



The Old Hoots and Hooters

www.neonmall.com/fhs/



Newsletter No. 12

The Fresno High School Class of 1957 Newsletter

Spring, 2004

Catching Up

Ken and Judy Scott

How many of us FHS '57ers still have our purple and gold rooters caps? Dave Niklaus does! He met us at the airport in Portland, Maine in July wearing his beanie. His 10-year-old son, Peter, had also made a sign welcoming us. They and Dave's wife, Janny, made us feel so much at home and so very comfortable. We all had a great time together.

Dave, Janny and Peter showed us all the beautiful sights in their area...lighthouses, islands where we hiked, historical buildings, ports, beaches, and seafood restaurants at the waters' edge.

We traveled through Maine and New Hampshire and met up with Dave and his family at the end of the week in Vermont. They have a beautiful, modern log cabin there in the countryside. The village nearby is Craftbury with a town park and a little general store. This is maple syrup country, and it costs much less in that general store than it does in the large tourist areas. Of course we bought as much as would fit into our bulging suitcases.

Dave's neighbors have a maple syrup farm and gave us a tour. It's not like the movies we saw in school where they tapped the trees with a spout and hung a pail on it. Now the trees are connected by PVC pipe to the tank house where the syrup is vacuumed into the tanks. The farm was quaint and beautiful, and Priscilla served us all lemonade on the swing on the grass. It was a relaxing and memorable afternoon. At the end of the weekend, we left to travel to Cape Cod, Boston, and sights in between.

We had a great time visiting our "old" friend. We reminisced and caught up. We have all been good friends since our sophomore year at FHS and Ken and Dave knew each other before that. They were together a lot during college as fraternity brothers at Fresno State. We had great times during college at the almost weekly SAE parties. We have



Peter Niklaus, Ken Scott, Dave Niklaus

always stayed in touch but had not seen Dave for ten years. Ken and Dave always resume their good ol' days attitudes when together. They sit for hours and tell jokes. They terrorized us women with huge lobsters they purchased and cooked together. They never really changed and that is a good thing.

Dave teaches history at a community college and Janny teaches computer skills at an elementary school. I don't know why we waited so long to visit them. We think often about our good friends and the wonderful times we had together.

Breakfast Schedule:

The FHS '57 breakfasts continue. Mark your calendars for the 2nd Saturday of every other month. It's all quite informal, so just show up at the Country Waffles on 1484 Clovis Avenue, Clovis. That's the west side of Clovis Avenue between Shaw & Barstow. Here's the schedule for 2004:

January 10th, *March 6th, May 8th, July 10th, September 11th and November 13th.

*Exception

Catching Up cont...

From Mike Graffius

I am presently in Brisbane, Australia, involved in a high-tech communication program that Boeing-Australia has with the Australian Commonwealth. I will be here for about 6 months. My entire working career has been in Aerospace (Apollo, Space Shuttle, and International Space Station programs). I was getting ready to retire last fall when I received this request for my wife and I to go to Australia to help them complete delivery of the system.

Australia is truly a beautiful place. It is now summer and in Brisbane it is rain-forest climate (hot & humid).

I have been married for 40 years and my wife retired three years ago. We have three children. One daughter is an architect, one of our sons is a Project Manager for a software company and our youngest son is a glass artist.

I want to say thanks for all the work put into the newsletter and the reunion events.



From Marivee McMath

“We enjoyed New Year’s Eve on the beach at Stewart Island (get out your map), complete with a huge bonfire. Stewart Island is located just off the very bottom of South Island, New Zealand. Population about 350. Nice, quiet, isolated, lovely bush and great bird life. Also beautiful beaches. A lovely evening as it’s summer here now. Thinking of all of you.”

From Bill Tuck

“This year I spent Christmas with my family and in-laws. We had 18 at our house [in Jacksonville, Florida] for dinner and opening presents. I haven’t struck it rich, but I have had a good time along the way. This coming June my son Neil expects to earn his BA from Southern Wesleyan University in Central, SC. He will immediately go into the MBA program there. If anyone is down in our area, I would be happy to see them again.”

From Stan Conway-Clough

“Life is grand. This year when my wife asked what I would like for my birthday (I may be the youngest in the class of ‘57) I knew what I wanted. Computer Sciences Corp (CSC) for whom I work was sponsoring a team in the Tour de France. CSC arranged an Employee Week at the Tour. That was my choice. One fee for transportation to and from the Alpe d’Huez from the train station at Grenoble, a nice room in a two-star hotel, breakfast and supper every day, a banquet, a race day party and activities during the week. We had to pay our own airfare, so I started checking. Eventually, I found a round trip fare for \$105!

I participated in the “Ride the Alpe d’Huez” bike ride, and went skiing on a glacier. My skiing buddy fell and broke her arm. The French ski patrol had to call for a helicopter, as in summer skiing, there’s not enough snow to ski to the bottom where the treatment facility is.

