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LIZ HART BATHGATE

Liz was without doubt one of the best girl athletes in our class at PHS. It is therefore no surprise that she aspired to become a PE teacher or physical therapist and that she realized this goal.

After Piedmont she attended UC Davis for a year, then transferred to UC Berkeley, where she graduated in 1961. She obtained her teaching credential at Berkeley in 1962. During her college years she was a student teacher (two PE classes and one Biology class) at Miramonte High, which she claims nearly “did her in.”

She married Bob Bathgate in 1969. They have no children, but Liz observes that they are soul mates in enjoying sports, hiking, birds and any outdoor activity.

She taught PE for 26 years, as follows:

PE teacher, Tennyson High, Hayward, 1962-66

PE teacher, Mission San Jose High, Fremont, 1967-78

PE teacher, Centerville Junior High, 1979-88

In commenting on her teaching career, Liz states, “High school was wonderful. Junior High is very difficult as the kids are so mean to each other.”

Not surprisingly, she has been active in her community. She has been a member of AAUW since 1972, is a docent for the Sulphur Creek Nature Center and an elementary school volunteer for the Girls Incorporated Elementary School. She has also done Great Blue Heron research in affiliation with SFBBO. She has received awards for years of service to the community from AAUW and the Hayward Recreation Department, and has also received the John Pappas Humanitarian Award. Just recently she was appointed to a two-year term on the Hayward Area Recreation and Park District Advisory Council.

In April 2008 she was the State Named Gift Honoree at the State American Association of University Women Convention. The award honors a member who has “done great things” for the Educational Foundation of the organization. Liz’s “great things” include, among much else, many hours of fund raising and the establishment of an endowment in her own name. She is truly a PHS alum to be proud of!

She adds, in her own words, “Bob and I have traveled extensively in Europe and the U.S. We go to many foreign countries in search of beautiful birds and animals. We did an Elderhostel Service Program in Belize, where we studied dolphins and howler monkeys.

“We have been on a number of bicycle trips, including a camping one which took us from Seattle to Vancouver, B.C., through all the islands including Victoria. Our later ones have been with a biking company so we no longer have to carry any camping gear.

“Our latest trip took us to Honduras, where we spent two weeks on a guided tour searching out the birds from the desert into the dense steep jungles.”

RON BEACH

In July 1957 after my PHS graduation, I spent five months and two days on active duty in the United States Army Reserve, first at Fort Ord and then at the Presidio in San Francisco. Obviously, this was not the highlight of my life, but at least I was able to avoid being drafted. At San Francisco State College I majored in Radio-TV with a minor in Business and graduated in 1962. My broadcast education didn't do me much good because for \$4.50 more a week, I chose the *San Francisco Examiner* over KOVR-TV in Sacramento to start my career. I met my future wife Louise on a blind date which included a hike through the Petrified Forest near Calistoga. We were married at the El Cerrito Methodist Church on January 18, 1964, and had our wedding reception at the Brazilian Room in Tilden Regional Park on a very stormy Saturday afternoon. Since we were both working, our short honeymoon was spent in Los Gatos, Pacific Grove, Cambria and San Juan Batista. As I write this bio, we have been married for 44 years. Our children are Adam, David and Lyn and our four grandchildren are Cameron, Audrey, Isaac and Desmond. They all live in the Bay Area while we live in Western Colorado.

My career has been in the newspaper and advertising agency business. In chronological order, I have held the following management positions –

Regional Classified Advertising Manager, *San Francisco Examiner*
Advertising Director, *The Daily Sentinel*, Grand Junction, CO
Executive Vice President, Nationwide Advertising Service, Inc.,
San Francisco
Classified Advertising Director, *San Jose Mercury News*
Director of Classified Advertising, Knight-Ridder, Inc., Miami, FL
General Manager, ClassiFacts, Inc., Denver, CO
General Manager, AdQuest, Waupaca, WI
Advertising Director, *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette*, Little Rock, AR

I am now semi-retired and have a newspaper management consulting practice working with newspapers in several states. When I'm not making a few extra dollars consulting, I perform a number of community volunteer tasks in our adopted home town of Grand Junction. Some of my volunteer interests include the Grand Junction Visitor's Center, St. Mary's Hospital and Regional Medical Center, and the Avalon Theatre Board of Directors where I currently serve as Chairman. My hobbies include travel, baseball, hiking, reading, computers and being a grandparent. Louise has a number of volunteer interests as well and they include CASA (Court Appointed Special Advocate for Foster Children), Sunday school teacher, church choir, and elementary school reading tutor.

MARILYNNE HUGHES BLAKELY

In high school Marilynne pictured herself becoming a missionary doctor in Africa. While she didn't achieve precisely this goal, her life has been full of travel and service to others.

After PHS she attended UC Berkeley and received her B.A. in 1961. She did graduate work at Berkeley for two years thereafter, but during that time she also studied abroad: in the summer of 1961, she attended the University of Neuchatel in Switzerland, and that fall she attended the University of Poitiers at Tours. In the summers of 1963 and 1964 she attended the Sorbonne in Parris, and the University of Aix En Provence-Cannes and the University of Besonson, both in France. She emerged with a degree as a French teacher and taught French at Skyline High for five years.

She married Gary Blakely in 1965 and they had two children, Anne, now 38, and Paul, 35. After raising Anne and Paul she went back to school and received her Masters at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia in 1983. Her interest in the emerging field of dyslexia treatment having been piqued by her son's victory over the problem, she became a specialist in the field and taught reading for four years at the Marple-Newton School in Philadelphia and the Don Guanella Chapter 1 institution.

She has been active in the Junior League for more than 30 years and has served as an advisor to Chi Omega at Villanova for scholarship and community service. She was elected Panhellenic Woman of the Year in 2002.

She enjoys playing tennis and knitting.

Editor's Note: It is sad to report that Marilynne passed away on June 3, 2008, after a brave bout with chemotherapy and other treatments for leukemia. She had earlier sent a handwritten form, laboriously filled out, and she would surely have liked to appear in this biography compilation.

BILL BLUE

Having progressed through the Piedmont school system from Wildwood to PHS, I had the intention to be a leader and organizer from early on. Beginning with a junior high office and culminating with PHS student body president, I was comfortable bringing a wide diversity of personalities and mental capabilities to bear on goals and objectives with success. I was blessed with a speech graduate from Cal Berkeley for a mother and a consummate planning engineer for a father; and the results supported my dreams.

I was surprised and happy to be accepted at Dartmouth where four years away from the Bay Area and California plus the interaction of the international diversity of students gave me direction to a major in Economic Geography. A four year Naval career brought me to Europe and a glimpse of international commerce which whet my appetite for more. I had the pleasure of working with Admiral Hyman Rickover in his expanding nuclear navy and gained further insight into strategic planning on a global basis and military leadership.

I was accepted into UCLA'S international business MBA program in 1965. During the summer prior to matriculation, I met and fell madly in love with Cynthia Holmes, a graduate of Holy Names H.S., U.C. Davis and resident of Montclair. We married in June 1966 and are still on our honeymoon.

I have had a plethora of professional responsibilities since graduating in 1967 and was constantly advised by my father that I was the son "who couldn't keep a job." He had a 40 year career with Chevron.

1967-68: Marketing manager, Mead Johnson International, Evansville, Indiana – daughter Wendy born in 1968.

1968-1972: International Marketing Manager, Riviana Foods, Houston, Texas – son Scott born in 1969.

1972-77: President, Archon International and El Molino Mills, divisions of Archon Inc., Los Angeles – son Brent born in 1974.

1977-1986: Senior Vice President International for Brown-Forman Distillers, Louisville, Kentucky.

1987-88: President, International Division, Kahlua Brands, Los Angeles.

1988-1990: Commissioner, Ladies Professional Golf Association, Houston, Tex and Daytona Beach, Fla.

1991-95: Chief Executive Officer, Bowling Proprietors Association of America, Dallas, Texas.

1995-2000: Managing Director, Simonds Enterprises, Palm Desert, Ca (golf course management).

2001-07: Vice President, Churchill Management Group, Palm Desert, Ca (investment counsel).

I retired at end 2007 and am currently involved in three major interests: Docent, The Living Desert, Palm Desert, Ca; Tournament Director and Course Ambassador, Indian Wells Golf Resort, Indian Wells, Ca; and President, Board of Directors, Animal Samaritans, SPCA, Thousand Palms, Ca. Along with four other 501c3 board positions, retirement is mentally active and satisfying.

Cynthia and I have been blessed with good health over the past 43 years, three wonderful children and now two fantastic grandchildren. After several international travels, we focus on Biking, Long Hikes and Golf to occupy the time. Our exposure to a multitude of cultures and mores both in North America and abroad have given us and the children a solid foundation to appreciate our freedom and the ability to accomplish goals and achieve success in our chosen fields and society.

JIM BRANSCOM

I suppose I was unique in attending my Baccalaureate and senior all-night while wearing a long leg cast. Had dislocated my knee as a result of falling into the half open passenger door of Dick Cochran's 1957 red Corvette. This in front of Mr. Odell's studio, after being tackled by Paul Michael.

Bruce Johnson, Dick Cochran, Don Herzog and myself then spent the summer in Europe with Bob Graham as our chaperone. Poor Bob. Lots of threats to send us home. All undeserved, of course.

Off to Stanford where I received an F+ on my first English paper. Thanks, Mr. Killian!! SOooo I decided to learn to write and become a history (modern Europe) major, while satisfying the pre-med requirements. Ole, if you read this, you can be the judge if these efforts paid off. Did surprise myself, however, graduating Phi Beta Kappa with honors.

New York and Columbia med school next. Eastern medical training at the time was extremely rigorous and obsessive-compulsive but prepared me well for the move back West where things were a bit more laid back at the time (no real difference in quality, just a difference in emphasis). In the East, we had to present all our patients from memory – sometimes 40 or so of them. “This is the first Bellevue hospital admission for this 40 year old By day three, the BUN was --, the creatinine – etc.” Then attending: “Dr. Branscom, what was the SGOT on admission” –uh--?

Became fascinated with how the biological systems work and interact – the biochemistry, physiology part – and the mechanism of interactions of pharmaceutical with our native systems. So internal medicine seems to be the route for me. Finished two years of Medical residence at UCSF. Lots of all-niters, all-weekenders, etc. Basically lived medicine most of the time and then . . . found Louise and decided there was more to life than just saving lives. Spoke to the chairman of Radiology, Alexander R. Margulis, a Yugoslavian immigrant who came here not speaking a word of English and eventually became head of one of the most prestigious radiology programs in the world. A truly great leader. He liked people who had training in other fields and convinced me to become a radiologist. Thank you, Alex!! He's still alive in his 90's doing research at Sloan-Kettering in New York!

After finishing radiology residence, started looking for jobs in the Bay Area. Believe it or not, there was a glut of radiologists here at the time, which actually persisted into the mid 90's. For my particular year, there were no immediate openings around here (most of my colleagues either stayed in academics or went to places like Modesto, Santa Rosa, Sacto, Oregon, etc.) Personal reasons dictated that I stay close by, so I took a job with a budding new practice which contracted with a hospital in Vallejo and which also owned a couple of offices in Contra Costa County – Danville and Lafayette. It was a challenge, but ultimately we were able to develop an imaging center in San Ramon, which led to our merger with Diablo Valley Radiology (John Muir and Mt. Diablo), then with almost everything in the East Bay – e.g. Alta Bates, Eden, Livermore Valleycare.

Had one great child, Sarah, who went to UCSB and is married with a grandchild – Miles Wallace Hendley – get that name! Future Secretary of State or something? Sarah is director of HR for one of the divisions of Vivendi. Her husband designs computer games for Sony – great job – doesn't seem to work much but gets paid quite well.

If, while in my 40's, anyone had asked me if I wanted to retire, I'd have done so in a so-called New York minute. But upon reaching retirement age I realized full retirement would be boring for me. So as in many things I compromised and chose half-time work, plus hobbies such as travel, re-learning French (Louise prefers France among Western foreign countries), piano. But Radiology remains one of my hobbies too – the best of all possible worlds.

Looking forward to the next get-together!

CECILYN PUTNAM BREEN

Like many girls of our era, in high school Cecilyn aspired simply to “college and marriage.” She has achieved both, plus a congenial career and plenty of community service.

She attended Stockton College in 1958 and Fresno State in 1959 but comments that she was “not a super student.” She married Harvey Kameny in 1963 and Warren Breen in 1982. She has three children: Sharon Kameny, born 1968; Kevin Kameny, born 1967; and Diane Kameny, born 1969. With her second marriage she acquired two more children and now has eight grandchildren.

With respect to marriage, she comments that the second time around is definitely better.

After working in banking for six years, she was a secretary at Bay Alternator for ten years, and an Assistant Operations Officer in a bank for another ten years. She says she loved banking, and, for emphasis, “has a great second marriage.”

She is a substitute librarian for the Pleasanton School District and a volunteer health aide for the elementary schools. She enjoys needlepoint, computer games, bridge and all card games.

SUSAN BRUECKNER BROWNING

After graduating from Piedmont H.S. I attended San Jose State, then transferred to the Stanford University School of Nursing. I graduated With Honors from Stanford in 1963 and received the Outstanding Nursing Student award, which gave me a graduate school scholarship. After two years of bedside nursing in New York City, I received a master's degree in nursing education from the University of Colorado. I did stints of teaching at the University of Washington and San Francisco State Schools of Nursing before returning to Stanford U. Hospital to reorganize their Nursing Service Department.

In 1973 I went to the University of Colorado as Director of Nursing at the University Hospital and Associate Dean of the School of Nursing. While there I received a master's degree in Hospital Administration and in 1986 became Chief Operations Officer of the Hospital. I left the University Hospital in 1990 after a year as the acting President.

All these professional experiences were significant learning and challenging ones which I cherish; however, I decided to leave health care and started a business planning, coordinating and managing golf tournaments for corporations, tour groups and charitable organizations.

In 1982 I married Tom, an architect and contractor. We had many good times including a golfing honeymoon in Ireland and Scotland plus other golf vacations playing many wonderful and memorable courses. Tom died in 1996 after two years of debilitating effects from Parkinson's. Mother had died in 1993.

In 2003 I moved to Joplin, in the southwest corner of Missouri, to be near my brother Bob, his wife and their family. We all decided it was time for me to be near them and enjoy their love and friendship.

I volunteer teach in the Joplin junior golf program and for a center for abused women and children. I enjoy various crafts; love cooking and entertaining; wrote a cookbook; and enjoy all sports in person and on TV. Other than family golf is my passion. I play for fun and in tournaments as frequently as possible, four to five days a week is perfect. Also I plan and coordinate several tournaments in the area.

I am blessed with good health, wonderful family and great friends.

DICK COCHRAN (aka “Mr. Dick”)

The long and the short are both the same. College 1961, marriage 1960, Naval Air, sold cars at Cochran and Celli until 1979. Then on to J. W. Silveira Co. where I had the same desk from 1977 until 2005. While at C and C we had invested in partnerships with Don Herzog. Along the line I decided that if I forced myself to get a real estate license, maybe good things would happen. When Mr. Silveira drove on the lot to inquire about cars to buy wholesale, I said we had no “cheapies” (\$50-\$150), but that I had my real estate license and was looking to hang it somewhere. In an instant he offered me the desk. When Don died in 1982, with the stroke of a pen, I acquired 45 partners, and became the general partner of various Oakland sites. I already had 12 partners, so if I have learned anything, it is not to prejudge ideas. My rule is that, if no one is going to die, get hurt, or go to jail, then let’s look at the idea. Even if it is really stupid.

In 1966 my folks got on the wrong airplane (BOAC), as the tail fell off over Mr. Fuji, and all perished. At that point we had Julia (now 44), Laurel (now 42), and were taking care of my sister Lynn (now 54). Taking care of Lynn proved to be permanent. She went to PHS, and at back to school night we got some funny looks because we were 26 with an 11-year old. Then she went to Stanford, much to the horror of all 20+- Cochrans who went to CAL. However, she redeemed herself by marrying Ron, who went to CAL medical school. In 1969 Joseph (now 38) came on the scene. He saw all the women, and how they interacted, and decided to chart his own course. Act, don’t ask. This worked most of the time, with some notable exceptions. He is my best friend now, but during the teen years, you could have bought him cheap.

I have been very lucky to have the same wife, house, children, everything, the full catastrophe (quoting Zorba the Greek) for forty plus years. Many dogs have passed through our lives. We have the same phone number that my parents got when we moved to Piedmont in 1950. My adult friends are from PHS and adult Boy Scouts. I was a scout master, and we had a lot of fun. In Scouts, the rule was if no one was seriously injured, got lost, or died, then the event was a success. For those of you who don’t live in the Bay Area, our classes have some wonderful people who are fun, smart, and resilient. They are a pleasure to know.

No retirement. I left Silveira in 2005, and have my office at home running the Cochran Empire. All the modern electronic tools and a good attorney (a fellow scout leader) allow me to carry on as a one man show in real estate and cars. I also have a dealer’s license. Jerry Brown (a classmate at UC) did wonders as mayor for Oakland. It is still a scary place for many people, but it is changing for the better.

I note that I am about to violate my own rule of writing. If it won’t fit on one page, you’ve said too much. However, I must comment on Troy (10), Alex (8), Blake (6), and Eric (4). Laurel and Tom have the first two, and Julia and Steve the second. They all live in the mountains, either in CA or CO. They all ski, and I can still keep up with the younger two. They all give Susan and me great pleasure, and continual humor. If one can just sit and not get involved in the fray, it is wonderful to see how they control their

parents. Julia and her husband have an architecture firm near Aspen. Laurel and her husband are real estate investors and live in Squaw Valley. Joseph is an engineer (Cal Poly) and lives in Grass Valley. He is getting married in August, and Susan has hopes of a granddaughter.

As Troy says, “BabaDick, you are getting closer to death, but are remarkably fit for a man of 60.” Let’s hope we can avoid the former, and keep at the latter. Be well, Dick, and save a dog, or two.

GAIL COOK DOWNING

At graduation time I believed my goals were to go to San Jose State to become a teacher, have fun, travel, get married, have blonde blue-eyed children and live happily ever after. Parts of this became true, but not exactly in that order. The path changed and I became a wife to Gary Calou and mother to Michael very quickly. Three and a half years later, the twins, Jan and Nan, were born. All of a sudden we were a family of five.

I loved being the homemaker Mom who was the den mother, brownie and Girl Scout leader, housewife, member of PTA and volunteer in several charity organizations. It was a very nice life and I am very happy I was able to spend so much time with the kids.

