



Ames High School Alumni Newsletter

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Two AHS Grads are Standing Up for 'Free & Independent' Journalism



Kathie Kinrade Obradovich ('83)

Amid cries of "fake news" aimed at discrediting awkward or inconvenient stories, Iowa has one bright star when it comes to reporting in depth about state and local governments (and beyond). It's called the *Iowa Capital Dispatch* (ICD) and its editor is Ames High alum Kathie Kinrade Obradovich ('83). She oversees a staff of four (including herself) and another AHS grad, Perry Beeman ('77).

nonprofit organization called States Newsroom which is funded entirely by contributions from individual donors and institutional grants. As a result, these affiliates and partners are able to eschew advertising and paid content from influence-seeking corporations.

Since it started in Des Moines in January 2020, the ICD was just cutting its teeth when the COVID pandemic forced the staff to hole up at home and do most of its reporting under lockdown conditions. But, since every staffer was an experienced professional, the ICD continued to provide news to online readers and newspapers ranging in size from the Des Moines *Register* and Omaha *World-Herald* to semi-weeklies like the North Scott *Press* and both the Storm Lake *Pilot Tribune* and the *Times*. *Successful Farming* also uses the ICD's agriculture and environmental offerings.



Perry Beeman ('77)

The 7-day-a-week online daily *Dispatch* is just in its second year of providing governmental stories at no charge to both online readers as well as Iowa's newspapers and electronic media at a time when they have undergone staggering shrinkage in newsroom staffs and financial resources.

Kathie's deputy editor, Clark Kauffman, has been an award-winning investigative reporter and editorial writer in Iowa for 30 years. He was named a Pulitzer Prize finalist in 2004 for Investigative Reporting with his series on prosecutorial misconduct in Iowa. Two of Kauffman's more significant ICD stories involved the Iowa Department of Public Health's reluctance to provide detailed information about the COVID virus, as well as its failure to properly oversee Iowa's 440 long-term care facilities.

For his part, Perry Beeman has been in the forefront covering issues involving the environment, climate, natural resources (including a plan to export millions of gallons of Iowa water) and, especially, the COVID pandemic and the state's response or lack thereof. For a more comprehensive view of ICD's overall coverage, go to: <https://iowacapitaldispatch.com/2021/01/04/iowa-capital-dispatch-celebrates-1st-birthday-no-cake-just-big-scoops/>

only 30 percent of the nation's daily newspapers still have someone assigned to cover the nation's 50 state houses, thanks in large measure to a 47 percent decline in the size of newsrooms nationwide. The result is a sharp reduction in local, state and even national reporting.

Democracy only works for the people if there are watchdogs of all stripes studying documents and asking pertinent questions, such as "why" and "how." That brings us back to Kathie Obradovich, Perry Beeman and the mission of the *Iowa Capital Dispatch* and the other news outlets in 20 states and Washington, D.C. They are part of a national

Reaction to the ICD's reporting is exemplified by Art Cullen, editor of the Storm Lake *Times*. He says the *Dispatch* has become "an important source of straight news about government as the statehouse press corps has been cut dramatically." Cullen, who won a Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing in 2017, added that "There are plenty of partisan political blogs that purport to be news sites, but ICD actually covers state boards and the legislature, and their agencies, without spin."

Two AHS Grads are Standing Up for ‘Free & Independent’ Journalism *cont.*

In addition to its own reporting and commentary, the ICD serves as host for guest opinions – always labeled--from a variety of persons with expertise in a variety of areas, such as education, health care, and ethics. They include Randy Evans, head of the Iowa Freedom of Information Council, whose columns often zero in on governmental secrecy, including law enforcement agencies. It goes without saying that Evans is a fan of open meetings and open records and the *Iowa Capital Dispatch's* efforts to ensure the public is informed about government business. Evans describes the ICD as providing--week after week --“some of the very best news coverage of state government in Iowa.”

Under Obradovich’s leadership, he added, her team has “stepped in and stepped up” where others have stepped away. Kathie hesitates to forecast the future, but she feels the Dispatch, while frugal with its resources, is definitely not operating on a shoestring. The ICD also has more than 13,000 social media followers and newsletter subscribers. Even more important, she says, “we’ve had well over 1 million users on our website alone.” (*Photos courtesy of Rodney White, Iowa Capital Dispatch*) (Tom Emmerson, '55)

Kathie Kinrade Obradovich, ICD’s editor in chief--Kathie has been covering Iowa government and politics for more than 30 years, most recently as political columnist and opinion editor for the *Des Moines Register*. Prior to that she covered the Iowa Statehouse for 10 years for newspapers in Davenport, Waterloo, Sioux City, Mason City and Muscatine. She is a leading voice on Iowa politics and makes regular appearances on state, national and international news programs. She has also led national-award-winning coverage of the Iowa Caucuses and the Register’s Iowa Poll. You can read all her ICD posts at: <https://iowacapitaldispatch.com/author/KathieObradovich/>

Perry Beeman, senior reporter--Perry has nearly 40 years of experience in Iowa journalism and has won national awards for environmental and business writing. He has written for the *Des Moines Register* and the *Business Record*, where he also served as managing editor. He also is former editorial director of Grinnell College. He co-authored the recently published book, *The \$80 Billion Gamble*, which details the lottery-rigging case of Eddie Tipton. You can read all of his ICD posts at: <https://iowacapitaldispatch.com/author/Perry-Beeman/>

Their Ames route to writing and reporting--Kathie and Perry each have clear memories of Ames teachers who helped propel them into writing and journalism.

For Kathie it was Grace Bauske who inspired her to become a writer and then a journalist. “Her passion for descriptive writing and word craft hooked me on the idea of writing for a living. She encouraged me to submit an essay to *Scratch Pad*, which introduced me to the rush of seeing my work in print.”

Perry says he fell in love with writing in Mrs. (Barbara) Ruhe’s second grade class at Roosevelt Elementary. She created a pig from a gallon milk jug and stuffed it with various topics – some factual (summer vacations) and others that prompted creative tales of monsters. That was when he discovered he loved to write. “I can see it like it was yesterday.” Perry credits Central English teacher Avis Moody as the “person who sent me on my way to a writing career.” “Then,” he added, “Ames High made me a journalist, thanks to working on the Web with its adviser, Tom Rolnicki.” “What a thrill,” he says, “to see our hard work in print!”

Directory Drive-by Sales



On Saturday morning, March 13, 2021, from 10:00 to 12:00, the AHSAA held a 2020 Ames High School Alumni Directory sale in front of the Ames High School gymnasium. This was an opportunity for graduates to save a \$5.00 postage and handling fee. Pictured are; Connie Martin Vaclav, '76, the alumni treasurer, with a twenty-dollar bill in her chilly gloved hand and Jim Michaud, '53, a long-time supporter of the AHSAA, the Ames High athletic programs and Ames High in general.

Twenty-six Years with a Microphone at Iowa State



Henry, Cheryl and Karl.

“Soooo... This is what you do on your weekends for fun?!?” Those comments came from two of Karl Schloerke’s (’70) friends as he was spending another Saturday as the Public Address Announcer for an Iowa State University football game. While coaching volleyball at AHS in the late 80’s – early 90’s, Karl volunteered to do PA for the Little Cyclones boys’/girls’ basketball games to stay connected with his team players. *Mispronouncing* a name, he found, would irritate fans and family throughout the event. Karl also enjoyed helping Iowa State’s Head Volleyball Coach, Vicki Mealer, with any aspect of her matches, including PA work. In the early 90’s, Cyclone Volleyball moved their matches from Women’s’ PEB to Hilton Coliseum.

