



St. Augustine  
High School

# CLASS OF 1963: 50<sup>TH</sup> REUNION

May 31 & June 1, 2013

# 69 Saintsmen of the class of '63 attended at least one of the four scheduled events:

Bob Ames	Jerry Asher	Mike Atkins	Kenny Banda	Armando Bareno	Bob Bautista
Jean-Loup Bitterlin	Joe Boschetto	Steve Bovee	Jack Brenha	Joe Burns	Alan Burye
Reader Campdoras	David Canedo	Pete Casey	Rich Cendali	Mike Clark	John Coffey
Tom Crotty	Jim D'Alessandro	Henry Daniels	Ed Davies	Mike deDominico	Sal DeMaria
Jim Dobry	Steve Duich	Bill Emerton	Dave Gerke	Mike Greenwald	Jonnie Guilmet
Tom Guthrie	Ken Hadersbeck	Steve Hernandez	Gary Hoffman Soto	Rich Juarez	Jeff Kasmar
Steve Kevane	John Kitchingham	Victor Li	Mike Lopez	Richard Lovci	Bill Manning
Tony Mar Jip	Paul Martin	Barry Martinson	Rich McColl	Ed McKiernan	Mike McMahan
Mark Meierbachtol	Vic Miller	Jerry Moriarity	Larry O'Connor	Mike O'Gara	Bill Orrico
Raul Ortega	Dan Ramos	Ferdy Reed	Ed Ryan	Frank Santos	John Santos
Steve Shackford	George E. Silva	Bob Simpson	Chuck Sinclair	Don Carlos Stafford	Leo Sullivan
Paul Tuomainen	Len Weber	Mike Whitney			

50 years later: still meeting in the gym for Friday mass.



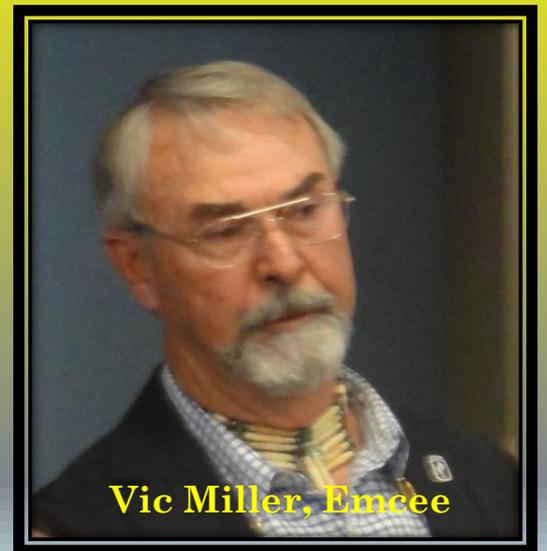


**Mass in the Gym with the class of '13:  
Fr. Barry Martinson, SJ: Celebrant  
See appendix for text of his homily.**





# Breakfast in Vasey Hall

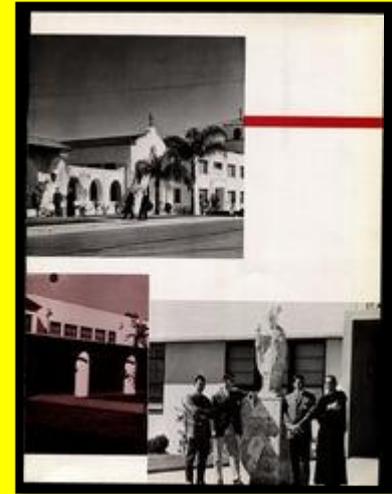


Robert Joseph Ahern  
Keith Martin Allen  
Ardlin W. Bartley  
William Lafayette Bible  
David Lee Borgerding  
Thomas Michael Burke  
Paul Alfred Chenard  
John Patrick Emerson  
John Thomas Fitzgerald  
David Paul Giesing  
John William Grant  
Vincent Vanalstyne Hauser  
Vincent J. Herman  
Gerald George Jackson  
Michael Earl Maher  
James Thomas Oberle  
Robert Gabriel Ohlinger  
Thomas Guthrie Procopio  
Robert Richard Rawlings  
George Dominguez Romero  
Alan Victor Shandera  
Michael Charles Shea





**Saints President Ed Hearne (r) welcomed the class and shared plans for an impressive expansion. Paul Toumainen is the past Chairman of the SAHS Board of Directors. He remains on the Board, as do Leo Sullivan & David Canedo.**



**We—and Saints—have come a long way since '63**



# The “New Look” Saints



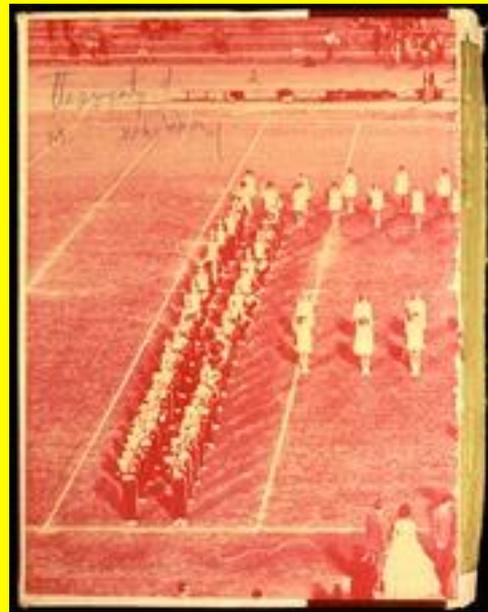
**The proposed Student Center with gym, locker rooms, meeting spaces, theater, and much more. Get out your checkbooks!**

# THE SAINTSMAN

## 1963

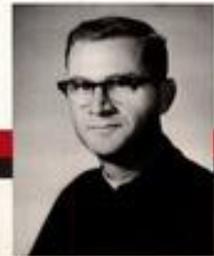


SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



### ADMINISTRATION

Provides . . .



School Principal

Rev. Patrick J. Keane, O.S.A.

Our principal in his five year as head man on the campus has given nothing but peace and excellent education. There are no strikes, disturbances, or any difficulties when considering the provisions for the proper functioning of Saint Augustine's. Besides his basic administrative responsibilities as principal he manages frequent appearances on campus as well as teaching mathematics and religion. In an alternate role was directed in the study of Christian mysticism. Father Keane has directed a fine and unassuming, academic and moral year. May God bless him.

# Track and Field

This year's track team, considered by many as the top squad in the history of the school, failed to show enough stamina before entering league competition.

Classified personal top marks for the freshmen in the league season, but under their coaches' guidance as equal to these "honors" District-wide events to determine best athletes, including a time of 1:14 in the 100 yard dash.

There is this note, taken from district games in Park Lane and Madison of the Western League, and University High. Our students finished the season by a score of 72 to 10 to give the boys their first title in football this year.

The success of the track team is due to many things in this coach, Dr. H. H. Brown. His individual attention, both as a personal coach and leader, proved to be an important asset to the team's success. His constant pushing and inspiring the athletes kept his athletes in top condition the entire season.

Top participants in the track and field season were: Steve Daniels, Mark Cox (1:17 mile), John Kishenburgh (1:50 in the mile) and George Hamann (later part). Jerry Winder, John Hald, Hugh Clark, Mark Hunschler, John Hamon, George Hamann, Rich Correll, Rich McCall and Joe Hamon all came back with top honors in all states. The real credit was a special credit for our governing track squad.

Steve Daniels in action in a 100 yard dash.



John Kishenburgh, Steve Daniels, Mark Cox, George Hamann, Jerry Winder, John Hald, Hugh Clark, Mark Hunschler, John Hamon, George Hamann, Rich Correll, Rich McCall and Joe Hamon all came back with top honors in all states.



With the senior class in 1963, the school has a record of 100% of the senior class in 1963, the school has a record of 100% of the senior class in 1963.

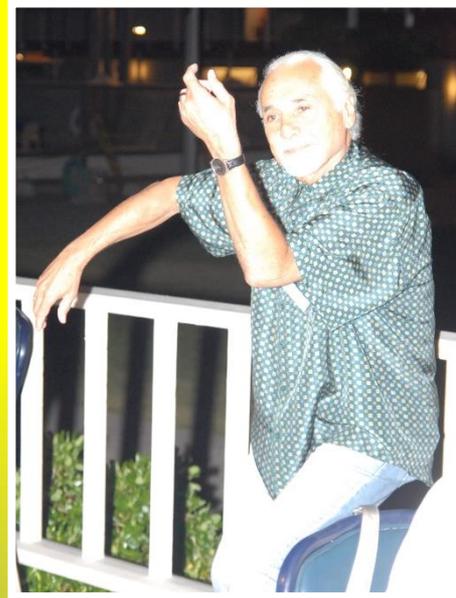
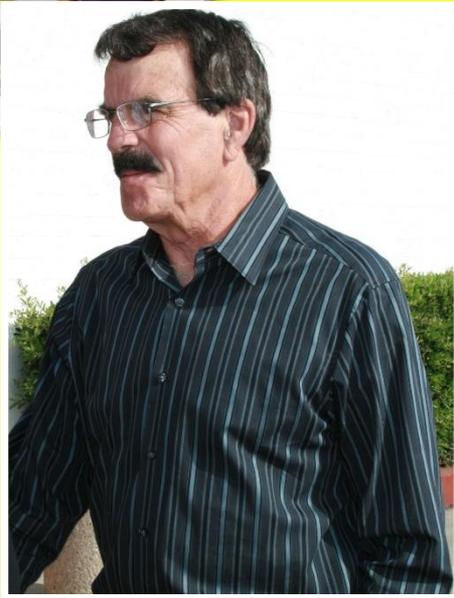
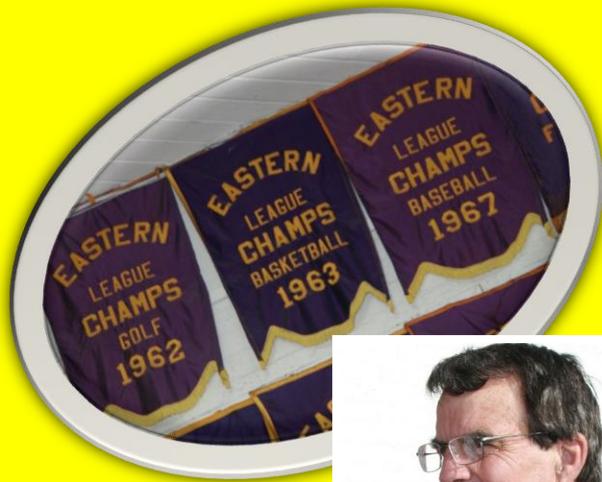


# Seniors of '63

This is the Senior Class of 1963. Under our own leaders, "Seniors" have will go into the future with a substantial education, to have each one of us in that that will be a life for which we are individually proud. Thus we hope will be the students for a very long time. There will be another generation of students and it will be our duty to inspire them as we have been inspired, to feel them as we have been felt, and to build in them the desire for achievement that has been ours. There is no doubt that our Seniors are fortunate for 1963. There is already preparation to effort, and effort already proportional to desire. This is the Class of 1963, young men of ability, of effort and certainly great men of success.



