



# Tiger Tales

**Terra Nova High School  
Class of 1965**

**Newsletter No. 9  
October 16, 2002**

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Greetings Everyone! I hope you are enjoying the beginning of the fall season (here at least) and it's bright falling leaves and brisk air. Your faithful editor has had an amazingly busy, but wonderful summer and lots of traveling experiences.

Paul and I highly recommend the Rick Steves Europe Through the Back Door tour group. We met the tour in St. Goar, German, near Frankfurt, and traveled through Germany, Switzerland and Austria for two weeks. We traveled by bus with 23 other very fun and interesting people. People who take this kind of trip are not interested in impressing anyone, other than with their map knowledge, so it was a down to earth, good experience.

One of the highlights for me was in Reutte, Austria. We stayed in small, family-run hotels throughout the trip. At the hotel in Reutte, there was another tour group of older German people. One night, Gabby, the owner of the hotel (her family had owned the hotel for 100 years) took all of us for a walk on a dark road behind the hotel. We stopped in a field near a barn and faced a mountain topped by some Roman ruins. Soon there were fireworks and lights came on which lit up the ruins in all their glory. The town was celebrating this first time lighting of the ruins. Gabby then served some sweet wine and the Germans began to sing. I have no idea what they were singing, but it was beautiful. When they were through, our group (all Americans) began to sing--America the Beautiful. Each group took turns singing songs and clapping for one another.

When the chill became too much, we all walked back to the hotel. Gabby's father arrived in beautiful costume because he had been the grand marshal at a parade in town. We all went inside and gathered around a piano, both groups intermingling, sitting on steps, chairs, the floor. Our head guide, Margaret, had been a professional opera singer, and the assistant guide had sung with a band years ago. Gabby's father began playing Gershwin tunes and Margaret sang. A German lady seated next to me on the stairs urged Margaret to kiss the pianist on the cheek when they finished and everyone laughed. Then a pianist from the German group took his turn at the piano and Margaret sang some more. Again, the woman next to me urged Margaret to kiss the pianist--more laughter. Then we all held hands and sang Auld Lang Syne. Margaret explained in German that this is a song Americans sing to let go of the old year and bring in the new, that it is essentially a song of forgiving, letting go and renewal. Many of the Germans had tears in their eyes. I suddenly got up and grabbed the lady next to me and kissed her on both cheeks. Then another German lady grabbed me and gave me

a big hug. Soon it was a hug fest and we were all tearful and laughing. It was a moment I'll never forget.

I'd love to hear of some of your unforgettable moments.

By the way, I have been cast in a play called "Marvin's Room" which will be performed in Antioch, CA in January at the Antioch Rivertown Theatre. You may have seen the movie with Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep. I was fortunate enough to get the Meryl Streep part. I'm really excited about this. (I hope I don't eat my words.) If any of you are in the neighborhood, I'd love to see you there.

NEWS FROM OTHERS:

**BUNNY (ROMA CLINTON) GLEASON** [bgbunnyden2@mybluelight.com](mailto:bgbunnyden2@mybluelight.com)

Hi, from Indiana. Hope that all is well even though I know Jean is in Europe. I wanted you to have Lois Gaye Picillo's address. She doesn't have a computer so correspondence will have to be through mail. Maybe you could include her address in the newsletter so that if anyone is interested they can write to her or I know some of the classmates I believe someone lived in Santa Rosa. Here goes: Gaye Alander

2755 Ventura Avenue#11  
Santa Rosa, CA 95403

I'll tell you a little about her so that you can include some information along with her address in the newsletter next month.

Gaye is married to William Alander and they have three children and one granddaughter. Her children live close to them so she gets to take care of the granddaughter all the time. She has been a stay at home mom, since her kids. Right out of school, she went to work for a company (which I can find out) and worked there until her marriage. They are very happy and Gaye would like to hear from some of the classmates.

Jean, who pays for the postage that you spend sending out information on reunions and etc? If you guys are paying for it, I think that each one of us should maybe help pay the cost and contribute a little money into the Terra Nova Reunion Fun, so that you are not out all that money, especially the ones that you get back because they don't live there any more. Just an idea.

