

SANTA CLARITA

The Formation and Organization of
the Largest Newly Incorporated City
in the History of Humankind

by
CARL BOYER, 3RD

CARL BOYER, 3RD
SANTA CLARITA, CALIFORNIA
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Dedicated to my wife Chris and family,
and all the people of Santa Clarita who had faith we could govern ourselves

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

About the Author	iv
Foreward	v
Tables Concerning Canyon County Formation	xiii
List of Volunteer Petitioners	xvii
1. "Up With Soreheads"	1
2. The New County Movement	22
3. Los Angeles Kills the New County Movement	40
4. Representing the Valley	60
5. Through the Doldrums	80
6. "A Dixie Cup Instead of the Holy Grail"	98
7. The Home Stretch	109
8. "Let Pete Keep His Horses"	126
9. Organizing Government	140
10. Finishing Year One	150
11. More Issues to Handle	160
12. Completing the Short Term	172
13. Dealing with Growth	186
14. First Term as Mayor	200
15. Mayor Jill Klajic	217
16. Relative Calm	229
17. Rudely Awakened	239
18. A Welcome Routine	248
19. "Kylene, I'll Still Be Your Grandpa"	263
20. Inside Elsmere Canyon	273
21. Inside Porta Bella	297
22. Stepping Down	302
23. A Lamé Duck	316
24. A City's Achievements, with More Planned	333
25. Questions About our Future	342
A. Revising Our County Charter	349
B. Early Participants in Cityhood Efforts	351
C. Self-Government Activists, 1973-1976	352
Bibliography	355
Index	357

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Carl Boyer, 3rd, born in Philadelphia in 1937, was educated at Nether Providence High School in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, Maryville College in Tennessee, The Edinburgh University in Scotland, Trinity University in Texas (B.A. in history), the University of Cincinnati (M.Ed. in secondary education), and other graduate schools.

He married Chris Kruse in 1962. They have three children, Michèle, Denise (married first to the late Scotty Plummer, second to Russ Johnson, and mother of Kylene Plummer), and Danielle (mother of Riana and Aidan Vermillion).

He taught forty years in public schools in Texas, Kentucky, Ohio and California, including thirty-five years at San Fernando High School (1963-1998). In 1969, as a result of serving the Del Prado Condominium, he became interested in forming a local government. It was not easy for a small population in what was then a rural area to communicate with the staff of the largest county in the world.

During the 1960s he was encouraged by his mother-in-law and her family to research and publish *Slade-Babcock Genealogy*, which was the first of about a dozen distinct titles in the field of genealogy. All were self-published, and profitable. As he is descended from Count Boso IV of Arles, he can say with a straight face that he is from “a long line of Bosos.”

He has spoken at a number of genealogical seminars throughout the western United States, and was the American Key Speaker at the World Mayors' Conference in Jaipur, India, in 1998.

He served as a member of the Governing Board of the Santa Clarita Community College District from 1973 to 1981 (as president from 1979-1981), as a director of the Castaic Lake Water Agency from 1982 to 1984, and as a member of the City Council of Santa Clarita from the time of the city's formation in 1987 until he retired in 1998, having completed his third term, which included two one-year terms as Mayor.

The Boyers were involved in hosting the first group of Soviet high school students visiting Southern California in 1990, and arranging college scholarships for some of them. At that time he was one of the founders of the Santa Clarita Valley International Program.

With his wife Chris, who did most of the work, he was active in caring for children brought to the United States for donated medical treatment by Healing the Children. Kids from Colombia, Guatemala, Russia, Mexico and Ecuador have recuperated from open-heart surgery and other operations in the Boyers' home before being reunited with their families. In addition, he has served as a gofer for an open-heart surgery team in Ecuador, and for a team which has traveled repeatedly to Estelí, Nicaragua to do eye surgeries.

