

# Bisonalities, Again



A quarterly Newsletter dedicated to the Alumni of Waterford and Fort LeBoeuf High Schools

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Fall Issue

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**W**elcome to the Fall edition of the Newsletter dedicated to the alumni (students, teachers, and administrators) of Waterford and Fort LeBoeuf Senior High School. This newsletter will be issued quarterly. New issues will be posted for viewing on the Web site on, or about, October 5, January 5, April 5, and July 5.

The Web site may be viewed by going to:

<http://www.geocities.com/candoer1>

The success of this newsletter will depend on you. I need contributors. Do you have an interesting article, a nostalgia item, a real life story, or a picture you would like to share with other alumni? Do you have a snail-mail or e-mail address of one of your classmates? Send it to the me at the following e-mail address:

**bisonalities@candoer.org**

or at my snail-mail address.

Robert J. Catlin  
 2670 Dakota Street  
 Bryans Road, MD 20616-3062  
 Tel: (301) 283-6549

Please, **NO** handwritten submissions.

The Bisonalities, Again, Newsletter is available to any and all alumni, teachers, and administrators of FLBSHS on the Web site for free. If you know an

alumni, teacher, or administrator who would be interested, please ask them to contact me. The newsletter is also available to the Alumni of 1956 and 1957, **without** Internet capability, who would like a copy mailed to them, for a donation of \$4 per year.

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**You have ever gone home for Homecoming.**

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## Cat's Corner

**I**n the past few months, since I started this project, I have been asked by several people if they could receive a hard copy of the Newsletter. If you are not an alumni of the class of 1956 or 1957, I have, and will continue, to say no.

I publish two newsletters and manage two web pages, as well as work a full time job. The other newsletter and web page is called "CANDOERs". It is dedicated to the more than 600 people I worked with and for during my 36 years of working for the Department of State. This Newsletter and web site occupies about 40 hours of my time each month.

The Bisonalities Again Newsletter takes approximately another 15-20 hours a month.

Does that mean I am going to quit either project? **NO!** They are a labor of love. Since starting these two web sites and Newsletters, I have been able to keep in contact with a lot of old friends that I had lost track of and, in addition, I have been able to make a few new friends.

I guess what I am trying to say is that it is to time consuming and to expensive to make up a hard copy and mail it to more than a few people. Therefore, I have restricted the hard copy distribution to the classes of 1956 and 1957.

If you are one of those members who get it on the web site, or get a hard copy, I have NO objections to you making copies and forwarding it to anyone you wish. I have no Copyright on any of the material used in the newsletter, nor do I publish anything that has a Copyright on it ... to my knowledge.

The oneliners used in the issue were received from Chuck and Alice Cowley and are entitled, "You Might Be From A Small Town If....."

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**You ever went to a party in a pasture,  
barn, or in the middle of a dirt road.**

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**Death - Sarah Catherine Campbell Knudsen**

Sarah Catherine Knudsen, 39, of Hatboro, died Tuesday, June 27, 2000, at her home.

She was born in Bellefonte, Centre County, daughter of Martha Tannehill and Harold T. Campbell of Erie.

She graduated from Fort LeBoeuf High School in 1980, then worked as a travel agent. She also worked as bookkeeper for her husband's firm, Knudsen Engineering in Philadelphia.

She attended the First Presbyterian Church of the Covenant of Erie and was a member of Trinity Orthodox Presbyterian Church in Hatboro. She was a fan of Pennsylvania State University football.

Survivors include her husband of 15 years, Richard M. Knudsen; a son, Mark A. Knudsen; a daughter, Jennifer L. Knudsen; two sisters, Mary Case of Great Barrington, Mass., and Ellen Campbell of Pittsburgh; two brothers, Thomas Campbell of Nicholson and Timothy Campbell of Erie; and many nieces and nephews.

Memorials may be made to Bethany Christian Services, 550 Pinetown Road, Suite 100, Washington, PA 19034.

Anyone wishing to her family may do so at the following address:

Mr. Richard Knudsen  
607 Orchard Way  
Hatboro, PA 19040

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**Faculty Personality**

The following was copied from the February 29, 1956, edition of Bisonalities.

Although born in McKean he moved to Girard at an early age. There he graduated from Union High School where he participated in baseball and football.

For 3 and 1/2 years in the U.S. Air Force he trained as a navigator and a bombardier in Texas and

attended radar schools in California and Florida.

He then attended Pennsylvania State University, Washington University in St. Louis, and received a B.S. degree in Education at Edinboro State Teacher's College and a Master of Arts degree at Columbia University.

Some of his graduate work was done at University Park, PA and at Washington University.

Teaching either chemistry or geography he has been on the faculty at East High in Erie, Union High in Girard and At Edinboro High.

He is the past president of the Erie County Education Association and is now one of the eight persons on the State Resolution Committee of the Pennsylvania State Education Association.

In his leisure time (?) he may be seen at school athletic contests and activities.

Susan Duran

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**You see at least one friend a week driving a tractor through town or one of your friends drives a farm truck to school occasionally.**

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**Waterford Schools - The Middle Years**

by Herb Walden

You often hear folks reminiscing about their elementary school days and even more frequently about high school. But no one seems to wax nostalgic about junior high. There is a reason for this. We all hated it! Well, most of us did. Some of us did. I did. Sort of.

In our day, junior high was comprised of 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade. Nowadays, 9<sup>th</sup> grade is often included. In writing about my junior high experiences, I also include 9<sup>th</sup> grade, because I want to be up to da.....that is, I'm trying to be mode.....I can't remember which grade was which.