Take care,

Bunny

**[NOTE FROM JEAN]:** Thanks for your concern Bunny. In the past, we have usually kept about \$100 in the reunion account for such things. This amount varies after each event. The Fasslers, Lencis and we usually donate anything not covered by what we charge for tickets or any up front costs before ticket money is collected. Sometimes we are reimbursed, sometimes not because we try very hard to keep costs way down so as not to exclude anyone. If you check with any of your friends about their reunion costs, you will see that we charge relatively very little and our reunions are very low key. It is tough to have a decent dinner and rent a venue at such a low cost.

Our next 5-year reunion will be in 2005, but we will have an annual picnic which should be self-supporting. Basically, we only need to pay for the rental of the picnic site. Only a couple of people BBQed at the last picnic so we can cut any expenditure for that. Also only a few people played volleyball, so we can cut the rental for that too. People can just bring games they want to play. Ray & Sherry Lenci brought bocce ball for instance. Most people just want to catch up with each other and talk.

The upshot is, if anyone ever wants to make a donation to the fund, please feel free. Checks can be made out to: Terra Nova Class of '65 Activity Fund and sent to me at 27 Parklane Drive, Orinda, CA 94563.

**NEXT ANNUAL "BETWEEN REUNIONS" PICNIC:**

WHEN: Saturday, June 28, 2003 (yikes!)

WHERE: San Pedro Valley Park (back of Linda Mar),  
South Walnut Grove group site

TIME: 11:00 a.m. -- 8:00

Put this on your calendar now so you can plan around it. Look for further details in the future (cost, what to bring, etc.)

**MORE FROM BUNNY (ROMA CLINTON) GLEASON:**

Dear Classmates:

Jean has sent me all the back issues of the class newsletters and what fun reading. I have a few questions for some of you and others I would like to have your e-mail address. The first note goes to *Deanna Newman (O'Connor)* You wrote about Lorna and I am sorry to hear about her. *Ed Hart*, congratulations on the miracle of having a girlfriend, fiancée, broken-up and then found each other once again. That was a wonderful story.

*Mike Meyer*-you mentioned something about Ozark Plateau. Do you live in Arkansas or in the Ozarks? *Pat Donono*-I enjoyed the story about the marbles and getting older. I wouldn't have as many to reach 70 but it is an idea. *Mr. Hinkle*, I think that it is neat that you keep in contact with the class and I have had both knees replaced, so I know what you must have gone through with your hip replacement. Hope all went and still goes well.

*Mike Maggi*- Bangkok, in Russia? What kind of work do you do that you travel? *Ann (Stella)McKnight* -did you have a bypass or disabled with your e-mail as bypass53? *John Wilson*-I thought I was bad with 8 grandchildren but all of 12, I wonder how you do Christmas. *Lorna Bazzani*- you have 16 grandchildren, WOW. I am sorry to hear about your fibromyalgia and hope that your husband has found work.

These are just a few things I jotted down while reading the newsletters and hope that we can all stay in contact through this newsletter. My husband and I are doing ok, I just had my last epidural and am wondering how all is going to work out with the back. It sure is the pits getting older, but the joys of grandparenting and etc

are worth it. I had both my knees replaced so that I would be able to do things with my grandkids now instead of when I was in my 60's and they would be teenagers and not want as much to do with me. They wanted to wait but the knees were shot and so they did both at one time. That was three years ago and we are doing awesome. Hope that this will find everyone in excellent health or better health.