Since his retirement in 1998, he has continued to push to get Santa Clarita more involved in the world. He has visited more than one hundred forty countries (many of them as a chaperone of student groups) and both of Santa Clarita's sister cities, Tena in Ecuador and Sariaya in the Philippines. He has served as a volunteer consultant to Sofia, Bulgaria, and Bandung Regency, Indonesia.

He is convinced that many governments are too big for us to manage.

FOREWARD

Had I not been fearful of losing a few hundred dollars that my wife Chris and I had invested in buying our first home, I might never have become involved in community affairs and politics. In any event the City of Santa Clarita would have been born roughly when it was, but I would not have been involved and I would probably have spent the last few years working on another book on family history.

I wanted to write this book as a history, but it turned out to be a memoir. I am not sure I could have written a history. Having studied historiography in graduate school before I became more interested in teaching government than history, I am aware of the pitfalls of attempting to write an “honest” history.

I was born in Philadelphia and raised in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, a bastion of Republicanism. Although my family was not well off by today’s standards – we endured the humidity without the benefit of air conditioning and made do with one car most of the time – we enjoyed what was then probably an upper middle class life. My father was an electrical engineer, an executive for much of his career, who never earned more than \$16,000 a year. However, that was a lot of money through the 1960s. Wallingford is in Nether Providence Township, a quiet place where the schools are excellent and the cultural life of Philadelphia is half an hour away by train.

I spent the last year of my undergraduate and first year of graduate studies at Trinity University in San Antonio. There I was recruited to become the president of the International Relations Club and then president of the Trinity chapter of the Young Democrats of Texas. I accepted the argument that there were no Republicans in South Texas, and that to have a voice I had to be a Democrat. Many of them were very conservative, but I was active in integrating public facilities. Although I had been raised only eight miles north of the Mason-Dixon Line, I had attended integrated schools. While I was not close to my African American classmates – they lived too far from me to become playmates – I knew that, given a chance, they could achieve their dreams as well as I.

My work to create a coordinating council of the six colleges in San Antonio led to my being chosen as Clerk of the Young Democrats statewide. However, my activities ended when they tried to get me to run for the state legislature. I was more interested in traveling than taking on a \$600 per year job which I felt would impair my ability to earn an honest living. At that time I was single, had a little money saved, and I went off to bicycle across Europe on a budget of a dollar a day with two Englishmen.

I never really did catch on to the idea that I should plan a career and work hard at developing it. My undergraduate years were spent preparing to become a diplomat, but when I passed the exam and was offered a position in the State Department I turned it down in favor of a high school teaching job for less than half the salary, \$3204 per year. I had already spent my sophomore year of col-

lege in Scotland at Edinburgh University, and was not sure I wanted to live overseas. At the time, teaching seemed an honorable profession I could leave at the end of any academic year, once I decided what I was really going to do.

For some years I thought I might teach at the college level, but I became a graduate school dropout when I needed to teach night school in addition to my regular load in order to support my family. After a few years I became convinced that I was meant to be a classroom teacher. When offered a job in administration, I had no difficulty in replying, "I'm sorry, Bart, but to me administration is the next thing to prostitution." Interestingly, that was not the last time my principal, Bart Krikorian, offered me an administrative position. While I missed the money, the more flexible nature of a classroom teacher's duties allowed me more variety in life. For that I am grateful.

As a homeowner I learned that becoming a leader involves a willingness to fill a vacuum. No one else was willing to lead the effort in Del Prado, the condominium where we buyers were having difficulty gaining title to our properties. It involved a lot of work, and having to take a lot of criticism, most of which was based on rumors, some of which got back to me, although most did not. I was quite surprised when I got only five votes (out of a possible 650) when I ran for a second term on the condominium board.

I would have retired quite happily and permanently from community politics right then, but after a year my neighbors decided I had, after all, done a good job when I was on the board (or at least good enough that they would rather have me serve than serve themselves), and at a New Year's Eve party they doctored my drinks until I said I would run again.

