

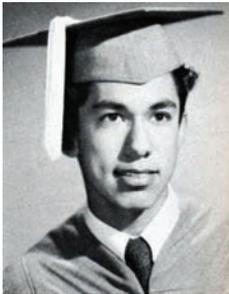
MUSTANG MEMORIES

Fall 2014

<http://sdafoundation.com/alumni/>

Vol. 8, Issue 1

"Up the Road to the Big House," an exclusive excerpt from the book *Remembering Eden*



The first in a series of short stories from Daniel Rubalcaba's memoir about growing up in Eden Gardens.

Page 3

Daniel Rubalcaba,
Class of 1955

Ruth Shattuck Young



Arnie Shattuck remembers his mom—with a little help from his buddy Doug Bowen ('58).

Page 2

Ruth Shattuck Young, from the 1969 Hoofprint.

Please help rebuild our yearbook collection!

If you or your family members do not want your *Hoofprints*, please consider donating them to the SDA Foundation. Your donation will be tax deductible and will be used to fill the holes in the school's collection as well as build the Alumni Association's collection. We also help other alumni find replacements for their missing yearbooks. This is a win-win for all Mustangs! Call (760) 753-1121, x5085 if you would like to donate your yearbooks to an excellent cause!

4th Annual Founders Reception

We invite you to attend our 4th Annual Founders Reception, to be held Thursday, November 6, from 1:30 to 3:30.

The Founders Reception honors members of the classes of 1937-1942, also known as our "Founders," and all alumni who graduated 60 years (or more) ago, from 1937 through 1954. The Founders Recep-

tion will also host the reunions for the classes of 1944 and 1954.

We serve light refreshments and offer campus tours given by students who LOVE to talk with alumni. All alumni are invited, but special recognition is given to those classes listed above. Please RSVP to sda.alumni@gmail.com or call (760) 753-1121, x5085

Mustang Legacy Project Phase 4 opens

This is the last phase to surround the bell tower; price increase coming January 1

Phase 3 of the Mustang Legacy Project is now complete and should be installed just in time for an unveiling at our Founders Reception on Thursday, November 6 at 3:30 pm.

Phase 4 is now open! This is the last phase available surrounding our bell tower and we've just received notice that the brick engraving company will raise their prices on January 1; two excellent reasons to send in your applications as soon as possible. Any applications received after January 1 will pay higher prices!

You may use the project application form enclosed with this newsletter. For more information, please contact organizer Boydd Galland at boyddgalland@yahoo.com, or Bonnie Wren at sda.alumni@gmail.com or (760) 753-1121, x5085.



Members of the Class of 2014 compare notes with members of the Classes of 1937-42 at the 2014 Founders Reception.

Join our email blast mailing list!

If you have an email address, get it in to us as soon as possible and we will enroll you in our monthly Alumni Email Blasts.

Monthly emails allow us to provide more timely information to alumni than we can provide in these twice-yearly newsletters.

We will never share nor sell our alumni contact information and we hate spam as much as you do, so your contact information will be safe with us.

To sign up—or, if you've recently moved and need to update your contact information—send the following to sduhs.alumni@gmail.com:

1. your current name
2. your name at graduation and class year
3. your mailing address and phone number

Calling all Reunion Committee members!

REUNION COMMITTEE GUIDE

Meet your Alumni Committee

What is the Alumni Association?

What is the SDA Foundation (SDAF)?

Learn what your Alumni Association can do (or not do) for your Reunion Committee!

Learn what your Alumni Association can do (or not do) for your Reunion Committee!

Get a copy of our Reunion Committee Guide by email at

sda.alumni@gmail.com

or write

SDA Foundation
Attn: Alumni Assn.
PO Box 235109
Encinitas, CA 92023

Trying to live up to Mom's expectations

On a recent visit to San Dieguito, Arnold Shattuck and Doug Bowen ('58) shared some memories of their high school days.

ARNIE: I lived down the street from the school. My mother was Ruth Shattuck Young. She was a great teacher. I had her for a class once. She ran a disciplined classroom without being gruff, mean, or threatening. She called everybody "Mister" and "Miss."

