



Tiger Tales

**Terra Nova High School
Class of 1965**

**Newsletter No. 1
September 18, 2001**

First of all and above all I hope with all my heart that none of you have been directly impacted by the very sad events of last week. I hope you and your families are well and safe. The one good that comes from such bad times is that we get a fresh perspective on our priorities. For me, it is that family and friends are the most important things in life. So thank you all for having been a part of my life. All of you, in one way or another, have made me who I am and I am grateful for that! I know each of you is counting your blessings too!

People have asked when we will have the next reunion. Officially, the next one shouldn't happen until 2005 (!), but I am wondering how many of you might like to have an informal picnic next summer? I am thinking of a bring-your-own-everything for \$5 each to reserve the space. Please give me some feedback.

Okay, old friends, this is a long one! I want you to know that I only edit what you send to remove things you've said to me personally. Otherwise, things are published as sent. If you know of a classmate that doesn't do/have email, I hope you will send them copies of the newsletters. I would do it, but at this point I don't have the time to do such a mailing. If people would send me self-address stamped envelopes with enough postage for about 4 double-sided sheets of paper, I could then send the newsletter by snail mail to those who need it.

Only a couple of people answered the question: "what have you done that people would be surprised to know?" So I'd like to hear more of that. But the next question is: "What haven't you done that you would still like to do?" ENJOY!

PAUL AND JEAN (ROGERS) BARNHART

The big news in our family is that our daughter Brooke has gotten her first fulltime job since graduation from college in June. We are very proud of her. She is working with a nonprofit housing developer that builds housing for the elderly and mentally/physically disabled and affordable housing for families.

Paul is designing the new public housing to replace the awful stuff that was located at Mason and Bay in San Francisco. It's a really big job that is wearing him out, but he loves it.

I (Jean) have just finished performing in "Prisoner of Second Avenue" in Castro Valley. It was a kick! Last night I auditioned for "Jupiter in July" at Playhouse West in Walnut Creek and am very excited to say that I got a callback (that means that I am in the running for a part, but I have to go through a second set of

auditions with others who are also called back). I was shaking in my boots because I was auditioning for the person from whom I've taken acting classes for the last two years and I really respect her work. It means a lot to me just to have gotten the callback. I won't know if I get the part until next Tuesday. I'll keep you posted.

GEORGE HINKLE: geohinkle@juno.com

What great reading--like reading a novel that someone forgot to write! As I read through the various "up-to-date-" sagas, I couldn't help reflecting on a project I wanted to do for my master's thesis (unfortunately did something dry, dreadful and educational) which was to do a followup on high school graduates, my thesis being that you can't always judge an ultimate "product" by his/her high school experiences. In short graduates "surprise the hell" out of we educators. (I must add here that when I applied as San Jose State in 1946, the registrar took one look at my high school transcript and glaring at me said: "You can't go to college here--you have only 1 1/2 college course credits from high school and you need 9." Saved by the the G. I. Bill I proved her wrong.) And I still believe COMMENCEMENT is the correct description for graduation.

To get back to my original thought: Putting all the "histories" together, not only is there a great deal of valuable high school-counsellor information here, but for a good writer, there is potential material for a book: AFTER HIGH SCHOOL-- THEN WHAT!

(Note from Jean: A very belated happy birthday to George--his 80th was on June 19th. And he went through hip surgery not too long ago and is now back running 3 miles a day. What a guy!)

PROVIDED BY GREG FASSLER: gfassler@pacbell.net

THE YEAR IS 2050 -

Florida to Be Readmitted to Union;

Texas Executes Last Remaining Citizen;

Court Clears AOL-TimeWarner-GE-Disney-

Cisco-Ford-RJR-Nabisco-Exxon-Mobil Merger;

50-Year Study: Diet and Exercise Key to Weight Loss ;

Baby Conceived Naturally;

It wasn't the Cigarettes - It was the Ashtrays ;

Wealthy Widow Anna Nicole Smith, 83, Weds Handsome Young Actor." This is True Love," He Beams;

Construction Begins On Grenada War Memorial In D.C.;

President Bonecrusher Jones to Face Chief Justice Mad Dog Ortega In Cage Match ;

Baltimore Rams Defeat St. Louis Ravens;

Pope Phil II Settles Custody Battle With Ex-Wife;

Upcoming NFL Draft Likely to Focus On Mutants;

Younger Generation's Music Provokes Outrage of Elders;
D.C. Zoo to Receive Rare Cow;
Authentic Year 2000 Florida Chad ÊSells For \$6.9 Million at Sotheby's;
Nursing Home Lawsuit Case: Clinton Denies Candy Striper's Allegations

(Note from Jean: Greg and Sue are happy at home with baby Kevin, a real cutie!)

KEN MORRISON: KMorr00222@aol.com

Thank you..for all of the work you have done. would you please, put out the word....where is Jerry Saxon., my very best friend. he was, and still is family. He is a brother to me....thank you..in advance....Kenny (There you go Ken--the word is out.)

JEANNINE (JEANNIE) JANSON: jjanson@pacbell.net

Hello all. I REALLY enjoy reading your messages in the Terra Nova e-mail newsletter. It's wonderful to find out where you are, where you've been and what you're doing, all the while recalling what I remember of you . . .whether we were friends or just knew each other in passing. Thanks so much, Jean B., for starting this.

Before I put my info . . . it was fun reading the first newsletter that included Pat (Boyle) Dondono and then to read later messages that referenced parents and friends being regulars at her salon!

And, Michael Brown, I was delighted to see a message from you. As you know, Jan (who was married to Michael Vawter) and I are practically family (her mom having been my mom's best friend since jr. high). Over the years, and even recently, I've said, "I wonder whatever happened to Michael Brown."

