

Boysen / Breuner

There were some people in Orinda that were considered to be kind of rich.

The Boysen Paint family were among the first to build in Sleepy Hollow and had a real nice home with a large pond.

The Long's Drug people had huge mansion on several acres right across the way, with horses for the kids and the whole rich package.

The Breuner's Furniture family compound was across the creek and up the hill. They would have huge annual parties for their employees that came by the busload.

Country Club

It was just there. I started caddying at the golf course when I was 11, and when we were kids we'd go out in

the afternoons and evenings when it was empty and knock a few balls around.

My parents, both Cal Berkeley grads and the only liberal democrats in Orinda at the time, kind of looked down their noses at the Country Club types, who were snooty rich people for the most part. I got along fine. I caddied, they paid, and the old rich guys (Markstein, McGah) would pick me up hitchhiking, even in the middle of the night. Their kids were all just like the rest of us as far as we knew.

Golf

There were two sides to Orinda. The Country Club Side and The Crossroads Side. The divide still exists today. The kids didn't know. We golfed in the afternoons and evenings when no one else was out there. It was fun to find golf balls in the creeks and to ice slide at night. Sometimes we could steal golf carts at night and cruise around. Those were the days! Eventually the whole place got fenced off and locked down.

The Orinda Country Club had strict bylaws until the Civil Rights Act in the sixties. No Niggers and no Jews. No exceptions. They had to reluctantly comply after 1964.

Caddy

The Caddy Shack on the other hand was another world in the early sixties. We waited under the deck to get picked to go out on a round. There were old black men who had been there for years and tough Richmond and El Sobrante kids trying to make few bucks.

It helped to not stand out too much and be eager to help out. We would pitch pennies and nickels and play cards until we were called up. If there were too many hopeful caddies sometimes you didn't get to go out. Ambitious caddies would carry two bags for 18 holes. Some guys would go out twice a day. Starting at eleven years old I always had a few dollars in my pocket.