffee without closely checking out the room first. By the way my husband petted and praised them for the "gift." I, of course, yelled at hubby for encouraging the dogs to do it again.

Robert Roule Breaks Bread and Eggs With the PLO

Several years ago I was a member of the United Nations Association of the United States and each fall I would head to New York for the opening of the new General Assembly. There would be a short business meeting, a program, a lot of time for gabbing.

On one trip I had lunch with Ted Sorensen and his wife Gillian, who at that time was a liaison between New York City and the United Nations. A lot of third-world countries would send delegates and staff to New York, but wouldn't provide them with money to live on. Gillian would see that those stranded delegates and staff got housing, food stamps and whatever else they might need -- all at the courtesy of U.S. taxpayers. Upon learning this, I had a vision of some very forward-thinking third-world delegate to the San Francisco conference that created the United Nations pushing to have the headquarters in New York rather than some neutral place like Ouagadougou, Burkina Faso. You know, he must have thought, go with the dough.

It was through my membership that I was chosen as a delegate to the United Nations Barbados Conference on Palestine. Those bureaucrats that put the conference together, decided to hold it in February. Bridgetown is tee-shirt and shorts weather in February whereas New York is -- well -- frigid.

On the first day of the session, Zehd Terzi, then the Palestine Liberation Organization's Permanent Observer to the United Nations, and I had a loud discussion over Terzi's statement that Jews ran the American press and they dictated a Jewish bias to Mideast news. As I recall, neither one of us was very diplomatic and neither one accepted the other's point of view.

That night, Terzi and I met for dinner and over coffee and cocktails we talked about families and not one word about the Mideast. It turns out that Terzi, like me, enjoys puttering around in the kitchen and on Saturday mornings he would make omelets for the family, using what was available in the fridge. Now that's a familiar story.

I had a friend in Bristol, Tennessee, who also was into making omelets. One of his creations was a peanut butter omelet. It turned out to be a real pan-sticker and his tale of woe saved me from making the same mistake a few years later. I didn't tell Terzi about my omelet disaster -- a noodle omelet. When one is scrounging for a filling in a fairly bare refrigerator, one can't be too choosy, but forget the noodles and for goodness sake keep the lid on the peanut butter jar. Omelets aside, nothing was decided at the week-long affair, which is par for most conferences. Terzi did say he would try to get me a one-on-one session with Yasser Arafat, but that never materialized.

Aside from being a footnote in the history of the United Nations, I did arrive back in Durham sporting a nice tan and some Barbadian dollars. I've saved them for my next trip to Bridgetown. And you can bet it'll be in February.

Did you Know?

Joann Adametz Heckman Needs a Man to Rev up her Motor

After Hurricane Irene, and waiting 2 days for my son to bring his generator over, and finding out my two other sons were using it, I went and bought a generator. I am not strong enough to get it started. Now I need to find myself a man who can get it started. Don't want a man just want one to start generator, also would be nice to have one to clean the mess up after the storm.

Judy Leach Trips - Sees Tummy Turn Purple

On a long-ago vacation Bill and I visited North Carolina Outer Banks with my brother's family. Our two older boys didn't go, but our three younger children, along with my brother's four girls, made a party of eleven. We rented a BIG house about a block from the ocean and settled in to have a good time. We had all vacationed here before and liked the laid-back atmosphere. You could do nothing or find all sorts of activities.

We usually had breakfast, then got ready for a few hours at the ocean. We always walked, carrying our "stuff" as it gave our food time to do whatever food does after you eat it. There were wooden walkways between some of the oceanfront houses to give access to the sandy beach.

On one particular trip (pun intended), we were walking single file when my sister-in-law stubbed her toe on a raised plank and turned around to tell us to watch our step. Too late! I hit that plank and pitched right over the side and fell about 6 or 7 feet to the grassy sand below. I was carrying my beach stuff along with a fold-up chaise. I landed on top of the chair with an "oomph" and just lay there, the breath knocked out of me. Of course, the usual happened, the rest of the group laughed their butts off. They could see I was unhurt and climbed over the side to help me. Someone said if had fallen from any higher up, I would have had time to open up the chair and cushioned my landing. That was funny, but I was not laughing. After brushing the sand off and finding nothing broken (me or the chair), we continued to the beach. We set up our chairs and umbrella and got down to having a day of fun in the sun. About a half hour later, while I was lounging in my chair, reading a book, one of the kids noticed a bruise on my leg. Well, let me tell you, not only was my leg turning black and blue, bruises were popping out all over my body. I was turning a kaleidoscope of lovely colors. Arms, legs, chest and tummy were just blooming. (Discovered the tummy bruises later in the shower.) We still joke about that when we get together and talk about our vacations.

