MHS Class of 1958 Fall Newsletter

A Publication by and for the Alumni of MHS Class of 1958
Volume 2 November 2009 No. 2

Some very good news:

Jane McNamee Lengyel is recovering from open heart surgery this summer.
Metro Petrosky is back to work following a stroke in July.
Marge (Mrs. Bob)Hunter is recuperating from surgery this fall.
Patty Hillman Peters is "almost back to normal" after breaking her arm in July.
Priscilla Davis Webb is fully recovered after cataract surgery.
Judy Martin Leach and Mary Etta Petras Mayak are both doing well following knee replacement surgery.
Charlene Pezzoni is doing well following physical therapy on her left foot and ankle, after a fall last winter.

MHS Alumni Meeting in Florida

All Monongahela High School classmates who helped to swell the snowbird population of Florida will again be gathering for a mini-reunion at the end of February. Linda Gayhart Heimbuecher says the next Florida reunion will be held at North Largo on February 27, 2010. Last year's event shows how much members of various classes are plugged into the gossip grapevine. Linda says there was no formal announcement of the event -- it's occurrence was spread mostly by word of mouth -- and 50 classmates turned out for an evening of camaraderie.
Linda says the reunion is very informal. Those attending pay for their own meal and there will be plenty of time to visit with classmates and members of other classes.
For information, you can email Sarah Jane Reinhart Christopher at sarah27sjc@tampabay.it.com

Comments received on the opinion poll in the last newsletter.

(1. Email newsletters to people having email addresses?)
(2. Try to get together more often than every 5 years.)

We received 17 answers in regard to receiving the newsletter via e-mail.
We received 28 answers regarding getting together more often than every 5 years. 26 were positive and 2 were negative.

Following are some of the comments.

"I was wondering if you got many that want to get together next year??? I would. The place makes no difference."
Christine Skinkis McNees

"I think it's a great idea to get together more often. It has always been such a "high" getting back together with former classmates -- all the people who meant so much to us at that special time in our lives. " Connie Mamie Vlah

"Some feedback from the newsletter: I don't mind recieving the newsletter via e-mail. I think every five years is about right for reunions. Attendance would probably go down if they were held more often. Just my thoughts on the questions you posed." Dave Burya

"Next year. Not this year. Do a small thing. Afternoon happy hour, dinner, a little into the night and then go home. Pick a place (bar) for happy hour, eat and they clean up. Sept., after vacations. Must (mostly) pay in advance so they can figure food and help. Call it 'The 58 Birthday Party'. It would be the 70th (most of our ages). Door prizes, 50-50, etc."
Dennis Yerkey

"We would enjoy a restaurant type get together as opposed to a picnic."
John and Elaine Gerboc

Cheryl Lorraine Fedrick, 69, of Monongahela, died Monday, July 6, 2009, in her home. She was born on Dec. 18, 1939, in Monongahela, a daughter of the late Raymond Hans and Dorothy Mae Kennedy Patterson. Mrs. Fedrick was a member of the First Christian Church Disciples of Christ in Monongahela. She had resided in Woodbridge, Va., for 20 years until moving back to the Mon Valley area. She was formerly employed at Keystone Bakery in Monongahela until it closed. She is survived by a daughter-in-law, Vanessa Fedrick, of Stafford, Va.; granddaughter, Victoria Fedrick; sister, Lois Fonzi, of Monongahela; three brothers, Duane and wife, Sandy Patterson, of Monongahela, Raymond Patterson, of Stockdale, and William and wife, Cindy Patterson, of Charleroi; and several nieces and nephews. In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by her husband, Anthony "Pete" Fedrick, who died Sept. 10, 1995; a son, Michael Fedrick, in 2001; and a brother, Dale Patterson. Memorial contributions may be made to the First Christian Church, Sixth and Chess Street, Monongahela, PA 15063

A Tribute to Cheryl
by Christine Skinkis McNees

It is so hard to recall my years of friendship with Cheryl and not feel depressed and sad that I will no longer have her as my dearest friend and confidante.

