

Perennial Parrot

The "Our Gang" Newsletter



Volume 18, #1

Polytechnic High School ... San Francisco, CA ... "The 50's ERA

July, 2005

The Rise & Fall of Polytechnic High School

of Polytechnic High School

What follows here is a brief history of our "Grand Lady in Granite". For seventy years, Polytechnic High School was one of San Francisco's finest educational institutions. Seemingly overnight, the school collapsed into a "blackboard jungle." In this and an up-coming issue of the Perennial Parrot, we will take a brief look at the good years and the bad with the final "coup de grace" being demolition.

"Now only the memories and the written history remain."

Our thanks to Gary Marte for sending us this material written by Greg Gaar which began with the September 1984 issue of the *Haight Ashbury Newspaper*. We originally published this story in the August and December 1990 issues of the Perennial Parrot; however, there have been a lot of Polyites join us since then so the story bears reprinting.

PART 1: "The Finest School in San Francisco"

The roots of Polytechnic go way back to 1884. Originally called the Commercial School and located on Powell between Clay and Sacramento, only one class was offered and the facilities were overcrowded. The school moved to the corner of Bush and Stockton. In 1890 academic subjects were added to the curriculum and in 1895 art and shop were introduced. The school was officially named Polytechnic High School. By 1900, 950 students were attending classes and "Poly" gained a reputation as the leading school in the "City". Shortly thereafter, the commercial classes separated from Poly and created Commerce High School. Only 120 students remained at Poly. Naturally, on April 18, 1906, the first Polytechnic was destroyed by the great earthquake and fire.

Greg Gaar says he hates to admit it, but after the quake, Poly classes were held at the Affiliated Colleges (UCSF) until "earthquake cottages" were erected below Carl Street as temporary class rooms. It took two municipal elections to raise \$600,000 needed to construct the new school. A change in the administration at City Hall delayed completion, but finally the shops building on Carl Street opened in 1912 and the main building opened in 1915 (the boy's gym was not built until 1929 and the girl's gym in 1937).

The following excerpt is taken from the 1915 Poly Journal (Year Book):

"Our dream has come true and we now have the finest, most modern school west of the Rocky Mountains. With its stately appearance and complete equipment it now remains for the pupils to regain Poly's supremacy over the high schools of San Francisco."

POLYTECHNIC
HIGH SCHOOL
ERECTED AD 1914

With 2000 students, Poly became the largest school in San Francisco. The student body lived in the Inner Sunset and the Haight, so school activities were often entwined with neighborhood needs. Erosion was a problem then and in 1984 is still a problem in Buena Vista Park; so around 1920,

Poly students, under the direction of teacher John Drew, built stone retaining walls.

During the early twenties, student body president James Rolph III led the lobbying campaign to build a sports stadium across the street from Poly. His task was not difficult since his daddy, "Sunny Jim" Rolph, was the Mayor of San Francisco. By 1925, Kezar Stadium had replaced John McLaren's nursery and the "Poly Parrots" were tearing up the gridiron. Tennis great, Helen Gaynor, attended Poly during this decade.

Continued on Page 2

The Rise & Fall of Polytechnic High School

PART 1 Continued

The talk of the 1933 Poly Journal was the outstanding achievement of baby-faced, student body president Casper Weinberger, who rewrote the school constitution. The future Secretary of Defense gave more power to students in school policy making. He used the U.S. Constitution as a model for the document.

James Addicott, principal of Poly for nearly a quarter of a century, is given credit for instilling into the student body a deep sense of school spirit and an unquestioning respect for authority. Greg Gaar's mother went to Poly from 1936 to 1939 and recalls "During surprise locker inspections if a student was caught with one grain of tobacco, it was immediate expulsion. Girls were not allowed to leave the campus until their senior year and then they could only go to The Creamery (Higher Taste in 1984). The guys were not restricted."

Greg's mother, Barbara Peterson during her Poly days, was editor of The Poly Journal and assistant editor of the Polly Parrot, a bi-weekly newspaper. She has fond memories of high school: "The Haight was a poor neighborhood during the depression, but we all knew each other since we came from Grattan or Dudley Stone schools to Poly. I had many fine teachers. The school spirit stimulated community spirit. We went on outings to the beach and Playland. Dances were held every other week. We jitterbugged to big band music. The senior picnic was always held in Children's Playground and we'd dress up like little children and have a wonderful time. During the festivities for the World's Fair in 1939, Haight Street was closed off and people wore Spanish or cowboy costumes. Everyone was dancing in the street."

