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CLASS OF '67

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of 'peace and love'

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From the class of '67: Terry Boyle, Margie Dains George, Gordon George and Howard May.

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Special Section

About 200 members of the Class of '67 got together Saturday at a San Jose hotel to relive that time when, as one graduate put it, 'you really felt you could make a difference through peace and love'

The Class of '67 remembers

By Steve Pipe

In 1967 the Beatles rode the top of the pop charts with a tune called "Penny Lane;" basketball great Kareem Abdul Jabbar answered to the name of Lew Alcindor, and led the UCLA Bruins to the first of three straight national championships; thousands of hippies and flower children flocked to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district for the "Summer of Love;" and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Sen. Robert Kennedy (both would be slain a year later) spoke out against the Vietnam war.

In 1967, some 400 graduating seniors from Los Gatos High School left the cocoon of textbooks and spirit rallies and weekend curfews for the real world. They all became part of the fabric of that crazy, innocent, idealistic and tragic time that was the late 1960s in America.

Some went on to college; others dropped out, following spiritual or utopian paths to a better world that was never really there; others started families and began paying mortgages for houses that would explode in value 10 years later.

And some of them died, some in ways that don't sound altogether different from the ways kids die today — drugs, alcohol, car crashes.

Last Saturday, about 200 members of the Class of '67 got together again at a San Jose hotel to relive that time when, as one put it, "you really felt you

could make a difference through peace and love."

Don Scott has taught English at Los Gatos High since 1958. Now 54, he has taught the children of more than a few of his old students. But of all the students he has seen in close to 30 years with Los Gatos, the Class of '67 will always hold a special place in his heart.

"They were on the cutting edge of tremendous social change in this country," Scott said. "Today there seems to be a lot of facades and concerns over images rather than content. The kids in '67 had ideals and a seriousness of purpose I don't see too much of anymore. That's not an indictment of the kids today, but more a statement about things in the country as a whole."

Here are some tales from '67

Terry Boyle: The Surfer

Boyle remains in Los Gatos. A few years ago, he took over his father's business, Los Gatos Auto Electric, near Santa Cruz Avenue. Boyle married briefly and is now divorced. He has no kids.

Boyle was into surfing as a teen, and would sometimes cut a class to head over to Santa Cruz. Cutting wasn't easy then — not with Ted Simonson roaming the halls. Back then, Simonson was the Dean of Boys. Today, of course, he's the principal.

"If our sideburns were too long, Mr. Simonson would haul us off to his office real quick,"

Boyle laughed. "He was a tough little cookie."

Boyle recalled that girls couldn't wear red on Fridays, because that color was believed to "excite" boys. Patent leather shoes were taboo for guys, because "supposedly they could be used to look up a girl's dress."

Boyle said for the most part drugs were still a novelty that wouldn't start to emerge onto campuses for another two years.

"You knew people who did drugs, but it was just something that wasn't talked about. Sometimes at parties you and your friends might try a joint, but that was it. I never tried LSD. I was afraid I'd think I was Superman and try to fly off somebody's roof," he said.

Howard May: The Good Student

May has a wife and four children. He has a successful dental practice in Los Gatos, near Good Samaritan Hospital. He studied hard at Los Gatos, graduating with an A- average; he also ran on the track team.

May remembered the network of cliques that separated students from each other, like invisible border patrols.

"At that time, if you wanted to be in and accepted, you had to be in some sort of clique, and you just didn't mix with other groups much," May said.

He recalled groups like "the greasers," "the nerds," "the jocks," and "the mountain people" all populating Los Gatos High like a miniature United Na-

tions. For May, acceptance came from the academically-inclined, as well as the sports-minded.

"Twenty years later, you realize how ridiculous it all was," he said. "But that's hindsight. Back then, you just didn't associate with everybody else."

A rock fan, May found the British Invasion bands that swept these shores in the 1960s "the best that's ever been."

"Groups like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and The Who left an incredible wave of influence," he said.

But it was at a rock concert a few years after graduation, listening to music that gave him such joy, that May saw the '60s dream of peace and love turn into a nightmare. He was at the infamous Rolling Stones Altamont, Calif., concert of Dec. 1969, when a fan was fatally stabbed.

May said that, for him, a large part of the peace and love movement "had died" along with that fan.

