

THE OWLETTE DISPATCH

Fresno High School Class of 1958

Newsletter No. 15

Fall 2010

In Memoriam

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



Bruce Macartea
Teacher



Jim Masini

Let's Head to Santa Cruz

By Cathy "Vernie" Morison Rehart

One of the benefits of living in our great Central Valley is the close proximity of both the ocean and the mountains. When summer's heat gets unbearable, those who can take advantage of this geographical bonanza pack their bags and head for the hills or the seashore. In the later part of the nineteenth century, when ocean breezes beckoned, Fresnoans journeyed either to Pacific Grove or to Santa Cruz.

In the 1950's, Fresnoans continued to think of "going to the coast" as heading for Santa Cruz or Pacific Grove. It wouldn't be until later that Fresnoans flocked in great numbers to Pismo, Cambria and Morro Bay.

I think most of us can remember how we waited with great anticipation for the last day of school so we could head for the coast. Fresno High School didn't have air conditioning during our tenure. In early June the classrooms could be very hot. When the 3:30 bell rang on those hot days, we would wearily get up from our seats and head to our lockers...no one could wear shorts in those days...the dress code was in place and enforced by Miss Hazel Tucker and Mr. Richard Neal who would send us home if we didn't comply. We would be so hot that just walking outside and finding a shady spot to stand in would feel cool. On that final day of school in June, we'd race home and hope that a trip to the coast would soon follow.

We all know about the Santa Cruz Boardwalk, but we may not know its history. Here goes....



Santa Cruz became a tourist attraction as early as 1865. In this year John Liebrandt and several others built public bathhouses near the mouth of the San Lorenzo River. They advertised the health benefits of bathing in the ocean's salt

water to attract tourists. The bathhouses were used, for a fee of course, as places in which to change clothes. Soon other concessions opened nearby.

Around the turn of the century, promoter Fred W. Swanton drafted a plan for a casino and boardwalk patterned after similar facilities at Coney Island in New York. The casino opened in 1904, only to burn down two years later. In 1907, it was rebuilt from plans drawn by William H. Weeks. The boardwalk opened at the same time.

To celebrate the opening, a grand ball was held. The Royal Hawaiian Orchestra and three brass bands played for the festivities. President Theodore Roosevelt sent his congratulations.

A year later the first ride, the L.A. Thompson Scenic Railway, opened. In 1911, a merry-go-round with seventy hand-carved horses made by well-known Danish woodcarver Charles I. D. Looff made its debut. The carousel's original 342-pipe Ruth Band organ, which was built in 1894, still provides the music as the riders go round and round. For many, the music of the carousel drew them to the boardwalk, calling out in its singular way that fun was in store for all who came.



In 1924, the Giant Dipper Roller Coaster was added. It provided thrills for those hearty souls who loved a taste of excitement. Today, the dipper and the carousel have attained national landmark status and are the centerpieces of the boardwalk.



For those who grew up spending many summer days at the beach at Santa Cruz, the music of the carousel still rings in our ears—a sort of siren's call promising fun and thrills to all who venture to the boardwalk. Those days of fun and frolic have been enjoyed by generations of Fresnoans for one hundred and thirty years.

JAMES' JABBER: VALLEY TRIVIA

By James Palmer

20 to 25 correct is good

10 to 20 correct is 'so so'

Below 10 is in the 'dumps'

