

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 Blancas 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 14, 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 Krenek, 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 Orinda'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)

AHHHhighSchool@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 Edenholtm 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

Paul Cunha M72

I remember that before BART was finished, no one had ever heard of Orinda. Now, when asked where I grew up, I let them know that I spent my formative years on the mean streets of Orinda. It usually gets a laugh. I wish I could attend, but my son is getting married in San Diego that weekend. Next year...

Jim Vicars M67

It was indeed such a time to grow up in Orinda...T Bones dog air stream in Orinda, Loard's, Christmas at the Orinda Theater, Rotary Field Days, North v South football in the mud, overflowing rain gutters, food court burgers (what was that mystery sauce?) the count goes on...

I remember you pretty well, that's likely a one way recall. Cool of you to keep all this going. How about opening up your data base on the site so we can see who's attending, and even who you have in the data base overall...or is that a privacy thing. I wasn't in the In crowd and don't think people I hung out with attend these...or people from MHS and Campo that I employed when I had Wellspring Sports in Rheem, then Lafayette, do either. Only you know!

Be good to yourself

Sydney Cutting M66

Thank you for bringing memories to life!

We had a pretty awesome neighborhood in a great little town!

Kris Kay Maita M68

Shirley DenDulk and a few other classmates got caught by our moms when we were out “night running” on the Orinda Country Club golf course. We stuffed our sleeping bags but Shirley’s brother Johnny turned us in. We had done it a few times before but that was the last time. We were always excited to see who else might be out at night!

Not long ago I toured Miramonte and saw my brother Rich Kay’s name still out on the board by the track for a couple of his track accomplishments. Made me smile.

I cherish my friendships K-12 growing up in Orinda.

Jon Ferguson M67

Hey Jim...is there any way we could sneak www.jonfergusonbooks.com into your responses... "The Burnt Roses" and "The Missionary" have many scenes in Orinda. It would be my way of saying hello to everybody... Anyway, great job of bringing people together

Philip Hicks M62

Fragmented irreverent and irrelevant recollections: Mr. Comer's "airstream" paddle at Pine Grove (whew, he didn't call my parents;) my brother, Steve, first Miramonte student to be suspended for telling Mr. Phillips to "F off; other M students remembering what a good teacher my mother was at Orinda School; the cross-country team running hills and orchards (free pears) now slathered with housing and golf courses; great track middle distance runners- Dave Deubner, Dave Duncan, Rich Gallagher; running 3 miles at 6:00 am to get to driver training with (the same) Mr. Phillips; excellent, caring teachers who kicked some butt when necessary (thank you Mrs. Calhoun, Mr. Black, Mr. Tuttle, Ms. Taylor, Ms. Henriques, Mr. Freidel, Mr. Anderson;) an excellent music program

which helped me get through college; and the friends I've lost contact with after so many years. Ramble, ramble. . .

Ken Langan M71

Hi Jim many thanks for putting these together. They are precious memories and great times. These are the days of our life.

My name Kendall has been involved with Miramonte and Orinda for a long time. My aunt owned the Yum Yum Trees, Joan Kendall there was Ricky Kendall, Chrissy Kendall, Ed Kendall, Rob Kendall, Brad Kendall, Vickie Kendall, Jimmy Kendall. Then there was Katie Lang and Bonnie Lang and Karrie Langan Barney Langan me and then our children. Katie's children went to Miramonte Sophie Kosturos Tommy Kosturos. I'm also related to Chris REECE through the Mather family. Somehow I have counted up over 20 people from our family. Take care of everybody.

Ken Twining M66

Yes! We'll be there!

Still alive in 2025, and We will both be there.

Did 15 years on the road with Tower of Power, Huey Lewis and other bands. Lots to catch up on.

All the best!! Thanks.

Gay Worth Christianson M69

Hi Jim, Thank you so much for keeping all the Orinda memories alive. I have so many stories about growing up in Orinda...especially about the Park Pool, motor cycles, Young Life (with Bob Shapiro), the Community Church volunteer trip to the orphanage in Mexico and caroling. Hay Rides on Christmas Eve. I remember in Pine Grove several girls got sent home for wearing "granny dresses" to school!!! (And, look what they can wear now!)

When we swam for Orinda Park Pool as teens , we girls thought the boys were coming to see us swim - but. no, they were there to see us in our speedo swim suits! lol. I

think my girl friends and I must have snuck into every pool in Orinda in the middle of the night to go skinny dipping!

Wow, I could go on and on!

There should be a book published, "Juicy Stories From a Little Town".

David Watkins M66

Hi Jim,

Thanks for all your hard work keeping us in touch with our Orinda roots.

It's really fun to read people's reminiscences. I'll try not to make this too long.

I didn't get kicked out of Miramonte High School, but I came within an inch: Jim Lewis pointing to the door and saying "you can go." I backed down because I was within three months of graduation and had been accepted to UCSB. I decided I could tolerate those fools (Blackwood and Callan) for a bit longer.

I remember sneaking onto the golf course to play a hole or two. From where we lived, the most accessible hole was

the 13th, a little par 3 that was fun to play. We kept an eye out for the man in the jeep.

