



LIMITED EDITION - AUGUST 2023

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President's Comments

Col. Robert Grierson



**Summer regards to the
Superstition Mountain Chapter!**



August Congratulations!



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*We hope to see you in September!
Have a great vacation. We're
resting!*



Remember Summer Fun!



Let's take a trip in the way-back machine:

It's the last month of Summer. Labor Day is coming. Boy, that went fast! It's time to go back to school, and this time it's HIGH SCHOOL!

Some of us say goodbye to old friends over the summer, and hello to new friends come the fall. We will be looking for a familiar face when we get back to school.

Our school clothes don't fit us anymore! We've outgrown, or worn out everything. If they aren't worn out, they are too short or too tight. Siblings or relatives pass down choice items.

We need new shoes! No more wearing white after Labor Day!

Some of us will buy penny loafers, in which to store a dime for an emergency phone call (Yeah, it's been that long!), saddle oxfords in brown or black, and white, as well as petite black flats for girls. Can't forget our gym shoes! Ked's or other sneakers for girls, and Converse, or similar, high-tops for boys.

For those in private school, who wore uniforms, you had it easy! The rest of us struggled in angst to find just the right things for our first year in high school. We girls simply cannot make a fashion faux pas!

Bobby sox (which we struggled to keep **white**) are a necessity, but girls also needed thin white socks (with soft cuffs) to wear with those little black flats. They were needed for gathered skirts, filled out with **starched**, ruffled petticoats! For a very short while, girls also wore “hoop skirts” under gathered skirts. They were supposed to be an improvement; however, that trend didn’t last very long. This was due to the fact that the hoops were round, and when compressed from both sides on the school bus, they flipped up in the front and back!

Thank God for long skirts. For every action, there was an equal and opposite reaction!

That led to endless laughter and embarrassment. Didn’t see that coming... There was also the “Poodle Skirt.” This wasn’t every girl’s cup of tea, but they were fun to wear. They were cut in a full circle, mostly of grey felt, with a colored Poodle dog and leash appliqued on one side of the front. Mine was pink and grey.

On the first day of school, we arrived with excitement. We checked everyone else out, and decided that we were not going to die of embarrassment. We headed to the bookstore, our assigned lockers and Homerooms. From there, we will rush from room to room, interrupted only by lunch, to our classes, to our lockers, to our classes, to our lockers.

Sports take on a new priority. You can be important if you participate. You can be a hero if you excel. This is mainly for the boys, but there are sports for girls as well. But, football players and cheerleaders rule!

Things are changing. People are noticing. Shyness is waning. Eyes are glancing, and winking! Our hearts beat a little faster as we pass each other in the hallway, or see each other at the lockers.

Behold the days of flirting!

We didn't need to be serious about our futures just yet. We just needed to survive puberty with our dignity intact.

Inevitably, girls are attracting the attention they seek, and the boys become less enigmatic and more talkative. To make sure that we were noticed by *someone*, girls wore "pop-bead" necklaces, rabbit fur and other types of detachable collars, or a single strand of pearls at the neck of our pull-over sweaters, with matching cardigans. These were worn with straight skirts with an open pleat in the back (way below the knee!) A colored scarf was worn around the neck at the top of a blouse.

Can anyone explain why male birds are the beautiful ones? It seems counterintuitive to a mere mortal!

Girls and boys alike are trying to assess themselves, and not feeling confident at times. A pimple is a horror which arrives, it seems, with every special occasion! Hair is paramount! Boys have it easy, we think; girls suffer. Some of us slept with rollers in our hair! "Beauty must suffer!", said someone who knew a few things. Did boys know that we *curled* our eyelashes? Rainy days ruin everything! Straight hair goes limp, curly hair gets frizzy.

The "Pony Tail" hairstyle arrives for girls, saving girls a ton of problems. This hairstyle could be upgraded with a neck scarf or ribbon. But, bangs still required care. Boys are sporting "Flat Tops", or "Crew Cuts", a basic buzz cut. Short hair at the very front was held (sticking straight up) by "Butch Wax." Then, the "DA" craze arrived for boys and girls! Basically, the back of your hair was brushed back from each side to the middle and up a bit, which resembled a duck's tail! The name was a little naughty and something that made one feel like we put one over on the adults. Without Butch Wax, straight hair is out of the running here; curly hair rules this style! Bragging rights.