1. What Valley river flows between two National Parks?
2. What do the call letters of the TV station KJEO represent ?
3. What Fresnan was a well known accordion player in the fifties?
4. From whom did the Fulton Mall get its name?
5. Who was "Pop" who recorded Fresno history on photographs?
6. What building was built in 1964 as Fresno's first high rise in forty years?
7. What is the oldest Fresno service station to remain in business?
8. Name the Fresnan and his bakery who started baking peda bread commercially using the recipe his folks used?
9. What is Fresnan "Chers" real name?
10. Who was known as Fresno's Mr. Radio and Television?
11. Where in the central valley was oil first discovered in 1928?
12. In 1966 what happened to the Fresno County Courthouse?
13. What was the first hotel to be listed in the Historic Register in the Valley?
14. What valley community derives its name from two varieties of oranges?
15. Who was the first man to pole vault fifteen feet?
16. Who was the Fresno farm boy who won the Indianapolis 500 in '53 and '54?
17. What historical residence in downtown Fresno was built in a Victorian style?
18. Van Ness street was once known as what letter?
19. What two Fresnans played for the Chicago Cubs?
20. What type of rock makes up the bulk of the Sierra Nevada?
21. What Fresnan starred on the TV program Mannix?
22. What was a farm equipment item that was originated in Fresno?
23. What nationally known event was annually held in Ratcliffe Stadium?
24. What auditorium was built in Fresno in 1937?
25. What name did the old Fresno High School obtain and become later?
26. What did Hammer Field become in 1946?
27. Fifty five percent of raisins in the US are packed where?
28. Fort Miller blockhouse was erected in 1851; where does it stand today?
29. Clovis, incorporated in 1912, was named for?
30. What does Fresno mean in Spanish?

Bring the Lady Home, Part 3

By Bob Opple, Bopple@aol.com

In my last installment I stopped the story in Gibraltar and at that point I had to return home after several weeks sailing from Turkey. I remember watching the Razorback leave port as she headed for the Atlantic and the trip back to the USA. I made my way to Malaga, Spain where I spent the night, then caught a long flight home to Seattle. Max continued to send our nightly progress reports over the next three weeks as the

Razorback worked her way across the Atlantic and landed at her first American port in 34 years, the old east coast Submarine base in Key West, Florida. She was met by several former shipmates who went on board to also make the trip across the Gulf of Mexico with her to a Navy base in New Orleans. There she was met by military, civilians and several political leaders plus the press and several hundred Submarine sailors and crew members. It was a grand welcome for a beautiful Lady returning home.

Once she was on the Mississippi the crew of the sea-going Tug Rhea said their goodbyes as she was to be towed up river to her final resting place in N. Little Rock, AK. The shallower waters in the Mississippi and in particularly the Arkansas River required a different type of tow vessel and navigational skills.

Shane Foraker, a crew member I served with in the 60s, took command of the Boat. Shane was an engineman when I knew him. He made a career of the NAVY and went on to nuclear school where he worked his way to take command of a nuclear submarine before retiring from the Navy. The Razorback encountered no problems as she slowly worked her way up the Mississippi. As she passed large and small cities along the river, people lined the banks to cheer and wave American flags as she slowly worked her way north; past Baton Rouge, Franksville, Natchez, Vicksburg and hundreds of small river cities along the Mississippi. This 65 year old WW2 hero was having the time of her life as she headed to her final resting place.



The Razorback in Arkansas

In McGehee, Arkansas she stopped before going into the Arkansas River and the final 150 miles. The river was very low at that time of the year so the question was: how to bring her high out of the water and still navigate under the bridges? She was straddled between two river barges with straps to lift her when needed; but she could also be lowered when approaching low bridges. This was quite a marine engineering exercise for this 311 foot 60 plus submarine. It was slow work but she made it and was docked three miles up river from her final resting place along the River Front Park in N. Little Rock, Arkansas

We managed to find 150 of the old crew members and all were invited to a grand welcome home party hosted by Mayor Patrick Hays. Crew members ranged from the original WWII crew to the last US crew so serve on her in 1970. Twenty-six years she was in the US Navy before being transferred to the Turkish Navy to serve another 32. The crew members came from all across America to meet in N Little Rock, AK and for many it was well over 50 years since we had seen each other. It was like we had never been apart because she had such a big impact on everyone who served on her. She became a part of

us because there was a love and respect for her that is hard to explain unless you have been on a patrol with her. We were kids again as we relived her missions, her adventures and the places she took us. You cannot live aboard and stay submerged without seeing the sun on a snorkel diesel submarine for over 70 days without forming a bond with your shipmates. We all knew this marvelous Lady always brought her crew home; from the war patrols in WWII to the Cold War patrols in the 50's and 60's to the crews in the Turkish Navy who patrolled off the Russian Coast in the Black sea. She always brought her crew home safe.