There were one or two Halloweens where I participated in the mayhem in Sleepy Hollow. We were crazy. I'm not exactly proud of that.

In the El Toyonal neighborhood where I grew up, hardly any of the yards were fenced off.

It was normal for kids to cut through people's yards to get where they needed to go. In fact our back yard was part of an important route for kids walking to and from the Park Pool.

I spent lots of time at the Park Pool, but it seems to me that you and I didn't mix at all. I don't know why. I do recall interacting with you some toward the end of high school.

I was a weird kid; in today's language, I was somewhere out on the spectrum. This made it hard for me to interact with other kids because I didn't know how. (I didn't fully realize this until just a few years ago.) One positive thing about my weirdness is that I had an uncanny mathematical ability. (In Mr. Klein's 8th grade math class

at Pine Grove, I realized for the first time that I understood the material way better than the teacher did.) Well, I parlayed that talent into a career as a professor of mathematics at several universities, the last 37 years at Washington State. I retired eight years ago, but I still live in Pullman. (I noticed that Dee Dee McKee said that she lived in Pullman for some time. Maybe she still does.)

I have thought of attending some of the many reunions you have held, but in the end I decided not to. (Oh, I just remembered that I did show up for that Zoom meeting during Covid.) My childhood was difficult; I was a basket case; Who in Orinda would want to talk to me? Maybe I'll overcome that feeling some year and actually show up. I hope you have a great time at your party.

with best regards,
Dave

Sue Shabel Brix M68

Hi James. Unfortunately I'm not able to make this reunion...we will be returning from the Oregon coast on that day. We live just east of Redding (saw one of our old

teachers is in assisted living here!) My husband and I have lived in the same house (remodeled) for almost 50 years. I just went through the list and saw Marshall Snover (M67) is attending. He lived next door to us on La Cresta Drive from about 1954-1960 when we moved to El Paso Texas for 4 years. We came back from Texas and moved to Moraga ("the poor people"!!!) in my 8th grade year. So I started Miramonte 1964 missing 4 years of school and friends. We had been attending Del Rey.

I've reconnected with Kristie Kelly cause she married one of my husband's friends from Clayton Valley !

If you get a chance, please tell Marshall hi. It's been over 60 years, but he may remember the Shabels (two younger sisters).

Thanks. Love all your Orinda tales.

One of my escapades was going into the inside of the Caldecott tunnel and another was going into the catacombs under St Mary's college! We also got married there!

Bill Keegan M68

What a memory. I was a one and done in 68 at Miramonte. Having caddied at Lincoln park and once the Olympic club, when I went over to the Orinda c/c to caddy

I was told my hair was to long. Orinda was very uptight in the year I was there. The high school was just terrific. Mr. Sanford and that "great books" class was a gas. Mr. Lemorte in current events was great and even the civics class wasn't half bad. And wow the girls were better than average.

Jacquie (Wilkinson) Parker. M66.

Does anyone remember Charlie Eldred M64, maybe M63? Dan Williams, his friend called me at work (Wilkinsons Restaurant on Shattuck Ave/University in Berkeley) to tell me he had died on vacation in Italy. What about Terry Malone M66? He passed in a freak accident in NYC the summer after graduation. What about Andrea Knudsen M66, the Doggies Diner heiress? And Andrea Moe M66? She was an Olympic swimmer hopeful. Dredging up so many memories, Ice cube sliding on the golf course after dark

Jody Jeffrey M66

James...Sheeeshh. You just described my life at the caddy shack! Do you remember me there?

I was one of the regulars.. When I was there in the early

caddying, Frank was the caddy master, then Ray Orr took over and eventually became the head pro, taking over Pat Patton's job, who was there for years... the card game that was played was called Tonk..I used to carry singles at first (3.50 a loop , I was 10-11 years old) then moved up to carrying doubles up until I was about 20.. Brutal going out twice in the summer!! Very hilly course! We also ice slid on the 1st. Hole at night... Did you know that the 11 hole  is set in an Indian burial ground (all those mounds around it, bizzarro!) heavy vibes! We lived above the 16th. hole on La Plaza above the village. My parents weren't rich (moved there in 1951) I graduated from MHS in '66... I'm surprised I didn't know you better....Also we used to play football on the 16th hole across from Wright's Village Pharmacy, when after playing football we'd sit at the soda fountain and have either a red or green river soda.. candy bars were a nickel and you could read the magazines for free.... those were the days my friend , I thought they'd never end.... In 66 and 67 I worked at the Phairs Orinda Store.

Christine Winters Dawdy, Acalanes '53

Fun to read your remembrances. My mother was Peg

Winters. She taught a lot of Orinda kids to play piano whether they wanted to or not.

She also coined the name "Dramateurs". She and Helen Vurek, Emily Randall, Mims Groenings, Roberta Spiegl, Elise Platt(Later Judge) Rose Neldam and maybe others, formed a group that put on plays for children at the Orinda school. This was during WWII. The divides between the Country Club people and the Park Pool people weren't there during wartime. Rationing was a great leveler.