And on those rare occasions when I'm in conversation about my first job, I talk about Mary Tse (?) babysitting for the man would be my first boss! I think the last time I saw you was at the Stanford Chapel when you married Liz.

In this last newsletter it was nice to see your name, Alice. Funny . . . we weren't really friends, but you're one of those people I've occasionally thought about.

When I picked up this last e-mail newsletter I was in the process of preparing a bio for an organization called Soulforce. Following the non-violent principles of Martin Luther King and Ghandi, Soulforce organizes demonstrations at the churchwide assemblies/gatherings of major denominations to advocate for the full inclusion in the church of lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people. I am a member of a Lutheran congregation in San Francisco (St. Francis) that was expelled by the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (ELCA) for having ordained an openly lesbian clergy couple. Soulforce is working with an alliance of groups to put together a presence at the ELCA's churchwide assembly in Indianapolis next week. Anyway, it dawned on me that my Soulforce bio would

be just the thing to provide you with a "snapshot." Following my bio is that of my partner, Mari. On reading these two bios, you'll have some idea of who I am today and what's important to me.

Here, now, the bios . . .

Jeannine Janson, 53, has been a legal secretary for 35 years and is about to retire. She is a member and past president of St. Francis Lutheran Church, one of the two congregations expelled by the ELCA in 1995. Locally, Jeannine serves as President of the Board of Friends of St. Francis Childcare Center. Nationally, she serves on the board of Lutherans Concerned/North America.

For Jeannine, being "out" = authenticity and wholeness.

Jeannine and her life partner, Mari Irvin, reside in San Francisco. They met at St. Francis in 1992 and were married there in 1998.

Mari's bio:

Mari Griffiths Irvin is a 67 year Lutheran lesbian activist who is a member and past president of St. Francis Lutheran Church in San Francisco. She left the church for twenty years, returning much to her surprise as the result of the powerful impact on her of the "irregular" 1990 ordinations of Jeff Johnson, Phyllis Zillhart, and Ruth Frost. She currently is a member of the Board of Directors of LLGM and serves on the Extraordinary Candidacy Project. Mari is a former professor at the University of the Pacific in Stockton (CA) and now lives with her life-partner, Jeannine, in San Francisco. Although returning to the Lutheran Church just in time to be expelled as a member of the ELCA, Mari continues to work for change in the institutional church.

End of bios.

Filler: Two weeks after graduating from Terra Nova, I went to secretarial school for a year. In July 1966 I went to work for a small law firm as a legal secretary. After 35 years of working pretty much non-stop, I'm ready to take a break.

Again, it's great reading your messages.

I've attended all the reunions since 20. It's my sense that 40 will be much richer because of this newsletter. Thank you again, Jean B. (NOTE: You are very welcome.)

P. S. Any Lutherans out there?

MIKE MAGGI: mmaggi@bangkok.com

I just got back to Bangkok and got your newsletters. Many thanks. It looks like I will be off to Russia for a job but I plan a trip to the US before too long. please publish my email address in a future newsletter to anyone who wishes can email me.

MIKE MEYER: mdmeyer@webound.com

Madam President, Paul, Fellow Travelers

Thanks for your newsletters, they are fun to read. I can't stop comparing myself to others. People I know intimately from the past add an interesting dimension. A real problem with this fascination is it can make one cynical though. It's easy to say "If it were me..." 'Tis a real shame we only go around once, I would like to renew my lease. I've not made it to at least 7 states, 4 Canadian Provinces, South America or Europe yet.

My oldest, now 24, married last year, and has an instant family with 3 stepchildren, is expecting our first GB in October. My youngest(daughter) 22, is graduating with honors this Fall from Southwest Baptist University, Boliver, MO with a dual bachelor's in biology and physiology and is going to graduate school in St. Louis this Winter. I guess she takes after her mother's side of the family.

Speaking of her mother, Karen, has been (for 5 years), a private duty nurse for one poor 91 year old lady with Alzheimer's Disease. Forget objectivity, way too deeply involved, but that is her nature. Intense passion.

If there are any Dead Heads in our class, your set list gets mine.

(Kerouac): "But no matter, the road is life."

ANN (STELLA) MCKNIGHT: bypass53@hotmail.com

I haven't done much of anything since the last reunion I went to in 75' I believe. I've been married a few times, I have a 34 year old son. I'm disabled now but still manage to get around. So I would be interested in another reunion or just to say hi to some other classmates. I go by "Ann McKnight- I also have another email address and that is "bypass53@aol.com". So I hope to hear from you or someone out there from the past. Talk to you later.

ED HARRISON: Ed@TimberlineHVAC.com

Before I get started, I want to let everyone know that on July 28th, 2001, I went to the wedding of Donna and Keith West's youngest daughter, Kimberly. I told Donna that she was the second most beautiful woman at the wedding, and I meant it (Keith didn't look too bad for an old guy!). Donna had told me that she had finished the chemotherapy and she was holding off on the start of her radiation treatments for a few weeks, until after her oldest daughter and family leave for their home in Georgia about August 7th or 8th(?).

I believe that she said it would last 6 or 8 weeks, 5 days a week. Let's all keep her in our thoughts to help her get through it! Lany Martell was at the wedding as well and it was great spending some time talking with her. She sounds like she is doing great in Nashville, Tenn.

