



Lunch Bunch Gazette

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Lunch Bunch Founder Bob McKLVEEN



CHET'S CORNER By Chester ROLAND CHESTER McINTOSH

Clarence and Nellie McIntosh celebrated July 4th, 1934, in a big way, or better said, "with a bang." Nellie gave birth to her third, and youngest son, **Chester**, at the Alexandria Hospital.



Chester grew up at 225 So. Peyton Street and participated in the three major sports at St. Paul's and the Alexandria Boys Club. In his teen years he played softball for Baptist Temple and the O. D. Boat Club.

In September 1948, **Chester** entered GWHS as a freshman where his brothers, **Junior** and **Walter**, had graduated in 1942 and 1945. He was very fond of his Business Courses, and his teacher, Bob Funesti. He also has fond memories of his close friends, **Bill SHELTON**, **John HYMAN**, and **Harrison McCONNELL**.

Chester graduated in June 1953, and for two years attended Southeastern University. He went to work for Southern Railway and then a pretty graduate from Osborne High School in Manassas came to work at the D. C. office of Southern. This young lady would become his love-of-life. No Reed Thea-

tre or Hot Shoppe for this couple on their first date. He and his date, Eleanor, motored to Charles Town Race Track. The bad news? No winners!

Eleanor and **Chester** became ONE on April 26, 1968. During these years he served 12 years in the Virginia National Guard. This marriage produced two sons and after 40 years with Southern, he retired as a clerk-agent in October 1993.

When entering GWHS, **Chester's** mother told him that these school years would be the best years of his life. As always, Mom was right. **Chester** says that the GFLB luncheons have new friends with the common denominator being GWHS.

Memories live on FOREVER!

VIRGINIA BEAUTIES



This item in from **Harry CLARK** (1945), who had access to a March 2004 edition of the magazine VIRGINIA which carried names and pictures of the Miss Virginia winners from various years. The 1949 winner was Betty Lewis, Miss Norfolk.

Harry writes, "My cousin, Betty Lewis, and her family lived at 1805 Mt. Vernon Avenue (Del Ray).

This was during the WWII years.



"Betty attended GWHS for some of that time but, as I recall, did not graduate there as the family returned to the Portsmouth area. Betty was known at GW for her terrific soprano voice as was **Phyllis BROWN Martin** at that time.

"The photos show another Miss Virginia whom many will recall, and that is Betty Cannon. I believe that she won in 1947. She lived with her family on Franconia Road, not far from the residence of **Jane Lee DREIFUS**. I believe she attended St. Mary's Academy, and later, owned a dance studio in Alexandria."

CHET'S CORNER II DR. CHESTER A. AMOS 1893 - 1934

by **Chet Roland**

This writer was delivered at birth at 315 Wilkes Street on 2/24/1929 by Dr. Chester A. Amos. The doctor was 36 years of age at the time. My mother thought enough of Dr. Amos to name her sixth, and last child, after this popular doctor.

In the spring of 1934, this same Dr. Amos was the attending physician to a pregnant Nellie McIntosh. On June 10, 1934, Dr. Amos was driving on So. Washington St. and at the intersection of Wilkes St., he struck a moving freight train at 3:20 AM on a Sunday morning. He died upon arriving at the hospital.

On July 4, 1934, Nellie McIntosh gave birth to her third son. The newborn was to be delivered by Dr. Amos had he lived. This mother also thought well enough of Dr. Amos to have her son named **Chester**.



VACUUM CLEANER

We Pick Up Anything

War II. Almost every neighborhood had a group of boys that bound together and did things together to keep their minds occupied and out of trouble.

I remember the group in our neighborhood that was located in the Payne Street and Princess Street intersection area. We called ourselves "The Gang." We played ball in the street together and we swam together in Cameron Run and the Alexandria Municipal Pool. We played make-up games such as "Two Court, Green Light, King of the Hill, Smear the Queer, and Hop Scotch." Two of the more quieter games were "Mumbling Peg, and Rocks, Scissors, and Paper."

We were never bent on destruction or crime. Our main goals were survival, recreation, and reaching maturity. The older "Gang" members explained about the "birds and the bees" to the young ones. So what we learned about maturity was primarily learned on the street. I remember them telling ghost stories. We were afraid to go home alone when the story telling was done. The city lights were turned on just before darkness. My mother would instruct us to be home when the street lights came on.

Practically all of the "Gang" attended Alexandria High School or G. W. H. S. Some of the "Gang" members were the **Hammersley** brothers (**Bernie, Eddie, Feebie, Buddy, Billy** and **Burton**), the **Thomas** brothers (**Guinea, Podgie** and **Huck**) **Jim 'Rags' Radcliff, Gink Struder, Mickey Struder, Vic Caporaletti, Johnny Shelton, Bob** and **Billy Shelton, Bob Haith, Maynard Jacobs, Linwood Dogherty, Johnny Ford, Archie Norford, Fitzhugh Thomas, W. B. Harris, Bill Harris, Courtney Saum, Ray Maxwell** and **Turk Dudley** to name a few. Also, more members were **William Ayres, Ike** and **Bobby McCauley**, and **Walter Truslow**.

