

Hi Tiger Pals,

I know--long time, no hear from me. Actually, other than picnic announcements, you haven't received a TN '65 newsletter since well before the 2005 reunion. Don't know why. Just haven't been in the mood I guess. Also so few, maybe one or two people would bother sending any news, I just sort of lost interest.

I thought I'd let you know that though there were very few people at the annual class picnic in June, only 10 of us, we still had a very nice time chatting with each other. We actually had the time and opportunity to talk to everyone there. Don't forget to check out some picnic pictures on our fabulous class website, **www.terranova65.com**, created by our very own class webmaster Alice Fadenrecht Hand. If you haven't seen the site yet, please do. You will be pleasantly surprised. And if you have anything you would like to include on the website, please contact Alice at **alicehand@earthlink.net**.

That being said, all of us who were at the picnic would have liked to have many more in attendance. As a result, we have decided that we will either forego any picnics between official reunions or we will have just one halfway between reunions. Of course, we will continue to also have picnics during the reunion weekends every five years.

BARNHART FAMILY NEWS:

Let's see, what's new? Well, Paul retired from his architectural business in June of '05 and is very much enjoying not doing much on a daily basis, although he is getting in a reasonable amount of backpacking in the Sierras and on the coast. He is also loving gardening and spends every minute possible puttering outside. He had a short stint with oil painting with some very nice results. His other loves are reading and traveling.

I (Jean) am still involved in the Orinda Woman's Club, raising money for organizations providing services to women and children in need. Also through the club, I'm in a Stitch & Bitch group doing a touch of knitting and needlework, a book club and a daytime adventure club (exploring a variety of bay area neighborhoods on foot). I also take tap dancing now and then. My acting activities have been stalled for about three years now--just decided the anxiety was more than I wanted to deal with for a while.

We just came back from the most glorious week's trip on the inside passage of Alaska, from Wrangell to Juneau, with 10 other people and a 4-person crew, one of them being a naturalist. We hiked on waterways with grizzlies and black bears, saw many bald eagles, saw many humpback whales lunge feeding and bubble net feeding, many orca whales, harbor seals, stellar sea lions, etc. etc. etc. It was the most amazing trip ever and there are no words to describe the beauty. Paul Thompson, we understand why you live there. However, it must be said, there just aren't enough sunny days for us :) By the way, Paul T., we did anchor for a few hours in Petersburg and on a very nice day! Sweet little town.

Our son Ben is, as we speak, in our carport building a kayak on commission. He is a true craftsman. If any of you would love a beautiful wooden kayak or a skin-on-frame kayak (a baidarka), I know the builder for you. Just let me know. He would like wooden boat building (not just kayaks) to be his career and wants to also teach children many things through that medium. Quite a guy!

Our daughter Brooke will married on August 26 to her wonderful fiancé Mike. They've been together seven years now, so they're pretty sure they are right for each other. We're pretty sure too :) We are getting very excited now!

FROM JEANNINE JANSON (as of 4/22/06) (jeanninejanson@aol.com)

We have a home in Yachats (central Oregon coast), which Mari bought about 10 years ago for her retirement. We've been talking about opening a used bookstore there off and on for years. We've also been talking about living in Yachats full time - just switching the way we've been doing it so we are full time in Oregon with visits to S.F.

We made the decision on January 4 and opened on March 4 . . . a storefront we've watched over the years became available, all of 9 x 20 at \$275 per month! We stocked it with the books (mostly) of Mari's

life, which includes fiction, nonfiction, mysteries, children's, women's studies, theology, spirituality, psychology, bios and memoirs and political. Friends have also been giving us books since we decided to open the store, which is called "Mari's Books and"

It is "Mari's" Books and . . because the bookstore was mostly Mari's dream. The "and" is about whatever else we want to feature. For now, the "and" is the photography of Mari's younger son, Paul. Eventually, I will bring small deco items I collected years ago as well as sheet music and movie memorabilia.

Mari "retired" from the Lutheran Lesbian & Gay Ministries board (after 15.5 years of service) this past January and so is already in Yachats full time. I am still Co-Chair of Lutherans Concerned/North America and will continue to serve that organization for another two years. I hope to have my downtown office packed and moved and my condo ready to be a corporate rental by the end of May, so I, too, can be full time in Yachats.

