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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 125<sup>th</sup> 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 49<sup>th</sup> 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 55<sup>th</sup> 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 12<sup>th</sup> 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 19<sup>th</sup> 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: Penée 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 my 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.

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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 Pompendreo (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.

*Editor's Note: John was elected Mayor of Ashland in the fall of 2008. He appears to be loving it. Some things never change.*

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 6<sup>th</sup> 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 16<sup>th</sup> 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 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> 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."