



Tiger Tales

Terra Nova High School
Class of 1965

Newsletter No. 7
July, 2002

Happy Summer Old Friends!

Well, the picnic was a great time even though only 25 people showed up (including some spouses/partners). Those of you who couldn't make it were very much missed. In fact, you were so missed and we had such a good time, that some people have asked if we could have a picnic every year. Well, why not? No reason why not--it's easy to organize, and as long as those who come are willing to cover whatever extra cost there may be for the site if not enough people show up, then there's no problem. That happened this time, and those who were there were very happy to help cover the \$45.00 shortfall. So Sherry Lenci is already looking into booking a site in Linda Mar for next year. I think it would be safe to plan on a picnic on the last Saturday of June every year. Next time though, we will have everyone just bring their own food and drink, and we will still provide BBQ charcoals and tools. So, if you have any feedback on this idea, please, let's hear it. Of course, in 2005 we will have our regular "official" reunion, and that date hasn't been decided yet.

As to what we did at the picnic: a few of us played (or played at) volleyball, compliments of Greg and Sue Fassler, and a few tried their hand at bocce ball, compliments of Ray and Sherry Lenci. But most people spent the whole time just chatting. The weather was beautiful and the company was great. At 5:00 when we packed up, Paul and I invited everyone left to come to our house (5 minutes away), and we continued to chat until about 9:00 p.m., with a few staying until 11:00 p.m. Loved all of it!

GREAT NEWS! Cliff Rather, who we had the pleasure of seeing again after a long absence, has volunteered to set up a TN Class of '65 website, and he will post those long-awaited (Sherry and I are technologically inept) pictures from the last reunion in 2000. I will let you know as soon as the site is up and running. THANK YOU CLIFF, YOU ARE ONE OF MY HEROES.

NOW, NEWS FROM THE CLASS:

NANCY (SEILER) BOTHE (n.bothe@att.net)

Hi, again. Nick and I hope to attend the picnic on June 29. (NOTE: We really missed seeing you and the Roberts!)

As to our life.....it IS our family. Both of our daughters (Melissa, 31, and Nicole, 27) are married to two great guys. Melissa and Joaquin live in Nick's mother's old house on Crespi in Linda Mar. We own the house now, and Wanda lives in

an assisted living facility in Napa (very nice!) They have been working hard on updating the house--redoing the kitchen and ripping out the very old, unkempt back yard. Nicole & Scott bought a house last year in Concord, nearby to us. They have a son, Syllas, 18 months old, who is the apple of my eye, of course. And, my Dad is still going strong at 87, living in San Clemente. We all see each other ALL the time, and are very involved in each others' lives.

Nick and I have a vacation home in Nice, which is on Clear Lake. That is the spot we all try to get to 2 or 3 times a month, for relaxation, water and motorcycle fun. Nick & I started going up there while we were dating in high school, and have always loved it. When we left Pacifica in 1972, we lived in various parts of the country for Nick's job with Eastman Kodak. We finally got back to the Bay Area in 1986, and opted to live in a warm part of the area. We love Pleasant Hill.

A very nice coincidence happened when we were moving back--I got a post card from Theresa (Foley) Roberts that they had moved also--to Walnut Creek. It was such a surprise that both our families came back, and bought houses 6 miles apart! We had lived in the same apt. building during the first years of our marriages and were always very close. We four have since attended all the reunions, from Kevin's Class of 1963, Theresa and Nick's of 1964, and mine, of course, of 1965.

(Theresa (Foley) and Kevin Roberts: Jammers4@aol.com)

A LITTLE TREASURE FROM SHARON (DAY) RATHBUN (slr@hartdistrict.org)

Thought you might enjoy this.....

SOME THINGS YOU KEEP

Some things you keep. Like good teeth. Warm coats. Bald husbands. They're good for you, reliable and practical and so sublime that to throw them away would make the garbage man a thief.

So you hang on, because something old is sometimes better than something new, and what you know is often better than a stranger.

These are my thoughts, they make me sound old, old and tame, and dull at a time when everybody else is risky and racy and flashing all that's new and improved in their lives.

New careers, new thighs, new lips, new cars. The world is dizzy with trade-ins. I could keep track, but I don't think I want to.

I grew up in the fifties with practical parents -- a mother, God bless her, who washed aluminum foil after she cooked in it, then reused it - and still does. A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones.

They weren't poor, my parents, they were just satisfied. Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in trousers and tee shirt and Mom in a housedress, lawnmower in one's hand, dishtowel in the other's. It was a time for fixing things -- a curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress.