Cheryl was a quiet person in school much like myself. Perhaps that is why we became such good friends. We had other mutual friends but there was a special bond between us. After school Cheryl and I took different paths. She worked for a bit in a hangar factory and went to school to learn key punch. Boy that was a waste as the use of those cards soon became outdated.

With both of us working we usually only got together on the weekends but she used to stop in to visit my parents almost everyday after work. We were closer than sisters. She met Pete (her husband Anthony Fedrick, nicknamed Pete) and that was a turning point in her life. Pete had a hard time finding work and answered an ad to train for the police force in Washington DC. He was determined to make a good life for their family which now included a son, Michael.

After his training and being hired by the DC police force, they moved to Virginia on the outskirts of DC; first living in an apartment and eventually buying a home. They resided there until Pete's retirement.Her only son was employed in the sheriff's department and stayed in the DC area. Cheryl was glad to move back to Pa. and had many great years before Pete passed away.

It seems hardships were always part of Cheryl's life. Son Michael died of ALS, Lou Gehrig's disease. Cheryl's daughter-in-law, Vanessa, and granddaughter,Victoria, stayed close to her and came to visit often. Her granddaughter was the one bright light in Cheryl's last years of sickness and pain.

Cheryl came to visit me once in Florida.. A mutual friend came to visit and did not tell me Cheryl was coming with her. What a great surprise! This was 10 years ago and Cheryl was already sick but not yet on dialysis. It later became impossible for her to travel so I was so grateful for that trip. We talked often and I managed to see her every trip I made to Pa., but her trip to Florida is a special memory.

I was always amazed at her strength. Cheryl never once complained about having to go on dialysis 3 times a week or being on oxygen 24 hours a day or diabetes testing and shots. She had constant pain but always had a smile. I really miss my best friend.

Judy Martin Leach donated monetary contributions, on behalf of the Class of '58, to the families of Cheryl Patterson Fedrick, Carolyn Shemo Slifko and Patricia (Mrs Donald) Pender.

Congratulations:

Judy Solomon Russell on the birth of her greatgrandson, Shawn, Sept 9, 2009.

Carolyn Shemo Slifko

SLIFKO, CAROLYN M. Age 68, of South Park, on April 19, 2009. Beloved wife of Dale; loving mother of Robert Mark and Linda Marie Morse; grandmother of Jessica Marie and the late Justin Robert Morse; sister of Judith Bridge; aunt of Diane and Daniel Bridge; daughter of the late John and Mary Shemo. Family suggests memorial contributions be made to the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society, 333 E. Carson Street, Ste. 441e, Pittsburgh, PA 15219 in honor of her grandson Justin Robert Morse

A Tribute to Carolyn by Priscilla Davis Webb

Carolyn Shemo Slifko was my friend from first grade all through school. Our birthdays are two days apart. Carolyn was one of MHS' cheerleaders in 1955-1958. She and I spent many hours togethers as small girls and as teenagers. I enjoyed her company very much and considered her one of my best friends. I am sure she will be greatly missed by those who knew her.
In December of 1963, she married Dale Slifko and they have two children. Carolyn and Dale established their home in Library, PA, and raised their children here. Carolyn worked for South Park School District for a number of years.

Our most sincere sympathy goes out to Don Pender on the death of his wife, Patricia on Sept 30, 2009.

Deepest condolences to Mary Ann Sewchok on the death of her brother, John.

Condolences to Eugene and Norma Haywood on the death of his mother, Lucetta Haywood.

Our deepest sympathy to Judy Solomon Russell on the death of her best friend and beloved companion, Joe Newhouse.

