

Tom Appelbaum M70

I spoke with Roger Durant today; he's living in a retirement community in Redding. The guy's 91 and as sharp as ever! He was such a positive influence on so many of us...glad he's still on the planet and enjoying life.

Lisa Douglas M71

There is still a wild side to all official members of the Orinda Brat Pack of which you and I are always members along with all the original Orinda families we know!!

Hal Keenan M72

We weren't the "Bubble wrap" kids that we see today. I thought Halloween antics like that were normal back then. I never see anything close to that these days. Parents these days are shocked when I tell them about the Halloweens I participated in when I was a kid. I remember one story about how some kids connected a chain to Boysen's fence and hooked the other end to a cop car. I guess you know what happened when the cop went after someone. Personally I think all that hell raising was/is how kids learn important critical thinking skills and learn about owning their behavior. It's entitled little spoiled brats who never went through anything like that who are career politicians these daze and it shows.

Mark Lucas M70

Orinda in the '60s and '70s was such a strange protected microcosm. A bit of Mayberry in the middle of Vietnam and Civil Rights Movements. At that time it was easy to either hitch hike or jump a dog (Greyhound) and you were soon in the Haight or the People's Republic of Berkeley. We were at the cusp of many historic movements and only now so many years later can we fully recognize what we witnessed or were part of.

Please continue your good work. You are stirring some memories.

Use anything you want any way you want, or just make it up. These days, it's all true, even the part where we were an isolated alien experiment that went horribly off the rails and was abandoned for the good of the Galactic Empire. You are welcome to prove me wrong.

I am constantly amazed how life has turned out SOOO very different than what was planned. In my own case, I knew that one day I would be taking care of the elderly. I never imagined the elderly would be my younger brother. It happens. You might want to think about how you are going to handle it before it happens.

I am happy to stir those memories. As one of my families genealogist (that sounds like I am digging rocks) I know the importance of remembering and sharing. It defines who we are and who we were. As a once Forrest Gump of Orinda, it's amazing what you can remember and piece together from a single insignificant memory. Everything we experienced and knew is but a single moment in time. We occasionally have family reunions, thank God and the State of Oregon that pot is legal because without it we would remember every better forgotten detail and never speak to each other ever again.

To this point my father when I was a Senior at Miramonte divorced my mother and I went to live with him. He after a brief interlude remarried and had one daughter Sharon. Sharon also went to Miramonte too, but when we compared notes of her Miramonte to my Miramonte it was as if she was from a different planet, or probably, more correctly, I was. We each inhabited a single moment in time.

These moments may not be important to you, but they certainly are important to others. Just read the contributing texts of others and look at all the additional characters mentioned, despite some editing to protect the innocent, of which there are damn few,.by our earnest editor, James Benney.

Thank you for your efforts all of you.

Deirdre McKee M64

While interesting, your memories of growing up in Orinda, though somewhat similar to mine, are then again very different. I grew up at the top of El Toyonal and went to the Park Pool. Paul Hackett's family lived across the street and were close friends with my family. My father had to identify Paul's father's body when he was killed. Most of us, maybe all of us, did not get in trouble in school. Most of us, but not all of us, went on to various colleges. Our friends in the neighborhood were not necessarily our friends in school. I graduated from Miramonte in 1964 and left Orinda forever when I graduated from U.C. Davis. My brother and sister went to Ivy League schools and basically left Orinda when they graduated from high school. We made homes outside of Orinda, mostly in different states. We now have lived in Austin, Seattle, and Pullman, Washington for a very long time. I've lived in Austin for 56 years. Orinda was a great place to grow up back then so we keep it in our memory. We took high school seriously. Several neighborhood kids, myself included, had professors at Berkeley as fathers.. But life began after Orinda and after high school. I was the only one who went to any reunions. The 10th and the 20th. After that I really felt no ties. I kept in touch with Billy Cooper for the last 20 or so years of his life. His life was a sad, sad story. And yet I think he was voted Most Likely to Succeed. Except for Oli Olafsson, I am no longer in contact with friends from Orinda. I'm so glad you are keeping up the ties for those who keep attending these reunions. I've organized a few reunions and it is a monumental task. Hope it is a huge success.

Dear Deirdre.

*I'm sure I've met you and remember you from the Park Pool
(all day every summer day, 1956 to 1962)*

I'm getting lots of nice responses to my emails.

I'd like to use brief excerpts from yours for a followup mass email.

I was in love with Marty Hackett but she never knew.

Bill and Johnny Cooper were the big men on campus in my day.

Bill was a big problem at the 1990 All Orinda Reunion and in 2022

his friends put him in his car and took the keys. They came back the next morning.

Steve Brush stormed out because Bill was out of control.

*Even though you were a good girl and i was a baddish boy
we grew up in the same Orinda. Special.*

Jim

Yes, you may use parts of what I wrote. Paul Hackett's father's death is still hard on their family, though it has now been in the past for many years. For me Orinda was a wonderful place to grow up in. Judy Hauer and I rode our horses all over the ranches just past my house on El Toyonal and all over Tilden Park and area used by the Grizzly Stables.

I heard about the problems with Billy in 2022. He had brain damage after his time at Stanford. Jay Angelo told him "you're not Bill Cooper anymore."