Things you keep. It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that re-fixing, reheating, renewing, I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant there'd always be more.

But then my father died, and on that clear autumn night, in the chill of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't any 'more.' Sometimes what you care about most gets all used up and goes away, never to return.

So, while you have it, it's ! best to love it and care for it and fix it when it's broken and heal it when it's sick. That's true for marriage and old cars and children with bad report cards and dogs with bad hips and aging parents.

You keep them because they're worth it, because you're worth it.

Some things you keep. Like a best friend who moved away or a classmate you grew up with, there's just some things that make life important....people you know are special....and you KEEP them close!

MIKE BROWN (mbrownri@cox.net)

Hi,

The whole internet provider changed --sorry. You can reach me at mbrownri@cox.net, or mbrownri@dewolfe.com. I've been self-employed as a realtor this year, giving me much more time to work on my writing, and I do like it very much, particularly being self-employed. I was laid off last May in the great dot-com slaughter.

The reason that I can't come in June is because I had my first closing last week in April and that was the first money, besides unemployment (which believe me didn't cut it) that I had earned since May 2001.

I'm attaching my business card photo--gads! I can't believe I dare.

TOM LESLIE (& DIANE)

Well, it's been 6 weeks since Tom and I started at Kodiak Jacks in Petaluma. (NOTE: Tom & Diane have a karaoke business and provided the music at the last reunion.) I am happy to report that it is going great! And what wonderful place to be able to do our Karaoke. They have set us up and have built our

equipment in and it is Karaoke ready! They are INTO it as much as we are! We are plugged into the big TV's, and you can sing from just about anywhere in there. (I'm not sure about the bathrooms, but I dare someone to try it!) If you have never been to Kodiak's, I'm here to tell you that it is a hot spot. There is a huge hardwood dance floor, a cool bar and lots of room to do whatever. It has an atmosphere that is always fun, and the dinners and appetizers are wonderful. I LOVE the nachos! They have drink specials from 6:00 to 8:00, and there is no cover charge if you get there before 8:00. You can get a lot of singing in if you get there between six and seven.

BRAND NEW POLICY! 18 year olds and children are welcome until 10:00, they can dance, but they must always be supervised and never running around. Children are not allowed to sing.

Check out the web site for Kodiak's It is: www.Kodiakjacks.com. we are in the Newsletter, and they have a cute little poem that refers to the singer who does the Led Z. That is Craig Black. He is part of our very talented regulars who are there most every Sat. night The owner, Wayne (we call him "Wayne's World") is there each week, and I think he has more fun than all of us combined!!!

We are in the process of changing our name to "The Karaoke Connection" .

Remember that Kodiak's does great banquets and you can hire the Karaoke at a great rate. They do weddings, office parties, birthday parties, etc. Have your company plan the Christmas party there! Hope y'all are still awake after reading this, but I had a lot to update you about.

What do you think of Bumper stickers that say: "I Karaoke at Kodiak's" ?

Happy Trails

The Leslies

AND A MEMORY TREASURE FROM CAROL (KLINE) EKSTROM
(agentpeach@earthlink.net)

Funny this come in today since I have been remembering back in teen age days for the last couple of days. And I remember all these things. Some real good memories. Stroll with me..close your eyes..and go back..before the Internet..before bombings, aids, herpes, before semiautomatics and crack..before SEGA or Super Nintendo..way back!

I'm talking about sitting on the curb, sitting on the stoop, about hide-and -go-seek; Simon says and red-light-green-light. Lunch boxes with a thermos...chocolate milk, going home for lunch, penny candy from the store, hopscotch, skates with keys, jacks and Cracker Jacks, hula hoops and sunflower seeds, wax lips and mustaches, Mary Jane's saddle shoes and Coke bottles with the names of cities on the bottom.

Remember when it took five minutes for the TV to warm up. When nearly everyone's Mom was at home when the kids arrived home from school.

When nobody owned a purebred dog. When a quarter was a decent allowance.

When you'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny.

When your Mom wore nylons that came in two pieces.

When all of your male teachers wore neckties and female teachers had their hair done everyday and wore high heels.

Remember running through the sprinkler, circle pins, bobby pins, Mickey Mouse Club, Rocky and Bullwinkle,

Kookla, Fran and Ollie, Spin and Marty..Dick Clark's

American Bandstand... all in black and white and your Mom made you turn it off when a storm came.