It was wonderful to make a decision about our lives that wasn't focused or based on our LGBT advocacy work in the Lutheran Church! Mari, who is 72 and mostly healthy right now, says that if she dies tomorrow, she is very, very happy! I'm delighted.

Yachats is a small town--635 year round residents--with a lot of regular visitors and vacationers. It is a very "blue" city politically and I think most of the lesbians in town have made their way in to the bookstore to welcome us. The ocean is a 5 - 7 minute walk from our home . . . we see and hear it all the time. It is incredibly peaceful, no streetlights, so it is very dark at night, which I love.

There is plenty of space in a loft area of the house for my office.

Mari and I will celebrate our 8th wedding anniversary and 9th year of being together as a couple this Tuesday, April 25. She's flying down so we can have dinner with friends. We feel very blessed! If I asked for anything more I would be greedy!

Regarding the great raffle prize, I've made a reservation for the week after Thanksgiving in Tahoe. Mari and I will be ready for a vacation, it will be a slow time of year for the bookstore, and we love to play poker and blackjack, so Tahoe is perfect.

NOTE: Jeannine won the trip raffle prize at the '05 reunion and so she and Mari enjoyed their stay in Tahoe. Congratulations Jeannine and Mari! And congratulations on your new life adventures. Hope the store is a success.

SAD NEWS

Many of you may remember Eddie Sohl, one year ahead of us at TN. The following was received from Gayle (Zaft) and Frank Dilles:

We discovered this story in this morning's newspaper. Please forward it on to anyone who you think should know about it.

Thanks very much,
Frank & Gayle

Architect brain dead after fall
By BOB NORBERG
THE PRESS DEMOCRAT
Santa Rosa, CA

Santa Rosa architect Ed Sohl suffered critical injuries when he fell through the rafters of a Lake County attic, authorities said Tuesday.
See story below

Sohl, 59, was declared brain dead Tuesday at Santa Rosa Memorial Hospital, where he was flown by air ambulance after the accident a day earlier, according to longtime friend and business partner Jim Ford.

Ford said the family was having Sohl's organs harvested for donation.

"He was truly one of a kind," said Ford, who co-owned Fifth Resource Inc., a Cotati architectural business, with Sohl. "He had that twinkle in his eye. Some people have that knack of bringing that smile to you."

Sohl had been an architect in Sonoma County since the early 1970s, working for a number of companies before starting Fifth Resource 15 years ago.

Ford described Sohl as easy-going and able to design a building or undertake a remodeling project that would always fit a client's needs.

He was doing a site survey on a house in Clearlake Oaks on Monday afternoon when he fell through an opening in a garage attic, suffering severe injuries when his head hit the floor, Ford said.

Clearlake Oaks fire officials said Sohl was flown to Santa Rosa Memorial.

NOTE: We are saddened by the loss of Ed and extend our condolences to any of you who might have been close to him.

PAUL THOMPSON thompzach@acsalaska.net

(as of 9/05--yikes!)

Hello, Classmates,

I checked my sent items folder and I see I sent a contribution last May, our spring. Well, it ain't spring any more. It still can be sunny, but now sunny days or clear nights just mean cooler temperatures. My aforementioned old friend is parked for the winter. The insurance ran out and no point in renewing it until spring.

I mentioned those flying clichés Canada geese last time too. Well, they are beginning to fly around town in groups preparatory to heading south. They probably won't leave for weeks yet but when they do, they're gone. I read somewhere that it only takes them two or three days to get to their winter range down south. That always amazes me. When I was a kid in Petersburg in S.E. Alaska we used to see them come over in huge flocks, circling and climbing to fly over the mountains. Seemed to me they could have flown around easier, but I guess they knew what they were doing. In my earlier life as a carpenter I was riding back to Anchorage from Bethel in a skyvan. A sort of small, two engine, unpressurized C-130. While going through Merrill Pass at eleven thousand feet, what should we see out the window but a bunch of honkers. I don't know where they were going, flying south as they were. Maybe they'd changed their minds, thinking California was a more reasonable destination. If you flew a jet you flew the stratosphere. If you were a goose or a skyvan, you stayed low and went through the pass.

