

# Perennial Parrot

The "Our Gang" Newsletter



Volume 18, #2

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

December, 2005

## The Rise & Fall of Polytechnic High School

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 the last issue of the Perennial Parrot, we took a brief look at our "Ladies" early years and her growth through the good years including our own "Fabulous 50's" era. In this issue we will look at the bad years that ended with the final "coup de grace" being demolition .....

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

### PART 2: "The Death of a Great High School"

Poly surged into the sixties with high hopes, but shortsighted city and school district policies failed to cope with the upheavals of that decade. Poly fell into a tailspin, from which she never recovered.

In the late 50's, the Redevelopment Agency began demolishing thousands of housing units in the Western Addition. Uprooted black families moved into the Haight Ashbury and the Irish Catholic establishment fled to suburbia. The Haight became the City's first thoroughly integrated neighborhood and, by 1963, Poly's student body was 25% black. (Lowell High School moved to Eucalyptus Drive in 1962 so Poly was the last public high school in the neighborhood.)

Initially, Principal Ivor Calloway found the new diversity at Poly challenging. According to former Boy's Dean and Principal Paul Lucey, "Ivor couldn't wait to get to school in the morning."

But on May 30, 1963, racist slogans were found posted on Poly's bulletin boards fusing an explosive situation. The signs read; "Stamp Out Nigger-White Rule!", "Nigger Go Back To Africa!", and "Nigger Stay Out Of The Rest Room" Ironically, two black girls confessed to the prank and were arrested for "Inciting to riot."

Principal Calloway claimed the act was a result of "what's hap-

pening in Birmingham." "The tension has been terrific, but I believe it's over now."

Politically influential white parents, afraid to send their kids to Poly, convinced the Board of Education to establish a special "option system." Students residing between Poly, Ocean Beach, Kirkham, and Golden Gate Park, were granted the option to choose Lincoln or Poly. Black families east of Poly had no option. Within three years, Poly's enrollment declined from 2000 to 1700 and became predominantly black.

Tommy S., who still lived in the Haight in Sept 1984, remembered his alma mater in '65-'66. "It was hip for black kids from all over the City to hang out at Poly 'cause it was a black school. O.J. Simpson came over from Galileo. Kids cut their first period class to smoke cigarettes and eat donuts at Johnson's. Sly Stone performed at Poly when he was still a DJ at KSOL."



Polytechnic High School  
1953

Continued on Page 2

# The Rise & Fall of Polytechnic High School

PART 2 Continued

Paul Lucey, temporary principal at Poly in early 1968, told Greg Gaar, "The stress and strain during those days was enormous." Mr. Lucey by the way, was a Marine fighter pilot during the Korean War. "Education at Poly in '68 was buffeted by Flower Power and Black Power. The drug scene was totally out of control and no white principal could have handled the job."

On November 2, 1966, the Haight Ashbury Neighborhood Council recommended that the United School District and the Board of Education "eliminate the option system before Poly becomes all black." The Teachers Union threatened a strike or mass resignations "If racial balance is not achieved at Poly." A union spokesman maintained, "The school district has been dragging its feet."

Nathaniel Brooks became San Francisco's first black principal when he took Poly's helm on May 22, 1968. All hell broke loose on October 23, 1968 at the corner of Fredrick and Willard when an ex-student was shot and severely wounded by two Poly kids over "drugs or a gambling debt." The same day, instructor Robert Over was attacked by a student during drama class.

Poly teachers then presented a list of their demands to the school district ...

- 1 ... Troublemakers and nonstudents be removed from the campus.
- 2 ... Change school boundaries to attract more white students.
- 3 ... Establish a full academic program.
- 4 ... Reduce class size.
- 5 ... Increase security.

While researching the '66 and '67 Poly Journals, Greg Garr also noticed another glaring problem. Poly had only one black faculty member while the student body was 60% black.

