

*One More*



Mariposa County High School

Class of 1957

*One More Sluice was created by:*

Bill Cooper

Dolly Thomas

Dick Estel

*(from 1956-57 staff)*

Lee Nixon

Bev Baker

Lois Bailey

Lucy Tiffany

Julie Williamson

*(from the Reunion Committee)*

## 75 Attend 50-Year Reunion

After nearly two years of planning, the 50-year reunion of the Mariposa County High School class of 1957 was held in Mariposa the weekend of June 15–17.



Things started off with an informal, unplanned, last minute, ad hoc, whoever could make it gathering at the Pizza Factory on Friday night. At the same time, most of the old gang from Yosemite was having their own informal dinner.

The first “official” event was a tour of the high school Saturday morning. We are indebted to Bev Baker Williams for arranging this, and to Trace De Sanders, a graduate and now teacher at MCHS, for leading the tour.

### What's Inside

Annual Alumni Events .....	Page 2
Rural Elementary School Days ....	Page 2
Posy on the Web .....	Page 2
Nuggets from the Sluice Box .....	Page 3
Lee's Broccoli Salad Recipe .....	Page 3
Editor's Comments .....	Page 4
Did You Remember? .....	Page 5
Mariposa Then and Now .....	Page 6
Memorable Moments .....	Page 7
Who Was There .....	Page 8
Thanks for the Memories .....	Page 12
Official Stuff .....	Page 12
Yearbook Wanted .....	Page 12
The Last Word .....	Page 14

We were interested to learn that graduations don't fit in the auditorium anymore; they're held at the Gold Bowl (fairgrounds arena). We had a good time looking at the photos of classes hanging in the hall. Since our time, the school has put up photos of every class. Of course, the recent classes have so many people, the photos are too small to see.

The campus has expanded considerably since our time, with many new buildings. In particular, the former athletic field below the school is now covered with

(See **Reunion**, Page 4)

## Our Rural Elementary Schools

([Updated & expanded version on line here](#))

Mariposa County is a small community where everyone knows everyone else...but not quite.

When we were in elementary school, most of us were not in touch with or aware of the kids at other primary schools scattered throughout the wilds of 1940s Mariposa County. Many of us went into town for 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and of course, we all got together when it was time for high school. Below, some of our staff members remember their early schools:

### Sebastopol (Bootjack)

I went to the Bootjack school, which was officially called Sebastopol. In 1945 we had a nice stucco building with one large classroom, and Marjorie Pinkston taught all eight grades. She would have the older students help the younger ones while she taught other grades. I remember thinking that the first three grades were sort of like me, but the fourth graders were big, and impossibly advanced.

The building also had a stage, small kitchen area, and indoor bathrooms (something many families in the area did not have).

During Christmas vacation of that first year the school burned down, and the woodshed was quickly remodeled for use. Beverly Van Gundy remembers seeing the glow of the fire from their home a mile or so on the other side of Bootjack. We were visiting friends on Triangle Road, and saw the fire across the valley, but didn't know at the time what it was.

(See **Elementary Schools**, Page 9)

## Annual Alumni Events

You don't have to wait for the next Class of '57 Reunion to get together with fellow MCHS alumni.

The Alumni Association sponsors two events each year:

**Annual Picnic:** Starts mid-morning (10 or so) on the third Saturday of June at the Mariposa County Fairgrounds picnic area. Everyone brings their own food. Contact Jim Turner, 209 966 3988, for more information.

**Annual Meeting and Breakfast:** Starts at 10:30 a.m. on the Sunday before Labor Day, at the high school. Donuts, coffee and juice are served; a donation is requested. Both events include drawings for prizes. Dates and other details are listed on line at <http://mariposa-alumni.org/events.htm>.

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## Posy on the Web

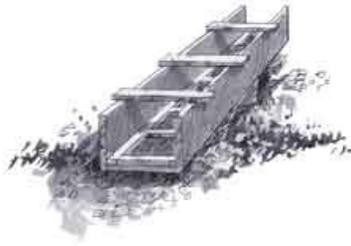
There are a number of MCHS and Mariposa websites on the Internet. First and foremost of course is our Class of 1957 Reunion Page: <http://mariposa-alumni.org/Reunion57.htm>. To see reunion photos, click on "More Reunion Photos by Linda & Gerry."