She was famous for her galloping mount to the credenza in the classroom. You'd have your head down taking notes, and you'd hear this bump bump da bump bump doom, the rhythmic clippity clop of somebody picking up speed and leaping up to land on the credenza where she'd sit and continue her lecture. The credenza was a little higher than a chair and she had to get a running start at it.

She taught Latin, French, history, and Algebra. She didn't like math, had to relearn it before she could teach the class. But in those days, a teacher did what needed to be done.

DOUG: I had a lot of respect for your mom and Mr. Stuckenschneider. There was no messing around in his class. He was quite strict. Probably the only class I could learn in. In order to be an athlete you had to pass and I wanted to play basketball so bad. Even though his class was tough I paid attention.

ARNIE: I thought he was the meanest, cruelest—but he was serious. When I moved on to other math classes, I realized how well I was taught. He threw me out of his class a couple of times. "Shattuck! Get out and clean the erasers!"

Yes, Mr. Stuckenschneider was the best. He really was the best.

My mother loved teaching; she taught about 1949 through the early 1970s.



Ruth Shattuck, from the 1949 Hoofprint.

She lived at Sea Side Village, an old trailer park with cabins right on the beach. You could throw a rock from the trailer and it would land on the beach.

I was a war baby. My father was an exchange student from Germany, which didn't work out for him with the war and all. She remarried and became Ruth Shattuck Young.

I started here in the 7th grade, through the 11th.

I remember going to lunch with 11 people packed into my '50 Chevy. We'd go to lunch, there was a rootbeer place, next to the Chevrolet dealership, was it Mel's Root Beer?

Once I got caught smoking. I got kicked out of school for 3 or 4 days. Just an embarrassment to my mother

DOUG: His mother saw the potential in him, sent him off in his senior year to—?

ARNIE: Maine Central Institute in Maine, just south of Bangor. That's where she was from, and it was as far away as she could send me!

DOUG: Ha ha! You know, Arnold is a high IQ guy and his mom had great plans for him. But he insisted on hanging out with me and few other guys, so that's why he didn't graduate from Harvard!

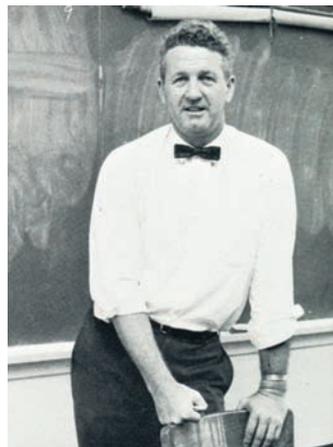
ARNIE: I could have been a contender!

DOUG: I was just an average kid. But he didn't need to study. Of course, me and my friends led him astray. He took to us like a duck to water!

I only liked school because I liked basket-

ball and track. I was popular enough, was student body president—and then the girls got a hold of me.

ARNIE: I went out for basketball but didn't make it. I'm not sure I had any favorite classes. I do remember Mr. Korwin swatting my butt a couple of times!



Norbert Stuckenschneider, 1969 Hoofprint.

Up the Road to the Big House

This is the first in a series of stories from *Remembering Eden: a Childhood Odyssey* by Daniel H. Rubalcaba ('55), a memoir about growing up in Eden Gardens. We'd like to thank Mr. Rubalcaba for sharing it with all of us.



Daniel Rubalcaba,
Class of 1955

Again the summer had gone by so fast. My life seemed to be rushing me forward. Here it was, 1949, and I was about to start my first year at San Dieguito Union High School in Encinitas as a junior high student. That meant I would have to get up earlier to catch the big school bus.

When the bus let us off in front of the entrance to the high school, I could see that we peagreens would not be the top of the heap here. I watched all the juniors and seniors arriving in their vehicles. The upper classmen were huge. We looked like midgits next to them.

