

AHS63 March 2023 Newsletter

Oh Danny Boy—the Pipes, the Pipes are Frooozen Edition

Northern Outpost, March 1st, 28° and a 24-hour made-for-hollywood snow storm ... pinch me, I'm dreaming. So here we are up to our keesters in the white fluffy, and the picture up top is a March scene where the deer and the longhorn play in 70 ° something. But three weeks ago was a different story all around. Austin went into a deep-freeze coma January 30th. And when that winter storm reached Whiskeysit, it got down to -34 here with the wind chill. Ain't no amount of faucet dripping that would keep the water moving in this 200 yr old house, and somewhere under the kitchen sink there was deep despair goin on in the pipes ... nada, not even with the hairdryer that always worked before. Enter Jon the ersatz plumber—a retired boat builder (destroyers, actually, at Bath Ironworks) who is the Senior Warden at St Phil's and who is misguided but strives to keep me at the piano most Sundays. They wanted an organist. I hate the organ. They take what they can get. Whatever. Jon the SW fairly cheerfully slithered over a wall of ledge in the cellar, then had to crawl into a 3' cave under the kitchen to get to the despairing pipes. He yelled back that it was cold-as-a-*?/? ... in a Maine accent that didn't help the translation. It was frigid enough holding the Ace Superbeam Flashlight from my perch on a rock this side of the ledge, and I took his point. Then he found the problem area. And he had lots more to say about the idiocy of wrapping ***** heat tape on the *outside* of the ***** insulation on the **[you get the picture] copper pipes in said problem area. Worse, the pipes extended beyond the 3' cave to a space on the other side of a massive ancient chestnut beam that could not be crossed. More Mainese. How'n *heck* did these people get that

confounded pipe under there? Had to be another opening. Muddy boots track from the cellar to the lovely cherrywood kitchen floor and stomp over to the storage area under the stairs—a Harry Potteresque space if there ever was one—where I had stashed everything from birdseed to paint cans. It all came flying out. And there it was. A secret hole with a 2' x 3' plywood cover. Gawdamighty. He pried it off and snaked himself through the secret hole into an even *smaller* crawl space ... and later described how it was that he took out his knife and slashed the plastic sheeting that was holding umpty-ump gallons of water building up from a leak in another area ... that seemed to be *between the old kitchen floor and the new one*. Shure nuff. Some miscreant plumber had laid the pipes between the floors. Mercifully, Jon the SW held off on the idea of tearing a hole in the cherrywood floor. But now there was a sea of mud about 2 feet under the kitchen in what was a plumbing workspace from hell. Not to mention a homeowner's mold nightmare. *I'll worry about it tomorrah* Which is how it came to pass that a-*nother* plumber was called in to help re-route miles of new pex plumbing pipe from the miserable 3' cave problem area—where two pipe breaks were welded shut to a faretheewell—then shoved up through the floor under the sink, around behind the cabinets, through a wall, then under the stair landing, then up the wall of Harry Potter's room ... alllll the way to the washing machine behind louvered doors on the other side of the kitchen. Yesterday I got the bill. Plumber #1: \$215 parts and labor. Plumber #2: \$186 parts and labor. *You think I'm not the new poster child for everyday miracles? —T.*

Malone Hill's Great Adventure with Brian Newberry & Malcolm Milburn

A couple of years after AHS—those were the days of the Beach Boys and "high times" out west ... Ken Roberts and a few others had previously gone there for summer jobs in Monterey California, with reports of fun and good pay. So rather than do usual job stuff in Austin that summer, Brian Newberry, Malcolm Milburn, and I decided to try our luck out west. But, indeed, Brian did need to get a course in Physics which could transfer back to UT Pharmacy School, and after much searching, he found such at Portland State College. And Malcolm thought he'd take a course in Accounting. It wasn't California, but we thought, "What the heck --it's close!" I didn't have a job lined up but was naively confident, even taking letters of recommendation from Rylander's Supermarkets and Big Bend Memorial Hospital.