The annual event in the Haight-Ashbury was the "Turkey Day" football game between the neighborhood rival high schools Poly and Lowell. "Poly ranked second to Lowell in academics, but we were unique because we combined shop with academics," according to Greg's mother. She remembers the Poly kids would parade down Haight Street and over to old Lowell at Hayes and Ashbury. "We would serenade the Lowell students. They had their ax and we had our parrot. Our colors were red and black. Theirs were red and white. 50,000 people attended the big game and emotions ran high. If Poly lost we would cry."



Poly grads from the thirties include such famous people as the noted courtroom artist Howard Brodie ('32) and the whipping boy for Groucho Marx on "You Bet Your Life", George Fenneman. George was president of both the senior class and the Drama Club. Now that his bread and butter seems to come from those Home Savings commercials, I wonder if he wishes he were back at Poly performing in the Merchant of Venice or starring in the term play, Pride and Prejudice?

As the most respected trade school in The City, Poly supplied San Francisco's once numerous industries and trades with trained workers. The school's shop buildings consisted of an auto shop, wood shop, machine shop, foundry, and a large print shop. On Carl Street, the school looked and sounded like a factory.

During the forties, Bill Lam ('44), who now ('84) works at the Photo Center in Duboce Park, told me that Poly kids, including himself, used to avoid paying fares on the N Judah streetcar by jumping on the "cow catcher" and riding through Sunset Tunnel.

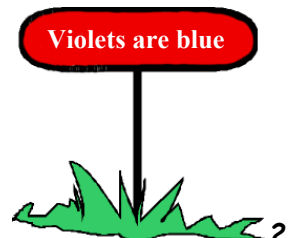
School spirit remained Poly's main asset. Malcom Brown ('49) remembers celebrating the 100 year anniversary of the discovery of gold in 1948, "students dressed up like cowboys and Indians and staged an impromptu attack on a passing streetcar." Bob St. Clair, the future 49'er and district five supervisorial candidate, "wore only a loin cloth."

Speaking of football players, the Poly Parrots ruled the roost when it came to high school sports, especially football. Between 1925—68, Poly won 39 city championships in high school sports, including 13 football titles. Between 1942 and 1961, under the late, great head coach, Milt Axt, the Parrots won 45 straight games. The most important statistic during the Milt Axt years: Not once did Poly loose to Lowell! Three San Francisco 49'ers came from Poly: Alyn Beales, Bob St. Clair, and Gary Lewis.

With the addition of a new electronics lab in 1957 and the traditionally great football teams, Poly entered the 60's with great optimism. No one could have guessed that disaster was imminent.



The picture at left was taken in Sept, 1984 as the staff of the Perennial Parrot made use of their "Last Hall Pass" to take one final journey in search of that elusive "4th floor swimming pool." I can't help but wonder if any of you actually got your feet wet in that "POOL." The question to be answered now is what were the events that occurred between the end of the 50s and this last walk through these hallowed halls of Polytechnic?



You'll find out in PART 2, "The Death of a Great High School," in the December issue of the Perennial Parrot

The Perennial Parrot Newsletter

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The Exalted Parrot Face Speaks

From Gordon Lewis, EPF

First things first: A reminder that the Poly Athletic Luncheon is this coming September 24th. You will find all the particulars and a registration form later in this newsletter. Next ... Don't forget that the Our Gang Gathering will be next June 9-10-11 in Reno, NV. That's less than a year away folks so start planning now and make your reservations early ... like NOW!

If anyone has a story either present or from your days at Poly, send them to our editor so we can enjoy them in our newsletter. Here's one about me and my high school buddy, Dave Melville.

DAVEY AND THE SHOTGUN

By Gordon Lewis

Back In High School between Nineteen Fifty-three through Nineteen Fifty-five we were known as Mutt and Jeff. I was 5'6" and



Dave was 6'4". It's not that most of my friends were tall, I was just a little shorter than everyone else. Our friends would laugh saying they always knew where I was in a crowd because they could see Dave looking down and talking. We were typical teenagers, big egos and no experience.