The Alexandria Boys Club was constructed and opened in 1936. GWHS was opened in 1935. "The Gang" all joined the Boys Club, but continued to function until their usefulness tailed off. More about the "Gang" later.

The Class of '54 gathered for lunch recently at the Olde Country Buffet on Richmond Highway at the bottom of "Snake Hill." Some of us gathered around and began telling stories and experiences about our youth and our school days at GWHS. What a blast, and many laughs! **Mahlon Edwards, Nellie Mankin Foster, Betty Garner Smith, Dave Beach, Marilyn Kapsch Lyles, Bob Powell, Walter Loftin, Warren Helwege**, and **The Vac Man** were present for some great story telling.

The Vac Man says it's time to turn the switch off once more.

On G. W.!

Sick Bay

Brownie VARNELL DODGE
Rob HOFFMAN
Barbara BLEDSOE Butterworth
Charles ROHR
Buddy WRIGHT
Bob and Betty MURPHY

Obituary:

Eugene Giuseppe
Dick ALBERT (1947)
Raymond 'Skeezie'
PEVERELL (1942)
Linwood 'Marty' WEST
(1962)
Rae Totolo (Wife of Bob
TOTOLO)
Joe GARDNER (1944)

IN MEMORIAM

Joseph E. Gardner

1926-2006

He came into this world, into love and caring; a son! He grew to childhood in a house full of female siblings. He learned, from his parents: Dorothy and Joseph, about loyalty, devotion, affection, sympathy and concern; practicing these qualities and more during his long life.

Joe attended Mt. Vernon Elementary, Maury, and Jefferson Schools and GEORGE WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL. It was here he worked hard, studied, played football and made life-long friendships.



He served in the U. S. Navy from 1944 until his discharge in 1947 as a coxswain. His duty posts were in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Joe moved to California in 1949. He was married to Kordula, his devoted wife, for 29 years; they made their home in Castro Valley. He is also survived by his stepdaughter, Claudia Dodds, and his granddaughter, Victoria Dodds.

Before his retirement in 1991, **Joe** was employed at Aladdin Heating & Air Conditioning as a sales manager for 26 years.

In his early middle years, **Joe** took up archery and had a talent to be reckoned with. He loved to hike and with 2 or 3 friends would make a trip every other year into the 'high Sierras'. **Joe** was an avid tennis player and until 3 years ago, played weekly with some of his retired friends. His hobby in woodworking resulted in many works of art, some of them for his local church. Roses were the hobby that held his interest to the very end of his life. Those in his garden were superb.

Joe was my brother and my friend – I will miss him always. g

The Mayonnaise Jar and 2 Cups of Coffee

(Contributed by **Grace Matheny** Mayer)

A professor stood before his philosophy class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, he wordlessly picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

The professor then picked up a box of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles rolled into the open areas between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was. The professor next picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar. Of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous "yes."

The professor then produced two cups of coffee from under the table and poured the entire contents into the jar effectively filling the empty space between the sand. The students laughed.

"Now," said the professor as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things—your family, your children, your health, your friends, and your favorite passions—and if everything else was lost and only them remained, your life would still be full.

"The pebbles are the other things that matter like your job, your house, and your car.

"The sand is everything else—the small stuff. If you put the sand into the jar first, there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff you will never have room for the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness.

"Play with your children. Take time to get medical checkups. Take your spouse out to dinner. Play another 18. There will always be time to clean the house and fix the disposal. Take care of the golf balls first—the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand."

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the coffee represented. The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked.

"It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of cups of coffee with a friend."

New Attendees:

The GWHS Golden Friends Lunch Bunch would like to welcome our new attendees at our luncheon on May 16th, at Old Country Buffet, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Among those attending for the first time were Paula Frederick Martin (St Mary's Academy 1953), Pat Moriarty Higgins (Johnson HS MA 1947), and Marty Dodd Ferguson (Oakton High School, Fairfax, VA 1975).

We hope each of you will continue to join us for our monthly gatherings. The total attending in May was 142. Thanks to everyone for your participation.

The next luncheon will be on Tuesday, July 18th, in Fredericksburg, VA.

Some Little Known American Naval History

Contributed by **Jimmy Clark**

The U. S. S. Constitution (Old Ironsides) as a combat vessel carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last 6 months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators.

However, let it be noted that, according to her log, "On July 27, 1798, the U. S. S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum."

Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping." Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum.

Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there 12 November. She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine.

On 18 November, she set sail for England. In the ensuing days, she defeated 5 British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchantmen, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed, she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland. Her landing party captured a whisky distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn. Then, she headed home.

The U. S. S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February, 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, no rum, no

wine, no whisky and 38,500 gallons of stagnant water.

GO NAVY!

Future Nursing Home

(Submitted by **Penny WALLOWER NAYLOR**)

There will be no nursing home in my future.

When I get old and feeble, I am going to get on a Princess Cruise Ship. The average cost for a nursing home is \$200 per day. I have checked on reservations at Princess and I can get a long term discount and senior discount price of \$135 per day. That leaves \$65 a day for:

Gratuities which will only be \$10 per day;

I will have as many as 10 meals a day if I can waddle to the restaurant, or I can have room service (which means I can have breakfast in bed every day of the week);

Princess has as many as three swimming pools, a workout room, free washers and dryers, and shows every night;

They have free toothpaste and razors, and free soap and shampoo;

They will even treat you like a customer, not a patient. An extra \$5 worth of tips will have the entire staff scrambling to help you;

I will get to meet new people every 7 or 14 days;

TV broken? Light bulb need changing? Need to have the mattress replaced? No Problem! They will fix everything and apologize for your inconvenience;

Clean sheets and towels every day, and you don't even have to ask for them;

If you fall in the nursing home and break a hip you are on Medicare. If you fall and break a hip on the Princess ship they will upgrade you to a suite for the rest of your life;

Now hold on for the best! Do you want to see South America, the Panama Canal, Tahiti, Australia, New Zealand, Asia, or name where you want to go. Princess will have a ship ready to go. So don't look for me in a nursing home, just call ship to shore.

P. S. And don't forget, when you die, they just dump you over the side at no charge.

Web Address for GWAA:

gwaa.acps.k12.va.us

Web Address for GWLB Gazette:

www.gwhsaa.com/GFLB.html

SNOOPER

Brian Moore (**Sam** and **Donna STEWART Moore's** son) is married to **Betty Jean STANLEY Smith's** daughter, Darlene. Brian and Darlene were going through some of **Betty Jean's** old papers and found a copy of a 1946 Surveyor (60 years ago). An article of interest was found that someone had written. The writer was asking various students different questions. According to Brian, the writer asked his uncle, **Bobby MOORE** the following: "What would you do if George Washington High School was on fire?" Bobby replied, "I'd go to Mr. Garner's office and see if he would give me permission to leave."

Bobby comments, "I certainly don't remember saying that, but as afraid of "Gus" as I was, I may have done just that."

Poem attributed to Ann KNIGHT

Anthony

The Cat In the Hat on Aging

I cannot see

I cannot pee

I cannot chew

I cannot screw

Oh, my god, what can I do?

My memory shrinks

My hearing stinks.

No sense of smell

I look like hell

My mood is bad—can you tell?

My body's drooping

Have trouble pooping

The Golden Years have come at last

The Golden Years can kiss my a__.

Beautifully Spoken

Submitted by **Alvin SMITH**

As we grow up, we learn that even the one person that wasn't supposed to ever let you down probably will.

You will have your heart broken probably more than once and it's harder every time. You'll break hearts too, so remember how it felt when yours was broken.

You'll fight with your best friend. You'll blame a new love for things an old one did. You'll cry because time is passing too fast, and you'll eventually lose someone you love.

So take too many pictures, laugh too much, and love like you've

never been hurt because every sixty seconds you spend upset is a minute of happiness you'll never get back.

**Some Philosophy from
Dennis Gordon**

If you can start the day without caffeine;

If you can get along without pep pills;

If you can always be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains;

If you can resist complaining to and boring people with your troubles;

If you can eat the same food every day and be grateful for it;

If you can understand when your loved ones are too busy to give you any time;

If you can overlook it when those you love take it out on you when, through no fault of your own, something goes wrong;

If you can take criticism and blame without resentment;

If you can ignore a friend's limited education and never correct him or her;

If you can resist treating a rich friend better than a poor one;

If you can face the world without lies and deceit;

If you can conquer tension without medical help;

If you can relax without liquor;

If you can sleep without the aid of drugs;

If you can honestly say that deep in your heart you have no prejudice against creed, sex, color, religion, national origin, gender preference or politics;

THEN you have ALMOST reached the same level of development as your dog or cat.

**I CAN'T REMEMBER
(Submitted by Ann DARLING
McKLVEEN**

Just a line to say I'm living,

That I'm not among the dead

Though I'm getting more forgetful,

And mixed up in the head.

I got used to my arthritis
To my dentures I'm resigned.

I can manage my bifocals,
But God, I miss my mind.