The Alumni Association home page is <http://mariposa-alumni.org/>. You can get to the Class of 1957 page from there by clicking on the grizzly at top right.

There are links at the bottom of the Alumni page to several other related sites. The high school's web site is <http://www.mchs.mariposa.k12.ca.us/>

## Nuggets from the Sluice Box

On the hill  
above the  
Catholic  
Church,  
surrounding  
the old  
Mariposa



Mine, are piles of tailings from years past. They say if you re-process those with modern techniques, you can still squeeze out a few flakes of gold.

Similarly, if you put together a bunch of classmates from 1957, you can manage to come up with a nugget or two.

What “odd couple,” who camped together in their youth while fighting fires, tried to recapture the past by looking for a campsite down by the river after the party?

A bunch of guys from our class are backing up to the wall and measuring themselves after Toolie reported that he has shrunk two and a half inches. He said we all look the same, so we must have shrunk too.

If anything, 50 years have only sharpened Ainslee McDonald’s quick, irreverent wit. My favorite Ainslee story from the “good ole days” – We were playing LeGrand in baseball at home, and the opposing coach had his pitcher give Ains an intentional walk. As he trotted down to first base, he looked over at the bench and said, “Gee coach, I knew I was good, but I didn’t think I was **that** good!”

An unplanned, last-minute, ad hoc gathering at the Pizza Factory Friday night brought together Linda (Barnes) & Gerry Davis, Gail (Tutsch) & Sam Francis, Bev (Baker) Williams, Bevadean Breeding, Jim Hamilton, Casey Franck, Dick Estel, Lois

(Bailey) Shafer, Gary & DeLoris Glodrey, Frank & Virginia Leonard, and Raymond Main.

Talk about long engagements...the Sluice of January 4, 1957, announced the engagement of Lucy Tiffany and Bucky Zimmerman. Although they ended up marrying others, they finally got together in the last few months, so instead of moving out of state as her entry in the souvenir book states, Lucy is living in Denair with Buck. Guess they decided they were right after all.

Do kids today know what a sluice box is? Did we?

—DE

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## Lee’s Broccoli Salad Recipe

(Lee has had numerous requests for this recipe, so here goes):

- 2 bunches broccoli
- 10 slices bacon
- 1 large red onion
- 2-4 cups cran-raisins
- 2 cups finely shredded cheddar cheese
- 1 cup mayo
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2-4 tablespoons cider vinegar



Cut broccoli into small pieces. Cook bacon till crisp, cool and crumble. Combine all salad ingredients. Combine mayo, sugar and vinegar and pour over veggies. Refrigerate at least 2 hours before serving.

All these ingredients may be adjusted to your own personal taste.

## Editor's Comments

(Reunion from Page 1)

I came close to calling this “One Last Sluice,” but then I thought, “Let’s not limit ourselves.” We had so much fun planning the reunion that we’re thinking we could do it again in five years – and maybe we’ll also want to do another Sluice.

The credit (or blame) for this goes to Lucy, who got it started with the following message back on May 26:

“Just a thought, wouldn't it be nice (after the reunion) to put together one more final Sluice for all our classmates to read. I'm certain that there would be lots of news about all of us that night that could be used. That evening with couples/singles talking there would be great ‘gossip’ for a last Sluice.”

I’ve been a writer in some fashion or other throughout my life, and produced a monthly newsletter for a computer club for a number of years – so I couldn’t resist the idea. Hope it meets with your approval.

Back in the day, the Sluice staff set up a production line to assemble the newsletter each week. I remember we had a horrible time with the cheap, light duty stapler we used. It was also a hassle to type the pages on those mimeograph masters.

We had no clue as to how easy it would be one day to create a newsletter using Microsoft Publisher, print a master on an inkjet printer, and have the finished product printed, collated and stapled by Office Depot.

– DE

classrooms. The dirt field southeast of the gym has been expanded, planted with grass, and is used mainly for soccer, a sport virtually unknown in our time.