I've never done my bio before and fair warning, I've been known to be long winded, so here we

go-----! WAY BACK THEN

Once upon a time, a long, long, long, time ago, there was a boy named Ed Harrison who graduated from Terra Nova High School in 1965. During school I had thought that I would pursue Mechanical Engineering but somehow planning

a wedding for December of 1965 seemed to be more important to me. I went to work at Hunters Point Shipyard instead and Linda Kay Fowler and I got married (she went to school with us through our junior year, but she graduated from Carlmont H.S. in Belmont). In Feb. of 66', I left the shipyard to begin a union Sheetmetal Workers apprenticeship. Shortly after that, I received my draft notice and went into the Army in May of 1966. I went to basic training at Ft Ord near Monterey and then was sent to Ft. Belvoir, Virginia to be part of a Port Construction Company that was forming to go overseas. Although I didn't know it at the time, this was probably the beginning of my lust for travel (remember, I didn't volunteer to do this). My time at Ft. Belvoir was interesting because it is very close to Washington, D.C. and there was a lot to see and do. In Jan. Uncle Sam sent me on a year long paid vacation to a tropical paradise named Viet Nam. We worked, building bridges and piers with heavy equipment and we even got to go water-skiing on the Saigon River on Christmas Day, behind an Army bridge boat. While in Viet Nam, I got to go to Bangkok, Thailand on a weeks leave and meet Kay, my wife, who was able to fly there cheaply because she worked for United Airlines. After Viet Nam, I spent four months at Ft. Sheridan, Ill. near Chicago where I got to see a little more of our country before I was discharged in May of 1968.

After the Army, I went back to the apprenticeship which I completed in 1972, and was then a journeyman sheetmetal worker in the heating and air conditioning field. In 1970 Kay and I bought our first home in Linda Mar on Manzanita Dr. From 1968 to 1975 I worked up and down the Peninsula and in the "City". We became close friends with some of our other classmates during this time, like Keith and Donna (Carlson) West, Will and Caren Frazee, Bob and Kathy (Griggs 66') Barber, Denise (Andre) and Casey Stewart, and others, who we did a lot of water skiing and camping with.

In Dec. 1972 Kay and I had our first daughter, Nicole Renee Harrison, after seven years of marriage, and then 22 months later we had our second daughter, Danielle Marie Harrison, in Oct. of 1974, and were we the proud parents (and still are!). Donna (Carlson) and Keith West were having their daughters (Dana and Kim) about the same time and we were spending a lot of time on water-skiing trips together and going up to Shasta Lake near Redding, Ca. a lot with them and also camping and fishing in the area with Will and Caren Frazee. Because we enjoyed the area so much we decided to buy a home in Redding and move from Pacifica. We moved on June 14th, 1975, Kay's birthday, and all of our friends who followed us up to help us move, knew we were crazy because it was 114 degrees the day they helped us unload the truck. Our friends Donna and Keith West also moved to Redding about 6 months after us, but returned back to the Bay Area some years later.

I worked for a few different companies and then I went to work for a local company and ended up running the Air Conditioning Department. The owner of the company died five years later and two years after that in 1982 I purchased

the fabricating equipment and started a company with a minor partner. Two years later, in 1985, I decided that I wanted to be the sole owner so I dissolved the partnership and started my current company, Timberline Heating & Air Conditioning Incorporated. I started with four of us and now we are sometimes up to 25 employees, depending on the workload, twelve trucks, and approximately 2.5 million in sales. although we are still a small company, we are considered one of the largest mechanical contracting firms in the Redding area and as you can probably tell I'm proud of that. I guess that my experience as president of my sixth grade class at Pedro Valley Elementary School prepared me well for being president of a small (tiny?) corporation.

Unfortunately, by 1984 it seemed that Kay and I had grown apart and we separated, probably because of all the time I was putting into the business, and our divorce was final in 1986. She has remarried and is still in the area and the girls see her often.

During my short stint as a single person I met a lady here in Redding named Susan, who had never had any children, who some of you have met at the past reunions. I asked Susan to marry me in 1986 and we decided to have our wedding on May 10th and shortly after that my two daughters, Nikki, and Dani, by now ages 9 & 11, announced that they wanted to live with me full time. As you can imagine, I was elated, and Susan probably went into shock. By then she probably felt it was too late to back out. Although there were some very stressful times trying to agree on how to raise the girls (I was too easy and she was too strict of course) they both turned out to be wonderful young women whom I'm very proud of and who are my best friends. Nikki the oldest is 28, married to a wonderful man named Christian Burke and the two of them have a daughter named Bailey Shea Burke and they live in Chico, CA.. Nikki graduated from The University of Colorado, Denver, with a B.S. in Dental Hygiene and Christian graduated with a degree in Graphic Art and Business and works for an Ad Agency. Bailey has bright red hair to go with that great Irish name and will celebrate her first birthday in my backyard next weekend. She is my only grandchild to date and of course she is the most beautiful granddaughter ever born! Dani, my youngest is 26, is engaged to Justin Portz, a very nice young man (and a great golfer) who is a career person in the U.S. Navy, and stationed at the Lemoore Naval Air Station. They live together in the town of Hanford, CA. just south of Fresno. Dani is a Bookkeeper for a large company in the area. We are very close, even though we had our moments in high school and we probably talk to each other at least five days a week.

Now for some of the things that I have enjoyed doing or do enjoy doing now. Hunting, Fishing, Boating, Camping, Water-skiing, Snow-skiing, Golf, Private Pilot (no longer), Sky Diving (once-two years ago), Vacationing and Traveling as much as possible. Most currently I seem to enjoy some golf, hunting and fly fishing once or twice a year, and snow skiing about two weeks each season. Snow skiing seems to be MY getaway since Susan doesn't ski. Each year about

the second week of Jan. I take a week and go to either Sun Valley, Idaho or Whistler, British Columbia, Canada, sometimes with a mixed group of singles or couples. My schedule is pretty strenuous. I get up about 8AM, go to breakfast about 9AM, get to the slopes about 10AM-10:30AM, ski until 1PM. meet for lunch on the mountain at 1PM and about 2PM head down the mountain and head for the Jacuzzi, and a libation, then get ready to go out to dinner. If anyone needs a getaway in Jan. give me a call, the more the merrier!