I have been studying the "65" year book and was looking at all the nice things people said. You and Paul were very busy in activities regarding our class. Is it possible to get a list of the men and women (if any) that have died? Some of the ones that I remember having a lot of contact with or went to Sanchez Elementary with are Lloyd Abrahamian, Gail Ackerman, Denise Andre, Julie Anduha, Kathleen Baer, Sharon Biscarro, Terry Blaylock, Cathy Booth, John Bresnahan, Roger Broomfield, Carolyn Cline, Henry (Hank} Dagenais, Sharon Day, JoAnn DeMaggio, Jean Dignon, Linda Eldred, Alice Fadenrecht, Maxine Farrell, Allen Fizer, Marilyn Gottlieb, Eugene Kelly, Pamela Lamaysou, Lani Leonard, Stella McKnight, Lorna Neill, Deanna O'Conner, Sandra O'neil, Lois (Gaye)Picillo, Linda Rooker, Nancy Seller, Glen Sievert, Stephen Sievert, Linda Williford, Kenneth Winkler, Gayle Zaft, and of course I went to elementary and high school with Charlene Ansara before her death. I also notice that a lot of kids from "66" signed my year book. I have all four years and am going to pull out the others and have a look at the past. Some of these people mentioned, I had in various classes or activities after school. I forgot how many different things I was in such as Pep Club, Future Business Leaders of America (I just loved Mr. Thompson) I was looking at the pictures of the student office practice kids and sure can remember using that switchboard, took me forever to remember how to operate it from day to day. How technology has changed nowadays. Mr. Van Buren was my English teacher and I thought next to Mr. Thompson he was the greatest and I think because of his diligence to work with me I love English to this day and am in the profession of working with kids. I loved Ms. Donaldson- she was an awesome PE teacher. Wasn't Ms. Ott a gym teacher too?. I had a note from Mrs. Shackelford in my year book and was trying to remember what she taught. Mrs. Bourell, wasn't she the school nurse? I had a bus driver by the name of Mildred Walker, those of you who live in Pacifica or the surrounding area do you know what has become of her? Do any of you remember Elaina the blind girl? I have forgot her first name and it is a shame considering we hung around together and even wrote braille back in forth in class with her stylus. I have a whole page in my year book where she wrote to me. I will have to get a braille book and see if I can remember how to read it. We had some wonderful years together and even though I wasn't that popular with a lot of the class, I wouldn't trade any of those years for anything. I just wish my grandkids could have a school like that. Times have changed so drastically. I know we all did things that we weren't supposed to but they weren't as open. Oh, I just remembered a question. In my autographs Carol wrote I hope all of your dreams and wishes come true in the following years and you will be able to visit the baby when "he" comes, Stan says think blue. Does anyone know who Carol and Stan are? I

know I should know them or they wouldn't have put something so personal in the year book, but my memory isn't as good. Well, you all need to take out your year books and reminisce- it is a great feeling. That's enough for now, hope I didn't bore anybody.

Your friend,

Bunny

**[NOTE FROM JEAN]:** Sadly, below is the list of classmates no longer with us-- Jeff Boyden, Carl Casperson, Curtis Denton, Charlene Ansara, Linda Eldred, Barbara Evans, Judy (Taufer) LaFontaine, Terry Ladell, Lynn Monahan, Doug Northcutt, Lorna Neill, Bill Stone.

If anyone is absolutely sure of the passing of any others, please send it to me ASAP.

**LAST LETTER FROM BUNNY (ROMA CLINTON) GLEASON** (It's been so long since I sent out a newsletter that I've received multiple contributions from people--sorry I didn't get them out sooner!)

Dear Family, Friends, and Classmates,

Hi, just a few lines from the lovely city of Jeffersonville, IN where it is hot although the last two days have been wonderful Fall weather. Happy Fall Day to everyone as today is the first day of Fall. I don't know about you all but back here it is getting to be pumpkin time and do I look forward to that. We go out to the country and purchase pumpkins to put up in the freezer so that all year long we have fresh pumpkin for those breads, cakes and cookies. I have an easy way of cooking pumpkins if anyone is interested. It is less time consuming and just a lot more fun. Apples are also coming in and we use to have two apple trees in our yard but over the years they have died out so now I have to buy my apples, so once again to the country we go and buy a bushel or so of apples and put up for apple pies, cobblers, cake. I have an awesome way of fixing apples ahead for those pies if anyone is interested in that as well. Maybe these won't be important to some but others might be interested or maybe you have a way that is neat to you. I think sharing ideas and recipes is a great way to learn to do things. How about Spiced Tea? Does anyone make that? (awesome)

Well, we are all doing fine back here and our youngest grandchild just turned 5 and so now we don't have a toddler anymore. Kids seem to grow up so fast now a days. Hope that this letter will find each and everyone of you in good health and those of you who are not, that the good Lord will bless and heal you. Take care and you all come back sometime.