For three years I did my work without the benefit of any publicity. However, once I discovered how a weekly newspaper could help, I was not shy. The banks, bureaucrats and politicians were quite willing to help people who knew how to access the press. *The Newhall Signal* was quite willing to cover our efforts, particularly when Del Prado began to push for a north county general plan in lieu of the hit-or-miss county zoning which had been developed piecemeal, largely in response to the whims of developers, and was subjected to myriad changes.

In all the years I worked to represent the people of the Santa Clarita Valley my efforts at leadership were questioned only once, very early on, when I was criticized at a Del Prado board meeting for wanting to be mayor. Yes, positions I took were not supported unanimously by the public, but generally the problem-solving approach we took was popular simply because the effort was so obviously needed. While I had other detractors, I did not credit them as being significant. Their motives were political, and their failed threats of recall proved them to be ineffectual people.

That is not to say that I was a strong leader. I was not. I had no ideology to promote, except that we ought to have open and accessible government, locally controlled. After a while I realized that taxes were out of control, and that a major reason for this was the size of government.

I had never been one to bellyache about taxes. I was proud to be a taxpayer and willing to live on what was left. However, over the years I watched my property tax bill go up far faster than my income, and saw bigger chunks of my paycheck go for state and federal income taxes because my pay raises (which never seemed to help me keep up with the cost of living) kept putting me into higher tax brackets. I was willing to share privation, if I was asked to handle my share. However, I saw my profession of teaching as the backbone of an American economy which was allowing many to live better each year. I developed the gut feeling that many who were not working as hard as I was were enjoying the fruits of the economy much more than I.

Thus I felt something had to be done about government. I was willing to pay more taxes each year, commensurate with my increases in income, but did not feel I should be hammered constantly with higher tax rates. The way to control taxes was to control spending, and the way to do that was to make government more efficient.

More important to me, however, was the mere fact that at that time I could not reach my "local" government (the county Hall of Administration thirty-two miles from my house) without making a long distance telephone call, and I could not speak to them in person without taking a day off work, for the Board of Supervisors met during the day. In 1969 I could not acquire a county telephone directory or call a local deputy. I had to make a toll call to the county switchboard and deal with various operators, none of whom ever had the foggiest notion how to handle my call. Often the first hurdle was convincing them that I lived in Los Angeles County, for the average county map included the Santa Clarita and Antelope Valleys only as a small inset in the upper left-hand corner, even though we made up 60% of the land area.

For many months my calls were switched from one person to another for an average of half an hour before I could reach a knowledgeable person. Local attorney Dan Hon and others reported similar results. Of course we were able to compile our own directories eventually.

Gradually I became familiar with the way the bureaucracy worked. The pyramid was so big that the people at the top were very valuable. They were the ones who knew how to get things done. If the county was not going to lose them to private industry they had to be paid very well, and afforded generous perks and fringe benefits. The top-heavy payroll was justified by constantly rewriting job descriptions. While some of the political leaders railed against this practice, none of them seemed to understand that big government was the cause.

Smaller governments could pay less because it was not so difficult for newcomers to become familiar with the system. People were constantly being trained for promotion so that losing a department head was not a huge problem. We could encourage people when they sought better paid jobs, for most of the time we had qualified people available for a promotion. This did not mean low salaries.

When our nation became independent our population was a little over three million. The ingredients of real national wealth did not exist, for us or any foreign state. However, the one thing we did enjoy was government close to the people. It was not democratic, but it was responsive enough that the people in power gradually shared their privileges – while male property-owning adults aged twenty-one gave the franchise to people who did not own property, and in turn each group enjoying the right to vote gave it to people of color, to women and to eighteen-year-olds.

Gradually new states were formed. Virginia, which at one time was mapped with territory spreading all the way to the west and northwest to include parts of Pennsylvania and most of the “Old Northwest,” gave up most of her territorial claims for the good of the nation prior to the adoption of the United States Constitution. Moreover, as people moved west, Virginia allowed Kentucky to become a state, and North Carolina allowed Tennessee to become self-governing. These were not new states admitted out of federal territory, but states formed from the western reaches of states which realized they could not do a good job of governing remote areas.