Phyllis Rankin Hann, Smokin' Hot, Moons her Doctor

This happened to me in the early eighties when at last I had finally lost my baby fat and I looked good . By baby fat I mean the fat gained while pregnant with my 3 babies. Only took 21 years to accomplish the feat, too. And these were the years that I was smoking and you still could smoke anywhere you went. So this day I had an appointment with my gynecologist for a routine checkup. While waiting in the waiting room, long past my appointed time, which seems to be the norm, I lit up a cigarette just like most of the other women did and took 2 puffs when the nurse came out and called my name. Well not wanting to waste a practically whole cigarette, I snuffed it out and stuck it back into the pack. The nurse weighed me and commented that I had really lost a lot of weight and then told me to remove all of my clothes, don the beautiful paper gown and then she would return to take my vitals before the doctor came in. After the nurse did all her stuff, I lay there on that cold table with my, and again I say, my beautiful paper gown and my socks too to keep my feet warm, when I started to smell smoke. Oh my God!!! I look over across the room to where I laid my purse on a chair and smoke is streaming out of it. So where there is smoke they say, there is fire, right? So I am picturing the next event to be rip roaring flames. I jump off of the table, trying to hold "the gown" closed with the blood pressure cuff hanging off my arm and make it to the sink where I hurriedly fill a paper cup with water. Cup in hand, holding my gown closed and the cuff dragging to my side I try to make it to the smoking purse. Got close enough to do a throw into the purse and the smoke stops. As I turn to get back to the table, the door opens and there is my doctor. with the strangest look on his face. I suppose because there in front of him is a naked woman in an open stride in the middle of the room. (He later told me I did look good). He says, "What are you doing, Mrs. Hann"? And I said very calmly, "Oh I had some questions written down for you and I left them in my purse." He replied, "Lets get your exam over and then you can get out the questions that you have for me". The whole time he did his thing I was trying to keep an eye on my purse to see if it was going to erupt again. I lucked out. No more smoke or fire. All done, the doctor says, "Now do you want to get your list of questions for me?" I replied, "You know what? You have already answered everything I was going to ask." I could not wait to get out of that place and get to my car. There I opened my purse and wondered if I could turn it into home owners insurance for all the damage done. Just kidding you guys. I had water damage and a small fire was evident at some point of the fiasco. But as they say, "It all turned out well in the end." The doctor's. office was secure and I was not arrested as an arsonist. And through it all, I really looked great!!!

More “Did You Know?”

Dancing Queen? No - Quilting Queen

When it comes to the quilting hobby, Priscilla Davis Webb says she’s a member of the needle and thread royalty. “I have a lot of quilts started,” says Priscilla, “so I bought myself a T-shirt that proclaims me to be the ‘Queen of Unfinished Quilts.’”

Griffith Jones Walks on Water

Griffith Jones and Phillip Seighman told Norma Haywood and Robert Roule a hilarious story involving a paddle boat, a raft, a ski slope and a sudden need for a tree. When Norma and Bob tried to get this tale on paper for the newsletter, they concluded that this is a story better told than read. They just could not do it justice. Therefore, the next time you see Griff or Phil, have them tell you this tale.

More “Changes I Would Make”

“What would I change”? Priscilla Davis says, “It depends on how far back I go. If it's the early '50s, I would change my outlook on school and my social life and reverse their importance. I didn't know I would be able to go to school after MHS. As it turns out, what it cost to go to business school, I could have gone to college for four years and lived there too. I had a good time in high school and didn't have bad grades but I could have done a whole lot better and taken college prep, which I am sure I would have liked a lot better than the business crap I took.” She does make an exception for bookkeeping “which I loved.”

Please feel free to contribute your own “Changes...” or “Did You Know” for future newsletters. If you enjoyed reading these ones, you can be sure your classmates will enjoy yours as well. Send them to Norma or Bob.

