

HEAD TOWER NEWS

Shasta Lake Heritage & Historical Society

Head Tower News

A "Boomtown Memories" newsletter

Museum: 1525 Median St., City of Shasta Lake

Museum Hours: 9-1 M/T/W and 2nd Saturday Closed on Holidays: Call 275-3995

Email: slhandhs@gmail.com / Correspondence: P.O. Box 562, City of Shasta Lake CA 96019

www.shastalakehistorical.org— FB Shasta Lake Heritage & Historical Society

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PARADE OF MEMORIES

November 2020

A treasured event in our City of Shasta Lake, the annual Veterans Day Parade, has been cancelled this year due to COVID 19. With great pride and affection for our Veterans, our newsletter is a sharing of a *Parade of Memories*.

Thank you for your service and to everyone who shared stories & photos for this publication and over the years.



1951



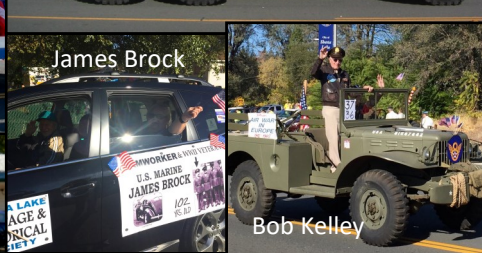
1955



Cuttlefish



Gold Star Mother, Marie Carr



James Brock

Bob Kelley



CVHS Band



Sponsored by: *Shasta Lake Chiropractic /Kay Kobe*



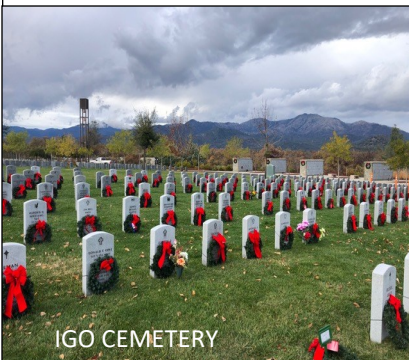
Do you know how this program began?

Morrill Worcester, owner of WORCESTER WREATH COMPANY of Harrington, Maine was a 12 year old paperboy for the Bangor Daily News when he won a trip to Washington D.C. It was the impression the Arlington National Cemetery made on him that lasted throughout his life. It was there that he realized his good fortune and success in life was due, in large part, to the values of this nation and the veterans who made the ultimate sacrifice for their country. As fate would have it, Worcester Wreath Co. found themselves with a surplus of wreaths nearing the end of the 1992 holiday season. Thus, the first placement of the wreaths at Arlington covered an older section of the cemetery, where there were fewer visitors each year.

The annual holiday wreath project grew steadily larger, with interest by many volunteers, businesses, corporations and organizations around the country wanting to remember and honor not only those at Arlington, but to expand to create an even larger movement blanketing veterans' cemeteries across the nation and overseas. A complement to their effort was the formation of what became known as the world's largest veterans' parade. The Patriot Guard Riders volunteered as escort for the wreaths going from Worcester's to Arlington, stopping at schools, monuments, veterans' homes and communities along the way to remind people how important it is to remember, honor and teach. In 2007, WREATHS ACROSS AMERICA became a 501c3 non-profit, whose purpose can be wrapped up in a simple statement:

We understand we have Veterans Day in the fall and Memorial Day in the spring, but our service members sacrifice their time and safety every single day of the year to preserve our freedoms. In many homes, there is an empty seat for one who is serving or one who made the ultimate sacrifice for our country. There is no better time to express our appreciation than during the hustle and bustle of the holiday season. We hope you will join us at any of the thousands of participating locations to show our veterans and their families that we will not forget. WE WILL NEVER FORGET.

WREATHS ACROSS AMERICA—NORTHERN CALIFORNIA VETERAN'S CEMETERY



If you haven't yet been out to the Northern California Veteran's Cemetery in Igo, one of the best times of year to visit is the Christmas Season when each grave is graced with a Christmas wreath adorned with a beautiful red bow. When the cemetery was first built, the number of gravesites was minimal and we made our wreaths from live boughs. However, through the years since 2005, the cemetery has grown to approximately 3,000 in ground burial sites and now we are privileged to place artificial wreaths on each gravesite.