Sticking to the familiar, none of us really wanted to actually go into the new buildings; we mainly stayed in the original halls. We were sorry to see that the Al Croft Memorial Court has been neglected and is in serious need of some work.

Following our “back to school” hour, many members of our group made it to the annual Alumni Picnic at the fairgrounds. This gave us the opportunity to reconnect with people from other classes.

The big event was the dinner that evening at the Best Western Motel. This event was everything the planning committee hoped for and comments were 100% positive. It was interesting to note that nearly half the guests signed in before the official opening time of 6 p.m.

We had located 54 classmates, and 42 of them attended, along with spouses or other guests, for a total of 75 people. We probably had 80 to 90 people who were part of our class during the four years, but only 37 actually made it to graduation (most graduated somewhere else). Of that 37, 27 of them were with us.

On Sunday morning, folks who stayed at the Best Western had a chance to enjoy the free continental breakfast together, and several of us had a very early breakfast at the Miner’s Inn.

(See **Reunion**, Page 5)

(Reunion from Page 4)

The Reunion Committee had more fun than anyone, working on this project for almost two years, and we think we'll be up to doing another one in five years. The committee sends our heartfelt thanks to all of you who attended and made all the hard work well worth while. We can't forget those who would have liked to come but were unable to do so.

Following the event, the committee members had this to say:

*Lee Nixon DeLaMare:* Thanks to each and every one of you for all the talent, hard work, good humor and love.....let's do it again.....in about 5 years.

*Bev Baker Williams:* I don't think it could have been any better. Everyone seemed to have a terrific time. Heard nothing but good comments.

*Lois Bailey Shafer:* It will take us a while to come down from this high!!!! And we all enjoyed the process so much. All we need is a new project. It has been a wonderful couple of years, planning and making the plan work. I think we have forgotten how much investigative work we did in the beginning trying to locate everyone. That was fun!

*Lucy Tiffany Zimmerman:* To all of you my heartfelt thanks (along with so many other classmates) for the most memorable and fun time we have had since 1957. Senior ditch day was probably fun but I ditched that day to be with Buck at Bass Lake. The comments I have heard have been absolutely fantastic.

*Julie Williamson Clarke:* Got home, sat down and just remembered what a



wonderful two days we shared with everyone. It was truly warm and fuzzy. So great to see and know there are real people still out there and we have a good number of them in the class of '57. Boy doesn't that make you proud....did me.

*Dick Estel:* All I can say is that if I have done something more fun than Saturday's events in the last twenty years, I can't remember what it was.

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## Did You Remember?

By Bev Baker Williams

I hope you all are as jazzed about the reunion as I am.

I bet most of you did the same things I did. Did you look back at your old annuals? Did you look at the Souvenir Book trying remember everyone's faces so you wouldn't feel like a fool when you walked into that room full of old people?

Well, we weren't old people at all. Maybe a little older but still the same kids we were 50 years ago. Oh sure, a few wrinkles, some grey hair and a few extra pounds but you all looked wonderful to me.

(See **Did You Remember**, Page 7)

## Mariposa Then And Now

By Bill Cooper

I returned to Mariposa for the Class of 1957 Reunion after an absence of way too many years. During the weekend, when not attending scheduled events, I managed to explore most of the town. There have been changes, of course, and I list here a few that I observed.

I missed being able to walk down a block from the high school and find Kelly's Korner Store, an almost daily noontime routine on any school day.

When I looked out on the parking lot from the steps of the high school, there were plenty of cars belonging to my classmates but missing were Tom Christensen's vintage black Cadillac, Dave Radanovich's cool 1953 Ford, Lloyd Bradshaw's lovingly cared for Oldsmobile along with whatever Gary Williams was driving on a given day.

Michaels Swap Shop was gone but in its place was a really neat pizza parlor!

I missed the Dairy Dell owned and operated by my friend Jim Hamilton's family. It would have been great to walk in there and knock back a chocolate malted for old time's sake.

The Gold Coin is still on the main street but closed and neglected looking. I can remember school nights when I occasionally stayed with Lloyd Bradshaw, whose family had an apartment on the second floor of the building just across from the Gold Coin. There were times when I awakened to witness large numbers of enthusiastic bar patrons pour noisily into the street just below my bedroom window. There they held animated and at times

physical discussions about some difference of opinion or other that had developed inside.

