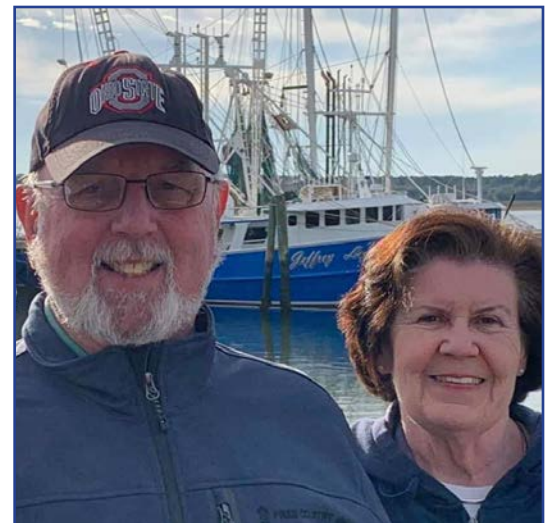


Editor's note: This is a very special, Special Edition of the Norseman Chronicles. Classmate, friend and brother Tom Bodle passed away on March 5th from COVID. Tom WAS the Norseman Chronicles in all the great articles he wrote over the course of a year vividly bringing back memories and stories. Below is a special memory from Tommy "Homer" Holmes written before Tom Bodle passed. We are sure Tom Bodle is looking down and smiling.

Please remember Tom and all those fighting this horrible virus in your prayers.

Below is the email I sent to Tom Bodle after reading The Norseman Special Chronicle #10. I was moved by his recall, and how special it was to rekindle my own memory of that drumbeat he called "A Drumbeat for a Lifetime." I'm really not sure if he ever got this email. I've challenged Kevin to find a recording of that drumbeat, and Vikings shouting "Go, Go,... St.Joes ... Fight!." Tommy "Homer" Holmes

Tom,
Thank You so much for your recent memories of the St. Joe's Marching Band cadence, "Go, Go, St. Joe.....Fight!", in the Special Viking Chronicle Pete sent out last week. You sparked my own recall of that wonderful chant. I spent 30 years teaching, at Carroll HS (3), Middletown Madison HS (5), and Talawanda HS (22) From 1974-2007, and no where did I find a marching cadence so inspiring. Like you, I have fond memories of going to St. Joe games as a kid starting in 6th grade, and the inspiration of that beat, and those words. I couldn't wait to be a Viking. I tried to convince the band directors at each of the schools I taught at to change their cadence to match my memories, knowing that that sound would instantly change our fortunes. But no one would listen ... can you imagine my confusion?





Football pre-game was an incredible experience, as you've described. The sound of the band marching coming toward the stadium, the drums getting louder, those inspiring words, "Go, Go, St. Joe..... Fight!" By opening kick-off, we were more than ready to play.

So 'Thank You' TB! You made my day! Like most of us, those great memories of 4 years at St. Joe's are with me most days. I'm thinking that as the years go by, and my mind starts to go blank, (and it has started), that one day, I will awaken the halls of the nursing home that my kids have placed me, as I beat on my bed pan that inspirational cadence and shout, "Go, Go", ba dee bump ba dee bump, "St. Joe" , ba dee bump ba dee bump, ba dee bump ba dee bump, ba dee bump ba dee bump, du dee dum, du de dum, du dee dum ... "Fight"! After they come in and sedate me, I will follow with a calm, slurry version of our Viking Alma Mater, and everyone "in the home" that day will learn the meaning of school pride.

Thank You Tom.