Gary and I were divorced and the real world was in front of me. Single mom, having never worked, set off to find a job. I worked at a couple of banks and received quite an education on how to make a living and work with people. My eyes were truly opened; all of a sudden there was a real world out there. After a few glitches along the way I landed at Rhodes & Jamieson in 1978, working at the gravel pits in Pleasanton, doing a lot of different things in the office.

In 1978, I met Bill Downing, who was working in public relations for Jamieson. It took me long enough, but I had finally met the right guy. We were able to travel to wonderful places, and do great things. Bill became the President of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce. We were married in 1983 and continued to travel and meet interesting people. It was a very special time, being married to Bill. I learned a great deal from him and feel fortunate for the time we had together. Unfortunately, the road took another twist. Bill had cancer and passed away in 1988.

The kids have grown up to be fine adults and have blessed me with six grandchildren, ranging in age from 10 years old to 15. Michael teaches and lives with his family in Modesto. Jan lives a little bit closer in Livermore with her two daughters. Sadly, Nan passed away a couple of years ago, but left two wonderful children.

I continued to work at several gravel plants in the Livermore Valley until I thought I had enough rocks in my head to retire from everyday, five days a week work. Since I retired, a girlfriend and I are partners in a handpainted needlepoint canvas business supplying canvases to needlepoint stores around the country. We go to tradeshow in different parts of the country, meet up with great friends, and peddle our wares. We probably won't become millionaires, but it has provided lots of fun and it supports my passion of needlepointing. I occasionally teach needlepoint classes. Also, my love of music has led me to belong to a small piano group. We get together every six weeks or so and play for each other.

I continue to travel and spend time with family and friends and am quite busy. I am very grateful for my family and friends. In the overall picture, I think I did fulfill all my goals and added a few to boot. I had a great childhood and cherish the friendships that were

developed through the years. It is always fun working on the Reunion Committee and reigniting old friendships.

SHIRLEY STIRLING DRAKE

In high school Shirley already knew she wanted to teach elementary school children. She did, but she did a great deal more besides.

She married George Endress in 1957, not long after high school, and had three children: Tom (now 50 and one of the most senior grandchildren of our class!), Bonnie (48) and Christopher (47). She has eight grandchildren and is expecting a great-grandchild soon. Her marriage to George lasted 20 years. In 1978 she married Bill Drake, who died a few years ago; they were married for 25 years. She comments, apropos of marriage and children, "I have three wonderful children. They are responsible, loving, and productive. [My marriages were both long-lasting.] I was blessed."

Meanwhile, she was pursuing her dream of teaching. She attended UCLA from 1957-58, Santa Rosa J.C. in 1958-59, San Francisco State at Santa Rosa in 1959-61, and Sonoma State College from the 1960's through 1973. She received her MA in Education in 1973 and received her Administrative Credential (MA equivalent) from UC Berkeley in 1985. She observes, "I had a good education and enjoyed my classes and teachers (for the most part). I wish I'd joined more groups and been more outgoing."

Her list of career positions includes:

- Elementary school teacher, first and second grades (classroom), 16 years
- Reading Specialist teacher (public schools), 19 years
- School Administration (public and private schools), 6-1/2 years
- Reading Specialist and Librarian (for K-12, private school), 8 years
- Teaching teachers in Reading Classes for Sonoma State's extension program

She says "I loved teaching! My last ten years in the classroom with first and second graders in the public school were the best. I also loved teaching kindergarten students and teachers!"

She has done much volunteer work with the Santa Rosa Bible Church (adult choir, bell choir, Benevolent Committee Chairperson and Deaconess). She has also been involved in several professional groups, including the GateWay Council of C.R.A. and D.K.G., in both of which she was president and held other offices. She received the WHO (We Honor Ours) award from the Cotati-Rohnert Park U.S. District teachers/C.T.A. in 1985, after two years as President. She also received recognition from the Santa Rosa Bible Church Pastor, Deacons and Elders for work done on the Benevolent Committee.

She states, "I love to travel. I've been to many parts of the U.S. and Europe, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Israel, Japan, Tasmania, the Caribbean and Fanning Islands. I also love to read and enjoy photography and music."

BARRY FERRIS

Barry says that in high school he envisioned himself becoming a lawyer or “something in history.” However, while the history angle did surface later on, his abilities as a natural athlete have played a large part in formulating his career and life choices. After being injured in a football game in which he had started as quarterback in our junior year at PHS, he was sidelined forever from that game but has been involved in nearly every other, both as player and coach.

He left PHS that same year and finished high school at Oakland High, where he got pretty close to straight As. He went on to Cal Berkeley but transferred to San Francisco State after two years because he felt that Cal’s PE program was not as good as that of SFS. He played basketball and golf for SFS (and later taught a Teacher’s Ed [for PE teachers] program there). He graduated from San Francisco State in 1962 and did post graduate work at Cal State Hayward. There were eight in his Cal State class, all of whom became lawyers but Barry. However, a major mentor, his Oakland High coach, convinced him not to become a lawyer but to go with teaching instead.

After graduating he went to work for Oakland’s Parks and Recreation Department on a part time basis while he picked up a “general secondary” credential, qualifying him to teach ANY COURSE at the high school level (he doesn’t know if these are even given any more). While at the Rec Department he met and married Pamela, now his wife of 46 years. They had three sons, Ryan, Scott and Mitch, and, some 15-16 years later, a daughter, Rebecca. Although his daughter lives in Lihue, Kauai, where she is a hair stylist, she phones almost every day and is clearly the apple of Barry’s eye. She is a good athlete like her dad, and plays volleyball and golf at what Barry assures us is a very high level. His oldest son, Ryan, works in network security. Interestingly, his second son, Scott, is now head of the Recreation Department in the City of Berkeley. Mitch’s day job is as a Web Producer and Designer, but he apparently looks like his dad did as a young man and, not surprisingly with those looks, moonlights in TV and the movies.

Barry’s first teaching job was at Haven’s Court Junior High – two years. Then he taught for four years at Oakland Tech High, where he coached basketball and track. He then moved to Oakland High. He taught history and shop, and served as basketball coach, soccer coach and baseball coach (the baseball team won a Section championship). He also assisted in the Black Studies program.

During the Civil Rights/Vietnam era he volunteered for a program sponsored by Shell Oil which was attempting to address the violence problem in the schools. At one time he just missed being tear-gassed himself in North Berkeley.

He retired from teaching in 1995. For a number of years thereafter he was a sportswriter for *The Sierra Star*, and for four years was the Manager in charge of the Wawona Golf Course. He still works on his fitness and golfs regularly near his home in Oakhurst.

He says he has tried to conduct himself so as not to be a “negative factor in anyone’s life.” Reading between the lines, it sounds as though he may have succeeded.

DICK FOSTER

Based on my performance in his Grade 12 English class, Mr. Bernard advised me not to seek admission to Cal. However, because a teenager knows everything, I ignored his advice, applied, and was admitted, exactly meeting the minimum entrance requirements. In one respect, Mr. Bernard was on target; at 8:00 AM, September 23, 1957, I walked into my first class, a section of Subject A, having failed Cal's English placement test. Nevertheless, I received my AB in Geography in January 1962, but hardly set the academic world afire in the process.

Already engaged to be married when I graduated from Cal and not wishing the Selective Service System to dictate my whereabouts for the next two years, I joined an infantry unit of the California Army National Guard. By the end of 1962, my six months of basic training was complete, I was married, living in Berkeley, and working in marketing for Chevron in downtown San Francisco. Goodness gracious, key elements of my anticipated future seemingly had fallen into place quite quickly despite my tendency not to plan anything in advance; I'm still that way. (Unlike some of our classmates whose military service took them overseas, my six years in the Guard and latterly the Army Reserve were spent in California; only five rather turbulent days in the Watts area of Los Angeles during August 1965 might be considered out of the ordinary.)

Within four years, my trip along "stability road" had been detoured – big time! I left Chevron in late 1965, after concluding that my socio-political views about life and the world were not a close fit with those of Chevron and most of my colleagues there. My experience in Watts contributed to this decision. Furthermore, a number of my Chevron colleagues, including graduates of Cal and Stanford, had become "dead ended" in the company and were already counting their time remaining until retirement: twenty years in some cases. This was not an encouraging environment for the youngsters among us. Instead of changing employers, I entered San Francisco State as a graduate student in geography. When I decided (with little consultation) at the end of my first year of graduate study that my goal was a PhD and an academic career, my wife proclaimed this to be the last straw. Divorce followed.

Fast forward to 1968. I got married again, received my master's degree from S.F. State, became a doctoral student at Cal, and witnessed the birth of my son Marc. No doubt some of my PHS classmates know that being a graduate student with a spouse and a young child on a teaching assistant's salary and student loans is not conducive to living the high life; it's especially difficult for one's spouse even when the married-student housing complex is full of families in similar circumstances. Nevertheless, the three of us had a grand experience in the summer of 1969, when I taught a geography course at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg. It proved to be a watershed.

Jumping to the end of 1970 (none too soon for anybody still reading), seeking gainful employment while trying to work on my doctoral dissertation became a must, what with no more T.A. salary, no more student loans, a new residence, and child-support payments to boot. Yes, *déjà vu*, my second marriage had followed the path of my first. Anyway, I

became a planner in the Contra Costa County Planning Department, remaining there approximately 18 months, at which time my priorities became resumption of dissertation research and landing a teaching position.

My full-time academic career finally commenced in September 1972, at what is now Minnesota State University at Mankato. Under the heading of poor timing for me, the state of Minnesota began to reduce funding for post-secondary education soon after my arrival in Mankato. Faculty positions were gradually eliminated, including mine in 1975. Easy come, easy go! On the home front, at Christmastime 1973, I assumed the role of a single parent because my ex-wife (#2 for you who are keeping score) and I agreed that our son would be better off living with me. (Hey, stop laughing!) Being resilient, even at a young age, Marc survived my many missteps as a single parent.

At long last, on the 125th anniversary of California's admission to the union (September 9, 1975), my doctoral dissertation was signed, sealed, and delivered to the Graduate Division at Cal. (Strangely, then Gov. Jerry Brown never issued a proclamation noting the coincidental timing of these two significant events.) A week later my son and I moved to Greeley, Colorado, and I began a two-year stint on the faculty of the University of Northern Colorado.

Single parenthood ended for me in April 1976, when I made my third trip to the altar. Alice and I had met during my years in Minnesota. She left her job as zoning administrator in Mason City, Iowa, but was able to secure a planning position in Greeley after she joined Marc and me there. (Readers, you need not skip ahead to see when this marriage went the way of the others because it hasn't.)

Son Marc, wife Alice, and I crossed the 49th parallel in September 1977, your humble scribe having accepted a faculty position in the Geography Department at the University of Manitoba. (Didn't I say the summer of '69 was a watershed?) We have resided in this prairie city of about 700,000 ever since, adding two daughters to our family: Meredith in 1981 and Catherine in 1983. Both daughters and their husbands live in Winnipeg and we have two grandchildren here too. On the other hand, my son has returned to his Bay Area roots and lives in Napa. I co-own the house.

Through the years my teaching focused primarily on transportation and urban geography and the geography of the U.S. and Canada, while my research investigated mobile-home park development and related controversies, the closure and "recycling" of rural churches, and winter snow and ice roads, which are a lifeline to isolated communities in northern Manitoba. A three-year term as head of the Geography Department was tossed in for good measure. I retired from full-time teaching in July 2001, but taught one or two classes per year on short-term contracts until April 2006. None of my professional careers yielded a Nobel Prize and my academic career certainly did not yield big bucks. However, I loved the stimulation afforded by teaching, whether in very large classes or with small groups of graduate students.

Thus far, my retirement time has followed no set plan, which means I'm still consistent in that aspect of my life. Traveling has meant driving along some of William Least-Heat Moon's "Blue Highways" in the U.S. and Canada as well as riding the rails (no, not as a hobo!). Alice and I curl during the winter months, i.e., October to April in this part of the Great White North. She works in administration at the University of Manitoba. To bring this full circle, a constant in my life since my first year (Grade 10) at PHS in Brick Johnson's P.E. classes has been running. Although I stopped marathoning in my forties (label me a wuss), the shorter distances are still fun and invigorating, at least when the weather is conducive to running outside.

Finally, anyone who has read this expose in its entirety deserves my congratulations, but leads me to conclude that you undoubtedly have way too much spare time on your hands.

I hope we all make it to our 55th and beyond.

CLAIRE LANDIS HINTZ

Claire says that in high school she wanted to become a home economist. She did, on several levels.

She went to UC Davis and graduated in 1961 with a BS in Home Economics. On her school experience, she comments that she wishes “the kids today could have near the fun and education that I was lucky enough to have.”

Claire married Luther Hintz in 1960. They have two children, Paul, born May 9, 1969, and Ann Hintz Sevich, born April 15, 1970. She says, with respect to family life: “With TONS of ULA (unconditional love and acceptance) it can work. Your kids are your kids throughout your life!”

From 1963 to 1969 she taught in an extended night school program in Bakersfield. From 1972-1980 she taught dressmaking at a community college in Glendale. She also spent about 15 years running her own boutique. With respect to all of this she states, “How much FUN I had teaching adults.”

Her public and community service activities have included costume design work at the Children’s Home Society, a local school theatre, and at the Phoenix Youth Theater. She has also served on many church organizations and received an award from the Philanthropic Education Organization.

She lists her hobbies and interests as golf, quilting and travel.

It is noteworthy that the word “fun” appears more than once on the form Claire sent us. Not a bad word to sum up a career.

JANE HOWELL

I probably gave the impression in high school of being rather focused, but that was a pose. I thought vaguely that I would like to amount to something, hopefully in the writing field, but I had no real plans. Cal was an inevitability (my father had gone there), and I never considered going anywhere else. The “Gold-Medal” PHS education (how about that US News & World Report score, anyway?) prepared me well enough that my terrible study habits were not usually a serious handicap at Cal, at least not for the artsy English, language and music courses in which I specialized. I got good enough grades for most of the honor societies—though never came close to Phi Beta Kappa as did some of our more admirable classmates – and got into them thanks to being active on campus, notably on the yearbook, the *Blue and Gold*. It was a successful if unspectacular college experience, and prepared me for nothing, really, except possibly providing a general background for the appreciation of the rewards of thought and “culture” (wonderful for life but not worth much on the open market!). What I think I really wanted was romance, but it by and large eluded me.

We all know what it was like for girls in 1961, our college graduation year. The options appeared to be teaching, nursing, or secretarial work. I knew I was way too selfish and squeamish to be a nurse, and in the end decided against teaching on the ground that I wanted to be dealing with adults. That left secretarial work, of course, and I ended up as a legal secretary in a large San Francisco firm, while partying fairly hard and looking around for Prince Charming. He never materialized. I don’t suppose he exists.

In 1968, after a sad blow in the Prince Charming department, I reassessed. It struck me that the one thing I had, alas, always been fairly good at was school, and I decided I had better pull myself together in time to go for a slightly more involving career. Law was an obvious choice (you didn’t have to have any particular undergraduate emphasis, and I had worked for lawyers and dated lawyers, etc.). I got into Hastings. At the start I was reconciled to being considered eccentric for the rest of my life, little realizing that the Women’s Movement was just over the hill. To my surprise, I found myself to be, if not a pioneer, at least part of the “thin end of the wedge” for women in the “heavier” professions. I enjoyed the camaraderie of Law School and did quite well once I finally learned how to study, but it didn’t turn me into the hard-charging human dynamo I had hoped to become.

I didn’t want to go back to my life as a single party-girl in San Francisco, so I followed my sister Ann to Hawaii (she had always been my best friend and was by then married to Bob Marceau and had a baby daughter). I had not thought I would stay for more than a couple of years, but I ended up with a job at the City and County of Honolulu and stayed thirty. I think I was considered fairly competent for a “government attorney,” and I liked the public issues (I majored in land use and elections, two of the best fields of municipal law, in my view). It was probably the only setting in which I could have practiced law happily, though it wasn’t totally stress-free, I must say. For sixteen years I was a Division Head, at one time in charge of the work of as many as seventeen lawyers, and one year I made the short list for Circuit Court Judge, though lost out to a former Senator

(and would probably have lost, anyway). But it was more often than not a forty-hour week, and I had a nice stretch of being just a guru (as opposed to being a flak-taking administrator) at the end. At the VERY end I couldn't wait to retire, though.

This paragraph and the next two have been added subsequent to the lifting of the one-page restriction, I feel I should probably not blow off my thirty year legal career in exotic climes in a single paragraph, though I must say it all seems a little like a dream now, which is an odd turn of events. I ADORED watching my nieces grow up (from Kindergarten through 12th grade they attended Punahou School, rather sweepingly labeled one of the "ten best prep schools in the country" and President Obama's alma mater, and are much better educated than their Auntie); they were darling girls and are lovely women. I also made a lot of nice friends of both sexes and many ethnicities. I can't say I was "the full package" as a lawyer; I was good at analysis and writing and OK-to-good at oral presentation, but only fair at research and really not good at all when taken by surprise in a hostile setting (which of course is often the key situation for a lawyer with pretensions to stardom). I kept on lawyering the whole time I was Division Head, which also made me not that good an administrator. I was involved in some high-profile cases defending the City's land use decisions and incurred the wrath of certain activist groups during that period; still, I think there was a fair amount of "aloha" for me, professionally, most of the time. I also feel I adapted rather well to the ethnic diversity I encountered.

Now that's a real story. Hawaii is a lovely place and, up to a point, a role model for ethnic melting-pots, but it is by no means the Paradise in that department it is sometimes touted to be. Among upper middle-class professionals things are extremely civil though in the end a bit racially clannish, but at the lower end of the social spectrum hostilities are overt, and public school traditions such as "kill a haole day" still exist in the rougher areas, I am told. (A "haole," as you probably know, is a Caucasian, but for some reason does not include descendants of the Portuguese immigrants who came over in the 19th century as middle management on the plantations; these people are "Portagees" and seem to identify more with the Polynesians than with haoles.) And most African-Americans end up disappointed when they come to Hawaii; there is sort of an "exuberance spectrum" on which Asians are at the far right, haoles in the middle and blacks on the far left (Portuguese and Polynesians are somewhere in the area between haoles and blacks); and traditional Asian Americans in Hawaii stereotypically do not care for blacks and put up with haoles only because they have to. Still, there is tons of intermarriage, especially among Asians, Polynesian, Portuguese and haoles, which produces most attractive descendants, known as "locals." My background in the ethnic diversity of Piedmont High and the Kappa house had not really prepared me for an exercise in racial relations, but I stumbled through the quagmire more or less intact, due, I think, to the fact that I have always been rather nonjudgmental and vague.