As I said earlier one of my great loves is traveling. I've been to, Mexico (at least once a year), Canada, Hawaii (many times), Tahiti, Asia, Thailand, Japan, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Ireland, England, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, The U.S.S.R (In 1990) and Russia (in 1993 sometime after the coup).

Being in business all of these years, I have gotten pretty involved in our community and in industry related associations. I've been on different boards as a director or president, such as the Shasta Builders Exchange, the American Subcontractors Association, the Redding Chamber of Commerce (currently), and the Redding East Rotary Club which is an international service organization of business people and quite interesting to have been a part of these past 20 years.

In 1990, through our Rotary club, I got the chance to volunteer to be one of four chaperones for twelve students on a three week student exchange to the U.S.S.R. We made all the arrangements via fax messages (e-mail wasn't around yet!). We flew from S.F. to New York to Moscow and were met by people we had never seen. What an adventure at the time! With these new acquaintances we spent about twelve hours looking around Moscow before they put us on an Aeroflot plane for a four hour flight to middle southern Siberia and the third largest city in the U.S.S.R., Novosibirsk, a city of 1.4 million people. This is a city where the Russians moved a lot of their industry during the war to protect it. They also created a think tank, now university, called Akademgoradok (sp?). They put us up in a new hospital that had just been finished by a Finnish company, for three days, while they showed us their city. They did this because they live in flats and didn't have room for us in their homes. After Novosibirsk, we boarded the Trans-Siberian Railway along with a group of Russian children and adult chaperones for a 36 hour ride to the city of Irkutsk, where we spent the next two weeks in an area that was used by communist dignitaries for vacationing. This place was on the shores of the Angara River that is the outlet for Lake Baikal, the largest body of fresh water in the world, in volume. By now we were a group of approximately 70 people. Everywhere we went we were celebrities. We visited different places nearly every day and people wanted to see the "Americans". We were on the Radio and in many newspapers and everyone seemed to be amazed by our "Happy" children as we walked down the streets singing and skipping at times. The next summer the Russians came to our homes for their part of the exchange and we showed them everything from our homes to San Francisco to Disneyland. The next summer we sent another group to Russia, in

The Altai mountains. My wife went as a chaperone and I stayed home. The following summer we hosted again. While all of this was going on I became friends with the Russian man, Nicolai, who helped me organize these exchanges and I told him that we should do an adult exchange and he agreed so Susan and I took 14, very bright adults, to what was by now Russia, (instead of the U.S.S.R.) in March of 1993 (Brrrrr)! In July, 1993, we hosted a group of adults here in our country.

I could go on for a long time talking about all the interesting experiences we had during these exchanges (or have I already?). For me, all of this started an interest in learning about other cultures and I got involved in our Rotary Youth Exchange Program. I've been involved in Youth Exchange for the past 11 years. As a Rotary Youth Exchange counselor, I help our local high school students go abroad for a year and we take in a foreign student for a year. My job is to be their friend and to find them 3 to 4 host families while they are here. To me this is a hobby and I find it very rewarding. I now have young friends all over the world and I keep in touch with many of them on a regular basis. I get to know 20 to 25 foreign students each year so I figure that I someday can go around the world staying at their homes. This Sunday we have a German girl arriving for the year and in Sept. we are sending a local girl to Augsburg, in southern Germany.

I guess if you asked what my life's philosophy was, I would have to say it's been "Don't Wait!" I think that too many times people put off doing something that might be within reach, and before we know it, it is too late or the opportunity is gone, or we're too old, or our interests have changed. Of course, all of this has to be within reason and not at the sacrifice of everything else. I would have loved that society that would allow us to be "retired" the first twenty years after school and then have us go to work. I,m looking forward to the next 35 years! I'm sure they will be as interesting as the last 35!

Let's keep in touch. (NOTE FROM JEAN: Now that's a bio!)

CARLTON (CARL) GROAT: crgrad6@mizzou.edu

It's amazing to be in contact with someone from Terra Nova after so long. I've only made it to the 20th reunion so far, which was a very interesting experience. And I have only kept in contact with Mike Ing, who I joined the service with and wound up in Vietnam together in 1967. He is living in the Portland, Oregon area now.

I'm actually back in school, if you can believe that. I'm working on my doctorate in neuroscience at the Univ. of Missouri--with a bunch of kids not much older than we were in '65!

I'm in the process of changing my E-mail server and will send out a notice of the new address when I get it. I appreciate you contacting me and I am anxious to hear any news you have of the class of '65. (At your service, Carl!)

JOHN WILSON: jnawilson@home.com

Greetings to the Class of 1965.

I was a sophomore at College of San Mateo and was dating the former Donna Goff [Class of 66] We were involved in a serious auto accident and while recuperating, became engaged and married in 1968. I began work at the Pacifica Post Office delivering mail and trying to finish accounting courses, but the money was not good in accounting at the time and the Post Office paid better. So I have been delivering mail for going on 35 years. Donna and I raised 2 children, Brandon [31] and Jennifer [28]. We got both children through college but our own marriage failed somewhere along the way. After divorcing in 1990 and living the single life for close to 10 years, I met and married Annette Clark, an employee with the City of Concord Police Dept. Not a cop, thank heaven. She is a member of the Class of 65, but from Thornton, Colorado. We both have grown children, and in the neighborhood of a dozen grandchildren, and we are still very young. We have the ability to travel, and do so. Now we are planning retirements with the giddiness of seniors planning their graduations.

Best Wishes

TOM PODA: tmp_48@yahoo.com

After high school I took a government apprentice-ship at Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard for welding. I worked there until it closed. Eventually ending up in San Jose where I worked at FMC. Currently I teach, yes I said I teach Telecommunications and Networking at a post-secondary institution.