Hope you all have a great reunion.

Deni Bleuel class of M68, proudly!

Boy would I like to come. I've seen many of the 68 and 69 class a lot over the years but many I have not. I have chronic back pain, live in Napa, have my 6 month old grandson having his second open heart surgery in September and visiting in Sonora my older sister adopted my next door neighbor on Tarry Lane who is dying. I use a cane and walker after having two total back surgeries with 4 rods, lots of fusions and screws plus more medical issues. I think it's just too much to try to make the Reunion. Believe me, I am heartsick about this. I so enjoy

all the memories of yours and others posts. I remember you and your sister well. Thank you for all your hard work. I hope you all have a fantastic time .Many blessings.

Meredith Brown Boeger M63

Hi All

Meredith Brown here and I'm going to the All Orinda Reunion. Our class hasn't had a reunion for a while now and I'm hoping to see some of you there.

Update- Keeping active as President of our local quilt guild for one more year, family- including 15 grandchildren and 6 great-grandchildren, widowed 8 years ago , and reading lots of murder mysteries!

How about you all?

See you soon.

Chuck Thomas M72

Good job James

I may know you, but don't recall.

My bros

Bill Thomas 66 deceased

Jim Thomas 68 deceased

David Thomas 70

So we covered about 10 years

I was the Matador Mascot in 1968

So I have a story:

In 1971 I was sitting in the grand stands, all alone,
watching the senior class practice graduation ceremony.

The rest of the school were taking their finals. It was dead
quiet while I overlooked the school and corridors.

I was admiring my birds eye view of the entire school while
the administration were all in attendance directing the
ceremony. I was the only one in the grand stands!

God like.

Then I heard a russle and some noise coming down
behind me on the hill (that the coaches would make us run
up)!

When the noise got behind me, all hell broke loose!

Two or three two stroke motor cycles with extra loud pipes
came tearing down to the baseball field, across the soccer
field then down through the corridors to the tennis courts,
then back through the corridors, (meanwhile Mr.Yaich Etc
started to run after them).

Then they came back up to the baseball field and burned
a bunch of donuts creating a huge cloud of dust, just

before the administrators got to them they disappeared over the running hill.

What a fantastic performance by the motorcyclers and please know you were louder than shit!!! Was that Jeff? Oh man...only a Junior and I have lived a complete lifetime!

One more:

I was a C student and did very poor on my ACT test. The first day of college I asked, "why did you let me into California State University of Chico?

" Because you're from Miramonte"

Dear Chuck,

I remember Bill, he stood out.

Great story.

There is probably somebody around that knows who was on those motorcycles.

Jim

Steve Tess M67

Jim - Thanks for all you've done in organizing the reunions! My memories and story are as follows - I have so many fond memories of my Orinda days from 1949-1967 which led to many other great memories since.

While attending grade school at Sleepy Hollow, the birthday parties were a lot of fun which would include among others - Jim Benney, Chris Cutting, Art Dawson and Kendon Jones and feature activities like pin the tail on the donkey. cartoons on a movie projector, etc. While attending Pine Grove Junior High, I and my neighborhood buddies would ride our bikes 3 miles to the Orinda Village/ Crossroads on the very winding and narrow Miner Rd. and top it off with a milkshake at the Orinda Hardware soda fountain. While attending Miramonte, a highlight was getting your driver's license on your 16th b-day and then driving with all your friends piled in while rocking out to radio tunes. After Miramonte, I attended the U of Oregon from 1967-1971 which was a fantastic experience. As I recall, 5 other classmates went up there in 1967- Todd Crawshaw, Kit Seaman, Jon Donlon, Al Roosma and Cheryl Hatch. I went to Woodstock in 1969 which fueled my life-long interest in rock music. I then went to San Diego State in 1971 and got my masters and later on my Ph.D. in Clinical Psych. I'm still working 4 days a week, attending rock concerts, spending time with my wife of 40

years, two adult children and grandson, and living since 1988 in a small town called Jamul outside of San Diego which is very reminiscent of Orinda.

Bobbie Smith Freitas M63

I will be there. Looking forward to it.

Hal Keenan M73

Yo James. Have you read The History of Orinda? There were (are?) a lot of springs up on El Toyonal. When E.I. De Laveaga first developed that area; he routed all of the spring water into a collecting pond that became the original water supply for the neighborhood. That pond eventually became Park Pool.

Cheers

Judy Ageno Dossa M60.

James, I need to tell you how much I am enjoying your memories of Orinda. It is my ORINDA, too 🤝 Although it

always surprises me , I moved to Orinda when I was 5! (1949). My parents built a home on Woodland Rd across from Pete Olsen, (Orinda Hardware) Marge Delos, (Orinda Pharmacy) Cassandra Horton, George Frazier , and Bob Rudolph. You are so correct in your memories of an idyllic life. Learned to swim at Park Pool, of course! I went to Kinder at the original Orinda School and subsequently opened every new school opened on the Moraga side. 2nd class to attend Miramonte 💕💕 . Mud and all . Such a gift to grow up in Orinda.. we knew it but didn't think about how glorious it was until Squire Fridel wrote a beautiful description for our graduation, 🎓 , I believe . Sadly, at 83 and living in San Luis Obispo now, I haven't attended reunions for many years. I have connected with Bob as he occasionally visits old Woodland/Valley View neighborhoods I know. Such a long thank you for keeping me on the email and your shared memories.