So about June 5, we loaded up my Chevelle with clothes and important things like a Lone Star Beer sign, a record player, a .22 rifle, and an ice chest (promptly filled with Coors, after Abilene). We had about ten days before classes began, so we took the SW scenic route through Carlsbad Caverns and Arizona. One night we camped at a roadside park near Flagstaff, and were greatly surprised at the cold and nearby *snow*. Who woulda thought—in Arizona! From there we headed to Los Angeles and were able to stay at some vacant fraternity house rooms for free. And did Disneyland and Universal Studios. In San Francisco we saw Malcolm's sister Berry, and ogled the *flower-children* in Haight-Ashbury. At Lake Tahoe, being underage, we were run out of casinos but were delighted to see tons of snow, and even scooted down a few hillsides on pieces of cardboard. Later we drove by Crater Lake and visited several sawmill towns.

We arrived in Portland one evening with nowhere to stay. Hoarding our resources—which for me was all of \$100—we pulled into a public park and got out our bedrolls; one had to sleep in the trunk. But it wasn't long before the park police came by and said "Move along boys. You can't stay here." So we found another area and got a few hours sleep. The next day, somehow, we found a brownstone 2-BR apartment with a short lease—so we were in! The other two had college course plans, so off I went to find a job. Hospitals ... nope. Supermarkets, even with my letter ... no openings. After a week things looked grim, and I ended up in the City Employment Office. A lady interviewed me and said "I'm going to take a

chance," and got me a job at Meier and Franks, the equivalent of our Scarbroughs. There my job was to be a stockboy in the bargain-basement lady's shoe department, where the manager said, "What are they thinking, sending me a pup from Texas?" But by the end of the summer, he wanted me to come back the next summer.

Brian first got a job as a cleaner at a meat market, wearing rubber boots and hosing off fat and blood each afternoon. Naturally not to his liking. He then found a job at a movie theater. Our entertainment was a challenge. The alcohol age limit was 21, and we didn't have our usual work-arounds for booze. And Portland didn't seem to have the usual spots like Lake Austin Inn, Dry Creek Cafe, Armadillo World Headquarters, etc. We did find some events with James Brown (where we were a decided minority) and Paul Revere and the Raiders, as *unaccompanied* minors.

Wanting some Beach Boy-type action, we drove one weekend to Cannon Beach, which even in June was fairly unoccupied. In our *jams* we ran into the surf—at least up to our ankles—then realized that it was *way colder* even than Barton Springs. Whoa! So we gathered some driftwood and started a campfire on the beach. But alas... no beach babes.

Perhaps the highlight of the summer was a job opportunity that Brian located on the College bulletin board for student monitors at a concert. Wearing a suit was required, which, amazingly, we had brought. Our job—in lieu of their hiring policemen—was to stand in front of the stage and keep the audience (mostly young girls) from rushing the performers—the **Beatles**! (Tough duty ... but somebody had to do it—chest-to-chest with screaming 16 year-olds.) We were in front of the first row for two performances, and even mingled on the stage between shows. No autographs or handshakes, but we were within 5 feet of the stars. And Brian nabbed some drumsticks.

At the end of the summer, Brian had to return a bit earlier and decided to hitch-hike home. Astonishingly, he made it all the way back to Austin in *two rides*—what luck! Malcolm and I drove back via Alpine, where I was born and had family.

A summer of bygone times—and friendships—to remember.

Lew Adams Spins One

Hi Terry,

Yep, we're having one of Texas' ice storms down here. Oak trees shedding limbs like 1960's hippies shedding clothes, at hippie hollow!

However, we can hardly complain after hearing about your part of the world entering "igloo territory." Sounds Brutal! Yep, a good book and some sipping whiskey sounds like a plan. It might not solve the "numb fingers and toes," but who the hell cares!

Bonus story on Lew from Kenny Roberts:

Thank you Terry. I did contact Lew, who is fighting to preserve his 50 acre paradise that resembles Westcave from an ultra-rich development that will eventually suck up the springs that make it beautiful. I think one thing that made Austin so special is that (back then) there weren't many really rich people defining success. Some of our classmates who went into the real estate business were well off, but didn't hold themselves above the rest of us.