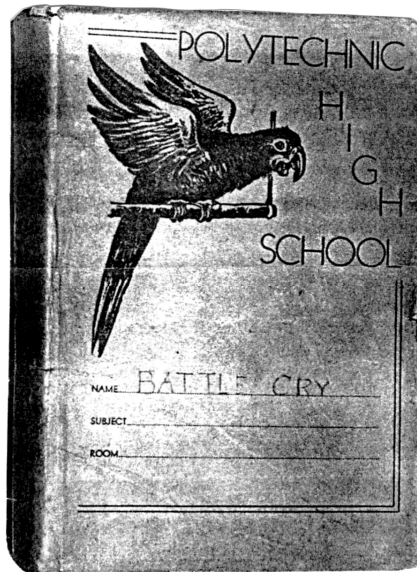
On December 1, 1966, Superintendent Harold Spears promised to end the "option system", but not until the start of the spring semester.

Frantically, white parents shifted their kids to over crowded Lincoln.

On March 17, 1967, Poly students rioted at Playland. "Two hundred teenagers leaving Poly's annual skating party went on a rampage," wrote the Examiner. "They smashed several concessions, stole more than 100 stuffed animals, broke windows worth \$1300, and escaped with liquor from a nearby food market."

In the school newspaper, The Poly Parrot, student body advisor, Miss Ruiz, denounced the bad press the school received from the Hearst newspapers: "Unfair slanting and exaggerated news coverage are responsible for the defacing of Poly's image."

Kate Northcott went against the grain by transferring from "elitist" Lowell to attend Poly in '66-'67 ... "Poly was my neighborhood school and I wanted to go to school with blacks. I loved the flexibility and freedom students received at Poly. There was room for me to be rebellious at Poly and that was not the case at Lowell. There was a small group of liberal white kids (hippie types) who took poetry, writing, and art classes; then we cut school to hang out on Haight Street. No one would notice. Through Poly was a gloomy, gloomy place, I never felt held back or in any danger."



These incidents were the straw that broke the camel's back. Twenty teachers wrote a letter to the Board of Education listing Poly's problems:

- \* A survey shows one third of the students regularly take drugs on campus and Park Emergency treats five students daily for drugs.
- \* Attacks on students by other students are rampant.
- \* Arson, chemical mace attacks, and possession of dangerous weapons are on the increase.
- \* Prostitution and pimping are widespread and open.
- \* Over 50% of Poly's sophomores never graduate and truancy runs 30% daily.

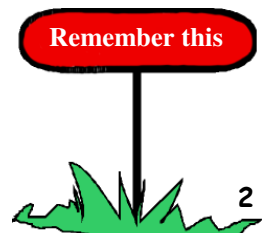
Principal Brooks responded, "There is some truth to the letter, but it's an exaggeration. We have serious problems, but Poly only reflects society at large. It's a ghetto school and it has the problems of the ghetto."

Teacher Jack Edmond spoke more bluntly. "If one were to design a facility deliberately designed to punish children, degrade teachers, and retard education, one could hardly do better than Poly."

Demanding the firing of the teachers who signed the letter, 800 outraged students marched on the Board of Education. The teenagers carried placards which read; "I'm a Poly Whore" and "Pimps and Prostitutes on Strike for Better Pay." Student body president Gregory Burrell met with administrators and insisted that soul food be served for lunch, teachers be trained in Black history, and Swahili classes be offered. "This is not a matter of race, but of education," Burrell told the press.

During the summer break of 1969, Principal Brooks quit. Angered at downtown administrators for ignoring student demands, Brooks concluded "One can't teach in a segregated school, when society is integrated."

By late 1969, Poly was 80% black and enrollment was under 1000. Gangs charged to use the restrooms and the school district encouraged transfers to other schools.