Back on my Fifteenth Birthday, a friend of the family, Burk Hanshaw, gave me a

new single shot 22-caliber Remington model 514 Rifle for my birthday. We had a country place, consisting of 6 and ½ acres in the middle of nowhere, eight miles outside of Healdsburg, California, where I could shoot in just about any direction and not endanger anyone. I spent my summers on our country place with my sister Dian and our Nana; our parents would come up on the weekends. Shooting became a way of life for me as long as I got all my chores done and I had bullets.

In high school one of the big reasons I took R.O.T.C was it offered a rifle range. In the R.O. room I could shoot a 22-caliber rifle on our indoor range almost any time I wanted, so I did. Sometimes before school started, and or at lunchtime and after school, I also took a rifle marksmanship class as one of my subjects. So I was really familiar with shooting and I became probably the best shot in our school.

One day, while I was on the range during lunchtime, my buddy Davey came in to the R.O room and announced he could outshoot me in a rifle match and was willing to prove it. So we got him a shooting mat and a rifle, set up his target at the end of the range, and we started shooting; or maybe I should say I started shooting. I didn't hear any gunfire coming from Davey so I asked him: "What's happening?" He said he didn't know how to load

his rifle. So I showed him how to load. You can guess what his target looked like when we were through shooting that day. After that Dave never came back to the range.

One weekend, during the summer, I invited Dave up to our country place. I had a twelve-gauge single shot shotgun along with other rifles. Now Dave never shot a 12-gauge before.

He did know that big guns would kick a lot, but his knowledge kind of stopped there. For those who don't know about shotgun shells, they have different sizes loads. The two kinds I had were the high brass shell or heavy load, and a low brass shell, which has about half the powder inside. The shells look the same to an untrained eye so I kept them separate, each in different pockets so I wouldn't get them mixed.



We set up some beer cans for targets, stepped back about fifty feet. Then I loaded a low brass shell into the shotgun and took aim at one of the cans. While Dave watched, I held the shotgun tight against my shoulder and fired, it gave a modest kick, but not a big deal, and one can went flying. Now it was Davey's

turn. I loaded a high brass shell, and handed him the shotgun. Like I said, Dave never fired a shotgun before, and who was I to tell him how to shoot any type of gun. I could see he wasn't holding the shotgun really tight against his shoulder Dave took aim and fired, the recoil sent him backwards and spun him a little, at the same time the muzzle went up about 18 inches in the air and a beer can went flying. It really jarred him. "Are you all right? Thought you could handle it with no problem." He said he was okay and told me to take my turn. So I loaded up another low brass shell and took aim; I could see Dave was watching me really close this time. I pulled the trigger, the gun went off, and again a little kick but no big a deal. Dave said he wanted another shot. So I loaded up a high brass shell and handed him the shotgun. Dave took aim, fired the shotgun with basically the same results as his first shot. I laughed a little and said: "This is great huh, I love shooting shotguns." Dave was not a person to give up so easy, especially to a guy who was half his size. And I knew it. So we repeated the process several times until we ran out of shells.

The next day Davey's shoulder was all black and blue; mine was perfect. Dave couldn't figure it out. And I never told him. You see a little bit of knowledge can be a lot of fun. And after all, what are friends for?

We lost contact with each other after Graduation. I went into the Service and Dave got married to his high school sweetheart, Dorine. He got into the trades and became a carpenter in San Francisco. On September 13, 1984 my buddy of those high school years passed away. I can still see his young face, the way he would stand with a cigarette in his hand and that cocky smile he had. And when I reminisce about our high school days I think of Davey, it's then I start to miss him. We were buddies.



Gordon



Graduation Plus 50 YEARS ...