Many volunteers come out to the cemetery on a set day and "fluff" the wreaths, check the bows and get each wreath ready for placement. It's a fun time, a "feel good" day, and most of our volunteers come every year. We are, however, always in need of more volunteers as the number of wreaths to get ready grow each year.

This year, with the COVID presence, I will be **scheduling volunteers for each day.** The dates & times this year will be:
9-12 pm Monday-Thursday, December 14-17 and Friday, December 18 from 9-1pm.

Each day will be with a mask & social distancing.
There will be treats and beverages for volunteers.

Wreaths Across America's worldwide placement of the wreaths is **Saturday 19 December at 9 a.m.** ***We will not have a program this year due to COVID, but we invite folks to come to the cemetery and assist us with the placement of the wreaths - so that each and every gravesite is adorned with a wreath.***

We ask that when you place a wreath on a veteran's gravesite, you read aloud the name of the veteran and thank him/her for their service.



Charlotte & friends l/r: Mary Hale, Joyce Hampton, Nicki Chambers, Donna Adams & Melody Christenson



Charlotte & "Home School" volunteers

If you would like to take part, we would love to have you join us. Please call and let me know which day you can help.

We work in an enclosed area (with a heater just in case!), or weather permitting, we can work outside.

Call (530) 244-1607. If I'm not home, please leave message. I will get back to you ASAP. Thank you, **Charlotte Bailey**



We "old timers" will remember that tune as the signature song of one of America's greatest entertainers - **Bob Hope**. Bob was born Leslie Townes Hope in London, England in 1903. He emigrated with his family 4 years later to Cleveland, Ohio, USA. Beginning at a young age, Hope embarked on a lifetime career of entertainment, moving through years as a dancer, singer, impersonator, actor, (even a boxer - "Canvasback Hope" - *because I spent most of my time on the canvas, ka-boom*...) you name it - but settling in on comedy as his specific forte.

Prompted by patriotism, Hope took his love of vaudeville on the road beginning nine months after the start of WWII and continuing for more than 50 years. He took his



USO Tour in Korat, Thailand with celebrities, Jill St. John and Anna Marie Alberghetti 1964



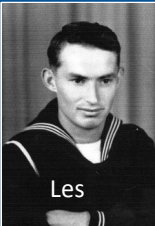
809th Engineers Battalion
Bill Brown's photos of
Hope's show in Thailand

USO (United Service Organization) Variety Shows on the road to frontline battlegrounds in Europe, North Africa, and the South Pacific, continuing to entertain troops and hospitals in Korea and Vietnam - *wherever those soldiers for whom he had a deep respect, were stationed*. Those popular USO shows included comedy monologs, specialty acts, celebrities, dancers, singers and skits. Hope's mildly irreverent humor rife with rapid-fire jokes and one-liners - accompanied by beautiful women- provided a welcome respite and in Hope's word, "*a reminder of what they were fighting for*", a supportive reminder of home, American life and values. He did his final USO tour in 1990, and passed away at the age of 100 in 2003.



In 1997, Congress named Mr. Hope an Honorary Veteran for his humanitarian service to the United States Armed Forces.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON - A NAVY MAN I want to be....



Les

1944. Les Cassingham was 23 when he was drafted. He'd worked in the shipyards in Los Angeles for three years. While working there, people could talk to the captain and sign on as crew members. That's what Les figured he'd do when the time was right but *he'd waited too long, they couldn't do that anymore*.

So, Les went to join the Merchant Marines. Signed up, took his physical and went home. They told him it would take about a week to process papers. After a week with no word, he went back to see what the hold up was. *They'd lost his papers, had never heard of him; then he was told they'd found his papers, and that he would receive a call in a couple days*. Les went back home, and what should be awaiting him but *his Draft Notice!* It had come from the Draft Board in Idaho. So back he went to the Merchant Marine office, only to be told, "You are going into the Army because we can't take you now."