Your friend,

Bunny

**ED (BUD) & SALLY WELLMAN HART** [ELFTALER@aol.com](mailto:ELFTALER@aol.com)

Dear Jean,

On August 2nd, Sal and I went to Mike's Beach Resort on Hood Canal, just an hour and a half from where we live in Washington State, to spend time with the

Mike Wellman family. All of the cousins were there. Since Sal and I married, she has not only become a Hart, but I've become one of the Wellman clan. I enjoyed this time with my best friend and now - cousin, Mike, very much. It seems that we just can't get enough of Michael and Jean Wellman, they are truly a special family. We stayed in a cabin right on the water's edge. At high tide the water comes right to the cabin, which is about 8 feet above the rocks. The water? ... oh, it's one of the two fjords in North America. It's deepest part is over 600 feet, and so clear that you can see the bottom until it's depth shows emerald green. We had to get up early in the morning to meet the low tide and gather fresh oysters for our dinner. (Mike, Jean, the cousins and I, shucked a great number of shellfish.) It was my first time ... aw shucks! The kids went out kayaking, and boating. At the height of the season, the salmon run like crazy in the canal. I have watched them leap out of the water as we drive the highway there. It's amazing and a bit frustrating when you haven't time to stop to take out your fishing gear along the way. There are bald eagles here in the Northwest. It can really make your day to see one of these beauties. At night we sat by the campfire chatting about times past, and listening to Mike Wellman play the guitar and sing. He has a very good voice! Hey, I may be his cousin, but I know good when I hear it. Mike's incredible. He had torn his hamstring, just two days before the trip and still made it to the gathering, never once mentioning the pain, which we knew he had. After nightfall, the little bats came in for a feast of mosquitoes, nosee'ums, and various other night biters. Strange little critters with their echo location out there saving my skin. Thanks guys. When all turned in for the evening we were lulled to sleep by the sound of the water rolling on the shore below. If you plan to spend the weekend on Hood Canal, make sure to stay at least two nights. We did, and still wanted more ... Of course it was the company of the Wellmans that made us want for more, but the peace of the place itself was enough for most any heart, or Hart.

Take care all,  
Ed and Sal Hart

**ROBERT ENGLISH [englishr518.aol.com](mailto:englishr518.aol.com)**

Good morning Jean,

Gosh, I'm sorry for not attending [the picnic], and certainly on behalf of the rest of the clan, our apologies.

As you can see. I have a new e-mail address and have also moved back to the lake ( Clear Lake) and this is the reason for the no show. June was a very busy month for me what with the new job ( UPS maint contractor) and the move. The following is my new address for mailing and phone numbers.

I think the idea of a Picnic every year is great, and would like to suggest that you might have it in May as opposed to June, reason is the timing. School has just let out, many go on vacation, and most have tight schedules for the summer with plans and such to get out and about. Just a thought. I'm not fussed either way and will surely attend the next one.

All the best.

Robert English

P.O. Box 711  
Kelseyville Ca  
95451  
Phone is  
707-279-2201 home and Temporary  
707-263-3043 Work

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Again my most Humble apologies.  
Bob

**[NOTE FROM JEAN]:** The reason for having the picnic in June after school lets out is because we have a number of teachers in our midst and we want them to be able to attend too. Hope you understand.

#### **ANDY FENYES, WHERE ARE YOU?**

To anyone who lives in Rohnert Park, would you please check your directory and see if there is a listing for Andy? The email address I had for him is no longer working. If you decide to call him, please have him email me at [pbbj@pacbell.net](mailto:pbbj@pacbell.net) so I can update the records. Thanks from Jean.