Comments on the newsletter and DVD

"I just finished enjoying the DVD you created and shared with me and others. As Bob Hope used to say: 'Thanks for the memories'"
Regards, Dave Burya

"Thank you for the GREAT newsletters. I really appreciate what you're doing. The newletters are an extention of the reunion -- just as though it's still going on.
I just finished watching the DVD. You did a wonderful job! I loved the presentation. Who did the speaking at the end? We were a happy group, weren't we!"
Beatrice Christina Bradford

"Just want to let you know that you did a fantastic job on the newsletter and the CD. I enjoyed reading the newsletter so much. The CD will be a treasure for many years (I hope to live a long time). Thank you all so much. Your efforts are greatly appreciated."
Priscilla Davis Webb

"I received my CD from our class reunion. I want to thank everyone that worked so hard for everything that was done to make it a very memorable event. It was great seeing everyone and we had a super time.
I also enjoy reading the newsletter that you have put together for all of us to enjoy."
Jane McNamee Lengyel

"I have enjoyed reading the newsletters and all of you are doing a very good job."
Judy Yeager McFeely

"The 'CD' is fantastic. Great job to all who put it together." Ron Marcase

"I just received a call from Tom Drechsler, class of 1957 brother of JoAnn (Drechsler) Badzik. He phoned to compliment us on the newsletter and DVD. Barbara is visiting him in the Carolinas and took the DVD for him to view." Dennis Yerkey

"We saw the class newsletter. You guys do a great job. I know it must take a lot of time to compose everything. We both appreciate the remarks concerning our daughter, Michelle, and myself."
Rose and James Donovan

"It makes me so happy to see that our classmates have become so close and caring through the years. Keep up the newscasts, even though some of the news is so sad." Phyllis Rankin Hann

Sondra and Autumn's African Vacation
August 14 – September 4, 2008

I was asked to write an article about the recent vacation that I took with my daughter, Autumn. If you are animal lovers like us, then Africa is the place to visit. This was my third trip
Africa, Zimbabwe and Botswana. Mostly, we traveled in South Africa, where we combined safaris and Cape Town, a cosmopolitan city, to form a very diverse vacation. Autumn and I flew from Atlanta to Dakar, Senegal, a small country in central west Africa. After a short layover, we continued to Cape Town. The total flight time from Atlanta to Cape Town was 19 hours. We traveled for three weeks from August 14 to September 4, 2008. Each week-long journey was at a different location. It was 70 to 80 degree dry winter weather in South Africa. Sunrise was 6 a.m. and sunset was 5 p.m. African time is 7 hours ahead of Eastern Standard Time.

CAPE TOWN

The city was founded in 1652 by Dutch settlers, followed by the English. It sits between the sea and the mountains with breathtaking beaches. South Africa is an English speaking country, along with the various native Afrikaans' dialects. Cape Town is very international and one of the prettiest harbor cities in the world. Autumn and I toured the impressive Victoria & Alfred (V&A) Waterfront. Smack in the center of Cape Town is Table Mountain, the signature landmark that dominates the city. We took a cable car up the mountain, which rises 3,000 feet but instead of forming a peak, it flattens into a two-mile wide plateau. Dodging the baboons all over the road, Autumn and I drove to Cape Point National Park where the Atlantic and Indian oceans merge. We saw the southern right whales in Hermanus, where they come to spend the winter season and we viewed the African penguins at Boulder's Beach and Betty's Bay. We petted a cheetah at Spier Winery, one of many surrounding vineyards.

KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, SOUTH AFRICA

Autumn and I took a flight to this park, which is approximately the same size as Israel. We stayed for nine days in four camps to get the various animal sightings. The game reserves in South Africa have the most deluxe safari lodges in Africa. We stayed at Selati Lodge and Earth Lodge Safari Suites in Sabi Sabi Reserve; then Kapama Buffalo Safari camp where we stayed in a tree house with mosquito nets; lastly Hippo Hollow Country Estate on the Sabie River. We had morning and afternoon safari game drives daily in open-air land rovers. Safari guides (most with college degrees) were very knowledgeable about the animal behavior in the wilderness. The untamed animals roaming freely around us were absolutely fascinating, you could reach out and touch them; every day was a different adventure. We were able to spot the "Big Five of Africa", which are: lions, elephants, leopards, rhinos and cape buffaloes. Autumn and I also saw herds of wildebeest, giraffe, impala, gazelle, kudu (white striped antelope), hippos, hyenas, zebras, chimps, etc. A rare treat was observing a female leopard with her kill (gazelle) in an acacia tree with her two cubs hidden in a thick bush nearby. One morning we did an elephant-back safari for a different view of scenery. The last day was spent driving a rental car around the famed "Panorama Route" in the Mpumalanga Lowveld Region; the 1980 film "The Gods must Be Crazy" was filmed here at "God's Window" observation point. We drove to Johannesburg to catch a flight to our next destination.

VICTORIA FALLS, ZIMBABWE

Autumn and I flew here and stayed at the Victoria Falls Safari Lodge The Victoria Falls are the seventh natural wonder of the world and were found by David Livingstone. We did a full-day safari trip to Botswana's Chobe National Park by open-air jeep and boat. This area has the largest concentration of elephants in the world. We saw many crocodiles, hippos, baboons and gorgeous birds; wonderful to see animals in their native habitat. After exploring the falls, Autumn did a bungee jump and two different zip-lines over the Zambezi River Canyon above the falls. No, I did not do that. The highlight of our Victoria Falls stay was to walk with and pet three 15-month-old sibling lion cubs. We purchased many beautiful animal carvings and painted fabric pictures from the locals. The tourist cops watch out for your safety since there is much poverty in Zimbabwe.

If anybody would like to see the other photos, my e-mail is sondrakat@yahoo.com
Sondra Kennell Katnik

My Tall Tomatoes!
by Dennis Yerkey

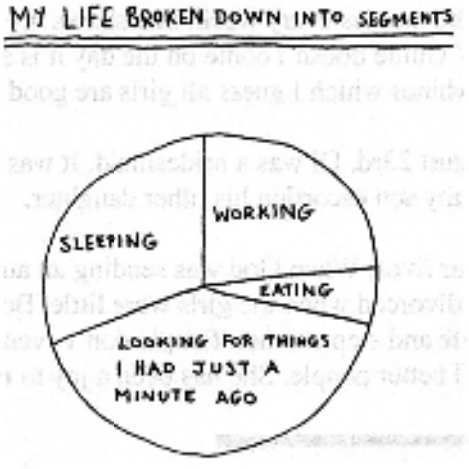
I received many requests at the gym to plant something else next year. Then we could all party, hardy.
Yah man...back to the 60's!

GRANDMA

At one point during a game, the coach called one of his 9-year-old players aside and asked, 'Do you understand what cooperation is? What a team is?'
The little boy nodded in the affirmative. 'Do you understand that what matters is whether we win or lose together as a team?'
The little boy nodded yes.
'So,' the coach continued, 'I'm sure you know, when an out is called, you shouldn't argue, curse, attack the umpire, or call him a pecker-head. Do you understand all that?'
The little boy nodded again.
He continued, 'And when I take you out of the game so another boy gets a chance to play, it's not good sportsmanship to call your coach 'a dumb ass' is it?'
Again, the little boy nodded.
'Good,' said the coach. 'Now go over there and explain all that to your grandmother.'

DRESS CODE

To all the ladies in MHS graduating class 1958! From Arlene Bissel Yerkey
SENIOR DRESS CODE
Many of us 'Old Folks' (those over 50, WAY over 50) are quite confused about how we should present ourselves. We are unsure about the kind of image we are projecting and whether or not we are correct as we try to conform to current fashions. Despite what you may have seen on the streets, the following combinations DO NOT go together and should be avoided:
1 A nose ring and bifocals
2. Spiked hair and bald spots
3. A pierced tongue and dentures
4. Miniskirts and support hose
5. Ankle bracelets and corn pads
6.. Speedos and cellulite
7. A belly button ring and a gall bladder surgery scar
8. Unbuttoned disco shirts and a heart monitor
9. Midriff shirts and a midriff bulge
10. Bikinis and liver spots
11. Short shorts and varicose veins
12. Inline skates and a walker
And last , but not least
13. Thongs and Depends



We'll be friends until we are old and senile. Then we'll be NEW friends!

