

# THE OWLETTE DISPATCH

Fresno High School Class of 1958

Newsletter No. 13

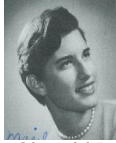
Fall 2009

## In Memoriam

*This issue is dedicated to those classmates who are no longer with us.*



Stan Ryan



Marilyn Obwald Proud



Larry Williamson

## T. L. Heaton School

*By Catherine "Vernie" Morison Rehart*

Thomas L. Heaton came to Fresno in 1889 to accept two jobs—the position of superintendent of schools for the city and the job of principal of the new high school—Fresno High. From the moment he arrived, he and Professor William Carey Jones of the University of California directed the organization of the classes for the new school. Heaton was enthusiastic about the high school and the promise it held for the young people of Fresno. He saw to it that a course of study was put in place that would prepare them for college or for whatever field of endeavor they wished to pursue in life. He was a stern, but fair principal. The students were amazed at his ability to quote huge passages of Shakespeare from memory. They came to love and respect him.

During his tenure as superintendent many of the early elementary schools were built as well as the K Street or Emerson School, where the first high school classes were taught, and the new Fresno High School building at O and Tuolumne streets that was completed in the fall of 1896.

In 1896, he went to Eureka to serve as that city's superintendent of schools. He then became a professor of education at the University of California and served as the assistant superintendent of schools in San Francisco until shortly before his death in 1918. In 1921, a new elementary school on McKinley Avenue in Fresno was named in his memory—a tribute to a man who had a profound influence on the structure of education in Fresno.

Today, on San Pablo Avenue, a cluster of one-story architecturally nondescript buildings mark the present-day home of the T.L. Heaton Elementary School. Its play yard fills the rest of the fenced area from McKinley to Home avenues. On the McKinley side of the property a lovely brick structure—dedicated to T.L. Heaton in 1921—once stood, which was the home base for the students of this school.

One block away was Fresno State College. Its campus consisted of old brick buildings covered with ivy. In fact, in those years, Fresno State looked like an Eastern college and seemed to beckon the young students at Heaton, inspiring them to excel so they could attend college on that campus. And excel they did. Not only because a beautiful campus was nearby, but also because seated at the Heaton principal's desk was Hattie May Hammat, a petite woman, who ran her school with a determination and authority that belied her small

stature. Her teaching staff was hand picked. They taught the three R's with little foolishness and taught them well. Serious education was conducted within these walls—a no-nonsense curriculum based on the 3R's with few frills and no bells and whistles. Multiplication was drilled into the students as the teacher, with a ruler in one hand, went up and down the rows as the students took turns reciting, "Two times one is two; two times two is four," and so on.

Discipline was as strict as the curriculum. A bench outside the principal's office awaited offenders. As they sat there contemplating the swift and sure justice that they knew they would endure, they often decided never to misbehave again. For those who behaved well, but had trouble adjusting to school, a kind, sympathetic friend, who believed that the needs of each child should be considered, awaited in the principal's office. In this atmosphere, education flourished. It is a tribute to Hattie May Hammat that most of her students completed school and went on to higher education.

There was fun, too. In the late days of spring, the temperature often soared. The brick building did not have air-conditioning, but it had tall windows that opened wide and caught any north breeze that came along. The transom windows on the opposite side of each room provided a direction for the breeze to go. On the days when it was too hot to take physical exercise, a special treat was planned. An all-school jacks contest was held. Each student brought a towel and a bag of jacks. During recess and after lunch the wide corridors were filled with students sitting on their towels on the cool concrete floors playing jacks. Scores were kept, playoffs were held and the excitement grew as the contest continued.

Some of the students preferred playing marbles. They had their own area in the sand piles built for this purpose under the large trees that shaded the south side of the building.

Occasionally, there were days when softball and kickball were played in the hot, late spring sun. When it was time to come back to the classroom, each student rushed to get a heavy paper towel that was dampened with cold Fresno water, rung out and folded into a long rectangle. Each student sat at his desk, put his head down, put the wet paper towel across his forehead or on the back of his neck and closed his eyes and rested. On these hot afternoons, the teacher read wonderful stories while the students rested and let their bodies cool down.

Those children, who are now adults, remember Hattie May Hammat with gratitude for caring enough to make sure that they received an excellent education in an environment that encouraged learning. The beautiful old brick building that was Heaton School harbored memories of all kinds. For those who were lucky enough to study within its walls, it still holds a special place in their hearts.