He went to LA to ask about the Air Corps. A guy before him asked, "What happens if I don't get into the Air Corps? Can I serve halftime to get into the Navy?" The answer was a resounding, "NO. If you don't get in, you are in the Army". Les didn't want the Army but he went through the process of the physicals, etc. Down the stairway into another room were 3 desks; fill out your information and mark on the folder what branch of service you want. *He marked NAVY*.

Three guys in front of him wanted Navy and were accepted. Next, Les was told, "Sorry, I can't take everybody" and passed his papers to the Army. Les said, "*Whoa, wait a minute. I don't want the Army - I want the Navy. My family is all Navy. If I go in the Army, I'm a family disgrace.*" [Actually, none of his family had ever been in the Navy, but the guy didn't know that]. Les kept talking until the guy said "Ok, ok, get in line". So, *finally, Les was in the Navy!*



Les and son, Gary

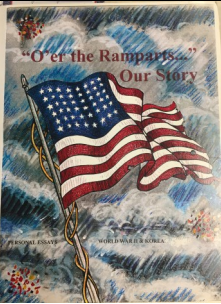
He qualified for electrical school and ended up on submarine duty, on the Spadefish. On base he worked in the E&R (Engineering & Repairs) as an odyssey technician for his tour of duty. He made 3rd class Electrician and was sent home when WWII ended.

Twenty years later, son Gary learned that he was due to receive his draft notice; so *he enlisted in the Navy*. He was called to active duty April 17, 1967 and reported to Treasure Island Naval Station in San Francisco. He received orders for active duty on June 2, aboard the USS Annapolis (AGMR1), Pacific Fleet, Long Beach. On the USS Annapolis, he served an 11 month tour of duty in the Vietnam Combat Zone. February 22, 1968 found him in the Naval Hospital in Subic Bay, Philippines and released February 28th and sent back to the Annapolis. June 9th, he was transferred to the USS Cree (ATF84) based in San Diego. He had temporary duty on base at the Naval Station in San Diego and was released from active duty on October 16, 1968; *his rank was SH2C, Second Class Petty Officer*.



Gary

Remember "The Vault Barbershop" in Redding? That was Gary's place in the old bank building on Butte St. Hmmm, more stories...



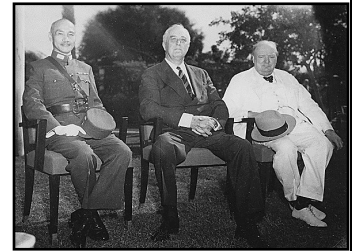
Seventy years ago, the Korean Peninsula became a battleground between the North and South divisions of that Country. A brief history of the events leading up to that conflict was included in an essay by **Dick Lewis** that appeared in a publication entitled *"O'er the Ramparts"...Our Story*, a collection of personal essays on WWII and Korea given to us by SLHHS member, Betty Fusilier.

"Korea was occupied by Japan in 1895 and formally annexed in 1910. At the Cairo Conference in late 1943 President Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek agreed that Korea should be independent.

After World War II, Korea was temporarily occupied by the Soviet Union and the United States. The dividing line was arbitrarily chosen as the 38th parallel. The big powers were to take the surrender of Japanese troops, prepare the Koreans for independence and allow the United Nations to conduct an election to unify the country. Elections were never held because the Soviets refused entry to the UN representatives. Instead of a unified nation, two separate nations arose.

In the North, the Soviets developed a communist state with a strong, well-equipped military. In the South, the US supported Syngman Rhee, who was an active anti-Communist. South Korea's military was little more than a national police force. On June 25, 1950, North Korea launched an attack against the South with the intent of unifying Korea by force. The ensuing concern was that there would be a gradual takeover of small countries by the Communists. Thus the entry of the US and other UN forces in a bloody struggle to "stop the spread of Communism" that would last 3 years."