I was pretty shocked when I read Dave Schindler's memory of high school and the last sentence blew me away. I've never head of this guy but he obviously does not live an educated and understanding life. Somehow I think the Baby Boomers who grew up in Richmond are now not living off their surplus of income from work pensions, inheritance, and real estate. I certainly knew what Islam was when I was in high school. And I doubt the biggest difference at Miramonte now from then is not girls in burkas and students wearing hoodies. He also should have paid more attention in English class it seems.

Just had to vent.

Deirdre

We had the full range of types. I let him know there are now a lot of Asians, Hispanics, and proud Gays at Miramonte.

Jim

In our day there were a few Asians and a few Hispanics. I had some Iranian

neighbors, but I'm not sure of their religion. And there were many closeted gays. Including Mr. Gompf the art teacher. Raul Yriberri was a good friend with my neighbor Oli Olafsson. Oli was stunned when Raul came out way past high school days. Norm Zadeh, the son of the Iranians, went on to establish a naked female magazine picturing women with natural boobs... called Perfect Ten, I believe. He also got kicked out of Las Vegas for counting cards. A very bright guy, but who knew back then?? He was just Norm Zadeh who's parents were upscale Iranians and lived up the street. And Paul Hackett said he wanted to be a dentist, though he was very interested in sports.

Deirdre

Dave Schindler M67

Jerry Texdahl and I used to play Golf together and on the #4 Hole (I cannot remember the name of the course? It was probably Tilden Golf Course) he used to cut the corner
By driving out of bounds and then slicing back in!!! For a birdie!

I believe that , The biggest difference at Miramonte High from then to now is that there were no girls Wearing "Birkas" and nobody ever wore "hoodies "

I didn't even know there was A religion called "Islam" , now they Offer me their bible called the Torah , no that's the Jewish one Or the Toran of Mohammed ?? And that language is
Scribbles, and wriggles !!

And, us Americans are alway on
Our modern day Crusades !!!
So

1 . Us Yankees r not welcome in
The Middle East nor in commie
Countries !!!

2. Ask XPresident George W Bush

About the crusades !!'

3. Most of us baby boomers have somehow acquired fabulous retirements incomes from

Work pensions, real estate, Inheritance, disability or social security.

I remember the entrance to
Sleepy Hollow !!! There was only
A wooden sign there but on Halloween
It used to be a headless horseman painted and Wooden there ??
Maybe?? I can't really remember
But the Schindler's lived there
On a hillside home

Vince Campanile M61

It is sad to me that Halloween became such a degraded get together in Sleepy Hollow. For me and my friends it was a place to gather and have fun, some drinking alcoholic beverages and just being loud. No cops called, they were not needed.

P.S. my friends and I were not imbibing in the drinking. We actually did not like the taste of alcohol. 🍷

Chris Slattery M67

I really enjoy your memoirs, Jim. It all feels so familiar, but at the same time, another lifetime. Nice writing.

John R Burr M74

Hope you're doing great. This is really fun to read! Sorry for the slow response, but I think my gig starts too early for me realistically to be able to play, but I fully intend to buy a ticket and show up for a while before I have to take off. Thanks for asking anyway!

Jacquie Wilkinson Parker M66

James, I cannot attend the event this year, but I want to let you know how much I enjoy reading your little vignettes. They, of course, stimulate memories of my own, and tempt me to write of them. And, since my family lived in Sleepy Hollow, I was especially intrigued by the photo of Orinda's first Boy Scout Troop. Though I attended school in Orinda from kindergarten through my sophomore year at Miramonte, I feel slightly estranged from those who actually graduated from Miramonte. My parents got divorced and my mother moved us to Daly City, where I graduated from Westmoor High School in 1966. I HAVE attended a couple of reunions, and felt entirely welcomed by the people who remembered me, so the issue is entirely my own.

It would be interesting to compile memories, such as your own, in a small pamphlet (or large book) and sell them (to cover expenses). They could even include a few photographs. Aren't I full of labor intensive ideas? Thanks for the effort you are putting into this reunion,

Lisa Dyson M73

I enjoy reading your reminiscences of Orinda. High school was not my most favorite of times, but occasionally I do look back on some of it with fondness. When I was ten my family moved from a house very close to Del Rey Elementary School to north Orinda, close to the Orinda Country Club. At ten years old, I thought we had moved to the poor side of town, because there were no sidewalks in north Orinda, just very old, narrow little country roads. We rode our bikes everywhere. We never worried about personal safety. Things were pretty idyllic. I started the fifth grade at Orinda Union School. It's always awkward to be the new kid. I was pretty shy and it took me about a year to feel accepted and completely socially at ease. I do remember Dr. Prlain, (he had a daughter named Lisa too). In those days doctors made house calls. I found Ted Boyce to be very intimidating, even though I was a very well behaved girl, who did well in school. He and my mother always had amicable chats. My mother was a charming and lovely person. Everyone loved her. I used to have previous boyfriends come over to the house, just to see my mom. She was that special. My dad had

a friend who said she always made you feel as if you were the most important person in the room. She was an amazing cook, and our family always sat down at the dining room dinner table every night and had dinner. Not to venture into politics, but I believe it was Ronald Reagan who said something to the effect that all great change in America begins at the dinner table, emphasizing the importance of the family unit as the place where fundamental ideas and values are shared. If the phone rang, we didn't answer it. My dad worked in the investment business. He was very smart, graduated from Berkeley in three years, and ended up being quite successful. I'm digressing a bit here from your subject matter, but only to reinforce your assertion of how fortunate we all were to live in such a special world. I was never into politics. I just missed the whole Vietnam thing because I was just a shade too young, and I had no older brothers or sisters. I just wanted to do the normal things other girls my age were doing. I was thinking about what color eye shadow I was going to wear, and passing my algebra class. I do remember it, of course, but by the time young men my age were old enough to be drafted, the war was winding down.