Let Vernie know if you would like to read about your elementary school at [fresno.gal@hotmail.com](mailto:fresno.gal@hotmail.com).

## What Do You Remember About Heaton?

How about walking to school in the winter of 1948 breaking the ice in the gutters along the way, it was a cold winter. I also remember running stop signs on our bikes for thrills until **Bob Knott** got hit by a car at McKinley and Wishon and broke his arm. Playing kickball and getting hit so hard that it would make your eyes water. Kids falling off swings and the jungle gym and breaking an arm-- that was a real badge of courage to have a cast in school. Getting lunch for a quarter or one of those lunch tokens. The big fire drill where they brought a fire engine to the school to show the kids. I think they even squirted the hose, but cannot remember for sure. Home Grocery store where you could buy those wax sticks with flavored water inside. Making cinnamon sticks out of



cinnamon oil and tooth picks. Playing marbles with "steelys" and "agates". Valentine's Day bags for each person, if you did not get many, oh well. I'm still mad at **Linda Parker** and **Virginia Ready** (Fire Chief Coger's step daughter) for not giving me Valentine's Day cards. Come to think of

it that is why the fire truck came too little old Heaton (Chief Coger probably sent it). Mixing Potassium Permanganate and Glycerin with **John Richert** in the 5th grade and having to run out and bury it in the play ground because it started smoking in the class room. **Bruce Cambern**

For some reason I can remember the two motto words over the big outside doorway to go in to Mrs. Starr's class. They were "Temperance" and "Tolerance." Since that was 2nd grade, I never did figure out what they meant until much later, or even give a thought as to why they would be up there, either.

Another memory: that same year, when the class played kickball in the same area, guess who was always first-choice pick for a team, and who would almost always kick the ball over the fence into the neighbor's back yard? His initials are J.M. (I think someone threatened him with an "out" if it continued to happen!) I also remember folk dancing with Mr. Hollie Hunsaker, and Mrs. Nilmeier, too. There were certainly a lot of nice kids there! **Cheryl Linxwiller Stegmaier**



Who could ever forget our principal, Hattie May Hammat; she probably was the meanest person in the world. My husband went to Heaton three years before me; he said she actually tore a shirt off a boy's back because she was in such a rage. We also had Miss Hall, Mr. Solo, and Mrs. Bicknell. They were all very nice teachers, especially Miss Goeden.....she was my very favorite. **Rita Comeau Martina**



When I was in the sixth grade, yo-yos were big. The Home Grocery behind Heaton announced that the national or world yo-yo champion was going to be there one morning before school. It was a big deal. My father always drove me to school as we lived out of

the district (a long story) so that morning he took me to the Home Grocery and let me off there with full knowledge that I

was going to see the yo-yo champion before school. My memory is that he didn't show up, but that's not the story. In mid-morning, Principal Hattie May Hammat, called into the office everyone who had gone to the store that morning. She claimed that the school was responsible for you from the minute you left your door in the morning until you got home in the afternoon and we were required to go straight to school. She really chewed us out. I was furious because my father had taken me and I had never in my life been in trouble in school. To this day I think she was wrong! **Larry Schiller**

**Your editor received too many Heaton memories to post in this newsletter so additional stories will be printed in the next issue. If you haven't sent me your memory, you can still do so.**

## Four Years to Go

By *Buddy Arakelian*

It has already been a year since our 50<sup>th</sup> reunion. We are only four years away from our 55<sup>th</sup>. We are still talking about offering something between reunions, but the big event will always be the reunion every five years.

Our 50<sup>th</sup> reunion was the biggest turnout we've ever had, but there are still classmates we want to see. We tried to offer events that would be appealing to classmates. We had a brunch, a classic car show, a tour of Fresno High, a golf tournament and a dinner. We have a fund set up to pay for classmates to attend the reunion if they need help. We want to give all classmates the opportunity to attend a reunion while they are still able.

One of my closest friends during my early years, Stan Ryan, passed away in May. When I heard that he was ill with cancer, I sent him a memory book from our 50<sup>th</sup> reunion. I visited him in Bakersfield a few weeks later. Stan had read every page of the memory book when I saw him. He expressed regret that he had missed the reunion. He saw that so many of his old friends were there. He told me that he would be at the 55<sup>th</sup> for sure if he was still alive. He missed the opportunity to see his old friends, but just as important, his old friends missed the opportunity to see him.