Nor were Kentucky and Tennessee the last. Maine was admitted to the Union from Massachusetts in 1820. I will not credit Virginia with allowing West Virginia to enter the Union in 1863; that was a result of the Civil War. However, Virginia has not ignored the need to respond to growth and change. Three-quarters of her counties and independent cities were formed after the colony was a hundred years old. California entered the Union in 1848, and its county boundaries became fossilized fifty-nine years later. Virginia allowed the formation of six new independent cities after her tricentennial!

In 1973 I realized that someone could be elected to public office in an area with a population of a little more than 50,000 on a small campaign budget (about \$350) with the help of a few other people, most of whom circulated flyers door to door. I took this experience into the classroom eleven miles from my house. The more I realized what I could do as an individual, the more I talked with my students about what they could do, and over the years my students, most of whom were Mexican-American, enjoyed classroom talks with U.S. Senator John Tunney, mayors of San Fernando, Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, city council members, city managers, state assemblymen and grass roots leaders like Cesar Chavez. Their dreams bore much fruit.

As we became more sophisticated about government we tended to concentrate more on understanding local government, with the result that my students became well prepared to enter politics.

I had become convinced that the government curriculum needed to be revamped entirely. I could do what I wanted because in the huge Los Angeles district no one had a clue what was going on in my classroom. After some years of experimenting, we simply started at the very back of the book and worked on the two chapters on local government for as long as it took.

I began, “There are two things you need to know about government.

“The first is the telephone number of city hall.

“The second is that when you have a problem with government, you have to make the call.” I knew from experience that the switchboard operator at city hall had the numbers of appropriate federal, state and county offices at hand.

One day I noticed that a certain traffic light was not working properly. I told my classes about the problem (the green light did not come on, and since the red light worked I felt it was not dangerous), and said, “If it is not fixed in ninety days, I’ll call and report it. Government does not have people driving around looking for problems like that. They rely on members of the public calling in. The problem is that members of the public won’t make the call.”

Ninety days later I called Los Angeles Councilman Ernani Bernardi’s office about the light. No, that was not city hall, but it was a local call from school. I was asked rather curtly why I did not call the streets department. I said I did not know who to contact and I was sure that my councilman for the area where I taught would like to handle that. Of course he would, so he could get the credit. I reported the call to my classes, and the next day was able to report that the light had been fixed.

A major source of confusion was the name of the city in which my students lived. They had to learn that if they had a one- to four-digit street number they lived in the City of San Fernando, a relatively compact place surrounded by communities such as Sylmar, Mission Hills, Granada Hills, Pacoima and Arleta. Most people thought these were cities, and were surprised to learn that almost all five-digit street numbers in the area were addresses in the City of Los Angeles, although very few were in county territory.

When I first began teaching at San Fernando High School it was the most highly integrated school in the United States. The student body was 32% white, 32% black, 32% brown, and four per cent Oriental. For a brief period there was racial strife on campus, and with white flight, redrawn boundary lines and changing demographics, it became 96% Latino within thirty-five years.

I did not care. My kids worked hard, and earned their scholarships to Berkeley, Stanford, MIT, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, Bryn Mawr and many other universities and colleges; after they got there, they worked incredibly hard to graduate and leave behind a record which encouraged the Directors of Admissions to accept more San Fernando students.

I kept hammering away at the idea that my students had to be the ones to make the call; no one else would. I repeated the story about the traffic light being out *ad nauseam*, and talked endlessly about how they could find out the name of the city in which they lived, and the phone number of city hall.

One summer we were talking about petitions. Revolution was in the air, and at the time most petitions were being presented as a list of demands. We settled on a reasonable request expressed politely, we needed storm sewers.

On rainy days our students, while walking to school, were being drenched by passing cars splashing them. Drivers showed no courtesy when they saw a puddle, so the solution was to drain the streets..