In the end what I couldn't take were the heat and humidity. You don't notice them when you're young and fairly in shape and spending time at the beach, but as you get fatter (due in part to your fondness for wearing muumuus at all times) and older and less inclined to appear in a bathing suit and averse to having sand in every crevice, the beach

loses its allure. And sweating off your makeup at the same time your hairdo is going limp is a real social and professional downer. Once my family had returned to the mainland, my yearning for less tropical weather kept increasing. Alas, I was by then locked into my career at the City and had to wait for retirement.

I returned to my roots (I mean, the Bay Area) in 2002 and live down by Lake Merritt in an apartment that I sometimes consider my most favorite home ever. I have traveled quite a bit over the years, with particular emphasis on England. I am active in (and have served two years as President of) East Bay Children's Theatre – yes, I still enjoy singing roles – and have adored being active on the PHS Reunion Committee. I am a dedicated needlepointer. I like cribbage and organized an annual “friendly” tournament for many years while in Hawaii. I do Sudoku and word games. I enjoy time with my sister and my beautiful nieces (Laura and Katie) and their burgeoning families. I go to plays, movies and the opera. I read mysteries. I guess I have not amounted to much in the great scheme of things, and I never found Prince Charming. But my health and disposition are good, and I have liked my life and feel it suited me. I think I am one of the lucky ones.

PENEE CONLEE HULL

I left Piedmont in 1957 with high hopes and vague aims, sure only of chasing new horizons. I harbored four passions: fitness, horses, books and travel. I thought maybe I'd be a singer, dancer, teacher or (for sure) a writer. Hmm.

Luckily I soon found I had insufficient talent and determination for either of the first two and just went on for a good education at UCLA. I had two interesting and rewarding careers (eleven years as a restaurateur and wine buyer and thirty years as an independent MIS consultant, in the course of which I did teach seminars and write professional manuals). Someday I still hope to write something of value and entertainment beyond long letters and scattered poems. I have survived one troubled marriage and been blessed with 36 years of a wonderful marriage to David. Together we raised and educated five children who are now scattered and off on their own career paths. So far we have two grandsons and are expecting a third grandchild in May, 2008. So much for the aims!

I did better with the passions. I am still fit and roughly the same weight and size as I was in 1957, though things are not all in exactly the same place as time goes on and my hair is white. Adventure and sports have been a constant pursuit and continue to be so. We have sailed, skied, hiked, hunted wildlife (mainly with cameras but we supplied our table for some years) and explored all over. I rode jumping and endurance horses for over 25 years from California show rings to the cross-country courses and fox hunts in Ireland. After age 65, David pointed out that I might no longer heal so well, so perhaps I could stop with the fences. Now I am training in classic dressage on another great horse in nearby NV. We are both retired and living on a remote historic ranch in the Eastern Mohave Desert half-way between Death Valley and Las Vegas. Our current hobbies together include RVing, ATVing, hiking, reading and travel. We still have a few corners of the world to see and, luckily, the health and curiosity to insure we will get there. . . .

And now the "rest of the story." I haven't heard from one daughter in ten years, another is happily preparing to give birth without the bother of marriage, another is planning to fulfill her Fulbright in Botswana and she and her 15 yrs Jr live-in may adopt a native child there. The boys are steadier, but one is very ill and the other is too busy. Out of five only one has been able to stay married and as I can never get more than two of them together any more holidays are a bust and we ignore them. I have arthritis wherever I suffered a sports injury and David battles with diabetes II and high blood pressure. Finally, retirement is much more expensive than we expected and we are now just hoping not to outlive our money. But then again who wants to hear that, eh? And truth be told, I sometimes remember high school days at Piedmont more clearly than last Thursday.

Editor's note: Pennee was too modest to say so, but we happen to know that, despite working her way through college, she graduated with honors and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She is also a member of Mensa. She served on the national ARCS (Achievement Rewards for College Scientists) Board and the boards of the Opera Association and Hollywood Bowl.

SUSAN COTTER JOHNSON

So many of our classmates knew in high school what they wanted to do with their lives, but I floated through Piedmont in a cloud, happy as a clam, with not much thought for the future. This clam absolutely loved school – the thrill of learning, the teachers, and the kids. I loved history and wanted to go to Stanford as had many relatives.

College was more of happy same, except I met a cute guy, got married and pregnant. One day Keith passed by in the library and stopped to chat. Being a little sensitive about my delicate condition, I put the book I was reading over my tummy to hide its bulge, but Carrie kept the book bouncing around, so hiding my situation was, at that point, hopeless. I could only hope that Keith didn't notice.

In short order, after graduation, two more kids came along. We'd moved to Marin by then. Thirteen years later there was an ugly divorce and we moved to Piedmont to be near my family. Mom and Dad (PHS Class of '31), thank God, were most generous, financially and emotionally, and I was able to remain a stay-at-home Mom. We had my brother Terry (PHS Class of '59), who became the children's father, my grandmother, aunts, uncles and cousins nearby, all of whom gathered around in support. The children, too, ages 10, 7 and 5, were wonderful, sympathetic, and helpful, while at the same time having to face the embarrassment of being the product of divorce.

Thirteen years alone were fun in some ways. I was up to my ears in local Republican affairs and was appointed by Governor Reagan to a State Commission on Educational Reform and then to the State Welfare Board. That happened just as a huge welfare reform bill was pushed through the Legislature. It was an exciting time, and members of the Board became lifelong friends.

Joan Karb Gillette, also divorced, and I frequently played tennis (she was living with her parents in Montclair) while our children played nearby. Often we'd all go out to dinner at Bertola's – remember that great family place?

But sometimes the loneliness for adult companionship (i.e. a man!) really got to me. Fortunately, or maybe not, I dated a number of guys, most of whom were jerks. One would tell me I was too hard on the kids, the next would say I was too lenient. Well, I finally decided it was best to wait till the children were grown to remarry, should the opportunity occur. And, by golly, it did.

Friends introduced me to a recently widowed architect. He seemed like the nicest man I ever met – note “seemed.” He had four kids just a little older than mine. We loved the same things: playing tennis, watching all sports, art, and architecture. It seemed like a match made in heaven – note “seemed” again! Well, after thirteen years, I'd had it and another divorce ensued, not nearly as painful as the first.

During that time, I'd taken special care of my husband's young granddaughter. Also my beloved aging grandmother whose house I ran for her. She gradually needed more care,

so hiring help was my job. I was there each day to make sure things were running smoothly; she'd make me laugh when she'd often say, "Now, dearie, the windows need washing, the gutters need cleaning, and, by the way, the hedge needs pruning." This at 104 or 105. Dad also went by often and, at one point, Meme seemed very ill. It looked like the end was near, so he went to the mortuary to make final arrangements. The next day when he visited, he found her sitting in her chair getting her hair done. We all got a laugh out of that. Meme lived to 107 and to the end had more marbles than all of us put together.

Mom passed away in 2001 – my greatest supporter. I miss her, too. Dad, now 94, plays golf as he says "every day that ends in 'Y'" and goes to his office several times a week. He's got a busy social life. We all watch out for him.

My children have turned out to be every mother's dream: delightful and hard-working. The oldest, Carrie, is an advocate for women and families getting involved in finance and president of a large charitable foundation. Virginia owns and operates a company that produces gourmet salad dressings, croutons, and crostini. Sandy has his own investment firm.

My ten grandchildren range in age from 19 (at Occidental playing baseball) to 8 (lives up the street and comes down frequently to "chat"). They are nice kids and are being raised well. They all play baseball, so right now I go to three or four games each week. Fun!

If I were to list my best accomplishments, the first would be the raising of three good kids on my own; the second is being elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Stanford; the third is my work on two State commissions.

It's a little embarrassing to acknowledge that I'm not and never have been a professional, as so many of you are. Looking back, my role in life seems to be mostly that of caretaker. Though there have been some bitter pills to swallow, life has been rewarding and a ton of fun. That's what it's all about, isn't it?

RICK (RICKY) KLIPPERT

Jane asked us to write in first person, so I will start out that way. On graduation from PHS, I ventured forth to Oregon and completed my four year curriculum in the normal five years. Of course I started in Engineering and stayed for two years until I realized I was not cut out to be an engineer (more on that later). Transferring to the School of Business Administration, my grade point went up a full point. With graduation, I married Sheila Meyers, an OSU graduate, and proceeded to Pensacola, Florida to complete Navy flight training before ultimately deploying to Vietnam and performing search and rescue duties over North Vietnam.

During my 20 year Navy career, I divorced Sheila, had five wonderful years as a bachelor, did MS work at Cal while teaching NROTC, went to War College, finished my MS in IR and my MBA, saw most of the world, and wound up an "Engineer!" at Naval Air Systems Command in Washington, D.C. Unfortunately, our son, Stephen, a rising star in Silicon Valley, succumbed to ALS in 1998. In 1975 I married Virginia Riley and we had two daughters: Cece and Kristina. Unfortunately, Ginny presented with stage 4 lung cancer and I was single again. (I quit smoking.) My next adventure with matrimony was in 1979 with marriage to the Englishwoman Penny Barker. We celebrate 29 years this September. Third time IS a charm. Cece is a sworn officer in Harrisonburg, VA, with her Sergeant husband J.R. As for Penny's two children: David is a children's pastor in a mega-church in Dallas after retiring at 35 from a high-flying business executive career; Deborah returned to England and is the business manager for an American company's English branch.

I mentioned going back to engineering. Fate had me transferred to Washington, D.C. while Virginia was undergoing treatment at Bethesda Naval Hospital. As an Antisubmarine Warfare specialist, I was transferred to the development organization for the Navy's new ASW helicopter, LAMPS MKIII. I wound up as the Chief Engineer during its full scale development and testing phase with IBM as the Prime contractor. The testing was successful, the aircraft entered the fleet in 1982, is still doing great work, and I retired to join my Prime contractor as an Advisory Engineer at IBM. I found out I did not like the engineering of the 1960's but loved Systems Engineering (putting things together like model airplanes). IBM was kind to me and I retired as a Sr. Systems Engineer/Program Manager in 1997 and joined my current employer, Science Applications International Corporation (SAIC) as a Program Manager. As an IBM Program Manager, I had hired SAIC several times as a subcontractor and was very impressed by the quality of their organization. I still work for SAIC, although Penny thought I was going to retire two years ago. They keep enticing me with interesting tasks.

Rather than keep the first person going for several more pages I will follow with the WW in A summary I have been privileged to have printed for the past several years:

Over twenty years of successfully managing large, diversified, organizations by stressing teamwork, customer satisfaction, and quality in all areas. Technical background founded in performance as Chief Engineer for the Navy's LAMPS MKIII program prior to leaving

government service, followed by successive engineering, software development, and management positions within IBM. In leading these \$100M programs, Mr. Klippert had responsibility for the performance of hundreds of technical personnel and dozens of subcontractors. Qualified to Practice in the IBM Federal Program Management Profession in 1993, he continued in similar program management positions at Unisys and SAIC following his retirement from IBM. Mr. Klippert's significant areas of technical experience are in information technology, integration of large, complex systems, and software development within SEI-CMM/ISO 9001 guidelines. Mr. Klippert joined SAIC and as a Division Manager, focused in Education Technology, bringing the benefits of remote managed services and standards-based courseware to the education community. Mr. Klippert is currently SAIC's Account Executive for the State of Nevada working as the state's Information Technology partner.

JUDY KEHOE McKIBBEN

Judy's ambition at PHS was to go to college. This she did, from Piedmont directly to Stanford, where she got a BA in 1961, and later to Canada, where she received an AA in 1974. With respect to her school experience, she wryly observes, "I should have worked harder and played less."

She married Jim McKibben in 1960, and they are still married. They had three children: Jay, born in 1962, Amy, born in 1966, and Liz, born in 1969. Amy and Liz have given Judy and Jim three grandchildren apiece. On this score Judy says, "I am lucky enough to have a great husband and wonderful family. Our grandchildren give us great joy. They live close by, and we see them several times a week when we're not traveling. This year all family members will celebrate Jim's birthday in Puerto Vallarta in April/May."

She worked as an interior designer from 1975 to 1993. She says she enjoyed work but has been enjoying retirement (since 1993) even more.

Her hobbies and interests center around her family. She reports, "We ski Jan-March in winter, and travel – one or two long trips each year. Our travels have taken us to all of Western Europe and most of Eastern Europe. In 1990 we went 'around the world' for three months, and covered 13 countries. Since then we've returned to some and added others. This fall we'll be in Argentina and Uruguay. My knowledge of geography and language has benefited, and we've had lots of adventures, since we travel independently (not on tours)."

MIKE MEAD

Matriculating from the “hot-house” environment of PHS was a revelation for me. At the suggestion of family members I entered a small junior college which is the back-door to Stanford. My experiences during the last semester and summer at PHS, on my own, did not naturally equip me for the difficult re-entry in the family envelope. The struggle between interested parent and independent teen-aged person was simply too great. My family wished me well and expressed hope for my success – good luck and God bless you!

Spring semester of 1958 I entered the University of Wyoming. The decision was largely, if not completely, made for mercenary reasons – how much will they pay me to join them? I received a full-ride scholarship benefits package to swim competitively for the Cowboys. Laramie is a very little town; at 6:30 AM was an iced-cold shower beyond any experience – gloomy before sunrise, wind blowing at 50 mph, “snowing” on the sides of buildings. I caravanned with two friends, driving on icy roads day and night, realizing this was the start of an experience certain to be breathtaking – so much so that I went south to Boulder, Colorado, where by sister, Mary, was enrolled. After a weekend in Boulder in balmy weather and needed reflection, I returned to the deep, deep-freeze of Laramie. This was it! And, it all began with an advisor meeting. The deal was a good one: I will take a full load and stay eligible but I want to take the courses in which I have some interest, you sign my card. That deal remained in effect until my senior year when the advisor, doing his job, advised: you kept the deal and it looks as if you may graduate on time if you pick up a couple of courses missed as a freshman. Time for me at Wyoming, after some uneasy accommodations, was a cornucopia of fun and new experiences, hard work as an athlete and constant adjustment to the remarkable differences between Laramie and Piedmont.

The Wyoming interval was otherwise pretty unremarkable. I proved to be a good athlete nationally but not a great one. My scholastic work was managed, graduating with a BA on time, lettering each year. The only hitch was during my last year; I was honored when named to Who’s Who in American Colleges and Universities. The uproar by much more deserving souls was shocking. (It may be a first clear application of what we all now know as diversity!) With graduation behind me, I toured Europe for a couple of months before showing up in Virginia at the Marine Corps OCS program. Shortly before it was to end, it all ended for me. During a night maneuver, I fell into a hole and broke my back – Marines don’t carry cripples or malingerers. I was out caesarean!

That event, an unknown blessing at the time, put me into the job market much earlier than planned, and divinely unprepared. I married a lady I first met and knew for some time in Wyoming. We moved to Redwood City and stayed in the area – Atherton, Woodside for nearly 20 years – until it came to a premature conclusion with the decision to divide the assets, going our separate ways. She got the territory and two daughters while I moved to San Francisco. So, for nearly 30 years now, my life has been rather stable domestically. I am married to my soul-mate who also just happened to be a sorority sister of Mary and whose parents went to the same schools as my mother, classmates, in El Paso,

Professionally, it is an uphill hike but the scenery, texture and highlights are unparalleled. Always feeling unprepared after a couple of entry-level jobs, I decided I could do it better than “the boss.” I co-founded a good-idea company which addressed a problem in the then hi-tech arena – principally semiconductor manufacturing. We built it into something worth having and for which someone would pay. And then sold it. Next, with four other guys much more senior than I, we put together a company designed to do contract-management on insolvent companies. This brought a new level of texture and broadening experience for me never before encountered. Some situations were hopeless and we were simply the undertakers; some were reworked, restructured and recapitalized, saving them for another day. One, we bought and operated for ten or twelve years until acquired by a very large UK conglomerate. Then, I was off to co-found a micro-computer software company. Our idea for a product was stunningly elegant but too far ahead of its time. I sold my interest after four or five years but still use the product. A new lesson in economics brought me to another station in life where I learned and understood everything has a value, no matter what it is. I started an asset conversion and liquidation firm which bought and sold bankrupt properties and businesses. It was fun, remunerative and different, but my partner and I were not organized intellectually to survive for even a medium period of time. I sold my interest to him. My professional experiences took me around the US more than several times mixed with a liberal dose of international travel building the businesses.

Since then I have been doing property deals. But, my focus has been on property-rights issues, where such an effort, if successful, yields results with a multiplier which can be remarkable. Over the years the highlights seem to have been big problems which when solved yielded handsome results. I organized the de-certification of a national trade union. Recently, we fought a battle over some property I bought which resulted in a victory at trial, another first for me. I was involved in a major contract dispute with the US Navy – a contest which lasted over five years – longer than WW II – successfully! Then followed a major rent-control struggle decided at the California Court of Appeal, lasting 15 years. Jan, my wife, and I were involved in an improvement to our SF residence. From the first application to an occupancy permit – the interval was just under ten years. Activities still pending are possible challenges to the Endangered Species Act and Affordable Housing. Meanwhile, Jan and I now quietly split our time, when not traveling for our enjoyment and amusement, between San Francisco and an industrial loft in Ketchum, ID, where appropriately we ski, swim, bike ride, hike, fly fish. And Jan, ever the professional artist, produces paintings at both locations – while I hand out, read and work on strategies to resolve challenges still fermenting.

BAILEY LOGAN MEYER

Bailey went most of the way through Havens with our class members, but attended PHS only in our sophomore year. It is good to hear from her.

She obtained her BA from UC Berkeley in 1961 and her MFA from Stanford in 1963. She married George Christian Meyer in 1968. They have two sons: Christian Logan Meyer, born 1969; and Nicholas Bailey Meyer, born 1972.

She worked throughout the 1960's at the MOMA in New York. She did substitute teaching in the 1970's on the family's return to California. She is currently active in ARCO (Achievement Rewards for College Scientists), is on the Graduate Advisory Board at UC Berkeley, and volunteers at SFMOMA, FAM, Hillsborough Garden Club, and the Hillsborough Beautification Foundation.

Her interests are botanical art, golf and travel.

PAUL MICHAEL

After graduating from Chico State College with a degree in Psychology I began a career as a Protective Services Investigator and Caseworker, providing protective services to children and adults.

During my years in Protective Services, I took a two-year hiatus, moved to Guadalajara, Mexico, and married Berta Alicia Salazar de Santiago. Our daughter, Virginia, was born in 1970 and is now married with two children. Although Berta Alicia and I divorced after sixteen years, we are close and remain each other's best friend.