I could have gone on and on reminiscing, but I edited a lot of stuff out. I didn't want to make my response too laborious to read. My friends say I am the queen of texting and writing, but I think you have ignited a firestorm of writing under me, James.

I remember almost all the moms drove station wagons in those days, and the dads drove American mid-size or luxury sedans. It was very rare to see a Mercedes or other European automobile. One of our neighbors was Ed Daly, who owned World Airways, a charter airline. He airlifted many Vietnamese orphans out of Vietnam in the mid 1970's. He owned a Mercedes limousine and drove a Lamborghini. You could hear the engine of the Lamborghini when he drove down the hill past our house, and my younger brothers, who were little boys at the time, would run to the dining room window to watch him drive by. Inevitably, he would stall the car right in front of our house, and my brothers would run outside and say, "Hi Mr. Daly. Can we give you a push"? 😊 They were so thrilled to see this very exotic, fancy Italian car. He used to let the neighborhood kids play tennis on his tennis court. Occasionally he and my dad would have a drink at the

Casa Orinda, which has been around since 1932. Once he and his wife were having a pool party with a Hawaiian Luau theme. There was a very tall brick retaining wall that separated their property from my parent's. It resembled a garden wall, much like you might see at an English estate. A friend and I climbed up a tree and peeked over the wall. I wanted to dress up Hawaiian style and crash the party. We didn't, although I think that seeing how we were little girls, and next door neighbors, the Dalys may have thought it was cute, and would have let us in. I think Orinda had much more of a small town vibe then. Some time in the seventies he was written up in Time Magazine, and then the kooks started coming out of the woodwork. Security fences and closed circuit cameras went up around his property. Very unusual for that time. Orinda had everything from families with farm animals in their backyards - and this was long before it was chic to own farm animals - to families that had servants in their house, and everything in between. We all grew up together and went through the public school system. It was rare that one of us went to a private school.

In August of 1969, Charles Manson and his followers murdered Sharon Tate and her friends at her Benedict Canyon home in north Beverly Hills, and the La Biancas in the Los Feliz district of LA. It was the most gruesome and horrifying thing anyone had ever heard of. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Every day the story was plastered all over the front pages of the San Francisco Chronicle. As it unfolded, after Manson and his followers were apprehended, it only became increasingly macabre and disturbing. Even though we lived almost four hundred miles away, we were all terrified. I asked my father if he recalled anything like this ever happening in his youth. He said no. The only thing he remembered was the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby.

One month later, in September of 1969, I entered Miramonte High School as a Freshman.

Bill Loughman M65

Thanks very much. Will see you at the reunion.

Our various memories of Orinda in the 1950's and 1960's could generate a thousand page book about a time and place that is the stuff of dreams.

Maureen Monroe (Smith) M73

Hi James,

Seeing these personal responses is AWESOME, so thanks for taking the time to forward us an edited edition of what you received!

I graduated Miramonte in 1973 and so did my husband, so I don't know too many of these people who it looks like graduated in the 60's (except Lisa Dyson who I graduated with in 1973)

It's so interesting to read different people's experiences and different "takes" on what growing up in Orinda and attending Miramonte felt like.

I will always look back fondly on what a safe "bubble" Orinda felt like when I was growing up there, but I'm also realistic enough to know that under the facade of perfection, people are just people, everyone has problems to deal with and we were all just doing our best to live our lives at that particular moment in time.

Thanks again, seeing all of these replies made me smile.

Jack Krenek M67

We had this club at Miramonte back then called the Knights and I guess we thought we were pretty cool. The best way i can describe it is — it was a car club though none of us had cool cars.

My mom told me one day if she'd ever found out i was a member of the Knights she'd ground me until I was forty. So I never told her I belonged. I used to keep my club jacket at my friend George Siri's house just to be safe.

One day my Mom and i were talking at the breakfast table and she was

asking me some questions about the club. I was still half asleep and slurping my cereal and she asked something like, 'what do they actually do' or something to that effect, and I said, 'we....' — I looked up at her and she said 'I thought so'.

I wasn't grounded until my 40s but I remember it being quite a long time.

I was visiting my sister in San Ramon a couple of years ago and stopped in Orinda to get some gas and look around. I used to work at the Chevron station right next to the Casa Orinda and remember that distinct aroma of cooking hamburgers. It suddenly struck me how little the town had changed and I remember reeling with nostalgia.

There was a young man working at the station about my age (when I worked there) and I told him he was lucky to grow up in a town like Orinda. He was like, "This place? I can't wait to get out of here. Maybe move to the city or anywhere else."

