

THE OWLETTE DISPATCH

Fresno High School Class of 1958

Newsletter No. 14

Spring 2010

In Memoriam

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



1957

Peggy Jackson Gnaster



1957

Darryl Tufts

CLASS OF 1958 MINI-REUNION

Save the date – May 8, 2010

The FHS class of 1958 will celebrate our 70th birthdays at the FHS All-Alumni Dinner held on the street in front of Royce Hall at Fresno High.

No Host Bar – 5 PM

Dinner served – 7 PM

Tables will be reserved so that our class can sit together to visit and catch up on what's been happening since our 50th reunion.

There will be a dessert silent auction and entertainment before dinner by FHS Jazz and Strings bands.

Sunday morning breakfast will be organized.

No tickets will be sold at the door. See www.FresnoHighAlumni.com for more detail.

Roeding Park

By Cathy "Vernie" Morison Rehart

In the 1860s, the German Syndicate, a group of San Franciscans of German extraction, purchased 80,000 acres of San Joaquin Valley land. It was from this group that the Central Pacific Railroad bosses bought land for the town site that would be called Fresno Station. The rest of the holdings were divided among the members of the syndicate in proportion to their individual investments.

One of the investors, Frederick Christian Roeding, received 7,000 acres of land—eight parcels east of Fresno and three parcels northwest of the new town. In 1889, he retired as vice-president and cashier of the San Francisco German Savings and Loan Society to move to Fresno to devote his time to the development of his land holdings. One of Roeding's five children, George, became a nurseryman and established the

Fancher Creek Nursery on his father's land at Belmont and Fowler avenues. He became one of the most respected men in his field.

By the late 1890s, Fresno needed open spaces for parks. After numerous editorials appeared in *The Fresno Republican* addressing the subject, Frederick Roeding offered the city 230 acres of land for a park, provided the city would spend \$1,500 a year for planting and maintenance. The offer was rejected.

In 1903, Roeding made another offer of seventy-two acres. This time the land was accepted. The City of Fresno hired Johannes Reimers, a landscape architect, to design the layout of the park. Roeding then donated another forty-seven acres of land to the project. George Roeding, in his role of park commissioner, guided the planting of the new park and donated many trees and shrubs from his nursery. Due to the generosity and Frederick and George Roeding, Roeding Park became a horticultural paradise enjoyed by many generations of Fresnoans.



For those of us who grew up in the Fresno High area, Roeding Park was the park closest to our homes. In the 1940s and 1950s, viewing the beautiful plantings in the park was often part of traditional Sunday afternoon family outings. Picnics and visiting the ponds filled with ducks and geese were a special treat—day old bread to feed the noisy birds was always part of the fun. Going through the very primitive zoo was another treat—the star attraction was Nosey the elephant, whom we all helped to buy with our nickels, dimes and quarters. Roeding Park was our park—it was our place.

Many of the streets near Roeding Park were named by Frederick Roeding. His land holdings northwest of Fresno included all the land between present-day Belmont and Olive avenues. When the city grew north, Roeding was asked to name several of the streets within his parcel. Maybe you lived on one of them.

Roeding had three children. His son, George, married Elizabeth Thorne. Elizabeth Street was named for her. Her father, Andrew Jackson Thorne, was the treasurer of Fresno County from 1874-84. Thorne Avenue was named for him. Elizabeth's twin sister was named Olivia—hence, Olive Avenue.

Roeding's daughters were not overlooked. Emma Roeding married Max Vagedes, so Roeding named one of the streets Vagedes. Likewise, Marie Roeding was married to Fred Weber. Weber Avenue honors this fact.

Mr. Roeding didn't fare as well as the rest of his family. He named a major street Roeding Boulevard. Later, the city renamed it Fruit Avenue with the exception of the large circle the street makes just west of the Belmont Avenue underpass on the east side of Roeding Park. This remained Roeding Boulevard, but there is not a single street sign in place to reflect this fact. Somehow, it just doesn't seem fair.

James' Jabber

By James Palmer

There is a round-a-bout (Belmont Circle) located on the east end of Roeding Park, which was a place of pretty green trees, grass and many lakes. One attraction on the shoulder of the park and at the edge of the circle was a flowered United States flag consisting of red, white and blue pansies. The Circle was a hub in Highway 99 as it zigzagged through Fresno until about 1963 when freeway 99 bypassed the city and traffic moved to the west of the park.