#### **NANCY (SEILER) BOTHE [n.bothe@att.net](mailto:n.bothe@att.net)**

When we were kids--

Looking back, it's hard to believe that we have lived as long as we have. As children we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a pickup truck on a warm day was always a special treat. Our baby cribs were painted with bright colored lead based paint. We often chewed on the crib, ingesting the paint. We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors, or cabinets, and when we rode our bikes we had no helmets. We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle. We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then rode down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times we learned to solve the problem. We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on. No one was able to reach us all day. We played dodgeball and sometimes the ball would really hurt. We ate cupcakes, bread and butter, and drank sugar soda, but we were never over weight; we were always outside playing. Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Some students weren't as smart as others or didn't work hard so they failed a grade and were held back to repeat the same grade. That generation produced some of the greatest risk-takers and problem solvers. We had the freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all. -----author unknown

Amazing we made it this far!!!!!!

**PAUL THOMPSON** [thompzach@alaskalife.net](mailto:thompzach@alaskalife.net)

Hi Jeanie,

I looked in at the website for the first time in a while and was surprised at the number of pictures. Recognized a lot of people. Didn't recognize a few. The one of you and Paul holding the bottle together looked just like you two looked at Terra Nova. Sans the bottle, of course. I'll write a proper installment later. Just got back from California. Paul.

NOTE FROM JEANIE: Well thank you Paul--such a nice compliment. You just haven't seen us in person yet!

**PAUL (GAGNON) FORGEY** [pforgey@ips.net](mailto:pforgey@ips.net)

I'm sorry I missed the reunion this summer. It sounded like everyone had a good time so I hope to make the next one, I don't want to miss out.

I really have enjoyed the reunions I've attended. It's been fun seeing people and reminiscing! I was very excited that some actually remembered me! I just wanted to thank you all for your friendship. Terra Nova was the 9th school I attended since I started school. I was born and raised in S.F. but Mom & Dad moved a lot when I was growing up. I didn't have that long connection like lots of people have from growing up in the same area with the same neighbors and going to school with the same kids. When my sister, Peri, and I started at Terra Nova in my mid-Junior year, we LOVED it because everyone was so friendly. It wasn't as much fun going to SSF H.S. where everyone was so tied up with their little special groups, it made it hard to feel a part of the *cool* school scene. So, we didn't care that we HAD to move to Pacifica. I remember the surfing craze starting and it was great living near the ocean and being able to walk there if we wanted to. I didn't surf but sure enjoyed living on the Coast.

All in all, I have great memories from my TN years (1 1/2 years) and although I haven't done GREAT things with my life, I'm content with my 5 daughters, 1 step-daughter, 3 sons-in-law and 2 granddaughters...They keep me very happy and busy!!! I left my job at PG&E on March 1, 2001, after 13 years but I went back in December, 2001, after my 3rd daughter got married and the stock market was not showing signs of improving. You can only do so much on retirement income (at least our retirement income) and I really don't mind for now. I'm hoping that my husband won't mind it for awhile either, since he's staying retired! It was MY decision to go back to work and since I'm (ALL OF US are) so young, I'll just work a bit longer!

Thanks again for your friendship and thanks again to Jean!

Paula (Gagnon) Forgey

p.s. Anyone know of the whereabouts of Stephanie Strom? (Jean would like to know too.)

**FROM VICE PRINCIPAL SHARON (DAY) RATHBUN [slr@hartdistrict.org](mailto:slr@hartdistrict.org)**

A group of professional people posed this question to a group of 4 to 8 year-olds, "What does love mean?" The answers they got were broader and deeper than anyone could have imagined. See what you think:

"When my grandmother got arthritis, she couldn't bend over and paint her toenails anymore. So my grandfather does it for her all the time, even when his hands got arthritis too. That's love." Rebecca - age 8

"When someone loves you, the way they say your name is different. You know that your name is safe in their mouth." Billy - age 4

"Love is when a girl puts on perfume and a boy puts on shaving cologne and they go out and smell each other." Karl - age 5

"Love is when you go out to eat and give somebody most of your French fries without making them give you any of theirs." Chrissy - age 6