In addition to the pizza parlor, there are now at least three decent restaurants in town!

There is a small but credible looking gym on the main street and my wife and I spent a delightful few minutes after dinner one evening tasting the wines of a local vintner whose tasting room is a few doors from the gym.

I missed Winnie Williams' barbershop where I got my haircuts for four years and I missed Winnie Williams.

I loved the new nature walkway along the creek just below town with its variety of indigenous flowering plants and shrubs, each identified by name with a small sign.

It was great being back in the high school again. It still seemed very clean and well maintained, just as I remembered it. The auditorium was stunning! Who among us remembered that wonderful ceiling? I kept expecting Mr. Baker to round a corner or Coach Hixson to emerge from Study Hall. And whatever happened to beautiful Miss Sargent who taught my typing class? Try as I might, I couldn't remember the combination to my locker. Would some of my stuff have still been there?

I must say though, that my overall impression of Mariposa was very good. No, actually it was great. Even on a cooler weather weekend, being there again would have given me a warm feeling. And to be with classmates that I hadn't seen in 50 years? It couldn't have been better!

By the way, do you suppose there are still Bootjack Stomps on Saturday nights?

**Memorable Moments**

By Lee Nixon DeLaMare

“When summer turns to winter,  
And the present disappears,  
The laughter we were glad to share  
Will echo through the years.

When other nights and other days  
May find us gone our separate ways  
We will have these moments to remember.”

**Friday night:** Seeing friends some of us haven't seen in 50 years...the Yosemite Kids dinner and the get-together at the Pizza Place.....memories come flooding back.

**Saturday Morning:** Breakfast at the Best Western---more familiar faces.....sitting around the table catching up on the past---hugs all around. Time to go tour the high school. More familiar faces, more hugs. Pictures on the front steps. Walking into the halls of Posy and marveling that it still smells just like it did 50 years ago. Looking at the beautiful ceiling tiles in the auditorium. Seeing the class of 1957 pictures on the wall. Visiting the Al Croft Memorial Court.

**The Alumni picnic:** More remembered faces and loved people---the class of '57 and other classes. Good food, good times, good memories. Pictures and laughter.

**Dinner Saturday night:** Getting our pictures taken. Finding more people to hug and renew friendships with. Great food and great service. A room full of love, laughter, and good people. An evening over all too soon.

What a wonderful time.....let's do it again.  
If you move anytime in the next year,

(Continued bottom of next column)

(**Did You Remember** from Page 5)

I just want you to know that I remembered each and every one of you. I can't wait until we can get together again. Let's not wait another 50 years.

**The Food**

Wasn't dinner absolutely wonderful?  
Thought you might like to know something about the people who put it on for us.

Do any of you remember Sandy Boyer from school? She was younger than we. It was her daughter, Jeana Marshal, who was the caterer. Jeana is one of my daughter's best friends. She spent a lot of time at our house in her growing up years.

She gave us a price for a buffet dinner, which was within our budget and food choices that sounded good. Then I asked her if she could do a sit down dinner for us at the same price. There was a small hesitation but she said yes. I really didn't realize the magnitude of what I was asking at first. But she gathered her family and mine around her to help and you saw the results. Helping her put on the dinner were: Sandy, Jeana's daughter and her friend, my daughter and two of my granddaughters.

I would have liked to have introduced all of them to you that night but the sound system wasn't working very well.

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please let me know so we can contact you with information on any more events:

MCHS Class of '57  
4028 Lamarck Avenue  
Modesto, Ca 95356-8983  
or call: Lee DeLaMare 209 524 1159

Thanks!