At the time the councilman for the Los Angeles part of our area was Howard Finn. We submitted our politely-worded petition with 4,000 signatures and hoped for a response. He died three days after I took it to his office. Work on the project started the following week. I never had the heart to tell my students that he probably never saw their petition; that the project had probably been in the works for years (although I had not known it was), and that the start of construction was coincidental. For all I know, one of my students may be complaining, "Back in the old days when we sent a nicely-worded petition to our councilman we got an immediate response!"

I could not track everyone who took my classes, or even remember all of them. About 1996 I was approached at a meeting of the League of California Cities by the Mayor of San Fernando, who introduced herself as having been one of my students. When I retired I gave some thought to how many had become involved in public service and realized that all the people serving as representatives of the northeast San Fernando Valley, on the Los Angeles City Council, the San Fernando City Council, and in the state legislature, who had attended any local public school since 1963, had been my students. Since 1996 one has been elected to the U.S. Congress, and another as California Secretary of State. During that thirty-five-year perhaps one hundred had taught government in the area.

Apparently they had learned to have faith in themselves, and had stepped forward. Time will tell whether they got one message I tried to deliver. "If you really care about serving the public, your political career will develop on its own." Times are different now, when term limits handicapping both the Los Angeles City Council and the state legislature. Those who are genuinely interested in public service find themselves hopping about, running for different jobs, because a majority of voters have been bamboozled into voting to limit good people as well as bad.

Now the politicians often do not know how to do their job effectively until they are almost termed out, and staff and the lobbyists are running the show. Term limits are not the answer. Smaller government is. If we split the state, and split many of the counties, we will have members of the State Assembly, state Senators and county supervisors elected from districts which are small enough to be controlled by the people rather than the special interests contributing millions of dollars to campaign polluting the airwaves.

Political professionals say that it takes eight contacts (mailers, television ads, or display ads in the newspaper) to get anyone's attention. Is it perhaps true that getting people's attention is difficult because the people do not care for candidates they perceive as tools of the special interests? What happened to council districts small enough that a candidate could walk most of the precincts and speak in almost every lodge hall?

When we formed Santa Clarita I supported at-large voting for council members. I believed that each member of the council should be beholding to every voter for election to office. Now I wonder if members ought to be elected by district.

I support the direct election of the mayor, who should be paid a good, full-time salary. No one but a retired person can do the job really well now because it requires a full-time effort. Santa Clarita needs to have a mayor who is active in the Los Angeles Division of the League of California Cities, the City Selection Commission and the League of California Cities. Our mayor should be well acquainted with members of the state legislature and congress, and the staff members of committees in Sacramento and Washington which are important to us. We simply cannot have the impact we need to have if we continue to rely on short-term mayors, no matter how able our government relations officers and lobbyists may be.

There are some things I did not like about public service:

- 1) Having to explain to my wife that I really did not do, or say, what the newspapers said I did. I did not believe the misstatements were harmful politically, for those in the know were aware of the problem, and those who complained did not vote and had little influence.
- 2) Listening to people at council meetings talk about someone else's property as if the person testifying should have control of it because he liked watching the wildflowers grow, or the rabbits run. No, I was not in favor of unbridled development, but the answer to it is to put public money into buying property before the developers get control of it. Santa Clarita began doing that after I retired from office.
- 3) Having to make a pragmatic decision in cases where the parties opposing each other were convinced they were going to get hurt, knowing that the facts made it difficult to choose sides.
- 4) Knowing that it was becoming more and more expensive to run for office.

I did like:

- 1) Helping to create a city government which enjoyed wide popular approval.
- 2) Working with officials from other cities who were, for the most part, as interested in good government as I was, although a few of them turned out to be crooks.
- 3) Brainstorming to help come up with solutions to long-term problems, which often involved thinking outside the box.
- 4) The comfort of having no desire to run for partisan office.
- 5) Finding out that most of the politicians and staff members I met were truly interested in serving the public.