About 1909, an Italian immigrant named Rocco Manuto chose Fresno to start his new future in the U.S.A. He married, opened the D Street Market on the west side of Fresno and began his family of eight children. They had nearly a half-acre of property where they grew fruit trees and vegetables year round. The produce was sold at their store and to produce companies around the valley. In 1927, Rocco was hired by the Roeding Park superintendent who heard about his "green thumb" reputation. Later Rocco presented an idea to the superintendent. He wanted to construct a U.S. flag in the park composed of flowers to express the patriotism and pride of the city. An approval was immediate and the project began. His objective was to enlarge it slightly each year and by 1946 it was 37 by 56 feet in size.

Rocco passed away in 1963; about the same time the circle no longer was part of the main passage through the city and soon after the flag began to deteriorate. At times, the area was no more than a dirt, weedy patch. In 2005, Michael Wilson who is a grandson of Rocco, wanted to see his grandfather's tradition continue. He visited the park office with an offer to replenish the flowered flag and maintain it at zero expense to taxpayers. He thought with his owning a landscaping business and acknowledged that it would be a sure thing. But shortly after approval Michael was ordered to terminate the project. A cement flag was built on the spot in 2007 and dedicated to all veterans. During the dedication, a brass plaque was placed close by and identified Rocco Manuto as the original flag designer who composed the flag of flowers until his death.



Concrete flag currently on the grounds

CONTINUING THE HEATON STORIES

We received so many stories about Heaton School that we are including those additional memories here.

Linda Parker Bowman. I attended Kindergarten through sixth grade. Miss (or Mrs.) Willis, Miss Fredricks, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Goeden, Miss Hall, and

Miss Nilmier. I remember walking to my grandmother's house for lunch; we had a whole hour, imagine that. I



remember playing jacks, hopscotch, and the boys (and an occasional girl) played marbles. The playground was dirt, no green grass in sight. If we bought hot lunch we would not be

excused for recess until we cleaned our plate. I remember filling my mouth with peas or green beans or whatever was yucky in my opinion, and getting excused and then going to the restroom and spitting them out. Isn't that a pleasant memory? I was very sorry to miss the 50 year reunion. We were traveling in Ireland with friends, a trip that had long been on our calendar.

One more: In second grade, Mrs. Starr's room, Kenneth Ruth was frequently told he had to stay after school, the bell would ring and he would be out the door like a shot. One day out of frustration, I imagine, Mrs. Starr tied him to his desk with yarn (loosely I should add) so that he could not escape. It worked. Can you imagine what would happen if a teacher did that today? My Hattie Mae Hammatt memory: She would get a student in the office, a student who had done something "naughty" and paddle him. While this was going on, she would leave the school intercom on so you could hear it happening in the classrooms. The whacks from the paddle and the cries from the student were quite intimidating.

Peter Carruth. My first experience at Heaton was in kindergarten. We moved into a house on Cornell, which is about 2 blocks from Daily School in 1945 after the school year had started. There was no room in either of their kindergarten classes. After looking around I was enrolled at Heaton. I, as a 5 year old, would take the city bus from Cornell and Wilson to McKinley and Van Ness, and then walk about 4 blocks to the school and then return at noon. I was only lost once and the mailman brought me home. I don't think we could do that now.

In 1950 our family moved into a house on Echo, which was in the Heaton district. So I returned there starting in the 5th grade with Mrs. Hall. During recess we were playing crack the whip. This is where a group of boys' line up linking hands and the lead starts running in erratic directions. The one at the end gets whipped around. I was at the end and was thrown into Sharon Roth and knocked out a front tooth with my head. I can still remember Hattie May Hammatt digging her long finger nails in my skinny arms as she shook me.