**The Perennial Parrot Newsletter**  
 Editorial Staff: Bob (S'55) & Carolyn (Bier S'57) Ross  
 1400 Zillock Road Lot V26 ..... San Benito, TX ..... 78586  
 Home: Phone & Fax: 956-276-0948 Cell: 512-658-8048 E-Mail: reross@ev1.net

# The Rise & Fall of Polytechnic High School

PART 2 Continued

David Haight, coincidentally related to Governor Henry Huntley Haight, joined the faculty in November 1969 and ran the electronics lab. "Within six months, thousands of dollars of equipment was stolen. This kid pulled a gun on me in class and asked, 'How'd you like to die?'" We spoke, man to man, for twenty minutes and shook hands. The following semester he was an "A" student.

"It was difficult for a white instructor to win the trust of the black students," explained Mr. Haight. "Putting in extra time or giving the kids some coffee money generated some respect. But the stress at Poly ruined my health and my career."

Problems continued to plague the school in the seventies. In 1970, the late Judge Cragen's son was "viciously beaten" by classmates. A faculty member and a former Poly coed were accidentally killed in a sauna.

A structural investigation revealed that all the campus buildings, except the Girl's Gym, failed to meet Field Act (1933) requirements for earthquake safety. "The hazard is so great that vacation of the premises should be given highest priority." Protective "earthquake barriers" were erected around the buildings. In June 1971, the Board of Education voted to demolish the academic building immediately and replace it with low rise bungalows. Of course, this never happened.



Senior Bench, Spring 1955

In the final years, Poly was used to test new educational programs. The Student Directed Curriculum (SDC) gave the students the opportunity to study whatever struck their fancy. David Haight recalled that students spent the day making fudge or cooking while others would play with dolls. He believes that SDC was a failure because "it prevented the kids from learning basic academic discipline." (*Editors Note: I have a few thoughts of my own about this paragraph.*)

The LEAP program brought Langley Porter interns and San Francisco State students to Poly as counselors for truants.

As a sign of the times, the once great Poly football team lost their last eighteen games. The last shinning moment for the Poly Parrots was national recognition of the school choir, directed by Johnny Land.

The Poly student body was absorbed into the new McAteer High School and the name Polytechnic High School ceased to exist. The Poly buildings became the lair for the Mission Bears while their school was renovated from 1973 to 1977.

Since 1977, only pigeons, rats, and some dedicated squatters have occupied the crumbling old school. The prospect of affordable housing and a community center on the site envisions a future as exciting as the good old days at Polytechnic High School.

the end

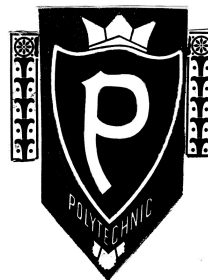
\*\*\*\*\*

In early October, 1984, the not yet Staff of the unborn "Perennial Parrot Newsletter" and other members of the soon to be formed "Our Gang", attended a Poly Reunion. Included in the activities was a "Last Walk Through The Halls Of Poly." It was a time to pay our last respects to "Our Great Lady in Granite." It was a time to pause for a moment within her walls and remember the warmth of her Heart. It was a time to feel a tear move slowly down your cheek. I'm sure that those of us who made use of our final "Hall Pass" and took that last walk through those "Hallowed Halls" will have the sights of that afternoon forever burned in our memory .....

Our thanks, once again, to Gary Marte for sending this article to us so we could share it with each of you.

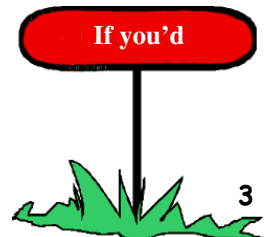


Senior Bench, Fall 1984



One Two Three Four,  
Three Two One Four,  
Who For, What For,  
Who We Gonna Yell For ...