On race day, it was very exciting, quite a spectacle with frenzied activity as the participants began to arrive. People from all over the world with observers hanging out into the roadway, cars crammed into every inch of space, but all quite well organized. The torturous course includes 21 switchbacks. The CSC team was quite well represented with Tyler Hamilton as the Standard bearer and eight other riders who all finished the Tour. Overall a wondrous experience.

From Nancy Nixon

We’re on the road again. We are in Palm Springs now and probably won’t be back until May or June. Hi to everyone.

From Sally Temple Webb

My husband Don and I are looking forward to traveling with a group Linda (Wang) and Herm Mast will lead to Egypt in January. We will then travel on to Addis Ababa where Don will evaluate an educational program for Orthopedic Overseas. Two years ago (just after 9/11), we spent time in the tiny Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan where Don worked for the same organization. We felt we had stepped back in time into an elegant world of tradition and charm. At that time our two sons were teaching at universities in Singapore, so we were able to visit and touch base with their families as well. In contrast to Bhutan, Singapore is an amazingly advanced city state that seems to do just about everything right. Its National Orchid Garden makes our local Santa Barbara Orchid Show look like peanuts!

From Jeff Ferguson

I did Santa again. Had a family that came to visit. Three small children, two to eight years old. Their father was killed a week before Thanksgiving in an accident. The mother and children came to talk about how this would be a difficult Christmas.



Had a child that was three who had a fatal form of dwarfism. Her mother told me this would be her last Christmas.

One bright little girl, about six, sat on my lap and as we entered into light conversation about her expectations she became very serious and said, "Santa, I would like a robot to clean my room."

Later on in the Season, several days before Christmas, a mom was playing rodeo with a young boy about three. He was a handful and kept getting away. She would run after him to bring him back to wait in line. This poor mom's blouse was pulled out and she was exhausted while trying to control her charge. His turn finally came and he sat quietly on my lap and even smiled for the camera. When his mom came to retrieve her child, she said, "Santa, can I trade him in for someone calmer and easier to handle? And could you bring me a bottle of wine for Christmas?"



From Gary Kruger

In 1984 Rich Sessions called me in Seattle about taking a float trip with him and Ron Shofner (Class of '58) down the Green River from Green River, Utah to the confluence with the Colorado River, about 100 miles south. This section of the Green River is a "Class 1" float trip, meaning you can do it on an air mattress or inner tube – no rapids, nor even big riffles. The trip was to be in May, and I gave an enthusiastic "yes."

I flew down to LA and Rich and Ron met me at the airport and we headed east on I-10 in a VW microbus. Some of you may know that Ron, Rich and I had been in a folk singing group called the "Big House 3" in the early 60's. We brought our instruments, and in the two days it took to get to Moab, Utah, camping along the way, we all regressed back two decades, picking up where we had left off.

The year 1984 was a banner year for rain and snow in the Colorado River and Green River watersheds, and the combined Colorado and Green Rivers just beyond the confluence in Canyonlands National Park was running at flood stage, about 100,000 cubic feet per second! Even the professional rafters with "J-rigs" were shut down because of the power of the rivers. But, we were ignorant regarding how river ratings can change with various stages in the flow of a river. We did note that the shop providing services to drive us up to Green River from Moab was almost underwater –

you had to use boards on concrete blocks from a high point in the parking lot just to get to the front door.

Regardless, we set off and were deposited in a state park "put-in" on the Green River just north of the I-70 bridge. The river looked full, and we noted large trees and other debris floating down the river (it was running at 40,000 cubic feet a second – we found out later – and the current was close to 8 mph which I timed by running alongside the river over a known distance with a stopwatch). But, even though the river was high, it was calm with no visible white water. We packed our stuff in river bags (waterproof) and set out onto the river. I was in an 8 foot inflatable raft and Ron and Rich were in an inflatable kayak – so I carried most of the supplies.

We rowed laterally out into the river, about 500 feet wide at this point, and the current caught us and we were really moving fast. My raft was rather ungainly and I came pretty close to one of the abutments of the I-70 bridge, but was able to stay about 50 feet off to the side. What I saw just downstream was scary – a whirlpool that had no bottom, with huge logs being sucked into it and not returning. I got concerned and saw that the next obstacle was an island about a quarter mile away with perhaps 300 feet of driftwood lodged against it on the upstream side. I had aluminum oars and I pulled so hard they bent, then broke. We think the river

Catching Up cont....

was about 40 feet deep, far above its normal depth of 5 to 8 feet at this point (we found all these statistics out later). The bridge was only a few feet above my head as I passed under.