Mom had packed me a lunch and put it in my little lunch box. Some of the other kids had brought a lunch, but at least theirs was in a paper sack. I was now feeling depressed and hoped no one would notice me carrying a lunch box. I hid it under my binder notebook Mom had bought me. I knew I had to get rid of this lunch pail before the other kids started to make fun of me. I asked one of the office staff where I could find the nearest restroom. "Straight up the hall at the top of the stairs", the office clerk told me. So out of the office door I hurried to the restroom.

I went into a stall and took out my baloney sandwich, a peanut butter and jam sandwich and a banana, and then I found a trashcan and got rid of my lunch pail.

I knew I would have to tell Mom a fib when I got home as to what happened to it. I would just tell her I lost it after lunch when I was on the playing field. She would probably say she would buy me another one; but I would tell her that it wouldn't be necessary because the school had a cafeteria. Now I would have to ask Dad for lunch money. Boy, it was really hard growing up!

To make matters worse, I noticed the Mexican kids all wore brightly-colored clothing, while most of the white kids had lighter-colored clothing, pullover sweaters and plaids. Compared to them, we looked like rainbows. I looked at my own

clothing and in particular the shirt I was wearing on this first day of school. Mom had picked out my clothing, and bless her, but this isn't going to do, I thought. My shirt was long-sleeved, with a brown and white checkered front. I thought to myself that I had better not fall down because someone might mistake me for a checker board and start playing a game of checkers on my chest.

Tomorrow might even be worse, because Mom had also bought me Hawaiian printed shirts along with the checkered ones. Tomorrow I would come to school dressed in a Hawaiian print shirt that had palm tress on an island with blue water and with ocean waves in the foreground. My other Hawaiian shirt had some men riding on a wave in an outrigger canoe. Authentic? I don't think so! What? No Hawaiian surfers on boards? I would probably look like some Mexican ice cream vendor on a faraway tropical island, and more than likely a deserted one.

I just had to make it through the day. The bell rang, and all the students had to report to their various classrooms as their name dictated on the posted schedule on the bulletin board. We listened to an orientation by one of the instructors about school rules and procedures. He handed out our schedules and told us that once we got to our first class, a locker would be assigned to us individually with a combination lock code. "As you progress from class to class, you will be issued textbooks and be responsible for their care." This was all new stuff to me. In elementary school, we had our class in one room and had our own desk where we left our books. Here we had a different classroom for each course; thus the need to have a locker for storage.

We were told that we would be released from each class on the first bell and had to be in our next class by the second bell, or we would be considered as tardy and sent to the office. I already missed my elementary school in Solana Beach. This high school thing sounded to me like we were prisoners, and the front office was where the warden conducted business. If they were trying to scare us, it was working. The first day was a very busy one as we were ushered from the classroom, to the library, the gymnasium, and the cafeteria. Plus we were trying to get to know some

of the kids that had come from the various other elementary schools in the district.

One class title really bothered me. I had written down "BAND" as one of my classroom requests, but my schedule said, "Music Appreciation, Enrolling verification with Mr. Mobile." Did that mean I would have to sit in class and listen to the radio?

When the final bell rang, I was exhausted. I got home and told Mom that I didn't think I was going to like high school. She said, "Sure you will, Daniel. Just be patient until you get used to the change." I changed my clothes and went out for a walk in the hills with my dog, Buster. I had a talk with Buster about my problem tomorrow, when I would have to wear my Hawaiian shirt to school. Buster just looked back at me with his head cocked and stared at me with those big brown eyes. Buster was right, nothing big to really worry about.

The next day I went to school with my brightly printed Hawaiian shirt Mom had bought me. I was all prepared. If anyone said anything about my shirt, I would throw the Hawaiian shirt in the trashcan like I did with my lunch pail and go home in my undershirt. I would just fib to Mom again and say that I had torn it playing.

About that time some white upper classmen walked up to me and asked me where I got that nice shirt. I waited for them to start laughing, but they didn't. So I told

Continued on page 4



School secretary, Irene Robinson,
1949 Hoofprint

Alumni Calendar

Want a say in Alumni Association business?

Your Alumni Committee meets every first Thursday of the month at 5:30 pm in the Administration Building Conference room on the San Dieguito campus.