Hail Polytechnic  
Long Live Thy  
Name



# The Exalted Parrot Face Speaks

From Gordon Lewis, EPF

## A POLY HALL OF FAMER

It was three eighteen Polytechnic time, September 24<sup>th</sup>, 2005, our friend, Ron Rehn, was inducted into the Polytechnic Hall of Fame for Track and Field and Junior Varsity Football, joining another Our Gang Hall of Famer, Bill Duncan.

## NOW, THE REST OF THE STORY

After school on Thursday, January 12, 1957, at Kezar Stadium, across the street from our famed Polytechnic High School, the afternoon had a chill in the air although no one was really aware. We were wrapped in the midst of a battle of the gridiron: the Red & Black of Polytechnic against the Blue & Orange of Balboa.



Ron Rehn

The Balboa Buccaneers were playing us hard, a team we were supposed to beat. It was late in the 4<sup>th</sup> quarter with two minutes and eight seconds left on the clock. Balboa was ahead; the score was 14 to 17. Balboa had the ball at midfield, (47-yard line in Poly's territory.) Our pass rush wasn't working well; Poly's defense wasn't able to get to Buccaneer's quarterback all afternoon.

Poly has one player Ron Rehn #89 who was playing both offense and defense. Ron was the kind of player who would tell himself, no team beats us on our turf and especially today. Ron had lined up in the defensive end slot, hoping for a shot at the QB. On the very next play Ron used a swimming motion to get between two Balboa linemen and was in the clear with an open lane to the quarterback. With everything he could muster, Ron rushed in hitting their quarterback hard, knocking him down and landing on top of him, jarring the ball loose. Another rushing Poly player picked up the ball and was able to run the ball all the way back for a Poly touchdown. The stadium erupted with ear shattering cheers.

Down on the field, Ron picked himself up, and in true sportsman conduct, extended a hand up to Balboa's quarterback, and asked, "Where were your Buccaneers on that play?" The Balboa quarterback said, "They're still under my bucken helmet." Poly won that game 21 to 17, thanks to a defensive end player #89. (Hall of Famer Ron Rehn.)

Our Gang now has the bragging rights to two Hall of Famers, and like our Golden Gate Bridge, they'll always be there.

*Gordon*



# Remembered Moments

By Carol (Brandt) McDermott

Residing quietly in the dusty corners of my middle-aged mind a collection of my select favorite teenage memories you will find.

Remembering attending my first high school dance in a decorated Girl's Gym. Deceptively disguised as a grand ballroom under the lights so dim.

Hanging from the ceiling spins a ball of glitter casting reflections all around. Interwoven with my many thoughts still dances remnants of the "Fifties" sound.

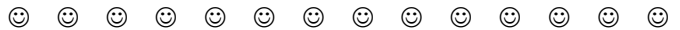
There are many football games, not to be forgotten until this day. Certainly not the one where Mission High took our long-winning record away.

Sitting in Kezar's stands confident that our win was a predictable thing. Missions last two-minute score and no longer was Poly the undefeated King.



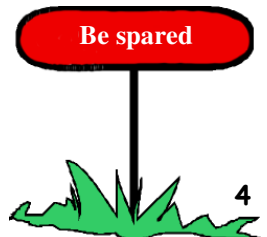
Memories of entertaining at rallies ... the challenge not many would seek. With the knowledge that you would always be considered a qualified geek.

Every precious memory whether thought of with lots of dread or delight. Finds itself welcomed by multitudes of Poly "old folks" just at twilight.



## GATHERING 2006

Believe it or not but June 9-10-11, 2006 is just around the corner. Have you made you reservations? As last year, Friday evening get-together will be at the Fireside Lounge in the Pepper Mill Casino ... great snackies! Be assured that if you wait a few more months to make your reservations hat some flea-bag hotel on the other side of the tracks will be very glad to accommodate you and yours. An-other words ... make that call TODAY!