## Who Was There

A total of 42 classmates attended the reunion, as follows:

Pete & Loretta (Acord) Erickson  
 Adrian & Lois (Bailey) Shafer  
 Bev (Baker) Williams  
 Gerry & Linda (Barnes) Davis  
 Bevadean Breeding  
 Bill & Sarah Cooper  
 Bob & Schatz Curtiss  
 Ed & Debi Davis  
 James "Tuck" & Marie Deshaies  
 Dick Estel  
 Casey Franck  
 Gary & DeLoris Glodrey  
 Bryce & Alma Green  
 Jim Hamilton  
 Richard & Lillian Hulbert  
 Chucker & Mary Ann Jay  
 George & Diane (Jones) Matlock  
 Gayle Kelley & Gary Williams  
 Frank & Virginia Leonard  
 Raymond "Toolie" Main  
 Roy Mathews  
 Ainslee & Jane McDonald  
 Jack & Jean Ann (Miller) Lee  
 Arlin & Elnora (Morrissey) George  
 Tom & Lee (Nixon) DeLaMare  
 Jim & Merle (O'Hagan) Bronson  
 Rod Poor  
 Beverly (Rust) Hibpshman & Roberta  
 Pat & Jamie Sanchez

Ted & Judy (Sicher) Golder  
 Frank & Dottie (Smith) Pingiczer  
 Dolly (Thomas) Kimbro  
 Lucy (Tiffany) Vallero & Bucky Zimmerman  
 Bill & Kathy Tucker  
 Sam & Gail (Tutsch) Francis  
 Wes & Bev (Van Gundy) Bowman  
 Caroline (Wenger) Korn & Earl Gordo  
 Anne (Westley) Brew  
 Elaine (Wildt) Piazza  
 Kenny & Mary Williams  
 Larry & Julie (Williamson-Clarke) Myers  
 Alfreda Wilson

In addition, we located the following class members who were unable to attend:

Barbara Ann (Barber) Patrick  
 Tom Christiansen  
 Rosemarie (Gratz) Spener  
 Martha (James) Wayte  
 John Peters  
 Carl Tilton  
 Susie (Vidano) Stewart  
 LeeRoy Westmoreland  
 Marian (Westmoreland) Hess  
 Pat (Williams) Black  
 Wayne Wiswall  
 Winnie (Wiswall) Miller

In addition to those listed as deceased in the Souvenir Book, we were later informed that Melinda Mason and Lloyd Matlock have passed on. (Then we learned that Lloyd is still among the living.



**Elementary Schools** (from page 2)



Over the next few years, two other “temporary” classrooms, a step or two above the woodshed, were built, and as the student body expanded (early baby boomers?), more teachers were added.

Besides Mrs. Pinkston, teachers through the years included Ada Stuart, Olivia Benjamin, Lecil Walker, Ilene Label, Nola Bonnell, Beverly Anderson, and Hazel Guilleman, who was my favorite and a legend in rural education in central California. I confess I can’t recall with certainty which ones I had, except for Stuart and Pinkston.

We had a very active PTA, which introduced a hot soup program, where some of the mothers, including Blanche Van Gundy and Barbara Butler, among others, made a big pot of soup at home and brought it to the school for the students during the winter. Beverly especially remembers the cream of tomato soup, and for some reason I developed a lifelong aversion to potato soup (my sister says it was Chuck Butler who made the soup, while Mrs. B was at work).

Each year we had Halloween and Christmas parties. Although they involved the school,

I believe they were officially put on by “the community,” and took place at the old Bootjack Dance Hall, a marvelous building with cracks between the unpainted wall boards, warped spots in the floors, and two ancient wood stoves that each warmed a ten foot radius, leaving the remaining 1500 or so square feet a few degrees above the outside temperatures. (You can see a photo at <http://dickestel.com/images/marip031.jpg>)

The steps and a low foundation wall of the original school building remained for many years, and once the debris from the fire was cleaned up, this became a croquet court; I remember playing many games there (it was one of the few level spots in all of Bootjack!) It was also used for dodge ball.

In the 1951-52 school year, we became the first Bootjack class to attend Mariposa Elementary, so after walking the half mile or so to school for six years, I began six years of bus riding. Our teachers in Mariposa were Alice Ellingham, also a legend in Mariposa County, and David Foster, possibly the nicest man who ever lived.

My memory is not entirely reliable, but to the best of my recollection, the kids who started in first grade with me and went all the way to graduation were Ann Benjamin, Beverly Van Gundy, and Alfreda Wilson.

