

## STS Publishing

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Happy Valentine's Day

## ON LOVE By Emmet Fox

**THERE** is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer; no disease that enough love will not heal; no door that enough love will not open; no gulf that enough love will not bridge; no wall that enough love will not throw down; no sin that enough love will not redeem.

**IT** makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble; how hopeless the outlook, how muddled the tangle; how great the mistake. A sufficient realization of love will dissolve it all. If only you could love enough, you would be the happiest and most powerful being in the world.

Notice! This is the FINAL issue of the iPreSS newsletter for the Class of 1964. It's been a pleasure to serve the class with our first class website, followed with a cyber newsletter. Mahalo to Howie for allowing a special STS Publishing page to share the newsletters. ~Sharon

## Classmate of the Month

Jeffrey Komoda



Photo: February 2009

**OUR** former student body president, Jeff Komoda, is now retired from a successful engineering career and living back on Maui and has expressed that he's "glad to be back on Maui." Jeff and his wife Grace are residing in Pukalani with their beloved dog named Suki.

**LIKE** many of our classmates who can't seem to truly retire and get off the payroll, Jeff took a post-retirement job at the local Maui golf course, as he is also an avid golfer and has planned a few golf outings for the classmates during various reunions in Las Vegas and on Maui.

**WE** can thank Jeff for our successful 45<sup>th</sup>-Year Reunion held on Maui, which he co-chaired with classmate Stan Chong-Kee. It was said to be one of the best reunions we've celebrated.

**THE** classmates would like to wish the Komodas and Suki all our best wishes for the New Year!



Special thank you to Kristen Beason for the use of her folk art images in several issues. They added some whimsy and color to the columns!

## Las Vegas, Revisited!

### Special '89 Newsletter by J. Komoda (Some Excerpts)

**THE** skies over Las Vegas were brightened by the Twenty-fifth Reunion of the MHS Class of '64. What, may you ask, was so special about an otherwise undistinguished cast of characters? The warmth and camaraderie was special, or, as Felix put it, "This is marvelous!" I wasn't sure if he was referring to the reunion or the food, however.

**THE** whole event started with some confusion (which characterizes our class) but got off to a rolling start at the Stardust Hotel on the "Strip" in Chateau 4626. I checked into my room and noticed a commotion in the room across the hall. Lo and behold, it was the reunion headquarters. I found Amy, Katherine, Felix, Fay, Howard, Wayne, and Ronald talking story. It had been 25 years since I last saw these classmates, and I noticed a lot of changes, and yet, so little changes in everyone. We exchanged our life histories—mainly among us who were attending our first reunion. Imagine 25 years had passed, or, for that matter, 29 years since we first met on the H'poko campus.

**FRIDAY** night, as the classmates trickled in, we started with a social gathering and big (three-day) pigfest. We had a feast, which included sashimi, shrimp, oysters, crab provided by Felix, ham by Ronald, sushi by my wife, Sam Sato's manju, and other goodies [provided by others]. Some of the good stories required mental "talapia" (telepathy) to get the meaning. At the end, we reflected upon the "what happened to other members of our class," as well as the attendees, and left with the notion that we turned out to be one "hell of a group" of good people.

**THE** next day, skipper Ronald arranged for a cruise on a 160-foot "yacht" on Lake Mead. Eight classmates [plus family members] opted to go—all mainland people. We had a fire alarm go off at the Stardust, which turned out to be one heck of a wake-up call. I can't speak for the other people who were off on their own, but we had a great time on the lake. We took a leisurely cruise to the Hoover Dam. It was a beautiful day, with the temperature at 90-96 degrees, with a slight headwind of 10-15 mph. We found a beach near the dam about 11:30. A few of us took a dip in the lake while the grills [provided on the two boats] heated up. We grilled teriyaki Elk steaks, Iowa corn, and Iowa-bred pork chops, along with other goodies, including the famous Sato manju. The Souzas forgot to pack the frozen Armadillo steaks in their freezer [roadkill-joke]. Next time...real ono, boy. Bust your stomach! We lounged around, had a water fight, and witnessed a near-drowning of a child being punished by her father for a trivial prank on the same beach. We had a lawyer, corrections officer, and former student body president primed to set some action into motion, but we decided to eat instead. We headed back for the marina at about 1:30 and arrived uneventfully [at the hotel], to the delight of everyone. We returned to find the rest of the gang tired from gambling. We caught up with more of our classmates, then took a little nap before dinner...

(Continue to next column...)

## Back at the Stardust...

(Reunion Adventure Continued...)

which consisted of another stomach full of sashimi and Kula onions (couldn't get enough of it). Julie Higa showed up about this time. She rode and flew with her nephew all the way from San Luis Obispo to Las Vegas (4-hour van ride and one-hour flight) to spend one day at the reunion. Dedication!

**AT** 10:30 PM we were off to see the Lido de Paris show at the Stardust, VIP treatment arranged by Felix. We had excellent booths at chest level (those of you that have seen the show will know what I mean). It was an excellent performance. We had a few casualties, however. Jack's neck got stiff the next day because of the jerky motion during the acts. Willie's beard turned whiter, and I lost more hair off my head that I can ill afford to lose. Ronald kept fogging his glasses and missed part of the show while cleaning them. On the good side, Howard drooled and sweat so much that he lost much-needed 5 lbs. We had a breakdown in communications and failed to order the Polish Dogs and champagne, for which the theatre is famous, as Felix pointed out after the fact. I was impressed with the costumes, myself. The show included dancing, spectacular ice dancing, a comedian, and the Crosini Orangutans.

**WE** readjournal back at the suite at about 1:30 AM. Sharon and Jack and my wife and I danced about an hour (pretty good band) before joining the group to make some heavy decisions.

**AN** organizing committee was established, consisting of all classmates present to plan the next reunions. We discussed our next [two] reunions and more stories until 4:00 AM. Lo and behold, there was another fire alarm at 4:05 AM. Nobody got up. I think the hotel does this to get people up so they will go to the casino and gamble.

**ON** the last reunion day, Sunday, we got up late and waited for two hours for burnt Bagels. The coffee and sashimi were excellent (marvelous!) for breakfast. The last of the Ahi was consumed by about 12:00. We had a minor difficulty. We ran out of soy sauce. This was corrected immediately by Felix. It was simply marvelous. After breakfast (about 12:00) everyone went shopping. Julie and her nephew went to the "Wet & Wild," a water park. I understand that Julie won the wet tee shirt contest there. They had fun going down water slides and dipping in large pools of water. Las Vegas is like Baldwin Park, without the ocean. We gathered again at 3:00 PM to reconfirm our plans for next year and the year after. Hell, we'll be 45-years-old by then. Feel young again and come join us in Las Vegas, 1991.

(Donations list of goodies and donors is not included in this reprint, as well as the specifics for the reunion planning mentioned by Jeff.)

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