Chris Jones Bochan C67

Interesting, enjoyable and familiar, 'tho I grew up on the other side of town.

Steve Treanor M67

Jim: I am compelled to share with you how I admire your dedication to the reunion effort. Your appreciation of our community and era is really heartwarming. Mardi (nee Poupeney) and I have not travelled to these reunions, yet we do love that they continue.

We are very busy with our life in Ventura and only come up to the Bay Area to visit our off the grid ranch or for quick family trips. We rarely go anywhere without our dog - our craziness.

We just want you to know that your efforts and passion are respected by even us no shows. Keep up the good work and thanks for keeping us on the contact list. Steve and Mardi Treanor

Mary (Kooyman) Tebault M67

Hi James,

I'm so sorry to be so late in getting back to you on the reunion. I've enjoyed reading your Ohhh My Orinda

remembrances and the many comments of former Orindians. They did spark some memories!! Things I didn't know then that are eye openers now. I was so very shy, and going through school starting at Sleepy Hollow Elementary made it very difficult when I was finally trying to overcome shyness in my high school years. I was pretty myopic if you know what I mean! Thanks for sharing your stories.

Hugh and I are working hard on retiring by the end of this year. We'll be moving our Alameda office to the San Diego area and placing the Latham Foundation in very capable hands. All that said ... we couldn't squeeze in the trip at this time.

We are still enjoying living in Henderson NV and being close to our daughter and her family. We are in good health, for which I am very grateful. We're all in a season where we are losing family and friends. I hope you are well.

Blessings

Karen Klopfer Painter M59

I have enjoyed your efforts for Orinda reunions so much. I wish I could attend. Alas! I was in the first class, "59.

What an experience. We picked the colors, the mascot, the name of the yearbook (Mirada), and like first children in a family, we wore down the faculty and staff to make life easier for y'all to follow. My family (two younger brothers, Barry & Brent) lived in Woodland Terrace, at the corner of Hall Dr. and (39) Donald Dr.

Every morning I met Billie Jean "BJ" Clark and John O'Connor to walk down Hall Dr. to Moraga Way for our ride to MHS.

Morning was fine. Afternoon up challenging.

We had amazing (in hindsight) faculty & staff. Mr. Lewis, Principal, Miss Giddings, Dean of Girls, and ever so many others. Mr. Campbell, a teacher, introduced us to skiing at Heavenly Valley, Dodge Ridge & Sugar Bowl but would not let his science class females go on class field trips with him and the male students. I owe an enormous thank you to Miss Moser who taught me a lifetime skill, public speaking. Others also, too numerous to name.

Three MHS grads went to UCLA. After graduation with a BSN, I met my Southern-born husband, a Major in the Air Force. He was retiring to go into private practice radiology in Lynchburg Va where we have lived ever since.

Now widowed, I live in a lovely retirement home. Parents of three, grandparents of one, we have had a wonderful life here. And yes, I do miss Calif. sometimes. Wishing you much fun at the Orinda Reunion. Congratulations on doing a taxing job with skill & humor.

Nancy Young Tatum M63

Hello,

I am sorry to miss this gathering. A couple of friends/ classmates are planning to attend. Quite a while ago I committed to helping my niece (mother M61) and her husband who live in Oregon. They host an annual "ranch days" event on their 350 acre ranch near the Snake River/ Idaho border for family and friends who come from near and far.

It seems to be the way that there are fun events scheduled for the same days.

I have great memories-perhaps I'll set aside time to write them. I enjoy the shared stories.

Post pictures!

Ted Howard M63

James:

I salute you for all that you have done to keep Orinda part of our lives. There are so many wonderful memories of those formative years. I have fully enjoyed reading the experiences others have had. It was a very special community.

I wish you the best with the event as always. Being 3,000 miles away is a significant impediment but I will be there in spirit.

Keep the faith

Margot Anthonisen M63

Thank you so very much for the work you have done for this reunion. I also appreciate the memories you shared with us.

I regret that I will be unable to attend the Reunion,. I'm sure it will be a huge success. I live in Ohio, but will be in Maine that weekend visiting my daughter and

grandchildren.

Kent Williams M67

Jim,

Sleepy Hollow to Miramonte, Matador and friends we made, where sports taught life, and memories of our fun still never end.

Thanks

Ken Twining M66

Thanks Shelley, Jim Todd..

Thanks for all you do!

Be great seeing everyone.

I think we're squared up for the gig ..Yes on tags!

The shots of Ferguson.
look so timeless!

Best

Lonnette Pugh Corner M63

Please remove me. I'm not the least interested in your life or beliefs growing up. I will report you.