Perhaps the most offbeat question was from a young Boy Scout, one of a group visiting my office, who, when visiting my office during a term I was serving as Mayor: "Are you the richest man in the valley?"

“No,” I replied with an amazingly straight face, “I’m paid less than a thousand dollars a month for this job, and I have to continue teaching full time to make a living.”

The reward was in helping the people of our city accomplish their goals.

Carl Boyer

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CITY OF SANTA CLARITA FEASIBILITY STUDY
PETITION VOLUNTEER LIST

Swift, Carla J.	847	Dunham, Deborah	86	Volding, Craig	37
Moon, Michael J.	720	Kline, Bruce A.	86	Feltcorn, E. Gordon	35
Deason, Morris V.	683	Sarro, Carmen S.	80	Mundell, Ralph J.	35
Boyer, Carl 3rd	650	Grunbok, Anne E.	75	Neville, Robert H.	35
Ives, Maisie	523	Jennings, Donald L.	75	Irvan, Tamsie	33
Klajic, Mary J.	516	Young, Felicia	75	Lane, Philip T.	33
Johnson, Vera J.	496	Focht, Maureen	70	Sumpter, Diana M.	33
Riley, Dorothy V.	458	McMillan, Valerie	70	O'Connell, Deborah	32
Worden, Connie A.	447	Pearce, Lavona B.	70	Krug, Barbara J.	31
Stokes, Sydell	444	Lehman, Donald S.	62	Haines, Angela L.	30
Callowhill, H.G.	427	Cernelli, Karen D.	61	Keyser, Susan J.	30
Ives, Charles M.	415	Flayer, William	60	Klein, Michael	30
Garasi, Louis A.	388	Hynch, Red	60	Metcalf, Gerald L.	30
Cleary, David M.	326	O'Connell, Lawr. A.	60	Palmeri, Joseph	30
Kudija, Christine	320	Perkins, Joellen	60	Sweeney, Virginia R.	30
Heidt, Janice H.	308	Broyles, William J.	59	Tropcich, Mari Jo	30
O'Brien, J.J.	261	Kotch, Michael A.	58	Carter, M.W.	28
O'Connell, Walter	240	Eikrem, Betty G.	57	Haase, Carl D.	28
Skinnider, Alex J.	210	Van Euwen, Chris.	56	Hoskinson, Janice	28
Wyatt, Gary O.	207	Volding, Kent H.	56	Deaton, Cheryl A.	27
Caskey, Lisa M.	205	Kirk, Douglas W.	55	Jones, Helen May	26
Castleberry, Betty	202	Curwen, Elizabeth	51	Perlman, Al	25
Garasi, Rita R.	162	Farnham, Dennis G.	50	Pratt, Robert M.	25
Roberts, William	142	Eissler, Robin B.	50	Reardon, Helen H.	23
Irwin, Olive L.	140	Hicks, Joy S.	50	Connally, Eileen	22
Nichols, Larry L.	140	Kurtis, Carol Ann	45	Berman, Mona R.	20
Turner, Robert W.	136	Hale, Donald E.	44	Black, Walter E.	20
Jenkins, Myron L.	131	Nichols, Elaine V.	43	Broberich, Michael	20
Scott, James C.	124	Ruczynski, Dolores	43	Everett, Deloris A.	20
Mullen, Jocelyn M.	120	Donnelly, Art	42	Grunbok, Robert A.	20
Peterman, Elliot Jay	120	Brown, Carmen	40	Hall, Leslie J.	20
Boyer, Jack R.	111	Cassidy, Jimmie D.	40	Henson, Jackie O.	20
Hoskinson, John D.	100	Donnelly, Glo	40	Hill, George F.	20
Kawell, Diane L.	100	Moore, Edra K.	40	Lee, Larry R.	20
Savaikie, Mary A.	100	Moore, Michael P.	40	Levine, Carol R.	20
Ross, Evelyn	99	Whitney, Frances A.	40	McKeon, Howard P.	20
Fuller, John S.	95	Bishop, Connie J.	39	Parnard, Bonnie L.	20
Martin, Terrel J.	94	Brathwaite, Louis E.	39	Pierce, Emily	20
Cannon, Beulah	93	Rudolph, Anne V.	39	Trochtenberg, Kath.	20
Gunby, Florence H.	87	McSkane, Michael	38	Vath, Sandra M.	19
Schutte, James A.	87	Silverstein, Robert	38	Frisbey, Linda B.	18