The classmate most classmates asked about over the years was Johnny Russell. Johnny really did want to come to a reunion, but he was a country and western star, and there were always schedule conflicts. After our 40<sup>th</sup> reunion I decided that I would let Johnny pick the date for our 45<sup>th</sup>, but he died before I could make the offer. Johnny never made it to a reunion. He missed the opportunity and so did we, his classmates.

Let me make one point clear. It's not just seeing old classmates that is a thrill. I think it is a thrill to meet classmates that I didn't even know during my years at Fresno High. Remember this: the Fresno High Class of 1958 is a unique fellowship; the membership is closed, but it's for life.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: the reunion committee is dedicated to quality reunions. Start planning to be at the 55<sup>th</sup>.

## Bring the Lady Home

By Bob Opple

Like many seniors in the class of 1958, I had several options when I graduated. I had a couple of scholarships but what I really wanted to do was follow in my father's footsteps by joining the Navy and qualifying for the Submarine service. He was my hero having served on a couple of Submarines during WW-2 and survived the ordeal. I left for boot camp three weeks after graduating and as my Mom and Dad were transferred to Stockton the next month, I seldom came back to Fresno. The 45th reunion was the first time I saw most of my classmates after graduation.



I was accepted in the all volunteer service and graduated from the US Navy New London Submarine School with little problem. As this was the middle of the cold war, I was assigned to one of the many older WW2 Diesel submarines that were brought back into service. The USS Razorback SS-394 was a beautiful Lady, 311 feet long, 17 feet wide in its widest point and powered by 3 Fairbank Morris 1500 HP diesels. She had a very honorable WW2 service and I was very proud to be aboard this fighting Lady with a crew of 66.

For five years I traveled the Pacific and she took us to ports and lands I had only read of as a kid. We made two Cold War patrols and were told to forget where we were and what we were doing. For years, we in the silent service honored this strict code and never talked to anyone. We were all surprised to see a book called "Blind Man's Bluff" released that talked about our classified submarine patrols.

I left the Razorback, finished my education and went to work for Caterpillar Tractor Co. This job also took me around the world where we lived for years in the Far East. I moved back to Seattle and in 2002 I was in my office when a salesman saw a photo of the Razorback. He told me he was aboard her 18 months ago in Turkey and she was renamed the Murat Reis S-336, "I wondered if it would be possible to visit her," I thought. As I was Commander of the Submarine Veteran's base in Seattle at the time, I wondered how far I could get with a phone call so I called the Secretary of the Turkish Navy and told his assistant, "THIS IS COMMANDER, R. W. OPPLER, USS Submarine Veteran." With that title and \$3.25 I could buy a Starbucks coffee in any store in Seattle! I guess it also impressed the person on the phone as he connected me right away. I explained who I was and that I wanted to visit the Razorback in Turkey with a couple other shipmates before they decommissioned and scrapped her. I not only got the invitation, but also the offer to go to sea on her for a couple days of operations. Wow, what an offer that was! Then out of the blue, I told him that instead of scrapping her would he sell her to me so we could bring her home to become a museum boat for all to see, "It's never been done before Commander," he said, "but it might be possible."

First we contacted the US Navy Department and found out that even though we might have ownership, it was still under the jurisdiction of the US Navy once it hit the US waters as it was a fully operational Submarine capable of firing torpedoes at US ships. We were told we need a Government sponsor so we decided to contact the State of Arkansas (the Razorback State). All US WW2 Submarines were named after fish, not pigs. Yes, we were called pig boat sailors but the USS Razorback was named after a whale. We knew the boat could make it up the Mississippi then the Arkansas River so after putting a presentation together we met with the Mayor of N. Little Rock to see if we could get his city's help. After our meeting his comments were "Let's bring that Pig home where she belongs."

After many meetings with Government leaders, Arkansas US Senators and Congressional leaders, the US Government plus the Turkish Naval Attaché in DC and the Turkish Navy, we were ready for our first visit of the Razorback / Murat Reis in 45 years. Two of us crew members were ready to go, Max Basset an Engineman who spent 30 years in the US Submarine service and myself. We had permission from the Turkish Navy to visit their classified Submarine base in Gulcuk. We departed from NY to Istanbul, Turkey in September 2002. We made arrangements to be met at the airport by a translator who would be with us for the duration of the trip. This help was invaluable in getting us around a country where English is not the primary language.