One hundred fifty crew members were bussed three miles up the Arkansas River to a staging point. We all filed aboard and stood topside as a tug started her on her last voyage to N. Little Rock. People were lined all along the riverbank and several hundred small boats followed along as we got closer to her final resting place. As we got closer, river fire boats turned on their water hoses and the sprays were very impressive. When we rounded the last bend in the river, we could see over 10,000 people who had come to welcome us along the river front walkway. You could see and hear the University of Arkansas band (the Razorbacks) as they started playing patriotic music. We continued to get closer and people began to cheer and the University of Arkansas cheer leaders said "Let's give this Lady an Arkansas welcome home" and the voices of all 10,000 people shouted the University of Arkansas fighting cheer of, "Soo-eeeeee, Soo-eeeeee, Soo-eeeeee." We had never witnessed a welcome home party like this one and this was the first time ever being welcomed to the sound of a fighting Hog. I will confess that all 150 of us on board had tears in our eyes at that time, not only because of the hospitality from the people of Arkansas but also we all knew the Razorback would be in a home where the people would grow to love her as much as we did.



The tug brought us up to the dock and the welcoming speeches began from the Secretary of the Navy along with the Ambassador and Navy attaché from Turkey plus a lot of

Navy brass. Add to that list the Arkansas Governor, Mayor of N. Little Rock, several State and U.S. congressional personnel, plus several State and national newspaper people....and of course being a speaker myself, I also had a few words to say.

As I scanned the riverside I saw several kids in orange shirts holding a big banner saying '**WE LOVE YOU RAZORBACK SAILORS**'. Sure enough it was Ms. Johnson's Junior High School class, the Panthers, who made the 150 mile trip to welcome us home. I went over to talk to the kids and of course, to get a hug from Ms Johnson; *Old sailors never miss the opportunity for a hug.*

The Razorback SS-394, WWII hero was in her final resting place as a museum boat in N. Little Rock, Arkansas and she was now with people who welcomed her with southern hospitality. All of us who worked on her felt a relief knowing we did something for this great Lady. We paid her back and saved her from the scrap heap by returning to her what she had always given to us. We brought her home safely.

The Arkansas Inland Museum has done what we had all hoped they would, they built a Submarine museum and filled

it with memorabilia from her years in service and is now open to the public for guided tours. She is also set up to handle kid sleepovers. What a great experience for groups of kids to see what life was like on the cramped Fleet type WWII submarines. Local Submarine veterans also spend the night on board to give a history of life on a submarine. We know that 100 years from now she will still be proudly displayed for all who want to experience what living on board was like.

Every other year Razorback shipmates meet in N. Little Rock for a three day reunion. We spend a lot of time onboard sharing sea stories. It's unusual that after repeating the same stories over and over every year, they become better as we grow older, and our wives just smile as they watch us being kids once again.



On the Razorback

A group of us also meets once or twice a year for a live aboard work party. We have water onboard, the toilets work and the stove is fully functional. Yes I can still fit in my old bunk, it's small but I have only gained 10 lbs since 1960 and can still slip into the tight space with ease. It's not a place I where I want to spend months or even years as I did as a kid but for a week it's great to be home again.

The Razorback is now a Lady of 67 and we will always be working on her. I was a DC Electrician and could spend the rest of my life refurbishing the many systems I was responsible for as a kid. Last April a group of us again spent another week onboard where we worked hard but had a ball. We had two cooks who surprised us with a treat all Submarine sailors remember, the smell of sweet sticky buns throughout the boat. They got up at 0500 to light the stoves and bake for all of us. They also made eggs to order and a breakfast fit for a king. How about back- fire chili for lunch?

All of us worked on compartments and systems we were trained on; Electricians, Engineman, Torpedo man, Machinist mates, Quarter masters, and many others specialties needed to keep this Lady going long after her expected life of 15 years. It was a labor of love shared by those of us who served aboard old WWII diesel Submarines.