I said, "Young man, you will appreciate it one day."

Wendy Hall Read M67

I finally got around to reading all five parts of your reminiscences. Excellent description of Orinda during those years. You were so right about us not knowing our socio-economic status growing up. We were just kids and our parents were just parents! We all so admired your mom-she was such a strong woman despite her polio! Yes, you were one of the "bad" boys but not scary! I'm glad we've remained friends.

Edward (Sandy) Cutler M63

James,
Thanks for sharing your interesting and poignant anecdotes. I participated in some of the shenanigans during Halloween in Sleepy Hollow, and also spent summers at the Park Pool. Fond memories! I was a caddie at the

Country Club until a group of young boys from Richmond became caddies and forced out the Orinda kids like me.

One fun memory I still share about Orinda was driving into Berkeley and sneaking into the Claremont Hotel to take the indoor circular fire escape as a “thrill.” The staff finally got wise to us and put sticky tar in the slides to dissuade us from our escapades. It worked!

Other memorable experiences included playing tackle football on the golf course near the village, pickup basketball and baseball games, and sodas at the fountain in the village. In those days we didn’t need our parents to arrange our athletic endeavors. And, where I grew up on Loma Linda street, we could play kick the can or capture the flag until dark - without worries about being kidnapped or harassed.

Thanks for all the time and effort you’ve put into the reunion. Unfortunately, my wife and I will be on a trip during the reunion.
Warm regards.

PS - I vividly recall Naomi Giddings, Dean of Students, telling my mother during a meeting that I “wasn’t college material.” Fortunately, neither my mother or I took her misguided advice! I have Bachelor and Master degrees from Chico State, and a PhD from the University of Oregon. My professional career included being a high school teacher and very successful gymnastics and swimming coach. After several years in the business world I became the founding State Director of the Oregon Small Business Development Center Network, a statewide organization that helps businesses to get started and to grow and become successful. Not bad for an Orinda kid that wasn’t college material.

I’m curious to know more about your caddie experience, when you have the time. One more interesting story about me at age 11. It was the first time I was arrested. My buddies and I were fishing for Carp in the San Pablo reservoir when the “rangers, or whoever the authorities were,” came and confiscated our bows and arrows, and called our parents (in my case grandparents, since I was living with them). It was a painful experience, that I’ve never forgotten.

Cheers!

Jennifer Smith M72

Great to read!!

John De Soto A48

Thanks for your memories. How do I find the prior ones?

Acalanes not listed on prior notice...

I attended Acalanes one semester 1948. Because of commute traffic the bus left at 7AM, classes started at 8:30. I took bus once then hitch-hiked- was easy because of WWII gas/car problems.

Still too much hassle, so boarded in San Francisco and graduated in two years from Drew College Prep's accelerated program.

Sue Ferguson Pistalnick M67

Well Jim Benney! I remember your wicked smile and your Mother. Your freckles and that you were not the leader of the pack. But I super appreciate that you have taken on this role of keeping our Orinda days alive for all these years. It's not hard to see we lived in a place very rich, indeed. It was beautiful. Green. Fog winding down the hills like fingers. Old homes; old money; mixed with Moraga mostly new with some class. We lived in families that for the most part were educated successful in ways that mattered and many ways that didn't. So many of us were taught we were gifted. Yet we had The Knights. Ah, but also Ailanthus. Guys would race cars and auto shop was certainly well attended. And we were all headed to the "best" colleges. And got there. Even as Berkeley meant freedom and righteous revolution just over the hills or through the tunnel. We lived Vietnam Nam Protests and Presidential races included candidates like McCarthy and McGovern. My lifelong Republican Mother even became alarmed. She wrote a letter to the man she had voted for protesting Vietnam Nam and more. But she wore dainty white gloves so Nixon couldn't identify her fingerprints! Snobbery, cruelty, bullies made up our innocent, big hearted, popular and unpopular "groups". Horses were ridden right on our small town streets. The Orinda Theatre and RHEEM. I've been

to many '67 reunions. Only one or two of your "All Orinda" weekends. Maybe this year. But one way or another I won't ever stop connecting.

Dear Sue,

I remember making out with you on your back porch in the middle of some night.

Met Arnie a couple of times.

I was friends with Herbie Herbert.

Had Journey at the Rheem Theater mid seventies.

\$6 a ticket.

Jim

You were my first kiss! Forgot you were in music business or that you met Arnie except I guess maybe a reunion or two. Good old Herbie! Don't remember Journey at RHEEM. Maybe when I lived in NYC went to Art School in early mid 70s.

Jay Angelo M64

Hey Jim - and here I thought I was the only one who got the boot from Miramonte!

Writing this from Strasbourg, France, but I will be back in time for the Orinda soirée.

From about 1957 through 1960, I was a golf caddy at Orinda Country Club. This was back in the day when it was almost unheard of for a golfer to use a cart. Started out carrying a single bag when I was 11, and by the time I was twelve I was packing doubles. \$5-&6 for single and &10-\$12 for doubles; that was a helluva lot of money back then.