From the 1963 yearbook. Go to Google Images: "St. Augustine High School 1963 Yearbook." The entire yearbook is on-line.



The Class of '63 led Saints to its first Eastern League Basketball Championship; 50 years later the Class of 2013 brought Saints its first State Basketball Championship.

John Santos, Gary Hoffman Soto, and Paul Toumainen were integral to the success of that 1962-3 team.

# Friday Evening: The Cocktail Party at the Westgate Hotel



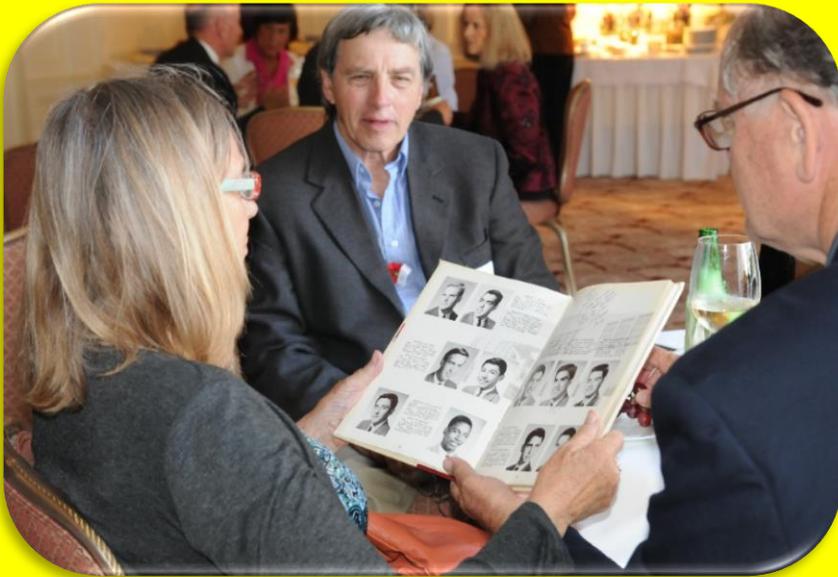


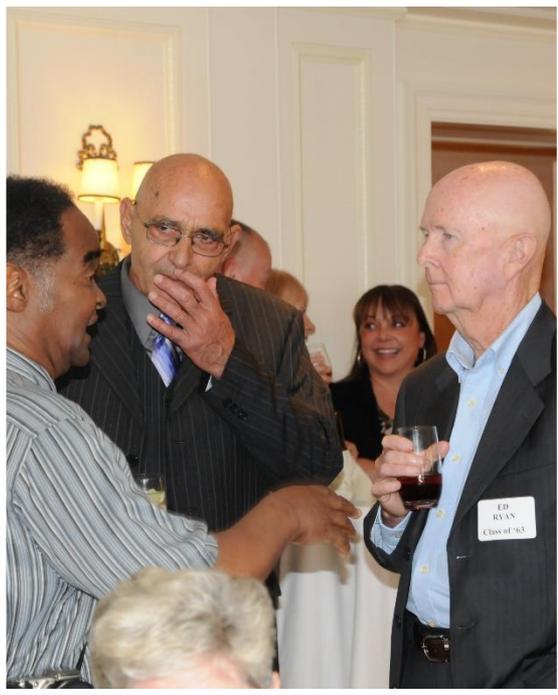
**Front Row:** Li, Shackford, Emerton, McColl, Hadersbeck, Orico, Manning, O’Gara, Bareno, Canedo, Ames, Boschetto

**Row 2:** Sullivan, Daniels, D’Alessandro, Ryan, Ortega, Kitchingham, G.E. Silva, F. Santos, Lovci, Tuomainen, Martinson, Coffey

**Row 3:** D. Ramos, Dobry, Juarez

**Back Row:** DeMaria, Weber, Davies, Gerke, Stafford, Burns, Sinclair, Greenwald, Miller, Kevane, Asher, Whitney, Crotty









**Friday, 7pm: Graduation: Golden Hall**



**Leo Sullivan ('63) with  
Fr, Gary Sanders ('67),  
Provincial of the  
California Augustinians**



**A graduate of the Class  
of 2013 leads the Pledge  
of Allegiance**



**Leo Sullivan's Commencement Address to the Class of 2013**



**A World War I Doughboy (Class of 1913) and a Civil War Yankee (Class of 1863) illustrate Leo's remarks.**

# SATURDAY MORNING

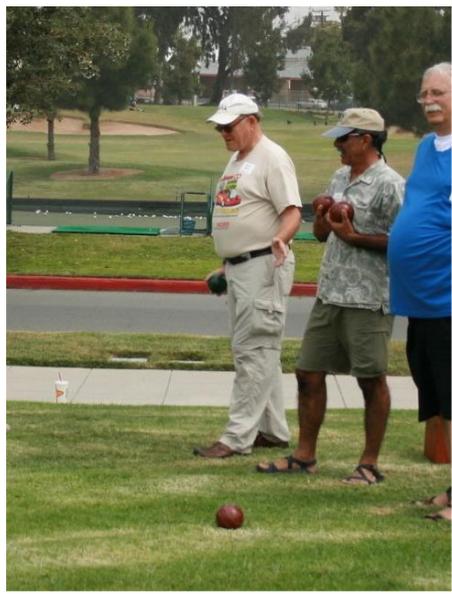


Bocce Ball



Golf

Sail Ho at Liberty Station



# The Bocce Ball Tourney



## Bocce Ball Champions

Joe Boschetto & Steve Duich  
(Mike McMahon, Strength Coach)

## Bocce Ball: 2<sup>nd</sup> Place

Barry Martinson & Len Weber



# First Chingchuan World Championship Teenage Bocce Ball Tournament

The Bocce Ball set that was purchased for the Reunion was sent to Fr. Barry Martinson's mission on Taiwan. All unspent reunion funds were also sent to aid in his work with indigenous peoples. The Class of '63 now has an enthusiastic fan club in Chingchuan.





The Golf Guys

McColl, Crotty, Atkins, Orrico



Reed, Stafford, Ramos, Bareno

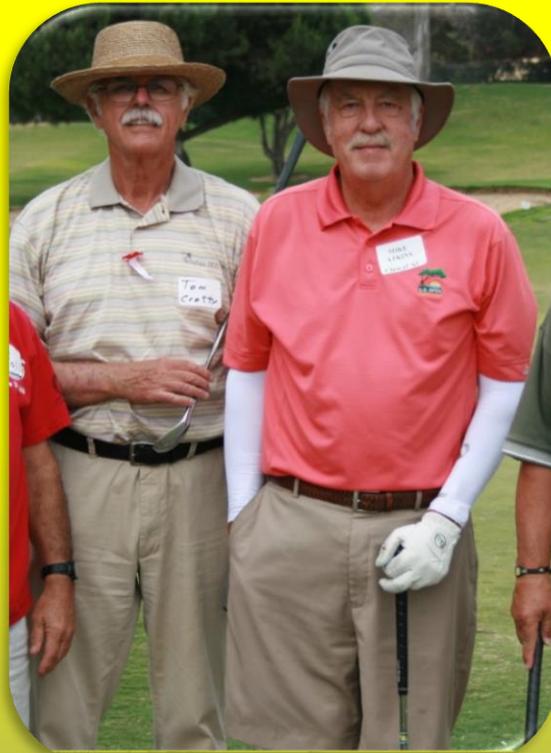


Davies, Gerke, Kitchingham, Mar Jip

deDominico, Juarez, Greenwald



**Medalist:  
Ed Davies**



**Top Team:  
Tom Crotty &  
Mike Atkins**



**Most in Need of  
Golf Lessons:  
Rich McColl**

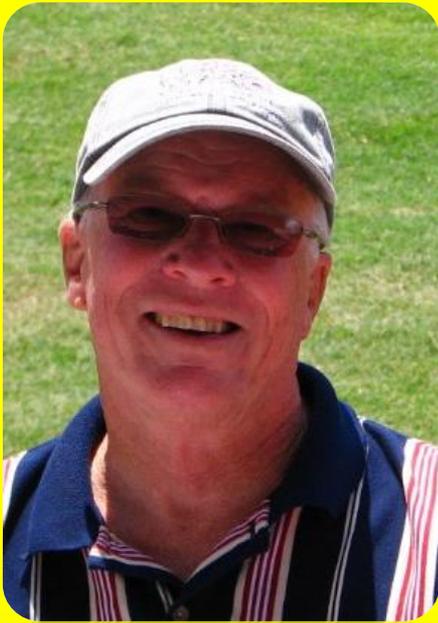


Beer, Barbecue, and B.S.





