

**Maureen Monroe (Smith) M73**

Seeing these personal responses is AWESOME.

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.

My mom told me one day if she'd ever found out i was a member of the Knights she would ground me until I was forty. So I never told her I belonged.

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

Casa Orinda and remember that distinct aroma of cooking hamburgers. It suddenly struck me how little the town had changed.

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**

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,

Yes, you were one of the "bad" boys but not scary!  
I'm glad we've remained friends.

### **Edward (Sandy) Cutler M63**

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.

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.

PS - I vividly recall Naomi Giddens, 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’s degrees from Chico State, and a PhD from the University of Oregon.

**Jennifer Fries Smith M72**

Great to read!!

**John Soto A48**

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

Too much hassle, so I 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, and your freckles  
and that you were not the leader of the pack. 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.

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. Even as Berkeley meant freedom and righteous revolution just over the hills or through the tunnel, we lived Vietnam Nam Protests and Presidential races that included candidates like McCarthy and McGovern. Snobbery, cruelty, and bullies made up our innocent, big hearted, popular and unpopular "groups".

I won't ever stop connecting.  
You were my first kiss!

## **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.

I was a golf caddy at the Orinda Country Club. 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.

Most of the caddies were from Oakland, El Cerrito, Richmond and San Pablo.

This was a rough group of guys. They had a tremendous disdain for Orinda people.

You learned how to stand up for yourself quickly - otherwise you would be hounded out of the "caddy shack".

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!

**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.

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.

One day the 6 of us left for the day, and went skinny dipping at Stinson.

Thanks for all you do to bring this All Orinda gathering together

**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!