The garden is still going. That will end with the first frost in a few weeks. I picked all our apples today. Almost three five gallon buckets full. That's very good for us, and they actually taste good and are fairly large. It is in our back yard, which is protected by a moose proof fence. One got to it when it was just a sapling and stripped it almost to the trunk. Took it a lot of years to recover.

We dipnetted a bunch of salmon and had caught some halibut a few weeks earlier so we are pretty well set. No moose this year. Not unless one walks into the yard at our place in Kasilof and waits for me to drive to town and get a hunting license. Presumably he'll have a suicide note tied to his antler.

Katherine, my daughter, is still home, but she is in the process of moving out. She says she wants to get away from all the restrictions of living with us. A two o'clock curfew and vacuuming the upstairs weekly is a lot to ask, so I can't say as I blame her. She no longer has a mohawk or bright colored hair. It is now cropped short and dyed in a rather nice leopard skin design. It looks as if she's wearing a leopard skin skull cap. No tattoos or piercings yet, and hair grows out. She is still working as a cook at a Cajun restaurant. The trip to Australia is on hold for now, the friend she was going to travel with having backed out.

Jeff, my son, is back at college. It is his last year. He plans to stay there for graduate school so he will still be on the east coast. He spent most of the summer in Freiberg Germany, working as an assistant to a German PhD candidate. Something to do with using quantum mechanics to describe biological processes. No. Me neither. When we visited Jeff at his college last spring I picked up his quantum mechanics text and looked through it. I could read the individual words, but most of the sentences made no sense. He took many day and week end trips and spent a couple weeks after the job ended traveling so had a good time. He arrived back at school broke.

Mary, my wife is back at work as a nurse for the school district. The kids start on Tuesday. She said it has not been bad at work with no kids. I could say the same thing about my job; without the doctors and patients, it's great. She had a cardiac ablation this summer. Her heart would go into a rapid, inefficient rhythm which would make her feel awful. She always converted out of it on her own, but it was taking longer and she felt worse and worse the older she got. One thing we could always count on was that she never had problems when we were out having fun. Well, wouldn't you know? We took a trip up to Crow Pass to spend the night and had gone over the pass a few hundred yards to look at the glacier and she went into the rhythm. We couldn't camp there, and there were no decent campsite for miles past the pass, so we had to climb back through and get down below the wind. Which we had planned to do anyway, but this made it more interesting. As always, she converted after several hours and she was fine, if a little tired. She had already made plans to have the procedure, but this did away with any reservations we may have had about its necessity.

I am about the same. I will be having my shoulder repaired this fall. After years of bother, it finally needs to be fixed. The final straw was me using brute strength rather than finesse to change a bike tire. Brute strength was my middle name for a lot of years so I guess it was bound to catch up to me. Still riding my bike, but I seem to do fewer miles every year.

I took a trip to California recently, alone. Mary felt she should stay and keep an eye on Katherine. I flew into SFO. Amazing. It had been years since I had been there. It's grown and changed a lot. I used to work there part time after high school and didn't recognize much. I didn't see the Benny Buffano statue. Did they move it? Someone from our class, Ralph Goss I think, mentioned a bunch of stuff that, if you remembered them, meant that you were old. I can't remember them all, but I can add one. Do you remember when air travel was pleasant? I think of that every time I fly.

I had a good time. I visited my stepmother in Oroville and brother and his wife in Sacramento. I even saw my old friend Dave. We met at Buck's Lake, between Oroville and Quincy. It is a mile higher there, so was a lot cooler. We talked and swam and caught up. He was babysitting his land and cabin. He had sold it, but wanted to make sure there was no vandalism or forest fire until the money actually changed hands. He was divesting himself of his stuff in California to pay for the house and land he bought in Olympia, where his heart and wife are.

I spent several days out on the coast. I had forgotten how cold it can be out there. I spent a day walking around and in the Palace of the Legion of Honor and a day up at Pt. Reyes, both of which I try to get to whenever I'm in California. I finally hit some warm weather at Pt. Reyes, which was much appreciated.