Thoughts from Ron Bier

Howdy to all those 50 years removed from our POLYTECHNIC Graduation. I was driving the limo (part time job) down from the Denver International Airport the other day and it hit me like a ton of bricks. OH MY GOD! It's been 50 years this June! Don't know about you guys, but I still think going to the beach behind Fleishhacker Pool and parking all the cars in a circle and tuning all the car radios to KSSN and dancing in sand, barking at that big old moon up above and listening to the sounds of the waves crashing on the beach, was fun. These kids 16 and 17 today that I've hauled around in the limo for Proms can't hold a candle to our fun VS their idea of fun ... doing shooters and listening to one word rap CDs. What a shame, for them. So here's to us guys, let me hear your POLY yell clean out here in Colorado!

A BIG HAPPY GRADUATION, 50 YEARS AGO, AGAIN !!!!!

Ron Bier was one proud dude to be from Poly and to have known Polyites like you, the best that ever came out of any HIGH School. As mushy as it sounds, I mean it ...

Love you guys ... *Ron Bier*

Bowl

On graves

YA KNOW WHAT?
WE'RE
POLYITES!

memories

by: Monty (Manuel) Montiel

The San Francisco I Remember

HI Gang ...

In my last writings I mentioned the radio disk jockey, "Jumping George", and was reminded by a couple of Poly alums that I forgot "Rockin' Lucky", and I did. Those were wonderful days and great memories and I'll continue with a few more that may bring a knowing smile to a few of you.

Like most teenage boys, I couldn't wait to get my own car which turned out to be a 1942 Ford, two door sedan. It must have been an Army car because it was that terrible olive drab color that many of us became familiar with in later years. It was, and is, the ugliest shade of green ever created. I suppose if it was a car that was assigned to the Navy it would have been battleship gray. Just as bad, right?

I remember on more than a couple of occasions Johnny Mendez and I pushing my car to the next gas station with two girls, both without driver's licenses, in the front seat steering as best they could between bouts of laughter. I don't remember how much we were sweating by the time we got to the gas station or what we smelled like, but if I could remember the girls names, I'm certain they would remember our "manly" odor. By the way, pushing my car wasn't a chore left to Johnny Mendez. Some of my other friends like Gil Llacuna, Tommy Dorsey, and Dan Dougherty will remember that they also had turns pushing my ugly green car. What a wonderful experience to share! Johnny was just unlucky enough to be there more often.

Since cars had six volt batteries in those days that weren't really strong for very long, and batteries were nowhere as good as those available today, planning how to start my car became a very important factor in deciding where I would park. It was a strategy that took careful planning, intelligence, ingenuity, shrewdness, and ... oh who am I kidding ... it was mainly luck!

I remember my father showing me how the front wheels had to be turned into the curb when a car was parked on a hill and I recall reading all about it in the driver's manual as a sophomore or junior. My trick was to find a parking space facing downhill which was not an easy thing to do in San Francisco, and is even tougher today. After getting the car close to the curb, without touching the car behind you, and leaving as much space as possible between me and the car in front, I would turn the wheels into the curb and gen-

tly ease the tires against the curb. I would then put the car in reverse and roll the front wheels away from the curb so that there wasn't any pressure on the tires and in fact so that the tires were not touching the curb at all.

This meant that when it came time to leave and start the car, the wheels could be easily turned all the way to the left, then step on the brakes real hard, release the emergency brake, push in the clutch and put the transmission in first or second gear. The gear selection depended upon how far you could roll the car, how far you were from the intersection, and how steep the hill was. When the car started rolling the ignition was turned on, the clutch was released, and if all went well, the engine turned over so you could be on your way. It was called starting with compression. I always thought that it prolonged the life of the battery.

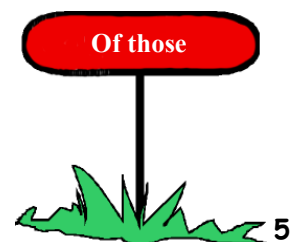
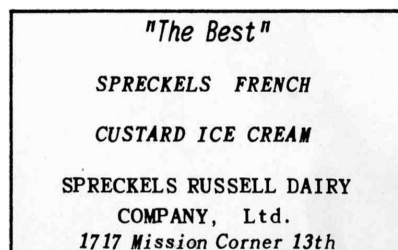
Having a car meant freedom. Freedom meant going to Tick Tock's and having nineteen cent hamburgers or going to that ice cream place near Balboa High to have a cone with some exotic flavor. I had always thought that there was only vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry. A car meant being able to park on Twin Peaks, Bernal Hill or by the Cliff House with some girl and fogging up the windows. I really don't want to get too descriptive here but I'm sure most, if not all of you, knew some place good to park. How many of you remember how romantic the fog horns sounded in the pitch dark of some secluded place surrounded by dozens of other cars with other teenagers fogging up the windows on a cold San Francisco night?