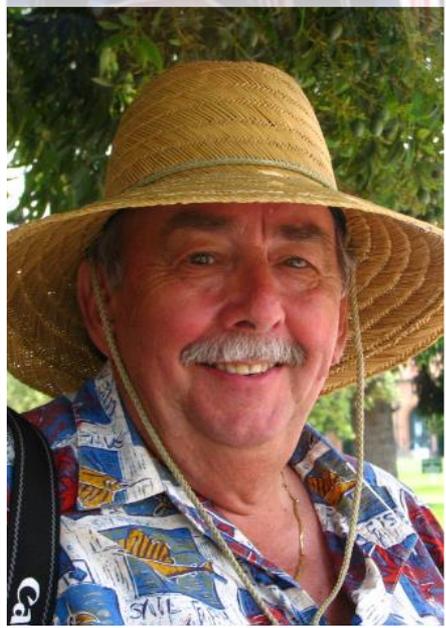




**Bill Emerton**



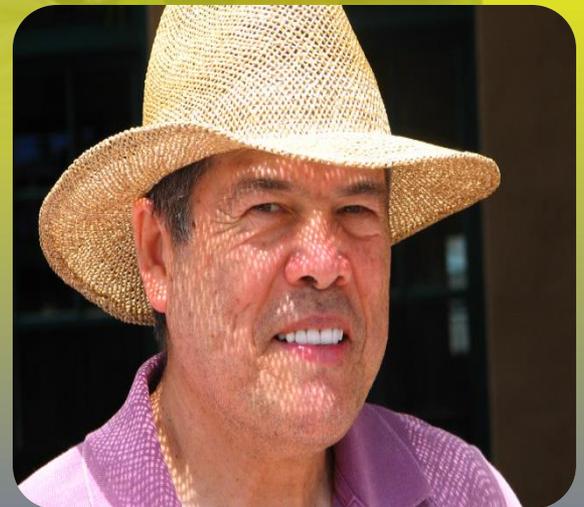
**Jonnie Guilmet   Armando Bareno   Mike Lopez**