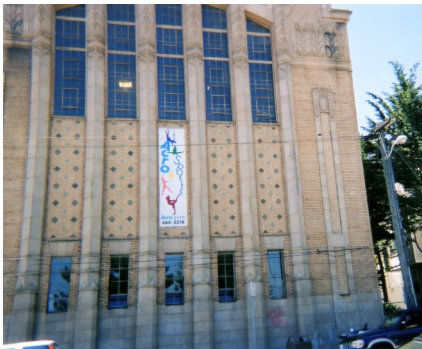


# CHANGES

by: Herb Brandt, Court Jester

It was a foggy morning in San Francisco. We had experienced several nice warm days with some intermittent rain. Now we were sitting in fog again. You remember fog, don't you? Of course, some time may have passed since you've seen it.

I sat in the fog thinking about the article I had to write for the Perennial Parrot newsletter as I had inherited this chore along with the silly hat when I became the Court Jester ... or whatever!



I decided to go down to Poly's old site and check out what had happened to our traditional past. As everyone

knows, Poly is no longer there. The girl's gym is still standing and is now a sports training facility. The main



school buildings have been demolished and turned into affordable housing for first time buyers and University of California medical students. The housing was designed by local architect

David Baker. It includes off-street parking and nice garden courts. The housing is government subsidized as San Francisco has become too expensive since the dot.com era.



The neighborhood has also changed. Where Johnson's Diner, our favorite greasery stood, is an East Indian, strictly vegetarian, restaurant called Ganges. Now that is a real change! The bakery at Sanyan and Fredrick Streets is now American Cyclery.

Our home team's field at Kezar Stadium has really been improved. It has been returned to

its original configuration ... the actual design that Mary Kezar had planned when she donated the stadium to the San Francisco High Schools. There is no more pro football. Kezar now has low walls and very nice benches (remember the splinters?). We are told that the City high schools still play the season championship game there at Thanksgiving. It has a great



rubber track and a weed-free grass field. It would have been nice to have had that field to run around when we attended Poly. The run around the outside wall of Kezar was not especially scenic!

I thought I would mention other changes to our teenage environment that should be noted. I went to Stow Lake where the old chicken-wire waterfall has been redone with new plastic concrete that resembles real stones. A Chinese temple has been placed on the shore of Strawberry Hill near the waterfall. It has a glazed tile roof and is surrounded by a well maintained bamboo enclosed oriental garden, but Stow Lake remains a nasty old green lake.



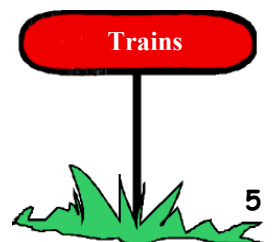
The De Young Museum has been totally rebuilt and has reopened this October. All parking will be underground with the exhaust fumes being released into the park through huge exhaust stacks. On the completion of the museum, the aquarium, planetarium, and North American Hall will be reconstructed as the old structures have already been demolished.

I finished my tour at the well maintained Japanese Tea Garden. It is much the same as it was in our past. During the years of World War II it became known as the Chinese Tea Garden but in the fifties its true title was reinstated.

All these changes are not necessarily improvements of our past but they are changes.

*Herb*

**Editor's Note:** The Parrot Staff visited the old school this summer also and have included a few photos of our favorite cheerleaders ... Marilyn (Fetter) Lewis and Carolyn (Bier) Ross along with Herb's photos.



# memories

by: Monty (Manuel) Montiel

Hi Gang ,

Our neighborhood drunk was a dog named Brownie who lived in a house at the southwest corner of Anderson and Thompkins. This poor dog hated Mondays because a school day meant that he would be roused from a deep slumber by “hundreds”, and I’m sure he thought that there were thousands, of kids yelling, “Hi Brownie! How are you doing boy!” Not the kind of loud sounds anyone with a severe hangover wants to hear.