Karen Granberg M66

Love your story. I remember if a bomb exploded I would be required to walk home from Sleepy Hollow school....alone! I taught my kids to eat your dinner! Starving kids in the world. They said pack it up and send it to China.... One time my son and his friend dig try to dig a hole to China. Used screw drivers and saws to cut a three inch circle in my friend's hard wood floor. Threw a rug over it but, got busted

Phil Hicks M62

Enjoyed Part 9 and just a few too many similarities. Completely agree on your views of religion.

The war was different for my father. He was an architect (MIT) and wasn't allowed to enlist. He was forced to design army bases. As a young man, he was spit on and

sworn at on the streets in SF because he wasn't in uniform. My father-in-law (MIT) was abused similarly, and of course he could not reveal that he was working on the Manhattan Project. He developed the detonator for the bombs. Oh, yeah, duck and cover. For years I had nightmares about the mushroom cloud rising behind the Berkeley hills.

Your "city outing" reminded me of a third grade trip to Chinatown to wander and then eat. The food was great, but the ants parading in single file around the booth were quite a highlight.

Wish I could make the event, but we've extended our yearly trip to Maine after my wife broke her leg AND had her gallbladder removed. Hey, twofer: one anesthetic, gallbladder first and then ortho.

I now wear a lovely white outfit and qualify for home healthcare.

Dennis Carleton M68

Yeah, we lived in a unique little bubble in Borinda. One

day on the weekend, about six of us went to Miramonte, walking distance. Some on our bikes. Pat Haley lived about a block away from us near Del Rey. He took my candy apple red, three speed Royce Union bike and rammed it into a wall at MHS. My dad had a coronary and went to their house and blew a gasket about Pat.

And Fritz Van Mastright chugged a quart or fifth of vodka in downtown Orinda near Lightner's alley across from the theater.

McClean & Buddy Worth in the P.E. locker room one morning mentioned stealing a car. But then, stealing a car or getting pregnant was the worst it got then. Now, it's waaaaaaay worse in HS. Check out the duds/clothes in the 1958 yearbook. The Knights jackets THEN were primitive. Girls clothes and doos were like Happy Days re-runs.

Mike & Cathy Sullivan were near Del Rey. Cathy had a party after we graduated sixth grade. They had a monkey even. Cazzzzual. Mike's dad was a manager at a Ford dealership. Then he got that white, Carol Shelby Mustang 500 or 350. It was trick. Mike was the bomb.

I think Tony Paley, had a tiger or caught a mountain lion because he lived next to some terrain on that big ridge. Duane and I got some SERIOUS poison oak up there. We were sooooo dumb then. Tony and Jim Fager squared-off at Campolindo one Friday night and tusseled. We were always at Rheem and T-Bones because we owned two duplexes on Donald Drive. Don't forget to remember

Bob Abbott M63

Hi James. We don't really know each other, but your ramblings on Orinda back in the day do raise a lot of memories. Our times growing up were really similar. I grew up in Sleepy Hollow. A couple things right on were Boysen's lake, Halloween, and ice sliding on the golf course. Unfortunately I will not make it to the reunion.

One question about your comment about your dad was the comment about flying over China in WW2. It is my understanding that the people who flew over China were associated with the Flying Tigers. Was your dad associated with them? My father in-law was a flying tiger and would fly from Burma over the hump (known to us as the Himalayas) into China to shoot at the Japanese. They

were quite the war hero's. Enough history for now.
Anyway, thanks for your work putting this together.

Kai Ammen M63

Hi James I don't think we knew each other (or memory is defunct)

BUT My dad Paul Ammen may have known yours.

He flew the hump (china burma, india CBI) as a transport pilot in WW2.

ps Bob Rudolph is and has been my oldest friend, I think you

probably know him.

Cornelia Janet Robinson Rentzsch Steinberg M69

Glory be my realtor at Coldwell Banker turned out to be Shellie Abbes Kirby a classmate of mine MHS 69., with whom I had had absolutely no contact when I arrived from Berkeley HS mid 1965.

My cousins of the Raaka Clan were all distributed between Miramonte and rival Campo. I only fit in by being a student

of German. Went on to UCSC, Exchange to Göttingen where I met Peggy Karplus and returned there Spring 1974 to study, marry and finish my middle school teaching degree in Göttingen 1976. Located in Jork, no permanent job, I worked for Roentgen Mueller in Hamburg as a translator for Xray machines. Became pregnant, had Daniel 9/14/77 did student teaching, got teaching credential 9/79 and David arrived 9/11/80. Returned to CA for 26 years, caregiving for Mother. My kids came to Miramonte for 11th grade and played volleyball. I knew Jim Stockwell, Nancy Meagher, and Oak Springs. I remarried Gerre Steinberg & taught 11 years at De Anza HS and met cool colleagues there.

My kids in Germany convinced me to leave Moraga Miramonte Gardens for Jork Germany with my cat Hattie. Hattie died in November. Since January 2, I live in a lovely apartment in an 1850 built home, downtown Jork in an apple/ fruit growing paradise along the Elbe River southwest of Hamburg. And I will miss your September 20 Event, because I'm flying over for 10 days from 11/06-15. So SLAINTE to everyone. Come my way anytime!!!

Mark Locklin M67

What a dialogue we could have with what we have seen !