– Dick Estel, with valuable help from Beverly Van Gundy Bowman

**Yosemite Elementary School**

In the fall of 1945, with World War II just ending, a new first grade class began its work at Yosemite Elementary School. Three pupils, Lee Nixon, Tom Christensen and Bill Cooper, were to become half of the graduating class of 1953. They were joined during the first few years of school by Bill

Tucker, Judy Sicher and Julie Williamson and later became the “Yosemite Six” part of the Mariposa High School Class of 1957.

The schoolhouse in Yosemite stood in a meadow below Yosemite Falls. The original structure was built in 1918 and was wood shingled to blend with the Park Service homes in the area. It consisted of two large rooms, one housing 5th through 8th grades, and the other for 1st through 4th grades. The latter was divided into two rooms by a folding wall, and at one end was a stage which was the site of Christmas programs, musical performances, and our graduation. A flagpole flying the American and California State flags stood at the front of the school while on the east side of the building there were swing sets and an outdoor basketball court.

The meadow on the back side of the school was not only the playing field but shared the site with two large victory gardens, maintained separately by Park Service and Yosemite Park & Curry Company families. The gardens were each surrounded by high chain link fences to keep foraging deer away from the lovingly tended crops. Lofting a baseball over one of these fences usually resulted in a home run, despite the frantic efforts of outfielders searching for the ball among rows of corn.

Miss Annette Zaepffel taught the “Yosemite Six” in 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> grades

followed by Pauline Shorb, our teacher in 3<sup>rd</sup> through 5<sup>th</sup> grades, Virginia Clark in 6<sup>th</sup> grade and Lloyd Moore in 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades. School principals during those years were Mrs. Wilder, Mr. Williams and Mrs. Tipton.



The Yosemite Six: Julie Williamson, Bill Cooper, Judy Sicher, Tom Christensen, Lee Nixon, Bill Tucker

Each Christmas, 1<sup>st</sup> through 4<sup>th</sup> grade pupils wrote a letter to Santa Claus. The community gathered in the Camp Curry Dining Room on Christmas Eve where Santa arrived to grant each child’s Christmas gift request. It was a magical night.

Older pupils participated in a Wednesday ski program in which they were bussed to the Badger Pass ski area and received weekly ski lessons from ski school pro Nic Fiore.

In the upper grade levels, ballroom dancing was taught to anxious girls and fearful boys by Mrs. Womack in the “big room” of the school.

There were wonderful Halloween parties at Sentinel Beach and class hayrides around the Valley.

Every spring, the school adjourned for a picnic in one of the Valley campgrounds.

There were organized “playdays” with competition in races and basketball throws. Our mothers made ribbons to award the winners and a good time was had by all.

Who among us can forget the famous Flutophone band. Some enterprising

salesman convinced a teacher who then convinced parents to purchase each student a Flutophone—a plastic flute that immediately became popular with aspiring band members, causing the Valley to resound with squeaks and squawks as the band rehearsed.

In the fall of 1952, after seasons of discouraging results at the hands of the Mariposa Cougars, the Yosemite Badgers football team, under the direction of Coach Sterling Cramer, won a decisive 21-0 victory over Mariposa with Bill Cooper at quarterback and Bill Tucker and Tom Christensen in starring roles as fullback and halfback respectively.

The “Yosemite Six” graduated on Monday, June 1, 1953 at the schoolhouse in an evening ceremony. Reverend Alfred Glass gave the invocation followed by the 6<sup>th</sup> through 8<sup>th</sup> grades chorus singing “America the Beautiful” under the direction of Mrs. Millie Anderson. Miss Barbara Jean Anderson played the processional, the recessional and accompanied the chorus on the piano. Superintendent of Schools Thomas Price presented diplomas to graduating class members. Our graduating class chose as a theme “How Our Government Affects Us,” with the introduction given by Tom Christensen. National government was discussed by Julie Williamson and Bill Tucker. Lee Nixon and Bill Cooper spoke about state government while presentations on county government and local government were given by Tom Christensen and Judy Sicher.