Rich Ballow. "Heaton, Heaton always cheatin" was the first stanza of a quasi cheer, the rest of which I no longer remember. But I do remember two of my favorite weeks at Heaton. The first was 'Marble Playing Week' when the guys could bring their bag of prized, multi-colored marbles to school and play "for keeps." Imagine winning cat-eyes, steelies and boulders to add to the weight of your bag!" We would scrape a circle in the "dirt", anti-up a few marbles, then take turns



with our special “shooter”, often a bull’s-eye agate. We would try to knock out all the encircled marbles that we could, bagging our winnings. Sadly to most of us, a few good players ended up with most of the marbles by the end of the week. (I’m sure that would not be tolerated in today’s “redistribution of wealth” philosophy.) I still have a jar of those marbles, including a few “dough babies” of my dad’s day that were made of clay and were not always perfectly round like the modern, glass ones.

Then there was ‘Yoyo Week’ when the Duncan yoyo representative would come to Heaton and demonstrate the newest tricks possible to accomplish by a yoyo master. “Around the World and “Rocking the Baby” were a couple of maneuvers everyone tried to imitate. We carried our yoyos, fancy and plain, in our pockets, ready to demonstrate our newest achievement to any who would watch.

It seems to me that the girls played a lot of “jacks,” sitting around in circles on the pavement. They also scratched out T-shaped, hopscotch grids and showed their prowess of one-legged balancing acts. Jump rope was popular as well.

I remember Mrs. Beasley, my fifth grade teacher, who impressed us with her younger brother’s accomplishments as a kicker on the U of Cal football team; he could kick a fifty-yard punt! I would listen to her teaching, just to get a sliver of such a fantasy world.



One February a young, beautiful Hawaiian dancer came to school to teach us how to hula dance. That was quite a sight! However I had such a crush on her that my mom drove me to the YWCA where she was staying to deliver a valentine card to her that

year. Jody Willis, a single woman, was my kindergarten teacher and we got along so well that I kept up with her all the rest of her life. In fact she left me two, extraordinary, rare plates that she had brought back from Europe when she was a young lady. I never understood why she picked me out of so many students—was I that cute as a 5 year old?

The following paragraphs have been lifted out of a couple pieces I have already written:

In those days there was a dairy named Borden’s and Elsie the Cow represented their products. As part of Borden’s marketing effort, free lapel pins with the happy face of Elsie were available at our neighborhood market. I stocked up with a pocketful of them in anticipation of forming a gang. A couple of us were the ring leaders; now we had something to entice members into our new neighborhood gang, the Elsie Club. Of course our noble cause was to challenge a ruffian bunch a few blocks away. However when the principal of Heaton, Hattie Mae Hammatt, got wind of all this, she lined up about 15 of us Elsie Clubbers in the school hallway after recess. First we got a lecture reminding us third graders of our civic duties with its great responsibilities. Then came the same old long fingernails I had felt so many times before as she embedded them in my shoulders and nearly shook my head off. That was the sad and sudden end to the Elsie gang. Hattie Mae Hammatt and I always had a good understanding between us!

I wrote a tribute to my mom for her ‘assisted living’ newsletter. Mom, Ruth Ballow, has always been artistic and I

remember how popular I was because of the talent she shared. In my first and second grade classrooms, Mom created the most impressive and beautiful valentine boxes. They were large enough to hold the Valentines for our class. Those cards had been so carefully chosen to give to that special classmate; then being bold enough to sign our name! The boxes were colorfully wrapped with frilly, ruffled crepe paper, sporting a slit on top where our cards were dropped. Sturdily attached was always a very ornately decorated heart that stood high above the box and could be seen from the back of the classroom. I always received many lavish cards because of Mom’s lovely boxes. Or was it because she always brought those chalky tasting, small, heart shaped candies with the printed messages, “Be Mine?”



Bill McElroy. I remember with fondness my elementary school days. Our teachers were very professional and dedicated to teaching their students. I can still remember the names of my teachers: Miss Fredricks, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Phillips, Miss Goedon, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Bicknel. All of them gave their students the foundation for further education and success. I sometimes wonder if the elementary school children of today are receiving the education that our teacher’s gave us.

Even though I have fond thoughts about Heaton Elementary School, I have other memories that are still with me today. I still remember the infamous principal, Hattie Mae Hammatt. To say I was scared of her is an understatement. In my mind, she was tough and mean. She certainly lived by “spare the rod and spoil the child.” I remember hearing the screams of a fellow student named Frank who lived about a block from me and was in a different grade. Hattie Mae was using her paddle on Frank and I could hear the screaming and paddle swats for about fifteen minutes. I don’t know what caused Hattie Mae to paddle Frank, but I got the message and didn’t want to do anything that would get her upset with me. Perhaps, that’s the way it should be in schools today.