"Love is what makes you smile when you're tired." Terri - age 4

Love is when my mommy makes coffee for my daddy and she takes a sip before giving it to him, to make sure the taste is OK." Danny - age 7

"Love is when you kiss all the time. Then when you get tired of kissing, you still want to be together and you talk more. My Mommy and Daddy are like that. They look gross when they kiss" Emily - age 8

"Love is what's in the room with you at Christmas if you stop opening presents and listen," Bobby - age 7

"If you want to learn to love better, you should start with a friend who you hate," Nikka - age 6

"Love is when you tell a guy you like his shirt, then he wears it everyday." Noelle - age 7

"Love is like a little old woman and a little old man who are still friends even after they know each other so well." Tommy - age 6

"During my piano recital, I was on a stage and scared. I looked at all the people watching me and saw my daddy waving and smiling. He was the only one doing that. I wasn't scared! anymore," Cindy - age 8

"My mommy loves me more than anybody. You don't see anyone else kissing me to sleep at night." Clare - Age 6

"Love is when mommy gives daddy the best piece of chicken" Elaine - Age 5

"Love is when mommy sees daddy smelly and sweaty and still says he is handsomer than Robert Redford." Chris - age 7

"Love is when your puppy licks your face even after you left him alone all day." Mary Ann - age 4

"I know my older sister loves me because she gives me all her old clothes and has to go out and buy new ones." Lauren - age 4

"I let my big sister pick on me because my Mom says she only picks on me because she loves me. So I pick on my baby sister because I love her."  
Bethany- age 4

"When you love somebody, your eyelashes go up and down and little stars come out of you." Karen - age 7

"You really shouldn't say 'I love you' unless you mean it. But if you mean it, you should say it a lot. People forget," Jessica - age 8

Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once talked about a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child.

The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry."

### **GAYLE (ZAFT) & FRANK DILLES**

I just wanted to send you a quick email to let you know our email address is changing. Our home email address will be (as of 9/30):

[frankdilles@worldnet.att.net](mailto:frankdilles@worldnet.att.net) <<mailto:frankdilles@worldnet.att.net>>

Take care,

Frank & Gayle (Zaft)

### **MIKE MYER**

[coastgst@advertisnet.com](mailto:coastgst@advertisnet.com)

I picked this off NPR and thought some of you may enjoy it too. Life is good.

Mike Myer

### **Softly by Tracks** by Buzz Potter

I stood by the main in the soft August rain  
And watched as her headlight appeared

She crested the hill with a low moaning quill  
Then proceeded through signals just cleared...

And the clunk of the gear brought a soft welling tear  
As I stood there alone in the night  
And I felt once again that deep yearning yen  
That all us old ramblers must fight

Then she whistled a name that sounded the same  
As a lover I knew long ago  
I'd met her out there in the clean prairie air  
In the rising sun's soft warming glow

I'd seen her at night in a campfire's light  
I'd heard her soft call on the plains  
I'd tasted her love in the rain from above  
And slept with her often on trains

And the romance we knew I often review  
And I savor the fond memory  
Of the sweet cunning way that she led me astray  
As soft as a south wind at sea

I remember her now but I can't recall how  
I lost her and she slipped away  
She sometimes comes back when I stand by the track  
Then she sings and I must look away

And the rivers and streams still carry my dreams  
Out where the long freighters roll  
And the memories gleam as the lone whistle scream  
Still calls to my wandering soul

As the years roll on by, I still wonder why  
I miss her and long for her so  
And her name in the end was freedom, my friend  
A lover that most never know

The train passes by and there's mist in my eye  
And it's not from the soft falling rain  
And I know I'll be back to this place by the track  
To watch freedom go by on the train.

### **HAVE YOU RECEIVED ALL 8 PREVIOUS NEWSLETTERS?**

If not, please let me know and I'll forward them all to you.

Well that covers it for this edition. There are so many of you who haven't shared with us yet? We'd love to hear from you soon.

See you in the movies!

Jeanie Rogers Barnhart (Paul says hi too!)