

# Bisonalities, Again



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

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Welcome to the latest issue of the **Newsletter** dedicated to the alumni (students, teachers, and administrators) of Waterford and Fort LeBoeuf High Schools. This newsletter will be distributed quarterly. New issues will be posted for viewing on the Web on or about, January 1, April 1, July 1, and October 1.

The Bisonalities, Again Web site may be viewed by going to the following URL: [www.bisonalitiesagain.com](http://www.bisonalitiesagain.com)

*The success of this newsletter depends 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 others? Do you have a snail-mail or an e-mail address of

one of your former classmates? If you do, send it to me at the following e-mail address:

[candoercat@gmail.com](mailto:candoercat@gmail.com)

or to my snail-mail address:

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Please, **NO** handwritten submissions.

This newsletter is available free on the Web to any and all alumni, teachers, and administrators, past or present, of Waterford and Fort LeBoeuf High Schools. If you know an alumnus, teacher, or administrator who would be interested, tell them about the Web site.

None of the material in this newsletter has a copyright, unless otherwise noted. If you wish to print the newsletter and make copies to distribute to others, please feel free to do so.

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**If Fed Ex and UPS were to merge, would they call it Fed UP?**

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## Letter to the Editor

The following was received from Nancy Prososki Austin, Waterford High School class of 1955.

Bob,

On March 4th, I had lunch with an old classmate, Sue Ann Coffin Plaza. We went to the Venango Valley Golf course for a great lunch of a Panini sandwich with roast Gouda cheese, red pepper strips and turkey. The sandwich had a very good dressing on it. For dessert, we had a big scoop of ice cream with crushed pecans, caramel, chocolate, and whipped cream. It was a really wonderful lunch. If any of you are in the vicinity of this place, stop. They have excellent food and have winter hours.

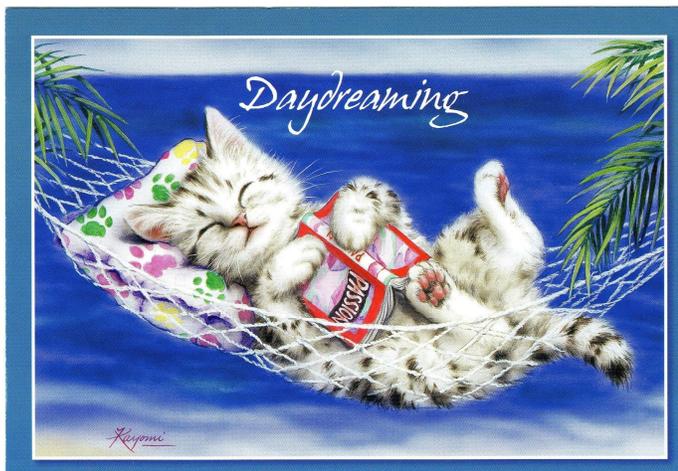
The following was received from Lura Shields Silvaggi, FLBHS class of 1956.

Bob,

I thought maybe you could put this in your newsletter. I thought it was cute. I had sent cards to Joni Markham at Christmas, Valentine's Day and St. Patty's Day; she sent this back to me to let me and the girls know how she was doing. The picture says it all.

Thanks,

Lura Silvaggi



**If 4 out of 5 people suffer from diarrhea, does that mean that 1 out of 5 enjoys it?**



### Cat's Corner

Spring has sprung. The grass has riz. I no longer have to wonder where the birdies is, or for that matter the fish. It's fishing season and I have already been out bank fishing several times.

The second story in this issue, "My Dad Does Work," was written by the 11th grade son, Garrett, of a graduate of the class of 1982, Garry Sargent.

Nancy and I took time out of our busy retirement life to take our annual trip to Florida to see my brother Leslie.

While in Florida we were also able to get together for dinner with Steve and Susan Graham.

On our way down to Florida we stopped in Brevard, NC and spent some time with my sister, Barbara, WHS class of 1952.

I talked with John Scott, FLBHS class of 1956 and learned that he is undergoing treatment for prostate cancer. He started the treatments this week and has 24 treatments to take.

In a conversation with my brother, Leslie, FLBHS class of 1956, I learned that he also has prostate cancer. The biopsy determined that it was a slow growing type and is still contained within the prostate so he will not be pressed to initiate treatment immediately. The doctor has asked him to take a couple weeks to make up his mind which of several treatments he wishes to undergo.

I learned from Steve Graham, FLBHS class of 1956, that he will be having hip replacement surgery on May 4.

The on-liners seen in this issue were received from Fred Bailie, FLBHS class of 1956.

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**If it's true that we are here to help others, then what exactly are the others here for?**

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### Harrisburg Farm Show

by Elizabeth Faulhaber Demmery-Potter  
Waterford High School - Class of 1955

The year was 1955 ... cold and short days in January. Four Senior girls giddy at the thought of taking a long bus trip to our State Capitol! Farm Show here we come!

I never thought I would be able to go, the cost seemed astronomical, but thanks to my working sister and understanding parents, before I knew it, we were boarding a huge Greyhound Bus headed east!

We shared the chartered bus with kids from Corry, PA. All strangers when we left, friends by the time we arrived at our destination!

Louise Brace Brumagin, Nancy Prosocki Austin, Ida Crocker Hurst, her Dear Mother as our Chaperone, and myself!