From the airport we went to Izmit, twenty miles from Gulcuk. We planned to go in coats and ties but decided we would go in our United States Submarine Veterans uniform, a vest displaying the boats we served on and campaign ribbons and medals. We wear these at meetings and conventions and there is a saying among us that he who dies with the most patches and "stuff" on their vests, wins! Both Max and I had our vests covered with stuff. Needless-to-say, when we showed up at the security gate the next day, we caused quite a commotion when the guards had to figure out what or who we were. They did not know whether to salute or sound the general alarm. After showing our paperwork from the Turkish US Ambassador and Navel Attaché, we were cleared and were met at the gate by the chief of Turkish Navel Submarine Operations and his staff. That is a lot of Navy brass.

After several hours of going over the "how to" of getting the Razorback back to the US from the Turkish side, we had our first visit to my old love. The chief of naval operations accompanied us to the docks, and we had our first look at the Razorback/Murat Reis. She was as beautiful as I remembered her to be when I left her 40 plus years ago. For those who have not served on a submarine I will say it becomes a part of your life. For several years she took me half way around the world to places I had only read about as a boy in high school. We would stay submerged for weeks, months and once 59 days before coming to the surface and all the time living in very close quarters without a shower or the conveniences of the surface Navy. For those who served on the old diesel boats in such close quarters with 66 crew members, life time friendships and a bond unlike most of the other branches of service were formed.

The following took place over several days, but I want to give you the feeling both Max and I had as we went through the Razorback for the first time. We were met by the Captain

and several crew members on the deck, "Permission to come aboard Captain?" We were warmly welcomed by the crew. After the normal formalities on board we were given complete freedom to explore, take photos and relive memories as kids in our twenties. We dropped into the forward torpedo room and everything came back to Max and me. There is nothing like the feel and smell of the old diesel boats. We looked at the six torpedo tubes and remembered how many times we left port with them loaded and ready to fire. All the brass was polished and she looked like she was ready for an Admiral's inspection. She was immaculate!

Next compartment was the forward Battery, Officers quarters and the first of two very large batteries. I opened the hatch and climbed into the lower flats, "Are you alright?" asked the Captain. Not to worry, I told him, I know the electrical system like the back of my hand. This is a second home to a DC submarine auxiliary electrician. He smiled with approval. Next was the control room. I remember how amazed I was when I first went aboard the Razorback and looked around this compartment. For my first two years aboard, this was my watch station as I would go through the boat and inspect all the DC electrical gear. This compartment is the heart of the submarine where 9 men operate when submerged; it's a complicated array of valves, pressure gauges, electrical circuits that operate the boat when submerged. It all came back to me as I looked around this tight room. To qualify on submarines and receive your dolphins, one must know every



**A 1960's photo of Bob on board**

system in every compartment on the boat. It took about 6 months and if it was apparent one could not learn all systems, he was shipped off the boat. We had to rely on each other to operate the old boats as one screw-up could sink these boats.

The largest compartment was the after battery. The second battery was located in the lower flats; but this room was where the galley was and sleeping space for 46 men. The cooks on board submarines are the best in the service. Morale was very high because we did eat like kings. With not much else in the form of recreation we did look forward to meals, however, after three to four weeks on a three month deployment the fresh food ran out fast and we did revert back to spam and canned meals. I looked and told Max something was missing from the galley; then it hit me, the coffee pot. All US Sailors drink gallons of coffee when on duty, but it was gone. I asked the Captain, "What happened?" He replied, "We do not drink coffee, its chi or tea for the Turkish Navy." That will be the first thing we replace when we get her home. After the meals we would play pinochle and cribbage for hours, cards and old 16 MM movies were our main form of entertainment. The second half of the compartment was set up as a sleeping quarter. We never had enough bunks so most of the non-qualified men shared bunks. We worked for 8 hours, keeping this old WW2 Lady operational, spent the next 8 hours on

duty and slept for 8. When you were not in your bunk it was occupied by someone else. I crawled into my old sleeping rack and closed my eyes; I spent a few years in this space. It was the only solitude one had. The bunk was 27 inches wide, had a 4 inch mattress on top of hard aluminum storage locker. I had 11 inches of space above my head...but it was home. We also had one of the two bathrooms in this compartment that was shared by all. At sea, fresh water is a premium and we did not shower. I guess that's where we got the name of pig boat sailors. The only crew who could jump into the shower for a quick wash off were the cooks, and that was only once a week.