Since retiring during the late 1980's, I have divided my time between living in Monterey County and in the highlands of southern Mexico and central Guatemala, living with Mayan Indians.

* * * * *

Here is a small aside of which I am still somewhat proud. After a lackluster performance on the Piedmont High football team, I attempted to redeem myself by playing football at Oakland City College. I wound up starting on a team which was nationally ranked, produced two running backs who started in the NFL (one on a Super Bowl winning team), and competed against a number of players who also played in the NFL. Although disappointed that I did not produce more while on the Piedmont eleven, I was proud of my achievements in college considering that, as a defensive back, I only weighed 120 pounds.

JOHN STROMBERG

After Piedmont I went to Caltech and got a chance to see how I stacked up against top competition. What I found was that I didn't really like physics, certainly not as a career, and that the typical Techie's lack of interest in human relationships, compared to science or engineering, was a little scary when you considered where these guys (there were no women at Caltech then) would end up. Actually many were nice but I've only got two close friends from the four years I spent there. Also I found out I could survive academically but wasn't brilliant, which I knew already. Caltech was very elitist and though I realized as a sophomore that I didn't want to have a career in physics, I stuck it out and got my BS in that field.

I then managed to wangle a fellowship to do my PhD in oceanography at Scripps in La Jolla but fortunately my body vetoed that decision; for a couple of days in the spring of my senior year I was sick and actually delirious. In my delirium I realized I didn't want to be an oceanographer at all; I was just doing it because everyone else in my class was going somewhere to get a PhD. So I turned down the fellowship and went off to Ceret on the French/Spanish border, to become a writer.

I lasted about two weeks and admitted to myself that my grotesquely amateurish imitation Hemingway was proof I had nothing to write about – I hadn't lived or learned enough about life to write something meaningful. So I came home and went to work in the musical comedy world of defense contractors. My little bit was helping Aerojet Nucleonic design a portable nuclear reactor for the Army, based on an unaltered design that had been the source of the only nuclear accident (up to that time) that had occurred on US soil. Also I worked in a huge building with no windows. I left after a year and got into a special MBA program at Cal that was designed for people who'd never taken a business class. You can imagine what a step down from physics at Caltech this was but it was a big step up from Aerojet. I figured if I liked it I would do well enough to earn a scholarship. As it turned out all my business classes were fascinating. I was successful and eventually was lured by a Ford Foundation fellowship to go into the PhD program.

In Bus Ad I spent five years at Berkeley, 1963-1968. John Kennedy was assassinated my first fall. Then there was the Free Speech movement, the Filthy Speech movement, the Sexual Freedom movement, recreational drugs, encounter groups, hard drugs, etc. and, for better and worse, Berkeley was no longer the city in which I had planned to spend the rest of my life.

Fortunately an Econ student from Greece, a protégé of future Prime Minister Pompendro (sp?), begged me to help her with the Econ PhDs' screening exams – which forced me to really study and accidentally ace the exam myself. This led to a job offer at the RAND Corporation in Santa Monica, the original think tank. In 1968 I moved down south to do my dissertation as a RAND report. It was called, "The Internal Mechanisms of the Defense Budget Process," and I think two or three people, besides my committee, ever read it. In the meantime the Great Communicator tear-gassed the Cal campus. A protester, or maybe just a bystander, was killed at People's Park and the University

entered a period called “Reformation.” I was playing volleyball at Muscle Beach during this period and when my dissertation was approved I learned I wouldn’t get a diploma because issuing one was beyond the capabilities of the “reformed” Business School. (I eventually got it, years later.)

In the meantime, I met my future wife, Jane, in a Psychosynthesis group in Brentwood and the unit at RAND I’d been hired to join lost its two leaders, leaving me stRANDED. Around that time Dan Ellsberg returned from Viet Nam and joined the RAND Econ Dept. (He later went on to give the Pentagon Papers to the New York Times, that exposed Nixon’s lies about why we had to stay in that quagmire du jour.) Also I had some adventures with Costello and Eli from the Watts Artists’ Workshop, which had been set up by Bud Schulberg in response to the riots. And RAND, I was disappointed to learn, had just shut down its experimental project with LSD, which was legal at the time.

I didn’t like the direction in which RAND was going and, although I was offered the opportunity to design the Los Angeles’s School District’s first busing program – having such a rich background at PHS in interracial relations – I departed in 1970 to go with Jane to Emerson College in Sussex, England, an adult education center based on the works of Rudolph Steiner. Steiner, 1861-1926 (approx) was an Austrian PhD in Philosophy who claimed to be a modern initiate. His work covered a vast spectrum, of fields, from science to history, literature, agriculture, medicine, art, education (Waldorf Schools and the Camphill movement for handicapped children and adults), religion, and esoteric development. Jane and I spent two idyllic years at the College in Forest Row, at Pixton House, a former manor house and 50-acre estate, and the adjoining Tablehurst Farm, that was run on Biodynamic principles based on Steiner’s “indications.” These years influenced the rest of our lives greatly but we never joined the spiritual movement itself. For us, joining seemed somehow in conflict with what we had gleaned from Steiner’s teachings.

We returned to California, rented a little farm house on a ranch on the Silverado Trail that my parents had bought a few years earlier and which is now Pine Ridge Winery (not owned by us!). We had two daughters during the four years we lived in the Napa Valley, Susanna and Chloe, and I started free-lance consulting. This included designing a senior citizens meals program, The Napa Valley Dining Club, that seems to still exist as of this writing (2008). Also I was the community relations consultant on the City of Yountville’s first General Plan, working with Larry Halprin and Associates, the well known landscape architect and city planner.

After sporadic work in the non-profit world I ended up doing a five year stint as an internal consultant in the Management Development Department of Wells Fargo Bank as it was going through deregulation. I went on to 14 years of consulting at Pacific Bell, originally Pacific Telephone, the company for which my dad had worked for 43 years and where I had vowed never to set foot. Of course, like banking, which I viewed with dislike in B-school but loved in the flesh at Wells Fargo, I had a fascinating time at Pac Bell, during the years from when deregulation began to when it was consumed by Southwestern Bell, now known as the reconstituted AT&T. The continuing irony of my

career was accentuated by the fact that my key client at Pac Bell was a former friend from Caltech whom I'd vehemently urged to turn down an employment offer there upon his graduation but who had wisely ignored me and risen to chief operating officer of that 50,000 person company.

I also consulted for eight years at EPRI's (the Electrical Power Research Institute) Information Technology Division, whose Director was an old friend from my RAND days. Basically, what I did in all three of these long gigs was help people work together. Technically, I guess that falls in the category of "organizational development," except I never used any OD concepts, models or gimmicks but preferred to use existential issues/situations as the opportunities to bring the influence of an unbiased, candid outsider to the day to day basis. I also, at Pac Bell, developed a proprietary training methodology for workers doing complex jobs, such as Service Representatives, who handled customer billing problems and made "new connects" for service and also for outside Installers and Repair Techs.

I called the method, "Local Training," and it was based on a realization that workers are continually training each other in an informal way, when they ask one another for help in doing their job. I called this, somewhat facetiously, "showhow," i.e. showhow is the way knowhow moves around and is propagated from one worker to another. It's really a study in the perishable phenomenon of expertise. I also drew on training I'd taken in the early 1980s in NLP (Neurolinguistic Programming), created by Richard Bandler and John Grinder, growing out of their work with Gregory Bateson, Virginia Satir, Fritz Perls and Milton Erickson, the great hypnotherapist. I also used NLP as the basis for a communications training program called, "Professional Communications," that tried to help customer-contact employees be more acute in their observation of customers' perceptions and objectives and therefore more responsive to them. One of the interesting aspects of this program was teaching the workers themselves, rather than professional trainers, to lead the program.

In 1986 I persuaded my family to move to Eugene, Oregon, to get out of the rat race in the Bay Area. We lived there for 14 years, during which both daughters went through middle school and high school and then both went east to Hampshire College in Amherst, MA. In 1987 I got involved with two other people in leading the Visual Arts Consortium that put together a public/private partnership to save Eugene's public art gallery from being eliminated as the result of cuts in the City Budget. That venture took three years of work and gave me a glimpse of political life in Eugene. While the gallery is thriving eight years later, I felt I didn't fit on the Eugene political scene.

In 2000 we moved to Ashland and spent our first four plus years remodeling the home in which we're currently living. Ashland feels most like a true community of any place we've ever lived and I've gotten involved in politics, even running unsuccessfully for City Council in 2006. I'm currently Chairman of the Planning Commission and who knows what the future holds? Politics here is very difficult but lively. Ashland is about the size of Piedmont in terms of population. It has a real downtown, its own newspaper, hospital, university, water supply, the Oregon Shakespeare Festival and Lithia Park,

designed around 1900 by the man who designed Golden Gate Park. The weather is wonderful and, if we were to declare Ashland a demonstration sustainable city, we could really make hay, so to speak. That's what I'm working on.

My wife, Jane, is a sculptor and returned to finish college after our children were born. She got a BA from Cal and an MS from the U of O, in Rhetoric. Both daughters live in the Bay Area. The younger is an analyst for Forrester Research. The older is just "retiring" from being Public Relations Director for Meyer Sound and is expecting twins this summer. Jane and I have a standard poodle, named Marco, with whom I do agility training. I hope to run, slowly, with my neighbor in the annual Pearblossom 10-miler in Medford this April.

KEITH WALLACE

I graduated from Piedmont High School in 1957.

I set school records cross country, 5000m at Stanford, 1958.

I earned a B.A. from Stanford University in 1961.

I served in U.S. Peace Corps/Philippines, 1962-1963.

I was married from 1962-1966.

I earned a teaching credential from San Jose State College in 1968.

I earned an M.A. degree in English from San Jose State University in 1974.

I taught English at Concord High School from 1968-1996.

I enjoy running, fishing, reading, and writing in retirement.

I have one married son and two grandchildren.

CHRIS (JORGENSEN) WILDER

There were so many interesting bios, I thought to add my two cents worth. I had a circuitous route to graduation. I spent my freshman and sophomore years at Acalanes High in Lafayette before coming to PHS as a junior when my parents got divorced. I had already attended Piedmont Junior High. When I last counted I had gone to ten different schools by the time I graduated. I was not a star student although I was good in physics, which held me in good stead later. My sister Karen (class of 1959) was the family scholar; all four years @ PHS with straight As.

I noticed several of my classmates did the six-month thing in the National Guard also. I went to Fort Ord in November 1957 and was discharged in May 1958; we were between wars you know. I wanted to go to engineering school, didn't have a lot of support in that effort, but my father did get me into the Ironworkers Union out of Oakland placing reinforcing steel in construction projects. The pay was good, and the work was brutal. My first job was working on the Alemany Freeway overpass in S.F. The main reinforcing steel bar, in those overhead structures, is 60' long and weighs 200 pounds; it takes three guys to lay them out. Oh boy. Another job I had was working on the Federal Building in S.F.; that one almost killed me twice.

We were unloading a load of steel (about 5,000 pounds) on the 6th floor, lifted by a crane which "banged" its boom on the side of the building; the load would swing inside the building and we would grab it (!). We then placed 4 x 4s under the chokers (a cable with eyes on each end for the hook on the crane) and the crane operator would lower the load. We would then take the chokers off, put it back on the crane hook, and walk to the edge of the building where the foreman, on a walkie-talkie, would talk to the crane operator. One day I didn't notice but the hook was caught in my glove. Whoa!! When I felt the tug on my glove, I gave a big desperate yank, the glove ripped and I fell back in the building. One of the other journeymen said, "Oh. You should have grabbed the hook." Yeah, right. All I could think of was to get away from the hook. I'll spare you the other incident.

By 1961 I had worked my way down to Cal Poly and one day I noticed an advertisement by the U. of Michigan for foreign language courses in Europe the following summer. I wanted to take German in Cologne, Germany but it was filled so I wound up taking Italian in Florence, Italy. The original itinerary was six weeks in the course and then we had four weeks on our own. I stayed in an apartment with an Italian family that had two sons about my age. [It took five keys to get to my room. One each for the front gate, the building, the elevator, the apartment and my room.] I was only given two meals/day so I made a deal with the landlady to give me three meals/day and I left after four weeks, giving me six weeks on my own to hitchhike around Europe. [I had already hitchhiked across the U.S. to N.Y.C.] You had to wait in line to hitchhike in Europe then. My first stop was Rome. Walking to the edge of town, there were already two couples in front of me. A hot Italian sports car stops at the two couples. He doesn't have enough room so I get the ride! He immediately takes it up to about 120 mph through the mountains. So

that was the beginning of my six-week odyssey. And I've been hooked on traveling ever since.

It's 1969. I graduate from Cal Poly, I'm married by that time, had a daughter, and I went to work for Kaiser Aluminum in Oakland, my permanent job, or so I thought. My one memorable project there was organizing their can reclamation project.

August 1971. Nixon implements wage and price freezes, takes us off the gold standard internationally (FDR had taken us off domestically in 1933), and Kaiser lays off 30% of its work force. So much for my permanent job. I then found the wonderful world of contract engineering, went to work at Bechtel where I worked as a drafting supervisor on the FFTF (Fast Flux Test Facility), a nuclear breeder reactor that is still in operation in Hanford, Washington. By 1973 I was getting bored and quit but already that temporary job had lasted longer than my so-called permanent job and that was to set a pattern that would last for many years (except for some eclectic detours). And I got divorced.

Fun, fun, what was I doing for fun? My father had built a ski boat back when I was in high school. It was very cool; 14' molded mahogany hull with a Studebaker six cylinder in it. I was on a single ski my third time up at Clear Lake at Soda Bay. Time passes, life goes on (see above and below) and a childhood friend is racing 18' flat bottom boats with big block Chevys on Clear Lake and asks me, "You want to ski fast?" So I did . . . for two seasons. Recreational skiing is done with about a 60' line; we skied with 200' lines. That way, when the boat left the water, and they did leave the water, the line would act like a spring for the skier when the boat came down and the prop dug in. The racecourse was two buoys about a mile apart. Age and sex divided the skiers; I skied in the 30-35 men's group. The ski was flat (no rocker), full booties (above the ankle) for each foot, 2" thick and weighed . . . a lot. The boats had direct drive so we were dragged through the water until we reached the start boat where they dropped the green flag and it was a drag race to that buoy a mile away and we were doing 90+ mph. Yes, it was a rush. We skied in wet suits in the winter in the Delta to stay in shape for the following season. Two seasons were enough for me. After that I thought to try something else. Like running a marathon.

It's 1977. I get a call to work @ the Lawrence Livermore Natl. Lab (LLL) where I worked on a fusion reactor (my physics interest starting to help a bunch). I was credited for my design work on a paper that was submitted to the Oak Ridge Natl. Lab in Tennessee. From there I went to LBL in Berkeley where I worked on another fusion reactor. In 1981 I went to the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center (SLAC) and worked on a CAT scan machine for hearts, in conjunction with the U.C. Medical Center in S.F. In 1982, I'm back in Livermore and working at the Sandia Natl. Lab. Fun. I was working with just a great bunch of guys including Bud Frazee, whom I had met at LBL. He was such a "cut-up" there that we had to give him his own office so we could get some work done. When I go for my interview at Sandia, there's Bud, the supervisor! It was one of the inmates taking over the institution. Bud taught me to sail by getting me on a three-day ocean race and I built three small boats over a 15-year period. He and his wife sailed around the world. She wouldn't even get on the boat initially. Currently, they're both

back at LLL and living on their boat in Alameda. By 1985 I had been @ Sandia long enough that I had a fairly high clearance and was able to get into areas that some of the newer guys couldn't. I was assigned a job in the Tritium (an isotope of hydrogen and highly radioactive) Lab. They said that after a year I'd be going in there in what's called a "bunny suit" to protect from the radiation. I thought about that for a few days and then told them, "See ya." And that started my "semi-conductor period" working for Intel, Applied Materials, etc.

I wound up back at SLAC in 2001. Love that place. Unfortunately, in October 2004 they had their worst accident ever (it was built in 1962). The DOE came in, did a safety study and SLAC didn't come out looking very good. As a result, they're not getting the contracts they used to. Therefore contractors, like myself, are "down the road." So I get to reinvent myself and I'm loving it!

I went to Singapore last September and Panama in March where I took copious notes and pictures; I'm in the process of peddling them. Probably my most memorable venture in Panama was taking the Panama Canal Railway to Colon from Panama City, about a 1-hour, 50-mile jaunt and then the bus to Portobello. From my notes, see below:

Portobello on the Caribbean Coast of Panama

"Portobello (Beautiful Port), named by Christopher Columbus in 1492, was the most important port used by the Spanish to ship their plunder from South America, across the Isthmus of Panama, and on to Spain.

The most picturesque way to get to Portobello from Panama City is take the Panama Canal Railway, \$22 one-way to Colon – standing room only Buddy! NO. Most of the seats are for "regular contract executives" but as soon as the train moves, you are free to take any empty seats. It's only an hour ride to Colon anyway. Through a relatively virgin rainforest? Not a problem! The railroad was built in 1855 in response to what? The California gold rush. It was safer and faster for Easterners to sail to the Isthmus, take the railroad 50 miles to the Pacific Ocean, and sail to San Francisco than to try to fight their way overland. It's a commuter train now with lots of suits and ties. I'm assuming these guys (and gals) work in some capacity with the Canal.

The power for this railroad is way different from what it was in 1855 but the railcars themselves today are replicas of the 1855 version. Leather seats, lots of hardwood, narrow wooden blinds, Victorian lamps. It's a great ride.

We crossed a bridge spanning Lake Gatun near Colon. When Lake Gatun was filled in 1914, it was the largest man-made lake in the world. On the banks, periodically you can see where the excavation for the Canal took place. A half hour into the trip and you're right in the middle of the must-see Soberania National Park. "Executives" chattering on their cell phones. Colon, despite its commercial importance, is poverty ridden. Best not to spend the day there. The bus station is close for the ride to Portobello.

In the museum in Portobello, which is in the old Spanish Customs House where they counted out their booty, there is mention that in the 16th Century one third of all the gold in the world passed through Portobello(!). It was a happening town.

Portobello's residents call themselves "congos" and are descendants of African slaves brought here during the Spanish colonial era. The Spanish built several forts there. The cannons have been sitting silently there for almost four centuries.