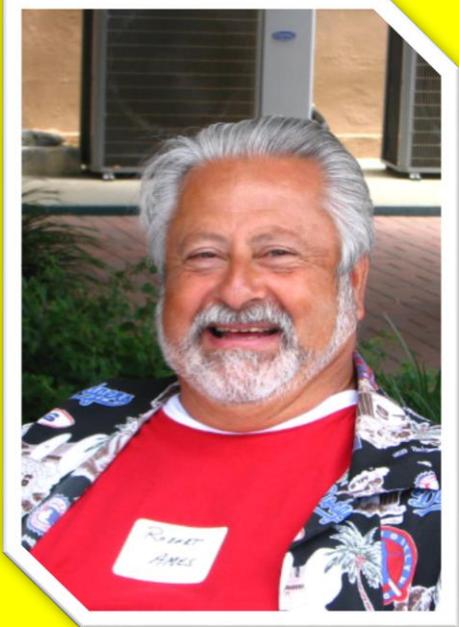
**Chuck Sinclair**



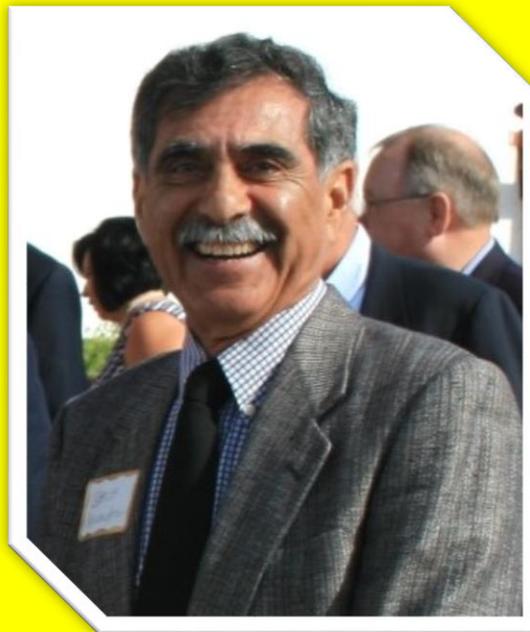
**Mike Whitney**



**Rich Juarez**



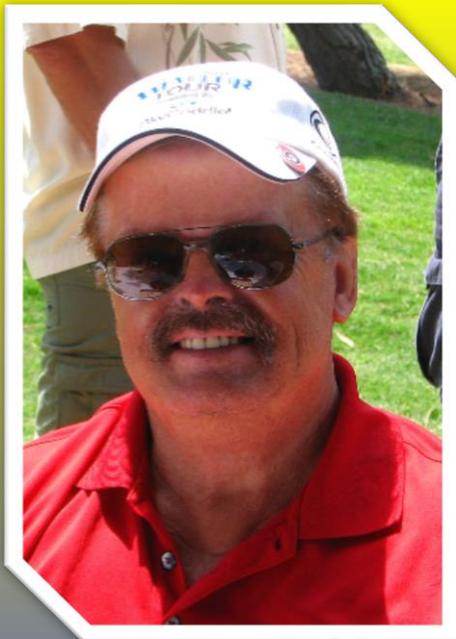
**Bob Ames**



**Steve Hernandez**



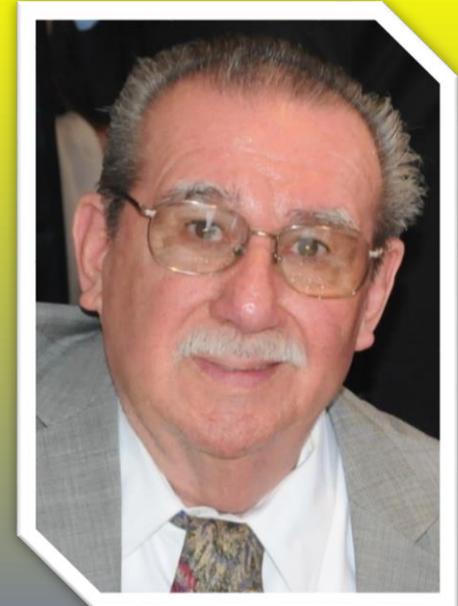
**George E. Silva**



**Dave Gerke**



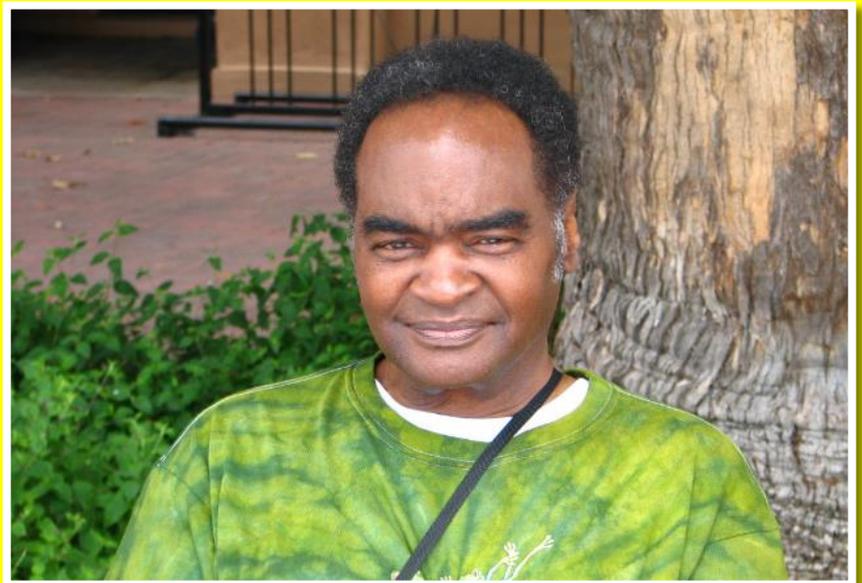
**Danny Ramos**



**Raul Ortega**



**Bill Manning**



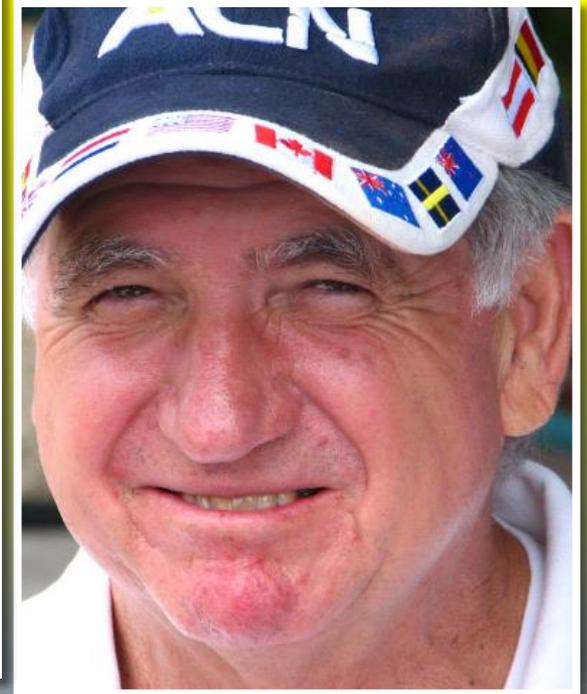
**Bunny Daniels**



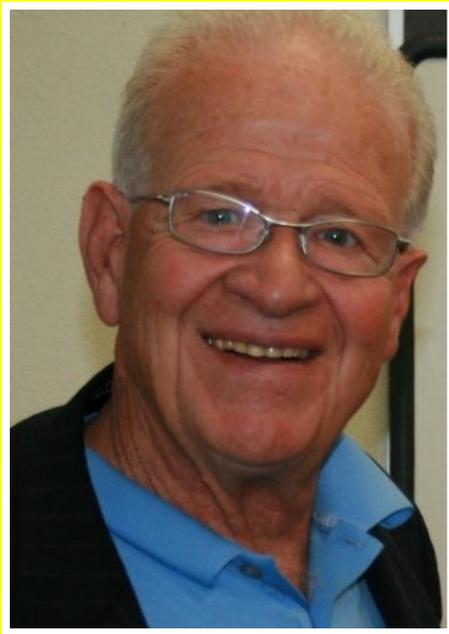
**Larry O'Connor**



**Tom Guthrie**



**Jean-Loup Bitterlin**



**Rich Cendali**



**Mike Clark**

**Pete Casey**

**Bill Manning**



**Ferdy Reed**



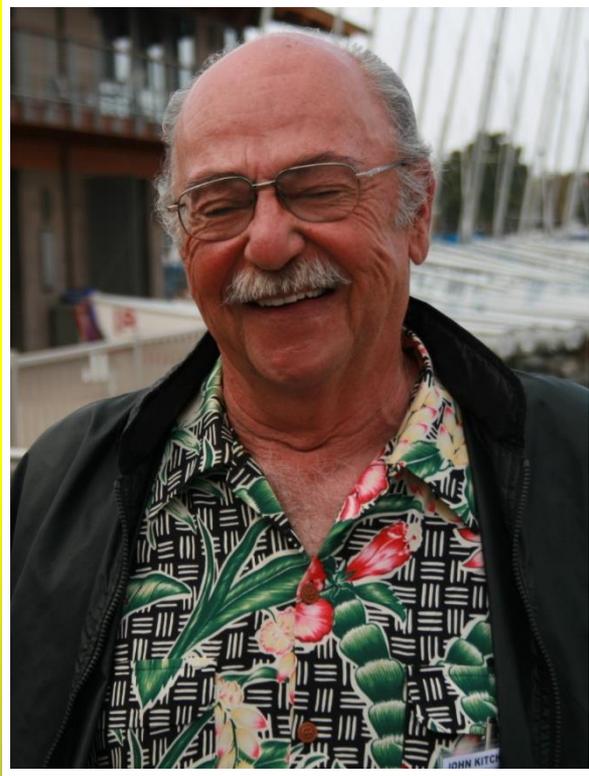
**Mike de Dominico**



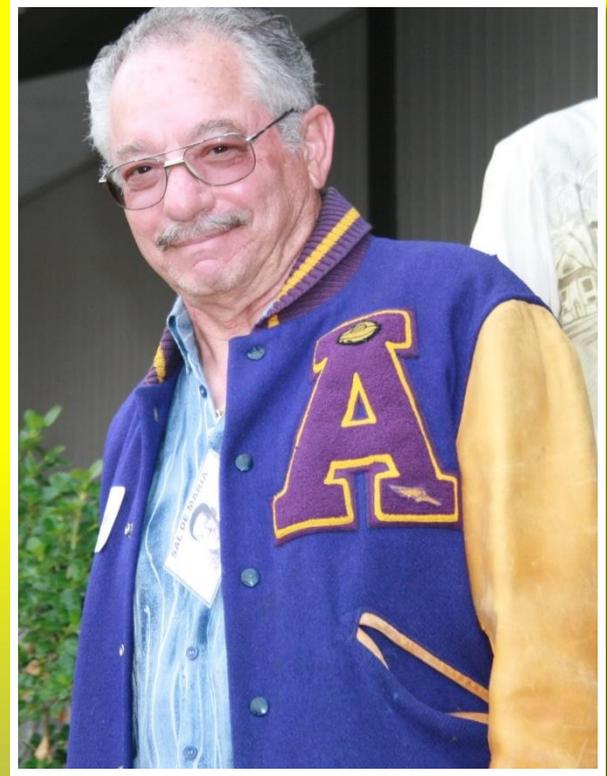
**Paul Martin**



**Joe Burns**



**John David  
Kitchingham**



**Sal De Maria**

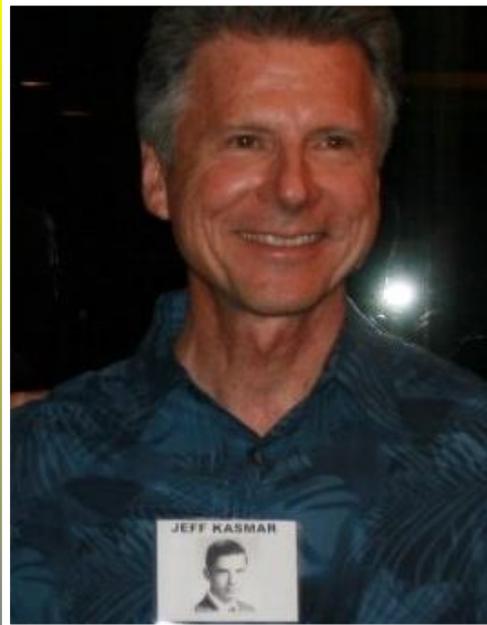
**Barry  
Martinson**



**Victor Li**



**Jeff Kasmar**



**Richard  
Lovci**

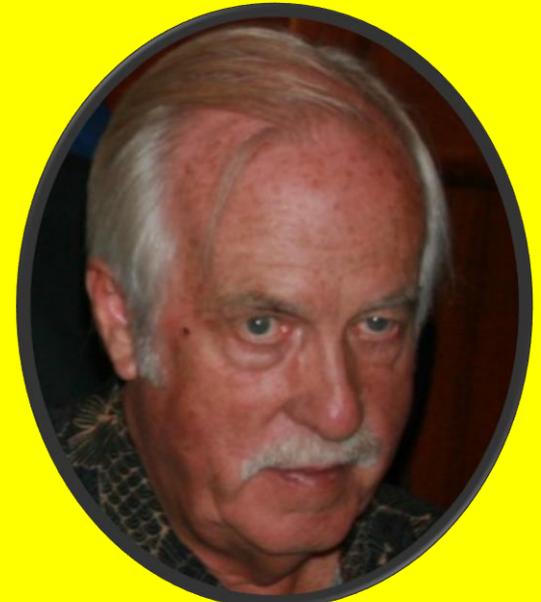




**John Santos**



**Alan Burye**



**Mike Atkins**



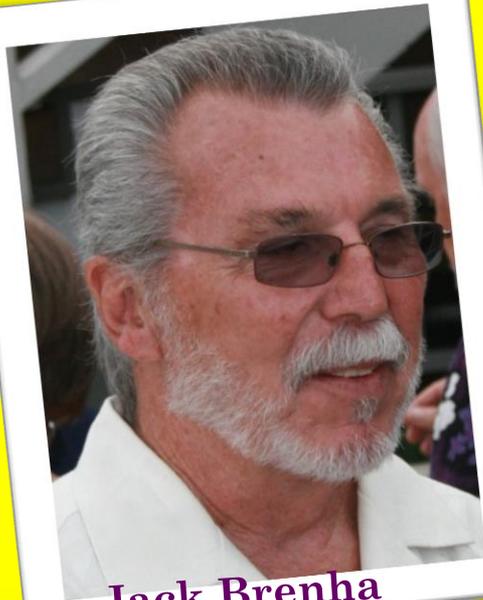