It was thus that the “Yosemite Six” left the schoolhouse in Yosemite and began student life at Mariposa High, beginning each school day at 6 a.m. aboard Barney Johnson’s Bus No. 9 for a long trip down

the Merced River canyon and up Briceburg grade to Mariposa. It was at Mariposa High that new friends became good friends and bonds were formed that have lasted us throughout our lives.

We were so lucky!

This article was submitted by Lee Nixon DeLaMare and Bill Cooper. They would like to thank Linda Eads at Yosemite Research Library, Sally Abbott Uribe, Mike Abbott and Deanna Cramer Abbott for their memories of events and people during the Yosemite years.

### **Bear Creek School**



Above is a picture of the land where Bear Creek School used to be. Buck and I drove to the site in Midpines recently, only to find our fantastic “big” rock covered with weeds and vines and looking so small.

I went to Bear Creek from the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade on where I met and played with Lois and Charlene Bailey, Gail Tutsch, Gary Glodrey, Freddie Finch, Lyla and Jamie Curtis, Hughie Parker, Buck and Kay Zimmerman, Patsy Zimmerman, Dick Wagner, June Johnson and my sister, Judy.

When I started at that school there were two buildings, a Quonset hut and an old one room building. The Quonset hut held the lower classes and the older building held the

4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grades (previously it had held all 8 grades). I remember games (Annie, Annie over) near that huge rock, having Mrs. Jessie Johnstone, Ms. Ayres, and Mrs. Durrant for teachers; having some hunter bring his dead mountain lion in the back of his pickup to show us and his dog full of porcupine quills; and the salamanders we could catch in the creek nearby.

One memory is getting to walk home three long miles from school when the Mariposa buses couldn't make it in the snow, which was more than one time. Now that was fun!!!! Buck says he even got to ride his horse to school on occasion. Ask him about the time he and Freddie Finch started a fire in their pine needle fort. I didn't have Ms. Ayres but I saw how strict she was. If a student wouldn't mind, out would come her ruler, with a big whack on the knuckles.

Going to such a small school during the late 40's and early 50's (now that I look back) was an experience that not many children can have now. I was fortunate to have such good friends then and all the way through high school in Mariposa.

I would like to say thank you again to the rest of the committee and especially our class of '57 for the great time we had at the reunion. This was only a success because of having great classmates. Such is life when the memories are so wonderful!

—Lucy Tiffany Zimmerman

### **Mt. Bullion School**

During the rush for gold in the 1800s, many communities sprang up in the close

(See **Elementary Schools**, Page 13)



## **Thanks for the Memories**

By Julie Williamson Clarke

Thanks for the Memories, and that so many were there to cherish and relive them. One of my many, many favorites was going out to the gym and seeing it just as I remembered it, standing in center court and listening to voices echo against those great walls. I remember the games and the cheers, the cheers and the games. That was special, as was everything and everyone. Thanks for the memories.

## **Official Stuff**

This publication has no connection with Mariposa County High School and is the sole responsibility of the people listed as creators on page 1. However, we like to think the ghost of Harry Allison is looking on with approval.

## **1957 Yearbook Wanted**

Does anyone have a 1957 La Mariposa Yearbook that I might buy? I'd be glad to pay the postage to have it mailed to me.

Rose Gratz-Spencer  
RR 1 Box 76  
Erick OK 73649-9724  
(580) 526-3389

(Elementary Schools from page 12)

proximity of a prosperous gold mine. That seems to be the explanation for Princeton CA, named after the very rich Princeton mine. Typically as these communities grew, the mining companies would build general stores, schools etc. to encourage new employees to come and to satisfy the existing ones.

Over the years, many changes took place and some names were changed.

By the 1940s the Princeton mine had long since closed down and the many thousands of inhabitants of the town had moved on to either another mine or hopefully something equally prosperous. What remained was the small town of Mt. Bullion with about 400 residents.

The two room school house was the largest building in the community. By this time only one room was utilized for all or almost all eight grades.