The only other Orinda kids I can remember caddying were Steve and Greg Gannon. There may have been others. Most of the caddies were from Oakland, El Cerrito, Richmond and San Pablo. This was a rough group of

guys; quite a few had quit school or were just occasional truants. They had a tremendous disdain for Orinda people, and referred to us as "Orinda Ducks." You learned how to stand up for yourself quickly - otherwise you would be hounded out of the "caddy shack." We really didn't have a shack, it was just an area down below the Pro Shop.

Ray Orr, Richie Orr's ('62 or '63) older brother was the assistant Pro and the caddymaster. From time to time he would descend to our digs to break up dice or card games. I treasure those days - learned a lot.

Looking forward to seeing you next month. Jay Angelo

Jim - I have another memory, if you are still accepting them:

Aside from school sports, many of us were blessed by the fact that we had Mike Little's father, the venerable "Dub" Little, as a baseball coach for Young America, Babe Ruth and American Legion leagues.

Dub was a grizzled World War II veteran of the Pacific campaign, and lived and breathed baseball. I was a catcher and he had been a catcher as a semi-pro, so we had a particular affinity. In Junior College my baseball coach marveled at the footwork I had been taught by Dub at age ten!

Our Young America team was Husteds, sponsored by Husteds Towing, and our Babe Ruth team was Doten Pontiac, sponsored by Don Doten's dealership. In those leagues, we had to compete against Oakland and San Francisco teams, and we did more than hold our own. I can't remember how we fared in American Legion.

Some of those who participated are Mike Little, Pete Boyle, Scott Halstead, Bob Williams, Bruce Nickerson, Marshal Snover, Herb Hoffendahl, Harold Bond, Jay Grilli, Dave Texdahl, Jim Tonascia, Mike Valentine, Glen Tobias, Ken Hamburg and Brad Peter. I'm sure I left out some players, so hopefully someone will be able to add to the list.

Dina Eldred Fiatarone M71

Thanks, Jim. I always look forward to coming- seeing old friends and meeting new friends. So many of my memories of Old Orinda are similar to yours. Living on lower El Toyonal since we were little, we walked up our backyard path to Park Pool every summer day and lived there until dark, playing Alligator behind the barrier. If we were hungry during the afternoon we picked up trash to earn a popsicle or just found coins in the grass to get a candy bar. My big brother, Charlie would sneak in during the middle of the night to swim.

I did have a crush on your brother, Duncan when we were 9-10's, and being a tomboy, I took off my shirt like he did while riding our bikes on El Toyonal. Loved climbing "monkey" trees and having tree forts to read comics with the Worths next door. On Canon Dr. we'd always walk way around the other side of the street to avoid a man who we thought was a murderer, then checked out the haunted house at the end of Canon. Loved walking down to the Big Log and continue to Bear Creek. We played Kick the Can at night with the Worths and other neighbors. I remember Johnny Kirby teaching us dances like the "Mashed Potato"

Pine Grove antics included lunch time sneaking over to Loard's. Miramonte fun was the best getting to be a PomPon girl. We had a leadership period all to ourselves to practice. (or leave for the hour). One day the 6 of us left for the day, and went skinny dipping at Stinson. Nighttime activities with all my friends were ice sliding on OCC golf course or more skinny dipping at OCC pool. I'd better stop here, but these were the best years!

John Dougery M71

What's up Jim! don't forget the ol T Bones Drive-In days. You were the last of the Mohicans!

the Counts, the Bulls, the Plainsmen! Rumbles! 🤖

Elizabeth Eberle Payette M72

Hi,

My family lived in Orinda from 1958 to 1979 when my father was

transferred to Seattle. We lived on Moraga Way across from Camino Encinas (about 1/4 mile from the crossroads). My sisters and I attended IVE, IVI and Miramonte. I was Miramonte class of 1972.

I will be on vacation and can't attend the reunion but would like to be added to the distribution list and the email list to hear from and about others. Are you managing the list and can add me? Thanks.

After university, I moved to Sacramento and live in Roseville. Lots of Bay Area "transplants" up this way.

Mike Sullivan M69

JB is this your personal email? Wanted to ping you without it going into the blogosphere if possible...a friend sent me an excerpt from your story & I laughed as it brought back some really funny memories...

Shoot me your ph# & I'll give u a call...

Glad you are well

Cheers Mate

Jud Carter M60

James,

I really enjoyed reading the messages from graduates of M & A. Brought back so many memories of my childhood in Orinda. Grew up in Sleepy Hollow and graduated from M in '60.

Thanks.

Art Dawson M67

Dear Jim,

Thank you for all of the work that you have done over the years to bring back many memories and some new information because, although there was a commonality to our experiences because of where we were blessed to be, each had experiences that were unique to him or her.

David Ashburn M73

My Memories of growing up in Orinda include knowing people that were members of both the Knights and the DMA . I was never a member of either but had friends from both. I was more of a misfit but loved the area and had great adventures floating the Orinda creek from Blacks market to the bridge at Manzanita during storms, riding the Men At Work sign like a skid board at the flood gates at North lane, riding bikes through the “ape man “ tunnels from the crossroads. Late night walks with our buddies all around from Sleepy Hollow, Miner Road, El Toyonal, Bates Drive .. you name it and a steady progression from sting ray bikes to mini bikes to motorcycles and dirt bikes in the Downs. Looking back it was a pretty great place to grow up .