CASH FOR CLUNKERS
by Dennis Yerkey

By now, lots of folks took advantage of the unique opportunity to part with their clunker and opt for a new, more fuel efficient model. But for many of us, that clunker is akin to our favorite easy chair, warm sweater, comfy shirt, sassy dress or roomy handbag. We find ourselves thinking twice about "giving in" to "cashing in" when it means parting with something that has become a part of us!
I was one of the first to take advantage of the government's Cash for Clunkers offer. However, the deal wasn't quite as smooth as an automatic transmission upshift as there were a few gears to engage first due to some dealer fears! So, I subsequently appeared on WTAE and nicely explained how on the second day, no dealer would sell me a vehicle for fear of not getting reimbursed. It was my 15 seconds of fame. However, after the President found $2 billion more tucked away in the Whitehouse cookie jar, VOILA, I am the proud owner of a Kia, in exchange for my 16- year old, prized, almost-like-new Buick with only 187,000 miles It was a good deal. But remember, just because my car was classified as a clunker, it didn't mean that I was one!

Anniversaries

James and Rose Marie Ambrose Donovan - 50 years November 2009.
Paul and Barbara Murray Watterson - 50 years Feb 2009
Ron and Marion Marcase - 3 years Oct 2009
Eugene and Norma Mountain Haywood - 20 years Jan 2009
Allen and Rosemary Bindi Sanderson - 35 years April 2009.

Send your anniversary to Norma so we can all help you celebrate ..... or sympathize.

My granddaughter is 26 years old. She was diagnosed with autism at the age of 3. I knew something was wrong with her. She wasn't talking. When she got upset, she would cry and run in circles from my living room, dining room and kitchen. There was nothing you could do to calm her down. You couldn't hold her, give her a toy, hug her, give her candy, etc. The only thing that calmed her down was a tape of Winnie the Pooh. She calmed down immediately, sat and watched the tape. Thank God for Winnie! When it was time to start school, she went to Mt. Lebanon. This was a school for autistic children. They were fantastic. The school started off working with behavior. Di would come into a room, pull your hair and run back into her room. The school told my son to get a man's shirt, put it on her like a strait jacket and it would cure her of it. Not our Di. It got to the place when she pulled hair, she would get the shirt and hand it to my son. The school had music, a gym, cooking, etc. Everything that was needed. One year they had a Talent Show. Well, old gram cried all the way through it. I was so proud of these special children. The school later closed as it lost its lease. Di then went to a school in Monroeville that had a special needs class. My son didn't want to send her to our local school as his other daughter was in high school and felt kids would tease her about Di. She then attended the local school after Bobbi-Jo was graduated. Di was graduated at the age of 21. All the girls had white roses which they carried in front of them. Not our Di. She walked down the aisle holding her rose in the air. She walked across the stage and accepted her diploma. I was so proud of her, of course, cried the whole time. My biggest regret was that my husband wasn't there to see Di graduate. I know he would have been crying also. Di was so special to him. Anything she wanted, he would get it for her. I remember we bought a TV for our bedroom. We had just bought a computer and knew nothing about it. We had a tape that gave instructions. We had the computer set up in the room that we referred to as Di's room. We put the TV there temporarily to watch the tape. One day my husband said we were going shopping to buy a TV. I told him we had just bought one. He said Di really liked it so it would stay in her room. We would always tell Jack that Di wanted something and he would get it. It didn't work when we told him that Di wanted a sliding board for our pool. He knew it was us, not her.