Most of us locally have some familiarity with Sir Francis Drake, with Drake's Bay near Point Reyes; the Golden Hind (name of his boat) Marina on Tomales Bay; and Sir Francis Drake Boulevard in Marin County. He died in Portobello of yellow fever in 1593. He was given a sea burial in a lead lined casket three miles off the coast. Divers claim to have found it but the English government's position is, *Let him lie in peace.*"

Sir Francis Drake landed in Panama in 1572 and captured Nombre de Dios from the Spanish along with 30 tons of silver! For that, and other exploits along the coast of the Americas, the Queen knighted him. It was the least she could do. He became a vice-admiral in the English Navy that destroyed the Spanish Armada in 1588.

Had to buy a bracelet from a couple of little girls about 8 years old for a buck in the church Iglesia de San Felipe; one of them had a shirt on that said SMART GIRLS ROCK. They were back a few minutes later with another bracelet for another buck.

Mercifully, the driver on the way back to Colon just dinked along. Got to enjoy the sights along the Caribbean coast from Portobello. Got off three blocks from the train station and ran the gauntlet of street people. Gritty.

I'm in the observation car of the train on the way back to Panama City. Lots of windows and a painting of a Harpy Eagle, the national bird, on the back of the car. The Harpy Eagle is one of the largest predatory birds at 20 pounds and a seven foot wingspan. Beautiful colors with a head that's vulture like. In the forest again."

If anyone wants to respond to the above, I'd love to hear from you.

NANCY BURNS ZILIAN

I, Nancy Stephanie Burns Zilian, spent my childhood years in Piedmont, attending kindergarten – Mrs. Jacobsen; grammar school – Mrs. Haggerty, Mrs. Watson and Mrs. VerMehr; and high school starting in my sophomore year after the 7th and 8th grades at Anna Head’s School for Girls in Berkeley. I finished Piedmont High School a half year early in the spring of 1957 and took Italian and my first singing lessons before entering Stanford in the fall of 1957.

As a three year old child I said that I wanted to be a singer, and this dream accompanied me throughout school. I took piano lessons and played in concerts (Piedmont High School concert in 1955 – Schumann’s piano concerto with the school orchestra) as part of my musical development.

When the chance came for me to study singing in Germany, I didn’t hesitate to take leave of Stanford in 1958 (supposedly for one year!) and I took off for Bremen, then to Berlin to fulfill my dream of singing.

One year led to the next, my new life fascinated me, Germany before The Wall went up in 1961 (I moved to Berlin in 1960). Then the great possibilities for starting a career, learning to use my voice correctly, it was a long, hard process. My “second singing mother,” Elsa Varena, who was a well-known dramatic opera singer and a superb teacher, supported me and helped me build my career – she also taught Rene Kollo at the time; he became a famous Heldentenor in Bayreuth, etc.

At first I sang in concerts in churches in Berlin, then auditions in many of the opera houses throughout Germany. A good agent arranged concerts for me all over Europe, and I was privileged to make music with many conductors and orchestras: Karl Richter, Munich Bach Choir, Helmut Rilling, Stuttgart Bach Choir, Ferdinand Leitner, conductor of major orchestras in Germany, Louis de Froment, conductor in Luxembourg, Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos, Madrid, to mention some. . . .

In 1968 I met Detlef Zilian at a fancy ball in Berlin; he had just started to practice law in Berlin – a year later we got married and moved to Munich, Bavaria, where Detlef had done some of his studies. I continued singing and Detlef took over the legal aspects of a baby food company called Hipp in Pfaffenhofen. We later moved out to Pfaffenhofen, north of Munich, and in 1975 our daughter Stefanie was born. We built our “home in the country,” and Steffie went to school in Pfaffenhofen and later in Munich. She studied to be a social worker in Nurnberg and has been doing this difficult, dedicated and self-sacrificing work in Munich for seven years. She recently received her Master’s Degree in European Social Work. Steffie works with handicapped persons who are able to live alone but need some support. Detlef, Steffie and I have two dogs who certainly keep us moving, two Westies (West Highland White Terriers), Archie and Gypsy. They are our delight.

We have a big garden, Detlef's great love and hobby, along with art history which he has been studying at the Munich University since retirement, and I started to play the organ in 1995, not realizing what a challenge that would be. I play in concerts and for church services, and our lives are full of music, concerts, operas, theater, museums and exhibitions all over Europe, especially in Greece, Italy and France.

Last but not least are our wonderful friends all over the world; without them life would be very empty.

Never a dull moment, a happy life, and as my mother once said: "Nancy is just a throwback to Europe."

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JOANNE BRODKE ABEL

Joanne went to the University of Colorado for her freshman year, but transferred to Cal Berkeley thereafter and graduated in 1961. She obtained her teaching credential at Berkeley and taught third graders at El Rancho Elementary School in South San Francisco from 1961-1964.

In her sophomore year at Cal she met Steve Abel, a junior, and they were married on June 11, 1961, Graduation Day at Cal. Joanne and Steve were not at the graduation ceremonies, needless to say.

They had a son in 1964 – Greg, who is now an attorney in Walnut Creek. In 1967 they had a daughter, Dana, now Dana Apt, a housewife in Chicago.

Joanne was a stay-at-home Mom until the age of 37. She says “she played a lot of tennis.” But she found herself bored as the kids grew older and needed her less, and went back to school (the JFK University in Orinda, which was right down the street from where they lived) and obtained a Master’s in Psychology. After an internship at Gladman Hospital she went into private practice in November of 1981. She loves it and is still at it. It’s a general practice in psychotherapy involving adults ONLY.

Steve went into a dental practice with Joanne’s father and brother and retired in 2000. Joanne and Steve do quite a bit of traveling.

They have five grandkids. Greg has two children (ages 13 and 14), and Dana has three (ages 10, 12 and 14).

LOU BURAN

Lou and his wife, Donna, were at the 50th Reunion, looking good. Everyone was pleased to see them, and they were charming throughout. However, Lou, who has apparently always been very reticent when talking about himself, has categorically declined to submit biographical material. As promised at the outset, this makes him fair game for third-hand accounts.

We do know that he attended Notre Dame and almost certainly graduated. It is generally believed that Lou and Donna had four kids: a boy and three girls. We are also informed that Lou still goes to the office every day – at Acme Scales, which is understood to be the portion of the family business run by him (after the Buran boys split the business up), and is California's premier industrial scales distributor.

Lou and Donna live in Alamo, California. For further insights into Lou, see Darryl Henley's reminiscences.

SUSAN BROWN FAIREY

I left PHS to enter San Jose State in opposition to my parents, who wanted me to go to Cal, by promising I would transfer my junior year (which I did not do). In my four years at SJS I had four majors. I could not make up my mind what I wanted to do when I "grew up." I finally graduated with a psych-soc degree which led me to enter the Santa Clara Juvenile Probation Dept. It was great fun for the first three years, as I found my young appearance made it possible to enter the Haight-Ashbury undercover and rescue runaways. My dream of making a difference soon dwindled and I became a Court Officer processing cases before the Family Court.

In my personal life I married in 1963 and we settled in Saratoga. Bill Jr. was born in 1964 and Jennifer in 1966. I found my profession as a Mom more challenging than being a PO but also more rewarding. After the kids began school full time I entered Santa Clara University, where I got my masters in Psychology (only one major this time!). In 1975 I became a licensed Marriage, Family Therapist and after two years with Catholic Charities I started a private practice. In 1977, with three other newly-licensed therapists, we founded the Almaden Institute which is one of the oldest group practices in Santa Clara County. There are currently 13 therapists in the group.

Today finds me divorced and living in Los Gatos and loving the small town feeling in spite of the weekend surge of tourists. My daughter and one grandson are living in Auburn, and my son and two more grandsons have recently moved from Quebec to Australia (should never have taught them not to need me!).

I continue to work about 22-25 hours a week to support my travel addiction (still have several countries left to explore) and my golf game (which keeps me humble). I have a long list of "want to's" when I finally retire: road trips to see more of the US, visit with family and friends, photography classes, genealogy research and on and on.

My current mantra is to stay in the NOW and be grateful for every day of health and friendship. To appreciate the little things as well as the extraordinary which make up our lives.

PETE FRAZIER

Pete grew up in the Montclair area and went to Montclair Grammar School before going on to Piedmont Junior High. His high school aspirations were straightforward: go to college, get the military out of the way, and get a good job. He achieved these with a minimum of dilly-dallying.

From PHS he went to Cal Berkeley, graduating in 1961 with a B.A. in Political Science. From 1961-1963 he “got his military out of the way” as a 1st Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Intelligence Corps serving in Korea in plain clothes. He entered Columbia Business School in 1963 and graduated in 1965 with an MBA in Finance. He also attended Stanford Executive Business School in 1970.

He married Robin Gray (Cal, Class of 1965) in 1967. They had two children, Laura Marie Frazier Crysler (born January 15, 1970), and Michael Gray Frazier (born October 6, 1971). Sadly, Laurie, who went to University of the Pacific, died without children in 1997. Michael is married to Shelley and living in Moraga. They have one-year-old identical twin girls. Robin and Pete have lived in the same house in Lafayette since 1971 (those of us who were at the 50th Reunion remember what a lovely place it is).

He has worked for Smith Barney & Co. as its Western Institutional Equity Manager; E.F. Hutton & Co., Western Regional Institutional Equity Manager; Shearson Lehman Advisors, Managing Director; and Bedell Investment Counsel. He was more recently a partner in Morrison & Frazier in Contra Costa County, but, after Dick Morrison (PHS Class of 1954) retired in December 2007, Pete affiliated with Atherton Lane Advisors, a registered investment counselor.

His public service achievements sound pretty stellar. He has been the Vice President/Finance for the Cal Alumni Association, a Trustee of the U.C. Berkeley Foundation, Chair of the Friends of the Bancroft Library, President of the Society of California Pioneers, and Treasurer of Save the Redwoods. He is a member of the San Francisco Bond Club, Securities Analysts of San Francisco, Kappa Beta Phi, the Bohemian Club, and the Orinda Country Club.

His hobbies and interests include coins, opera, classic cars, and Japanese Koi.

PARKER FUHRIMAN

Within three hours of our graduation that June night in 1957, I was on a Greyhound bus for an all-night ride to Lake Tahoe, where I spent a fun summer working various jobs and learning about a lot of things I wouldn't want to do for the rest of my life.

I spent my freshman year at Stanford and then two years at Brigham Young University before serving a church mission in French Polynesia for two and a half years. This was before tourists discovered Tahiti, and it was a life-changing experience.

On my return, I attended dental school at U.C. San Francisco and also received my orthodontic training there. In 1967 I finished school, married my wife, Rebecca, and then spent two years in the U.S. Army in Alaska as an orthodontist caring for the military dependant children in Anchorage and Fairbanks. It was like a two year honeymoon for us, and we thoroughly enjoyed our experience there fishing, camping, and traveling.

In late 1969 we moved to Beaverton, Oregon, where I opened my orthodontic practice, which I continued for the next 36 years until I retired in late 2005. My career was (and still may be in the future) the source of much personal satisfaction. During that time, we raised four children: three daughters and one son. All are married and are scattered through Colorado, Utah, Las Vegas, and Portland. We have seven grandchildren, with three more (a set of triplets) expected in the next couple of months (summer 1008). Life gets more fun with each one. We have enjoyed living in the Great Northwest (skiing, camping, and traveling all over), and spending time at our beach house on the Oregon Coast.

For the past two years, we have been serving a mission together for the LDS Church in the South, presiding over 140 missionaries in Mississippi and Northern Louisiana. We are on the road a lot, and I've probably never worked harder in my life; but it has been really rewarding working with all these great young people as well as the warm, interesting, and hospitable people of the South. We will return home to Oregon next summer and plan to go just a little slower and begin enjoying some retirement.

We are happy, healthy, and looking forward to what life will bring. I made it to the 40th reunion, and may just show up again one of these years.

JOAN KARB GILLETTE

It took Joan a year and a half at UCLA to realize that Southern California was not for her. She dropped out and went on a sort of voyage of self-discovery that involved a lot of partying and living in interesting places, including Hawaii.

In 1963 she married her first husband. They lived in LA and had two children, Greg and Sherrie. She was divorced in 1969. She married Leonard Gillette in 1974.

Prior to her second marriage Joan had gone back to school, this time to the UCSF Nursing School, from which she graduated in 1971. She thought at first she wanted to be a hospital nurse and served in that capacity for a year, but the schedule was so punishing that she felt she wouldn't have a life with her two small children if she kept it up. A friend suggested affiliation with the public schools. Eventually a slot opened and for the next 29 years she served as the school nurse in the elementary, middle and high schools of Shasta County. She retired in 2000.

She and her family have lived for many years in the Redding area. Joan has owned and worked around horses for most of her life. She has many riveting stories about equine adventures (some of them close calls) in the wild, and she shows no sign of slowing down. She is as fit and lovely-looking as she ever was.

CHUCK GREENWOOD

You asked for current biographical information.

My life, thus far at least, has not been one of loud public success – and I don't give a shit, if a person may say “shit” in a PHS alumni publication. I have done a few things but what's done is done, and I have things to do but I'll speak of them when they've been done. There's a book that I'll soon finish, and more books to come.

But I consider myself to be enormously successful. We are who we've chosen to become: I tell the truth, as well as my vision and my skills will permit. I am frequently gentle, often competent, belligerent and brutal only when I feel that I must be. Usually pretty smart and perhaps sometimes wise, and acquainted with what within me is primordial; tougher than overbaked owl-meat on my good days, and frail on my days that are not so good. A woman from Maine told me that I was the most iconoclastic man that she'd ever met.

I know that I carry self-defeat and self-betrayal within me, as though these were a secret and maybe a genetic flaw. But I live mostly outdoors and my head comes up sharply, quick as a browsing doe's head and ears, to the rising of a new wind in the trees or to an unexpected noise.

I trust eight people in the world. One of these is the woman who's stood with me for close to fifty years, another the man I've worked with for twenty years, and four more of these are my children. And as my seventieth birthday approaches I've had to bury none of my children and none of my grandchildren, which by itself on this planet puts me in the ninety-ninth percentile for good fortune.

* * * * *

When I think about Piedmont --- which I haven't done consciously for years --- I encounter little emotion. Time and survival blunt the cutting-edges of fury, I suppose, and the Ku Klux Klan is worse than Piedmont --- although not by much. The Klan's offenses do not include insidiousness, the constricting of our potential to become the human beings that we could become, which I view as being more dangerous than simply murder. I think that my enemies must go on being who they are, while I get to continue being who I am --- and this is vengeance enough for me, if this is vengeance at all.

I've spent a third of a century living on an off-grid mountaintop and working in a teenage-boys' group home and trying to figure out, in both places at once, what the word “habitat” means. And another word: “contract.” I consider myself to be becoming a human being --- I do not regard this as a given, or as a simple task. I believe that I have done more good than harm, and I fear nothing on this planet except the incautious exercising of my own vanity.

MARY MOELLER GUNDERMAN

Here's something interesting for starters: Mary is a fourth generation Alameda "Countian," and most of her ancestors went to Piedmont High. She has always lived in the East Bay. In our peripatetic class, this makes her unique.

After spending the summer of 1957 in Darien, Connecticut, with Margo Oliver's family, Mary attended San Francisco State from 1957-1960. In 1960 her shoulders were terribly injured in a swimming accident, and she had to drop out of school for several months. By the time she recovered she had decided she had had enough of school, and went to work at I. Magnin's in Oakland, apparently in close contact with Cherie Pierpont of our class. Later she worked at the Grand Lake and Kaiser Center Branches of Bank of America.

In 1961 she married Jud Whitehead (PHS Class of 1956), who also worked for Bank of America. They had a wonderful three years of living the "high life" (such as honeymooning at the Waldorf Astoria) but ultimately decided they weren't suited for each other and divorced in 1967. Mary closed her Oakland apartment, took a leave of absence from work, and went to Europe for six weeks. Shortly thereafter she was introduced to Joe Gunderman by some good friends. Joe and Mary liked each other immediately, but it seemed too soon after her divorce for anything serious to develop. It took them two years to get married, but the marriage, in 1969, has lasted 39 years.

They first lived in Pleasanton. Their son Mark was born in 1972. In 1975 the family moved to Danville and lived there till 1999, when they moved to Brentwood, where they still live. (Mary absolutely glows when she talks about Mark, and he does sound outstanding. He went to UOP and works for AAA. He is a Reserve Level 1 Police Captain in Danville and logs about 700 hours a year in community service hours. Apparently the Fourth of July Parade in Danville would not occur without him.)

Mary has done quite a bit of community service herself. She and Joe were Joint Presidents of the PTA at St. Isidor's in Danville, and she is a volunteer for the John Muir Hospital. She is active on the Board of the One Hundred Club of Contra Costa County, a group which supports law enforcement. She finds volunteer work extremely rewarding and says that both John Muir and the One Hundred Club are very "dear to her heart."

She has also worked for Sandra Brown Interiors in Danville and Carriage Trade Travel in Alamo. She and Joe have traveled extensively in Europe and the Caribbean. Their grandchildren, twin boys and the "joys of their lives" were born on April 29 of this year (2008). Mary is having a wonderful, though very busy, time being the extended family.

She has no regrets about her life path and finds it incredibly meaningful that she still has friends that she went to kindergarten with. She has worked at developing this second "family," and clearly feels fulfilled. And, by the way, Joe reports that she makes about 60 rum cakes a year to take to occasions such as class reunions; you haven't lived until you've had a piece, or two.

MARGO OLIVER HAYES

I attended PHS until January of my sophomore year. At that time my Dad's company merged with a big company in the east and we moved to Darien, Connecticut. When I was at PHS I don't remember having any aspirations. While at Darien High I became interested in the field of medicine. My interest continued in college until I almost failed Zoology. I was getting an A in psychology and began to rethink my major. I graduated from Darien High School in June 1957.

I went to Monticello College in Godfrey, Illinois, for two years. I wanted to go to Bradford College outside of Boston. Even though I was #1 on the waiting list I was not accepted. A California neighbor of ours knew the President of Monticello and suggested we check it out. Mom and I flew out to see what it was like. I was accepted and, since my options were nonexistent, I began my freshman year in September 1957. It was the best decision of my life. I discovered I was a good student, a good leader, and I made many lifetime friends. I was accepted at Dennison University in Ohio and was going to complete my college education there, but my parents moved back to CA in November of 1958. Ohio seemed a long way from CA so I ended up transferring to Cal as a junior. I joined Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. I graduated from Cal with a degree in Early Childhood Development.

Degrees: AS from Monticello 1959; BA from Cal 1961; MSW from California State College, Sacramento 1975.

Big Game 1960 I met Gill Hayes. He was my best friend's oldest brother. He would have nothing to do with me until December when all his girl friends went home for Christmas. I was too young! We were married July 8, 1961, in Palo Alto, CA. We've been married 47 wonderful years.