Right after announcing Iowa State Volleyball’s last volleyball match of the 1994 season in Hilton, ISU Marketing Head Mary Pink asked Karl if he might be interested in announcing in Hilton for the ’94 – ’95 Women’s Basketball team. Thinking there might be more concessionaire staff in Hilton for women’s basketball than fans attending games, Karl suggested finding an interested Cyclone student. Mary

shared that they had an excellent new coach coming and they wanted an adult to do the PA. In the fall of 1994, Karl would join Cheryl Pannier, the co-host of Saturday Morning Live for WHO Radio, and split the Public Address duties around their schedules. A few years later, Cheryl made the decision to focus her time on other pursuits, and somewhere during the year 2000, Karl became the sole PA person for Cyclone Women’s Basketball.

Coach Bill Fennelly has often remarked about the attendance number at his first game at ISU at being 310. Attendance numbers were low. Then came a game against Iowa that was so crowded that Hilton staff had no choice but to open the balcony. Because of the excitement Coach Fennelly brought to the program, the average fan attendance in 2017 – 2018, Karl’s 24th and final season as the Public Address Announcer for the Iowa State Women’s Basketball, was 9,870 per game.

Before the fall in 2000, there was a tryout for the PA for Iowa State Football. Applicants needed to submit a tape of their work. Not certain what would result, Karl asked the Hilton staff to record one of the women’s games to submit. ISU offered Karl the opportunity to announce football for them. Their marketing department arranged for Karl to do a meet-and-greet with the PA person for Nebraska’s football. The Nebraska PA team had had two spotters, one to help with Nebraska and one to help with the opponent. Karl took away two pearls from that day. People would notice mistakes, and rewards for the work would come from within for a job well done.

Jerry Kiester and Rick Ballantine were Karl’s first spotters. Kirk Schmaltz became part of the PA team when Rick left to take time for his family. Since then, Mike Wittmer has been a dependable spotter when someone has had a conflict. For 20 years, Karl’s team has been dedicated and solid.

In 2009, Karl retired from officiating high school and Division III volleyball. Ironically, at the same time, Iowa State planned to stream their volleyball matches on Cyclones.TV. Marketing was looking for a play-by-play person and Karl once again applied for the job with no broadcasting in his background. The volleyball broadcasts had no color commentator. During the next five years, Iowa State used student interns as the color commentators, switching students every two years. This past fall, broadcasts were moved to ESPN+, causing some early jitters for the 69-year-old before matches. For Karl Schloerke, it was time to give the keys of the bus to someone else while the fans were still having fun. Being behind the microphone in some combination for 26 years for a single sport for Cyclone Nation would be a dream job for many. This Little Cyclone was fortunate enough to find three.



AHSAA Thanks You for your Financial Support

Thank You!

The Ames High School Alumni Association has received contributions and/or memorials from the following supporters during the 2020 calendar year. Thank you to all alumni and friends who have generously sent contributions to the AHSAA. All contributions are greatly appreciated and provide support for our various projects. Memorial contributions go entirely into the "Second-Generation Scholarship Program." (* = memorial contribution) (** = in honor of) (Our apologies for any omissions or errors!)

GOLD CLUB

(\$ 1,000.00+)

- Gary W. Clem, '61
- * Ellen Molleston Walvoord, '57

SILVER CLUB

(\$ 500.00 - \$999.99)

- Rodney S. Harl, '89

BRONZE CLUB

(\$ 100.00 - \$499.99)

- * Sarah J. Allen
- Patricia Bunting Angelici, '84
- Tracy Arnold, '76
- Mary Kay Arthur, '58
- * Keith Bailey, Staff
- * James S. Balloun, '56
- * Bruce Barron, '59
- * James A. Bates, '61
- * Warren Benson, '56
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- * Jean Bachman Bruner, '58
- * Barbara Kurtz Bunning, '57
- * Robert L. Byrus, '50
- Lynne Beese Calame, '65
- * Marcia Wilsie Campbell, '55
- * William J. Carney, Jr., '55
- Cynthia N. Clark, '73
- * Lawrence D. "Larry" Conley, '67
- * David J. Crawford, '76
- Richard Engelhardt, '68
- * Richard D. Fowler, '51
- Diana Rex Gammell, '56
- * Thomas W. Gray, '59
- * Karen Houge Haines, '58
- * Mary Beth Kirkham, '62
- * Richard A. Lloyd, '63
- * Lois Knutson Lynch, '61
- * James, '62 & Linda Fleming Marken, '63
- * Donald E. Mathre, '56
- * Daniel, '58 & Anette McCarthy
- Valerie Beavers Mills, '79
- * Mary E. Walsh Neitge, '58
- Larry D. Ostrem, '72
- * Sue Mendon Powley, '60
- * Peggy L. Rasmussen, '70
- * Robert, '48 & Harriet Hawk Ringgenberg, '49
- * Sheila Porter Schreiber, '60
- * Douglas J. Shadle, '66
- * W. Craig Stephenson, '70
- * Elizabeth Bacon Strain, '64

- * Dennis L. Swanson, '69
- * Richard N. Tarman, '59
- * Dennis, '60 & Shirley Busch Tice, '61
- * Carole Sue Triplett
- Brian F. Ward, '66
- David Wheelock, '78
- * Jeffrey A. Wolters, '82
- Janet McCoy Yoder, '52

ORANGE AND BLACK CLUB

(up through \$99.99)

- * Lisa Miller Ailshie, '81
- Sheryl Wood Albertson, '72
- * Marilyn Gibbs Alger, '71
- Richard D. Allen, '60
- Nancy K. Anderson, '59
- * Kathryn Burnet Andre, '65
- Norval W. Armstrong, '46
- * Kathy Ashburn, '58
- Gloria Hatasaki Bachmann, '63
- * Alyce Miller Bailey, '45
- * Gary L. Bath, '64
- * Belinda A. Bathie, '82
- * Anne Barnard Bice, '48
- * Benjamin R. Barnard, '52
- Brian S. Bollinger, '83
- * Kendrick L. Brown, '62
- * Joan Burnet Bruns, '73
- Robert C. Bundy, '58
- * George Burnet, '78
- * Robert C. Callahan, '57
- Lynne Burdick Caltrider, '70
- LoAnn Campbell, Staff
- Terry R. Carroll, '73
- Nolan T. Compton, '72
- Terry M. Cook, '63
- Amy L. Cook-Porter, '76
- * John M. Core, '81
- Marcia Heidel Courson, '61
- Randall W. Crom, '74
- * Roger A. Deal, '51
- * Leisa H. Doran, '71
- * James W. Dresser, '58
- * Gloria Jones Erickson, '71
- * Marie Daniels Fellows, '56
- Gretchen Finn, '60
- Regis C. "Cleo" Fitzgerald, '49
- * W. Guy Fox, '52
- Reinhard K. Friedrich, '50
- * Karlene K. Garn, Staff
- * Sheila Glenn-Whitford, '73
- Lisa Anderson Grieve, '80
- Edward C. Hansen, '57
- * Gloria Betts Hauser
- Phyllis M. Heffron, '59
- * Ted W. Hiedeman, '77
- Dean E. Hunziker, '60
- Adlai A. Hurt, 2000
- * Kimberly Knutson Hurt, '76
- * Nancy Merchant Kirtley, '53
- Kelly Alford Kultala, '76
- David A. Kylo, '78
- Mary Harper Lackore, '51
- * Dean J. Lange, '62
- * Mary Frances Whitley Larson, '45
- * Heidi Exner Larson, '68
- Joyce Hiserote Lien, '71
- Laura McPhail Lind, '81
- Duane T. Magee, '88
- * William McGowan, '61
- Karen Skarshaug McGregor, '81
- * James A. Moldenhauer, '72
- Gary M. Mulhall, '63
- Craig P. Olson, '83
- * Sharon L. Petersma, '48
- Meredith McHone Pierce, '67
- Jolene Thompson Pitkin, '83
- * Thomas F. Pumroy, '61
- * Margo Dunlap Reeg, '61
- * Steven H. Reinsch, '69
- Jane P. Richards, '84
- * Martha Barnard Rohde, '54
- Diana Oppedal Russell, '63
- Jeffry W. Sales, '63
- * Phyllis Eschbach Schultz, '47
- Lynne Brady Scribbins, '73
- * Clem W. Sevde, '61
- Robert T. Smalling, '65
- * Karsten O. Smedal, '58
- * David R. Smith, '52
- * Diane Brandenburg Soper, '68
- * Karen Spratt, Spouse
- * Timothy M. Stine, '59
- * Micki Johnson Strusky, '63
- Dennis L. Swanson, '68
- Wendy K. Swenson, '76
- Carolyn Geiger Thiesen, '62
- Mary Ann Ahart Valley, '54
- * Spenser Villwock, '92
- Christie Love Vonprotz, '66
- * Mark E. Watson, '61
- * Bernard & Linda White
- * Connie Bailey Wight, '64
- Steven F. Williams, '71
- * Arthur, '68 & Kathy Dibble Wirtz, '68
- Dale Woodward, '70
- * Kent, '56 & Linda, '58 Woodworth

We Get Letters...