I do remember it was dark when we arrived at a private home. We were shown our bedroom and bath room

upstairs, but the 'Inn was full' so to speak, so Nancy and Ida were taken to another private home! I cannot recall where Mrs. Crocker stayed!

No meals included, we had to share a double bed . . . a place to take a bath, really all we as teenagers needed in our big adventure!

As I recall, the Show itself was a bit boring, but meeting so many kids from all over the state was fun! A far cry from Waterford, PA for certain! :o) They were all clean-cut, country, innocent, farm kids as we were as well!

Mrs. Crocker had a stressful time as Nancy and Ida went shoe shopping and to a movie! I can just imagine how that poor lady felt as she was in charge of our safety! No Cell phones or other tracking devices in those happy days!

Needless to say, they were safe and sound, as we all were the entire time away from home!

Louise was the envy of all the girls as she shared a seat with a darling boy from Corry on the return trip, "Sparky" was every girls dream guy! How naive we were!

Girls back @ Waterford High School were a bit jealous I imagine, plus thinking it was weird to sleep with another girl! So far from our gentle minds, we were just so delighted to have been able to skip school legally for a few fun packed days!!

Chatting with my sister Loraine the other day, she was nearly socked in with 4 plus feet of snow, she too had attended the Farm Show perhaps five years earlier! Seems both our memories were somewhat the same, although Mrs. Davis had her group put on some sort of a cooking show of which my sister remembers little! Ha-ha! But like us, they stayed in a private home, two girls to a double bed, and just as thrilled as

we were to take such an exciting journey!

Mrs. Davis may have tired of the chore of getting girls to put on a cooking demo by the time we went, so nothing was assigned to us!

I doubt very much if that is the scenario these days! Motel or Hotel rooms, kids with much more spending money, but hopefully Future Farmers and Homemakers that are most interested in new technology and have just as much fun and adventure as we enjoyed 54 years ago!

After all, where would our great nation be without farmers and ranchers to provide us with the very best and safest food in the world?! Many do not realize the labor intensive work, with no thanks, so many perform each day of the year in order to feed the multitudes!

God Bless us all! Amen!

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**As income tax time approaches, did you ever notice: When you put the two words 'The' and 'IRS' together, it spells 'THEIRS'?**

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### **My Dad Does Work** By Garrett Sargent



It has always been apparent to me that my dad always works hard, especially when the work he is doing will benefit others. One day in the summer of 2006,

this admirable trait shown through like I had never seen before. Every year my dad is in charge of running the local Little League's June baseball tournament. I knew his weekend was going to be hectic from my past experiences, but the thousands of people that were involved with this tournament made it the craziest weekend I have ever had.

I was my dad's main helper all week leading up to the tournament. Everyday for a full week before the main event, we headed up to the baseball complex right after he returned from a stressful day of work. As I did small jobs, my dad did all the main preparations. He was constantly on his cell phone setting up umpires, answering coaches' questions, and lining up other help that he was in desperate need of. When we returned from our work at the fields, he would often stay up late into the night putting his plan for the weekend together piece by piece. This wouldn't have been a bad thing except for the fact that he had to wake up at 3 in the morning to go to work. However, he never faltered, and as the weekend ominously approached he was confident that he had prepared himself well enough to take on the task ahead.

Finally, the weekend was upon us. My dad was up at four in the morning doing last minute tasks that were needed to make the tournament successful. As soon as I awoke, our seemingly endless weekend had begun. When we arrived at the fields, my dad's pace was very hectic. I sat in a lawn chair and watched him run from the car to the main tent over and over. It was in my best interest just to stay out of his way because I could see the stress on his face. His eyes were heavy, and he looked absolutely drained even though the weekend had just begun.

People from all over the region began to show up around 7:30. My dad's mood instantly brightened when he saw the young ball players emerge from their cars with their parents. This sight made him realize that all of his hard work was about to pay off. The games began shortly after everyone arrived and lasted throughout the day. I could tell that my dad was beginning to feel the lack of sleep that he had endured all week because he was having a hard time thinking and giving instructions. At one point he sent a pair of umpires to a field that wasn't even in use at that time slot. As the day came to an end, all the work he had done finally caught up to him. Our return trip home was soon followed by him passing out on the couch. In my mind, I wished he could just sleep for the rest of the weekend but I knew we had to do everything over again the very next day.

Another day at the ball fields began bright and early on Sunday morning. I honestly didn't think my dad was going to wake up, but sure enough he proved me wrong. He was determined to finish the tournament the way it was intended to end. The day went on without any problems and the championship game was upon us. Yet again, my dad made a huge sacrifice to benefit the fans and players of the tournament. This time, he decided to umpire the final game even though he was dead tired. No one expected him to do this, but in his mind it was necessary. Of course, the game ended up going into extra innings but my dad persevered though it. At the games end, everyone that had been watching didn't let my dad's hard work that he put in all weekend go unnoticed. It seemed as if he shook hands for hours and received thousands of "thank you" comments. In

my opinion, this is exactly what he had been working for all weekend and it was tremendous to see him reach his goal. In the end, this weekend changed my life in a very positive way. My observations of my dad's dedication and hard work showed me what good can come from helping others. He sacrificed so much just to make people he had never even met before happy, and for that I will always admire him. Ever since that weekend, I've always tried to help as many people as I can and work as hard as I possibly can due to his inspiring acts. Nothing will ever make me forget these selfless acts.

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**Take care and be safe!**  
**See you next issue!**

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