Gill and I have two wonderful children. Stephen Oliver Hayes was born March 31, 1963. Stephen is 45, lives in Sacramento and is an ASE Certified Auto Mechanic. Marjorie Collins Hayes was born May 12, 1965. She is married to Manfred Maehler and lives in Vista, CA. They have three boys: Colin (15), and twins John and Patrick (14). Marjorie is Financial Director of Hilton Torre Pines in La Jolla.

When we were first married we lived in San Francisco. I taught pre-school. I had a class of 17 three year olds. I was a stay at home Mom until 1972 when I decided to go back to school and get a Master's Degree in Social Work. Following graduation I worked in a residential treatment center for disturbed adolescents. Once I was licensed I began a private practice which I had for 27 years. I also worked for the Woodland School District supervising graduate students, Yolo County Mental Health and Suicide Prevention. I closed my practice August 2001.

Being a psychotherapist was the right career choice for me. I loved working with children, adolescents and their families.

I have always done volunteer work through church and in the community. I am currently working with a program at a disadvantaged elementary school. I have taught parenting classes and classes for those who are grieving the loss of a loved one. I cross-stitch designs on baptismal stoles.

In 1988 I was given The Woman of the Year Award by The Sacramento Women's Network.

My favorite thing is being with our grandsons. I LOVE to play bridge. I also love to read, travel, work in my yard, and have lunch with friends.

BARBARA FOWLER HUGGINS

Several years ago for an English class, I wrote an autobiographical story entitled "Cinderella's Odyssey." It began as I left Piedmont, going from our house on Park Lane to half of a quonset hut at NAS Alameda, to the Matsonia, to sleeping on the sofa of a shabby Waikiki Beach apartment, to the penthouse of the Biltmore, then back down to earth in the maids' room of Navy quarters in Makalapa. Are you seeing the pattern?

Soon I was off to Wellesley where I was introduced to "our senator," JFK, who was dining in our dorm before speaking to all those potential voters. Decided to elope with my old beau, Pete Wilson, a lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers en route to Germany so spent the next 3-1/2 years in a 4th floor Army walkup. Yuck! Did enjoy Nancy Burns' visits and managed some fun: the '58 Brussels World's Fair, skiing on the Zugspitz, tulip time at Keukenhof Gardens near Amsterdam, touring Berlin with Nancy before the Wall sent up – while trying to "learn the ropes" as a young Army wife.

Also changed lots of diapers. We came back to California in 1961 with two little boys, Peter MacDaniel and David Andrew. While Pete was working on his master's at Stanford, I moonlighted at Foothill.

Stephen Christopher was born at Ft. Belvoir, next to Mount Vernon, after we moved to Virginia. Next came Ft. Monmouth, NJ, San Diego to be near my parents while Pete was in Viet Nam, Ft. Bragg, NC, Command and Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, KS, jokingly called the "Short Course" as opposed to the "Long Course" meaning ten to twenty years in the Disciplinary Barracks. I was told not to let the men in brown pajamas loading my groceries at the post commissary have my car keys or the vanilla extract. No, no, no!

After Kansas it was back to San Diego with Pete traveling on to Viet Nam. When he returned, we moved to Bettendorf, Iowa, where Pete played "Locks and Dams" on the Mississippi. The next move was to Ft. Campbell, KY. I found that being the wife of a battalion commander in the 101st Airborne was a lot like being the wife of a small town mayor (or a minister's wife as I was to find out later). Watch what you say and smile a lot. Seriously, it did feel like a compliment when the young soldiers asked if they could take my picture with their wives and babies after the Organization Day parades.

In 1973 we moved back to the Washington area where I've lived off and on since I was four. Did feel at home there. (Am too liberal for Florida and too traditional for San Diego.) Enjoyed the Bicentennial festivities including being part of the crowd in the White House Garden during the welcome for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. Best of all, this Cinderella did attend the ball celebrating the 200th birthday of the Marine Corps. Pete's cousin sneaked us in under assumed names when someone in the office didn't want to attend and willed us their tickets. It was a lark to be on the dance floor with Senator and Mrs. John Glenn and others I recognized from the evening news.

Finally, after a bittersweet ceremony at the Pentagon, we headed for Lakeland and the phosphate industry, thinking Pete's job there would take care of our sons' educations. But as they grew up and left home it seemed that the marriage was dead.

Trying to build a new life after our divorce, I went back to school, volunteered at the art museum, joined the choir at First Presbyterian and then its Joy Class where most of my friends were. Eventually, a minister, whose wife had died, came to teach the class. Dick Huggins was so funny! He would do Jack Benny impersonations and regale us with stories of past churches and characters from his West Virginia boyhood before getting into the lesson. My Prince Charming and I were married in 2002 and are living "happily ever after."

Editor's note: *In addition to this delightful narrative, Barbara sent in our "form" with a few of the spaces filled in. She says her aspirations in high school were "to be a happy wife and mother, to play the piano like Aunt Ted, to visit Japan and Hawaii." Her boys were born two years apart: 1958, 1960 and 1962. Her hobbies and interests include storytelling for churches, schools, retirement communities; needlework (needlepoint and crewel); watercolors. She enjoys travel, museums, and haiku.*

FENTON JACOBS

After graduating from U.C. Berkeley in 1961 with a major in Business Administration, I started out as an estimator for a company that made the highway and city maps that gas stations used to give away for free (another reminder of the “good old days”). Two years later I went to work for Argent Mortgage & Insurance Corp., a small, local mortgage company that eventually grew to have four offices and twenty-five employees. I feel my career choice was interesting and satisfying most of the time, and allowed me to be a decision maker. However, the real estate market took a turn for the worse in the early to mid-nineties. The company downsized and the decision to close was made in the late nineties. Fortunately, I was in a position to retire and did so.

I married Joan Cramer in 1963. Joan already had a daughter, Brenda, and Joan and I went on to have two sons, Gregory (born 1964) and Barry (1966). All during my working years I was able to enjoy watching my stepdaughter and two sons grow into fine adults, with my stepdaughter providing me a grandson.

In 1998 I married a woman I had known for over 15 years through working together. She also has two sons and a daughter. Her daughter has a daughter and son. We used to babysit our granddaughter who is now twelve, and are currently babysitting our grandson, who just turned two. As most of you know from your own experiences, having kids is great, but being with grandchildren is an even more rewarding and fulfilling activity that keeps you feeling young at heart.

I have volunteered with the Contra Costa County Crisis Center for the last ten years and have made an effort to stay physically active. My wife loves to research the internet when planning our vacations, which has resulted in our taking three spectacular trips to Europe over the last ten years. Our most recent trip (fall of 2008) took us to England, Ireland and Scotland. We currently are residing in a 55-and-over community in Sacramento, relaxing, and as mentioned above, enjoying spending time with our grandchildren.

A. J. JOHNSON

Upon graduating from PHS, I spent the summer taking six river rafting trips on the upper Colorado with Piedmonters Tom Buckley and Glen “Brick” Johnson. That fall I entered the University of Colorado with fellow clansmen Sherry Dunn, Don Herzog, Sandy Mennenga, Paul Michael (freshman roommate), Ruth Nugent and Bill Olofson. I started out in Engineering but decided early that I had little talent for it (a conclusion confirmed by my grades) and switched to Letters and Science. I breezed through my first Accounting course, and the rest is history. Four years later, with my B.S. degree in Accounting, I enrolled at Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island. After four months I received my Naval Commission and embarked on three years of military active duty. I served on the USS Edmonds DE 406, which was deployed primarily to the Far East and Vietnam. (I still recall a terrible hurricane in the China Sea. I was so frightened I forgot to be seasick.) Following sea duty, I served at the U.S. Naval Communications Station San Francisco.

My service obligations completed, I entered the CPA profession in San Francisco, working for the firm of John F. Forbes and Co., and shared an apartment with medical intern and former Piedmonter Jim Branscom. One year later Dr. Jim left for the Navy, and I continued my career in auditing and consulting.

The firm suggested an MBA would be a good credential to add to the CPA designation. Used to following orders, I enrolled in the night program at Golden Gate College. However, after two years of night school, out of town assignments, maximum overtime and no vacation, I found a better alternative. With my GI Bill, I went to Golden Gate full time for one year and completed my MBA.

During this period, an unexpected career opportunity that I never would have envisioned came my way. It started when I was asked by the school to teach a course in basic accounting. I said yes, and the challenge of motivating students, aged 18 to 50, in the discipline of accounting and business was exciting and fulfilling. The college hired me full-time as an assistant professor. Twenty-five years later, the college was a university, and I had been associate professor, full professor, and, for the last ten years, dean of the school of accounting. Then, at age 55, with an ailing 86 year old father, I retired in order to attend to family matters.

My recent activities include: being a caregiver to my 87 year old stepmother with Alzheimer’s, enjoying my second home at the Tahoe Keys, and participating in the raising of three grand nieces and three grand nephews (now ages 6 to 22). In between times, I still maintain my passion for fishing, which started as a boy scout at Camp Wallace Alexander. I have gone fishing in Alaska, Canada, Montana, Louisiana, Texas, and 80% of the lakes from Gray Eagle to the Carson Pass. I never took a spouse – it was too difficult after being surrounded by the smart looking and educated Piedmont girls (ladies) in their clean uniforms and shoes.

VIRGINIA HALL LAPINS

After high school I attended the University of Arizona where I met Douglas Lapins. We were married midway through our senior year, and of course I got pregnant right away. Our first daughter was born just before Thanksgiving in Salinas, CA. Doug was working for Spreckels Sugar Co. We were in the corporate life and were transferred to Manteca, CA, shortly after our second daughter was born. I taught nursery school for a year there and said never again.

Then it was on to Chandler, AZ, where I worked at Arizona State University in the activities center while both girls were in school. Our luck ran out and Doug got the short straw and we moved on to Dimmitt, TX. We were there for eight years and I must say it was a great place to raise children, but in a town of 4200 there isn't much to do except watch the corn grow. From there we moved to Walnut Creek and Doug was working in S.F., and we thought we were home.

An opportunity came along and was too good to pass up and we were off to Denver – children grown and gone and one was married. We loved Denver and would still be there except it has grown too much, so looking for a retirement place we found Pinehurst, NC. We have two grandsons in TN that we see regularly, which is great – they're almost at the age where they don't want to be around us because they are too busy, so we have to enjoy it while we can!

We have traveled out of the U.S. quite a bit. Not until I started listing the places did I realize how many places we have been and the wonderful things we've had the opportunity to see.

I spend my time now playing golf, quilting, reading, volunteering at the hospital as a Chaplin's assistant, and doing anything that strikes my (our) fancy. I was sorry that I couldn't make it to the reunion but thought of all of you.

PETE LETCHWORTH

Pete went to UC Santa Barbara and got his B.S. in Biology in 1961. In 1961-62 he worked in a University research program, and in 1963 he spent six months in the National Guard. He got his Masters in Biology in 1964.

He first worked in the Berkeley office of the U.S. Forest Service, and he spent a year at Cal teaching Biology. This experience convinced him that teaching was not for him, and in 1967 he bought a house in Cupertino, where he still lives.

From 1967 to 1990 he worked in Sunnyvale for the Stauffer Chemical Company, doing biological research in entomology. He started to take early retirement when the company shut down, but instead decided to work another three years for the Japanese company that had bought the facility. He says they “didn’t know what they were doing,” and in all events they folded in 1993. After that he really did take early retirement.

He had married in 1973. While he and his wife eventually divorced, in 1986, they had two sons, Steven and Jason, both of whom are married. Jason has four children. Both sons live in Washington State, Pete tries to get up there at least twice a year.

He looks fabulous. This is no doubt partly because he does a lot of running and is a dedicated cyclist (bicycle-style), averaging about 100 miles a week.

He does volunteer work for the Audubon Society. He reads a lot, particularly mysteries and adventure stories, and has spent the last two years restoring a Jaguar XKE that he’s owned for 44 years (says he’s always been a “gearhead”). After 20 years, it’s on the road again.

He is typical of our generation in that he kept the same job throughout his career and ended up with a good pension. As always given to understatement, he says merely that he “came out all right.”

FERD MARWEDEL

Ferd says he has always been mechanically inclined. It's apparently in his blood.

The industrial supply firm of C.W. Marwedel was founded in 1846 by his great-great-grandfather. The company spent a number of years based in San Francisco but was moved (by Ferd's father) in 1928-29 to Oakland (down the street from Cochran and Celli). C.W. Marwedel toughed it through the Depression, and made money during and after WWII. As a kid, Ferd expected to go into the family business and worked down at the "shop" – he remembers opening the shop at strange hours, as business was 24/7 during the war years. However, trade union activity wrought havoc with the owners of small manufacturing companies, and Ferd's father sold the company to Gerrit Supply in Los Angeles in 1955. Ferd's Dad died in 1959, and Ferd, deprived of his original plan to go into the family business, had to carve out a new path for himself.

He spent three years at San Francisco City College in mechanical engineering and business administration. He went on for a year at San Francisco State, and took six months' worth of business administration courses at U.C. Berkeley. He went into the Army in 1962, but not before he met Sigrid ("Sigi") Burke, a San Jose girl born in Berlin, Germany. Sigi's mother was a U.S. citizen and managed to get his father out of a concentration camp. The family (Sigi had two sisters) came to the United States in 1946.

Ferd and Sigi were married in 1963 and have two children, Ferd III (born in 1963) and Janine (born in 1966). Ferd III is single and lives in Sturgis, South Dakota. Janine is married to Steve Follett, and Janine and Steve have presented Ferd and Sigi with two grandchildren, Alex and Anna. They live in Tigard, Oregon, and the grandparents are constantly going back and forth, though Ferd comments ruefully on the cost of gas (it's about a six-hour trip). Steve works for Helicon and is a trouble-shooter in the electronics field. Janine works for Cisco (out of Houston) and can work out of her house three days a week. Ferd proudly reports that she can "sell sand to an Arab."

Ferd spent five years in the Army, 1962-1967 (though the last three were in the Reserves). He started at Fort Bliss, Texas working as a gyro technician on Nike missiles (Fort Bliss was apparently the headquarters for Nike missiles). He then went into the Army National Guard in supply and transportation. From 1963 to 1974 he worked as a purchasing and design consultant for Johnson Gear Manufacturing Ltd., during the latter part of which he ran a right-angle drive unit for farmers, developed in the 1970's and known as Custom Gearing Co.

From 1974 to 1979 Ferd worked for Pacific Steel Casting Co., a foundry in Berkeley, as manager of pattern and tooling equipment, handling production scheduling for a crew of 450, doing "heats" of high-tensile casting, sometimes around the clock. Unfortunately, foundry work was and still is hazardous duty, and in 1979 he discovered he had sarcoids of the lungs.

From 1963 to 1979 the family had been living in Piedmont (with a brief stay in Montclair in 1963). However, Dr. David Dugan, the noted thoracic surgeon who operated on Ferd (and whose son was at PHS with us), informed Ferd that any more foundry work would be disastrous and he would have to find a “clean air job” in a “clean air place” (not that there was anything wrong with Piedmont air but no attractive jobs presented themselves). Sigi went on a mission around the country looking for clean air and found Boise, which seemed something like Piedmont in terms of environment. Ferd III was starting Junior High and Janine was still in grammar school when the family moved to Idaho.

In Boise Ferd went to work for Paul Roberts, a supply house that had done business with his father. He went in as a salesman, talking to farmers and equipment companies such as Boise Cascade and Morrison-Knudsen. Unfortunately, Idaho experienced a severe slump in the 1980’s as a result of which the industrial and manufacturing part of the Idaho economy tightened up severely. Paul Roberts closed in 1982.

So Ferd became a banker. From 1982 to 1994 he worked for American Bank of Commerce, a state bank with three branches in Boise, which wanted to be service-minded. Ferd specialized in getting business in Garden City (a small business area surrounded by Boise), which supplied major operations such as Hewlett-Packard, Mirror Technology, and Jack Simplot (the Potato King). The Bank also wanted core deposits up and Ferd zeroed in on hospitals and got a lot of doctors as bank customers. Ferd is still eloquent on how rewarding it was to be a banker in those days, when banking was a family business and banks really cared about their customers. He ended up loving the banking business but is glad he isn’t in it today.

In 1994 ABC was consumed by First Security, and Ferd went over to Farmers & Merchants Bank, the last of the independents. It was bought out in 1999, and Ferd retired.

The family now lives in Meridian, about four miles from the nearest town center, and Ferd rides a bike everywhere. He reports rather regretfully that Idaho is changing fast, with more houses and mini-malls springing up “than you know what to do with.” It has, of course, changed dramatically since Ferd and his family moved there, primarily because it has become home to so many computer companies.

Ferd declines to glamorize his life, claiming he was just a “working stiff that got his family grown up.” We all know how much value, and valor, there is in that.

GEORGIA RAREY MARSHALL

Georgia is among numerous of our classmates who, when urged to come up with biographical material, maintain at they outset that they have done nothing worth mentioning. Most of these turn out to have had very interesting lives, and Georgia is no exception. She can also list a number of accomplishments.

After PHS she spent a year at San Jose State, but she decided to follow in the family footsteps and become a hairdresser. After working in a local hair salon she earned her teacher's license in Cosmetology. Her expectations were to teach at her parents' Cosmetology school, but her mother died unexpectedly and her father sold the business. She married her first husband in 1960. The marriage ended in divorce in 1967 but not before producing two sons, David (born 1963) and Scott (1965). Georgia continued to work in the beauty field throughout and subsequent to her first marriage, but when she married Bill Marshall in 1973 he insisted that she stay home and raise her boys. Georgia gave up hairdressing without any great regret, and is glad to have spent the time with her children.

Georgia and Bill are still happily married after all these years. Bill is a self-employed cabinet maker. Sadly, David passed away in 1999, but Scott is a teacher and the athletic trainer for Alhambra High School in Martinez. He and his wife Lori have two children, Trevor and Brittani. Georgia and Bill have enjoyed the grandchildren and have seen all their athletic and school games through the years.

After their marriage Georgia and Bill got into property management. Georgia was convinced that rental properties would be more valuable and better-received in the community if they had a good "curb appeal." Demonstrating the strong artistic bent she had already shown in the beauty business, Georgia turned out to have a major talent for landscaping, and over the years she has single-handedly transformed the gardens of numerous managed properties. Moreover, she did all the hard labor as well as the conceptual planning – power-sawed down trees all by herself, mowed lawns, and so forth. (This is no doubt a reason for the fact that she is still physically fit and looks splendid.) She has had numerous job offers from residents of the adjoining properties but has so far turned them down. She is apparently in it for the joy of it.