Thank you so much for the newsletters. I love reading them cover-to-cover and always look for news on graduates from the class of '82. The December newsletter was full of wonderful information. A little tidbit of information someone might find interesting: my oldest daughter, Sandra Gramer, became an assistant coach for girl's 2020 fall cross country at AHS. I am so excited thinking of her coaching a sport I enjoyed participating in while at AHS myself. I never imagined any of our children having a connection to AHS since we have lived in Maryland and now in Minnesota. But now two of my daughters call Ames home and I love that. Blessing to you all!

Paula Brackelsberg Gramer, '82

As a former thinclad, I found the letter, "A Tribute to Coach John Sletten", from Mark Bogenrief a very fitting reminder of what Coach Sletten gave us in terms of opportunities to succeed. From training (run through, not just to the finish line), to nutrition ("fresh orange slices between races"), to fashion ("matching socks so you don't get disqualified for a uniform violation"), he and Coach Spatcher, built us into better athletes and better young men. I was very fortunate in my senior year to tag along with three really fast guys (Kevin Buck, Dave Smith and Dave Crawford) on our way to a Drake Relays and two Iowa State Championship relay titles. For that, I would also say, "Thank you Coach Sletten!"

Tracy Arnold, '76

In reference to Dr. Hildebrand's letter in the December issue of the Alumni Newsletter—everyone knows the class of '51 was the best class to graduate from Ames High School. We had teachers, doctors, lawyers, professors, business people and even some career military. Seriously though, every class to graduate from Ames

High School is the best. I am sure Dr. Hildebrand would agree with that statement.

Roger A. Deal, '51, U.S. Air Force, Retired

Enclosed are my dues for 2 more years of your wonderful alumni newsletter. Turning 87, I hope to live long enough to enjoy them. You are doing a great job and we appreciate your effort so much. "Ames Hi Aims High"!

Nancy E. Winslow, '52

I'm so glad you decided to stay with the full-color, 16-page newsletter. It just keeps getting better and better. The last issue of 2020 was so very interesting. Thanks to all the alumni who work on the newsletter.

Anita Kelly Pitcher, '59

The enclosed check will cover a memorial and two more years of your wonderful newsletter. You all do such a great job. But, what else could you expect from Ames High School. Thank you again!

Mary Frances Whitley Larson, '45

I so enjoy the AHSAA newsletter. Enclosed is my 3-year subscription renewal fee. I directed the choirs during the 1971-72 school-year when Al Wiser was on sabbatical. To this day I treasure the memories of working with the talented students and the supportive staff at Ames High. Thank you for keeping this connection on-going!

Susan Snell, Staff

Thank you for notifying me that my membership had lapsed. I have been distracted by the contest to get a COVID vaccination. Enclosed is my

check for a three-year membership. The newsletter is eagerly read and enjoyed each time. I often wonder how many are still living out of each class total. I and my husband, Chuck, live at home and are in reasonably good health—just moving a little slower. May God's blessings of good health, peace and joy enrich every American.

Virginia Miller Messick, '47

Thank you for sending the list of our living classmates. Pretty amazing that there are 22 of us left, isn't it? I'm 96 and really doing well—living in an independent living facility with my husband, Joe, who will be 99 in June. He is not as well as I am.

How I miss Ames. Since I graduated from ISC (now ISU), I moved to Minneapolis to work in the Fashion Department of The Dayton Company. Then I worked as the "Bridal Gift Secretary" until our first child was born. Joe was the assistant basketball coach at the University of Minnesota. He had graduated from Dartmouth in 1944 and had played guard on their team that went to the "Final Four". They lost to Utah by two points, 44-42, in overtime. It was a different kind of basketball back then. After the U. of Minnesota, he became the head coach at Yale for 19 years. Then he became head of the National Association of Basketball Coaches for another 19 years. I've been his "Cheerleader" through it all.

Elizabeth Butler Vancisin, '42

I want to add to the December issue article about the August derecho. The storm itself, colossal tree damage and loss of electricity was horrific, but damage to homes and structures has left prolonged "pain and suffering" for hundreds (thousands?) in Ames. My small example: nine huge tree branches (some 30+ feet long, trunks a foot in diameter) were hurled down

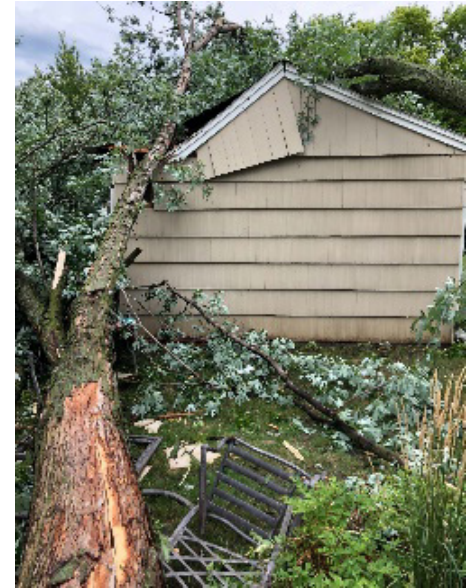
We Get Letters... *cont.*

on my house roof (puncturing holes) and on my separate garage (half-destroyed).

“Iowa nice” emerged, full-force. Neighbors wielding chainsaws miraculously appeared cutting huge branches in yard and on roofs and patio; others dragged branches to the curb and raked leaves. All I felt was gratitude. Special shout out to Sam Shaffer, class of ‘78, for cutting up all the huge branches on my roof, hauling away two dump-truck loads of logs, patching holes on my roof, and battening down tarps on multiple garage roof holes. I’m still working with contractors replacing roofs, rain

gutters, cedar shake siding, repairing smashed garage, and repainting. The derecho caused many year-long headaches. But we are blessed to live in Ames, with kind, generous neighbors.

Tracey Stoll, ‘74



Other News Here and There...

by Loof Lirpa, Honorary Alum

REAL OR FAKE—YOU HEARD IT HERE FIRST?

Having Roasted Squaw, Skunk is next on the Spit.

Now that the Squaw has been expunged in favor of Iowa Creek, public attention has shifted to “doing something drastic” about the Skunk River. “It’s a horrible millstone around Ames’s neck,” declared interim mayor Matilda Runn-Wilde. “It stinks! And its very odiferous name has cost this city immeasurable tourist revenue for at least a half century.”

At the other end of the debate is Sweetpea Silvershoes, who led the fight against the Squaw, but thinks reform correctness has gone overboard. “Besides,” she added, “we should take pride in the fact that there is only one Skunk river or creek, brook, lake or pond in America and that makes us uniquely patriotic.”

Among those arguing for change are the so-called Alliteratives. They stand strongly behind such names as: Raspberry River, Rabbit River, Rudderless River, Runny River, Ringo River, and Robin River. Others favor Restless, Roaming or even Roadrunner River. Anti-alliterationists line up

mainly in favor of animal or bird names such as Bison, Elk, Moose, Prairie Dog, Mouse, Bald Eagle, Rusty Duck, Plowboy or Peace Pipe River. For her part, Ms. Runn-Wilde, supports changing the name to Sac River (a name discarded from the Squaw Creek imbroglio as being “too tongue-twisty”).