Randy Kasten M73

James, I missed your call for stories, but would like to contribute one if that's still possible. Are there guidelines you're able to forward to me?
Thanks much- Randy Kasten

In the late 1950s, my father was a partner in a small construction firm that built houses and duplexes. One of their more ambitious projects involved a 2-acre parcel near Glorietta Boulevard and Moraga Way that they subdivided into four lots. One house was constructed on a lower lot and sold; one of the other lots received one of the many houses relocated during the construction of Highway 580. Although two houses were then built on the upslope lots, they did not sell so readily. In 1958, my family moved from Berkeley into one of them.

I was three. Some of my earliest memories are of the downtown areas and, as old photographs show I recall how Orinda did not have the plethora of trees it does today. But so many creeks and open spaces! One of our neighbors had purchased generous acreage and although we lacked official permission to explore its mosaic of oak and bay trees, I spent hours there, sometimes alone and sometimes with neighborhood friends. We saw the large nests built by dusky-footed wood rats, which I later learned can be occupied by generations. We knew it was time to head down for dinner when we heard evening calls of mourning doves.

I attended Del Rey, went to St. Stephen's school from third through fifth grade, then returned to Del Rey for sixth grade. Maybe I'm forgetting the more difficult parts, but sixth and seventh grades, the latter at IVI, were the best years of my life. The teachers were outstanding. My classmates were decent, intelligent kids.

In the summer, we'd sometimes drive out to Canyon and have lunch at one of the picnic tables under the redwoods, across the road from the store. Not all my activities were so wholesome.

Several friends and I amused ourselves making fireworks, using chemicals that were not difficult to get at the time. We were lucky not to be maimed, although stories circulated about contemporaries who were not so fortunate. We rode mini bikes and go-karts, tearing up nearby church parking lot areas, sometimes riding on public streets, risking tickets and meeting the infamous Judge Betsy Rahn.

My father's partnership floundered, but he formed a new one that, in the 1960s, endeavored to develop the area of Oak Springs above Stein Way - historically, what you probably knew of as Red Mountain. Years before, it was accessible only from a long, winding dirt extension of Barbara Road, above the Oak Springs pool. That was the route Fox Water Company trucks took when obtaining their water to bottle from a spring near what was then the terminus of Oak Road. The swimming pool itself was once filled with the same water; I think the original cistern delivery point is still visible up by the shallow end.

in the early 1960s, I met Mr. Fox at his bottling plant in Oakland, an older man who claimed to have discovered the spring by dowsing. Surprisingly, the concrete collection box below the spring, reminiscent of a military fortification, is still present, though hidden in the trees and on private property.

The Oak Springs development did not transpire as my father intended, and it was many years before others ensured Red Mountain was covered by houses. While my father was more the ambitious dreamer, my mother was the responsible one who in 1968

secured a job running the Tulare County library system. Of course, that meant moving to Visalia, a four-hour car trip. It also meant leaving my friends and Orinda behind. Culture shock when I stepped into a small city serving the surrounding valley agriculture. Unlike Orinda, the place was laden with traditional values and a general intolerance for anything unknown. I realized practically overnight that not everyone lived in the same bubble.

That bubble burst in a different way when the Orinda house we'd rented out and hoped to return to someday burned down, within a month after we left. The people who had posed as a young married couple had set up a drug lab, which in their ineptness, caught fire. The blaze was so hot that the nearby fire department was soon relegated to saving the rest of the neighborhood.

After the debris was removed, the burnt lot sat for a number of years, then was sold. There is now a somewhat grander house there; you would never know there had once been a fire at the site.

There was a small silver lining. Even at the age of L4, I'd vowed to get even. Although the perpetrators unsurprisingly vanished, a civil judgment was obtained against one of them. Eventually, I went to law school, and promptly renewed the uncollected judgment. Since California judgments enjoy a hefty interest rate, it doubled in size. Years later, I managed to locate the defendant in Florida and, after a long legal process, finally enforced the judgment for a modest recovery. That certainly didn't bring Orinda or the best years of my life back. But like Orinda, it's always been something to feel good about.

Joey Tuttle Judge Orinda Union '54 Acalanes '58

OK, I'm spurred to submit some of my memories. You can ignore if you wish!

My family moved to Charles Hill Road in September of 1950. It was a flag lot that went down the hill to Honey Hill Rd, then a dirt road. My father must

have been ahead of his time because he was paranoid about fire and immediately built a driveway down to Honey Hill which was soon paved. We had an escape route.

Charles Hill Rd exited directly from what is now Charles Hill Place onto “the highway”, never referred to as “24” (was that even its designation then?). St Stephens Drive did not exist, nor did Via Las Cruces and Charles Hill dead ended at #63 where Frankie Soule’s horse was pastured. Driving east from the signal light at the Crossroads making a left turn to go up Charles Hill was risky. No left turn lane, so at night it was especially scary with no turn signal lights on cars in those days. I was rear ended only once. By the time I had a permit in late ‘56 there was a left turn lane.

A couple of times, just for fun, Sally Johnson, Steph Jensen and I hiked to Orinda School through the barbed wire fences and cow pastures that are now Orinda Woods.