The next two compartments were Max's home -- Forward and After engine. Max smiled as he looked at his three Fairbanks Morris engines. He had 4500 HP in the three engines. The two rooms were small, tight and were a challenge to work in because of the limited space. Maybe that's why most of us were so skinny, I was 6'2" and weighed only 150lbs. Most of the engine men I know are hard of hearing and use hearing aids. We had no noise restrictions then and the sounds of all engines running at the same time were so loud you had to holler to hear each other.

After sixteen months I switched over to a main power electrician and the next compartment was mine. As we stepped into the maneuvering room I saw how cramped the space was with two 1500 electric motors, large electrical panels, gauges and the control sticks. I remember the temperature would get up to and exceeded 125 degrees plus and the heat from the motors made duty in this room almost unbearable in the Pacific. The Captain drilled me on the operation of the controls. I must have been lucky as I remember all the commands he gave me. I dropped into the lower space and the Captain asked, "What are you looking at?" "The main thrust bearings, Captain," I said. He smiled and nodded his head in approval.

The last compartment was the after torpedo room and the brass on her four torpedo tubes looked as shiny as the rest of the boat. Approximately sixteen men slept here and Max was one of them. He slipped into his bunk and smiled. "I'm home, Bob," he said. When we went top side the Captain and crew were all there and we were presented with a set of Turkish Submarine qualifying pins. The Captain said, "After close to 50 years you two know the boat very well and we would be proud to have you serve in our Navy." Both Max and I were honored.

We spent the next four days in talks with the Turkish Navy and on board the Razorback reliving our lives as kids in the Submarine service. We now knew what we had to do to finalize our negotiations with both the Turkish and US governments. We had a large team of Submarine vets back in the USA to help.

My thought when I found out the Razorback was still alive was to visit her once more before she was put out of service and scrapped. Then I remembered what happened to a second World War II submarine I served on in the sixty's. The USS Archerfish AGSS 311 that sunk the largest aircraft in the Japanese fleet was used as a target and sunk! Although the Razorback got into the war late, she served on several war patrols, inflicted her share of damage and rescued several downed airmen. She was in Tokyo Bay for the surrender of the war and was home to a lot of Cold War sailors. During both WW2 and the Cold War she always brought her crew

home safely. In the Turkish Navy, she patrolled the Black Sea, saw a little action and always brought her crew home. I felt we owed it to this great Lady to bring her home to the United States so she could spend the rest of her life showing future generations what life on a diesel Submarine was really like.

In the next installment I will tell how we finally got her home and about the 7000 mile trip from Turkey to N. Little Rock Arkansas where she is today.

**James' Jabber**  
*By James Palmer*

Nostalgia. Do you recall Al Radka's radio program on Saturday mornings in the 1950's named "The Blackstone Strip"? It began at Blackstone and Shields...the northern edge of Fresno then...and proceeded south to Divisadero Street. This was approximately ten years before Manchester Mall or the first McDonalds franchise was established on the corner of Shields and Blackstone. At the south end of this tour there was a car lot named Maloney's Used Cars. I contacted **Jim Maloney** this past spring to ask about it. Jim said, "My Dad opened it in the late 40's. I spent a lot of my Saturdays washing and wiping down cars there. I've run into many people over the years who bought their first car as a kid there and said it was the best car they ever had. One year when I was holding out with The Reds I was selling cars there and at noon I walked across the street to work out at Dickey Playground. My Dad leased the property to McDonalds in the late sixties and moved his lot across Abby Street where he stayed in business until 1978 when he retired. The neon sign was on the corner of Blackstone and Divisadero where McDonald's parking lot is today." In talking with **Dale Zanovich** some months back he mentioned his first car, a 1950 James Dean style Mercury was purchased from the Maloney car lot.



Recently, **Dick Baskin** found a sign at an auction that he believed was the Maloney car lot neon sign. I sent a photo of it to Jim hoping for some authentication. "Yep, that's part of it," Jim said. The second part of the sign is missing (the driver moved left to right and back again) along with the name but it's in great shape. Within time I'm sure this logo section will be hanging on a wall at Baskin's Upholstery. This is real nostalgia.