Steamy glasses relief for mask wearers at hand.

For those legions of people whose glasses get steamed up while wearing a facemask – relief at last. The solution is mastering the art of inhaling through the right nostril and exhaling through the left for right-handed people. Southpaws need to reverse the procedure. The technique was successfully developed at the Goethe Institute of Cranial Studies in Vienna by Dr. AnnMarie Stiegel Bauer, who was an AHS exchange student during spring semester of 1981.

This may be challenging initially, she cautioned, but with concentration and practice it can be managed, she said, adding that, for yet unknown reasons, it takes greater discipline for

left-handed males. Dr. Stiegel Bauer says this technique is a spin-off of brain breathing research, which also involves the nostrils. At the Center for Disease and Discomfort Control (CDDC) Dr. Antonio Fauchetti opined that this will not entirely eliminate foggy glasses, but it will at least reduce by one-half the amount of steaming on each lens, “which cannot help but improve both vision and visibility.”

Fed to replace Greenback dollar with Mini-Buck.

The value of the dollar bill has shrunk with inflation, but now it is also being physically reduced in size to 70 percent of the Greenback as we have known it since 1929. The U.S. Federal Reserve Bank (FRB) says it is being replaced by a \$1 bill that is “more manageable” and “much less expensive to produce and print.” Spokesperson Pierre Saint-Pierre also noted that the dollar bill is in less demand, having been overtaken by the \$20

The new mini-buck measures a compact 4.25 inches long and 1.87 inches high. The FRB said it had also rejected a proposal to print only

Other News Here and There *cont.*

the front of the new bill because of “possible confusion” with scrap paper. The Fed is, however still considering changing the color of the new bill from its current green (called Dollar Bill) to something like Cornflower or even Royal Blue. “I think we are over our fear of the monarchy,” Saint-Pierre added. The old dollar will continue to be legal tender until April 1, 2023.

Ames Schools Jettison Analog Clocks.

Analog clocks – the ones with the big and little hands and the majestic sweeping seconds hand – will soon be as rare as slide rules, carbon paper and whiteout in all Ames schools. They are all to be replaced by digital timepieces, according to the School Board’s Atmospheric Comfort Committee (ACC). The decision to switch to the microwave model has stirred up a small hornet’s nest, especially among K-5 teachers.

“How are we going to teach the children to tell time and, especially, elapsed time?” wailed long-time second-grade teacher Neola Gay Benson. “And how are we (and parents) going to explain Daylight Savings Time?” chimed in her colleague, Mary Kay Twinkler. ‘Spring forward and Fall back’ simply won’t work digitally,” she said, snapping her thumb and middle finger for emphasis.

Abandoning the familiar circular clock face for what Ms. Benson called the “red glower” was spawned after Middle and High School teachers complained that their students became confused by their inability to tell how much time remained for a quiz, exam or in-class exercise.

Nevertheless, the jury is still out on what Ms. Twinkler described as a “cuckoo” idea. “We might just as well ditch all clocks in favor of sun dials,” she added.

‘MAD Matt’ Donat (’06) on brink of Guinness fame

Fact checkers are “very seriously” considering the inclusion of AHS alum

Mathew Alin Donat (’06) in the 2022 edition of the Guinness Book of World Records. “Mad Matt,” as he was known to classmates, has a memory that has allowed him to instantly remember every school and gym locker combination since he was taking karate lessons as a 9-year-old and was hit in the head by a pizza box. Besides combinations, he also remembers addresses and phone numbers of every classmate he had at Kate Mitchell elementary school and -- the middle names of his elementary and Sunday school teachers.

“Some say I have a photographic memory,” Donat says, “but I really cannot look at a page of a book and commit it to memory.” His unique memory is largely confined to things he has personally seen or experienced. “So please don’t ask me to recite Pi out to 49 digits.”

Donat also revealed that his wife, (Spud) who calls him Mr. Memory, “still has to check me before I go to work to see if I match.

Math problem for the ages

Remember those brain teasers in old electricity bills? Here’s your chance to scrape off a few barnacles: If Tom-Tom the Piper’s son stole a pig and escaped in a canoe paddling at 3 miles an hour, how long would it take Jack and Jill to overhaul him if they left 60 minutes later and both paddled at 3 miles an hour? Send your answer, along with two box tops, to Cuthbert Gleep (c/o Bill Ripp) at 1921 Ames High Drive, Ames, IA 50010.

Some Useful Tips for a Keeping the Zip in Zippy

By Cuthbert & Dr. Cuthbertha Gleep
Once you pass your 35th or 40th class reunion, the focus changes – or at least could use some fine tuning. The editor invited us – as father and daughter -- to come up with suggestions that, in some cases, are especially relevant in a pandemic. (The distinguished Dr. Gleep holds degrees in Household Stress and Senior Sensitivity.)

- *1* Laces should be alternated annually on shoes and boots in order to minimize their coming untied -- and for a longer life.
- *2* Bathroom-type scales need to be re-calibrated once a year to ensure accurate weight reports. See your scale’s manual. Roughly the same result can be achieved by adjusting the scale’s dial back 2 pounds.
- *3* Finger and toe nails should not be flushed down the toilet, especially since they make good compost.
- *4* If you wear a hearing aid, do not change batteries over the toilet with an open lid.
- *5* You can keep your mind sharp by learning a language. Any language. If you don’t know which one, make up one you can get your tongue around.
- *6* When fielding phone calls from unknown numbers, answer in the language you are learning.
- *7* Don’t eat bananas if you are inclined to fall down. If you do eat bananas, first put them in the fridge to give the skins better traction.
- *8* Eat for good health – and remember that Ketchup is NOT a vegetable. (Neither is Catsup.)
- *9* To minimize back aches, alternate ALL cushions on your favorite sofa weekly, or else sit somewhere else.
- *10* If you can’t stand long hair tickling your inner ear, try giving yourself a trim, if only for laughs, but don’t stick scissors inside your ear and definitely don’t swap them for a cigarette lighter.
- *11* If you come up with a good plan for redeeming deposits on your bottles and cans, tell the world.
- *12* If you decide to try to lose a few pounds, make it your goal to take off one of your rings.
- *13* Belts – especially leather and imitation leather – tend to shrink as a result of body moisture. You can either punch another notch yourself or have your belts stretched for free as a courtesy at any auto parts store.
- *14* Some foods are too rich and some drinks are too alcoholic. But, hey, if you have already made it to 75 (or even 70) cut yourself some slack.

“That’s All, Folks”!

A Tribute to Ames, to AHS, and to Mothers Everywhere.

by Leonard "Len" Paulson, '49



Leonard "Len" Paulson, '49

(There were poor families in Ames also!) After an enjoyable lunch with a good friend from the class of '49, and then reading our recent alumni newsletter with more highlights of distinguished grads, I decided to inject a totally different story about our family history in Ames. Our loving, dedicated mother who raised 5 kids while working various jobs around town, lived with her dream of seeing each of us graduating from college. She was a farm girl from Western Iowa with an 8th grade education who was blessed with a wonderful, special program offered to such women by the state and ISU. These girls were more or less victims of a rural society which designated a role for the eldest girl to leave school early and generate outside income to help the family. This she accomplished until the special all-expenses paid program approved her enrollment at ISU. She thrived in this opportunity to advance her education—until an inevitable romance changed her life to marriage and children.

The core family of one girl and 4 boys (2 were twin boys) spanned a period of 12 years. Their original home in Ames

was southeast of Duff and Lincoln Way surrounded by dirt roads, over-looking fields of corn, and sporting an outhouse. A generous uncle helped mother Louise purchase and move to a two-story frame house on 11th Street near Highway 69 when I was 3 years old. The neighborhood and the city became Louise's partners in raising her family since their father spent much of his time in the VA Hospital at Knoxville. Helpful, successful neighbors included a dentist, shoe store owner, department store manager, Iowa Highway Commission employee, Ames High coach, Ames High instrumental teacher and band director, gas station owner, ISU professor and so on. Quite a fantastic combination of Midwest American folks with variable education levels and work skills to share with the less fortunate like the Paulson family.