We once took our very heavy fat tired bikes and our dogs down through the Jensens’ property at 52 Charles Hill to eventually connect with Upper Happy Valley Rd, then to Happy Valley Rd and up over the hill to Briones. Of course we had to push those bikes all the way up the hill with our dogs happily running loose alongside. We rode through the settlement of Briones. I remember a store but not much else, now long under the reservoir. We returned via the Dam Rd to the Village and called home from Mr Wright’s pharmacy to be picked up. My dog Ragsie was as relieved as I was since the pads of her feet were raw.

Orinda School was still K-8 at that point. Mr. Boyce was my 8th grade teacher and Billy Judge was in my class. I kissed him the first time as seniors at Cal, married him ten months later and that was 63 years ago. Orinda has been good to me!

Jody Jeffrey M66

Hey James .how do I write my response??

Mark Locklin M67

James

you got a new fan .

from my older brother .

He is now reading *GRANDPA AND Painter's Horror STORIES* .

*Who you are and your writing have played a strong part
in my family wanting to know more who about who you are
and that reflects positively on me.*

*You have made a difference in my life with
those closest to me.*

Thanks for wanting to put your experiences in writing.

Maybe Jon / Todd can somehow get people to notice their writing?

an author's table?

with some other authors ..

***From a guy 4 years younger than me about growing up in a small
California town called Orinda. Sleepy Hollow was part of Orinda.***

***It was all pretty much ranchland with occasional clusters of
California ranch style homes.***

***His descriptions are quite accurate,
and funny.***

I vividly remember some of the teachers and Dr. Prlain.

Paul Locklin M63

Marilyn Anderson Lindell M64

Hi Jim! I'm so sorry I won't be able to attend (houseguests coming) but I did just send in a donation via computer. Is the donation once again tax deductible or not? We do itemize so that's why I'm interested in knowing. If not, no problem.

I will eventually send a remembrance of My Orinda (I have two good stories about M'64 classmates Bill Cooper (RIP) and Jay Angelo which took place after graduation. They should offer a couple of laughs. I will always feel grateful to have been raised and educated in Orinda! At Miramonte I remember an emphasis on critical thinking which I believe is sadly lacking (or ignored) today. This included a section on Propaganda Techniques during senior year American Government. The ones that come to mind immediately are "Glittering Generalities" and "Jump on the Bandwagon."

Anyway, people's responses have been so much fun to read and I thank you for doing so much work on this great project!

Bob Bahme M69

Wonderful reading you. Keep it up.
Takes me right down memory lane.
You have it right! The Good. The Fun and the Trouble..only if you got caught.

Julie Hickcox Tomlin M65

I would love to read your article on growing up in Orinda. Please forward the website connection. I would love to read it. I too grew up in Orinda age 4-18 and have lots of memories.

Attended Sleepy Hollow elementary, Pine Grove and of course MHS
Unfortunately I won't be attending our 60th reunion. We have already committed to another event on that date. We live now in Carmel Valley which is soooo much like Orinda. Even oak trees in the middle of roads, skunks, deer etc.

Thanks

Michelle Miller Bauer M67

I always enjoy reading. Keep it up

Lisa Douglass M71

I agree with my cousin Wendy Hall. Jack Krennek, Rex Scatena, Jon Donlon, the wild, darling, bad-boys, and of course as a little sister, they were so cute!!!

The Knights....

Running Moraga Way before football games....always a great visual!

Donald Driveafter football games and Freddie's Pizza

OCC Golf Course ice sliding and trying not to get caught by groundskeepers

We were so lucky to have been raised together and in such a special place!

Sharon Smith Dodson M70

This is the best!! I think you were a couple of years older than my brother Larry Smith. Anyway, I love reading your stories.

Class of 70 just celebrated our last organized (by a committee of 5) 55th Reunion !

Fourth Bore Friday after girls' happy hour at Colette's. Saturday Lafayette reservoir !!

I loved being raised in Orinda and your stories are spot on !!

May not make it to the all Orinda but have rekindled some very old friendship in the past few years!!

My husband Trey and I live in San Ramon with our 2 daughters and family close by so we see our 4 grands frequently and help out !!

Pretty wonderful life !! My parents gave me a great foundation, unconditional love (well dad not so much when I broke curfew)!

Cheers!!

Pamela Tyson Cannon M64

Hi James

I just read your piece for the first time.. Part 6. I graduated from Miramonte in 1964. How do I find all previous parts?

Thank you,

Carolyn Caldwell Lambiase M65

Your recollection of Warren got my attention. The Webster family lived 2 doors up from my family on Van Rippler Lane. Warren, Bobby Hussey and I would pack our lunches and go up in the hills behind the Hussey house (across the street from my home).

The Websters were good friends of my family. When we needed a doctor my Mom or Dad would just walk us up and have Hoot take a look at us. He had been a Navy surgeon during WWII.

My brother had a bad accident on my bike when he was in the 4th grade. He never went to the hospital. Hoot and Bobby Hussey's Mom, Martha, a former Naval nurse, took care of him in our home for weeks. My Dad would give Hoot a couple of bottles of bourbon as a thank you. That's the kind of neighbors we were to each other.