Di now goes to Passavant Memorial Home five days a week. This home has all types of handicapped people. She has little jobs to do which she gets paid a small sum. She sets the tables for lunch, takes the mail around and does volunteer work for Mahart's Christian Store. We are so proud of her. She is non-verbal. She does say words. If we can't understand her, we give her a piece of paper and she writes it down. It may not be spelled right but we can understand what she wants. We are able to take her anywhere and she is so good. Most autistic children can not handle change. My son, Bob, took her everywhere when she was young. Many times he would sit in the back in case she acted up and he had to leave. Not a problem now. She loves Kennywood and the roller coasters. She loves the ocean. She also loves doing Word Search books. But she has a habit of looking in the back for the answers. Also, she has a container besides her Word Search books filled with pens. Yet, she will go into our purses and take our pens. The little stinker. She has to go to the movies every week. She shows my son what she wants to see as soon as the paper comes. Heaven forbid if the TV Guide doesn't come on the day it is suppose to. She has her schedule and gets upset if anything changes. She just whines which I guess all girls are good at that.

Her sister, Bobbi-Jo, was married on August 23rd. Di was a bridesmaid. It was a day of many tears for me. Starting with Di walking down the aisle and then my son escorting his other daughter.

Di has brought so much happiness into our lives. When God was sending an autistic child to be born, he knew Bob was the right person to have Di. Bob got divorced when the girls were little. Bob then marrried Cathy, a fantastic daughter-in-law but she is also a great wife and step-mother. People don't even realize that Di isn't her own. I thank God for giving us Di. She has made us all better people. She has been a joy to me and I will forever be thankful for having her in my life.

Dennis Yerkey ran into Ray Racunas at the Washington Camera Club last month. Ray is a retired teacher and president of the camera club. He has the MHS DVD and said we did a great job.

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Send changes of address to Norma or Priscilla

Submitted by Paige Reilly

Three days after graduation from High School, I turned 17. Because I wasn't old enough to get a job, I took what I could find -- first at a toy store in Finleyville, next a bakery shop, and finally, Radio Ear in McMurry where I worked for a couple of years.

Not long afterward, I met Roger Heckman and in 1963, we were married just 8 weeks after we met. Soon, Rog was off to Camp LeJeune, N.C. and during his 20 year military career, we lived in Virginia, then back to LeJeune, Gastonville, Pa, Rhode Island, South Carolina, back to North Carolina in Cherry Point then back to LeJeune. Roger also served in Vietnam and Okinawa.

We have 5 wonderful children, 4 boys, Wes, Joey and twins, Matt and Tony, and a daughter, Wendy plus 10 adorable, unique and interesting grandchildren.

Roger first attended Communication School, then taught communications and later was a drill instructor. After serving 20 years in the military, he studied Horticulture in college and worked at several jobs including City Horticulturist in New Bern, NC until his passing.

While Rog was serving in the military, I was a Cub Scout den mother and got interested in ceramics and selling Avon. I even worked as a greenhouse tech. We went through the usual kiddie accidents involving hospital ER visits and broken limbs. Now I wonder how I kept track of all of the children, at one time they were in 4 different schools!

We had lived in a mobile home and our first real home was in Cherry Point. I still recall how the movers couldn't believe how much "stuff" they had to pack and unpack that came out of that mobile home! The kids loved the big house, especially the stairs they could scamper up and down.

Our oldest son Wes signed up with the Marines, serving in Okinawa, Desesrt Storm and other conflicts. He is in law enforcement and involved in forensics.

Joey, our next oldest works with the rescue squad, is a volunteer fireman and works in the sheriff's department.

Matt and Tony (the twins) both went into military service after graduation. Matt entered law enforcement and is a policeman and Tony is a fireman.

Our daughter became the first volunteer firewoman and studied law enforcement. She has 2 children, was a Scout leader and enjoys wood burning and other crafts. One of my prized possessions is a chest she gave me at Christmas with a picture of Rog from Parris Island when he was a drill instructor.

It is great now, having Wes look after my sister and me. He's our handy man, and the neighbors never know when they're going to see a firetruck, rescue truck or police car in front of our house.