Louise and her 5 children were certainly blessed with some charitable benefits such as Christmas gifts from the Ames Chamber of Commerce, etc. But every one of us worked hard at jobs we could find. My older siblings even knocked on doors selling some of our mother's baked goods prepared during evenings at home from her outside jobs. The Twins were avid hunters and kept our very cold detached garage nearly full with their kill of rabbits and squirrels for winter dinners (we had no car in the family until I was 18 and Mother never drove one). Listing all of the jobs filled by the 6 of us through the early years would fill a book.

WWII completely changed the education dream for us kids. Gert, however, graduated from ISU and married Bill who was a Navy guy and then a manager for the Chicago Northwestern Railroad. Ralph entered the Marine Corps right after graduation from Ames High and was killed during the battle of Tarawa. Paulson Drive in northeast Ames was named in his honor by his contractor friend. The twins enlisted in the Air Force and had distinguished years in their roles. After discharge,

they both majored in Forestry at ISU and had their degrees when the Korean Conflict started. Rod returned to service in the Air Force and was killed in a plane crash in the state of Washington. Rolly followed his interest to the forests of the Northwest U.S. He accepted a most interesting challenge with Skelly Oil to manage their lumber property in Liberia, Africa. He wrote a fascinating book about his group of investors who purchased Skelly's lumber interests and created several millionaires in the midst of the bloody political mess before escaping in a Humphrey Bogart type real live movie setting.

I was the youngest of this Paulson family. After wasting a year at ISU, I enlisted in the Air Force and "enjoyed" a 3.5-year time of twists and turns resulting in the appointment as Editor of the Nagaya, Japan Airbase newspaper. An early discharge resulting from an end of the Korean Conflict found me back in Ames. Through the assistance of Halvor Thompson, a long-time family friend, and the GI Bill, I entered St. Olaf College in Northfield, MN where I earned a BA in Economics four years later. With my bride who was also an Ole and from Ogden, Iowa, I began a productive banking career. From my starting job with the National Bank examiners, I switched to community banks and worked up to bank president by age 40 in Denver, CO. I helped three investment groups gain new bank charters, and then served as CEO until the next bank opened. A brief venture in private business proved I really belonged in the banking business, so I returned to the Denver banking arena. My next move was to the credit union industry where I spent my last 10 active years as a work-out specialist in problem companies referred by the NCUA, National Credit Union Administration. This very worthwhile challenge offered me the opportunity to fix prior management problems in several credit unions with the goal to either restore lost capital, merge or sell the company, or recommend

closure. My banking career truly paid off because I had good experience in every department and function, and proved successful in several states. Except for income! Salaries for presidents in start-ups and in distressed companies were low simply because of the pressure on expenses. I considered these periods as my contribution back to industries which had basically been good to me and my family.

My closest claim to fame came from playing competitive tennis. Starting

in 1970 with some league play, I got serious by 2011 when I won the Colorado State Open in my age bracket. I played mostly in USTA (United States Tennis Association) sanctioned tournaments in Arizona, Texas, California and Utah, and reached my singles peak of No. 7 in the country and No. 1 in the Southwest District. Competitive, amateur tennis, however, is an expensive sport. Considering travel, entrance fees, motels and meals, tournaments favor the wealthy, which I am not. I now long to play in the 90-age

division starting in 2021, but have a major new chore as caregiver for a wife with dementia.

So, this is the story of a poor boy from Ames, Iowa, raised by his wonderful community and a devout Christian mother, achieving some measure of success through a long life of blessings. I call it "rags to no riches" but a terrific life!

Growing up in Ames, *by David Elbert, '65*



David Elbert, ('65)

More than 40 years ago, Susan Allen Toth wrote "Blooming," a poignant memoir about growing up in Ames in the 1950s at a time when it was considered one of the safest places in the country to raise a family. I grew up in Ames seven years behind Toth and have equally fond memories. They include Jan. 20, 1953, the day Dwight Eisenhower was inaugurated as our 34th president. On that special day, students at St. Cecilia Catholic School were marched into the gym to watch the ceremony on a black-and-white television. The youngest were seated in front, which meant that my kindergarten classmate Bob Best and I had great seats.

It wasn't the first time I'd seen Eisenhower. The previous summer,

when he'd campaigned in Iowa, Ike rode in an open car that passed our house on Sixth Street. I saw him again in person in September 1956 when his reelection campaign brought him in another open car down Lincoln Way. By then, we were in fourth grade and the nuns marched us the half block from school to see the president as he motored to Boone for a visit with his wife's relatives. I was the second of four children that my parents had between December 1945 and October 1949. My wife and I have only two children and two grandchildren, and I cannot image what it must have been like to have four children in less than four years. My father worked two jobs much of the time; one at the Iowa Highway Commission where he was a materials inspector, the other was a side job, helping one of his bosses build homes.

Dad's work schedule left my mother to handle the four of us. She was a Cub Scout den mother and Brownie leader, as well as housekeeper, cook, chauffer and schedule keeper. The four of us learned early how to clear the table, wash dishes, sweep the floor, make beds and do laundry, although I must admit that I liked none of it. But mostly we played. My older brother and I were half the membership of a neighborhood club called the Black Knights, which met in the treehouse my father built in the big elm tree in our backyard. We spent hours in the treehouse and hanging from the 10-foot tall swing set

Dad built from salvaged galvanized pipes. One end of the swing set was held up by two pipes sunk into concrete in the ground. The other end was drilled into the tree. It was an ingenious design with lots of options for play.

Ours was the ideal neighborhood with plenty of children and few squabbles. During my growing up years, I received many minor injuries from stray balls, bats, tennis racquets and bicycles, but I do not remember ever being in a fight or even feeling threatened. We climbed trees, played cowboys and Indians and stay out past dark on summer evenings playing kick the can. Marbles was another favored pastime. We played on the school playground during recess and lunchtime. Not the game where you shoot into a circle and claim any marbles that are knocked out. We played one-on-one for "keepsies," with two players' marbles chasing each other until contact was made and the loser forfeited his marble. Those games were best played on a clear hard dirt surface. "Shooters," were twice the size of a normal marble. "Steelies" were large steel ball bearings. Shooters and steelies were the best to play with because their size and weight resulted in a straighter path across irregular ground.

As we got older, our bikes pretty much gave us the run of the town from Brookside Park to Carr Pool. Unlike Toth, who grew up in the campus town community west of downtown,

Growing up in Ames, by David Elbert, '65 cont.

we were townies. But we felt like we had the run of the entire Iowa State College campus. A favorite spring-time activity was Veishea, when we'd ride our bikes across Squaw Creek and out to campus along the cinder path that had once served as the roadbed for the Dinky trolley that ran across "the flats," which is what we called the floodplain between downtown and campus. We told our parents that we were checking out the campus exhibits that were designed to inspire and attract future college students, but what we mostly did was eat hot dogs, drink pop and engage in guerilla warfare, armed with pea shooters and an occasional sling shot.

As we grew older and our athletic skills improved, we played catch a lot and a baseball game called "work up" that could involve as few as three or as many as 20 kids. We played basketball and tennis, too. My buddy Bob Best was the best athlete among my St. Cecilia crowd. He was the one you always wanted on your team. He was good at baseball, basketball and football, and he once bowled a perfect 300 game. Bob went on to coach high school football and softball and was inducted into Iowa's Softball Hall of Fame for his service at West Des Moines' Valley High School. Bob married his high school sweetheart Kathy Brunia. In later years, they

moved back to Ames. Bob and I were out of touch for many years, but 68 years after Bob and I watched President Eisenhower's inauguration, he is once again one of my closest friends. And don't tell anyone this, but after a lifetime of wishing I was half the athlete Bob is, I can finally, occasionally, beat him at golf. Susan Allen Toth was right. **"Ames is a special place."**

From the Archives—1970 Basketball Champs!