With their more maneuverable kayak, Ron and Rich avoided the island easily, but without my oars, my raft just couldn't get out of the way and I saw I was going to float against the leading edge

of this large pile of driftwood against the island. My raft bumped into the driftwood, and what happened next was a total shock – I could not imagine my raft overturning so easily. I was in the water in a split second and being pulled under the log pile. I don't know to this day what instinct made me jam my arms up and avoid being pulled under in the swift current, but I did. The raft was long gone, and Ron and Rich noticed it floating by and paddled out to capture it which they did. They were about a mile downstream and made their way back along the bank until they saw me standing on the island (I had made my way to the island). The noise from the water was so loud that I could not hear them shouting out to me – I just saw them yelling. I pantomime diving in a swimming to shore, and they vigorously indicated this was a BAD IDEA. Talk about clueless. Anyway, in another hour, a sheriff's jet

boat made it out to the island and after a lot of jockeying around in the swift current, I was able to leap in the boat and be taken back to the state park. We had lost only the raft and my camera, and all else had



been salvaged.

We called for our pick-up, and they came and got us (they were to have picked us up at the confluence in 10 days). We discussed

what had happened, and finally asked them, "why did you let us go on the river when we were so clearly ignorant about what could happen?" The guy said that we all looked so happy and eager to go he didn't want to ruin our trip – and even they were surprised at the power of this section of the Green River that is normally something you inner-tube down. We converted our river trip into a swing through Utah's great scenery which we had often visited. We bought a couple of river running books, and read sections about the power of water. We read how conditions change with river levels, and how even a Class 1 float can become a Class 3 or 4 in flood. A couple of professional guides had died that week in the Grand Canyon. We read about notable white water spots nearby including an eddy called "The Room of Doom," which raised uneasy chuckles about our narrow escape.

From Gene Appleby

Speaking of that shaker we had [recent west coast earthquake] it was really an attention getter. We lost a lot of things in the house, however, the important things like my family were all fine and that's all that really matters in the final analysis.

We all got together at home for Christmas (son, daughter & 6 grandchildren) and had a great time. Christmas really is fun when you have the little ones close. We had a couple of small shakes during the evening and the kids said it was just our laughter causing the house to shake. Gotta love their ability to find the good in a bad situation. I guess this was really nothing when you watch what is happening to those poor souls in the fire area who are now being hit with floods. I guess we all need to have a little adversity to make us take notice of all the good things we have in our lives.

From Mike Dunkin

As of late, I am still a working man, by choice. I completed an eight-story, 18 month job in downtown Portland two months ago called the Mosaic Building. My wife and I live in Vancouver, Washington with three little dogs and four beautiful cats. My son lives in Alaska, one daughter lives in Lake Havasu and one in Gresham, Oregon. And my wife has a son who is a police officer in Petaluma, California. Our summers are spent on the Columbia River. We have our boat moored at Washougal Wash. With luck we will be in Fresno in February when we drive down to help a friend celebrate his 60th birthday.

FHS 57 website for news:
www.neonmall.com/fhs/

Submitted by Jim McLean

“There seems to be some confusion about the correct usage of marketing terminology. The following examples will help clear up any confusion:

You see a handsome guy at a party. You go up to him and say, “I’m fantastic in bed.” **That’s Direct Marketing.**

You’re at a party with a bunch of friends and see a handsome guy. One of your friends goes up to him and pointing at you says, “She’s fantastic in bed.” **That’s Advertising.**

You see a handsome guy at a party. You go up to him and get his telephone number. The next day you call and say, “Hi, I’m fantastic in bed.” **That’s Telemarketing.**

You’re at a party and see a handsome guy. You get up and straighten your dress. You walk up to him and pour him a drink. You say, “May I?” and reach up to straighten his tie brushing your breast lightly against his arm, and then say, “By the way, I’m fantastic in bed.” **That’s Public Relations.**

You’re at a party and see a handsome guy, He walks up to you and says, “I hear you’re fantastic in bed.” **That’s Brand Recognition.**

You’re at a party and see a handsome guy. You talk him into going home with your friend. **That’s a Sales Rep.**

Your friend can’t satisfy him so he calls you. **That’s Tech Support.**

You’re on your way to a party when you realize that there could be handsome men in all those houses you’re passing. So you climb onto the roof of one situated toward the center and shout at the top of your lungs, “I’m

Getting Together



Nancy Wynn Van Galder, Carol Millsap Robinson, Elaine Parnagian Sudjian, Judy Ebert Ellis, Angela Petropulos Pappanastos, Edith Neideffer, Barbara Heath Miller, Jo Slocum Katayama

www.neonmall.com/fhs/

Don’t forget to check the website for news and messages from classmates

Getting Together



Les Lusk, Berg Sudjian, Pete Mehas, Mike Noakes, Wayne Reinhardt

Reunion Chairperson

Elaine Parnagian Sudjian
2681 W Robinwood Ln
Fresno, CA 93711
559-431-7306
esudjian@comcast.net

Data Management

Don Hyberg
2581 E. Central Ave, Sp.21
Fresno, CA 93725
559-246-6167

Newsletter Editor

Linda Jacobs West
4088 N Maroa
Fresno, CA 93704
559-224-3564

Graphics

Jon Adams