Normajh@centurylink.net Norma Haywood 7845 Brockway Sharon Rd Burghill, Oh 44404

Robert.Roule@gmail.com

As I’ve Aged by Karen Savage

As I've aged, I've become kinder to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend.

I have seen too many dear friends leave this world, too soon; before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

Whose business is it, if I choose to read, or play, on the computer, until 4 AM, or sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50, 60 & 70's, and if I, at the same time, wish to weep over a lost love, I will. I will walk the beach, in a swim suit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves, with abandon, if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful. But there again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And, I eventually remember the important things.

Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break, when you lose a loved one, or when a child suffers, or even when somebody's beloved pet gets hit by a car? But, broken hearts are what give us strength, and understanding, and compassion. A heart never broken, is pristine, and sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.

I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning gray, and to have my youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed, and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself anymore. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever, but while I am still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day (if I feel like it).

Remembering the Twin Coaches

Fire Destroyed Twin Coaches in 1977

On Monday, Oct 10, 1977, fire destroyed one of western Pennsylvania's more notable landmarks, the Twin Coaches supper club on Route 51 in Rostraver Township.

The fire, described by The Valley Independent as "a roaring inferno, whipped by 20-mile-an-hour winds," broke out shortly after 1 a.m. and was burning out of control when the first of 26 pieces of fire fighting equipment arrived on the scene minutes after the initial alarm was sounded at 1:15 a.m.

Rostraver Central Volunteer Fire Department was the first unit to reach the site. Captain Harve Anderson of that department told reporter Fred Hevia the entire center of the building was burning out of control when he arrived. "It resembled a huge bonfire," Anderson said. More than 250 firemen with 26 pieces of equipment circled the building and blocked traffic on Route 51 by 2 a.m. Anderson told Hevia fireman had more than four miles of hose pumping thousands of gallons of water into the burning structure in hopes of saving a portion of the 33-year-old club. But one unidentified firefighter said, "We knew we didn't have a chance to save it." Flames from the fire, which could be seen for several miles, raced through the interior of the Twin Coaches including false ceilings and turned the structure into "an inferno," the newspaper said. There were no serious injuries reported.

Ironically, the fire began at the start of Fire Prevention Week and was the second blaze in about 13 hours at the nationally known supper club.

Columnist Remembers 'Original' Twin Coaches

**By Ron Paglia, For The Valley Independent
Thursday, October 30, 2008**

A recent reference in this corner about the Oct. 10, 1977, fire which destroyed the Twin Coaches supper club in Rostraver Township prompted question from a reader who asked, "Didn't someone own the Twin Coaches before the Calderone family?" A story in The Valley Independent the day after the devastating fire provides the answer.

Written by reporter Fred Hevia, the story emphasized that the blaze "left an empty spot in the heart" of John Clifford Beaumont, of Belle Vernon R.D.3. Beaumont, 75, who lived not far from the Coaches, was credited with being "the founder" of the Twin Coaches and "the man responsible" for putting the two P&LE Railroad cars on the site along Route 51 in 1932. Beaumont, whose living room was actually an old Pullman baggage and passenger car after he had another of the old coaches brought in when he built his home on Route 981, said he had a love for railroad cars and new ideas. He recalled in the interview with Hevia that when beer became legal in Pennsylvania he started a restaurant and beer parlor on the site where he built his home on Route 981.

Business was so brisk, Beaumont added, that he sprung an idea in 1931 and bought the two P&LE coaches at Brownsville, had them delivered by rail to Pricedale and then had a friend, Harry Ashcraft, truck them over old Route 71 to Route 51. Beaumont put one coach on each side of a lot and constructed a roof over the coaches with the dance floor in the center. He said one of the coaches served as the dining room and the other as the lounge. He built an eight-room apartment on the second floor of the complex. When he initially opened the Coaches on Route 51 it was a restaurant and produce stand. He later obtained a liquor license and introduced the night club.

At that time, he told Hevia, the Coaches seated about 300 persons and business was so good that he had to turn people away during show nights.