Open League Champions—This group of Ames High School teachers successfully combined athletics with academic pursuits this past winter as they won the championship of the Open League in the Ames Recreation Basketball League. All of the members of the team are teachers at Ames High School and they played for the Earl Gibbs Plumbing and Heating team. The team posted a 61-57 victory over Ames Laundry to win the Open League Championship. (Picture—l-r: Bob Heiberger, Charlie Windsor, Keith Hilmer, Arnie Zediker, Dale Tramp, Merle Garman, Bob Ammann and Dave Posegate.) (Tribune photo by Andy Riggs, '72, courtesy of Charlie Windsor.)

Peace, Brother, by Tony Pappas, '62



Petra & Grandfather Tony

While at Iowa State I become friends with another premed student, Roger, and when it came time to go off to Iowa City in September, 1964 we became roommates at a medical fraternity house. Roger and I had a lot in common and we became fast friends. One thing we had in common was that we saw the seeming uselessness of much that we were learning during the first year. Now, there's a phenomenon in psychiatry known as the Clang phenomenon. That's when a couple of psychotics get together and reinforce each other's crazy thinking by agreeing that is normal. That's pretty much what Roger and I did. It's true that young people are really stupid. By the end of our first-year we had convinced each other to take a leave of absence from school and we joined the Peace Corps. Dear God.

The very kind Dean of the medical school granted us our requests for two years leaves of absence. At the beginning of the summer Roger went off to Hawaii where he entered Peace Corps training. He was destined to go fight malaria in The Philippines. I had not yet earned a bachelor's degree and by going to summer school at Iowa State I was able to get just enough hours for a degree in distributed studies. As I recall, during that summer I had to take beginning and advanced golf, swimming, tennis, one year of

French, and a couple of other random courses.

At the end of the summer, I left my Volkswagen in the care of my mother with instructions to sell it and I flew off to Brattleboro, Vermont. The training camp there was for people going to India on a rural health project. Within a week I realized that I had made a terrible mistake. If the first year of medical school have been useless, Peace Corps training was abysmally stupid. I learned a little bit of Kanada, the language of Mysore province, and attended classes where I learned about the local customs. I also learned about the prevalence of hookworms and the prevalence of a small bowel problem known as tropical sprue. Now, for those of you don't know, hookworms bore through the bottoms of your feet when walking barefoot in muddy infested areas. This becomes a hazard when the bathroom facilities consist of going out into a field and squatting. Oh, as for toilet paper, there wasn't any. You carried a small pitcher of water with you which you used along with your left hand to clean yourself up. Groan! As for tropical sprue, that causes diarrhea, fever, malaise, weight loss, anorexia and multiple vitamin deficiencies. Since it was expected that several of us might get it, they were asking for volunteers to undergo small bowel mucosal biopsies before leaving for India and then repeating that upon our return. By the way, hookworms are intestinal parasites that cause abdominal pain, diarrhea, weight loss, and tiredness. So, you see, tropical sprue and hookworms are good buddies. I quickly decided I didn't want anything to do with either one.

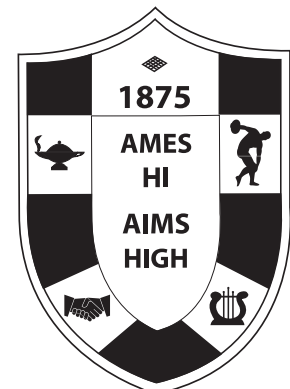
There happened to be a Greek pediatrician who gave us some of our lectures and he also happened to be the county health official. I got to know him and he took me along on his rounds inspecting low-income housing one afternoon. We talked about my change of heart and he strongly encouraged me to go back to medical school. He said all I needed to do was tell the administration that I wanted to

leave and they would send me back home. Not exactly in so many words, he let me know that he thought I was crazy to have left medical school. He got that right.

Indeed, that's what happened. I flew back to Iowa and showed up at home. Thank goodness my mother had not sold my car. The next day I got into it and drove to Iowa City. I went directly to the school and walked right into the Dean's office. I had only missed two or three days of class, and that kind gentleman said that I could get right back into school if there was a seat for me the bacteriology lab. After he called the bacteriology professor I was back in school.

And who should I see walking down the hall? There was Roger, back in school just like I was. He'd gone through training in Hawaii and had actually shipped out to The Philippines. While there he got such an intense and intransigent case of diarrhea that he was air evacuated back to the states. Fortunately, he had recovered and was also back in school. We had not been in contact and we were both surprised to see each other there.

Young people don't realize how their early decisions affect their whole lives. I think that Roger and I were very lucky. His illness and my Greek pediatrician intervened to save us from ourselves. It's very interesting that Roger and I had a much better attitude about medical school after that.



Missing, *By Mary Tonne Schaefer, '62*



Mary Tonne Schaefer, '62

If absentmindedness is aging's distinguishing feature, I'm maturity's poster person. I may acknowledge this boldly here in this private space, just between you and me. But when faced with a public lapse, I wildly grasp at cerebral straws. If a proper name evaporates as I speak, I'm unashamed to claim lifelong mind murk. In that effort, my long-term memory rushes to my rescue. I can easily self-report abundant ancient amnesias ... most notably, forgetting my wedding was scheduled for 11 a.m., not noon. Life is now generously punctuated with lapses, accentuated by the speed and permanence of social media communications. My lonely unclosed parenthesis and unfortunate fat-fingered phrases all linger long in virtual space, irretrievable after a too-quick click.

In a decades-long career as a technical writer—through the bloom of youth and its fading—I prided myself on and supported myself with meticulous word craft. I edited the editors. Clear. Concise. Specific. Back in the day, I ranked as both the Strunk and the White of my workplace. Need to know how to mate a collective noun with an agreeable verb? Mary Schaefer equaled expression's Match.com.

Now, in conversation, a key word can dry up and fly away, un-rehydrated 'til

it washes up via random recollection. Sometimes things are just gone. Disappointing. Disconcerting. So, lately, I've morphed into a new way of speaking and writing ... explaining and re-explaining myself. As an example—and I will most certainly compulsively and fully explain this example—last winter, obediently following the rules of safe Internet use, I changed my email password. I promptly forgot the new password. Unfortunately, I observe the prudent never-write-down-your-password policy as scrupulously as I once followed *The Chicago Manual of Style*. Even more regrettably, Google's security crew (who ironically reside at 1 Hacker Way (or telecommute from Dubuque)) rejected all of my reset inputs. So, I panic-created not one, not two, but three new email addresses. (Why aren't they called e-dresses?) Do you think I know those new-account passwords?

Fortunately, my family and friends are far more forgiving than Google. Perhaps they've been in the same fix themselves. (The plaintive Google search "Google won't let me reset my password" yields more than 2.5 million results.) People seem to amiably accept that I'm not trying to try their patience. Recently, I attempted linguistic humor in a text to my daughter-in-law regarding their anniversary flowers' arrival a day after their wedding "unniversary." But, I, the former perfect proofreader, hit my iPhone's Send arrow without noticing Apple's autocorrect. My clever "unniversary" transmitted as "un-adversary." Graciously, my daughter-in-law cheered "un-adversary" as an excellent marital survival strategy.

While technology broadcasts my goofs, it's also a tremendous tool. My iPhone sports a robust Reminders list. (It's kind of a messy mélange of grocery essentials and TBDs, but it works for me.) Thanks, Steve Jobs. My bag of tricks also includes detailed daily online calendar entries. I even have a prudent plan to someday share my calendar with others via the Cloud to broaden my

cerebral support. Physical therapists advocate regular balance exercises to avoid the great danger of old age: physical falls. I'm finding mental balance in devising drills so I don't fall and trip over my slips of the mind.

