

MARGA WELLS



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ANNUAL Representative 1, 2, 3, 4; Choral Club 2; Forum 1, 2; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Class 3; Pep Club 1, 2, 3; Senior Class 4; Sophomore Class 2; Student Council 1; TATTLER 1, 2, 3, 4.

The following information was provided by Marga's good friend and our classmate Micky Campbell Parker.

Marga and I were good friends in high school and remained in touch through college, me at SUNY Buffalo, Marga, a Fine Arts major at Cornell and a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority. One summer during our college years, we took a road trip to the Adirondacks. After graduation, I went off to Miami to start with Pan Am, Marga enrolled in a business program at the Katharine Gibbs School in NY. I had layovers in NY occasionally and visited Marga in her apartment there. In 1966, Marga's course was complete and she decided to move to Miami where I was, so she shipped her things to Florida. While the shipment was en route, I was informed that the transfer to San Francisco I'd applied for had been granted which came as a surprise as I was junior with Pan Am and expected that it would be awhile before I got to San Francisco. Marga, upon receiving this news, decided to accept an excellent position she'd been offered in Honolulu. I rerouted her shipment, flew to San Francisco and rented an apartment. When Marga laid over in San Francisco en route to Honolulu, she stayed in my apartment. Then, when she arrived in Honolulu, I greeted her at the airport and took her to my hotel as I was laying over in Honolulu. Quite a synchronization of events! I visited her in Honolulu several times after that. I got married and quit my job with Pan Am in 1968. Marga, in the meantime, had decided to become an FBI agent (which I thought was quite a stretch from Fine Arts!). She was only the third female to be hired by the FBI (the first two were written up in TIME magazine). She completed her training

at Quantico and was based...in San Francisco! I was still living in the Bay Area and met her for lunch. When we parked, she put a big red light on top of her car and showed me her badge and gun when we got inside. I was amazed! She also came to my home in Orinda, a short commute to San Francisco.

In 1973, my husband and I purchased a 20 acre farm in a remote area of northern California. Marga and her husband (don't recall when she married) visited there on one occasion (don't remember the year) but it was between 1973 and 1977. That was the last time I saw her. It is also interesting that Marga was involved in the investigation of the Patty Hearst kidnapping. She continued with the FBI until she retired and lived in Marin County. She had a lung transplant which was successful for some years but she succumbed in 1999. I was informed by her older sister, Debbie, who had retrieved my Christmas card to Marga and wanted me to know. Marga had been divorced for some time and had no children. She was a wonderful, good person; we enjoyed many great times together. I never eat coffee ice cream without thinking of Marga as we ate an entire half gallon of it when I was spending the night with her in high school and her parents weren't home! I guess we anticipated they might think one bowl was enough!