She also does the book work and works part time at her husband's office. She has volunteered at Children's Hospital for years, and participates in the Meals on Wheels program.

Naturally, she also loves to work in her own garden. She has decorated outside for Halloween and Christmas for the last ten years, and reports that it gets "bigger and bigger every year."

JACK MATKIN

Jack was accepted at Stanford but went to Cal at the insistence of his father, a Cal alum. He graduated in Chemical Engineering, from the same department as his dad had. However, there was a great deal more to his college life than engineering.

Apparently Brick Johnson of PHS had written the crew coach at Cal that Jack was coming. As students went through Registration line at Berkeley, there was a black horizontal line at 6'2" on the adjacent wall. When a guy who topped the line went through, he would be pulled out by recruiters for the crew team. Jack was tapped, naturally, and when told by the coach that he already knew all about him, he was of course enormously flattered and his fate was sealed.

He was good. He got his freshman letter, and was varsity his sophomore year, at which point he was asked to change sides. He injured his shoulder as a result, but eventually made "first boat varsity." (The "first boat" is the one that goes to championships.) That year they came in fourth in the championships and Jack was totally downcast until his father, who had attended the meet, demanded if Jack had done the best he could. When Jack said, yes, he really thought he had given it everything he had, his father told him to stop feeling bad about himself. This is a concept Jack has carried with him since.

In his junior year his team went to the national championships and won the Intercollegiate Rowing Association meet. They went to the 1960 Olympic trials but, sadly, came in second. Only the winner got to go to the actual Olympics.

In his senior year the team also won the IRA meet and the nationals, but, alas, there was no international competition.

Meanwhile, on the social front, in the fall of 1958 he was sitting on a wall after crew practice and along came a friend with her gorgeous sorority sister, Linda Watson. Jack freely admits it was love at first sight, and they almost immediately knew they would be married without either ever proposing or accepting. They had agreed to get married in August of 1960 unless the Olympics intervened, so that cloud (of no Olympics) definitely had a silver lining.

Jack graduated in 1962, and Bud Blue (a professor at Cal and our Bill Blue's father) offered him a summer job at Chevron in Richmond. The job involved technical services for refining, and Jack loved it, but he left for grad school at University of Washington (where he had a scholarship). He was going for a master's, and he wanted to try to row in the 1964 Olympics. He was accepted in a program that would take him straight to a doctorate, and was allowed to work out with the Lake Washington Rowing Club. They went to the Olympic Trials (their event was "four with coxswain," an event which the Olympics has since dropped), but came in second again. That marked the end of Jack's Olympic dream.

Jack and Linda had three children, two girls and a “caboose.” Jennifer Lynn (born 1964) and Christine Elizabeth (born 1966) are both now attorneys and not married. (No grandchildren for Jack.) Jen works at home; Christine was a prosecutor in Contra Costa County, then moved to Hawaii (she’s a paddler like her dad) and got a job at the Hawaii Attorney General’s office, which she has recently left. John Ryan, the “caboose,” was born in 1976 when the family was in Annapolis (see below). He is also unmarried and is a computer programmer.

“All the children are brilliant,” says Jack, adding hastily but with sincerity, “and so is my wife.”

Jack got his doctorate in 1968 and returned to Chevron in Richmond in March of that year. His life for many years after that consisted of a distinguished odyssey with Chevron. He had various high-level management/technological positions in Richmond (1968-1970), El Segundo (1970-1975), Annapolis (1975-1979), and Pascagoula (Chevron’s biggest refinery located on the Gulf Coast in Mississippi (1979-1985)). In 1985 he went back to the El Segundo Refinery as Operations Manager, and in 1989 he was made General Manager of Refining in San Francisco. In 1992 he returned to Chevron Research Technology Co. in Richmond, managing fuel technology.

He was coordinator for Chevron Products Co. for the Y2K effort. It was apparently an enormous job, much of which is still “classified,” and in 2000 they had a huge war room, in preparation for disasters which never came in the Y2K “rollover.”

He spent six months more at Chevron, and got an excellent retirement package.

After moving back to the Bay Area in 1989, the family settled in the Whitegate community in Alamo, within walking distance of the high school for his son. They still live there.

He has been a Rotarian since 1980, and was part of putting up a matching grant to send wheelchairs to China.

When asked for insights about his life, Jack says to go back to where Linda came in; without her it wouldn’t have happened. His family is very close, and the children are always there for Thanksgiving and Christmas. He also feels his time at PHS was “fascinating,” with its good academics and multiple sports program, and gave him an excellent start in life.

JUDY MALLORY MUDIE

Judy's aspirations in high school were for marriage and a family, and to be a stewardess or a nurse. She achieved all but the last, though when you have four children and twelve grandchildren a lot of informal nursing surely enters the picture.

She comments, "I wish I had studied more and received good grades so I could have gone to CAL Berkeley." As it was she went to Diablo Valley College for a year and a half and then became a stewardess, which of course at that time was considered the last word in glamour and a position for which only beautiful women need apply. Judy qualified. She was a flight attendant for United Airlines from 1959 to 1961.

She married Jack Mudie in 1961. They had four children: Michael, born 1962; Mary, born 1963; Anne, born 1967; and Beth, born 1969. Judy writes, "Marriage and children are the best part of life. If you are lucky you can have twelve grandchildren. . . . Flight attendant was the right job for me. Marriage and family was the best CAREER for me."

She has provided some interesting statistics about her children and grandchildren.

Her son Michael is married to Tracy and they have four children: Mallory, 16; Claire, 14; Joe, 13; and Will, 9. Michael graduated from Santa Clara with a degree in mechanical engineering. Tracy is an architect.

Her daughter Mary has been a Flight Attendant with Delta Airlines for 18 years. Prior to Delta she was with TWA for five years. She is married to Mark Koltko, and they have two girls: Drew, 6, and Carly, 4.

Her daughter Anne and husband David have three children and the fourth is due in mid-August (2008). The kids are: Stewart, 4; Henry, 3; and CeCe, 19 months. The new baby girl will be Elly.

Judy's daughter Beth is married to Ed Hodgkiss and they adopted twin boys, who were born on April 1st of 2008.

They all reside in L.A. County.

JIM PARSONS

Well, I came up through Havens, Piedmont Jr. High and Sr. High. Then I went to Berkeley and graduated in Civil Engineering (Structural) in 1962. I was a Chi Psi. I was accepted to graduate school in Structural Engineering at Berkeley. Then I accepted a summer job with Bethlehem Steel Corp., building Minute Man Missile Silos in Minot, North Dakota (where I also learned to fly). At the end of the summer I stayed on through the winter, and in the spring I joined Bethlehem as an Erection Engineer at their District Office in Chicago. Following assignments in Chicago, the Chicago suburbs, and Dallas, etc., I received a call from the Draft and drove back to Oakland to report. Assessed as 4F due to a minor (never detected since) heart murmur, I was told I could go to OCS if I would fill out some papers and sign some waivers. I said I would go home and think about it.

I bought a new Chevy (from Cochran and Celli). I drove back to Bethlehem Steel in the Chicago Erection Department. Did several projects. Met my wife Pat (who was the best friend of a cousin of mine in Connecticut and had been told she should get in touch with me (which she did by telegram)). Married in Winnetka, lived in Chicago near North Side, and then moved to the suburbs. Then moved to Milwaukee for a large bridge project, and had our first child, Lisa, there.

Then in 1968 I was transferred to our Home Office (Bethlehem, PA) to the central Erection Engineering Division. In 1969 a reorganization set me as the first Project Manager in their newly formed Construction Division, and for about 15 more years I managed Steel Fabrication and Erection projects for Bethlehem in NYC, Boston, New Haven, a PATH transportation hub, etc. Buildings, bridges, a nuclear power plant, etc. We had our second child, Colby, in Bethlehem, PA, and lived for a while in Wyomissing, PA.

Due to Bethlehem's inability to cope with unions that part of the corporation ceased to exist in 1976. I then transferred to Bethlehem's Burns Harbor Plant in NW Indiana to work in Plant Engineering. My work was in new facilities conception and design, not in plant maintenance. (This is the last fully integrated steel facility built in America, and I had worked on it in 1962-1964, from when it was only sand dunes to when it was a functioning plant.)

I worked as a Project Engineer and then Chief Project Engineer. Along the way I got very interested in computers and what could be accomplished with them and incorporated that in what we did and made that my focus.

Bethlehem continued having a hard time coping and I retired in July 2000. Subsequently Bethlehem ceased to exist in 2003 and is now owned by Mittal.

I retired in 2000. Pat is a guidance counselor. She worked in the local school system until she retired last year (2007) and continues with her second job with clients at a local

mental health facility (Madison Center), a job which she very much enjoys. (And it keeps her out of the house.)

We have lived in Long Beach, Indiana, for 32 years now. It's a lovely place with a beautiful beach on Lake Michigan – hilly, sand dunes, covered with tall oak trees. Most of our neighbors are summer homes of Chicago people. They are called FIPS. ***** Illinois People.

Our children Lisa and Colby live in St. Louis, MO and Denton, TX. We have three grandchildren whom we visit frequently.

We love to travel. We make three major trips each year and many smaller ones. Each summer we trade houses with someone (whom we have never met) in Europe. Houses, cars, etc. It has worked very well for six years. Copenhagen, Switzerland, Edinburgh, the Black Forest-Germany, the Fens in England. This year it will be in Bremen. We have good friends in Stuttgart whom we visit frequently and who join us on part of each of these trips. Our house and beach and Chicago are what we have to trade. (Perhaps one of you would like to trade some time.)

We have also enjoyed recent trips to Guatemala, Ireland, Costa Rica, Portugal, Germany, Oaxaca, MX, etc., etc.

While the reunion was going on we were previously committed to join our neighbors on their 49' Grand Banks on a three-week cruise around Lake Michigan, a trip that was very enjoyable. But we are sorry we missed the reunion experience.

I have two sisters living in Oakland and Alameda. Perhaps we will be at the 55th.

RICH SANFORD

Rich went to Cal Berkeley after PHS and graduated in 1961 with a B.A. in History. He then had a two-year stint in the Army, as a 1st Lieutenant stationed in Virginia and Ford Ord. He went on to Hastings College of the Law and obtained his J.D. in 1966.

His wife, Sharon, was a stewardess and an Oregon State grad. They were married in late 1967 and have two children, Mike, now age 38, and Betsy, age 35.

Rich and his family have lived in Piedmont since 1971. Their kids went to Wildwood, Piedmont Middle School and Piedmont High. Mike went on to Chico State, and Betsy went to the University of Oregon. Each has a young son, and Betsy is expecting #2.

Rich has practiced law since 1966 and says he is “still at it.” He practiced in Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco – for the last 38 years! – and has spent the last 16 years as house counsel for AAA, specializing in litigation.

He adds, “In completing this it dawned on me that I really haven’t done much since graduation in 1957.” This is obviously an incorrect statement, and demonstrates that he is as modest and unpretentious a guy as he ever was.

He apologizes for missing the reunion and promises to be there for the 75th. Let’s hope he makes it sooner.

JIM SCHMERL

Like many of my classmates, after graduating from Piedmont High School in 1957, I went to Cal. (In Connecticut, where I now live, we call it “Berkeley.”) But unlike most of these classmates, I didn’t leave after four or five years. I stayed around for the better part of the next 13 years, finally getting a Ph.D. in math in 1970.

During that time I also worked at the Rad Lab in Livermore for six years, got married in 1964, and witnessed the birth of my first daughter Amy in 1969. Then, in 1970, we sold our house in the Trestle Glen area and moved “back east” to New Haven, Connecticut, where I started a two-year faculty appointment at Yale University. The following year, my twin daughters, Brenda and Leah, were born. In 1972, we all moved the 60 miles or so to Storrs, Connecticut, which is home to the University of Connecticut, where I was a mathematics professor until my retirement in 2002.

Even after retirement, I continue to have an active interest in mathematics, writing a book with my collaborator Kossak that was published in 2006. (Check it out on Amazon.)

Except for the presence of UConn, Storrs is a very quiet, very rural town in which I still live. My daughters have all moved away, seeking the excitement of the big city. Amy, now 39, has lived in San Francisco for more than 10 years, and Brenda and Leah, now 36, live in New York City (Brooklyn and Manhattan, respectively).

In 1992, I married my soul mate Sue, who had been and remained a pediatric nurse until her retirement, also in 2002. She has two daughters: Heidi, 38, who is married to Dan Elgart and has children, Jacob 3 and Lauren 1, whom their Bubbie is madly in love with; and Dawn, 36, who just last month got married to Jason Thomas. My daughters have yet to produce any offspring or any husbands.

Sue and I enjoy doing many activities together. Perhaps tops for me is biking, mostly bike touring. We’ve taken month-long biking trips in France, New Zealand, and Canada, many shorter trips in the US, and we biked coast-to-coast in 1996. We also like to hike, and have made several long distance hikes in Europe. For more sedate activities, we regularly play duplicate bridge, and I occasionally play chess on the Internet. We’re also avid UConn Husky basketball fans, but it’s become more difficult to be since we usually don’t spend winters in Storrs any more. (Storrs winters aren’t like Piedmont winters!) We will spend the next winter “out west” in Tucson as we have done twice previously. Two years ago we spent our winter backpacking in Australia and Hawaii.

I went to the 40th class reunion (to which Sue and I biked down the coast from Portland, Oregon), but missed the 50th. It would have been fun to reconnect again. Reading some of the bios that have been submitted so far cannot completely substitute for not being there, but it goes a long way. Thanks to Jane for encouraging and cajoling me to write mine.

Editor's note: *This charming tour de force of understatement fails to mention that Jim is a much-published, internationally recognized mathematician specializing in logic and one of our most distinguished alums. Google "James Schmerl" and prepare to be impressed.*

MICKEY SMITH

Upon hearing that Mickey would not be coming to the 50th Reunion, Pete Frazier, who went to elementary school with him in Montclair, said “Shoot! He’s *only* the most *fun* guy in our whole *class*.” A lot of people seem to have this feeling about Mickey, and he has apparently retained his essential playfulness of character, even after all these years.

Mickey tells us that after he left PHS he immediately did his military stint at Ford Ord. He then attended the University of Nevada (Reno), and Oakland City College, where he remembers watching Paul Michael play football.

With his college days behind him, he opened his own office products business in San Francisco (he says it was known as “something like Smith Incorporated”). However, this did not prevent him from living in Hollywood for a year in 1964. He is very mysterious about this interlude. Maybe somebody can talk some juicy stories out of him.

He came back and worked in San Francisco until 1972, when he moved to Salt Lake City. He says it was a wonderful open territory for his business, in which he continued for 30 years, quitting some time in the early 90’s. He then worked at a golf course in Salt Lake City, and spent some time in the “movie business,” about which he declines to give details other than that it mainly involved “chasing girls.”

He says he has traveled almost everywhere, including the French Riviera, where, among other things, he gambled in Monte Carlo, but once again he declines to elaborate.

He moved to Scottsdale, Arizona in 2002, where he follows the stock market and dates women in their 40’s.

He says he is the same height and weight he was in high school and still has all his hair, though it’s gray now. (Obviously, then, he is still great-looking.) In all events, he wanted us to make sure that you know that the minimal facts he has provided are just the tip of the iceberg. One gets the impression of nameless glamorous vices indulged throughout a tremendously colorful past. Don’t stop toying with us, Mickey.

On a more touching note, he tells us he dated the gorgeous Barbara Zikmund of PHS back in our salad days. He is extremely sad to hear that she has died, and would like to have details. If you know any, please contact him.

SUE SMITH SMITH

In the fall after graduation, Sue took a letter of recommendation given to her by Miss Clark of PHS (remember her?) to an accounting firm in San Francisco and was hired for a clerical position. On almost her first day of work she saw a good-looking maintenance man come in to talk business with one of her fellow workers. He and Sue caught each other's eye. Sue went back into her office, where not long later the phone rang and, yes, it was the handsome maintenance man offering to drive her to the train station. (Remember the #14 on Oakland Avenue?) He arrived in a nice blue Cadillac (later disclosed to be his brother's) and asked Sue for a date on the weekend. Sue, age 17, informed him that she was going camping with her parents. This apparently captivated him, and the rest is history. Sue definitely believes in love at first sight, and was always pleased that Mel's last name was Smith.

Mel and Sue were married for 44 years and had four children, Kim, Michelle, Harry and Laura. They lived in Orinda, California, for 36 years. They had seven grandchildren.

Mel and Sue eventually set up their own business in San Francisco, known as FAMCO Industries Incorporated, which specialized in marble maintenance and metal refinishing in commercial buildings, mainly facades, floors, and elevator doors. Sue, who had advanced to the role of statistical typist (thank you, Miss Clark), stayed home and did the clerical work and kept the books. While it was not quite a rags to riches story (there were never rags and Sue will not admit to riches), they did very well and Sue was left comfortable when Mel died in 2002.

It took Sue a while to decide she wanted to date again, and she has hilarious stories about the available candidate pool. However, she eventually reconnected with a childhood friend, Burt Bailey, who was with her at the PHS 50th Reunion. They have since married, but Sue decided to keep her name – “Sue Smith Smith” does have a certain something, doesn't it?

SHERRY DUNN STEVENSON

After graduating from PHS I attended the University of Colorado, Boulder. I left after two years to marry Bill Stevenson, a real estate developer, and also a PHS graduate – class of '56. We lived in Piedmont while raising our three children – Bill Jr., 47 (married and living in Orinda), Terri Kelly, 45 (married and living in Tahoe Donner), and Hilary Fabian, 46 (married and living in Orinda).

Bill and I moved our family to Orinda 30 years ago, and we love it! We ski every winter (mostly in Aspen), play golf (sort of!) all over the world and travel extensively – in fact, we missed my 50th reunion as we were on an African Safari.

My greatest pleasures in life are our seven grandchildren (our eighth is on the way), ranging in ages from 19 to 10-year-old twins, our beautiful home and garden, and our wonderful family and friends.

Life is fantastic! We are very lucky.

ANCELLA WINDSOR PAGE TOLDRIAN

We knew her as Ancella Windsor, but that apparently was never her legal name. Mr. Windsor was her stepfather, and Mrs. Windsor had felt it would be easier in school for Ancella if she had the same name as her mother. However, Ancella's actual father, Mr. Page, got wind of this ploy right at the end of high school, and "Butch" became Ancella Page again. Speaking of "Butch," that name was an occasional nickname bestowed by Mr. Windsor and uttered one Friday afternoon in the presence of Marilyn Ullman. Ancella was "Butch" throughout Piedmont Junior High by Monday and was and is a very good sport about it, but she's Ancella now, thank you very much. (She makes allowances for people who knew her "when.")