Life hasn't slowed down much since the children moved out. I am the prime babysitter. With 10 grandchildren you can imagine how many parties we have and all the cakes there are to eat. My sister and I share having the family over for the holidays. By the way, does anyone have any suggestions as to how we can get these daughters-in-law to start entertaining the family in their homes for the holidays?

Over the years I have been a "craft" person: making baby gowns, and sweater sets for the Navy relief, cake decorating, cross stitching, knitting, crocheting, making clothes for my children, sweaters, jackets, ceramics, Donna Dewberry painting, building birdhouses, making tin men out of cans, wood burnings, redoing wood work, stripping paint and staining. I also made scroll saw Santas, and other Xmas items.

Ten years ago I started playing the organ and I'm still learning. I even keep up the yard work, including mowing, trimming, and growing tomatoes in my tiny garden.

Christmas and Santas are "my things." I have close to 200 ceramics, some I poured and others I bought and painted.

I have had a great life, marrying a Marine, with exciting travels up and down the east coast although none to other countries that I would have enjoyed. I would do it all over again. Life is great at the age of 21. That's right....21. I have never gotten any older. At 21, you can smoke, drink and swear!

LIFE IS GOOD!

Patty Isaac Furiga

Pat Isaac Furiga, a widow, raised her family of four alone and attended California University of Pennsylvania where she attained a bachelors degree in art and a masters degree in education as a reading specialist. She attended Washington and Jefferson College in Washington where she earned an art education degree. She has taken several courses and attended many colleges in Arizona to further her education. Pat has been a fiber artist for many years. She began weaving several years ago in Pennsylvania, came to Chinle, Ariz., to study Navajo weaving techniques with Bertha Stevens, fell in love with Arizona and stayed. Her early works were large woven wall hangings, batiks, wool rugs and loom formed clothing and fabric. Her work has taken many awards. Pat went from gallery director to middle school art teacher in downtown Phoenix and has enjoyed teaching for the last 18 years. Her students have won many awards, including one for a large banner designed and submitted to the Heard Museum's Dia De Los Muertas festival, as well as an altar to Cesar Chavez another year. A story quilt in the style of Faith Ringgold and a wood sculpture in the style of Louise Nevelson both took first place awards at the Phoenix Art Museum.

She has donated her time to work with American Indian students to help them make cultural art work for the Heard Museum Native American Student Arts and Crafts Show yearly. She has taught her students to make traditional powwow costumes, leather pouches and bags, to do seed beadwork on leather, to do Navajo and Hopi style turquoise and silver jewelry, and basket making. They have taken many awards over the years.

Her newest work includes felted hats, bags, and beads, clothing design and fabrication, crocheted lace and rag hats, painted silk fabric and scarves, silk beads, necklaces, bracelets, zipper jewels, mosaic wall art, guitars, stained glass, and a collection of green (repurposed) bags. Her latest work can be seen at The Firehouse galley in Phoenix, Designs on You, in Jerome, The Miami Art Works, in Miami, as well as several art Festivals throughout Arizona and California. Patty says, "Please check out my new, in progress, web site. All constructive criticism is appreciated. *Mysticfibers.com*."

Monongahela Fire

by Dennis Yerkey

Two Monongahela buildings had to be demolished as a result of a 5:30am explosion and fire on Sept 6, 2009.

The flames started in Vocelli's Pizza located in the 200 block of Main Street and spread next door to the Bee's Nest Coffee Shop. *Note the Harris Working Man's Store sign on the side of the building. Didn't we all buy Levi's and pea coats in this store?* "This is just material things. I can start again," said Barbara Mayfield," whose coffee shop was destroyed in the fire. "The cause of the fire remains "undetermined". To date, no insurance claims have been paid because of this classification. The owners are peeved….to say the least."