Josh Bagby: The Writer

Don Scott remembered Bagby as "an excellent, gifted" writer in high school. For his part, Bagby credited Scott as "the trigger" and inspiration for his prose. Today, Bagby writes a newsletter for an engineering company in Palo Alto, Failure Analysis, and has co-authored two as yet-unpublished sexual help books.

Bagby was known as Steve,

not Josh, in 1967. He remembered the time as one of philosophical challenges. For him, the event he'll always associate with that year was the Summer of Love in San Francisco.

"I still have utopian visions of society that were created back then," he said. "I didn't have long hair, but I guess I could have been labelled as a hippie from my writing and psychedelic light shows I put on (at the Old Town Theatre)."

Bagby said he was somewhat of a "social critic" in his high school days.

"I didn't always fit into the mainstream of the school. Sometimes I felt like I was on the outside looking in."

Like May, Bagby felt the music then was, well, music.

"We had great songs back then. Today, you can't listen to something on the radio without getting a mental picture from MTV. Videos are robbing kids of their imaginations," he said.

He said he didn't plan to attend the reunion of his classmates because "I don't have a real fascination with the past."

Greg Fowler: The Jock

In '67, Greg Fowler was what the old-time sportswriters would have called "a natural." He was all over the yearbook pages: captain of the football team, basketball co-captain and baseball shortstop.

But while sports came easy to him, Fowler admitted that the books came harder. He played football at the University of Santa Clara, but didn't graduate. Eventually he went into construction, and now works as a residential contractor in Los Gatos. He's single.

Like Boyle, Fowler said the drug scene hadn't yet hit the class of '67 in significant numbers. And even if it had, he would have kept his distance.

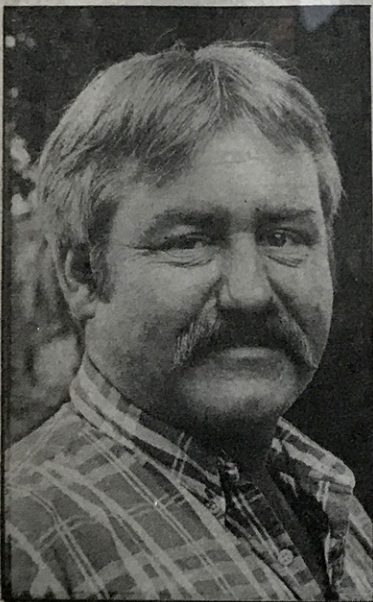
"Sports was my release," he said. "I needed the camaraderie and the competition."

Fowler plays softball now in a league, and still works out regularly. He also keeps in touch with his old teammates: John Moore, who runs Moore Buick in Los Gatos; Charles Cornwell, now living in Chicago; and Jim Zanardi, who still lives in Los Gatos.

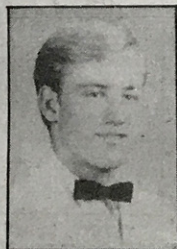
Terri Schwaderer: Full Circle

As a Los Gatos High student in 1967, Terri Schwaderer favorite teacher was Laz Garza. Today, she teaches Spanish next door to Garza's class.

Schwaderer made it almost a



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Margie Dain George: "Most of the people were real friendly at Los Gatos."



mission to see as much of the world as she could after graduation. She's lived in Mexico, Spain, India and Britain, and has seen most of western Europe.

Before finding her way back to Los Gatos High last fall, she taught at Loma Prieta School. Unfortunately, she's part of the district's layoff list and won't be back at Los Gatos next fall. She plans to enter an acupuncture school in San Francisco.

She's single — "all the way." In '67, Schwaderer hung out with "studious, intellectual types."

"We were idealistic, questioning all the values our parents had," she said.

Schwaderer didn't protest the Vietnam war as a Los Gatos student — she couldn't recall any of her classmates protesting the war — but did when she went to U.C. Davis. Wearing the uniform of the protest movement — blue jeans and long straight hair — she joined a march on the state Capitol.

Vietnam

Teens today might watch the movie "Platoon" and view it, perhaps, as ancient history. For them, it almost is. But for the Class of '67, the war was intimate and real — each night they watched it on TV in their livingrooms, unfolding like some tragic morality play that was all too genuine.

"Vietnam was a horrible, horrible time," Scott said. "Like no other thing before, Vietnam tore this country apart."

In 1967, 9,419 Americans died in Vietnam, more than all previous years combined. The average age of the U.S. soldier in Vietnam was 19.