I even ran into a bunch of people I hadn't seen for forty years. Boy howdy! What were the chances of that? Interesting to see, much easier to talk to, and thoroughly enjoyable to be with.

Well, all for now. I better get this on its way. Jeanie mentioned she might get a newsletter out in September. As I said, great to see you all. See you next year. Paul.

(and as of 11/05--yikes again! Paul is such a great contributor and writer! I'm so sorry I didn't publish these when I got them--Jean)

Hi ya'll

I believe the last time I wrote I mentioned the coming of winter; geese flying, truck parked for the winter etc. Well it is now here. We have had and are having colder weather, and have had two whopping snowfalls, of a half inch each, at least. It at least looks winter like, if you squint your eyes. I finally broke down and bought a snow blower a few months ago, the smallest two stage I could find. As I told Mary at the time, I never really enjoyed the shoveling of the stuff that much. And now that the kids are out of the house, we no longer have their free labor. Not that it was ever that dependable. I'm sure you parents know of what I speak.

We are going through a process I'm sure many of you have, or will soon. Mary's parents, who live in a big house with a big yard in Victoria are getting to the point where they are unable to keep it up, and are planning to move into a retirement facility. Mary has brothers who live in the vicinity and can help, but she wants to go down and do something too. We'll go down over Thanksgiving for a week or so.

I'm coming along too, although I won't be much help. My arm is still in a sling. I think I mentioned some shoulder problem I was going to have fixed. Well I did, and am off work a month, with a month and a half of rehab after that. I am looking forward to going, not having been there or seen them for several years. Also, it will be nice to see some milder weather and green plants. Also, Mary wants to keep an eye on me. She's afraid I'll try to do too much too soon. Don't know where she gets her ideas.

You all no doubt have gotten and viewed your reunion DVD. I expect you're as impressed and appreciative as I am. I think we all owe Webmistress Hand a big vote of thanks. Personally, I also am also very thankful that her name is now something I can spell. Thanks twice, Alice. Actually, three times, counting the great website you keep.

I mentioned kids being out of the house. Jeff has been away to college. He'll finish this spring. Katherine, who finished high school last spring, moved out a few months ago. She and her boyfriend and a few others are jungled up together. They took a trip south a couple months ago and visited family down the coast. We got reports of pleasant, courteous, well mannered behavior. You have perhaps had this experience. You felt like responding "What?! My kids?!" Always nice to get confirmation that one's kids aren't the barbarians one sometimes thinks. We have come to like Katherine's boyfriend, we having gotten used to each other. He has also managed to charm my mother and stepfather. And us, I should say. Anyone who is pleasant, articulate, works, doesn't do alcohol, drugs or tobacco and spends time with his own family could be done a lot worse than.

Well, bye,

Paul.

(and, lastly, this from 5/06 -- thanks Paul!)

As above; the geese again, the trees budding out, the lawns greening up (a little), the goddam moose eating our tulips before they flower (again), the first warm weekend (again). You get the picture. Happy

Mothers' Day too. Mary and I are going to Little Italy tonight, a fairly nice eatery here in town. Katherine' our daughter, is in Fairbanks visiting a friend at school there so she won't be here. Jeff is in Myrtle Beach in South Carolina on a last fling with his schoolmates before graduation. My mother didn't feel like coming, so it is just the two of us.

My mother's life, and ours, have changed some recently. My eighty-four year old stepfather of almost fifty years died suddenly. Very suddenly. He went from packing planting tubs up to the deck and planning his summer gardening and fishing on a Tuesday morning to being dead on Thursday morning. He, luckily, was unconscious from the cath lab to the end. As my stepbrother Bob (the one in the picture with all the fish) said, "full bore right to the end and then gone". Best for him but a little hard on the rest of us who had no time to get used to his dying. He sure had no inkling. If having thirty two foot tomato plants in tubs in your daylight basement doesn't indicate an expectation of being around a while, I don't know what does. We could only wish he had gone in the fall after another fishing season, which he dearly loved. Of course, people rarely are allowed to chose the time of their passing. The attached picture is of him with the fifty-six lb king salmon he caught to win the 1951 Juneau salmon derby. He won a 1951 Oldsmobile 88, a hot car in those days.