I have been married three times, with 3 grown daughters from the first, a son 15 from the second. My current wife and I have been married 10 months. So, that is where I am at currently.

I look forward to hearing from you, and if anyone else is interested in writing, please pass my e-mail address on to them.

DONNA (CARLSON) WEST: DONKEWEST@aol.com

Thank you and everyone concerned for the cards, e-mail and phone calls. You have no idea how much it means to me to have so many family, friends and classmates thinking and praying for me at this time. This last year has been full of blessings and trials. Keith (class of 62) and I were blessed with a wonderful grandson born 9-22-00. My daughter Dana (30) and son-in-law live in Georgia. I spent six weeks there helping out with the baby, etc. When I returned home to California in November 2000 I was diagnosed with breast cancer. I had two surgeries, chemo for six months and now radiation for six weeks. Hopefully, when the radiation is done I will only have to go back for check-ups and no more treatment.

On the brighter side, my youngest daughter Kim (26) was married this July and the wedding was just beautiful. My dearest friend, Lany Martell, came all the way from Tennessee. Ed Harrison and his family came from Redding .

Carol Bonner ('64) and Jesse Bonner ('69) who live in San Bruno also attended. It was so great to see and spend some time with them. I received a call from Pam Langendorf (Shaw) this week. She said that she had a total knee replacement this July and is doing good. She plans to have another by the end of the year. It was so nice talking to her and she still make me laugh. We go back to elementary school at Pedro Valley when the classes where in houses ('55). I was telling her about your e-mail newsletter but she said that she does not use a computer much. If anyone wants to send her a card, her address is 17 Kendell Ct., Pacifica, Ca 94044.

Thank you all again for all your concern.

Love, Donna West (Carlson)

(NOTE: And our love to you, Donna!)

LINDA (ROOKER) THORNROSE: gmomgator@earthlink.net

How lovely to hear from someone in the class of 1965! I did go to a class reunion for 1964 two years ago with my sister, Margaret Stenstrom Binderup and got to see some of the "kids" then. I would love to get the newsletters and catch up with some of the folks. My information is as follows.

I moved to Alabama with my two year old son, Tim, and remarried in February 1970 where my husband was stationed in the Army. Once my husband was discharged, we finally settled in Gainesville, Florida. I stayed home as mom and homemaker until Tim was in tenth grade, then rejoined the working force. I am currently administrator for a four physician, three office hematology oncology practice. I go home to California once a year to spend vacation with my family. California is still my first love and I am always homesick for home. My son, of course, is grown and lives with his wife and two daughters in Ohio. Best regards.

PAUL THOMPSON: thompzach@alaskalife.net

Amazing how many faces I can put to the names I see in classmates.com. I lost my yearbooks about 25 years ago. Here's my personal info:

On the morning after the all night party I didn't go home and go to bed and wake up and wash the car and feed the cat. I went to CSM and took the college entrance exam. I don't remember too much about that except it being very warm in the cafeteria and really not wanting to be there.

I spent the next two and a half years going to school at CSM in the winters and working summers at my stepfathers logging camp in S.E Alaska. That's where I had lived until I came to Pacifica to live with my father. I remember riding on the bus to CSM with Paul Barhart, Lani Leonard, Jeff Boyden and no doubt others. I also ran into Ed Hart during this time. I was hitching a ride to San Luis Obispo to pick up my MGA which had broken down there. He picked me up in San Bruno and took me all the way. I remember he had a brand new camero. It was a good trip after he got the engine points changed in the dealership in some little town along 101. He was still in the marines, recently back from Viet Nam.

After finishing at CSM, I went to the University of Alaska in Fairbanks. I had always wanted to return to Alaska to live. I spent three and a half years there,

working in the woods in SE Alaska in the summers and goofing off at school during the winters. I finally graduated in the winter of 1972, with a BS in biology. More realistically, I was an unskilled worker with six years spent in college.

Then, college degree in hand, I went out into the world, made millions and got the Nobel Prize in biology. Do I detect a note of skepticism? Well, yes. And rightly so. My first post graduate position was as a janitor for the university. Fairbanks in January is a cold dark place, and I wanted to stay in Alaska. You took any job at all then in the winter. That's where I ran into Howie Burton (TN 66). He was traveling and wound up there.

Come springtime, I went back to SE Alaska and worked a last season in the woods. I left there in the fall and went to Pacifica to visit family. I bought a used ford pick up at Serramonte Ford, built a canopy on it, and traveled around the country. That trip was the first time I realized the size of America. Like a lot of people on the west coast, I figured the east coast was just past the Sierras.

On returning home, I goofed off until the next fall, when I started working for a housing contractor in Anchorage. Not as a carpenter. Not yet. I was a nail pounder and laborer. After a year or so with them I got a job with another contractor. In retrospect, this was one of the best breaks of my life. He was what I would now consider a master carpenter. More importantly, he saw it as his responsibility to teach me the trade. This he did, so that I was able, with not too much extra studying, to take and pass the journeyman's exam at the local union. His name was Jack Bardon, originally from Nova Scotia. He was an uncouth alcoholic, but he did mighty well by me. During this time I had a conversation I've never forgotten. I was shlumpling around in mud or wet sand, looking for a pipe or a wire or something. One of the plumbers, after watching me a minute or so, said "Is it true you've had six years of college?". Me: "Yep". He just shook his head and walked away. I don't imagine he tried too hard to talk his kids into going to college.

I started work that August (1975) on the pipeline in Valdez. I stayed there until December, when I quit. I flew to New Zealand and traveled the country on a motorcycle, something I had always wanted to do. After returning I worked in Valdez again for the next thirteen months, leaving at the end of the job when the pipeline was done. I had lots of money in the bank, as well as ten acres I had bought at the mouth of the Kasilof River, on the Kenai. I wanted somewhere to call my own. Up until then, everything I owned could fit in the back of my truck, with room left for me to sleep.