Transamerica owned
THE JAMES BOND FRANCHISE
through United Artists
starting in 1963 with Sean Connery.

About when we did get introduced to this version of the
Matrix we have been living through ?

Much respect to you and what you had the foresight,
determination, and REAL empathy for others to create.

Penelope Curtis M61

Although I am not attending the reunion, I have enjoyed
your ramblings and reminiscences about growing up in
Orinda! My class was '61 & there are only a couple of '61s
attending. Except for my brother, Robin '68, I really don't
know anyone younger. Among those younger, Lonnette
Pugh Corner M63, it is sad that she is so antisocial. You
have done a great job of trying to bring together a bunch
of people who grew up together in Orinda when life was

much more simple...thank you,

Dick Davis

My connection to All Orinda was being a Lucky Stores grocery clerk from 1958-1961 and I believe we overlapped at Cal as I was admitted in 1961, graduated 1966, spent 63-64 In Europe, mostly in Spain, and returned to Cal in 64 and sympathized with the Free Speech Movement and wondered how students could risk arrest or expulsion.

I have a very different background than yours, **but the same conviction. I also wish today all others had my advantages, those advantages began with** a good paying job at Lucky Stores, union, started at \$2.22 an hour.

I could rent a room for \$30 a month and save, plus virtually free California higher education, \$5 a semester at Oakland City College and \$60 my first semester at Cal and \$120 my final year, these were fees, there was no tuition. On campus at Cal I could eat at the cafeteria for \$2 a day.

Those three advantages, good pay, modest housing cost and no tuition are what I wish all others had today.

Best regards

Kathleen Mead M75

Thank you for all your work. I wish I could be there since I knew many in different grades than mine (1975). I am currently part of a clan that is planning our 50th on October 18th.... wish I could be at your get together. I was able to keep the house I grew up in and am there frequently so hopefully next year? (wishful thinking that there will be one next year...)

Irene Ingram (Moylan) Smith M59

I won't be attending the Reunion but I thought I'd share the Memories below that I wrote for the author of the book "Images of America - ORINDA" by Alison Burns. She contacted me recently to make comments about being in the first graduating class from Miramonte for an article she's writing for the Orinda News, a publication of the

Orinda Association. I am a native Orindan having been brought home as a newborn from Albany Hospital to a home my Father built at 100 Moraga Way in 1929. I was fortunate to raise my Family in Orinda. My daughter graduated in 1979 - 20 years after I graduated from Miramonte and she was the 1st 2nd generation graduate there.

MIRAMONTE MEMORIES:

It's hard to believe it's been 70 years since Miramonte High School opened but my class entered Miramonte in 1955 - the year of its opening. Four years later, we became the first graduating class from this high school. Previous students from Orinda had attended Acalanes High School in Lafayette. Our class was the beginning of the succession of students to follow but in 1955 we were the new Freshmen - the only class at this big new high school. - There were no Sophmores, Juniors or Seniors. Because the Class of '59 was the lead class, there were no older students to help guide us and no older boys to date!

Being a brand new school, much of the completion continued so we endured constant construction noise - I remember they were still building the pool and tennis

courts, etc.

Our class was given the honor of choosing our new school colors. We chose pink and black but the administration didn't like those colors so they chose green and white instead.

Our class still had many friends at Acalanes and they were the 'trend-setters'. What happened at Acalanes, later happened at Miramonte. My older sister, Edda, who attended Acalanes, got a new pair of 2-tone saddle shoes that were the latest fad at Acalanes. I was envious and asked for a pair. I bravely wore them to Miramonte one day where I received judgemental frowns from all the girls. However, within a couple of weeks, when they realized these were the latest fad at Acalanes, ALL the girls were wearing them.

We had some wonderful athletes at Miramonte and all the girl talk was about Dixon Farmer - a tall, dark and handsome young man who excelled at track and went on to become a track coach at a major college. We had a top notch football team and some great coaches. Miramonte also had an after-school girls athletic program called GAA - Girls Athletic Association that I often attended. I loved

gymnastics, baseball and basketball. Miramonte had a ski club and I ventured on a bus trip to the Sierras with them where I learned to ski, which became a favorite sport of mine for many years.

Our class had some testy students who, I'm told, cut down the school flag pole as a prank - I never knew exactly why but I think it was in retaliation for some school policy. One of our teachers, Miss Giddings, was the Dean of Girls and an English teacher. Students were wary of her as she was a tough, no-nonsense teacher and expected rules to be obeyed. It was rumored that some students ordered a truck load of sand and had it dumped on her lawn as a prank. In spite of that, she was one of my best teachers and taught me many lessons that I've used as a writer in later years.

20 years after I graduated from Miramonte in 1959, my daughter, Tracye, graduated from Miramonte making her the first 2nd generation graduate of this high school. The Orinda Sun ran a photo of her and myself to acknowledge this event.

My boyfriend in high school was Henry Moylan, a graduate of Acalanes. He escorted me to my Senior Prom at

Miramonte where the gym was decorated by students and the music of the late '50's had students and their dates 'be-bopping' to the rhythm. We married after high school and raised our 3 children, Tracye, David and Patrick in Orinda.