Beaumont recalled that Tony Calderone and his father-in-law, Joseph Bruno, of Monessen, made the deal to purchase the Twin Coaches from him in 1944. Tony and his wife, Rose Bruno Calderone, ran the Coaches and, of course, they enlarged it and made it one of the more popular nights spots in the past, Beaumont told Hevia. The Calderones continued to build on the original concept, increasing the seating to 1,200 and launching the supper club into the national spotlight with top entertainment.

John Clifford Beaumont died on Dec. 1, 1977, less than two months after the fire at the Twin Coaches.

Tony Calderone was only 44 when he died March 13, 1960. His wife Rose continued to operate the club until 1973 when she sold it to four of Tony's nephews including Robert, who later purchased the night spot and was the sole owner.

Various Celebrities Who Appeared at the Twin Coaches

Dean Martin (without Jerry Lewis) – He began a nine-day engagement there on May 31, 1957 and the place was packed every night. Martin also drew large crowds to the golf driving range across Route 51 from the Coaches as he went there to drive balls between his shows at the club.

Liberace – He was magnificent. He had a gimmick of having people from the audience come on stage to dance (polkas) with him.

Jack Jones – He was dating actress Jill St. John at the time and she sat at a table in the back of the dining area for every show. No one bothered her, however – mainly because of the obvious bodyguards seated at the next table.

Buddy Greco (vocalist), Frankie Fontaine (comedian), Al Martino, Four Aces, Four Lads, Four Coins, Ames Brothers, Roy Clark, Buck Owens, Johnny Mathis;

The Supremes (the original group with Diana Ross, Florence Ballard, Mary Wilson), Harvey Fuqua, formerly of the Moonglows, was there with them as their musical arranger,

The Four Tops, The Temptations and Sammy Davis Jr.– His first appearance there was on July 29, 1953 (one-week engagement) with the Will Mastin Trio. Davis also was scheduled to be the entertainment when the Twin Coaches was destroyed by fire in 1977.

The Skyliners, Totie Fields (comedienne), Bill Haley and the Comets, Frank Gorshin (comedian/impressionist), Tommy Charles Quartet, The Spinners, Crystal Gayle, Loretta Lynn, Wayne Newton, Nat "King" Cole; Bobby Vinton, Pearl Bailey, McGuire Sisters, Sarah Vaughan, Louie Prima and Keeley Smith with Sam Butera and the Witnesses;

Lisa Kirk – Roscoe girl who became big star on Broadway, The Chordettes (Mr. Sandman), Julius LaRosa, The Hilltoppers, Tony Martin (vocalist) and his wife Cyd Charisse (dancer), Alan King (comedian), Billy Williams Quartet, The Platters, Frank Parker (vocalist), Glenn Campbell.

Entertainment in the early years (1940s) was primarily local/regional performers and some second-tier national people. To wit:

George Arnold's Rhythm on Ice Revue, Comic Ted Blake. Singer June Walls The Keystone Knights – led by Jack Hoyes of Lynnwood, who was on the faculty at California State Teachers College, Texas Tony Garland (comedian), Jack Brown and His Orchestra. Jack LaForte's Orchestra, Jerry Lassey's Orchestra, Ciro Rimac and his Latin American Revue (Ciro, I believe, was from Homestead).

The Kossol Sisters – They comprised a singing trio from Charleroi and were good enough to play the clubs in the Pittsburgh area. A funny line appeared about them in The Charleroi Mail when they shared the bill with singer Frank Marvin. The hype said the Kossol Sisters "are coming to the Twin Coaches direct from a one-night stand with Frank Marvin in Pittsburgh – an experience they won't soon forget."

Comedy team of Sheldon and Weldon, Simpson's Humanettes (puppet act),

Dancers Alfred and Lenora, Singer Dean Parker, Comedy Trio of Bimbo, Bambo and Plumbo, Dance Team of Howard and Helene, and Dance Team of Mario and Flora.

Among the top political figures to speak at banquets, etc. at the Twin Coaches were former President Harry S Truman (10/9/56), John F. Kennedy (during his campaign for president) and Hubert Humphrey.

And of course there were the sports figures, most of whom were at the Mon Valley Football Conference. Again, too many to mention but the list did include Frank Leahy, The Four Horsemen and Pitt's Dream Backfield on the same night, Paul Hornung, Jesse Owens, Woody Hayes, Paul Dietzel, Buddy Parker, Danny Murtaugh, Stan Musial, Curt Gowdy, Bert Rechichar, Red Grange, and Vince Lombardi.