I started first grade there in 1946 at the age of 6. That first day I can still remember so vividly. We were given a brand new box of eight shiny, unbroken, sharp new Crayons all our very own! The first page in our work book was a picture of three balloons. The instructions were to color one red, one blue and one yellow. The sentences were simple but complete, teaching us to read and identify the colors with their name. Ahh, such mental stimulus. Mind you my next sibling in age was nine years older than I; I grew up on the side of a mountain with no neighbors and no playmates and listening to a battery operated radio, limited primarily to the news. School was awesome!

Our seating arrangement was by grade. The first row was the first grade, the second row

was the second grade, etc. The teacher taught the same subject to all of the classes at the same. She would walk back and forth in front of the classroom presenting the subject at the appropriate grade level to each row of students.

When I started second grade, I craved harder work. My parents had taught me the basics before I started school. I knew my numbers and the alphabet. I could do some addition and subtraction (they played cards with me) and I could print. I was old for my age when I started. I turned seven two months after I started first grade. By now I was almost eight. I loved reading, I loved spelling, I loved words (obviously)! When it came time for the weekly spelling tests, I would have seven pieces of paper on my desk, representing second grade through eighth grade. I loved the challenge!

The summer I finished second grade, my teacher Mrs. Daisy Thomas (I got her mail for years!), sent me home with several books and lessons. When I completed those, she had me come by her house in Mariposa and take a test.

When I went back to school the third year in 1948, I felt so privileged. I was in the fourth grade! I was on track, correct age, correct grade. I was allowed to skip the third grade. Needless to say, I had to work for my grades after that.

In 1949 and 1950, we got a new teacher, Mrs. Lois Zollars. Her three sons all attended and graduated from Mariposa High School. She was cool! She would join in and play games with us. Mrs. Thomas was considerably older. Mrs. Zollars was a "young" mom. They each were very good teachers.

Two or three times a year we would have "music" day. There were two lovely and talented young ladies who would travel around to all of the rural schools and teach music. They were sisters, Rita and Rose Fraser. Rose married Norm Varney and taught regular classes at Woodland Elementary for many years.

We used to play: Anti-over (we used the pump or well house), Run Fox Run, Dodge Ball, Hopscotch, Cowboys and Indians or Cops and Robbers. We jumped rope and played "dolls". We had one slide on the playground and one "monkey bars." It was a two inch pipe, four or five feet long and set in two twelve inch posts in the ground. We made paper boats and sailed them in the seasonal creeks. If it snowed, we brought as many sleds as we could and played on the hill behind the school. We'd pretend not to hear the whistle that the teacher blew letting us know it was time for class again.

Two or three times a year, (holidays and special occasions) there would be a potluck at the school. The entire community was invited. The students would usually put on a play, recite and sing. It was a time to get to know and visit with your neighbors. The bachelors in the town really loved it, all that good home cooked food! This was done for Halloween and Christmas. There was some activity on Easter and May Day but usually not the whole community, just families. The last day of school we would all walk up the highway and down Old Toll Road to one particular house that had a pond and a large mowed yard. There we would all play baseball and have an awesome picnic lunch.

Chucker Jay, who graduated with the class of '57, also went to school in Mt. Bullion. "Chucky," as we knew him then, was a

playmate of mine from the time that we were age three. His paternal grandmother and my mother were good friends. His maternal grandmother assisted with the birth of my brother and oldest sister as midwife in 1923 and 1925.

Beverly Noyes and family lived in Mt. Bullion for several years. I don't remember if she attended school there or we became acquainted at Mariposa Elementary School later.

In 1950 Mariposa County consolidated the schools and began bussing most of the students to MES. It was sad. So many rural communities lost their solidarity, no longer having the local elementary school as the nucleus of their community. In my opinion this change has had an over all affect on the cohesiveness of the citizenry of our nation.

-Dolly Thomas Kimbro

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## The Last Word

We started out expecting to have a nice party, hoping people would enjoy it. The results were beyond our wildest dreams. Every comment was positive...people have described it as one of the best weekends of their lives.

Just observing how much folks enjoyed re-connecting with old friends was all the reward we ever wanted – but we have been overwhelmed by the post-reunion response in calls, comments, cards, etc. It has been so heartwarming and positive and we think we may be ready to do it again in five years.

Thanks for coming.

Lee, Lois, Lucy, Bev, Julie & Dick