Stephens, Joyce A.	18	Perry, Maria Diodato	10	Hanahen, Steve	4
Baxter, Susan S.	17	Purner, Dorothy W.	10	Lorne, Geraldine	4
Ewing, Gordon D.	17	Smith, Stanley M.	10	Robinson, Trudy	4
Zoech, Richard	17	Spencer, George R.	10	Stoner, Brenda	4
Ely, Sheila R.	16	Tropcich, Ronnie M.	10	Veltre, Mark A.	4
Gorman, Judith E.	16	Wilsey, Don W.	10	Veluzat, Sue	4
Nash, Gertrude L.	16	Wolter, Dennis	10	Armdt, Cindy J.	3
Peterson, Lorrin C.	16	Ossron, Dennis	9	Ballard, Leon F.	3
Moses, Carolyn C.	15	Pronk, Robert L.	9	Filter, Douglas L.	3
Silver, Ronnie	15	Stamey, Carol A.	9	Grechowsky, Sharon	3
Minghini, Leonore I.	14	Dils, Janice	8	Hamilton, Jacqueline	3
Wilde, Janet L.	14	Fairchild, Wm. H.	8	Hon, Daniel	3
Lang, John L.	13	Killmeyer, Ralph J.	8	La Mantia, Gary	3
Carlson, Randall S.	12	Ree, Mary	8	Lamprez, G. Andrew	3
Mullen, Collen Faye	12	Swift, Wesley E.	8	Reynolds, Doris A.	3
Timmins, Jamie L.	12	Landess, Beth J.	7	Sitomer, Steven M.	3
Veloz, Thomas M.	12	Moen, Rex	7	Bommard, Donna J.	2
Hickey, Valerie	11	Dean, Kenneth	6	Deamer, Ray R. Jr.	2
Atkisson, Daniel J.	10	Keinonen, Claudine	6	Dixon, Christina L.	2
Boyd, Ann Shannon	10	Newhall, Maureen A.	6	Fives, John J.	2
Caskey, Patricia Ann	10	Sack, Karen	6	Hagstrom, Wallace E.	2
Chapman, Cheri	10	Sasser, Kathleen L.	6	Sauer, Gary	2
Crane, Timothy R.	10	Willett, Patricia M.	6	Sciff, Celeste C.	2
Dozier, W. Leigh	10	Williams, Denise	6	Spale, Carol A.	2
Fincher, Richard	10	Williams, Nancy J.	6	Haugh, Thomas	1
Grubbs, Linda L.	10	Bennett, Barrie	5	Larsen, Jalinda L.	1
Hansen, Fred C.	10	Bibaz, George E.	5	Najera, Kathleen A.	1
Henson, Tonia A.	10	Jeffers, Edward	5	Sizer, Michael Andre	1
Kaminsky, Lisa	10	Klajic, Louis	5	Celentano, Beverly	*
Keysor, Arlene M.	10	Knapp, Albert L.	5	Chandler, Eunice E.	*
Ledbetter, Tim	10	Modugno, Pat J.	5	McNalley, Sharon L.	*
Myers, Margaret H.	10	Rogers, Charles	5	Ogg, Jacqueline J.	*
Nelson, Patricia J.	10	Simmons, Mary Lou	5	Sheldon, Martha W.	*
O'Dwyer, Dorothy	10	Floyd, Grady O.	4	Smith, George F.	*