I don’t believe that Hattie Mae ever married but she did retire from Heaton and became a Fresno City Councilman. As I got older, I often thought that she probably took her paddle to council meetings to make sure the councilmen were orderly and voted her way.

There was an auditorium at Heaton that was named for Hattie Mae Hammatt. She definitely left her imprint on Heaton Elementary and the students that attended the school while she was principal.

Cathy “Vernie” Morison Rehart. For those Fresnoans who had the opportunity to attend elementary school in those grand old brick buildings that have been the victim of the wrecker’s ball, memories of certain architectural features are held dear. The wooden floors that were swept clean each afternoon; the blackboards which held court on two walls of the classroom; the old wood and cast iron desks that never had quite enough room underneath for books; the inkwells which stood empty, but had been used by many young boys who dunked the pigtails of the girls who sat in front of them into the dark blue liquid; and the

cloakroom, which was a separate room at the front of the classroom to which one gained entrance through the two doors on either side of the front blackboard. It was into this cloakroom that you went first thing in the morning to hang up your coat before the business of learning began. There was also a bench to sit on while you took off your galoshes and a hook on which to hang up your umbrella on a rainy day.

For Miss Vesta Hall's fifth grade class at Heaton Elementary School in 1950, the cloakroom offered surprises as well. One of the students, Maggie Smith, loved animals and had many pets. Those who knew Maggie were well acquainted with her menagerie. Her latest pet, a skunk, was named Flower. Flower was a delightful creature and a great favorite among Maggie's friends. Flower loved to be held and carried about. Being a nocturnal creature, Flower roamed the house at will all night long and slept during most of the daylight hours. When Maggie's friends came over to play, Flower would usually wake up and play, too. The parents of Maggie's friends appreciated the fact that Flower had been deodorized.

One day Maggie took Flower to school and tucked her in a box in the cloakroom. Maggie forgot to tell Miss Hall and, since Flower was sleeping, it didn't seem to be necessary. Miss Hall was standing at the front of the room conducting an arithmetic lesson. Everyone was quiet and attentive. The cloakroom door inched open. First, a little pink nose could be seen, followed by a long, sleek, bristly, black body with a white stripe down its back. Then the bushy tail, in all its glory, made its appearance. By now, all eyes were on Flower. Miss Hall, who knew neither about Flower nor her pleasing fragrance, took one look and froze. The ruler and math book dropped to the floor. Miss Hall turned ashen. Maggie jumped to her feet, grabbed the skunk, rushed out of the room and ran all the way home. Miss Hall was not amused, but her fifth grade class never forgot the sight of Flower's debut at Heaton School.

Sue Hammat Simms, Class of 1959. Yes, she was my Great Aunt. Dad was an only child. His father had 8 brothers and sisters and Aunt Hat was the second oldest.



Her sister went to school with Dad at Fresno High. Hattie Mae Hammat was a character and saved many kids from themselves. She was a disciplinarian and had a wonderful laugh. I was the only relative that went to school under her. I was expected to be perfect and I was everything BUT. I was a

brat and spent a great deal of time in her office. I finally got the message when I graduated from the 6th grade by a teacher named Mr. Knobloch. He told me I had a respectable family name I had to live up to and he wanted to hear good things about me instead of "stories".

John Solo taught at Heaton under Hattie Mae when I was in grammar school. I was a Brownie and then a Girl Scout. When I graduated from FHS, on my way to receive my diploma, Mr. Solo slipped into my hand a Brownie ring. He was the greatest and very close to Hattie Mae.

She is legendary. There is a building named after her over by what is left of Heaton. One other thing, I was expected to be a teacher because of Aunt Hat. It is the very reason that I didn't become a teacher because the shoes were too big to fill and I didn't want to be compared to her.

BRING THE LADY HOME, PART TWO

By Bob Oppe

Continuing with the story of how we brought the submarine, **USS Razorback SS-394**, home to the US after 29 years in US Navy and 31 years of service with the Turkish Navy.