Thanks for putting up with my three installments of how we rescued an old Submarine. Something that has never been done before and a memory I will have with me for a lifetime but now, it's time someone else shared a story with the class of 1958.

SHARED EXPERIENCES ACROSS THE DIVIDE

by Murray Richtel

Elli Friedmann arrived in Auschwitz at age 13. Within minutes, the blue-eyed Hungarian teenager stood before Dr. Joseph Mengele who, with the flick of his baton, would determine her fate. Eyeing her long blond braids, a curious Mengele asked, "Are you a Jew?" Yes, said Elli, and a brief conversation ensued. Mengele reached for her braids, ran them through his fingers and then gestured to the right with his baton. Elli had been selected to live.

Recently Elli, now 79 years old and known as Professor Livia Bitton-Jackson, stood in front of my class of Israeli and Palestinian students, telling them of her Holocaust experience. Describing unimaginable horrors, she observed, "Even the impossible is possible."



For the past two academic years, I have taught a course for law students from Al Quds University and Hebrew

University at a neutral site in Jerusalem. Last January, at the conclusion of the course, the students asked me to teach another class to their group in the fall of 2009. I told them I could not because I would have a new class of students in the joint course and with my other teaching responsibilities I could not squeeze in another course. These discussions were held despite an Al Quds boycott on contact with Israeli academic institutions imposed that month as a result of the Gaza War.

My students spoke out against the boycott, telling Al Quds that they had "an exceptional experience" and that the course was the first opportunity for many of them to establish connections and have "real face to face meetings between Palestinians and Israelis."

Perhaps being unrealistically optimistic, we assumed that the boycott would be lifted by the fall semester of 2009. Boycott or not, the students decided to study Comparative Religion voluntarily (without course credit) and my job was to provide the lecturers.

The boycott was not lifted. But, as planned, the course went forward last fall. Although I stuck to American law the first two years, assiduously avoiding any discussion of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, with Comparative Religion as our topic we could hardly ignore the elephant in the room. In retrospect, that we would discuss the conflict was inevitable.

Our initial lecture was on the place of Jerusalem in the eyes of the three Abrahamic faiths. Next we heard from a Palestinian Professor of Islamic Philosophy. In a few minutes, he explained his view that there is no theological reason that Muslims and Jews cannot live in peace. Then, contrary to my plan, he turned to the conflict, arguing that Israel's occupation of the West Bank and its settlements were the only obstacle to peace. His expressed unwillingness to accept an officially recognized two-state solution caused much consternation among the Israeli students.

With politics and not Comparative Religion now center stage, I asked a Palestinian woman with deep roots in the PLO going back to the 1970s and the 1982 Israeli siege of Beirut to talk with the students. The Israeli students listened attentively to her description of the "humiliating" experience of passing through the checkpoint between Ramallah, her home, and Jerusalem on her way to class. She shocked some of the Palestinian students when she said the Palestinians should be satisfied with a Right of Return to the West Bank and Gaza only and not to Israel proper. After each of those sessions, the students left class and went to lunch together.

I invited Professor Bitton-Jackson to discuss the Holocaust because of its impact on the conflict here. It is a common theme among Palestinians I know that the creation and existence of Israel are the price they are being forced to pay for the Holocaust, genocide for which they claim no responsibility.

I also knew that some of my Palestinian students knew very little about the Holocaust. Two years ago, Bitton-Jackson's granddaughter, an Israeli student, mentioned her grandmother's experience to my first class and the wide-eyed Palestinian students peppered her with questions that demonstrated that lack of knowledge. One student told me he had known nothing about it until he studied abroad.

For Israelis, the long history of anti-Semitism is part of the reason they want their own state. But the claim to a Jewish state preceded the Holocaust and their claim to legitimacy does not depend on it.

Because of these differing perspectives, I wanted my students to have a frank discussion of the issue. But Professor Bitton-Jackson was not as interested in a political debate as she was in telling her story in order to teach a lesson about tolerance and respect.