**Don Carlos Stafford**



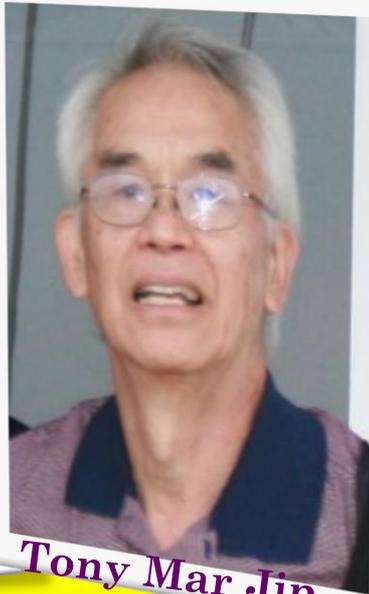
**Bob Bautista**



**Steve Bovee**



**Jack Brenha**



**Tony Mar Jip**



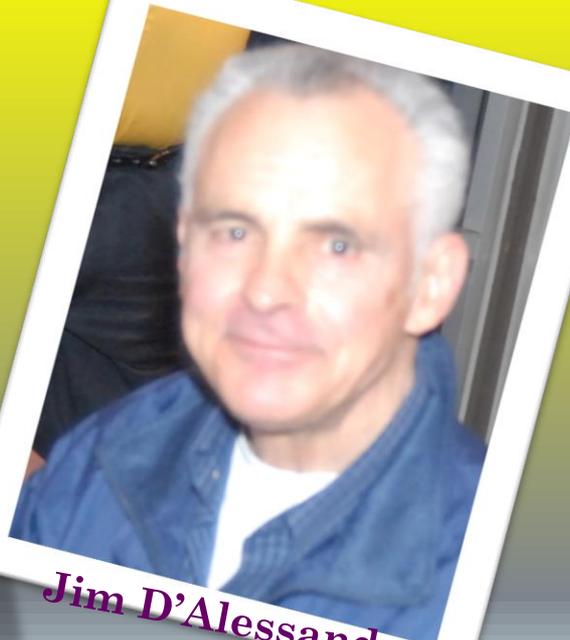
**Mike McMahon**



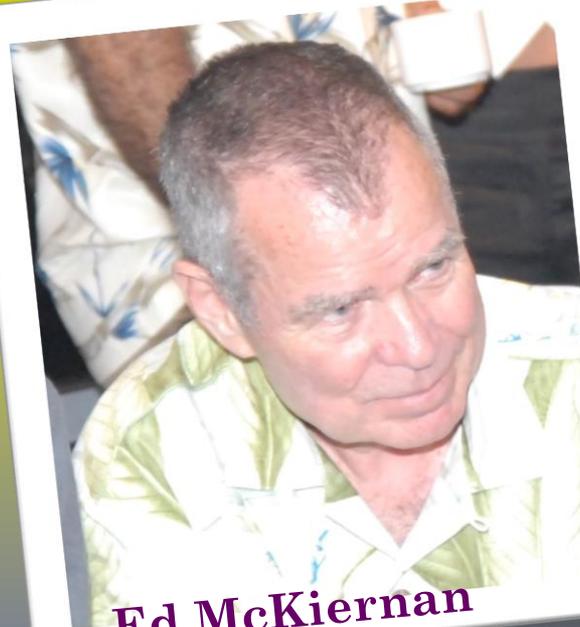
**Ed Davies**



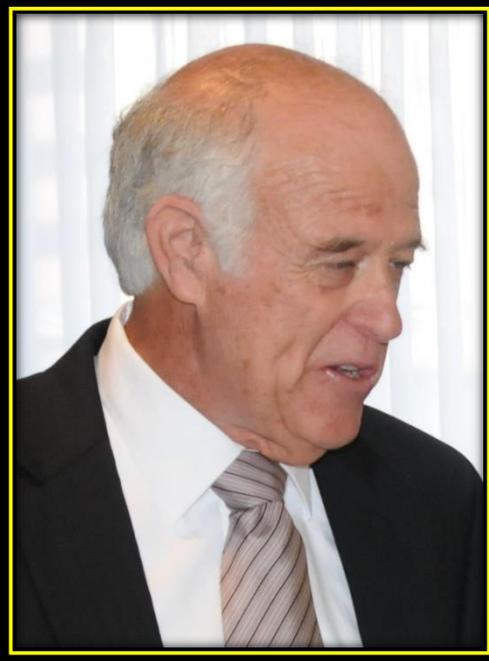
**Steve Duich**



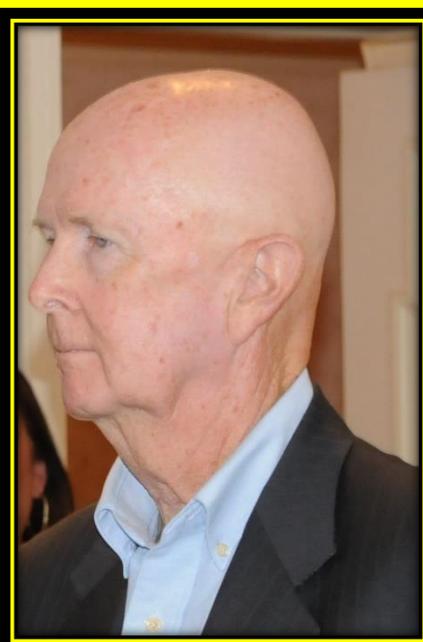
**Jim D'Alessandro**



**Ed McKiernan**



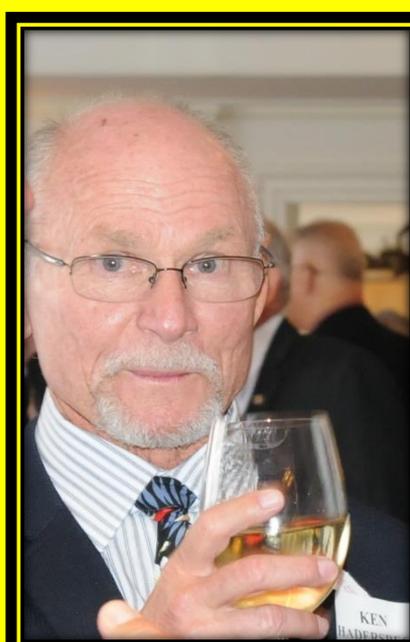
**Mike O'Gara**



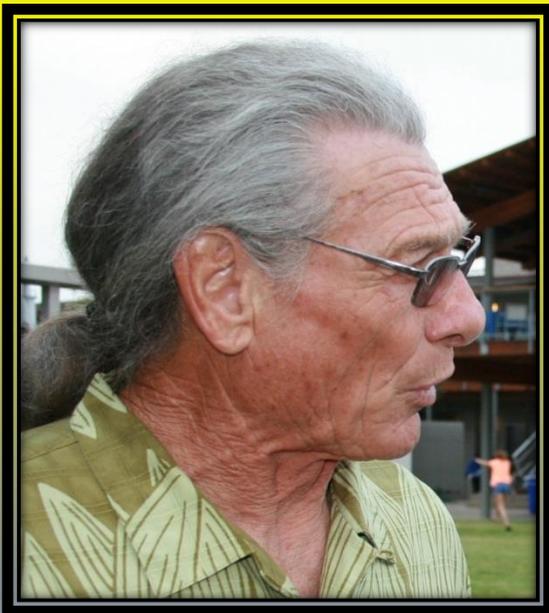
**Ed Ryan**



**Ken Banda**



**Ken  
Hadersbeck**



**Mark Mierbachtol**



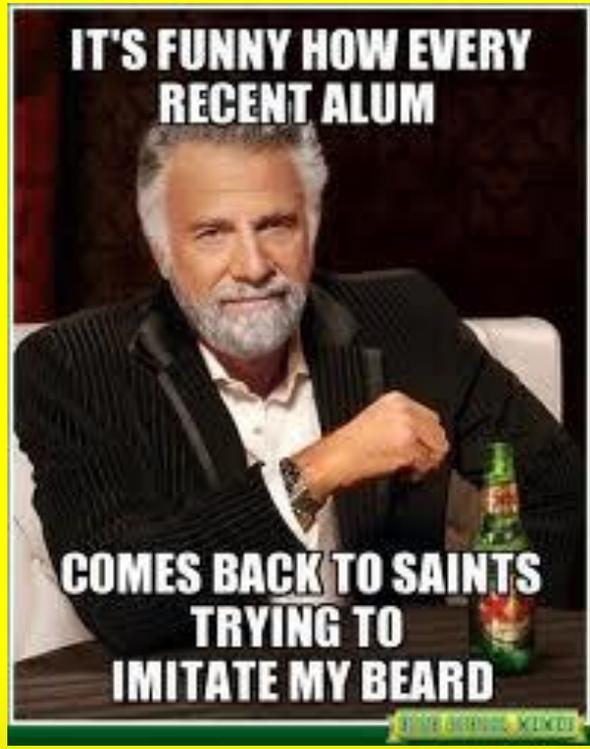
**Steve Shackford**



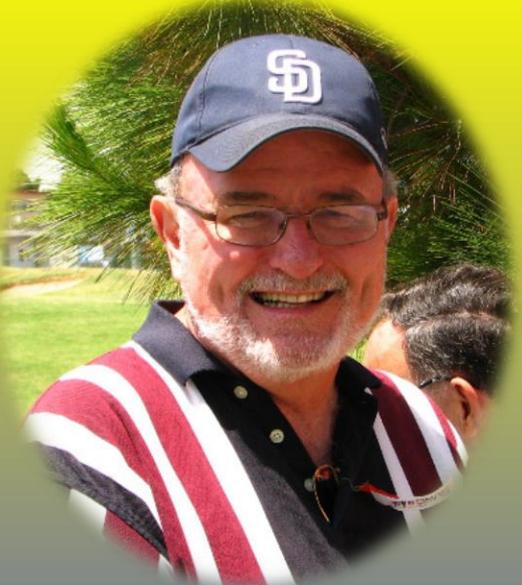
**Jerry Moriarity**



**Bob Simpson**



**Jim Dobry**



**Steve Kevane**



**Ken Hadersbeck Rich McColl**



**Mike Greenwald**



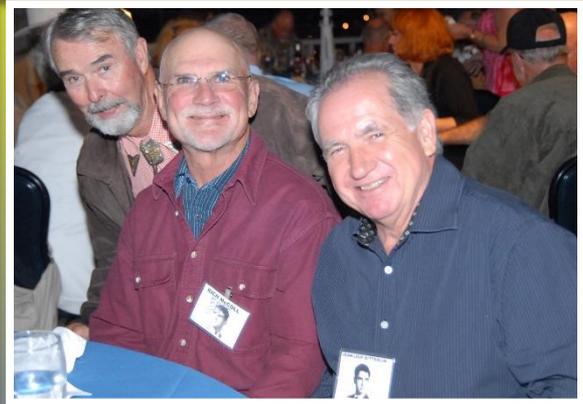
**Leo Sullivan (Bocce Ball Chair)  
Dave Canedo (Golf Chair)**

# SATURDAY NIGHT: DRINKS AND DINNER AT THE S.D. YACHT CLUB







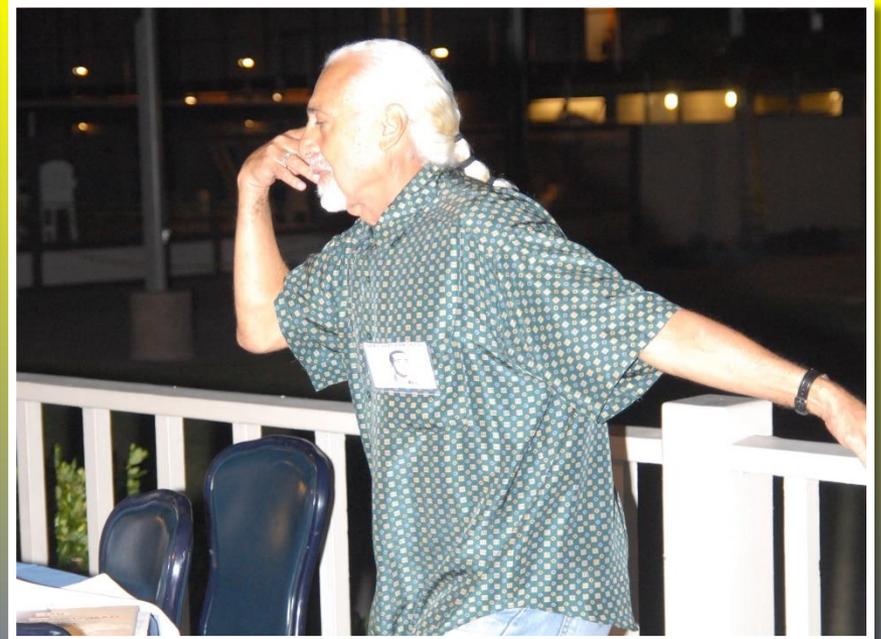


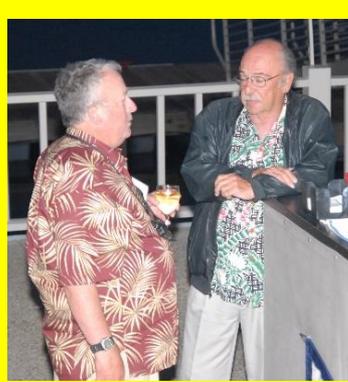
## Entertainment:

Victor Li: a.k.a. Winston Churchill

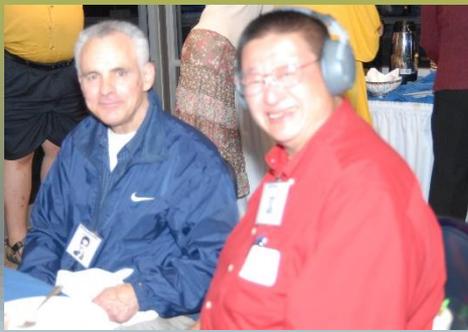
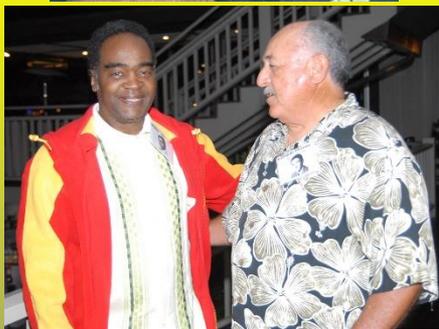
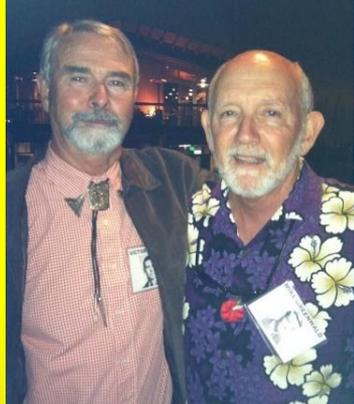
Gary Hoffman Soto relives our Saints Days through comedy and dance

Bravo!

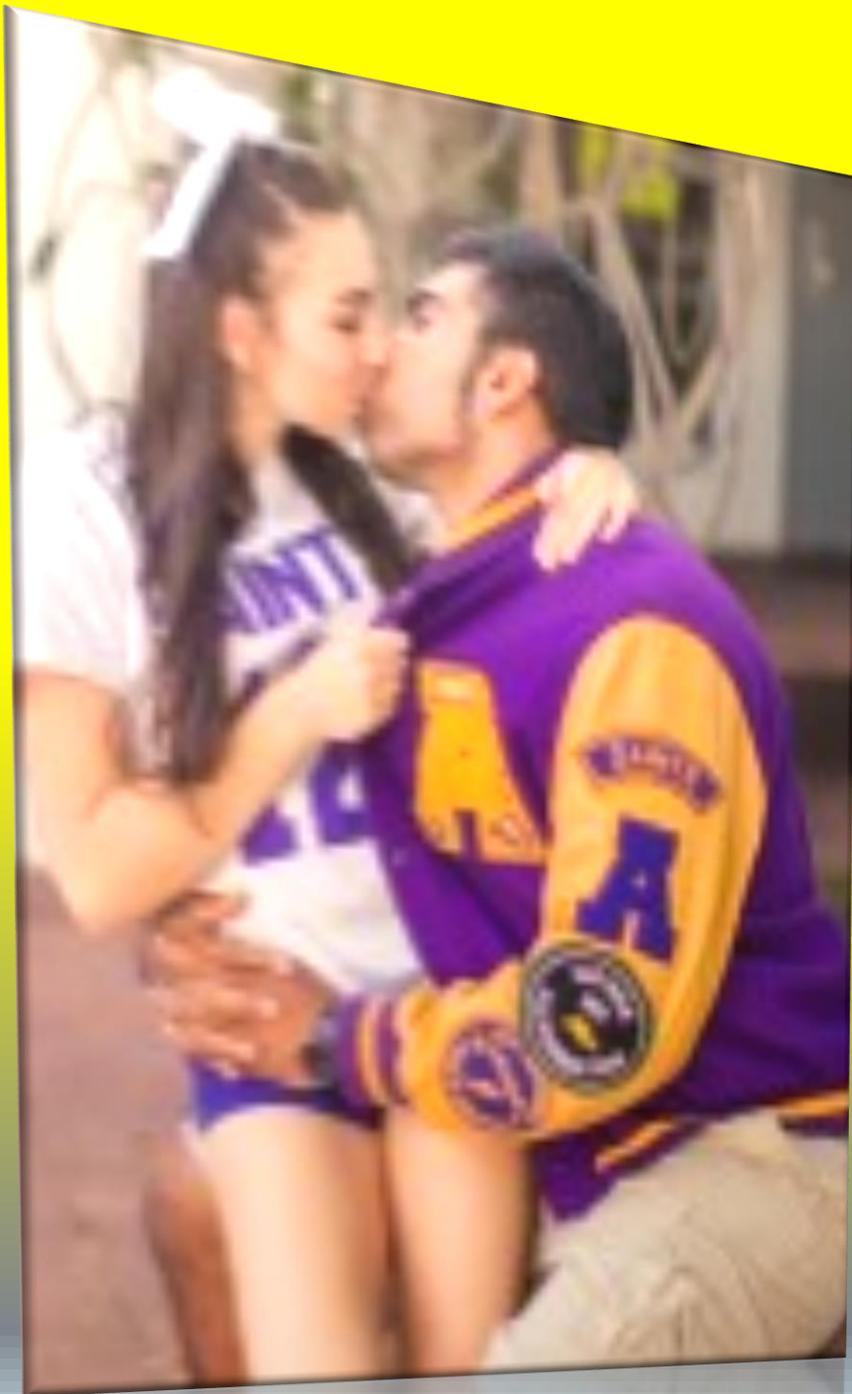




Well Be Friends  
'Til We're Old & Senile  
... Then We'll Be  
New Friends!







# Saintsmen and their Ladies.

(Thanks for putting up with us.)

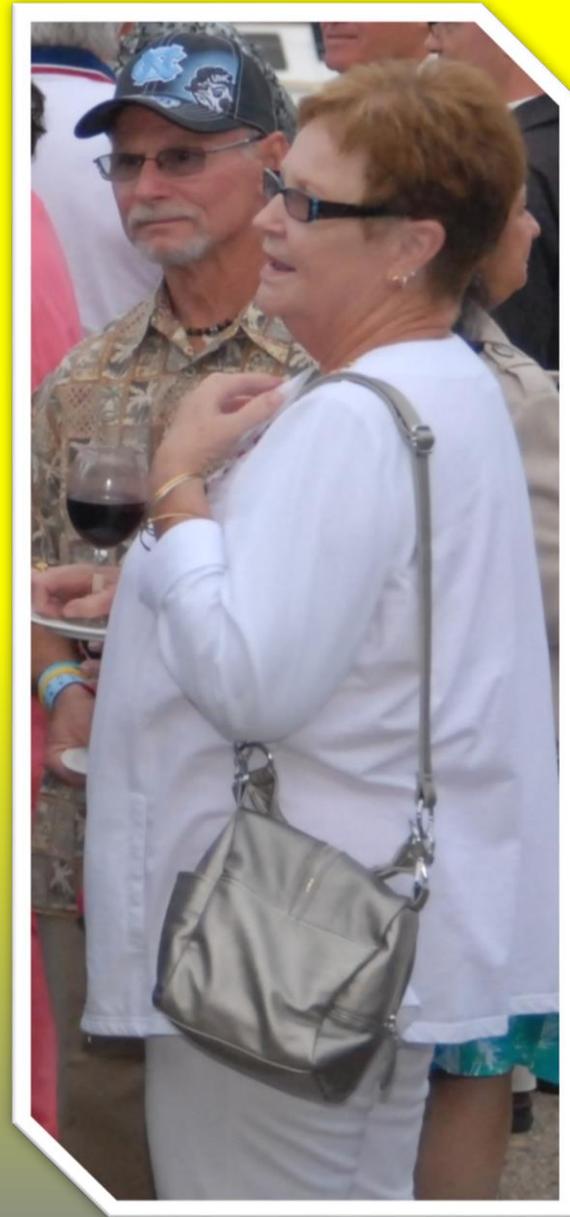
Note:

Sal De Maria was the only one to wear his letterman's jacket to the Reunion; therefore we must assume.....