A car meant picking up your friends and driving them to school rather than taking the bus or street car. No one likes waiting for the bus and after all, gasoline was only \$0.25 a gallon for premium back then so if five buddies chipped in a quarter you could buy five gallons of gas. We would sing along with the AM radio blaring loud enough so we could tell how far off key we were and have a great time going to school. Those were simple joys but great memories and each time I take the time to recall them I'm thankful for growing up during those times.

Well my friends, that's it for now but I promise there will be more stories to follow.

Cheers and Root Beers ...

Monty



People Stuff ...

Carolyn (Bier) Ross ... I am happy to report that as of mid June Carolyn has been off chemo for one year. Scans taken in early June showed NO signs of cancer, anywhere. She does, of course, share the multiple aches and pains that we all have at our young, extended, ages ... but that's to be expected. And the picture at the left shows Carolyn in front of our new home in far south



Texas Yes, that's a golf cart, how else does one get to the Ice Cream Social? Are we "Happy Campers", YOU BET!

Missing Persons Dept. ... We had two newsletters come back to us from the December mailing. Andy and Sue (Coontz S'59) Brizio have apparently moved and Mr. USPS won't forward their mail anymore and sent it back to us. Also, Roberta Park has disappeared. Her newsletter came back stamped "Return to Sender ... Not Here". We had heard that Roberta's health was not the best over the past year. Anyone know the current whereabouts of these folks?

Diane "Dee Dee" (Ahrens) Ross ... This girl is amazing! Even more amazing is her husband, John. I know of no other husband who is married to an "accident waiting to happen" ... or should that be an "ongoing accident". In any case, having finally survived all her medical problems of the past couple of years, April 3rd found Diane airborne after tripping over a rug and she ended up crash landing into a door edge and breaking her left upper arm. Once again, John had to take up the household duties and he started, once again, asking folks to send prayers for Dee Dee. Well, I think it's about time that we started saying prayers for John ... he needs all the help he can get! Oh, about Diane ... she survived this accident also but with a 6 inch plate screwed into her upper left arm. At the rate she is going she will become the "Bionic Woman" in no time flat. May 10th found her back operating under her own steam. The latter part of June found them up in Ashland for a Shakespeare Festival, then Crater Lake and finally visiting friends in Florence, OR. July 5th through 12th found them up at Lake Tahoe. I really can't wait to find out if Diane made it back home all in one piece. Hang in there John!



Things That Hallmark Cards Don't Say

Looking back over the years
That we've been together,
I can't help but wonder ...
"What the hell was I thinking?"

Ken & Connie Kremer and Ernie & Diana (Andrus) Bachelor

Ken & Connie have now spent their second winter in Arizona with all the northern "Snow Birds" returning home to Colorado Springs in March. Ernie & Diana had been visiting family in Albuquerque, NM in April and headed home via Colorado Springs stopping over to visit with Ken & Connie April 26th & 27th. Ken



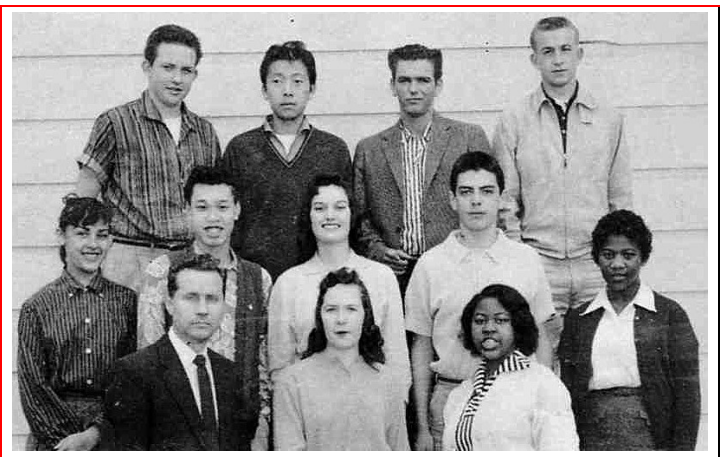
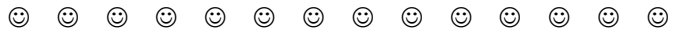
Above: Connie & Ken Kremer next to Ken's '56 Chevy.