I lived there the next several years, in the barn the previous owners of the land had built. After I plumbed and wired and insulated it and put in windows it was my house. Somewhere in there was a trip to the Philippines and Borneo.

The summer after the aforementioned trip, I had one of those life's turning points, or epiphanies, or jolts of self realization. It was on a trip into the Brooks Range with my best friend Dave. It involved flying into the fairly remote eastern corner of Alaska and hiking west for about 20 days to Arctic Village and flying out. Here I was with my best friend in the best place in the world, and I could barely get two words in a row out. I had always stuttered; sometimes badly, other

times not. This was about the worst ever. I realized that what I was willing to do with my life was being increasingly limited by my stuttering, and I had to do something about it. That something involved, after a couple of years, a one month course of quite intensive speech therapy in San Francisco, probably one of the hardest things I've ever done. So ended the aimless meandering part of my life.

I got married in the spring of 1982, a few months before that speech course. Mary my bride is Canadian. We met in LA. The wedding was in Victoria, BC, on one of the prettiest weekends ever in one of the prettiest cities there is.

We returned to Alaska, where I continued to work construction in the summers, attending nursing school in the winters at the university in Anchorage, finishing in the spring of 1985. I by then had ten years in the carpenters union, so was vested when I got out. Since then I have been working at Providence Hospital in Anchorage, except for just under a year spent in Victoria. Most of that time was spent at a step-down unit. I just recently changed jobs, moving to the endoscopy unit.

Mary kept her last name when we married. It is Zacharias. She is also an RN. We have two children. Jeffrey is seventeen. He will be a senior this fall. He is an excellent student, unlike me in high school. He is also about two inches taller than I am (I am six feet tall). Katherine is fourteen. She will be a freshman. She also is a good student. She isn't two inches taller than I am. She wrestled in junior high. She is strong and aggressive as Hell when she wrestles.

In passing, I'll mention the house, the lawn, the dog, the cats, the ferret and the gerbils. I arrived here by kind of a roundabout way, later than some. In a lot of your stories are mentions of grandchildren. None here yet. I don't think I would change a thing in my life. I might have made better choices sooner, but things really couldn't have turned out better. Oh, I suppose I could have put my pipeline money into Microsoft, but who knew?

I'm a little liberal in my politics, a little conservative in the things I do and have. I still have the suit I graduated from Terra Nova in. I can still wear it. If I choose not to breath, I even can button the pants. I still have the same truck I bought used in 1972. I commute to and from work on a bike. It is a road bike. I have no desire for a mountain bike. I generally put a little over a thousand miles a year on it; usually more. Sometimes a lot more, depending on when the last and first snow comes.

Having kids helps me understand my parents better. I am bugged by my kids waste, as I see it, of time on the computer and in front of the TV. As my parents were by my time spent with comics and the TV. When my kids sleep until well after noon, I realize how right it was that my father would leave the loud, mufferless lawn mower idling under my open bedroom window on Saturday morning at the ungodly hour of one in the afternoon. When my kids balk at riding their bikes, I remember how I stopped riding after the one time I rode to school on the first day of our freshman year.

I still hunt and fish, although not as much as I used to. My eighty year old stepfather sees it as his life's work to see that we have all the fish we could ever eat. He uses my land and cabin in Kasilof a lot more than I do. I won't hunt this

year. No time, and I still have a lot of meat from a moose I got last fall. I won't miss the meat, but I certainly miss the canoeing down the river. There are few things nicer than a fall canoe trip down a river, or watching the sun rise over a lake you have to yourself.

Lastly, I'm going to tell you who my favorite teachers were at Terra Nova. They were all the English teachers; Mr. Olson, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Campbell. There was a pretty young woman in our junior year whose name I am ashamed to say I have forgotten. If any of you remember it, I'd be thankful if you'd let me know. I never made a dime off of anything any of them taught me, but the appreciation of literature I learned from them has given me more pleasure in my life than anything else.

I never said much in high school. I have a little more to say now.

Here you go, Jean. Brevity is not one of my virtues. (NOTE: Happily, for us!)

AND MORE FROM PAUL THOMPSON....

Another summer is just about over here. There is fresh snow on the mountains around town. Not much, but any is too much to ignore. Not too many more lawn mowings to do this year. We just came back from our cabin in Kasilof where I performed the ritual I do every fall of getting the place ready to be left for another winter. Two more weeks and studded snow tires will be legal to use here. People talk about foggy, cold Pacifica but I find it almost exotically tropical when I go there.

Speaking of which, I did visit last spring. I came down alone to visit family in Sacramento and Clear Lake and drove down to Pacifica for the day with my brother. We drove by the house we lived in there. A three bedroom rancher on Toledo Court for sale now for half a million dollars. Amazing. We walked through Terra Nova. It hasn't changed much. The trees are a lot bigger and the kids seemed a little smaller. Also not all so white. Even had lunch at Nick's, the first time I'd ever been in the place. Pacifica really is in a very pretty place. Then we got caught in a terrible traffic jam getting out of San Francisco. I keep getting these little reminders of why I'm glad I don't live there. One bonus was that I missed the coldest day of the winter here while I was gone.

During the summer we took a trip to the east coast. Our son was invited to a conference in DC, so we took the opportunity to check out colleges there. Unlike me, he could likely get accepted at some big name schools. Interesting place. I can't say that I enjoyed the flight much. I did make a clean sweep, in that every airport I passed through was under construction. Also, I got my year's ration of humid heat. Of course to us 75 is killing heat. Interesting schools, though.