**WE'VE HEARD FROM:**

I enjoy reading the Owlette Dispatch. It takes me back to the good old days when life was simple. Thank you for all the work you do. **Arlene Paloutzian Bujulian**

Thanks for mailing the latest Spring Edition. I enjoyed the articles about Stan's and Mars. It brings back many memories. There was also the Royal and the Alaska back in those days. **Frank Quatraro**

Thank you very much for sending me the latest copy of The Owlette Dispatch. You can't imagine how much I enjoyed reading the drive-in and ice cream articles in addition to all the other information. The photos and names rang so many nostalgic bells and brought back some of the fondest memories of my life. **Gail Doll Iannucci**

I was at Fresno High for only a year and a half, but I have wonderful memories. **Liz Reilly Ansnes**

I enjoy getting The Owlette Dispatch. Thanks for the time and work you do for your old classmates. **Wayne Fielder**

I so enjoyed reading The Reunion Memory Book...a beautiful remembrance of 50 years. **Nancy Schatz Sheanin**

What a wonderful reunion, thanks to all the committee. **Pat Cobb Veatch**

As I read through the memory book, tears welled in my eyes; I look at those friends and acquaintances of the past – all like a great family – and come face-to-face with my own emotions. How much I miss them all and the days when our dreams were still fresh and alive; and how we believed we would change the world and not be changed by it. **Guy Shannon aka Ron Weyant**

**A New Swimming Pool**



After 57 years, our beloved Fresno High is getting a new swimming pool. Ground was broken on July 23 of this year and the new pool will be ready in the fall of 2010. It is an Olympic sized pool at 25 x 35 meters and will be accessible for ADA. Jack Skadden was the swimming coach while we were in school. Most remember him by the name of "Froggy" because he came to FHS after being a Navy Seal. He had 109 consecutive dual meet victories which still stand at FHS. During his coaching tenure, he amassed seven valley championships, six of those at Fresno High. The pool and an all-weather track currently under construction at FHS represent a 14 million dollar investment by Fresno Unified School District at several school sites.

## Grid Iron

By Rich Ballow

The smell of new leather mixed with the sweet fragrance of freshly mowed grass! I laced up my black, spiked high top football boots there in the empty end zone of our practice field.

In mid August, even in the evening as it was, the temperature hovered in the mid nineties. It was hot! But run I must to be ready for those mandatory two-a-day workouts that began late in the summer. Oh, those wind sprints—gasping for air, aching muscles, salty sweat stinging the eyes and the dehydration. The only good of it all, besides the necessary conditioning, came between the morning and afternoon workouts when the team would rush to A & W and guzzle root beer by the gallon. I suppose we could have called it advance training for college!



As summer turned into fall, the games began. Well, we were the fighting Warriors of FHS and we had our share of grid iron heroes. Jim and Bob led, Lynn, Ross and Gary were the heavies, and Pat, a wild playing line backer, stopped them in their tracks. At our first season meeting, it was announced that Roger, the open field

running back from Arizona, would be coming to add a new dimension to our game— these were names that made a difference and there were more. We didn't always win but we always showed up ready to play. We were a tough bunch of guys to deal with, a team with heart.

Half time at our games was spectacular by high school standards. If more is indeed more, we had it! We had our Warrior mascot, dressed in buckskin, eight pep girls with pompoms backing up the cheerleaders, and eleven letter girls marching side by side each displaying a large letter on their white sweaters spelling out FRESNO HIGH. We had an outstanding eighty-six member marching band dressed in purple with five majorettes a twirling, followed by the thirty-six Warriorettes, who performed dance routines on the field. Finally the Silhouettes, a twenty member precision drill team rounded out the half time show. Wow! Even our grandstand section of a couple hundred strong got into the act, for from their seats they flashed their purple and white cards, spelling out such tricks as GO WARRIORS to intimidate the opposing fans across the playing field.



After every game there was that bus ride back to the locker room and showers either long or short, boisterous or dead silent depending on the game score. This was most always followed by the game dance held in the Warrior Waldorf (our beloved cafeteria) where we would celebrate or sadly get over our loss in the sympathetic arms of our favorite girl. Then we'd call it a night for there was yet another game to prepare for the following week

"We will fight, fight, fight when we're winning. We will fight, fight, fight if we lose. Every player knows when the whistle blows we can fight when're we choose...."