She was very fond of both Messrs. Page and Windsor and feels extremely fortunate to have had both of them in her life.

After PHS Ancella first went to Colorado Women's College, but she ended up at the University of Denver, where she graduated in 1962 with a major in Business. After graduation she traveled extensively in the United States and abroad and worked in Denver, Portland and eventually California, where she worked as a telephone operator for an engineering firm. In the spring of 1965 she met Tom Toldrian, and after a whirlwind courtship they were married in the fall of 1965.

Tom was in law school when they married, and Ancella helped him through the last two years, after which they went on a trip to Europe. Tom apparently tells Ancella he would never have gone if she hadn't insisted, but he loved it, and they still do a lot of traveling. Forty-eight years later they are still together.

Ancella and Tom had two daughters, Abigail and Sarah.

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ED EVANS

As befitted a guy in the top five academically in our class, Ed attended Cal Tech along with Herb Rice and John Stromberg. He subsequently attended the UCSF Med School, and is apparently a still practicing radiologist in Santa Rosa. He married a girl named Bina, but it is not known whether or not they are still married or whether they had any children.

NANCY METZ HENDRICK

Has it really been 50 years? As I roll out of bed each morning, I am reminded that it is 50 years but mostly it does not seem that long ago. My Dad moved our family to Chicago after Junior High. The high school I attended was huge and with eight periods a day I took so many different classes. When I came back to Piedmont in my senior year I was in heaven. All I NEEDED to take was Civics . . . so I had a ball. They had no idea what to do with me. I can remember taking drama, typing, and I even took a shorthand course (I have no idea why I did that). Now I certainly was not an academic queen, but I had fulfilled requirements so I could just have fun. In the fall after graduation life did change.

Off I went to the University of California at Davis. I had no idea what I was going to major in but one goes to college to figure that out . . . right? Ended up graduating in American Civilization and went a fifth year to get my elementary credential. I met my husband Larry and we lived in married student housing, eating tube steaks (hot dogs) and mac and cheese. I taught first grade for a few years in Davis and Larry got his high school credential and master's degree in Drama. Then we were off to Ft. Benjamin Harrison in Indianapolis, Indiana for two years, where I learned to be an officer's wife, doing important things like learning to knit and shop at the PX. We now ate frozen melon balls and steaks. Life is looking up.

Our first daughter was born in Indiana and then we moved to Sacramento, where Larry worked at Sacramento City College and I stayed home and had our second daughter in 1967. In the early 70's I started teaching parent participation preschool . . . kids and parents. I did that for ten years and then went back to teaching first grade. In 1995 I had to retire early due to health issues; it was not easy for me to give up the little ones.

We now live in Roseville, which is just north of Sacramento on the way up to Reno. Our girls and their families live close by and we are blessed to have three grandsons . . . after raising girls this is a new world for me. When my health permits,, we travel around the world and especially love to hop on a cruise ship and head for a new port. I spend a great deal of time reading and working in the garden, and of course being with family is number one for me.

Sorry to have missed the reunion. The pictures tell me you had a great time. Hope to see you all sometime, maybe even on a cruise ship.

MARY CRAWFORD KEE

Fifty years! I used to think that was a long period of time. Not any more, although a lot has been accomplished during that time.

After graduation I found myself in Tempe, AZ attending what is now Arizona State University. After one year I received my first degree, MRS. I spent the next six years having three children, two daughters, Linda (49) and Barbara (43) and a son Steve (47). I was fortunate not to have to work during the years when they were small. I did my volunteering during those days, Cub Scout den mother and Brownie and Girl Scout leaders, helping out with PTA, homeroom mother, etc. Also sitting the 100-degree heat during swim meets, softball games and little league. I wouldn't trade those days for anything.

I started back to school when they were all in school, finishing my second degree, a BA in Education. That started my career as an elementary school teacher. I taught for 26 years, 1st, 2nd and 3rd grades. I was still taking classes for most of that time, over 60+ hours, but never went for the third degree, a Masters. (I probably went through many 3rd degrees!) I retired in May of 2001.

I love spending time with my children and my granddaughters. Barbara and her family live about 15 minutes from me. She is a 1st grade teacher. She has two wonderful daughters, almost 15 and 12. Steve and family live in San Diego. He is retired Navy and now teaches classes in computers on base. He has my third granddaughter, who will graduate from high school in June. Linda lives in Denver and is the business woman of the family.

Over the years I have had many interests that I participated in, like Handbell Choir, watercolor painting and lessons, golfing, scrapbooking (I will never be finished), knitting afghans, gardening, going to movies and reading. It is great fun keeping in contact with friends I have known since Montclair grammar school and at Piedmont High.

I love to travel also. I've been to Australia, Austria, Canada and Germany. I've cruised to the New England states, Hawaii and Mexico. I spend time in the White Mountains here in AZ with my friends in the summer to cool off.

Bravo to you if you finished reading this bio. My accomplishments are not as great as those of some of you, but you know ----- Life has been good to me.

LELAND LEISZ

After graduating from Piedmont High School in 1957, I attended the University of California (at Berkeley). I graduated in 1961 with a BS in Electrical Engineering. I continued at Cal and earned an MBA in 1963. Among my activities at Cal I served on the Rally Committee, and among honors earned were membership in Phi Beta Kappa, Tau Beta Pi, Eta Kappa Nu, Phi Eta Sigma and Beta Gamma Sigma

After Cal I accepted a job with IBM as a Systems Engineer, working for them for about seven years on several different accounts.

After IBM, I went to work for Safeway in application development within the Information Technology Division until retirement after 20+ years. The Safeway employment involved a number of jobs, including managing several application development departments.

I have been active in the Piedmont Community Church, Gideon's International, and the Seniors Committee of my golf club.

COLLEEN DOUGHERTY LUND

Dear Classmates,

I promised Jane Howell that I would write my What-I-Have-Done-in-the-Past-50-Years document before another year passed. Well, the presents are wrapped, the cards are sent, and two of the grandkids are watching *Dumbo* while we babysit. Thus, I seem to have a few minutes of relative peace and quiet to attempt to summarize my life since age 18. I should warn all readers that our Christmas letter was six pages before Bill edited it down to two! That only covered one year and now I am supposed to cover 50 years in a few paragraphs. Yea – right. Oh, well, here goes. The highlights -----

After four fun-filled and often hard-working years, I graduated from Connecticut College (then For Women) with a bachelor's degree in Economics. Putting my degree to work, I returned home for a job as a portfolio analyst at Dean Witter in San Francisco. The following summer I was Connecticut College's graduate representative on the Eastern Colleges Committee. The sole purpose of this group was to put on a dance for kids going East to college. Bill Lund, PHS 1954 and Yale 1958, called to see if I would like a ride to the meeting. After the meeting he took me to *The Rickshaw Lounge* in Ross Alley, Chinatown, for a cocktail. Well, to make a short story shorter, we started dating around Christmas 1962 and were married on March 30th, 1963, after dating for only three months! So much for both of us saying we would **never** marry anyone from Piedmont (too inbred, we thought). Three children, six grandchildren and 45+ years later and we're still happily married.

We moved to Moraga in 1967 and have been in the same house ever since. I should mention, however, that many remodels have occurred over the years. Having obtained my MRS degree, I did what most women of our generation did. I quit Dean Witter and became an at home "mommy."

Several years ago, when I was a candidate for our church Pastoral Council (served for four years), I had to write a bio. At that time I put down that I did, indeed, have a job outside the home – that of "Professional Volunteer." I have been a member of Teak Branch of Children's Hospital Branches for 44 years. Over the years I've done everything in Teak Branch from Treasurer to Chairman to being a member of the Board of Directors of the Branches. I was an active volunteer in all the Moraga schools and have been on the boards of many local organizations. I'm currently First Vice President and Membership Chair of the Moraga Historical Society, Treasurer of both St. Monica Women's Guild and Teak Branch (a lifetime job, I'm sure), and serve as Parliamentarian of Moraga Women's Society.

Twenty-seven years ago my best friend and I began ColMar Creations. We "manufacture" and sell wreaths, seasonal arrangements and wooden items. I do all the wood-cutting (requested and received a large scroll saw from Bill for our 25th anniversary); Marge does all the painting. We're trying to retire, but in the present

economy we are finding that the purchase of decorative items is really not a necessity and thus our inventory has not depleted sufficiently to allow us to retire.

When not doing any of the aforementioned activities I have become a novice wood-carver. I've finished two bears and a green-wing teal duck to date. I plan on doing two spotted towhees next. I really enjoy my carving class even though I am far from speedy.

Bill took early retirement from the phone company when he was only 51 so we have had a long time to adjust to (and enjoy) retirement. He did work for a few years as Business Manager at the Athenian School. He then dabbled in a consulting business he started after his years at Athenian, but has basically been retired since leaving the school. In that time, and with the kids all successfully launched (each with a master's degree), we have done a fair amount of traveling. We have managed to get to England quite often to stay with Ginger Dumont Kelly, PHS '59, and her husband. We have traveled in the UK, the Balkans, and Europe, Greece, Turkey, Israel, Australia, New Zealand, China, Borneo, Thailand, Canada, the USA, etc. This summer we are going on a Smithsonian cruise in Norway's fjords, the North Cape, and Russia's White Sea.

Two of our children live in the Bay Area, and one in Atlanta (although he is on active duty as a Naval Reserve Commander and currently works at the Pentagon during the week). Thus we have four local grandkids (3, 5, 7, and 10) and two in Georgia (2 and 4). All are a blessing and great fun.

Well, that's it. The best way to describe my life to date is to say that I have been blessed – blessed with good health, a fantastic family, and with many friends who enrich our lives.

Colleen Dougherty Lund
Can be reached at littleelf39@att.net

PERRY PARKHURST

My Life since PHS: Adventure, Variety and Exploration

I wanted to go to Stanford, but did not get accepted. So my first adventure was to go across two thirds of the country to Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio. It was down to a choice of Pomona in Southern California or Oberlin.

My freshman roommate was from Bayonne, New Jersey, and thought that he was way out west in Ohio. He expected me to arrive with six shooters and a cowboy hat. While at Oberlin, my summers were filled with exploration: traveling to Europe with a student group of thirty gals and three guys including myself. One spring vacation I hitchhiked to Florida with a fellow Californian.

I left Oberlin after my junior year and eventually graduated from Berkeley (February of '63) with a degree called Physical Science Field Major, a combination major in Chemistry, Physics, Math and Statistics. The summer of '63 found me in Midland, Michigan working for the Dow Chemical Company. There seems to be something about identical double letter locations that identifies me. PP goes to OO then MM. After completing the sales training course, I was assigned to the Chicago office. This was a return home for me as I was born in Chicago. My first adventure with Chicago was driving the three hundred miles from Midland on a Sunday evening in a snow storm and getting a wake up call the next morning telling me it was seven o'clock and seventeen below zero.

I went through a number of sales positions with Dow starting as an inside salesman and progressing through selling designed chemicals that included antimicrobials, thickening agents, chelating chemicals and separation flocculants. It was fascinating as my customers ranged from beer manufacturers through paint companies to the tanning industry. Eventually, I became a sales specialist in the urethane industry. As with many companies it became time to look at experience in the home office – Midland. Midland is a small town where company politics control what you say and how you act.

I had fallen in love and gotten married with one son by this time. My wife and I realized that we could not survive in the atmosphere of a company town. We had become big city people and lived right in the city of Chicago and loved it. During those years we started our joint explorations that continue to this day. Our honeymoon was spent in Jamaica. One vacation was driving east through Canada, including Niagara Falls, out to Prince Edward Island and the tip of Nov Scotia, then down the coast through the Northeast and back to Chicago. A desire developed to visit all 50 states. Only North Dakota remains, but the plan now is to take a picture of all 50 state Capitols. Sales territories in the states that abut Illinois and business travels helped build the list of states pretty fast.

Back to my business career, I decided to leave Dow and became an Investment Advisor (stockbroker) with Shearson Hammill. The training program included six weeks in New York, New York. There go those identical double letter names again. I was on the floor

of the New York Stock Exchange on the day that the Dow Jones Industrial first closed over 1000. Soon, the Dow headed south and being a stockbroker in those days meant that you either slept well or ate well. Sleeping well was more important and a change in career was the result.

I had jokingly told Suzanne if she married me I would take her to California. Resumes were sent to San Francisco area companies with a job hunting trip planned. That never happened as two companies that I contacted had job openings in the Chicago area. Chevron Chemical Company was chosen over Stanford Research Institute. A year later, our second son had been born and we found ourselves living in Houston, Texas. My job included the office manager of a multi-business sales office and a sales territory for petrochemicals that included Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana, Mississippi and most of Tennessee. I became a Texan and purchased a cowboy hat and boots.

My list of states visited was enhanced and I learned how many days there are between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday. I have seldom found anyone that knows the answer. I didn't and consequently ended up in New Orleans on Mardi Gras. There is a bottle of my house wine available at my house for the right answer and the reason why it is the right answer. While living in Texas, we traveled to the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico and became fascinated with the Mayan culture.

Three years later, my promise to Suzanne was fulfilled with a transfer to Chevron Chemical's home office in San Francisco. We settled in San Mateo for a number of reasons including a commute without having to cross a bridge and the fact that I was at the time the only son living in California and my parents had moved to Burlingame.

My Chevron career took me through the product management of the major money making for the division and into the Purchasing Department for all of the divisions of the Chemical Company. As manager of the department, I oversaw the purchase of the raw materials that were required in the businesses that ranged from those of the Ortho Garden and Home business, to the lube oil business, the Ag Chemical business and finally the manufacture of Techron, the proprietary gasoline additive. International business trips included Brazil and Japan, while domestic travels were varied and even included visits to my old employer Dow in both Texas and Michigan.

My volunteer activities with our sons revolved around the Y Indian Guides, where I became a Nation Chief, and the Boy Scouts as a Webelos Leader, Pack Master and Assistant Scout Master. As with all of us, there was also the issue of dealing with parents and their health. Along the way was a challenging experience of dealing with our second son who was a near drowning victim. He was sucked into the grate at the bottom of a spa tub connected to a swimming pool at my parents' house. He was not breathing when he was taken to the hospital and we were given all the reasons why he probably would not make it through the night. He did live through the night and gradually over three months came out of a coma. During the year that followed, Ken had to again learn everything from rolling over to walking. Intensive special education programs and therapies allowed him to return to regular school a year later. The year was quite an adventure.

Once again my job became less than thrilling and with a boss with whose business philosophy I could not relate. He made decisions based on internal politics and I made decisions based on commercial values. I went looking for other adventures. This time my age advised me to find the new opportunity before leaving Chevron. My wife and I bought a small business and I left Chevron the last day before my department moved to San Remote, as it was referred to in my family. Most of you know it as San Ramon.

Our business, Enrico Industries, sold empty plastic spray bottles and other plastic containers to the beauty industry and the retail trade. We sold internationally as well as domestically. Some of our products were manufactured in Taiwan and others in the United States. Additional exploration came with our international suppliers calling for business adventures to Taiwan, Hong Kong and eventually mainland China.

Along the way, a need for additional space besides the little warehouse in San Mateo was reached. We purchased land in Ceres, California, and another identical double letter location was added to my resume. My first design and construction project was a twenty thousand square foot concrete tilt-up warehouse and office. The project was a real challenge, particularly dealing with the city and county bureaucrats. We moved in without an occupancy permit because one of those bureaucrats didn't like our landscaping. That challenge was won after some time as the city had landscaped their new offices in the same manner as our warehouse.

We took the business to a level where addition capital was needed to get to the next level. Instead of raising that capital, we sold the business to one of our manufacturer's reps who moved in to Dallas, Texas. Suzanne retired and I acted as a consultant for five years. This was a way of getting our monies out of the business and making sure that it continued to be run in a manner that would guarantee us our monies. We kept the warehouse as an investment and it has done quite well.

By this time our sons had their college degrees and we complete our dream of moving to a location that was not quite as hectic as the Bay Area. Our travels to trade shows, suppliers and customers had given us the opportunity to explore California from Santa Barbara north. The area that caught our attention was the Highway 49 corridor from Auburn to Grass Valley. We could not find a house that incorporated the best of our San Mateo home with its view and our mountain cabin along Highway 4 between Big Trees State Park and Bear Valley. We sold the cabin and bought five acres in the area known as Lake of the Pines Ranchos, about halfway between Auburn and Grass Valley.

I did the space planning and design of our retirement home and then acted as my own general contractor or owner builder. The plan was to build a post and beam home where the roof is supported by the post and beam design, which allows open space as the interior walls are not load bearing. The actual architectural drawings were done by Linwood Homes in exchange for buying the materials from them. Hiring the subcontractors and overseeing the construction was a challenge with many rewards. We did finishing work ourselves which included painting, staining, varnishing, tile work, hardwood floors and cabinet installation.

Selling our home in San Mateo was another adventure as we put the home on the market two days before 9/11 and went to Hawaii to rest and relax. Needless to say the housing market crashed and the timing of our move plus the finishing of the retirement home were delayed. We moved in with only the downstairs guest quarters finished and the three story scaffolding in the Great Room awaiting us to finish the painting, staining and varnishing. After the house was finished, the acreage has occupied our time. The land has many trees and we have built a labyrinth, fought poison oak, constructed paths, installed watering systems, and made the property more fire resistant.

Our travels have continued with Cal Alumni trips through the Panama Canal on a small ship and an overseas study trip to Greece. Other adventures include sea kayaking on the Gulf of Baja, Machu Picchu in Peru, China, New Zealand, Thailand, Cambodia, Bali, Singapore, South of Spain, Egypt, Jordan, a camera safari in Africa, and last fall to Turkey.

Current volunteer work includes doing taxes for people through AARP Foundation. This is my fourth year and there is an exam and class work review every year. It is a high helping people with their taxes. The best part of this volunteerism is that it is seasonal. Another fun activity is working on the Sacramento Jazz Jubilee that is held over Memorial Day weekend.

My most active hobby is photography. I recently joined the Nevada County Camera Club. A daily Sudoku puzzle or two keeps me challenged as do crossword and jigsaw puzzles. My ATV helps with all the garden projects. Football passions formerly centered on the 49ers but now my season tickets are with the CAL BEARS.

Hope that this has not been too boring; however, if you are interested and ever in the area please come visit. We have a nice guest room. Ask the Matkins. Jack by the way is my ninth cousin.

Perry Parkhurst