Words such as "adorable" and "sweet" are creeping into the conversation of both boys and girls. Boy or girl, we all are now "cute." We dance (something akin to the Jitterbug), holding hands, in our socks! We have our own music! We attend

“Sock Hops” and dance to “Rock and Roll” music. No date needed; girls can dance with each other! No one cares. Sooner, or later, someone will get tired, or switch partners.

We are now called “teenagers”, and we are **IT!** Walking-down-the-middle-of-the-street, insufferable teenagers. Sleepovers are a sort of psychotherapy to process the latest about who broke up that week, and there is plenty of sympathy and support for broken hearts. Jealousy is rearing its ugly head. Boys are coming to blows. Girls are emotional. Young love!

Saturdays are for seeing the people at school away from school. Movies are cheap, and there are **technicolor** double-features with cartoons in between. We go in groups of girls and boys. Some pair up, but most just throw popcorn back and forth at each other for attention!

We dress up in adult clothes for formal dances, and boys buy floral corsages for their “dates” to wear on their beautiful dresses, or on the wrist. Hearts throbbed with excitement when we danced to a slow song. There were plenty of lights and chaperones, which assured that nothing untoward occurred on their watch.

Not being invited to Prom felt like the end of the world, but it wasn’t. Perhaps there just weren’t enough boys with money for a new suit and flowers to go around. Or, maybe some boys were afraid of rejection. Girls tended to hope that they might be invited by the same few boys, who always asked the same few girls in the “popular” group. In our day, boys were the only ones with prerogative, concerning dating. We assessed that life was perfect in the popular group. Looking back, it might not have been. There was a lot of pressure there to stay on top! We never considered that they might have troubles of their own. We were too envious. Now, if you were in the popular group, maybe you would be so kind as to enlighten the rest of us.

Dream on, little Dreamer. Dream on...we soon learned that we don’t always get what we want (especially if we are too picky), and that victory goes to the bold.

We were practicing for adulthood, and we were having so much fun doing it. Hamburgers, fries and soda are King! The places at which they are sold are King! It's where we *GO* be seen and to see! At home, we have extra-long phone cords so that we can take the phone in our bedroom to speak privately "about homework!" Since when do we need privacy, parents ask? Calls were made about homework, which were really just an excuse to have a little chat.

No one escaped the emotional pain of the teen years. We overcame most things, but some stung, and still have the power to command a few moments' thought.

- The one you liked, liked someone else.
- You weren't in the popular group.
- You were a late bloomer.
- Learning wasn't as easy for you, and everyone knew it.
- Friends came and went.
- Your money didn't go as far as some other people's.
- You needed braces.
- You didn't have your own car.
- You had to work on Saturday.
- You weren't allowed to date until you were 16
- You had to double-date, and that's the way it was.
- Your curfew was before everyone else's.

Everyone dealt with something. No one went unscathed, and everything hurt more deeply. We were coming of age, and it was sometimes very difficult. Looking back, it wasn't as bad as it felt! However, emotional pain is in the eye of the one who is hurting. What hurt you, might not have hurt me, and vice versa.

We were beginning to stand as individuals and deal with things internally. Not everything was shared, like before. Dignity required that we keep some things to ourselves, for better or worse.

We look back and remember all of the victories, all of the defeats, all of the successes, all of the failures, and we realize that we are who we are because of ALL of it. One or two changes would have set us on another course. We are now satisfied that we are OK. Just look at your beautiful faces, and know that we all belong together, and care for each other, as members of MOAA, and the human race!

We are looking forward to seeing all of our friends' faces in September, just as when we were returning to school! Just look at you!

There you are!









Gone, but not out of our hearts!

Marlene Fox and Ed Mangen



Editor's Page



Dedicated to the memory of Marlene Fox, our long-time Newsletter Editor.

"Life is not fair. Get over it!"



Newsletter Editors

Peggy Allen and Paula Anderer

Newsletter Contact: paulaanderer10@gmail.com

Superstition Mountain Chapter
Military Officers Association of America
RESOURCES

Newsletter: paulaanderer10@gmail.com

MOAA Home Page: <https://www.moaa.org>

MOAA SMC Chapter Website: <https://smcmoaa.org>

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