Right: Ernie & Diana (Andrus) Bachelor

& Connie took Ernie & Diana on a tour of Colorado Springs in their '56 Chevy.

They visited the Garden of the Gods and strolled through the beautiful red rocks on the walking trail, also watching climbers on some of the very large rocks. Then they visited the Fireman's Wall of Honor in Memorial Park in Colorado Springs. The Memorial was established about ten years ago. When a fireman dies in the line of duty anywhere in the country his/her name is engraved on the wall. All the names of the 911 Fire Fighters Hero's are on the wall. They then visited Michael Garman's studio. He is a nationally renowned sculpture/artist. The evening found them having dinner in Cascade, Colorado in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. In notes from both couples they said it was great to get together so soon after the reunion last October.



From the 1957 Yearbook Orchestra

- ROW I: Mr. Burt, J. Libby, M. Hester.
- ROW II: D. Marte, M. Shun, J. Meyers, D. Meyers, E. Thomas.
- ROW III: J. Maguire, M. Lee, A. LeMire, W. Robinson





Doris (Costa) Colombo
Fall '56
Birth: 2-26-1939

160 Catalina Ave.
Pacifica, CA 94044
650-355-6619
No Email

It sure is great to continue welcoming folks to the club. Looks like the Poly spirit is alive and well. As we said in the last issue, we get a number of referrals between the issues and do send out info packets to each and every one. If you don't see a person you referred us to in the new listing it's because they did not respond to our new packet. We will not make a pest of ourselves so if you are curious as to why they did not respond just give them a call and make sure they got the packet.



Dean Smith
Spring '57
Birth: 2-7-1939

9 Perita Drive
Daly City, CA 94015
650-755-8427
650-755-8060
Email: deansmith@rcn.com

In the meantime, add these two Polyites to your club listing ...

Doris is married to Emil Colombo, born 8-23-1937, and he attended Sacred Heart High School graduating in Spring 1955. Dean is married to Sheryn, born 6-2-1942 who attended St. Peter's in San Francisco and graduated Spring 1960. It's always fun to not only welcome the spouses, but to meet them at our Gatherings and share memories of the wonderful 50s ERA ... it doesn't get any better.

Welcome to "Our Gang" kids



Club Listing Changes

OK, I think I understand the game. I put out a new club listing then half of you send in changes to ruffle my feathers ... well, IT WORKED!

At this rate I'll have to put out another listing with the December issue because you'll have so many red marks on this listing you won't be able to read it. Well, guess we can't complain too much as we also have a small change in our address ... such is life.

Address Changes:

Art Lidstrom
1730 Kearny St #F5
San Francisco, CA 94133
415-296-9036

Kathy Hurd
1507 Live Oak
Bay City, TX 77414
979-323-9816
Email remains same

Mary Bancroft
4102 Orange Ave. #119
Long Beach, CA 90807
562-208-8851
Email: mdmb247@aol.com

Mike Marte
607 Millpond Drive
San Jose, CA 95125
New home phone not available yet.

Cell: 408-386-9649
Email remains same

Joy Montgomery
PO Box 10956
Pleasanton, CA 94588-0956

Bob & Carolyn Ross
Just change our address line to read:
1400 Zillock Road Lot V26

EMAIL Changes:

Bill Duncan kduncan357@msn.com

Al Roberts alrobertswj@comcast.net

Liane Novak lianeisone@earthlink.net

Corrections:

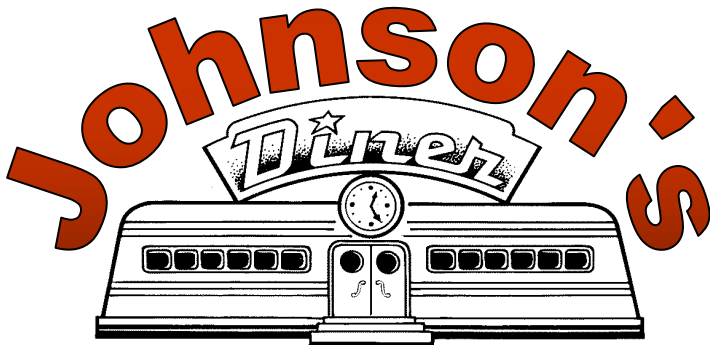
Michael Church
Change his Class to Fall '57

Joyce Lindquist
The phone company has seen fit to change the area code for her phone to 925

The hardest decisions
in life are deciding
which bridges to cross
and which ones to
burn!

James Mitchell





Where the elite meet to eat

This is DELICIOUS!!!! Just don't count the calories!!!

Potato Bake

- 1 pkg. Tater-Tots cut in half
- 1/2 cup green onions chopped fine
- 2 cups grated cheddar cheese
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 16 oz. sour cream
- 1 cube butter melted
- 4 cups corn flakes crushed

Cut tater tots in half (or I cheat and buy mini taters instead).
Place in a buttered 9x13 dish.
Heat together butter, soup, cheese, and onions
When hot and melted stir in sour cream and pour over Taters.
Top with crushed corn flakes. Bake 350 for 30-40min.

Yummy, yummy, yummy, I got tatters in my tummy!



GATHERING 2004 ... BOWLING IN THE MORNING

Most engineering drawings have front and rear views ... guess this one qualifies as a "Rear View," however, the engineering part seems to be a little "out of kilter."

Come join us over the weekend of June 9-10-11, 2006 for
Gathering 2006



Poly Athletic Association

We invite all Polyites, coaches, and faculty (both female and male), to our **TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REUNION LUNCHEON**. It will be held on Saturday, September 24, 2005, at the Patio Espanol Hall in San Francisco. The cost is \$35.00 per person. Guests are welcome.

Date: Saturday, September 24, 2005

Place: Patio Espanol Hall
2850 Alemany Blvd. (About 1/2 mile south of Geneva)
San Francisco, CA

Time: 11:30AM Social Hour
1PM Lunch

Menu: Salad, Entrée (Choice of Beef, Chicken, or Pasta Primavera), Wine and Coffee, Milk or Tea, and Dessert.

Cost: \$35.00 per person. Reservation deadline is September 14, 2005. Absolutely no tickets sold at the door. Tickets will be mailed out seven days prior to luncheon. No refunds.

Guests: Include name of guest, and, if from Poly, the year graduated. If not from Poly, the high school they attended.

NOTE 1: Three Faculty and many athletes and cheerleaders will be inducted into the **Polytechnic Hall of Fame**.

NOTE 2: If extra space for wheelchair is needed, let us know.

All tickets will be sold on a first come, first serve basis. Please help us by making your reservations as soon as possible.

Thank You ... *Polytechnic Athletic Association*

Editors Note: You will find the reservation form printed on a separate sheet attached to back of this newsletter. The staff of the Perennial Parrot are very excited as we will finally be in California at the right time to attend this event. Yes, we will be there despite the price of gas and the fact that it now takes us three days to get out of Texas instead of two since we have moved down to the southern tip, just 15 miles north of Brownsville. We hope to see a lot of you there and look forward to seeing a lot of people that we haven't seen in a lot of years.

Hail Polytechnic ...

Long Live Thy Name

Kibbles And Bits And Pieces

by Bob & Carolyn (Bier) Ross
The Perennial Parrot Staff



I (Bob) came across this "bird" in my 1955 Yearbook. If you look close you will see Pat West's autograph. In going through the yearbooks we have noticed that a lot of you signed right over your photo. It's a good thing because I might not have recognized her otherwise. <];)



Our apologies to everyone for getting this issue out so late. Had intended for this to be a June issue but found ourselves in the midst of multiple 700 mile round trips between the house we were moving out of and the house we were moving into. Between the middle of April until July 7th there were two rental truck loads, numerous Jeep Cherokee

loads, a hail storm (\$8500 damage to the Austin house, \$5500 damage to the Jeep) and a mini tornado down in San Benito that took out the middle section of the car port awning at the new house. Life really is "Like a box of chocolates, you never know what you're gonna get."