That "war" was never declared as such – instead called *"Police Action under the United Nations"* - which was an insult to the Americans who served, fought, died or were wounded there. Almost as many GIs were killed in those 3 years as were killed during the 14 year Vietnam war. *Their courage, resolve and sacrifices will always be remembered.*



Engraving of Kilroy on WWII Memorial, Washington

In the book, *"O'er the Ramparts"* was a story by Larry Nees, **"So, Who Is This Guy Kilroy?"** The most popular graffiti during WWII that captured the imagination of GI's everywhere they went - **So who was he? How did the phenomena start and why?** Several versions of how "Kilroy" came into being are found but the most interesting is credited to a man named James J. Kilroy, an inspector in a Massachusetts shipyard. He chalked the words on bulkheads to show that he had been there and inspected the riveting in the newly constructed ships. The riveters were paid by the number and known to erase the numbers so Kilroy not only placed his inspection number but also his inscription *"Kilroy was here"* in hard to access places. To the troops in those ships, however, it was a complete mystery — all they knew for sure was that Kilroy had *"been there first."* Kilroy was considered a "super GI". As a joke, US Forces began placing the graffiti wherever they landed or went, from the European Theatre to the Pacific beaches..... It was reported that at the "Big Three" Potsdam summit meeting in 1945, *Josef Stalin burst out of the marble bathroom and demanded to know..... "Who is Kilroy?"*



Korean War Memorial, Washington DC

Many of our surviving local veterans can tell stories of their experiences in Korea - none of which were a walk-in-the-park, of course. Among the most devastating was that of **Dr. William Shadish** who was called to active service 5 days before completing his internship at Kaiser Permanente Hospital in Oakland. Within a few days, he found himself on a plane headed for Korea, via Japan. Four months later, while serving on the front lines, he was captured by the North Koreans.

In our Resource files is a copy of Dr. Shadish's spell-binding book, *"When Hell Froze Over"*, donated to us by his widow, Karen - a Benefactor of our Historical Society. In that book, Dr. Shadish tells of the "hell" suffered as a prisoner of the North Korean and Chinese Armies. For 33 months, he did what he could – with no supplies and under deplorable conditions – to alleviate some of the devastation, injuries and diseases of those prisoners within his reach.

In his eyes, a losing battle. The battles were not over, however, once prisoners were released. There were the inevitable accusations by fellow inmates, often bringing court battles.

In Dr. Shadish's words: *"Every surviving Korean War POW returned home with a weakened heart, weakened bones, demolished teeth and a generalized weakened nervous system, along with a SMASHED psychological ego."*

Dr. Shadish returned to recover and resume his medical career. He soon relocated to Redding, where he went into private practice, specializing in plastic, reconstructive and hand surgery until retiring in 1992.





John "Jack" Humphrey, "A Dam Kid" and a veteran of WWII, left us a wonderfully descriptive book about his experiences as a Liaison L-5 pilot during that war. Having had a love affair with flying machines since the age of 6, he naturally gravitated to the Army Air Corps when he heard the call for service. After two years of training in many areas of aerodynamics, he "washed out" of air cadet training, thus quashing his dream of flying B-24's or B-17's. Although disappointed, all was not lost. After completing an advanced training school as a Liaison pilot, he was assigned to the 47th Liaison Squadron in European Theatre of Operations, under the command of General Dwight Eisenhower.

Jack's book entitled, **"Come Fly Your Kite"** describes the L-5 as "a tiny, unarmed, fabric-covered, light plane". While these small planes could fly at higher altitudes, they primarily flew at or around 200 feet (*barely above the tree lines*), making it more difficult for the enemy's high-speed fighter aircraft to attack them. Liaison Squadrons were to observe, transport, and keep the lines of communication open and secure by delivering secret classified messages between commanding officers and outposts.



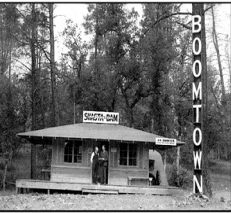
Sgt. Humphrey tells of varied experiences ferrying officers in Europe. One devastating trip was to the POW camps where US Troops were held prisoner, and to the concentration camp at Buchenwald, Germany, where thousands of Jewish people were annihilated. On the lighter side, one memorable escapade included flying his "kite" under the Eiffel Tower (*"but don't tell anybody"*) and some memorable times in France.....

He said, "Yes Sir" to several what appeared to him to be strange assignments. A directive to go out and "get a deer" sent him into a herd of wild hogs, which nearly got him killed by a huge, angry boar. A parting shot directive found him as the sole guard of 19 black soldiers on their way to prison in the US and on it went.