Everyone, from teachers, coaches, administration and the students helped to pave the way for succeeding decades of classes. I hope we set a good example for students to follow (excluding the pranks!).

Don Gardner C69

Thanks for taking the time to administer this project. I grew up in Orinda from 1951 (in the Glorietta School district), and attended Inland Valley Intermediate for 7th and 8th grades before going to Campolindo High School in the fall of 1965. My eldest brother (Chip M65) went to Pine Grove and Miramonte, but as Orinda's population grew in the 1960s my second brother went to Inland Valley and then to Campolindo (Tom C67). By the time I moved to Singapore in the 1970s the town's demographics had changed enough that high school-age kids in my parents' neighborhood were being re-directed back to Miramonte.

(Perhaps that's why so few Campolindo folks are on your current list.)

I went to the first 'All Orinda Reunion' (was it 1990?) held at the Rheem Theater – (one of the promoters I recall was Greg Bedayn – I'd bet a lot of your readers knew Greg...). Later I was present for another All Orinda Reunion (I believe it was in the 2000s, perhaps organized by you) held at the site of what had years earlier been known as Orinda School (in the Village); for that event I was joined by my two older brothers; we had a great time and met up with lots of people we had known back in our school days. I have a vague memory of a third Reunion some years later. This year I will not make it; I'm stuck in Southeast Asia, but I appreciate the invitation.

I include the following anecdote for your amusement:

My Dad passed away in 2004. My Mom died in 2017; I was the executor of my mother's estate which included the house in Orinda. After 65 years the place needed a bit of work to prepare it for sale, and it was stuffed full of things accumulated over more than 65 years. I was still a resident of Singapore and had to make multiple trips across the Pacific to get the property ready. One afternoon

in late 2019 I needed something from the hardware store, so I drove down to the 'Crossroads' and parked on Orinda Way. As I was walking down the sidewalk, I noticed two teenage boys rather clumsily trying to roll up some weed. One of them elbowed the other and said (somewhat carelessly) "Geezer alert!" Upon hearing that I whipped around expecting to see some doddering old bald guy following me (probably in Bermuda shorts and knee socks with a cane) – but nope – no one was there but me, (and I was only 68, reasonably fit and in good health.) As I realized they were talking about *me*, I strolled up to them and said, "Why are you guys so nervous? Marijuana's legal now." The smarter one replied, "Not for us. We're not 21 yet." Uh huh. I then spoke in a quiet and confidential tone and said, "You must be students from Miramonte." The kid who'd made the geezer remark retorted, "What makes you think that?" I smiled and quipped, "Because every freshman at Campolindo knows how to roll a joint discreetly in public..." With that I wandered off and entered the hardware store.

My 2 cents worth for today.

Best regards,

Cornelia Janet Robinson Rentzsch Steinberg M69

These are my exact thoughts right NOW living in Jork Germany amidst a very high ratio of newfangled refugee kids who may have been born here or maybe just fresh from war torn Ukraine

When I am privileged to still have an Aunt (97) and 3 cousins in Orinda/ Moraga, 1 in LA, 1 in Seattle and 1 in Tonto Verde AZ and a sister in Chico..... like yeah.... We were a tight knit family of hardworking Scottish/ German\North Carolinian (Confederate/ Yankee/European rooted) individuals who had always enjoyed freedom of our environment, religion, ideals, had courage & a firm work ethic instilled in us and most importantly an allegiance to the USA. We had nurturing sustenance, potluck picnics, Stinson Beach & knew about the East Coast relatives, with whom we corresponded.

SF was The City, we knew Huntington Lake, Camp Caniya as CFGirls, FCCBerkeley, the Campanile w all the skeletons , a sink from McCallums & Ortman's on Solano Ave..... Hink's Department Store or the Elmwood Stationery store on Shattuck. Peet's at Walnut & Vine.....

I know now especially how grand my childhood was

compared to many of my 69 MHS classmates.

Have had too many students in the meantime and those are spread over WCCUSD. Acalanes USD and my Adult Ed classes from Buxtehude and My School Center kids in Buxtehude.

Now I'm learning new kids & experiencing the strange status being illegal in Germany... yikes? Yep, Inscrutable entanglement of legal paragraphs which were unbeknownst to me or my grown kids before I exited CA! Heavens to Betsy! This is bureaucracy at its worst ! Tis a trying period of my life but so mostly a waste of time..... Nuf sed...

Dan Walden M67

We had so hoped to be with you this coming weekend for the AOR, but myriad family events this year (and even this week!) have made that impossible for us this time. I have imagined that this may be your last hurrah in planning and carrying out what has always been such a grand celebration of so much good that we all shared while growing up in Orinda. While I'm hopeful there will be another event, I realize that we're not getting much younger and that Anne and I are not available to help out.

I treasure what you have done so often with little expectation beyond the gratification that we all have had a wonderful experience reconnecting with those with whom we grew up. We're doing well in Tennessee, north of Nashville, and hope that you have another terrific event.