July 8th found us getting up in our new home and savoring the thought that there were no more round trips to make, just piles of boxes to unpack. I think the hardest part for Carolyn was deciding how much of the over 30 years of "collectibles" to leave behind ... we left a bunch behind. Now we can start "collecting" again!



For those of you that were in contact with Carol Sale Randall (S'54) because of the Poly '54 Reunion, the Email address, POLY54REUNION@AOL.COM has been terminated. You can still contact Carol to give her changes in your own Email address, at RANDLCS@AOL.COM. Carol also reports that another Poly event is being planned for 2009 and will be providing us with details when they become available. Carol's info is:

Carol Sale Randall
26 Laura Lane
Fairfax, CA 94930
415-455-0840



Coming up on Sept 24th is the Poly Athletic Assn Luncheon. As we said earlier, we are really excited that we will be in the Bay Area and be able to attend this Poly function ... finally! We hope to see a lot of you there. Remember, no tickets will be sold at the door ... there's a spare registration form attached to this newsletter in case you lost the original. We scanned the original and are not responsible for the misspelling of "Lucheon" ... see Ronnie, there are other Polyites that can't spell either.



DATES TO REMEMBER ... JUNE 9-10-11, 2006


Yes, those are the dates for Gathering 2006 in Reno, NV. Also remember that we have reverted back to everyone making their own hotel reservations so don't just sit there like a bump on a log until a few weeks before the party and end up in some dumpy motel on the outskirts of Reno ... PLAN AheaD folks. As before, Friday evening will be in the Fireside Lounge at the Peppermill Hotel/Casino, Saturday morning bowling at the Hilton, and Saturday evening Party at the home of Charlie & Noreen (Crowden) Neely in Sparks so make your reservations early to avoid the frustrations of waiting too late. The staff of the Parrot is again planning to stay across the street from the Peppermill at the Silver Sage RV Park. It's less than a year away ... CALL NOW!!!

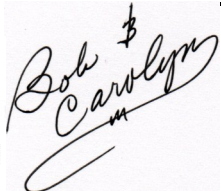



Time for us to say "Goodnight Sweetheart" and get back to unpacking boxes. We will be on the road from July 29th until our return home about October 7 or 8. Will be at the home of Gordon & Marilyn Lewis in Sonoma, CA from Sept 1 thru 24, leaving there for Tejas on Sept 25.

Don't forget, if you get together with other Polyites take pictures and send them to us with notes about the visit and the who-what-when-where info. Got a story about your school days, send it. We are constantly hungry for input and cannot produce this newsletter without your input ...

Keeping us informed keeps your classmates informed ...







May The Parrot Be With You 9

A Think To Thought On
Cutting too many corners can leave
people running around in circles.

Wisdom From Grandpa

Whether a man winds up with a nest egg, or a goose egg, depends a lot on the kind of chick he marries.

Trouble in marriage often starts when a man gets so busy earnin' his salt, that he forgets his sugar.

Too many couples marry for better, or for worse, but not for good.

When a man marries a woman, they become one; but the trouble starts when they try to decide which one.

If a man has enough horse sense to treat his wife like a thoroughbred, she will never turn into an old nag

On anniversaries, the wise husband always forgets the past - but never the present.

A foolish husband says to his wife, "Honey, you stick to the washin', ironin', cookin', and scrubbin'. No wife of mine is gonna work."

The bonds of matrimony are a good investment, only when the interest is kept up.

Many girls like to marry a military man - he can cook, sew, and make beds, and is in good health, and he's already used to taking orders.

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age, and start bragging about it.

The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for. Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me, I want people to know "why" I look this way. I've traveled a long way and some of the roads weren't paved.

How old would you be if you didn't know how old you are?

When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to your youth..... Remember about Algebra.

You know you are getting old, when everything either dries up, or leaks.

I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young.

Ah, being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

Old age is when former classmates are so gray and wrinkled and bald, they don't recognize you.

If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you are old..

Long ago when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft.....Today, it's called Golf.



First you forget names , then you forget faces.. Then you forget to pull up your zipper, but it's really worse when you forget to pull it down.

Have a GREAT day.