The list goes on and on and on.

John Bunardzya scored a scoop of sorts when he booked Ara Parseghian in his first year at Notre Dame. Ara was booked way in advance of the start of the season and was making his first public speaking appearance when he came to the Twin Coaches.

Woody Hayes was an interesting character. He sat down on the piano bench on stage and proceeded to play several songs. Terry Bradshaw also was a featured speaker after his rookie season with the Steelers. That was at the time when Rose Calderone was presenting Little Theatre at the Coaches, so the stage was not available for the head table, etc. The guests and speakers sat at tables in front of the stage, which was adorned with scenery for Man of La Mancha.

Chicken Coop

A number of inquiries involve a building located behind the old Monongahela High School for several years.

According to some sources, the structure was once used as a storage facility but also housed classrooms at one time and was affectionately called the "Chicken Coop." One of the mysteries about the building is when it became a site for classrooms. "I remember it very well," said Lorys Crisafulli, a retired teacher and longtime community leader in Monongahela. "I had classes (as a student) there from 1940 to 1944, but I'm not sure about the beginning or end of it. I started teaching at the junior high school when it was part of the high school in 1958 and the building was gone."

Crisafulli recalled that the gym teachers at the high school, which has been home to Ringgold School District's Monongahela Elementary Center for many years, taught health classes in the Coop. Harry Johnson, longtime teacher and coach at Monongahela, taught the boys and Ruth Nevin was the instructor for the girls, Crisafulli said.

"Health classes were presented only once a week," she said. "There were only two rooms in the wood building and wood steps led to the front door. That's pretty much how it got the name, Chicken Coop. It was very cold in the winter and very hot in the spring and fall."

Some MHS graduates of the mid-1950s do not recall the Coop being there when they were in school. Others that are a little older claim the building was in use in the 1930s. Anyone who can shed more light on the enigmatic building is asked to contact us as indicated at the end of this column.

-- By Ron Paglia and reprinted from The Valley Independent.

Newsletter Staff

Co-editors.....Norma Mountain Haywood
normajh88@centurylink.net

Robert Roule
robert.roule@gmail.com

Articles, printing.....Dennis Yerkey
d.yerkey@comcast.net

Database Maintenance.Priscilla Davis Webb
b1d2grammy@aim.com

Contributors.....Anyone and everyone

Memorial Plaque

The following is in reference to a plaque which the MHS Class of 1958 purchased in memory of our deceased classmates. The money was donated by classmates in attendance at the 35th reunion.

"We do not recall the actual date that the plaque was purchased and installed. both Joy and I were on several of our reunion committees. I picked the design and had it cast at Mathews bronze on West Liberty Ave. in Pittsburgh. We installed it on a Ginkgo tree to the right of the entrance of M.H.S. gym. Joy and I checked after our get together in September 2011 and it is missing.

John Bellicini

A discussion was held at the Sept 2011 get together about replacing this plaque. As it was brass and easily stolen, classmates were asked to submit suggestions for a different type of memorial. Joy Bellicini suggested we purchase a "brick" in the 7th St. Park commemorating deceased classmates.

Any other suggestions, please contact Judy Leach.

THE FISHERMAN...

To the MHS Class of 1958
from Coleen Gavaghan Christy

A guy is 72years old and loves to fish. He was sitting in his boat when he heard a voice say, 'Pick me up.' He looked around and couldn't see anyone. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again, 'Pick me up.' He looked in the water and there, floating on the top, was a frog.

The man said, 'Are you talking to me?' The frog said, 'Yes, I'm talking to you.' Pick me up and kiss me and I'll turn into the most beautiful woman you have ever seen. I'll make sure that all your friends are envious and jealous because I will be your bride!

The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his front pocket.

The frog said, 'What, are you nuts? Didn't you hear what I said? I said kiss me and I will be your beautiful bride.' The man opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said, "Nah, at my age I'd rather have a talking frog."

With age comes wisdom.

Dennis Yerkey is now doing volunteer work for LifeSpan, Inc., a well funded Senior Citizen Organization in Pittsburgh. He suggested a dress up SENIOR PROM DINNER DANCE for 250 seniors, so they immediately made him the point man. He must have forgotten about making suggestions and volunteering when he was in the Army !