For sometimes I can't remember
When I stand at the foot of the stairs,
If I must go up for something,
Or have I just come down from there?

And before the fridge so often,
My poor mind is filled with doubt,
Have I just put food away, or
Have I come to take some out?

And there's a time when it is dark
With my nightcap on my head,
I don't know if I'm retiring, or
Just getting out of bed.

So, it's my turn to write you,
There's no need for getting sore,
I may think that I have written,
And don't want to be a bore.

So, remember that I love you,
And wish that you were near.
But now it's nearly mail time.
So must say goodbye, dear.

There I stand beside the mail box,
With a face so very red.
Instead of mailing you my letter,
I had opened it instead.
(Author Unknown)

SOME THOUGHTS

Contributed by Lorraine HUPPER
Price

Everybody Knows:

You can't be all things to all people.

You can't do all things at once.

You can't do all things equally well.

You can't do all things better than everyone else.

Your humanity is showing just like everyone else's.

So:

You have to find out who you are, and be that.

You have to decide what comes first, and do that.

You have to discover your strengths, and use them.

You have to learn not to compete with others,

Because no one else is in the contest of 'being you.'

(continued next page)

Then:

You have learned to accept your own uniqueness.
 You have learned to set priorities and make decisions.
 You will have learned to live with your limitations.
 You will have learned to give yourself the respect that is due.
 And you'll be a most vital mortal.

Dare to Believe:

That you are a wonderful, unique person.
 That you are a once-in-all-history event.
 That it's more than a right, it's your duty, to be who you are.
 That life is not a problem to solve, but a gift to cherish.
 And we'll be able to stay one up on what used to get us

HUMOR from Jim LOWE
CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH

A little boy was attending his first wedding. After the service, his cousin asked him, "How many women can a man marry?" "Sixteen", the boy responded. His cousin was amazed that he had an answer so quickly. "How do you know that?" "Easy," the little boy

said. "All you have to do is add it up, like the Bishop said, 4 better, 4 worse, 4 richer, 4 poorer."

After a church service on Sunday morning, a young boy suddenly announced to his mother, "Mom, I've decided to become a minister when I grow up."

"That's okay with us, but what made you decide that?"

"Well," said the boy, "I have to go to church on Sunday anyway, and I figure it will be more fun to stand up and yell, than to sit and listen."

A 6-year old was overheard reciting the Lord's Prayer at a church service. "And forgive us our trash passes, as we forgive those who passed trash against us."

A boy was watching his father, a pastor, write a sermon. "How do you know what to say?," he asked. "Why, God tells me." "Oh, then why do you keep crossing things out?"

A little girl became restless as

the preacher's sermon dragged on and on. Finally, she leaned over to her mother and whispered, "Mommy, if we give him the money now, will he let us go?"

After the christening of his baby brother in church, little Johnny sobbed all the way home in the back seat. His father asked him three times what was wrong.

Finally, the boy replied, "That priest said he wanted us brought up in a Christian home, and I want to stay with you guys!"

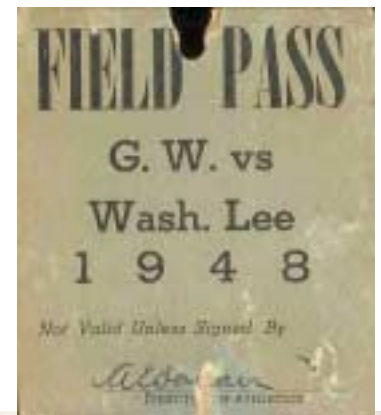
Terri asked her Sunday School class to draw pictures of their favorite Bible stories. She was puzzled by Kyle's picture, which showed four people on an airplane, so she asked him which story it was meant to represent. "The Flight to Egypt." Was his reply.

Pointing at each figure, Ms. Terri said, "That must be Mary, Joseph and Baby Jesus. BUT WHO'S THE FOURTH PERSON?"

"Oh, that's Pontius - the pilot!"

HUCK: Something's wrong with the picture at the right!

RALPH: I don't think so. Those SMA girls really know how to party! (I know because I married one of them).



MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT
 First row seated, l-r to right: Miss Margaret Powell, Miss Katherine McElroy, Miss Thomas Madson, Miss Mary Elizabeth Thrift, Miss Helen McElroy.
 Second row standing, l-r to right: Mr. Irving Lindley (Department Head), Mrs. Elizabeth Allison, Mr. Charles Tracy.



1946 Cross Country
 Coach: Charles...
 1st Row: Robert...
 2nd Row: Fred...
 3rd Row:...



INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT
 l-r to right: Miss Evelyn...
 Mr. Charles...
 Mr. John...
 Mr. Frank...
 Mr. Charles...
 Mr. John...
 Mr. Frank...
 Mr. Charles...