After a week in Golcheck and Istanbul, Turkey with several meetings with the Turkish Navy, we had a good idea of what it would take to have the Turks transfer the ownership of the Razorback so we could bring her home to N. Little Rock, AR. The Mayor had met with the Turkish government officials and paved the way politically. One of their requirements was that they would only work with a Government agency and the City of North Little Rock met the requirements.



Heading into the Aegean Sea

This 60 plus year old submarine was still operational when Max and I saw her, and our goal was to sail her home. We knew the Turkish Navy had the same love that we did for her as she served them well in the Black Sea. She was renamed the Murat Reis and was involved in the sinking of a couple of Greek naval ships in the Cypress war.

It's been over 50 years since the last US diesel submarine was built and the Razorback, as with most, was transferred to foreign Navies or decommissioned and scrapped in the late 60s. Although we were all very well qualified to operate these old boats, submarines are always referred to as boats and not ships in the US Navy, the Turks agreed to make available 12 qualified sub sailors to assist us on the trip home if we picked up the expenses to get them home. We said, "No problem."

The real work began when we arrived home. There were three things we needed to do:

#1: Planning a trip half way around the world across the Mediterranean and Atlantic Ocean then up the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers: We needed a crew of volunteer submarine vets and had no problems as we received over 3,500 requests to be part of the crew. Many were WWII

submarine vets who wanted one last chance to serve on an old diesel boat one last time. We had one who told us his time was short and he would be honored to be shot out of the torpedo tube if he died at sea. Hmmm, glad I was an electrician and not a torpedo man. We needed 40 men and the selection team had no problem finding a willing crew. I should point out that the average age was in the mid 60's. Yes, we were all older diesel electric submarine sailors.

#2: Getting permission from the US Government: This was the biggest hurdle we faced. For any of you that have never tried to deal with the government, I will tell you it's like pulling a car up hill with a rope. We needed congress to re-write a law that allowed us an exception to a 1968 bill that authorized the Navy to transfer the Razorback to Turkey but stated that at the end of use the submarine would be scrapped by the Turkish Navy and not sold to a third party...we were that third party and the Turks wanted to see the Navy and US Congress change the law allowing us to take possession. The two U.S. State Senators and a couple Congressmen from Arkansas were the driving force in getting this job done. Mayor Hays and Governor Huckleby were also very supportive in helping us politically. I should also point out that Arkansas has the largest percentage of retired veterans in the United States, that along with a high percentage of the population were all helping with letters of support. It took six months to get the paperwork needed to satisfy both the US and Turkish Governments.

#3: Raising a couple million dollars to pay expenses: We knew this was going to cost money and as those of us working on the project did not have that kind of loose change just lying around, we had our work ahead of us. First place we went was to the 13,500 members in the U.S. Submarine Veterans Association, then to several Arkansas large companies and philanthropists in the State. Many schools in Arkansas took up the challenge and raised money through car washes and other events. I remembered when I was in Lafayette Elementary school on Blackstone Avenue in Fresno how we all raised money to buy an elephant for the Roeding Park Zoo. The schools in Arkansas were very interested in saving the Razorback. Ms. Johnson's junior high classes, the Panthers from Batesville, were the prime audience for my daily status reports sent out every night. More on the Panthers later.

After months of behind the scenes work, we finally got the approval to bring The Lady home. A volunteer crew of older submarine vets was ready and we were looking forward to the trip of a lifetime, a trip that had never been accomplished before, sailing a 64 year old WWII submarine half way across the world to a new home.



Three weeks before the trip the war in Iran began, and the US wanted permission from the Turkish government to send troops in from Turkey to the northern part of Iraq. This request was denied and a political squabble came up between the two countries and the Razorback was in the middle, the Turks refused to release her and informed us that she was going to be scrapped. You could guess that we were very disappointed, but we did not stop in pursuing our dream. The Turkish Submarine service was doing everything they could to help us, then after several months we got word that if we could come

up with the scrap value offer in dollars there was a small window in which we could get her out but, we had to work fast.

