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JOANNE BRODKE ABEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOU BURAN

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

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

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

SUSAN BROWN FAIREY

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

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

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

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

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

PETE FRAZIER

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

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

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

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

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

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

PARKER FUHRIMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOAN KARB GILLETTE

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

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

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

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

CHUCK GREENWOOD

You asked for current biographical information.

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

MARY MOELLER GUNDERMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARGO OLIVER HAYES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BARBARA FOWLER HUGGINS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FENTON JACOBS

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

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

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

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

A. J. JOHNSON

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

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

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

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

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

VIRGINIA HALL LAPINS

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

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

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

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

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

PETE LETCHWORTH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FERD MARWEDEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GEORGIA RAREY MARSHALL

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

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

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

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

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

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

JACK MATKIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUDY MALLORY MUDIE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They all reside in L.A. County.

JIM PARSONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RICH SANFORD

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

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

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

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

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

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

JIM SCHMERL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MICKEY SMITH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He likes to note that he still thinks of his first kiss, from Sue Cotter.

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

SUE SMITH SMITH

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

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

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

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

SHERRY DUNN STEVENSON

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

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

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

Life is fantastic! We are very lucky.

ANCELLA WINDSOR PAGE TOLDRIAN

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

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

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

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

Ancella and Tom had two daughters, Abigail and Sarah.