David Roddick M66

I would love to have been there, but I'm currently traveling through South Dakota and Minnesota visiting friends. I attended Miramonte HS for three years (sophomore to senior) after my family built a home in Orinda. It was an interesting place to live, but hard to embrace with so many of my class knowing each other for many years, and not needing the "new" kids. My best, most enjoyable school year was the senior year. Sadly, most of my friends, like me have moved away from the area so those relationships have not endured...but I wish they had.

It was a safe place, but while some didn't recognize Orinda was truly a "bubble" in a crazy world, I appreciated the difference having not lived there until I was 14. Thanks for thinking of me. I pray you all will have a great reunion and give a special shout out those from the Class of 1966.

Kathleen Mead M75

Thank you for all your work. I wish I could be there since I knew many in different grades than mine (1975). I am currently part of a clan that is planning our 50th on October 18th.... wish I could be at your get together. I was able to keep the house I grew up in and am there frequently so hopefully next year? (wishful thinking that there will be one next year...)

Laurie Spongberg Brown M68

Grew up in Orinda and liked my life. I left in 1968 for college and didn't come back until reunions. I am happily living on a lake in east Texas and living my retirement from American Airlines. Would not live in California again.

Ana Lucas M72

What I remember about Orinda: it was hot and dry and filled with foxtails

What I found on Saturday: it was lush, green, with lovely public places

What I remember about Orinda people: too rich to keep up with, competitive, very strong cliques

What I found at the reunion: a mixed bunch of normal people, some with extraordinary talents, friendly and eager to talk

What I remember about 42 Las Cascadas: a huge house with pebbly, unusable patios

What I found at 42 las Cascadas: the only house in the area that hasn't been torn down and doubled or tripled in size, with simple smooth patios on either side, and one of the three redwoods Dad planted in the front yard still reaching for the sky. Melanie (McCormick Simcoff) led me up there but I would have found it. She pointed at the house "This is where it all began."

I had a lovely time, and left feeling more peaceful about life memories from that era. Mark Locklin and several others spoke to me about Mom and Dad, and how influential they were.

Greg Dabel M68

And then there were a few of us who found Orinda to be a foreign land.

I arrived in Orinda in 1964 during my freshman year, a transfer from Berkeley High School. At Berkeley High School, I was an inner-city student. I was ethnically White but a 'minority' because everyone was an ethnic minority. One-third of us were White. One-third Black. One-third Asian and Hispanic. I arrived in all-white Orinda in 1964 and found that the only students of color at Miramonte were the exchange students (from Japan, Brazil, etc.). I found Orinda and Miramonte to be dripping with money and snobbish. Yes, there were good times. But was glad to be done with it all when I graduated in 1968. Orinda is a beautiful place, but it has never been part of the real world.

Just a few thoughts from a Sebastopol farmer.

Tom Well M73

You've had an interesting, colorful life. I enjoyed the read. Gotta say that you were exactly the kid my parents thought I would be. My parents worked very hard to repress my maniacal tendencies.

Although I am about 6 years younger than you, we have

similar recollections of our times growing up in Orinda. However, I managed to avoid excursions to Martinez as I knew where the behavioral lines were drawn.

But my stories are from a different perspective, that of the son of German Jewish immigrant.

We too went "exploring" along the creeks and woods. Used to bring home jars of polliwogs, and suffer from brushing up against poison oak.

My parents also met a UC Berkeley. Dad immigrated in 1938 from Germany. Most relatives died in concentration camps. His immediate family was fortunate enough to "buy" their way out just in time. They settled in San Francisco.

Upon moving to Orinda, my parents were invited to join the Orinda Country Club, but the invitation was rescinded when it was revealed that my Dad was from a Jewish Family.

During my high school years, we used to sneak onto the greens and fairways late at night to "ice slide". We'd leave the ice blocks on the putting greens to piss off the OCC

members.

Orinda Halloween made a huge impression on me. We had bonfires in the street, and the high schoolers scared me. We'd get hit with water-balloons and eggs. The threat of getting "pant-ed" and having to retrieve our shorts from the top of the flag pole loomed large.

Nuclear bombs? I was scared shit-less. Asked my dad why we didn't build a bomb shelter. He said just to run toward the blast ... you don't want to live in the aftermath.

Donna Viale Gertler C68

Very interesting. You stole cars? Is segregation from the outside a good thing? I grew up in Berkeley until I was 7. I lived on a block with so many people from all over the world. I often wonder what if we hadn't moved to Orinda. Remember the time when we were in your bedroom and the intercom was on. Your mom was saying I was from the wrong side of town, That was Orinda privilege, but good schools Really? I was often looked down on for not having nice clothes in Orinda. I did have fun in my neighborhood. We had at least 60 kids we played with all the time. My backyard was the Lafayette Reservoir. Lots of nature which always calmed me down. To this day have mixed feeling about the town.

Vince Campanile M61

The one thing I noticed that is missing in all of the comments so far is the fun of orchard running with your automobile. Do any of you remember that, or have done it? The owners of the orchards, of course did not think it was fun.

One other thing we did cruise the main in Walnut Creek, another thing I have not seen here.