All alumni are welcome to attend and all attendees have a voice. Meetings are only an hour long and a great way to network with other alumni.

PLEASE NOTE: November's meeting will be held 12:30 pm, November 6, in the Media Center.

December's Alumni Committee meeting will be held as usual on Thursday, December 4.

4th Annual Founders Reception, November 6

Thursday, Nov. 6, from 1:30 to 3:30 pm, Media Center (library) of San Dieguito High School Academy. Celebrates all graduates from 1937–1942. Special recognition will be given to those who

graduated 1943–1954. The classes of 1944 and 1954 will hold their reunions here. Refreshments and tours will be provided. Email sda.alumni@gmail.com or call Bonnie Wren at (760) 753-1121, x5085 for more information.

Class of 1944 70th Reunion

Thursday, Nov. 6, from 1:30 to 3:30 pm, Media Center (library) of San Dieguito High School Academy. Reunion to be held at Founders Reception. To RSVP contact Bonnie Wren by email at sda.alumni@gmail.com or call (760) 753-1121, x5085. Or contact Jim King at (858) 755-2458.

Class of 1954 60th Reunion

Thursday, Nov. 6, from 1:30 to 3:30 pm, Media Center (library) of San Dieguito High School Academy. Reunion to be held at Founders Reception. To RSVP contact Bonnie Wren by email at sda.alumni@gmail.com or call (760) 753-

1121, x5085. Or contact Norm Keith at (760) 753-3977 for more information.

Class of 2004 10th Reunion

Sat., Nov. 29, 6 pm. El Callejon Encinitas, 345 S Coast Highway 101, Encinitas, CA 92024. More details on Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/SDA2004> or email Alicia Hill at sdaaclassof2004@gmail.com.

Up the Road to the Big House, con't. from page 3

them shyly that my mom had picked it up at the store downtown. "It's really nice," they said again and walked away. Tomorrow at least I wouldn't have to wear my Hawaiian printed shirt. I'd wear my other checkerboard shirt. I went home depressed.

The next day when I arrived for class, I couldn't believe my eyes! Two of the boys that had inquired about my Hawaiian shirt the day before were wearing Hawaiian printed shirts. I just couldn't believe it! I was in fashion. "Thanks, Mom, Because of you, your son is now a trendsetter." I was now more confident about myself and realized that Mom was right, I had to be patient.

Support your school!

WE LOVE MONEY, SURE. Who doesn't?

But we also love TIME. Please consider volunteering on campus. Can you provide an internship or a mentorship to a deserving student? Would you be willing to serve as a member of the alumni committee? Will you help your class plan and carry out a rocking reunion? We need volunteers! Call (760) 753-1121 x5085 for more information.

WE LOVE MEMORABILIA, TOO. We are looking for original commencement lists and graduation programs, original film (or good quality tape) of "San Dieguito High School: Those Early Years" and the original film (or good quality tape) of the school groundbreaking filmed on January 11, 1937. We are also looking for original *Mustang* newspapers (and local newspaper clippings) about the school prior to 1997, as well as report cards, pink slips, employee manuals, etc.

DID WE MENTION WE LOVE MONEY?

We hope to keep this newsletter free—your donations can help! Or perhaps you'd like to support a special team or club on campus. Your donations are tax-deductible and will help support the students and programs of San Dieguito High School Academy.



[Donate securely online via PayPal](#) and indicate your gift preferences in the special instructions box. Go, Mustangs!



The Alumni Association is part of the San Dieguito Academy Foundation, a 501(c) non-profit organization which supports the students and programs of San Dieguito High School Academy by fundraising and promoting active parental and community involvement.

The *Mustang Memories* alumni newsletter is published to encourage alumni interest in San Dieguito High School Academy and help alumni reconnect with each other. Your donations defray mailing costs and support student programs.

Contact us for more information:

SDA Foundation

800 Santa Fe Avenue
Encinitas, CA 92024
(760) 753-1121, ext. 5085
sda.alumni@gmail.com

Executive Director: Sheila Durkin
Mustang Memories Editor: Bonnie Wren