**Jack & Kathy  
Brenha**



**Steve & Jan  
Hernandez**



**Ken & Patricia  
Hadersbeck**

**Dan and  
Jeanette  
Ramos**



**Bill & Yolani  
Emerton**



**Armando and  
Irma Bareno**



**Tony &  
Ann  
Mar Jip**





**David & Diane Canedo**

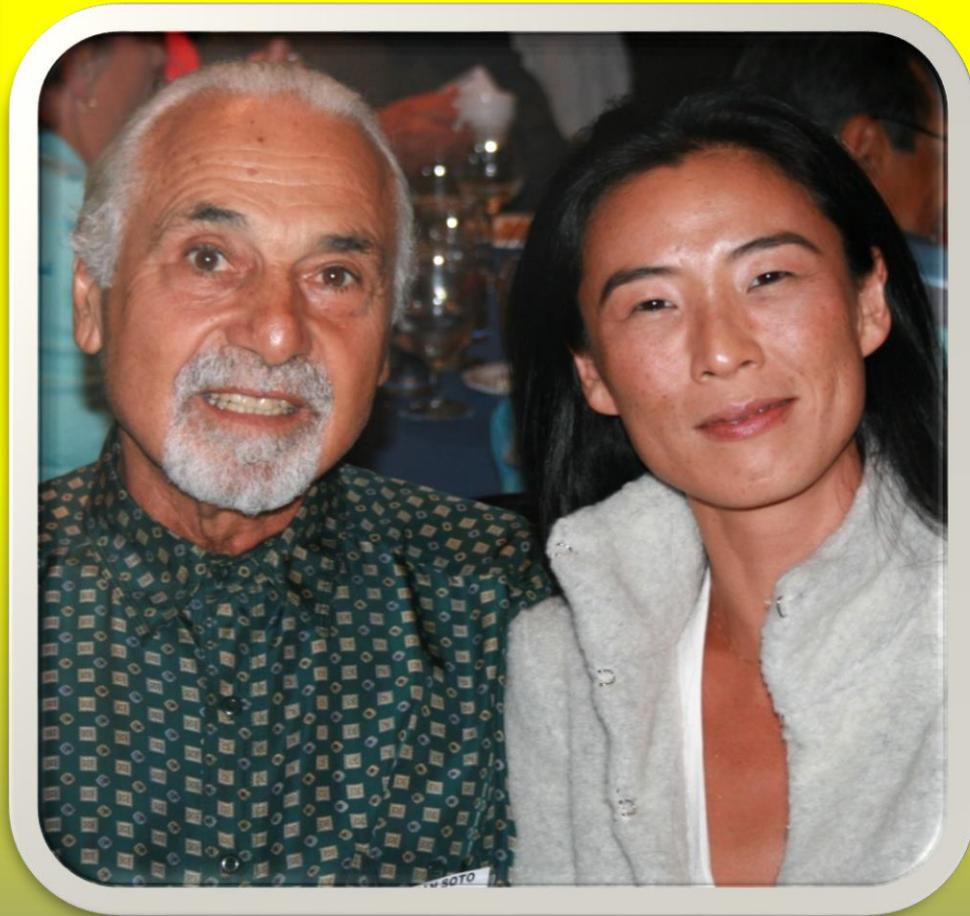
**Alan & Diane Burye**



**Richard & Sheila Lovci**



**John Coffey & Daughter Rachel**



**Gary Hoffman Soto &  
Saschia Ryder**

**Paul & Jan  
Toumainen**



**Steve &  
Lorraine  
Kevane**



**Dave Gerke &  
Karen Krugman**



**Mark  
Meierbachtol  
&  
Shea Barrett**





**Leo & Eileen Sullivan**



**Mr. & Mrs. Henry Daniels**



**Jerry Asher and  
Holly Lovejoy**



**Chuck & Joann Sinclair**



**Len and Marcia Weber**



**Mr & Mrs Raul Ortega**



**Mike & Nira Clark**

**Vic and Judy  
Miller**



**Richard Juarez  
&  
Jeanie Lemaire**



**George Silva &  
Cathy  
Pepitone**



**Mike &  
Demetra  
Greenwald**



## St. Jude's



## St. Patrick's



**Our class reunion provided many of us a chance to reunite with kindergarten and grade school classmates.**

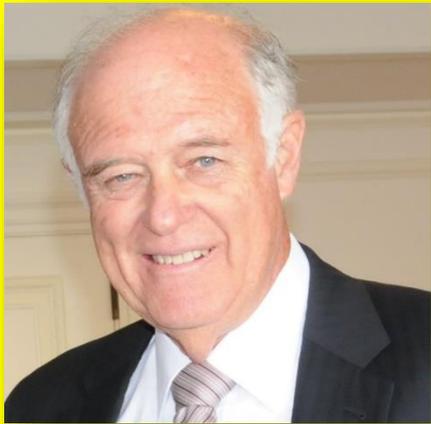
## St. Didicus'



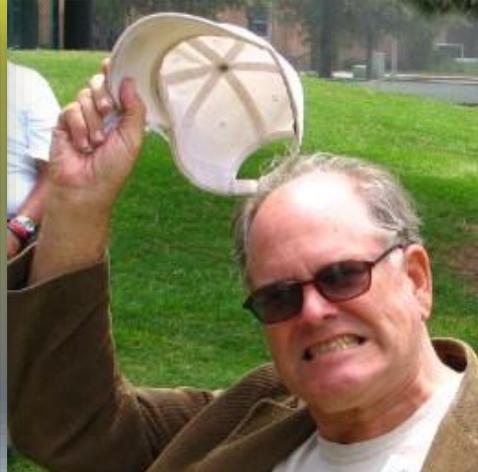
**St. Rose of Lima**



**St. Vincent DePaul**



**BALD is  
BEAUTIFUL**  
*God only made so many perfect  
heads, the others are covered  
with Hair!*



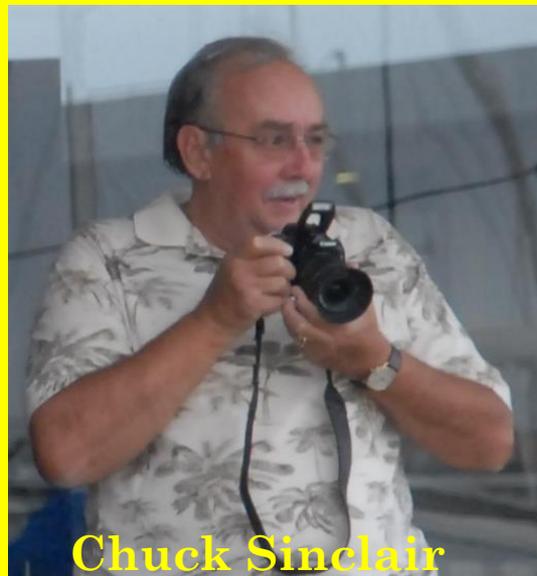


Thanks to Leo Sullivan  
for his superb leadership  
as Chair of the Class of  
'63 Reunion Committee

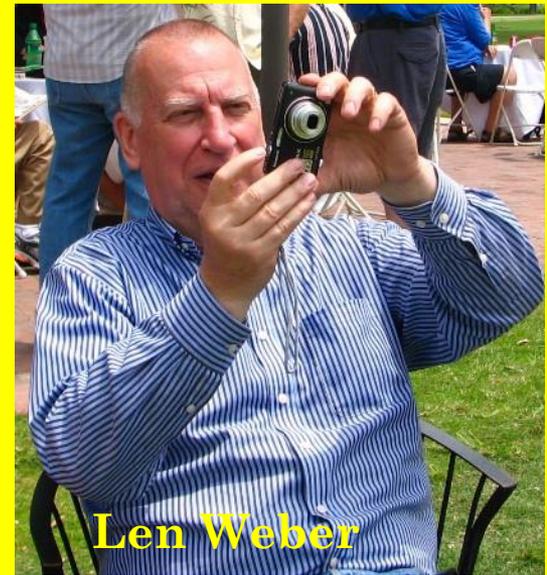




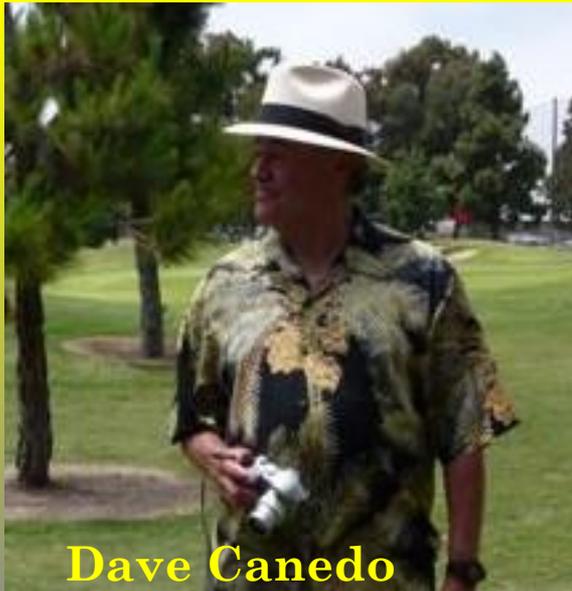
**Ernie Torgerson**



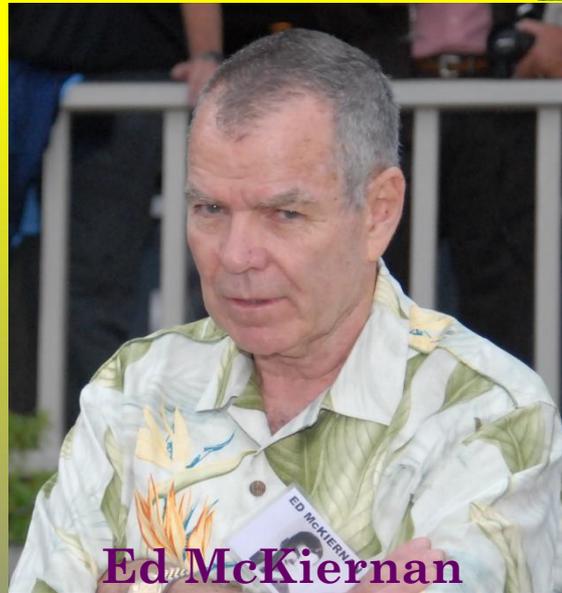
**Chuck Sinclair**



**Len Weber**



**Dave Canedo**



**Ed McKiernan**



**Jerry Moriarity**

*Thanks to our photographers!*

*Dedicated to the Memory of Bill Bible*

# FR. BARRY MARTINSON'S HOMILY



A few days ago someone sent me a speech that my classmate Mike Greenwald and I put together fifty years ago for the senior class breakfast of 1963. I realized it was better than anything I could write today. So I'd like to share some parts of this speech with this year's graduating class. Maybe you can find echoes of your life today in these words of the past:

In the fall of 1959, there were 200 happy, anxious and confused little students huddled around a big gym, looking very much out of place - each waiting to see what the other would do. Soon a whistle blew, and the boys slowly crept through the jaws of the gym. They heard a new word that day - Orientation.