That she did in a masterful way. She told the class how the Nazis took away her family's possessions. It was a gradual process; first they were allowed a room full of goods for the move to the ghetto, then a suitcase to a still smaller ghetto and finally a rucksack for the train ride to an unknown place that turned out to be Auschwitz. "What would you put in your rucksack?" she asked the class. "The Koran," answered an Al Quds student. "You see we are all the same," she exclaimed. "I took my prayer book."

After class, the Palestinians surrounded her, asking question after question. She answered many, but she was in a rush to get home before the beginning of the Jewish Sabbath and they agreed to communicate further by e-mail.

I am generally pessimistic about the prospects for the resolution of the conflict here. I know from what my students say in class as well as from what I hear privately that there are deep, perhaps irreconcilable differences in their perspectives on the conflicts.



Nevertheless, when I see them together, learning together, I have hope. I know it is Pollyannaish. Yet, I cannot give up hope. Just last week Al Quds University granted

my course on “on-going project” exemption to the boycott, and Palestinian and Israeli students will study together again next fall.

Professor Bitton-Jackson used the phrase “even the impossible is possible” to describe evil. I choose to use it in a positive sense. Although the situation here seems impossible, who knows?

Murray Richtel was a district court judge in Boulder from 1977 to 1996. He holds dual citizenship in the United States and Israel.

Matt Richtel, Murray Richtel’s son, and members of The New York Times staff were awarded \$10,000 for a distinguished example of reporting on national affairs. Their incisive work, in print and online, on the hazardous use of cell phones, computers and other devices while operating cars and trucks, stimulated widespread efforts to curb distracted driving. Matt also has a “thriller” book in print, *Hooked* and is available through Amazon and Barnes and Noble.

WE’VE HEARD FROM:

Helen Nordeman Ford.....I love getting the newsletter. Thanks to all the committee who work so hard to keep us in touch.

Bruce Cambern....You do the best newsletters! We appreciate all that you do.

DeeDee Russell Hall...I love getting the newsletter! It is so nice to share in all the memories. Thanks to all who contribute to the newsletter. It really holds us all together.

Dian McClosky Hale..I love getting the newsletter. Thanks for all the hard work the committee does.

Judy Erdman Thompson....my husband (Doug—class of ’53) and I so enjoy receiving the newsletter. Stories about Roeding Park really brought back memories. The committee is doing a great job of keeping us connected. Thanks so much.

Susan Schoenburg Loustalet....I really enjoy catching up on Fresno High.

Tom and Dorene Haverty....Thank you for keeping us informed. Dorene and I read every word.

Barbara Miller Sanne...It’s always fun to get the newsletter, read the stories, see the updates and know that we are still a strong group (thanks to the reunion board members).

Rod Esser.....It’s interesting to see what happened to some of our old classmates. Keep the cards and letters coming.

Tamra Koerner Beeler....thanks for the great job all of you are doing to keep us informed on all the happenings of our great class of 1958. Keep up the good work.

Bob Opple....I did enjoy the story on Roeding Park. I do remember it as being one of the better make out places in the area, well maybe the second after watching submarine races at Lake Millerton. Hummmm, I never did see the submarines.

Jerry Boggs....we’re thinking about returning to Fresno once the housing market up here allows us to sell out home and one

rental. I think it would be great to be back in Fresno and be able to recreate in the Sierra Nevada, plus it would put us back with friends and family—can’t beat that!

Dean Reynolds.....I remember the marble tournament between Bobby Haugh and **Ron Schoffner**, Bobby nearly got emotional because he thought Ron had “fudged”, alas, both have since departed.

Linda Parker Bowman.....I enjoy reading the newsletter. I am still so sorry I missed the fabulous 50 year reunion, but I could not be in two places at the same time.

Pat Cobb Veatch.... I always enjoy the newsletter. Thanks for keeping us together. Hi to all from me.

NO LONGER LOST.....

Reba Alene (Alee) Robins Giannola

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EMAIL CHANGES:

No changes to report.