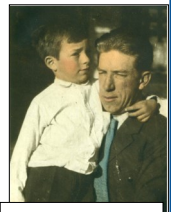
After nearly four years of service, *Jack was headed for his "Boomtown" home in Buckeye* with his 50 pound duffle bag and a myriad of memories and reflections. He had logged 640 tactical hours, been jumped by a German Folk Wolf 190 and survived, flown plans for the invasion of Normandy and proudly been one of the Liaison pilots flying death-defying missions for our country.

"There was no glamour or shouts of hurrah. If for some reason you think the government was grateful for Liaison Pilot's outstanding flying, forget it. Not one man wearing a Liaison Pilot's wings got a promotion in the 47th.

Oh well, 'Se La Gere!' (It's the war)."



(Civilian Jack became an English Teacher after the war, but never stopped flying. *He no longer had his "kite"* but did fly as a commercial pilot and a flight instructor and racked up over 8,000 hours of flight time when he retired at age 60. His father, John J. Humphrey, was a Boomtown developer pictured left standing with J.C. Tibbets at the real estate office. Summers from Shasta High School found Jack catching a ride to work with Frank Crowe, the "Super"; Jack worked assembling "she bolts" (concrete form ties) on Shasta Dam.)



"Jack" & John

HITCHIN' A RIDE



Parades bring back memories and the Shasta Lake Veteran's Day Parade was no exception. Since the parade is "ghosted" during this pandemic, one familiar sight we will miss is the American Legion's Redding Post #197 "box-like" transport, the **"Shasta Voiture 1203"** - it's their **"40 & 8"**. Betcha there's not many of us though who know exactly what 40 & 8 means. Originally an arm of the American Legion, today the 40 & 8 Society is an independent charitable and patriotic organization celebrating 100 years of dedication to promote the well being of American Vets, their widows and orphans.

The 40 & 8 Boxcar logo represents how American troops in France were transported to the battle fronts via the French narrow-gauge railway system. The cramped box-cars were stenciled on each side with "40 & 8" indicating capacity - **40 men or 8 horses**. After that war, the returnees found 40 & 8 to be a light hearted symbol of deeper service, unspoken horrors and shared sacrifice, binding all who endured combat.



20 years ago, we took my dad, Bob Louis to the Veteran's Day Parade. A WWII Army Vet, it was his first time to our local parade. Proud of his service, he still fit in his Army uniform, put on his campaign medals (European Theatre) and looked pretty dapper. Standing on the sidelines, he saw the little "box-car"

like truck starting off the parade...**It was carrying the Grand Marshal** and all of a sudden, my dad took off running and I'm yelling..... "Dad, you can't ride on that!" Next thing I know, he's asking for a hand up and then he's in the truck and doing a hand wave to everyone! Grinning from ear to ear, it was a day to remember including taking this great photo of dad shaking hands with Judge Eaton.



I wonder which of them told the best or biggest story, lol..... Darlene Brown



I was a "Dam Kid". When my parents moved from Fargo, North Dakota to Central Valley in 1941, my dad, Wes Kank, went to work as a machinist on Shasta Dam. I was born on Halloween 1942, at the Redding Maternity Home, and raised in Central Valley.

During my senior year at Central Valley High School, six of my classmates decided to join the Marine Corps together, enlisting in the Delayed Entry Program. We joined the Marine Corps Reserves on February 21, 1960 before graduation. We were only 17 years old, so we needed a parent's signature to enlist. (*I still remember that my dad seemed too eager to sign for me.*)

I can't answer for the other guys, but as a boy, growing up around WWII vets, I knew I wanted to be in the military. I had intended to join the Navy, and yes, *"I did want to see the world."* However, CVHS football & baseball buddies John Howe and Jerry Jankanish changed my mind. They were heading for the Marine Corps, so *I went along for the ride.* So did Gordon Zweigle, Leon Jennings and Mike Stephens. *We might have made the Marine recruiter's monthly quota the day the six of us walked into his office asking to join the Marine Corps.*