## Senior Olympics

By Tom Marsella



Gold - 100 m high hurdles, long jump, soft ball throw  
Silver- 50 m dash

They ran the torch from the Golden Gate Bridge to Stanford on August 1st to kick off the National Senior Games (Olympics) at Stanford University. On August 6, I competed in the long and triple jump. My competition is excellent and many are 50 lbs lighter than my current 180 lbs. I had a slim chance to qualify for the finals, but I was fortunate to qualify to get this far.

They don't have the 100 Meter High Hurdles or the 50 meter sprint in the National Olympics, which is held every two years. Thus, I ran the 100 Meter High Hurdles on August 1st at Cal-Davis and will run it on October 3, at the Nevada State Olympics at UNLV, to try to improve on the bronze from last year's High Hurdle race.

When I am 90 and drooling in the hall way, I want to say I GAVE IT A SHOT, rather than saying I WISH I HAD. Yea, rots of ruck!

I am one injury away from being a volunteer. Jim Santos, FHS '57, is my coach. He was the Hayward State University coach for 15 years. He asked to coach me at the May all-alumni dinner recently. I'm also training with Rob Foster, the NCAA collegiate hurdles and long jump champ ten years ago whom I met at Clovis North working out one day. Wish me luck. Better yet, some prayers.

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**Editor's note:** When contacting any classmate by email, use FHS, Class of '58 or something similar in the subject line so the email will not be deleted.

**NO LONGER LOST.....**

**Richard Mitchell**

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**Please notify us of any change you would like updated and posted in the newsletter.**

**More 50 year celebrations**



It's come to mind that there may be several of our classmates who have celebrated 50 years of marriage—or more. Send us a little story of your celebrations and some photos for our next issue. Just as we celebrated our 50<sup>th</sup> high school reunion, we need to recognize the special occasions of 50 years of marriage, so let us know..... and send photos.

**Notification**

Please notify someone on the reunion board of any changes to your personal information. Updates on changes for street address, email address, phone number or name will keep the FHS Class of '58 database in tip-top shape.

*It's not too late to receive a Memory Book of our 50<sup>th</sup> reunion. Buddy still has a few left for the price of \$30. Get a hold of Buddy at 559-229-0850 or [mrcentralV@sbcglobal.net](mailto:mrcentralV@sbcglobal.net); send a check for the amount made out to Fresno High Class of '58 and a memory book will be on its way back to you.*

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**CONTINUING THIS NEWSLETTER:** The support of our newsletter helped give us a fantastic 50<sup>th</sup> reunion celebration and helped those who could not afford to attend our reunion. Your tax-deductible check payable to FHS Class of '58, c/o Buddy Arakelian, 529 W. Scott Ave., Fresno, CA 93704 will continue to help with future gatherings.



\_\_\_\_\_ \$5 \_\_\_\_\_ \$10 \_\_\_\_\_ \$25 \_\_\_\_\_ \$50 \_\_\_\_\_ Other \_\_\_\_\_

**CONTRIBUTORS**

The following classmates have recently made contributions: Edna Anderson Vaughn, Rich Ballow, Pat Cobb Veatch, Gail Doll Iannucci, Wayne Fielder, Neil Hansen, Patsy Merris Brayman, Arlene Paloutzian Bujulian, Frank Quatraro, Elizabeth Reilly Ansnes, Nancy Schatz Sheanin.

Your reunion committee thanks each and everyone one of you for your loyalty and support.

**Controversial Cheer**

*Potato chips; potato chips  
Crunch, crunch, crunch.  
Roosevelt, Roosevelt  
Here's your lunch.*



Who among us remembers this cheer?  
Contact your editor via email or snail mail with your answers:  
Why was it controversial?  
What response did those in attendance give?  
At which game was this presented?

Don't forget to check out the Fresno High Alumni web site at [www.fresnohighalumni.com](http://www.fresnohighalumni.com) for the latest stories, reunions and other events going on. And don't forget to update/enter your contact summary at Classes>Contact Classmates>1958 and submit your information.

FRESNO HIGH SCHOOL  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
Class of 1958  
P.O. Box 27516  
Fresno, CA 93729

Return Service Requested

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