This was the Freshman beginning of the Class of 1963. Each class at Saints is different from any other, because it is always the best. Ours was no exception. In its infancy, though, we had to wait - only time could be the test of this truth.

Of course, it seemed we were something special right from the start. Our class became whole when we became Saints instead of St. Vincent's, St. Patrick's, St. Rita's, or St. John's. We were one now - and it didn't take long for the spirit of the school to envelop us ... because it wasn't long before Freshman initiation started.

That was a time for soap suds, car-washing, shoe-polishing, kneeling to recite that never-ending pledge - "Oh mighty senior, I, a humble freshman, bow before you..." A big senior with 20 freshmen fanning him; freshmen with their purple and gold head-dresses, freshmen with their pants rolled up, freshmen with their shirts on backward - but freshmen glad to be freshman...

No sooner had the follies of initiation ended, than we were aware of a new experience. Football season started. Our own shrill brand of spirit lent a lot to that season - when everybody who wasn't out for football was in the band or the pep club or the bleachers gyrating spirit.

Gradually, the year simmered down just a little bit. Eighth graders had become freshmen at last - and more important - Saintsman.

One day we felt a thrill, yet a pang of sorrow, when we saw some twilight shadows fall. But the blue and purple night gave way to reveal our sophomore year. Those of us who had survived felt proud to raise our heads at the sound of Saintsmen. We earned it. Now we could live it!

We came to know our teachers in a new way - not as ogres waiting to grab at us, but as ogres willing to teach us something.

Junior year arrived... and it was dances, parties, rallies, and a whole new meaning to anything connected with the name of Saint Augustine. It was a class ring, a luncheon, a prom, and a girl. It was being almost there... it was a Junior Dance... it was the beginning of pizza at Pernicano's... it was Hamlet for the Senior Play...

Time passed quickly, like a dream. We awoke one day and realized we were seniors. Those 200 confused looking freshmen had grown into 140 some men. Now we were at the top of the ladder. Each passing day meant a little bit closer to graduation, nearer to a new world.

This was the year we really appreciated what an education at Saints meant, particularly one gained among classmates such as ours. They say it takes four years to learn how much we really didn't know, and another fifty years to find out how much we learned.

Saints was once again ready to turn out a class of finished high school graduates from that first motley group of freshmen. Any sign of a spiritual - educational balance in them should be attributed to our teachers. For putting up with us for four years they deserved most of the credit. It didn't hurt, too, that we had a couple hundred Saints men singing and dancing in "Take Time Out", our own high school musical.

St. Augustine High School had done all it could do to make us better men. Its work was now finished. It had either succeeded or failed. Ahead, there was an unforeseeable future, with great things depending on us. But as the class of 1963, how could we lose?

So that was my speech of 50 years ago. But what happened next?

An age of innocence had ended. Some of our classmates would fight and die in a war in Vietnam; others would protest against it. Some would head to college; others find jobs. A few of us would study to become priests.

After high school, I went into the Jesuit novitiate. It was a road less traveled - but, as Robert Frost once said, that has made all the difference.

I was just 17, but even at that age I knew only God could satisfy the longings of my soul. At Saints, each year I had heard the words of St. Augustine: "You have made us for yourself O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in you." But more importantly, I had met priests who embodied these words in their lives: Fr Pat Keane teaching the life of Christ in a way that made us laugh as well as learn, and Fr Harry Neely, who showed us by his own goodness what it meant to be a priest.

And there were others, in addition to the great staff of teachers. Later, the Jesuits may have taught me how to think critically, but it was here at Saints, and from St Augustine, that I learned how to love.

During my first years at the Jesuit seminary, I meditated on the life of Jesus each morning, praying to know how I should follow Him. It wasn't long before I felt God wanted me to go to the foreign missions. I saw in the gospels the way Jesus walked from village to village, preaching, healing the sick, and announcing good news to the poor. I wanted to do the same.

Six years after graduating from Saints, the Jesuits sent me to their mission in Taiwan, where I've been stationed ever since, mostly working with hill tribes in the mountains. So I got my wish.

Someone wrote in my high school annual, "I know you'll go far." If they only knew how far, but maybe not in the way they thought...

I was lucky to have an older brother, also a Jesuit, who was sent to Taiwan a few years before me. Some of you may remember him - Fr Jerry - he spoke a couple years ago at this Baccalaureate Mass. My brother Jerry works at a Jesuit media center in Taipei. He got his start in Taiwan, as I did, by singing and playing guitar.

Here in the States probably no one would have noticed us. But in Taiwan, they treated us like rock stars. That was one of the perks of being a foreign missionary. I'm not sure if Jesus would have done it that way, but it was still fun.

After my ordination, when I asked to go to Taiwan's remote mountains and live with hill tribes, some of my friends thought I was crazy. They said that was the end of the line and I'd never advance, never be anybody, if I went up there. But I wanted to be poor with the poor and didn't care about the other things. So I went. That was almost forty years ago and I'm still there, trying to serve the people.

I wanted to make a difference, to share what I had with others less fortunate than myself, especially with those who had not yet heard the good news of Jesus.

So after all this time of being with the poor, there is just one message I want to leave with you, the graduating seniors today. I pray for your success, but also pray your success can be for the good of others, not simply for yourself. Love only grows when we give it away and ask for nothing in return.

I still remember my first year in the mountains and how cold and lonely it got. I lived on the top of a church where there were some guest rooms but no guests.

One day I saw a man selling little chickens on the path below the church and decided to buy some to keep me company. So I bought ten little chickens. I put them in one of the guest rooms and gave them a pan of water. I thought if I watched them grow each day, I wouldn't be so lonely and would feel warmer. Then I realized they needed food, so I raced back to the store to buy them chicken feed. But when I returned to the guest room to feed the chickens, they all appeared to have died. They had fallen in the pan of water I'd given them and looked frozen from the cold.

When I mentioned what had happened to the caretaker of the church, he said for me to go and build a fire. I told him, "you're not going to eat my chickens, are you?" But the old caretaker said nothing and went to get a blanket. After we got a fire going, he put the chickens on top of the blanket, and he held one end and I held the other, and we began tossing the little chickens up and down above the fire like popcorn. After a few minutes, the chickens began to open their eyes and flutter their wings, and pretty soon they were all chirping and healthy again. They had risen from the dead. And that was my first miracle.

It was after that I realized nothing good happens without some kind of failure first. And the greatest good often comes from the deepest suffering. But it was a lesson I needed to learn over and over again...

My first years as a priest in the mountains of Taiwan were filled with much happiness. High up in a rainforest in a small village, where the air is pure, looking out over a valley with a stream and suspensions bridges. Poor but happy tribal people, who accepted me as one of their own. Helping them when they got sick, or needed material and spiritual assistance. Becoming a part of their tribal family. Painting murals and making music and writing stories...

But there was also failure and frustration, especially when we couldn't get water to the villagers, when typhoons came and destroyed what we'd done, when families broke up, and people sunk into hopelessness, and nothing we did seemed to help... It's easy when you don't do anything. But once you try to do something good, for sure there will be problems and misunderstandings, which can ultimately cause you to lose heart.

After six years in the mountains of Taiwan, I was more or less ready to give up. The failures and disappointments seemed to outweigh the good. I didn't feel appreciated, and sometimes I wondered if people even cared.

So I came back to the States for some R and R and visited my old spiritual Father, Fr Francis, who was residing near the vineyards of northern California. He had been a missionary in China for many years. He had lost his life's work and his hearing during the Communist revolution, and returned in poor health to be a spiritual guide for the younger Jesuits.

Fr Francis grasped my hands when he saw me. He looked into my eyes and asked how my life was going. I told him it wasn't going anywhere. I spoke of all the problems and frustrations of dealing with a poor and broken tribe, the rampant alcoholism, the never-ending poverty, the sense that no matter what I did, it didn't seem to matter.

"Am I wasting my life and my talents?" I asked him, "Did I take the right road or the wrong one after all?"

In reply, Fr Francis just smiled and said simply, "I'm so happy you're in those mountains with those beautiful hill tribe people."

I wondered if he had heard me correctly. Perhaps his hearing aid had been turned off.

"But don't you think I should go somewhere else?" I asked, "Some place where I could really accomplish something?"

"No," Fr Francis replied, "If you had told me that everything was fine and you had no problems, I would have been worried that your life was too easy. But as long as I know you have had failure and frustrations, difficulties and disappointments, I know you are in the right place."

Slightly exasperated, I asked, "Why is that, Fr Francis?"

"Because," he answered - in words I will never forget - "it was by the Cross that Christ redeemed the world - and if we are to follow in his footsteps, we can ask for nothing better. It is only by sacrifice that your work will be effective!"

After that, I went back to the hill tribes in Taiwan, and in the next years I was able to see the success of my hands, in spite of all the failure and frustration. I learned to take the good along with the bad - and know that God is always working through me to accomplish His will.

Fr. Francis' message was not a new one. In fact, when we were sophomores here at Saints, we heard a similar message from John F. Kennedy, the President we loved and admired. His words are now history, but they were a call then to change the world: "Ask not what your country can do for you," he said, "but what you can do for your country."

So that is the challenge I want to leave with you today: Sometimes things have to be done in spite of the sacrifice involved. No matter what your goals are in life, no matter what your success or lack of it, don't be afraid to give what you have for the good of others, especially the poor.

Then your hearts will be filled with love and gratitude, and you can cry out, along with Mary in today's Gospel, "My being proclaims the greatness of the Lord, and my spirit finds joy in God my savior."