Sworn to active duty on June 21, 1960, all six of us reported to the Marine Corps Recruit Depot in San Diego and joined Platoon 155. *That night we met three of the meanest Drill Instructors (DI) in the Marine Corps, or so we thought (and I still believe).* We were under their watchful and critical eye for the next 12 weeks.



l/r: Mike Stephens, Leon Jennings, Jack Gorman, Jerry Jankanish, John Howe, **Charlie Kank** & Bill Richards



Charlie at Camp Smith

Completing training, we returned home for a twenty-day leave. Redding Marine Corps recruiter, Sgt. Harry Belanger called us to the recruiting station for the Record Searchlight photo; Gordon was not available but two new marines, Jack Gorman and Bill Richards were. After our leave we reported to our duty assignments. ***I do not believe any of us saw each other during the next four years. Hey - so much for the "buddy" plan.*** All six of us left the Marine Corps after four years on active duty.

My time in the Marine Corps was good. I was trained as a combat engineer, primarily working with explosives and light construction. *You go where the Corps sends you, and I had no complaints.* My first duty station was Camp Pendleton, then Camp Smith on Oahu, Hawaii and on to Atsugi Naval Air Station in Japan. After a year our unit was deployed to Taiwan and my enlistment ended. ***I am proud of my military service; looking back, I would do it all again. SEMPER FIDELIS!***



PANTS ON FIRE

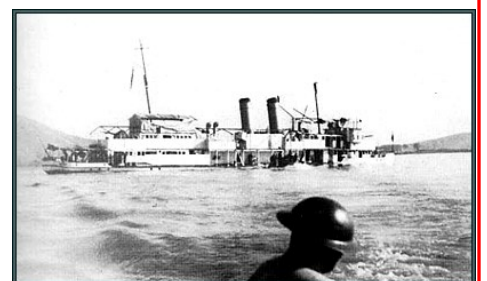
It is said it was widely known by Military officials that Japan was "up to no good" several years prior to Pearl Harbor. In 1937, a skirmish in the China Sea involved a U.S. Navy gunboat called the "**USS Panay**". The surprise attack by Japanese bombers created an immediate scramble to battle stations. While the PANAY was sunk that day, the following story did not go down with it. *Humor lived on*, as evidenced by the following *poem* by Vaun Al Arnold, telling of one very quick response. Awakened from a nap in the boat-swain's locker, Chief Ernest Mahlmann raced to the deck, *clad only in his shirt and life jacket.*

THE PANTSLESS GUNNER OF THE "PANAY"

*Commend to me that noble soul, Who, in the battle's heat,
Rushed to his post without his pants, The bomber's dive to meet;
Who stood upon the rocking deck in careless dis-attire,
With shirt-tail flaunting in the breeze, To deal out fire for fire.*

*Old glory's color deepened As she floated o'er this son –
The man who had no time for pants, But plenty for his gun.
Come, name a million heroes, But to me there'll never be
A finer show of nerve and grit On any land or sea.*

*Then dwell upon your epics. Should you feel an urge for chants,
Recall the sinking PANAY and the gunner minus pants.*





As we move into the holidays, we are excited to welcome **Sandy Estes**, as our new Gift Shop Manager. She is working on the displays, inventory and creating unique gift baskets for Holiday Giving. *We are open and would love to have you come visit the museum and shop.....*



In the coming year our neighbor one block away, Sentry Market, will be having a face lift! Owner, Allen Mancasola plans to have *Boomtown and Shasta Dam window murals* to identify with the community. We are happy to help with his endeavor by providing photos for his review. In turn, Allen has shared his photos, stories and history of when his dad, Al Mancasola and Joe Audia started the family chain of "Farmers Markets" (grocery stores).

- ◆ Thanks to Rick, Earl & Darlene, we are in the process of displaying Boomtown photos in our local businesses.
- ◆ The Advisory Board on financial matters has been established and will meet after the Covid Virus is under control.
- ◆ **Starting in 2021, membership dues will be renewed each January.** If you renewed this year after July 2020, we will credit your membership for next year, you will not need to pay in 2021 (but we will always take your \$\$\$).
- ◆ Speaking of money, please remember us on North State Giving Tuesday, December 1. SLHHS receives all money donated along with a matching % of money designated for our society.