John Allen was riding his Harley along a California beach when suddenly the sky clouded above his head and, in a booming voice, the Lord said, "Because you have TRIED to be faithful to me in all ways, I will grant you one wish." John pulled over and said, "Build a bridge to Hawaii so I can ride over and visit Gary Wassel anytime I want." The Lord said, "Your request is materialistic. Think of the enormous challenges for that kind of undertaking. The supports required to reach the bottom of the Pacific! The concrete and steel it would take! It will nearly exhaust several natural resources. I can do it, but it is hard for Me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little more time and think of something that could possibly help mankind." John thought about it for a long time. Finally he said, "Lord, I wish that I and all men could understand women. I want to know how she feels inside, what she's thinking when she gives me the silent treatment, why she cries, what she means when she says nothing's wrong, and how I can make a woman truly happy." The Lord replied, "You want two lanes or four?"

More Martin Mayhem
by Judy Martin Leach

One fall, my brother, sister-in-law, Bill and I decided to go on vacation together (a practice we did for many years thereafter). We usually gathered at mom's on Saturday after 6 p.m. mass to have coffee, dessert and usually play cards around the dining room table. That's when we hatched this vacation.

We chose North Carolina's Outer Banks as our destination and I was elected to find us a house to rent. My two oldest boys decided not to go with us as they were intending to get summer jobs; so that meant there were four adults, five girls (four of my brother's, and one of mine), and my two younger boys. For you Monongahela High School grads, eleven total.

After a few weeks, we were again at mom's and I gave everyone the news that I had a rental house in mind and showed them the layout. I was pointing out the number of bedrooms and who could room together when my mom looked over my shoulder and said, "Where do dad and I sleep?"

Without thinking, I said, "Mom, you're not going." She walked away in a huff. I WAS IN THE DOGHOUSE AGAIN.

My mom hated the water, didn't like the sand or the hot weather, wasn't crazy about whole house air conditioning and would never consider leaving the house for a day anywhere without her usual "redding up." SHE WOULD HAVE SWEPT THE BEACH FREE OF SAND! Doesn't it make sense that I said what I did? After mom got over what she thought of as a snub, which kept me in the doghouse for at least a week, she realized that not only was it sensible, but mom and dad would have had to drive by themselves. My brother and I both had station wagons, but there were no SUVs at the time. With them following us in their own car, it would have taken us two days to drive to North Carolina.

Our vacations together continued for many years, and each time we discussed it, mom would ask, laughing, where she and dad were sleeping.

Silver in the Hair
Gold in the Teeth.
Stones in the Kidneys
Sugar in the Blood.
Lead in the Feet.
Iron in the Arteries.
And an inexhaustible supply of Natural Gas.
We never thought we'd accumulate such wealth.

Another Recipe from the Reunion Committee Meetings

CHICKEN SHELLS
by Marge and Bob Hunter

INGREDIENTS:
1 Box jumbo stuffing shells
2 Cups cooked diced turkey or chicken
1 Box Stove Top Stuffing
3 Cans cream of chicken soup-diluted with 3 cans of water
1/4 to 1/2 Cup Mayonnaise
Parmesan cheese

INSTRUCTIONS
1. Cook shells, make stuffing as directed on box
2. Combine chicken, stuffing, and Mayonnaise
3. Stuff shells
4. Put in large baking dish
5. Cover with diluted soup
6. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese
7. Bake at 350 for 45 to 60 min., until soup bubbles

Monongahela Historical Society
by Dennis Yerkey

The Monongahela Historical Society invited retired California University professor, Dr. John Ken Folmar (75) to promote his book and talk about turn of the century boat building that went on in California, Pa. Although he hails from Birmingham, Al., Dr. Folmar has devoted much of his life to becoming an expert on the Mon River. He is fast talking, has a great sense of humor, pokes fun at himself and kept all twenty-six of us laughing for a full hour.

Recent book: "Gleanings from Pittsburgh and Western Pa 1786-1896".

MHS '58 Class members present: Joy Bellicini, John Bellicini, Dennis Yerkey.

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