

Warren

Warren in Kindergarten was a big, strong, smart, athletic, and confident kid. We were friends. His parents, Hoot and Aggie, were from the South and raised their two boys to be tough and aggressive, and have fun.

We could turn over all the furniture in the living and dining rooms and cover it with sheets and blankets and play in our caves for hours.

Outside was a deer carcass stretched out drying. They had shot it in the hills behind their house and skinned it and had a freezer full of venison.

Warren was good in all the sports and never had a problem that I knew about academically.

His parents died when he was still in high school and he and his brother inherited the whole operation. That didn't really affect him in a good way. He could afford hot rods and parties all the time.

After high school he joined the Army and went to Vietnam. A hero, and a real animal in the field. Brutal, unforgiving, and lethal. Came home to grow and sell pot, be wild, and live into his 40s.

Vietnam

One day after high school I was drinking beer and playing cards with Warren, Ron, and Ricky. They decided to go down to sign up for the Army in Oakland.

I deferred, and a few days later went to an anti-draft rally with Mike Lucas's family at the induction center. Joan Baez sang a couple of songs and I became anti-war.

The boys had harrowing experiences in Vietnam and my first cousin Tommy, who was my age and a good friend, was killed over there. It destroyed his family.

I went to protests but never chanted slogans or threw bricks through windows.

JFK

Now called “Camelot” his reign was seriously complicated. I saw him speak at UC Berkeley Memorial Stadium in 1961. He was youthful and appealing. It was no cakewalk being President of the United States though, even with Marilyn Monroe thrown into the mix. Nuclear war with Russia was narrowly averted, among other challenges.

We will all remember where we were on November 22, 1963. I was in freshman science Class at Miramonte when the announcement came over the loudspeaker intercom. We were stunned but our teacher Mr. Casey assured us that this kind of thing happened all the time and we had to get back to our schoolwork. He was later dismissed from that job.

The whole country was in shock and glued to the TV for a few days. By the time Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King were assassinated we were finally getting used to it.