Mary, Katherine and I are flying back east to attend Jeff's graduation this week. It should be interesting. We will also take the train from NYC to Toronto to visit some of Mary's relatives. Jeff does not know what he wants to do, so will come with us there and on home to Anchorage. I expect it will be our absolute last trip as together as a family. He plans graduate school at Yale, but likely not until next year.

Mary and I are planning a trip south this summer. I expect we will be in the Bay Area the third week end of June. We'll see.

All for now. I am supposed to be studying ACLS. We need to recertify every two years and this is my time. This will be my twentieth year, so it is no longer really difficult. I've never been called upon to be the only one to resuscitate anyone, so I suppose one could say I've wasted my time, but it is good to know why things are done.

Anyway, happy spring and happy Moms' Day. Paul

GEORGE HINKLE (as of 2/06) (geohinkle@sbcglobal.net)

Sorry I've taken so long to thank you and the Class for a most enjoyable evening. **(NOTE: George is talking about our last reunion--George, thank you so much for entertaining us that evening!)** I might add that when I shared this experience with friends, their standard remark was: "Staying in contact with many of the young people (I) you came in contact with during (my) your teaching days (is)unheard of!"

Life here in Davis is wonderful--even continuing to do some tap dancing.

Have a great 2006--and please keep in touch.

Love,

George Hinkle

KEN HENDERSON (as of 7/05) khender@surewest.net

[NOTE: Ken, I don't remember if I ever published your bio so just incase, here it is--thanks so

much. Don't know how to include your picture--you look terrific by the way! But will send it to Alice for the website. Hope to hear more from you.--Jean]

So, here's what I've been doing since high school.

After graduation from Terra Nova, I attended the College of San Mateo for two years. On a parallel track, I also joined the Naval Reserve in June 1965 and began participating in unit meetings monthly. In September 1967, Barbara Thielen (Class of '66) and I were married in Pacifica. We moved to San Jose where I attended San Jose State College, majoring in Geology. I graduated from San Jose State in January 1970, and commenced a tour of active duty with the U.S. Navy soon afterward. I was assigned to an ammunition ship (USS Mount Katmai) and stationed off the coast of Vietnam. Our daughter was born in San Francisco in April 1970.

During my second deployment, Barbara (with our daughter) followed the ship and spent about six months near Subic Bay in the Philippines. Our first son was born in San Francisco in February 1972 and I was released from active duty in October 1972. (I continued in the Naval Reserve as a drilling reservist.) Then, we returned to San Jose where I attended two years of graduate school at the renamed San Jose State University.

In January 1975, I accepted a position with the California Division of Oil and Gas, the state regulator of the oil and gas industry, and we moved to Buena Park. Our second son was born in Long Beach in September 1976. In late 1977, my job took us to Woodland, where we stayed for almost five years. Then, we moved to Santa Maria in early 1983 and on to Roseville in mid 1988. The Division's headquarters is in downtown Sacramento.

I retired from the Naval Reserve in early 1990, after 24 years of service. In mid 1990 our daughter was married in Yountville. Subsequently, our daughter and son-in-law have had two sons. In mid 1997, our first son was married in Fresno. Our son and daughter-in-law have a daughter, with another child on the way.

As of January 2005, I have worked for the State for 30 years. Barbara and I are still in Roseville; our daughter and her family have lived in Roseville for over a year; and our second son lives in Roseville too. Our first son and his family are living in London currently. I am still with the Division of Oil and Gas, although now we're called the Division of Oil, Gas, and Geothermal Resources. Barbara is currently a teacher at a middle school in Sacramento. In addition, we are real estate brokers too.

FROM JEAN: Well, that's all for now. If you run into anyone from our class, PLEASE hijack them for me. Okay, well, at least hijack their contact info, address, phone and especially email address. Sure would like to find more of the people in our class.

All of you take care of yourselves. You mean a lot to more people than you know.

Fondly,

Jeanie (Rogers) Barnhart