I've implemented multiple memory maneuvers and strategies. I email information to myself at two email addresses that I can, of course, never ever log out of, else all is lost. We have an important family event soon so I have been improving the parts of me still capable of repair. To be certain not to lose the miraculous natural-ingredient nail fix shared on a TV self-improvement segment, I messaged the formula to myself. I also unwittingly copied a former high school classmate. Some days later I retrieved the recipe. I saw I'd included Mary Sue and immediately dashed off an apologetic "My Goof" note. MS responded immediately that she's done that too and that, half a continent away, she was confident I wasn't being catty about her cuticles. She is definitely on Team Mary.

Having faced forgetfulness, I still struggle to keep perspective. I know the last thing I can afford to lose is my sense of humor. There are remedies. Researchers report engaging in reading, writing, and arithmetic is as essential to brain fitness now as in childhood. "Start young and keep it up," Mayo Clinic encourages. Science is certainly on my side. National Institute of Health studies now attribute these tip-of-the-tongue lexical losses to plain old wear and tear on cerebellum not flawed neurocircuitry. Speaking of circuits, you can clearly see I place a fair amount of dependence on electronic apps, especially my iPhone. But there's a recall remedy for that, too. I keep Alexander Graham Bell's handy nineteenth-century innovation hardwired to my wall ... so my landline can ring my cell when it goes missing.

(Mary Tonne Schaefer—3rd Place Winner, Women on Writing, 1st Quarter, 2017, Creative Nonfiction.)

From the Desk of the Editor

Finally! It had been our plan to have the new 2020 AHSAA Directory out in early December. But like many of the good plans of mice and men, it didn't happen then. But it did happen in February, and over one-hundred of you have now received your delayed orders. Thank you for your patience. (Not much has been normal this past year!) The first two orders were from Reiny Friedrich, '50 who ordered three and Linda Hand Dunleavy, '65. Evidently, with 27,778 graduates with three listings and the faculty and deceased listings, we over-whelmed the printer's computer and unexpected problems surfaced. This is our fourth directory in our 31-year existence. The others, which are now collectors, were printed in 1994, 2001 and 2011. I think

you would be hard-pressed to find many large public high schools that could match this record. The order blank is on page 15 of this newsletter. Please order one today. Thank you for your continued loyal support through your memberships, memorials and other financial contributions. (WCR)



Some Have Left Us

Help Wanted! Social media is very popular with many of our graduates. We receive information of the passing of graduates without a date and place of death. Most of the time we can locate an obituary and secure the desired data. Please continue to inform us of this important information. We have learned of the passing of Donald K. Webber, '52 and Toni (Porath) Ovalle, '73. Any help of these two would be appreciated. Jack Smalling, '58.

Class	Name	Date of Death	City, State	Class	Name	Date of Death	City, State
1939	Englesson, Pauline (Frangos)	d.10-28-2020	Huntingdon Valley PA	1961	Mason,Donald Terry	d.11-19-2020	Nashville TN
1941	Barber,Evelyn Harriet (Johnson)	d.11-19-2020	Omaha NE	1962	Rundle,David Gregory	d.1-5-2020	Broken Arrow OK
1941	Mickelson,Marjorie Mae (Hein)	d.12-2-2020	West Des Moines IA	1963	Brown,Susan Elizabeth (Elbert)	d.12-6-2020	Des Moines IA
1941	Pride,Richard Allen	d.6-29-2018	Hampton VA	1963	Carr,Robert Eugene	d.12-22-2020	Valley View TX
1944	Whitnah,Lavaun L. (Diehl)	d.10-20-2020	Maplewood MN	1963	Goodrich,Marcia Lou (Wright)	d.9-18-2020	Oconomowoc WI
1945	Garfield,David Crosby	d.6-19-2020	Vero Beach FL	1964	Donhowe,Eric Cornelius	d.11-9-2020	West Des Moines IA
1945	Rullestad,Betty Lu (Abbott)	d.3-26-2020	Mount Ayr IA	1964	Nervig,Doreen Julie	d.1-6-2021	Ames IA
1948	Christensen,Andrew Laverne	d.10-3-2020	Peoria AZ	1964	Peterson,Curtis I.	d.3-19-2020	Saint Charles MO
1951	Ferguson,John F.	d.2-14-2020	Olathe KS	1964	Timmons,John Longdon	d.2-16-2021	Ames IA
1952	Bems,Norma Lean (Kelley)	d.6-3-2020	Marion IA	1966	Darnell,John David	d.1-12-2021	Sioux City IA
1952	Johnson,Catherine Malcolm (Grant)	d.12-12-2020	Des Moines IA	1968	Negri,Barbara Kay (Mortenson)	d.1-30-2021	Panora IA
1952	Peterson,Susan Joan (LaGrange)	d.11-3-2020	Maple Grove MN	1971	Moorman,Kristin Ann	d.11-28-2020	Ames IA
1953	Molleston,Max Joe	d.10-8-2020	Coralville IA	1971	Walker,Thomas Leon	d.10-11-2020	Lynchburg VA
1954	Jensen,Janet Marie (Christy)	d.1-12-2020	Rochester MN	1972	Kingsbury,Roger Alvin	d.2-10-2021	Ames IA
1954	Wilson,Janice Lee (Blair)	d.1-16-2021	Ames IA	1974	Bruin,Kaarin Lee	d.11-21-2020	Tulsa OK
1955	Harkins,Alice Jane (King)	d.11-2-2020	Bonita Springs FL	1974	Lyttle,Sahren Ranae (Lee)	d.11-21-2020	Des Moines IA
1955	Junkman,Cheryl Elaine (Webb)	d.12-23-2020	Chapel Hill NC	1975	Ruedenberg,Annette Veronika	d.11-27-2021	Ames IA
1957	Baldus,Robert Lawrence	d.1-26-2021	Des Moines IA	1975	Waller,Jane Ellen (Burkholder)	d.12-15-2020	Lafayette CO
1957	Berry,Robert W.	d.11-19-2020	Denver CO	1976	Crawford,John Calvin	d.2-11-2021	Ames IA
1957	Huchting,Mary (McTague)	d.5-25-2019	Seattle WA	1976	Drennon,Teresa Ann (Miller)	d.1-18-2019	Des Moines IA
1957	Taylor Kenneth Everett	d.1-31-2021	Katy TX	1978	Jarvis,Kevin James	d.2-26-2021	Waterloo IA
1958	Errington,Frederick Karl	d.1-9-2021	Amherst MA	1980	Ostermann,Susan Marie	d.2-2-2021	Houston TX
1958	Overland,Donald Dean	d.12-19-2020	Wesley Chapel NC	1983	Derby,Michael Dale	d.12-20-2020	Broomfield CO
1959	Bishop,Judith May (Simpson)	d.12-17-2019	Des Moines IA	1984	Howell,Douglas Robert	d.1-4-2021	Ames IA
1960	Bishop,William George	d.12-1-2020	Ames IA	1986	Kirsch,Jeanette Renee (Jordison)	d.11-23-2020	Ames IA
1960	Peake,Frederick Willis	d.1-20-2021	LaCrosse WI	2002	Parker,Courtney Anne	d.10-29-2020	Ames IA
1960	Scheuermann,Roy Leland 'Lee'	d.12-19-2020	Stratford IA	2002	Petersen,Monica Kirsten	d.11-13-2016	Port-au-Prince Haiti
1961	Carey,Roger Leon	d.11-19-2020	Naperville IL	Staff	Jolly,Frank H.	d.12-27-2018	Sacramento CA
1961	Eckard,Norman Leroy	d.1-29-2021	Shawnee KS	Staff	Tramp,Dale Joseph	d.3-30-2020	Ames IA