Monty Montiel

After the last Munchkin had headed off to Paul Revere School, Brownie would head up Anderson street for his “cure.” A bit of the hair of the dog that bit him. (How appropriate!) He would make a left at Cortland and then head west to his sanctuary, which was a local bar called Duval’s Studio. The owner must have thought of himself as an art aficionado because he had paintings all over the walls and pearls of wisdom above the bar saying “Art lives long but life is short,” or something to that effect.

Brownie was a local celebrity when he walked into the bar and everyone greeted him like the regular that he was. The patrons and owner would feed him salted, hard boiled eggs which only increased his thirst for whatever brand of beer was placed in his bowl. Yes, he had his own bowl!

After drinking too much, Brownie would head home staggering along Cortland Ave. and pausing at each corner waiting for a chance to cross. Now, crossing Cortland might have been a problem but it seemed that everyone watched out for Brownie and in fact he would often wait for someone who he could follow across the bust street. I said Brownie was a drunk, not dumb.

Brownie’s only problem as he was homeward bound was going down Anderson street which was fairly steep even for someone with four legs. He would walk close to the houses and when he needed to catch his breadth, clear his head, or keep himself from falling, he would lean against a house for a few minutes. You could hear him sigh, give a rumbling growl as if to say, “Oh crap! I had one too many again!”, and then start home again.

Eventually Brownie would make it home and sleep it off but sometimes making a second trip in the same day. I don’t know that Brownie went to Duval’s Studio every day but nothing would surprise any of us who knew about his journeys.

I joined the Navy after high school and never returned to the old neighborhood and have no idea what ever happened to Brownie but the old saying that God looks out for small children and drunks makes me think that Brownie lived to a ripe old age. If there are dogs in heaven he must be there, because in spite of his drinking, he was a kind soul.

Cheers and Root Beers ...

*Monty*



# Come on Down!

By Gordon Lewis EPF

## ALMOST HEAVEN

In Late October Ronnie Bier called us and the Ross’s to have us tape the TV game show “The Price is Right” on November 9th as they were going to be on the show. They also had family members set to tape the show to be sure they got at least one good copy of their adventure in TV land.

10 AM, Nov.9th, rolled around and Marilyn and I settled in to watch and record the show. During the second round of the show, Ron was called down to compete for prizes. The game show host, Bob Barker, couldn’t help but remark about Ron’s tee shirt (**IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT ISN’T IN HEAVEN “I WON’T GO”**) this is one of the best shirts Bob said he had ever seen. Pretty unique, but then Ron did go to Poly. Ron didn’t win any prizes and felt he could have done better.



“One dollar, Bob”

## THE REAL PRIZE

Bob Barker had Karen stand up for the studio audience to see, along with the National T.V audience, admire and applaud the couple for celebrating their 46<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary on the game show. FORTY-SIX YEARS, how many can state that?



Though the prizes to be won were really nice, the real prize was they got their wish, to be on The Price Is Right. How many of us can say that? To be immortalized on National T.V. is something special. So maybe God might gear up for a game show in the sky, and, if he does, we know where he got the idea.

*Gordon*

### Things That Hallmark Cards Don't Say

I've always wanted to have  
Someone to hold,  
Someone to love.  
After having met you,  
I've changed my mind.



# Growing up in San Francisco ... Another Viewpoint

## An Unwanted Visitor by Carol (Brandt) McDermott

I grew up in the inner Sunset District of San Francisco; just one mile from Kezar Stadium where the Forty-Niners played football, and only a few blocks from Golden Gate Park. My siblings and I rarely played in our own back yard as we had all of Golden Gate Park. We had claimed it as our own backyard.

Everyday we would leave the house early in anticipation of our adventures in the park. We would usually enter the 14th Avenue entrance and in a very short time be at Stow Lake where we would catch the small spiny-backed fish that resided in the lake. We called them "stickle backs." As they swam close to shore in the shallow waters we could reach in and pick them up with our hands. They would be held for a short time and then returned to the waters. I guess a childlike idea of "catch and release."