When around the corner seemed far away, and going downtown seemed like going somewhere. Climbing trees,

making forts, backyard shows, lemonade stands, cops

and robbers, cowboys and indians, staring at clouds,

jumping on the bed, pillow fights, ribbon candy, angel

hair on the Christmas tree, Jackie Gleason, white gloves,

walking to the movie theater, running till you were out of

breath, laughing so hard that your stomach hurt..

remember that?

Not stepping on a crack or you'd break your mother's

back...paper-chains at Christmas, silhouettes of Lincoln and Washington, the smells of school, of paste and Evening in Paris.

What about the girl who dotted her i's with hearts? (that

was before that stupid smiley face)! The stroll, popcorn

balls and sock hops?

Remember when there were just two types of sneakers for

girls and boys-Keds and PF Flyers, and the only time you wore them at school was for gym. And the girls had those ugly gym uniforms.

When you got your windshield cleaned, oil checked, and

gas pumped, without asking--all for free--every time! And, you didn't pay for air either, and you got trading stamps to boot!

When laundry detergent had free glassed, dishes or towels

hidden inside the box. When it was considered a great privilege to be taken out to a dinner at a real restaurant with your parents.. When the worst thing you

could do at school was flunk a test or chew gum. And the prom was in the gym or the lunchroom and you danced to a real orchestra. When they threatened to

keep kids back a grade if they failed--and did! When being sent to the principal's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited the student at home.

Basically, we were in fear for our lives, but it wasn't because of drive-by shootings, drugs, gangs, etc. Our parents and grandparents were a much bigger

threat! But we survived because their love was so much greater than the threat.

Remember when a '57 Chev was everyone's dream car--used to cruise, peel out, lay rubber, scratch off or watch the submarine races. When people went steady, and girls wore a class ring with an inch of wrapped Band-Aids, dental floss, or yarn coated with pastel-frost nail polish so it would fit the finger.

When no one ever asked where the car keys were because they were always in the car, in the ignition, and the car and house doors were never locked! Remember lying on your back on the grass with your friends and saying things like "That cloud looks like a...." And playing baseball with no adults needed to enforce the rules of the game. Remember when stuff from the store came without safety caps and hermetic seals, because no one had yet tried to poison a perfect stranger. And, with all our progress, don't you just wish, that just once you could slip back in time and savor the slower pace.. and share it with the children of today?

So send this on to someone who can still remember Nancy Drew, The Hardy Boys, Laurel and Hardy, Howdy Dowdy and The Peanut Gallery, The Lone Ranger and Tonto, The Shadow Knows, Nellie Belle, Roy and Dale, Trigger and Buttermilk..As well as the sound of a real mower on Saturday morning, and summers filled with bike rides, baseball games, bowling, visits to the pool....and eating Kool-Aid powder with sugar from the palm of your hand.

There, didn't that feel good? Just to lean back and say:

"Yeah....I remember....."

(NOTE FROM JEAN: Even though these are all great memories, I hope that all of you, like me, feel like this is the best time in your lives--right now!)

GEORGE HINKLE (VICE-PRINCIPAL) (geohinkle@juno.com)

Hi Good Folks of the Class of 65,

HAVE A GREAT REUNION--SORRY I HAVE TO MISS IT BUT MY FAMILY REUNION HAD TO GET TOP PRIORITY!!

LATE NEWS:

I completed the 81 laps (20 plus miles) for the American Cancer Society's Relay for Life and reached my goal of raising \$1,000 FOR CANCER RESEARCH

Trust all of you are enjoying great health and happiness. It's a wonderful feeling to be remembered by so many of you.

Hope to see you all next year.

My best to all,

George

(NOTE: Way to go, George! Congratulations--you are amazing!)

AND FINALLY, AN IDEA FROM LINDA (ROBINSON) PATTERSON:

Linda contacted me (Jean) to ask what I thought about collaborating on a book about the Class of '65 based in part on our newsletters and the autobiographical stuff you send me. She was thinking we might be able to sell enough books amongst ourselves (if not get it published?) to raise some money for a scholarship at Terra Nova. We are certainly a part of Americana and have lived in a very interesting time, what with Vietnam and the women's movement, etc. I would really like to know how you feel about something like this. Of course, I would like to encourage more of you to send me information about yourselves. And you can all be sure that nothing you send me would be used in a book without your specific permission. Please write and speak your mind. I have actually thought quite awhile about doing something like this. I'm glad Linda was of like mind.

Okay, now book or no book, there are a bunch of you who have not told us about yourself. We are really interested--no, not nosey, just interested. Please take a few minutes to send me something.

TAKE CARE EVERYONE--NO SUNBURNS ALLOWED!