Scott — who flew reserve duty as a navigator on transport planes in Vietnam from 1965-'68 — couldn't recall any protests of the war in '67 at Los Gatos. Opposition to American policy in Southeast Asia didn't come from students until 1968 and '69, he said.

For a time, the war was fought largely by lower income groups and minorities in this country. Those who could go on to college were exempt from duty overseas. But all that changed in Howard May's junior year, when the government instituted the lottery draft.

His number was a high one — just as the one Gordon George, another classmate from '67, drew. George still recalls his number: 136. The cutoff number for induction was 125, he said. His wife, Margie, said the war never really "hit home" to them until the possibility came that George might have to fight in a war he opposed.

"The whole time I was over there," Scott said, "I thought we were right, that we belonged there." He said he came to change his mind when he saw the terrible toll the war was taking on so many young lives — young men from places like New York, Texas, Mississippi and Nevada. Young men who just as easily could have been some of his students.

**Gordon George and/
Marge Dains:
The Sweethearts**

Gordon George met his future wife, Margie Dains, when both were juniors at Los Gatos. Dain was a transfer student from Campbell in her sophomore year — a move that scared her a little, coming into a new school where she wouldn't know anybody.

She needn't have worried. She soon began making friends and later became a cheerleader.

"There can be a stigma about being a new kid," Dains recalled. "But that fear went away after a while. Most of the people were real friendly at Los Gatos. I started fitting in."

George, like Greg Fowler, carved a niche for himself in the student hierarchy through sports. Besides being Sports Commissioner his senior year, George was on the football, wrestling and water polo teams.

His young life seemed complete — until he saw Margie Dain.

"A good friend of mine had a crush on her," George said, "but he never got around to asking her out. I beat him to it."

For their first date, he took her to the Santa Clara County Fair. By the time senior year rolled around, they were going steady.

"I liked his honesty," Dains said. "We were the same age, and we could talk about anything. He was very direct and sincere, things I didn't see in a lot of boys."

When they graduated in '67, Dains followed George to Oregon State, where he went for a year. Two years later, George transferred to U.C.-Santa Barbara. She stayed in Oregon for awhile, studying to be a medical assistant, then decided to rejoin him in California. They got married at 21.

Today, George is a building contractor in Los Gatos. Dains works full-time looking after their four daughters, who range from 4 years to 16. Their 16-year-old, Erica, has brought them,



Teacher Don Scott (in back) with one of his 1967 English classes.

like Terri Schwaderer, full circle. Erica George is a sophomore at Los Gatos.

"We were fairly good students," Dains said. "But I see a lot more maturity and awareness about life in her than we had. There doesn't seem to be the same pressures about dating that we had. We didn't go to dances as a group or to shows as much as kids do now. Things seem more relaxed, and I think that's good."

The Georges said they look forward to seeing their old classmates again — as well as those they never knew very well.

"We went to our 10-year reunion, too," Dains said. "We liked talking to people we never got to know back then."

While members of the Class of '67 may look in the mirror some mornings and wince at

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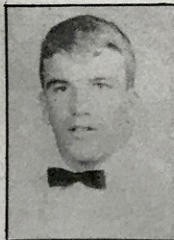
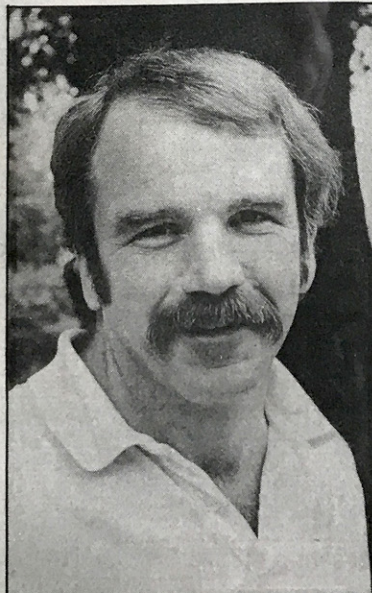
Josh (Steve) Bagby, Class of '67

another gray hair or wrinkle, and while some may secretly envy the kids and their freedom to go to rock concerts and movies, Dains is happy where

she is.

"I don't think I'd want to go back," she said. "I feel comfortable where I am right now, and I feel that way every day."

Gordon George: "A good friend of mine had a crush on her."



Howard May: "If you wanted to be in and accepted, you had to be in some sort of clique."