We located an American ocean going tug in Italy and negotiated the cost to bring her home. We could not, in this short time period, muster the volunteer crew, fuel or supplies we would need plus the Turkish Navy could not give us their submarine personnel to help, so we hired an American boat builder working in Istanbul who had submarine experience to start getting her ready for tow. Max Basset and I plus the Mayor of N. Little Rock and his team flew to Istanbul, and we started a fast job of getting her ready. The batteries and the propellers were removed for towing, cable shackles were installed in the bow and the high-pressure air tanks were charged for emergency. We had a full set of plans for all systems to use if needed in an emergency as Max and I were going to be going through the boat a couple times a day to check for everything from flooding to any other emergencies. After all, she was a 65 year old submarine and anything could go wrong.

I remember well as Max and I stood on the bow of the Razorback on that overcast morning as the Tug Reha started her 7,500 mile trip to Arkansas. We started in the Sea of Marmara as the Turkish Navy and news media said their goodbyes. We just wanted to start...get her out and on her way home before any other delays came up. Through the straights



Bob and Max

of the Dardanelles we steamed as hundreds of ocean going ships looked at us in astonishment, we headed for the Aegean Sea and went past Greek Islands that were the home of Navy's of years past; the Romans, Greeks, Syria, Arabia and nations long lost were all there. Sailing was smooth past the Greek Islands as Max and I enjoyed the scenery and made our twice-daily inspections. We spent most of our time on the Razorback. The going was slow at 4 knots but this was the trip of a lifetime for us and we were both kids again and really not in a big hurry. As we went by the Island of Crete into the Ionian Sea then into the Mediterranean Sea we hit stormy weather. I was a Pacific sailor and had gone through typhoons before but we had no experience on the Mediterranean or Atlantic Ocean. We hit 10 foot seas but the old gal did just fine as did Max and I for the next three days.

During the twice daily inspection tours we did find problems. First the forward starboard torpedo tube was leaking and we were riding lower in the bow than the stern. We discovered one of the six outer torpedo doors was not shut tight and we fixed it without any problems. Then one morning we noticed that she was tilting about 7 degrees port. We had charged the air banks before leaving but once they were

depleted we were out of high-pressure air and luck. We studied the old schematics that night and decided we knew what main ballast tank was leaking and how to blow the water out. With our fingers crossed, we started our blow tanks and voila...she started to right herself. In ten minutes she was straight in the water, and we smiled and give a sigh of relief. Not a bad maneuver for a couple of old qualified sub sailors who had not been aboard the Razorback in 45 years.

The third problem was the steering hydraulics cylinder. The packing went out so she wanted to make a hard starboard turn under tow. This slowed us down and we had to use cable to secure the leaking cylinder, she was now held together with quick fixes but we knew she would make it home.

It was very strange to make our twice daily inspection walks. You can't imagine what it's like to be inside the Razorback at sea with no power. WWII submarines were 311 feet long and very narrow inside. It was like being inside of a steel sewer pipe. She was dark, as dark as anything I have ever seen and you could almost feel the black and cut it with a knife but we did have high density lights that helped. Max and I had a routine where we went through the boat twice a day looking at all operating systems plus looking for water in the bilges, we would stop half way through in the crew's mess and just sit at the table and talk. The tug crew would not come with us because of claustrophobia. We had one seaman with us who panicked and we had to help him get topside. The average time below decks was an hour and a half twice a day. After seeing that everything was normal we would go to the highest point on the submarine and just sit in our lounge chairs and enjoy the sites.

Every night I would send an update report. I had all 13,000 United States Submarine Vets Inc. on our list, plus the email was then transferred to other military groups and interested organizations. I would guess I had a readership of a couple million. My main concern was communicating to Ms. Johnson's junior high students, the Panthers in Batesville. The hallway in the school was marked off in longitude and latitude markings so they could chart our progress home. I would give them a report on where we were and what was happening on board plus an update every night as we worked our way back home.



I was sitting on the bridge of the Tug Reha while in the middle of the Mediterranean when a call came through saying, "This is American War Ship, put your Captain on the phone." The Captain of the Tug said, "Let's have some fun" and handed me the

voice I said, "This is commander of the United States Submarine Veterans Base in Seattle, Washington, Commander R.W. Opple, Jr. Put me through to your captain, now." When the original call to Turkey was made I did hold that title, 30 seconds later I heard, "Captain of American War ship on line, identify yourself Commander." He knew who we were and what we were doing. We both laughed when I told him that we cold war submarine vets were bringing an old love home to America after being gone for over 30 years. Of course he knew, the whole Navy knew and several US submarines followed us home. We talked to a couple crewmen who were

on subs who said that many submarines in the Atlantic asked for the escort duty. We never saw them but we knew they were there.