When Stow Lake had worn out its interest for the day it was on to the Japanese Tea Garden. We would spend time running around the walkways through the Koi ponds, but most of our time was spent sitting on top of the large oriental bridge daydreaming and talking about other places to be. The world was different then; the tourists were sparse, the cell phones non-existent, and the world was a quieter and safer place. Rarely were admissions charged to frequent these urban wonders.



A very short distance from the tea garden sat the DeYoung Museum. We never passed without a visit to our Egyptian mummy, checking out the fashion collections of yesteryear, and once again gazing at the military uniforms and weapons from past wars. Now, in 2004, they have replaced that familiar structure with a copper-topped monstrosity that only salutes the future.



If you wend your way through the standing army of autumn trees that guard the bandstand, you would discover the Academy of Sciences, Steinhardt Aquarium, and African Hall. Sites that would never be ignored by curious children. We would make our daily trek through these structures. We knew every stuffed creature that had been vacantly staring back at us through the glass enclosure for years. We also knew just how long it took the pendulum to knock down the small wooden pegs as our world revolved unbeknownst to us.

Our last visit of each day was a short distance down the path ... it was the Children's Playground. When I reminisce about my childhood I have to wonder at how much enjoyment could be had in our past at so little financial cost.

We thoroughly enjoyed the playground for hours. We played on the rings and parallel bars, but we always ended up on the "round thing." It was located next to the Merry-Go-Round and would spin at the speed of the feet that ran and pushed it. I think if we had to choose our favorite childhood toy most of us would have chosen the "round thing."

As our day was rapidly slipping away we had to make sure nothing had changed at the playground's barnyard. The overalled farm lady tended to the cow, sheep, and goats as we all leaned over the wire fencing to watch the rabbit community hopping around their little wooden village. Their town had houses, a general store, and a church. Suddenly we noticed a brown and white spotted guinea pig dozing in the shade of one of the buildings. We immediately got into a discussion of what it be like to have one as your own pet.

After talking it over, we decided it was time to leave as we still had to walk a good distance home. When we left the park we had added a new member to our troupe, one of my younger brothers was toting that brown and white guinea pig home with us. Now, we had to contrive a tale of how we acquired this new pet that would sound reasonable to mom.

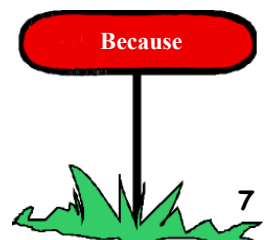
Whatever our fabrication was, as I can't remember, my sister and I ended up with a new roommate that night. We had gotten our new friend a large cardboard box and put a small tin of water in it. With a carrot and a few lettuce leaves tossed in he was ready for bed.

We went to bed that night, but never went to sleep. All night our brown and white spotted friend ran in circles knocking his water over, or sometimes, just running through it. As my sister and I laid in our beds listening to this "ruckus" we decided he was an unnecessary annoyance in our lives.

The next morning we rose early and started out to our urban backyard. We did not stop at Stow Lake, the museum, the aquarium or anywhere else. We went directly to the Children's Playground and as the farm lady readied the animals for another day of young, inquisitive, visitors, we returned our unwanted guest to his own home.

☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

*Carol*

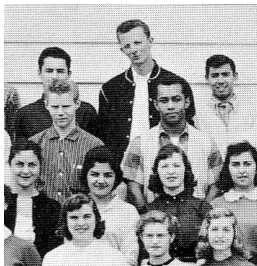


# Welcome To **our Gang**



Mae Ellen (Cupp) Threadgill  
Spring `56

869 Head Street  
San Francisco, CA 94132  
415-333-9021  
Email: mthread99@aol.com



Richard "Dick" Cosbie  
Fall `57  
Birth: 4-25-1940

73225 Bursera Way  
Palm Desert, CA 92260  
760-341-2817  
Email: thecos@dc.rr.com



Joan (Brower) Thorsen  
Spring `58  
Birth: 1-27-1941

3202 Venado Drive  
Arnold, CA 95223-3420  
209-795-6355

Here are three more folks joining the group but there is no need to add them to your club listing as we are including an up-dated listing with this issue.

