

**Report on the SLC Class of 1955's  
55<sup>th</sup> reunion in Las Vegas  
September 27, 28 & 29, 2010**

Amassed memories; floating through our minds, causing us to try mightily to remember who/what/when/how? Lost moments, unknown realities, curious thoughts, times gone and perhaps visions of times to come. All of these things were present in the eyes and hearts of those classmates and spouses/partners that participated in our 55<sup>th</sup> reunion celebrations in Las Vegas, this past September 27<sup>th</sup>, 28<sup>th</sup>, & 29<sup>th</sup>.

These were the participants:

Damien **FARIAS** & *Nancy*

Centric and *Linda* **HO**

Allan and *Audrey* **PERALTA**

Charles **ARAKAKI** & *Winifred*

Bert and *Katherine* **AI CHANG**

Fred and *Fran* **HACKBARTH**

Louis and *Barbara* **PARESA**

Johnson and *Elaine* **YEE**

Francis and *Barbara* **WONG**

Stan and *Phyllis* **YASUMOTO**

Herb and *Barbara* **FUJIKAWA**

Bruce and *Phyllis* **MANN**

George and *Maggie* **JOY**

Stanley **OSADA**

Ron and *Merrill* **CATALA**

Roland **LIN**

Joe **ORNELLAS** & *Stephanie*

Earl and *Arlene* **AH MOO**

“Wow, I haven't seen him (a fellow classmate) since we were in school”; and “Damn, he looks the same”. “I didn't know that happened”; “You're kidding me”; “Do you realize we worked in the same place but never saw each other”. “Notttt – fo real?”; “That really was you?” “What – you were a Dentist? - that's fantastic!” Just some of the comments heard over the three days of our celebrations. Joyous, nurturing, warm, sharing and caring words flowed from both the guys and gals present.

**Monday 09/27/2010**

It all started on Monday, the 27<sup>th</sup> of September, and it was centered at the Golden Nugget Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas. Many classmates opted for the convenience of staying at the Golden Nugget (at great rates negotiated by D. **Farias**); while some others stayed at different hotels.

First off, Monday was the official “check in day” Then, at 1:00 P.M. the following guys and gals got massages (M) and/or facials (F): Bert **AI CHANG** (M), Damien **FARIAS** (M), Richard **Nordmark** (**FARIAS'** brother-in-law) (M), *Sharon Nordmark* (**FARIAS'** sister) (M & F), Stan **OSADA** (M), Louie **PARESA** (M), and *Nancy Yoshioka* (**FARIAS'** partner) (M & F). **Louie and Stanley & Bertrand** all had the “Deep Tissue” massage, and **Louie** said “if one wasn't healthy and you got one, you could be hurting for several days”.

Later, there was a “Hosted” (by D. **Farias**) Hospitality/Reception Room set up in the Golden Nugget, that started at around 5:30 P.M. Super set-up, super pupus, super room decor, great drinks, and incredible camaraderie. Talking story was the preeminent topic, as was “man, the bartender not fooling around when he mix da drinks – da buggahs strong – man!”, and “oh, you look so extra pretty after getting your facial this afternoon”, and “I should have gone too!”

Everyone was having fun including the women, not just only the classmates, and the evening progressed as a time for laughter, and joking, and expressions of genuine warmth and togetherness. The evening was just fantastic, and no one wanted to leave. When it was time to leave, many hesitated at ending the “ohana” feeling. Eventually everyone started to meander out of the room and down the hallways. It was said by “someone”, that many were “feeling no pain”. Someone even thought that **Damien** had actually proposed marriage to *Nancy* (after she had come back from getting her facial, and looked extra pretty and yummy), but *Nancy* pooh-poohed that by saying “that was the vodka talking”.

The rest of Monday evening was spent by people going to different restaurants, gambling, carousing, and having extra-curricular activities in their rooms (dream, dream, dream). We digress.....but, moving on to Tuesday -

Tuesday 09/28/2010

Tuesday started off by these professional duffers going out into the HEAT (way over 100 F): Allan **Peralta**, George **Joy**, Louie **Paresa**, Stanley **Osada**, Damien **Farias**, and Stanley & *Phyllis* **Yasumoto**. As it happened, there were two cars involved in transporting the golfers from the Golden Nugget Hotel to the Golf Course. One car was driven by Stan **Yasumoto** and the other car was driven by volunteer driver Bruce **Mann** (a resident of Las Vegas and once upon a time, a 16 wheeler cross-country driver). The **Yasumoto** car had no trouble getting to the golf course, but the **Mann** car had serious difficulties in getting from point A to point B. It was reported that the **Mann** car happened to have as a passenger, a golfer with the inordinate capacity to suggest driving directions that got them lost on the freeway and other side streets. This “passenger” has tons of experience relative to “direction of a propelled vehicle”, but that experience seemed not to work on this day. We won't mention the name of this “passenger”, but his initials are George **Joy**.

Moving right along - the golfers had a “good” day and commenced to melt in the heat. There were no “contests” so no one was declared a winner of any sort, except that they “won” by actually completing the round and managing to get to the clubhouse where life saving cold beers were scoffed down. They said “we had a great time”, but most of them (not the beautiful *Phyllis* **Yasumoto**) had lost a couple of pounds of weight from the loss of perspiration. They were looking forward to another golfing day on Wednesday (to complete the evil practice of pain worship and get an additional merit badge in body melting).

Again, at 1:00 P.M., it was time for massages and facials. These women got the following treatments: *Maggie* **Joy** (M), *Phyllis* **Mann** (M), *Stephanie* **Bellefeuille** (**Ornellas'** partner) (M) & (F) and she requested a MALE Masseur, and *Barbara* **Paresa** (M) & (F). *Barbara* said later, “that was the best facial I've ever had, the facial specialist was just so finite and thorough and gentle – and I'm very well pleased with the results”.