The trip across the Mediterranean was beautiful as we slowly worked our way across to the Atlantic. We did have one request from the families of the USS THRESHER SSN-593. She went down on April 10, 1963 in 5,500 feet of water with a loss of 16 officers and 96 crew members several miles off the Canary Islands. We were asked to stop and give a Lost Submarine Memorial service and dedicate a plaque to our lost shipmates. I had known a couple of the crew who serviced aboard the Razorback with me before transferring to the Thresher so this was very special to both Max and I. In the Submarine Service we refer to our lost shipmates as being on Eternal Patrol. The Navy will not give out the exact location but we had the general area where she was lost. We held a service inside the Tug Reha then Max went onboard the Razorback and tossed a plaque with the crews' names in the water. It was a very strange feeling as we honored our lost shipmates. I will tell you that both of us plus the crew members on the Reha had tears in our eyes. Because of the nature of submarines, when problems occur, all hands go down with their boat. The US has lost over 60 submarines and most of the crews went down with them.

We stopped in Gibraltar and her Majesty's Navy treated us like royalty. A party was held in our honor at the Royal Naval club and I held up the tradition of the US Navy and handled the many toasts that were given for all of us with ease. However, I did sleep well later that night.



I left the Razorback in Gibraltar to head back to Seattle. I had been gone almost a month and was not yet retired six years ago so taking an extra three weeks off to cross the Atlantic was a lot to ask for. Max made the crossing with ease and I picked the Razorback up as she returned home for her final trip to

North Little Rock.

Our next big challenge was to get her up the Mississippi, then up the much shallower Arkansas River to her final home in North Little Rock, Arkansas where she would be the centerpiece of the Arkansas maritime Museum. There she would be honored as a true American Hero.

But the adventure of how we did the impossible in the shallow Arkansas river plus the home coming in front of 12,000 people who were in North Little Rock to welcome us will have to wait until the next issue of Bring the Lady Home, part three.

WE'VE HEARD FROM:

From Barbara Nalbandian Gower We love living in Scottsdale but my roots still run deep for everything in Fresno. Please add my name to the email list as I would love to catch up with old friends. I always look forward to the newsletter.

From Marcia Porter Magnotti The Story of Heaton School brought me back to being 5-12 years old. I spent my whole elementary school years at Heaton, Hattie May Hammat, one could not forget her....the memories of Heaton are still with me today.

From Sharon Tranberg Kelley Thanks so much for all you do. It would be fun to have a mini reunion before the 55th.

From Kathy Moore McKinley Looking forward to receiving the Class of '58 memory book and more newsletters.

Gari Schneider Cave owns a home for Alzheimer patients called Garden House. Garden House is a Community Partnership teaching program that allows students from Cal Poly State University to intern. Free respite is provided for up to a week when caregivers need a break. In case you hear of a sweet, kindhearted person who wishes to donate a car for a very good cause, Garden House is a recipient of those generous donations through Cars4Causes. Proceeds help those who are unable to place loved ones without financial help. Use this web site to donate in the name of Garden House. <http://www.cars4causes.net/charity-car-donation/garden-house-care.asp>.

NO LONGER LOST.....

Wanda Williams Banta
Imogene K. Williams

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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.

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.

THE NEWSLETTER "KITTY" IS BECOMING A little dry and we hope donations can pay for the entire cost of sending out our newsletter. 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: Dick Baskin, Clara Erickson Thacker, Frank Markarian, Bob Maule, Kathy Moore McKinley, Joyce Shepard Markarian, Sharon Tranberg Kelley.

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

Don't forget to check out the Fresno High Alumni web site at 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.

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Our English and Drama teacher during the years we were at FHS just passed away on March 11. **Bruce Mecartea** went to several of our reunions and enjoyed himself a lot. His entire teaching career was at Fresno High until he retired in 1985.  
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Fresno High Class of '58
C/O Buddy Arakelian
529 W. Scott
Fresno, CA 93704

Return Service Requested

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