Memorials

- In memory of: **John Sletten, Staff**
By: Keith O. Bailey, Staff
- In memory of: **Dale J. Tramp, Staff**
John Sletten, Staff
By: Karlene K. Garn, Staff
- In memory of: **Donald Terry Mason, '61**
By: Mark E. Watson, '61
- In memory of: **Elsie Clouser Grove, '58**
Patricia Ann Lewis, '58
By: Kathy Ashburn, '58
- In memory of: **Donald Terry Mason, '61**
By: Clem W. Sevde, '61
- In memory of: **Thomas K. Huisman, '73**
By: Sheila Glenn-Whitford, '73
- In memory of: **Michael E. Cox, '61**
Blaine G. Zenor, '60
By: Thomas F. Pumroy, '61
- In memory of: **Jeffrey H. Peterson, '63**
By: Richard A. Lloyd, '63
- In memory of: **Phyllis Thompson Harris, '45**
By: Mary Frances Whitley Larson, '45
- In memory of: **Donald "Terry" Mason, '61**
By: William McGowan, '61
- In memory of: **John Sletten, Staff**
Dale Tramp, Staff
By: David Crawford, '76
- In memory of: **James McCormick, '67**
Stephen R. Elliott, '67
By: Lawrence D. "Larry" Conley, '67
- In memory of: **Dale Tramp, Staff**
By: Lisa Miller Ailshie, '81
- In memory of: **Daniel G. Carney, '82**
Michael McNertney, '82
Dale Tramp, Staff
By: Jeffrey A. Wolters, '82
- In memory of: **1952 Deceased Classmates**
By: Janet McCoy Yoder, '52
- In memory of: **Lynn Dreeszen, '57**
Donald J. Soultz, '57
David E. Sucher, '57
By: Robert C. Callahan, '57
- In memory of: **Dorothy Joannides Shadle, '46**
By: Douglas J. Shadle, '66
- In memory of: **1956 Deceased Classmates**
By: Warren Benson, '56
- In memory of: **Max Joe Molleston, '53**
By: Ellen Molleston Walvoord, '57
- In memory of: **Cynthia Dahl Barton, '72**
By: James A. Moldenhauer, '72
- In memory of: **Kristin A. Moorman, '71**
By: Thomas J. Brindley, '67
- In memory of: **Jerry Michael Peters, '64**
By: Gary L. Bath, '64
- In memory of: **Sterling A. Knutson, '51**
By: Kimberly Knutson Hurt, '76
- In memory of: **Judy Wirtz Breitweiser, '65**
By: Arthur, '68 & Kathy Dibble Wirtz, '68
- In memory of: **Claudette Villwock**
By: Spenser Villwock, '92
- In memory of: **1955 Deceased Classmates**
By: Marcia Wilsie Campbell, '55
- In memory of: **Mary Bacon Wise, '65**
By: Elizabeth Bacon Strain, '64
- In memory of: **Catherine L. Wood, '66**
By: Mary Pascale Peterson, '66
- In memory of: **William Roy Young, '72**
By: Peggy Young Mabuice, '74
- In memory of: **David E. Sucher, '57**
By: Robert C. Callahan, '57
- In memory of: **Richard D. Day, Staff**
By: Norval W. Armstrong, '46
- In memory of: **Merritt R. "Mert" Daulton, '49**
By: Thomas D. Daulton, '84
- In memory of: **William C. Bowen, '58**
Curtis L. Peterson, '64
Pamela Adams Tarr, '64
By: Shirley Bowen Peterson, '64
- In memory of: **Julie "Doreen" Nervig, '64**
By: Cynthia Nordhagen Johnson, '64
- In memory of: **Dugan R. Ersland, '61**
Richard L. Overland, '61
Ronald W. Young, '61
By: J. Paul Clark, '61
- In memory of: **William D. Wagaman, '58**
By: Marianne Chance Wagaman, '58
- In memory of: **Norman Leroy Eckard, '61**
By: Mark Watson, '61
- In memory of: **Thomas Leon Walker, '71**
By: William, '65 & Mary Thompson Walker, '67
- In memory of: **Elsie Clouser Grove, '58**
James W. Dresser, '58
Patricia Lewis Kiesewetter, '58
Donald D. Overland, '58
By: Kent, '56 & Linda Miller Woodworth, '58
- In memory of: **Susan M. Ostermann, '80**
By: Julie Woodworth Shelton, '80
- In memory of: **Donald D. Overland, '58**
By: Jody D. Overland, '77
- In memory of: **Vicki Vaughn Simons, '72**
By: Elizabeth Vaughn Torgeson, '76
- In memory of: **Delores Wright Mohr, '44**
Barbara Wright Lantz, '46
Dean Wright
By: Virginia Wright Lewis, '57
- In memory of: **Joan Bachman Burrell, '58**
Donald D. Overland, '58
By: Jean Bachman Bruner, '58
- In memory of: **1971 AHS Deceased Classmates**
By: Norma Hamilton Sandvick, '71
- In memory of: **John Langdon Timmons, '64**
By: Charles B. Knapp, '64
- In memory of: **Dorothy J. Timmons, '58**
John Langdon Timmons, '64
By: Josie Timmons Josif, '72

In Memoriam

The AHSAA Display/Archives room before and after the August 10th Derecho!



Membership Blank Membership Blank Membership Blank Membership Blank

Mail to Ames High School Alumni Association, 1921 Ames High Drive, Ames, IA, 50010. Make checks payable to AHSAA.

Please circle membership dues enclosed: 1 year - \$10.00 2 years - \$18.00 3 years - \$25.00
Outside the USA: 1 year - \$20.00 2 years - \$36.00 3 years - \$50.00
 Additional Donation enclosed: \$ _____ Memorial enclosed: \$ _____
 In memory of: _____
 In honor of: _____

Name: _____ Graduation Year: _____
 Address: _____ Graduation Num: _____
 (first set of numbers on name label)
 City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Birth Date: _____ If married, is your spouse an AHS grad? _____ If so, what year? _____

First and last name of spouse (maiden name of wife): _____

Your father's first and last name: _____

Your mother's first and maiden name: _____

Names and addresses of brothers and sisters who graduated from AHS: _____

Names of other relatives who graduated from AHS: _____

Name and address of someone who will always know your address: _____

Suggestions / comments for the AHAA (special events, newsletter ideas, anything): _____

2020 Ames High School Alumni Association Directory Order Blank:



The cost of the new **2020 AHSAA Directory** is \$ **25.00**, including postage and handling. Please legibly fill in the order blank(s) below. If you wish to also order an additional directory for a child, sibling or classmate, we will mail it to them for you. Thank you for your loyal support.

Order No. 1—mail to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

Additional Order—Mail to:

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ **Total numbers of directories ordered.**

\$ _____ **Total amount enclosed.**

AHSAA Calendar

2020-21 AHSAA Monthly Meetings:

April 20	May 18
June 15	July 20

2021 Class Reunions:

June 25-27	Class of 1981 - 40th Reunion
Sept. 16-18	Class of 1966 - 55th Reunion
Oct. 8-10	Class of 1970 - 51th Reunion
Oct. 15-17	Class of 1960 - 61th Reunion
Oct. 15-16	Class of 1961 - 60th Reunion
Oct. TBA	Dist. Alumnus - Hall of Fame
Dec. TBA	AHS All Classes Holiday Gathering

Nota Bene: The above reunion dates may be subject to change depending on the pandemic situation. Your class reunion committee will keep you informed.

The Ames High School Alumni Newsletter (ISSN 1055-5196) is published three times a year by the Ames High School Alumni Association (AHSAA).

Membership in the AHSAA is \$10.00 for 1 year, \$18.00 for two years, \$25.00 for three years (see member form for foreign pricing). Membership is open to everyone, not just Ames High School alumni.

The AHSAA meets monthly on the third Tuesday of the month. Please email or call (515-232-0230) for the exact time and location of the meeting. Everyone is welcome to attend.

The Ames High School Alumni Association can be contacted as follows:

By mail- see return address.

<http://www.ahsalum.org>

info@ahsalum.org



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