My junior high career began in September, 1949, when I was still a member of the Class of 1955. Junior high was a tremendous change for us in many ways. For one thing, all the former 6<sup>th</sup> graders from the rural schools were bussed in to join us "town kids". My class size swelled from seven in 6<sup>th</sup> grade to thirty-six in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I had never seen so many kids in one place!

Another change was that we now went from room to room for different classes. In grade school, we were stuck in one room all day. Now there were three or four rooms, and a different teacher in each one, too!

In 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade, Mrs. Ada Carter taught English, reading, and spelling. Mrs. Carter was very strict, and I must admit I was a little scared of her, but

as I grew up some and entered high school and college, I found her to be one of the nicest people I've known.

Miss Ellen Johnson taught geography and arithmetic, and Miss Dorothy Edwards taught history and science. It was Miss Edwards' class that started me on the road to becoming a science teacher myself, although I didn't know it at the time.

Mr. Glenn McKinney also taught in junior high. Social studies, I think. I never had him for class, and about all remember about him is that he was HUGE!

For physical education, we had to go across the street to the high school gym. 7<sup>th</sup> grade was my first exposure to gym class. "Exposure" is the right word, too. I was shocked to find myself in a locker room full of my classmates in various stages of undress! Even more shocking was that I was expected to do the same!

We were all required to wear white gym shorts, white T-shirts, white sweat socks, and sneakers, which were mostly all black in those days.

I did not like gym class! In addition to the locker room and the "uniform", there was the gym itself. The temperature was always hovering around 50 degrees or less. At least, it felt like it. I wouldn't have been surprised to have seen frost on the basketball hoops!

The best thing about gym class was Coach Carmel Bonito. Coach Bonito was beginning his teaching/coaching career as we began our careers as "almost-high-schoolers".

I have always been a well-established non-athlete, although I'll have to admit to playing a few games of croquet in my younger days. Nevertheless, Coach Bonito always treated me as well as if I were one of his team members. You know, like someone who actually knew the difference between a field goal and whatever you call that other thing.

The only error Coach Bonito ever made in my regard was assigning me to play "center" in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade gym class football game. I was probably still in the 80-pound weight class, while the kid opposing me on the other team was approximately the size of a Lincoln Towncar, although not nearly as elegant. Fortunately, he was a nice kid and only ran over me five or six times. From then on, he just flicked me aside. It was, however, a very long class.

Hmmm! Maybe Coach didn't like as much as I thought!

I did learn one very important lesson in gym class. If you strictly adhere to the rule, "tags in clothing always go in the back", you will generate endless hysterical laughter in the locker room!

Some of my memories of those middle years are kind of blurred. It's not because it was so long ago; it

was sort of fuzzy at the time. Exactly what we learned is a little out of focus, too.

I do recall art class which was called "Industrial Arts". I don't know why. It didn't seem very industrial to me. Miss Esther McFayden taught our 7<sup>th</sup> grade class, and Miss Lois Byers took over when I was in 8<sup>th</sup> grade.

I started making a jewelry box in one of those years. Actually, it was already made. All I had to do was carve a design on it. I never quite got it completed. I still have it. I've been meaning to finish it, I will, too, just as soon as I have time.

Somewhere along the line, we studied ancient history. I disliked ancient history, and all I remember from that class are the three Greek columns: Ionic, Doric, and the other one.

It was during those middle years that I studied foreign languages. "Studied" is a rather strong word. Perhaps I should say "exposed to". The languages were Spanish, Latin, and Algebra.

Actually, what Spanish I learned came from music class. Among other things, we often sang "La Cucaracha". I'm proud to say I still remember the translation. It means "THE cucaracha"!

They say Latin is a dead language. I'm not the one who killed it, but I'm reasonably sure I made it pretty sick. It wasn't really my fault. It was Tom's fault. Tom sat next to me. Having an I.Q. of five or six hundred, he really didn't have to study much. My I.Q., probably being in the double-digits, didn't allow me that luxury, especially in Latin. Tom was nuts for airplanes and would regale me with airplane specifications, complete with drawings and diagrams, while I should have been paying some attention to class work. As a result, I don't know any Latin at all. But I can tell you how the Russian MiG got its name!

I never learned to speak Algebra. Too many X's, too many Y's.

We studied civics in one of those years. I always used to confuse "civics" with "physics". Then I grew up and became a physics teacher. Now I know the difference. Civics is about American government. Physics isn't.

I remember learning about the three branches of government in civics class: executive, legislative, and the other one.

I have always been known for my spelling prowess. Give me a pencil and paper and I'll spell just about any words you can pronounce. Some will be correct, too. However, if I have to stand up in front of a class and spell aloud, my brain shuts down and my tongue moves independently of my residual thought processes. As a result, I end up mumbling, sputtering,

sometimes gurgling letters of the alphabet at random. We had spelling bees in junior high. I was always one of the first to sit down.

Another thing I hated was working math problems on the blackboard. There's nothing worse than copying a problem from the textbook onto the blackboard and then standing and staring at it, not knowing any more than a clam about it. Sometimes there was time for a frantic search for an example in the textbook. But to no avail. The examples were never anything like the real problems. All the while, the rest of the class is snickering and whispering because they all know how to do it. This happened to me more than once, although I was ordinarily pretty good in math up to, but not including, square root.

There were lots of tough times in the middle years, but there were good times, too. Enough good times, in fact, that if my time machine were in working order, I'd happily go back and try it again.

On yeah --- the Russian airplane. "MiG" comes from the designers' names: Mikoyan and Gurevitch. And if you don't believe me, well, you can just ask Tom!

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**You had days off from school for the fair.**

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**Who was our Faculty Personality? Earl Stubbe**

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# Enjoy!