[Here is an article](#) about Lew's fight. I hope to get out there soon. Kenny

Kathy Mathews Shive Can Tell a Doozie of a Story on Grant Simpson

I am trying to think of an AHS story—but none comes immediately to mind—I hope you get others!!! Wait.....there is a small light, but I cannot remember the name of the Math teacher (classroom on third floor? maybe second floor—I looked in the yearbook, and maybe it was Mrs. Peebles, not sure). She disallowed chewing gum in class (perhaps it was not allowed at all at AHS), but she was strict about it, and one day Grant Simpson walked into class chewing gum. And he went down the aisle between our chair

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

Franklin Mendez & Jimmy Orona Got Away With a Good One Every Day at Lunch

Taking the idea and moving it forward I thought about Jimmy M. Orona. Back on our last semester of high school Jimmy and I had to go to Johnston High School every day at noon. We had to finish our Vocational Printing there to graduate with our class of '63.

On the way to Johnston we would stop at Alba's Restaurant on 7th and Pedernales to have lunch. We would order the Enchiladas Special ... and a bottle of Lone Star Beer.

Why they never asked for our ID I'll never know.

That's one great memory I have of Jimmy. Having lunch at Alba's on our way to Johnston.

Jimmy, I hope you are well.
Franklin

Richard "Bill" Engle Dishes One on the Queen

I remember the time we got our senior rings. Bunch of us band kids slept in front of the band hall so's to be first in line the next mornin'. Brian, Kent, Joe, a flute player, and me wuz there. Long bout 8 or 9 Brian gets up and walks over to the gym. He just stands there next to a big tree. The flute player asks me what Brian is doin and I'm kinda slow to answer her. I know what's goin' on, but too embarrassed to say nothin'. Maybe I said we heard a critter in the leaves and he went to take a look. So shortly Brian comes back and we go back to sleep.

Next mornin' we get our rings and Ralph gets his first cause he's special to us.

I don't know. Maybe none of that happened with Brian.

Maybe ask ... Terry.

Ain't talkin'!! Rascal!

The 60th Reunion Cometh April 30th

SAVE THE DATE

Special email invitations with information and
reservation details will be right along.
Remain alert.



March Birthday Kids

01 Bonnie Montgomery Carol (46)

02 Sidney Brient Lock (46)

03 Mike Bown (45)

06 Sandy Riojas Castillo (44)

06 Menota Fields Edwards (45)

07 Cathy Foust Seddon (45)

08 Allan Stark (45)

09 Malcolm Flournoy (45)

10 Judy Cleveland Huppert (45)

11 Kay Woods Musick (45)

12 Scarlett O'Dell Reimer (45)

13 Phyllis Gerloff Guthrie (45)

24 Joe Alexander III (45)

29 Brenda Rogers Warner (45)

29 Jerry Raines (45)

31 Sue Dodgen Vasser (45)

And here's the new deal for You Birthday People: On your birthday or during this birthday month, take a minute and maybe think back 60 years to your birthday month during your senior year at Austin High. What was going on? Is there something that sticks out in your mind?

Or maybe you wish you could thank a classmate for something that meant a lot to you. Something that, up til now, has gone unsaid.

That's what the February birthday kids did—they sent in their memories for this issue.

**So. March Birthday People—lissen up.
It's your turn.**

Please tell me what **you just remembered** while you were reading Malone's and Lew's and Kathy's and Franklin's and Bill's stories ... and then **send it to me at the link below.** Pretty please? Sugar on it?

CLICK HERE TO SEND ME A STORY or maybe just one or two special pictures that stick in your mind.

Actually, this kind of remembering is one of the best parts of getting together at reunions. But not everyone can come, and so we miss a voice and a connection. Now's the time to do this ...

...while we're all still here having birthdays.

Got it?

Got a birthday this month? **Don't see it?** Just hit reply and send me your birthday/year and you'll make the big time right here.

And send in your fun birthday story.

You'll be a HIT.

Guaranteed. Q.



Bob Bodoín, Mary Williams, Kenny Roberts, Lulu Peal, Hank Hundley,
Meiling Lung, and Malone Hill

LOYAL FOREVER Y'ALL

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- the AHS Class of 63

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