The time before the Buffet Dinner was whiled away doing many different things. Shopping, touring around, shopping, gambling and shopping. Louie **Paresa** was walking through the casino on his way to meet his wife, when he happened to see Joe **Ornellas** and *Stephanie* at a crap table, and **Louie** decided to “join in”. It seemed that **Joe** was on a “roll” and had been “making the numbers”. **Louie** got in at the table and was actually beside **Joe** & *Stephanie* while **Joe** was “throwing the dice”, and **Louie** made a couple of hundred bucks, and then left the table (his wife was waiting for him – remember). Immediately after **Louie** left the table, he heard a roar and clapping from the table, as **Joe** continued his “successful roll”. Later, in the evening, **Louie** asked **Joe** if he (**Joe**) had made any money, and **Joe** answered in the affirmative. **Joe** asked if he (**Louie**) was at the table, and **Louie** related that he was immediately right next to him & *Stephanie*. They never saw **Louie**. Now – that's real gambling concentration. Classmates also saw Herb **Fujikawa** at the crap tables, and these classmates reported that **Herb** was a “high roller” (meaning he bet more than 5 dollars on each of his bets), and was a “charger”. Hope **Herb** won some bucks.

Now it was time for the celebratory dinner. The room setup was impeccable – not too flashy, but intimate, and cordial, and friendly. The food selection was perfect (a Southwestern theme), and to everyone's determination, was very good and really tasty. “The dessert choices were very good” said *Barbara* **Paresa**. One thing was a little “amiss”, and that was – the listed fish was supposed to be “red snapper”, but was actually Trout. Ron **Catala** voiced that he really would have liked the Pupus (at the Reception) and the food at the Buffet to be “a little bit more Hawaiian”, “you know – Poke, sashimi, opihi and li dat”. The “ribs” were especially outstanding as guys and gals went back repeatedly for refills. All through the dinner, the assigned waitress was very attentive and was a very pleasing “plus” for the evening. After all the “stomach stuffing”, things settled down again, into joking, laughing and imbibing.....!

**Damien** had arranged for the room to have a microphone and sound system. **Damien** then asked all of the classmates, not living in Hawaii, to relate to everyone, about the happenings over the past 55 years of their lives. One by one, they took the mike and gave their synopses of what had happened to them. Charles **Arakaki** and Allan **Peralta** were very colorful, informative, and diverse; **Charles** a DDS, and **Allan** an “undercover cop” in Hawaii in

his early years. Ron **Catala** and Stan **Osada** found out that they had previously worked closely on various projects, yet never had the opportunity to meet each other during the projects. Bert **Ai Chang** related that he and his wife *Katherine* felt like being “gypsies”, sort of, as they continuously migrated to various parts of the U.S. Stan **Yasumoto** told us about his work for the Federal Government in the SFO area (where his wife *Phyllis* is from), together with all of the traveling required and resulting in he becoming a “million mile member” of UAL's mileage club. Bruce **Mann** got up and told us about the ever changing and different parts of his past 55 years. Roland **Lin** related that he was a retired bus driver from the L.A. area, after two restaurant businesses failed in Maui & Oahu.

During the evening, Damien made a cellular phone call to George & *Dori Corenevsky*, and Damien lifted the phone up and led everyone in a special hello to the **Corenevskys**. George & *Dori* responded, “we love you”!

What a tremendously fun and interesting night it turned out to be. There was an abundance of mellowness about the room. Everyone seemed so loose and comfortable – it was as if “family members had gotten together”. When the scheduled time to vacate approached, no one made a move to end the festivities. Soooo, **Damien** had to turn off the lights as the “signal” to end the dinner. Many of us wondered if we could “do this again”, and that may happen; but we don't stop getting older and some things take up a good deal of time. We'll see!

And away they went, into the night, hellbent for gambling and other mysterious things. Then, it was sleep time.

### Wednesday 09/29/2010

Wednesday was officially “check out time”. But - - - before that, in the morning, those golfers of past fame and accomplishment(s), motored off to yet another Golf Club. These were the same Hall of Fumers as golfed on Tuesday, minus the lovely *Phyllis Yasumoto*. This time, everyone managed to get into one car, driven by Stan **Yasumoto**. And wouldn't you know it, that same golfing person that lacked logical direction suggestion abilities, was sitting in the right front passenger seat (like the Navigator's seat on a plane); and again, they got temporarily disoriented!!!! No need to say more, just go back to the above paragraph dealing with Tuesday's golfing. But then again, they all had fun. Hell, even the golfing was “all in fun”.

That essentially was the whole deal. For a couple of days and nights, a group of old farts and their beautiful women managed to do some classically important things in the name of friendship. God was with all of us, as He let nothing bad happen to any of us (not sure if anyone lost a bundle).

#### We need to give thanks to:

All of those that participated      The hotel/casino staff      Allan **Peralta** for handling all of the golfing

Johnson & *Elaine Yee* for painstakingly snapping dozens of pictures – even of couples KISSING (French kine?)

**GOD** (He let us be there)

Damien **Farias**, who gave of himself, his kindness, his fortune; THANK YOU DAMIEN!!!! & God bless you!

View Johnson Yee's picture montage at: <http://picasaweb.google.com/lh/sredir?uname=jjsyee&target=ALBUM&id=5527378461132562497&authkey=Gv1sRgCLufw6q5-YDTsgE&feat=email>

Do it again sometime? Make the interval between reunions a bit shorter? Let's do it again, but somewhere like Japan? Will you help? All of these aspects will be part of our upcoming regularly scheduled classmate meetings.

A hui hou! Malama pono!