From all of us at the historical society, may you have a Peaceful Thanksgiving and a Joyous Christmas, Deb



*Just in for Holiday gift giving,
HOMEMADE JAMS & JELLIES,
PICKLES AND APPLESAUCE!
Great prices. A limited supply, please call
to reserve your order. Need stocking
stuffers? We have MAGNETS, JEWELRY,
COFFEE, BOOKS and more. Need ideas?
"DAM GOOD COOK" Apron with a
"DAM GOOD SPOON". We can even
custom make a gift basket for you! More
items to arrive soon.....
Call or come on in and see what we have.*

2021 WILL BRING A NEW MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

- ⇒ **Membership dues renewal will be in January each year (but appreciated whenever you send them.)**
Please read President Deb's message for those of you who have already paid your membership this year.

SINCE OUR LAST NEWSLETTER-THANK YOU FOR RENEWALS, *Benefactors: Rod & Debbie Kelley/Shasta Lake, Heritage Plaza Board/Redding, Jerry Waybright/Anderson and Judy & Richard Smith/Shasta Lake.*

Family renewals: Terie & Ralph Hipple/Redding, Gary & Gerry Lundstrom/Shasta Lake, Donna Adams/Shasta Lake, Barry Spencer & Carl Sessions/Cathedral City, Kim Smith/Redding, Linda Beaver/Shasta Lake and Charlie & DeeDee Kank/Gilbert, AZ
Individual renewals: Dave Noble/Redding, Barbara Voisin/Shasta Lake, Connie Hitchcock/Shasta Lake, Renee Boehme/Redding, Opal Mendenhall/Red Bluff and Martha Wiebelhaus/Redding.

Welcome NEW members: Rick Hargrave/Redding, Roger & Sandy Estes/Shasta Lake, Linda Ashby/Shasta Lake, Ramona Brown/Shasta Lake and NEW Business member, Shasta Lake Physical Therapy.

THANK YOU FOR THE "EXTRA \$\$": *Karen Packwood/Susanville, Judy Barbera/Lakehead and Barbara Voisin/Shasta Lake.*


*We sincerely appreciate every thing you do to preserve local history and "keep the doors open" to the museum.
May 2021 bring an end to the pandemic and a New Year of peace, healing and unity in this wonderful country of ours. God Bless America.*

Shasta Lake Heritage & Historical Society
P.O. Box 562 Shasta Lake, CA 96019
Visitors Center: *Boomtown Museum*
1525 Median St., Shasta Lake
530-275-3995
501c3 non-profit organization


IN MEMORIUM



Linda Louise (Chambers) Walton 1947-8/2020

 **Harold Sage** 1925-8/2020 WWII Veteran. In the 60's, he co-owned the bar, "Horseshoe" in Central Valley.

Kay Rendahl 1941- 10/2020 A DAM KID and CVHS Class '59. Kay & his wife, Sharon (Drager) of 57 years, loved the CVHS class reunions. He will be missed by his classmates.

 **Bruce Tavey** 1932- 9/2020 A DAM KID, SUHS Class '50, Veteran and SLHHS Benefactor. Bruce is truly missed by us. A man with great stories, a favorite to bring a laugh & a smile: as Chief on the USS Tecumseh, a ballistic missile submarine during the Vietnam and Cold War, Bruce had each of the 16 missile tube hatches painted like pool balls, and called the missile compartment, "The Covered Wagon" (after the bar in CV where he played pool). His 20 years distinguished service in the Navy on submarines was followed by 20 years as the Production Manager for all Navy Nuclear Construction west of the Mississippi - a career filled with citations and awards. Bruce loved growing up in Central Valley; he never forgot his "roots" nor his friends. He and his wife, Vicki (Rogers), of almost 70 years enjoyed our annual dinners. We are so fortunate he shared his memories with us.

We try to be accurate but please, we are not liable for any additions, omissions, errors and/or corrections that may occur in this publication. Any photographs or material used may not be scanned and/or reprinted or reproduced without contacting us for permission of use.

Thank you. Darlene V Brown, Editor and Alice Scarbrough, Asst. Editor

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