Last, I'll share the unlikely thing I do that might surprise you. We (my wife and I) have gotten into tango. Of the argentine variety. Like a lot of things, it's something I wish I had started twenty years ago. There is a small but dedicated tango community in Anchorage, and we get together a couple of times a month. I can confidently report that I have progressed to the point that I can tango with a dedicated tanguera without too much ruining her dance. No bungee jumping yet, nor any intention to. Ever.

I was very interested to read in the last three newsletters what you are all doing. It is at the same time a little strange to me. Having seen none of you for over thirty years, my memories of you are a little out of date. The high school kids you still are in my mind's eye cannot be the same people with stories of children, grandchildren, and imminent retirement. Can you?

KERRY (SEMENZA) ORTIZ: Klo@svlg.com

you may use this email address. Since it is connected with work, I try to restrict personal usage. However, I can use it to receive short messages and the newsletter.

A short bio is: I have four beautiful children, three daughters and one son and three grandsons. I am a paralegal and work at a law office. My husband, who is an electrician, and I have been married for 29 years.

Thanks for getting in contact with me. (NOTE FROM JEAN: Kerry, more please!)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT FROM CAROL (CLINE) EKSTROM:

agentpeach@earthlin.net

Here is a pretty neat little thing from Paul Harvey. See if you can guess the riddle at the end. Paul Harvey Writes:

We tried so hard to make things better for our kids that we made them worse. For my grandchildren, I'd like better. I'd really like for them to know about hand me down clothes and homemade ice cream and leftover meat loaf sandwiches. I really would. I hope you learn humility by being humiliated, and that you learn honesty by being cheated. I hope you learn to make your own bed and mow the lawn and wash the car. And I really hope nobody gives you a brand new car when you are sixteen. It will be good if at least one time you can see puppies born and your old dog put to sleep. I hope you get a black eye fighting for something you believe in. I hope you have to share a bedroom with your younger brother/sister. And it's all right if you have to draw a line down the middle of the room, but when he wants to crawl under the covers with you because he's scared, I hope you let him. When you want to see a movie and your little brother/sister wants to tag along, I hope you'll let him/her. I hope you have to walk uphill to school with your friends and that you live in a town where you can do it safely. On rainy days when you have to catch a ride, I hope you don't ask your driver to drop you two blocks away so you won't be seen riding with someone as uncool as your Mom. If you want a slingshot, I hope your Dad teaches you how to make one instead of buying one. I hope you learn to dig in the dirt and read books. When you learn to use computers, I hope you also learn to add and subtract in your head. I hope you get teased by your friends when you have your first crush on a boy/girl, and when you talk back to your mother that you learn what ivory soap tastes like. May you skin your knee climbing a mountain, burn your hand on a stove and stick your tongue on a frozen flagpole. I don't care if you try a beer once, but I hope you don't like it. And if a friend offers you dope or a joint, I hope you realize he is not your friend. I sure hope you make

time to sit on a porch with your Grandma/Grandpa and go fishing with your Uncle. May you feel sorrow at a funeral and joy during the holidays. I hope your mother punishes you when you throw a baseball through your neighbor's window and that she hugs you and kisses you at Hanukkah/Christmas time when you give her a plaster mold of your hand.

These things I wish for you - tough times and disappointment, hard work and happiness. To me, it's the only way to appreciate life. Written with a pen. Sealed with a kiss. I'm here for you. And if I die before you do, I'll go to heaven and wait for you. We secure our friends, not by accepting favors, but by doing them.

RIDDLE:

(When asked this riddle, 80% of kindergarten kids got the answer, compared to 17% of Stanford University seniors.) What is greater than God, More evil than the devil, The poor have it, the rich need it, And if you eat it, you'll die?

(Answer: "Time!")

MARCIA (FELTY) TAYLOR: hayrides@inreach.com

I am looking for a roommate if you know of anyone that is re locating to Lake County....(NOTE: Marcia has since moved back to Pacifica)

RICH SCHAFER: rschafer@pps.k12.or.us

Graduated 1965 from Terra Nova. Received B.A. at Cal. St. Hayward, in English Literature (Thanks to Mr. Campbell senior English teacher, who was, in retrospect the exemplarity teacher I patterned much of my teaching style after.) M.A. in Organization and Leadership USF. Worked 20 years for San Francisco Public Schools, as a teacher then administrator, was starting to be a workaholic—11 hours a day, (public schools are three steps forward and five steps back) lived in Petaluma, custom house and acreage. Realized that the best things in life are just that—things. So I quit to emphasize family life,

Moved to Oregon and graduated from Dispensational Theological Seminary with an M. Div. Currently teach in a Portland intercity school as a reading specialist. In my private life publish, edit and write theological periodicals. Presently been married 27 years, two sons both graduates from college with honors. Live on wooded acreage 20 miles from Portland OR.

Raised and breed German Shepherd Dogs, showed them nationally. Currently raise a Japanese decorative pond fish call Koi. Also currently raise Bees both for pollination and honey.

When I received the first three newsletters I printed them out and read them with great scrutiny. I had the interesting observation of how the class of '65 truly mirrors the country—a cross-section of Americana.

Enough of me, this new found communication has raised some questions. Concerning those who have died, is there anyway we can identify those that fell in Vietnam? “Nam” certainly dominated our formative years. On the

Terra Nova High web site there was interest in re-publishing the yearbooks, I know that I have lost my senior book and would be interested in a copy. Has anyone heard about or from Stan Obney? I did not know about the previous reunion—will there be another?

(NOTE FROM JEAN: Regarding Vietnam casualties, Medford Chrysler and Pete Premenko are the only two I am aware of from our class. If any of you know of others to add to the list, please let me know ASAP.