The Fresno High Wall of Champions is inducting another selection of athletes at its fourth annual dinner on Wednesday, October 6, 2010 at Pardini’s Restaurant. This year’s athletes are: Ted Wills, Jr (1951), Mike Noakes (1957), Toby Lawless (1936), John Alstrom (1960), Rene Polanco (1982), Jack Erdman (1966), Walt Byrd (1931), Anthony Washington (1976), John Hoover and Coach Irwin Ginsburg who coached between 1929 and 1955. Tickets and more information are available at www.FresnoHighAlumni.com.

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.*

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 50th 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; 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.

A GRACIOUS THANK YOU TO ALL OF THOSE
who donated after the last newsletter went out.
How nice it would be for everyone to give \$5 to
cover the cost of two newsletters each year and
remember, any donations greater than the actual
cost of distribution will go to help those who
cannot afford to attend our events. 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: **Mickey Badiali Vermon, Jerry Boggs, Ede Browning Haungs, Bruce and Marci Cambern, Pat Cobb Veatch, Judy Erdman Thompson, Rod Esser, Frank Franco, Brent Graham, Tom and Dorene Haverty, Tamra Koerner Beeler, Dian McClosky Hale, Barbara Miller Sanne, Helen Nordeman Ford, James Palmer, Linda Parker Bowman, Dean Reynolds, Johnnie Richard, DeeDee Russell Hall, Larry Schiller, Susan Schoenburg Loustalet, Roger Threlkeld.** Your reunion committee thanks each and everyone one of you for your loyalty and support.

MINI-REUNION AND 70TH BIRTHDAY PARTY

On Saturday, May 8, 2010, the annual all-alumni dinner was held in front of Fresno High school. For the past 10 years, the Fresno High Alumni Association has closed off the street in front of the school and put on a fantastic dinner and social event. This year, our class celebrated our seventieth birthdays at the same time. Since most of us turned seventy this year and combining it with the planned dinner in front of the school we had a nice venue without the costs to put on a separate event. We had a special section of tables set aside for our class and over 40 attended.



Pat McCauley Golden, her daughter Michelle Golden Kosmosky (1988) and Pat Feliz Bandoni at dinner.

There was a silent dessert auction which meant if your table did not have a winning bid – it did without dessert for the evening. Everyone seemed to get a lot of enjoyment in the bidding for dessert for their table....ask **Gary Gostanian** about his winning bid. And **Jan Charshaf Kelley** walked off with peanut brittle made by **Jim Maloney**.

Also planned was breakfast the next morning at Yosemite Falls on Blackstone. There were about 25 who enjoyed a nice breakfast and a smaller venue for talking and visiting.



Sarah Berg Johansen, Carmen Bunch Bradley, Virginia Collins Rouse and Helen Gordon Hixon at breakfast



Dinner in front of Royce Hall

TRIVIA ANSWERS

1. The Kings River
2. J. E. O'niel
3. Dick Contino
4. Fulton G. Berry
5. Claude "Pop" Laval
6. The Dell Webb Bldg.
7. Russ Clements Chevron station on Van Ness
8. Sam Saghatalian
9. Cherilyn Sarkisian
10. Al Radka
11. Kettleman Hills
12. It was demolished
13. The Santa Fe Hotel
14. Orange Cove
15. Dutch Warmerdam
16. Billy Vukovich
17. The Meux Home
18. K street
19. Dick Selma and Dick Ellsworth
20. Granite 21
21. Mike Connors
22. The Fresno Scraper
23. West Coast Relays
24. The Memorial Auditorium
25. Fresno Technical School and Fresno City College
26. Fresno Air Terminal
27. Selma
28. In Roeding Park
29. The grain ranch owned by Clovis Cole
30. Black Ash



Mickey Badiali Vermon at breakfast



That's Norm Acres hiding behind the coffee carafe.



Janet Zetz Palermo and Sarah Berg Johansen

We've featured stories about Heaton Elementary school, does any one have stories about one of the other schools that fed into FHS? Send your stories to your editor for future issues.

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Return Service Requested

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