Every 4th of July Hoot would buy fireworks and all the neighborhood kids would come to his back patio. He would get special permission from the Orinda Fire Department to set them off. We all had a ball.

Hoot was always the starter of swim meets, first at Park Pool and then at Sleepy Hollow Pool. Both Wayne and Warren were swimmers. Hoot had

been injured during the war and he walked with a limp and always had his cane hanging out of his pants pocket.

Hoot died first and after Aggie died, we lost track of them. Wayne and Warren's lives were cut short-very sad.

Elaine Osmubson Ahrendt V70

Hi James, I really enjoy reading your emails. I went from Glorietta to Inland Valley (IOS) to Camplindo,

What caught my eye in your last update, was your table of contents that included a mention of Pat Haley. Pat was a close friend of my brother, who was also a Knight. I can't wait to read what you have written! I didn't really know Pat, but I certainly knew his reputation 😬.

Thanks for the memories 😊

PS I didn't know any better either 😄

Susan Dewing Duling M71

Beautiful. Thank you for sharing.

Art Dawson M67

And I did indeed enjoy that so much, perhaps more than you could imagine. It was the way it was back then and there. I appreciate all of the wonderful people you have brought to our attention. If I didn't know them all, I knew a good number of them. Basically, we had what you might call a tight knit community, especially among so many who started out attending Sleepy Hollow Elementary School. We just knew who each other was.

Jim, I've got a theory. Here it is. It is possible to know somebody pretty well just by having spent a good amount of time with that person, but when you were a child, and when you have been over at that person's house and you know that person's mother and that person's mother has said some disciplinary comments to you, you really know that person very well. And you might remember some of those comments for a lifetime, especially later in life when the wisdom of those words really sinks in. And I will tell you this; some of the wonderful mothers of our neighborhood had a few things to say to a few of us children. It has been said, "It takes a village to raise a child." And we had quite the village raising all of us children.

Jim, I also want to say the following. I have been thinking about the enormous octuple blessing that some of us were so privileged to have had. All people were born on earth, some were born in the U.S.A., fewer were born in California, still fewer were born in the Bay Area, and yet fewer still were raised in Orinda. And how many can say that they have attended Sleepy Hollow Elementary School in the 50's, and Pine Grove and Miramonte after that? Few indeed. Probably no one can say that he or she deserves that 8-fold blessing, but some of us received it anyway. We did not choose that situation, but it was given to us by God because of His decision. We are not better than anyone else. Certainly the Bible confirms that in Romans 3:23, which says that "... all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Still, we have gone through all the that we have experienced heretofore, and here we are.

Jim, thank you for all that you have done to bring out the heart-warming memories of things gone by that have brought us to this point.

Nancy Calavan M68

I've really enjoyed reading from ole Orindaian's thoughts of being a kid there and then.

So here's my 2 cents. Actually there's a lot-so here's my nickels worth.

Orinda started for me well into my 4th grade year-having moved from

Oakland

My 1st good recall of a teacher was 5th grade and Mr. Ferro at Sleepy Hollow reading Smoky the Cowhorse to us after lunch-with our heads down. Interesting- decades later in Santa Rosa he was my principal with my student teaching of 5th grade! the circle comes around.

6th grade at Pine Grove-i fondly remember my home room and science teacher-Mrs. Geiger-because she taught a group of us after school to learn to knit. I proudly knitted a sweater, which she did most of.

7th and 8th grade-who could forget Miss Gee-our PE teacher and Mr. Witt with weekly memorization of 10 words in English-with definitions and writing in sentences.

8th grade US history with Mr Hester-copying off the board-ALL the need to know facts.

Who could forget Nite Running-and ice sliding on the Country Club golf course. And going to someone's home-to play spin the bottle (my 1st kiss)

AHHH high school @ Miramonte. Watch the squeaky clean boys transform into long haired product of the 60's. Should we go to the football game or a riot in Berkeley?

Beach Boys vs the Beatles. Haight Ashbury/SF or a school dance. 1st year that girls didn't have to shower after PE class. One day a bus load of us spent the school

day at Oakland Tech High-and their bus load spent the day at Miramonte.(i guess that was our cultural diversity day from people thru the tunnel / over the hills.

Acalanes vs Miramonte.-cute boys vs cute girls. Shenanigans at St. Stephen's Dances.

And I remember a ton of walking and hills to get to do and see anyone....

Jackie Edholm Pettus M63

I'm probably coming to the Reunion.

Even if none of my classmates come, I'd come just to hear John R Burr.

I've heard John many times and introduced myself to him as a fellow Orindan at one of his performances at St. Hilary's in Tiburon.
John is one of the best jazz pianists I've ever heard and a fabulously sensitive accompanist for vocalists.

I started singing jazz in high school and have been a lifelong student of vocal jazz ever since.

I've studied with many well known bay area jazz vocalists (Paula West, Kitty Margolis, Sandy Cressman, etc.)

When I go to their performances I'm no longer surprised at who's on the keyboard.

It's John R. Burr!!

Assume you know Chris Hammond passed away.

He was a close friend of my ex-husband's and therefore a friend of mine.

I'm jealous of the kids who spent summers at Park Pool.

We were new to Orinda and didn't know about it.

I went to a dance there once.

Jackie