Regarding the next reunion, officially the next reunion won't be until 2005, but I am thinking of just having a bring-your-own-everything picnic next summer and charging \$5 per person for park rental and volleyball stuff--I'll let you know. Anyone interested?)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT (from the internet)

"Seize the Moment"

Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those women on the Titanic who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back. From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible.

How many women out there will eat at home because their husband didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed? Does the word "refrigeration" mean nothing to you?

How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched 'Jeopardy' on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said, "How about going to lunch in a half hour?" She would gasp and stammer, I can't. I have clothes on the line. My hair is dirty. I wish I had known yesterday. I had a late breakfast. It looks like rain. And my personal favorite -"It's Monday". She died a few years ago. We never did have lunch together.

Because Americans cram so much into their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches. We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect. We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get Stevie toilet-trained. We'll entertain when we replace the livingroomcarpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon when we get two more kids out of college. Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter, and the list of promises to ourselves gets longer. One morning we

awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of, "I'm going to Someday", "I plan on Someday", and Someday, when things are settled down a bit".

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, she is open to adventure and available for trips. She keeps an open mind on new ideas. Her enthusiasm for life is contagious. You talk with her for five minutes, and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of roller-blades and skip an elevator for a bungee cord.

My lips had not touched ice cream in 10 years. I love ice cream. It's just that I might as well apply it directly to my hips with a spatula and eliminate the digestive process. The other day, I stopped the car and bought a triple-decker. If my car had hit an iceberg on the way home, I would have died happy.

Now...go on and have a nice day. Do something you WANT to...not something on your SHOULD DO list.

If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call you could make, who would you call and what would you say? And why are you waiting?

FROM JEAN:

If you've already sent in a bio, but it was really short or it didn't really tell us about the real you, please feel free to submit more. It is fascinating and precious to have read about all of you, but some leave me wanting to know more. And if you're really satisfied with your bio, just send in thoughts you have or new things happening in your life. I don't want this newsletter thing to stop with the bios. If you have a subject that you would like others to speak to, please send it to me. It has been a special blessing to hear from you.

STILL MISSING OR INCOMPLETE INFO: THERE ARE STILL A LOT OF PEOPLE TO FIND. IF YOU KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF ANY OF THEM, PLEASE LET ME KNOW OR HAVE THEM CONTACT ME: Gail (Ackerman) Duncan, Robert Adams, Peter Albert, Danny Allred, Julie Anduha, Kathleen Baer, Bob Barber, Judy Bulne, Sharon Biscarro, Terry Blaylock, John Bonner's email address, Cathy (Booth) Eckles' email address, Linda (Bowen) Anzalone, Karen (Boyington) Silva, Jack Bresnahan, Judy Briggs, Connie Brozicevic, Robert Brun, Cameron Buckle, Joyce (Calia) Delmas (her email no longer works), Wayne Cardelli's email, Buddy (Charles) Carlson, Pat Carroll's email, Willburn Chapman, Cathy Chesebro, Roma Lee Clinton, Jackie Cole's email, Carol (Cooper) Sturovant, Chris Cooper's email, Jim Crims's email, Henry Dagenais, Mike Dahlke, Dean Dedieu, Betty DeJarnett, Mauryeen (De Rasha) Jones, Eugenia Dignon, Jim Dillsaver, Jo Ann (Di Maggio) Girth, Alecna (Doan) Norling, Carl Duncan, Linda (Efestione)Lorvan. Nels Estlund, Karen Fanning, Maxine (Farrell) Maxwell, Wayne Fielding, Linda Figone, Kathleen (Frank) Hanson, Will Frazee, Lee Frenk, Gwen Funari, Shellie Garrett, Gail Gentry, Peggy (Gilbride) Franco, Marilyn Gottlieb, Regina (Greene) Gross, Carlton Groat,

Claude Halcomb, William Heinzle, George Henderson, Ken Henderson, Carolyn Hersch, Rod Hickman, Donna (Hill) Roberts, Jim Holtz, William Hooper, Michael Ing, Robert Jacobs, Larry Jenkins, Sandra Johnson, Jennifer (Kalabolas) Enget, Albert Kellogg, Gene Kelly, Linda Kepic, Georgia Kinsey, Diane Koltzau, Linda Kornegay, Janis Kudrovzeff, Connie Kufeld, Pam(Lamaysou) Higashi, Lani Leonard, Barbar Lina, Luther Looney, William Lowe, Joe Lucason, Toni Majors, Lloyd McGrady, Greg McLain, Penny Meo, Cheryl (Michalski) Malman, Tom Morrow, Gary Muhs, Bill Nelson, Charlene (Nelson) Mandibles, Tom Nickel, Jeanette Occhipinti, Sandra (O'Neill) Dungan, Homer Oswald, Lois Picillo, Ezra Rand, Sandra (Reynolds) Snodgrass, Pam (Richardson) Cortese, Pat Riddle, Rolf Rierson, Heide (Rigoni) Senger, Vince Salerno, Tony Salvemini, Sharon Schuyler, Birget Schwalke, Candace Sharp, Ken Shoemaker Sandra Simmons, Terry Stafford, Sandra Stevens, Stephanie Strom, Donald Swartz, Patricia Taylor, Marlinda Tinnerell, Edwin Tisdale, Kay Todd, Ruth Uhrig, Barbara Union, Larry Utterback, Jim Walsh, Carol Watson, Harry Weckerle, Marie (Westkamper) Joseph, Linda Williams, Linda (Williford) Mendiola, Barbara (Willoughby) Hatcher, Linda Wilson, Ken Winkler, Pam Winter, Marilyn Zwiép, Richard Galindez, Frank Baxter, Vincent Corradi, Paul Obney, William Cole, Susan Lynn, Robert Turner.

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!