Some of you may be in contact with or working with Mae Ellen this coming year as she is part of the planning committee for the up-coming 50 year reunion for the class of 1956. We had to go hunting through registry photos in the `57 yearbook to find pictures of Richard and Joan as we don't have any yearbooks past the spring `57 yearbook. You'll find Richard "heads above the rest" in his registry picture while Joan is second from the right (or third from the left depending on your light of sight) in the second row in her registry photo.

Glad to have you guys join the group and hope to see you in Reno on June 9-10-11, 2005 for Gathering 2006 ...

## May The Parrot Be With You



## Club Listing Changes / Corrections

There are a few changes/corrections for the club listing but as you are getting a new listing with this mailing we will just tell you who and what kind of a change/correction to look for:

Michael Church ... "Class of" correction  
Bill Duncan, Liane Novak, and Darlene Marte ... email changes  
Please check your entry in the enclosed club listing and let us know of any corrections that are needed.

## Congratulations

We think this may be a first for the Class of Spring 1955. Bill & Joan (Carson) Cannon have just celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Now anyone can tell by looking at them that they are just a couple of kids!



**Polytechnic Journal `52-`53**

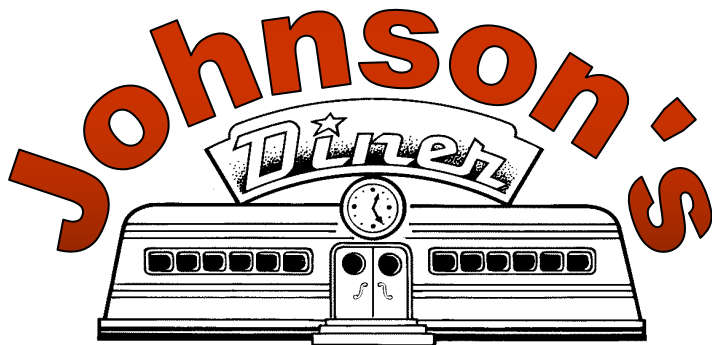
**Registry 126 H-10**

Back Row: R. Norwood, G. Neff, B. Hoelter, K. Kremer, W. Robinson, J. Webster, T. Orton  
Third Row: H. Tong, L. Leppi, B. Erickson, W. Rhodes, W. Hew, J. Ryan, D. Jacobson, R. Ferguson  
Second Row: J. Yew, D. Andrus, P. O'Connor, L. Asmussin, M. Murney, M. Burns, S. Boyd, B. Ja  
Bottom Row: N. Edwards, S. O'Donnell, V. Marten, M. Andrews, D. Codon, G. Noss, K. Mochida, M. Marquardt, B. Acensio

GREETINGS  
from  
**PARK BOWL**  
to all my young friends  
★  
STAN BREIER  
MANAGING OWNER  
SKyline 2-2366 1855 Haight St.







Where the elite meet to eat

Having the family over for breakfast? How about that church group that will be descending on you next Sunday after services? Joyce (Porter) Lindquist sent in this different approach to cooking breakfast for a large group. It really works great and no one has to wait for their special omelet ...

## Omelets in a bag

Have guests write their name on a quart-size freezer bag with a permanent marker.

Crack 2 eggs (large, extra large, jumbo, whatever) into the bag (not more than 2) and shake to combine them.

Put out a variety of ingredients such as:

cheeses	ham
bacon	sausage
chopped onions	green peppers
tomatoes	hash browns
salsa	etc., etc.

Have each guest add prepared ingredients of choice to their bag and shake. Make sure they get the air out of the bag and zip it up.

Place the bag into rolling, boiling water for exactly 13 minutes. You can usually cook 6 to 8 omelets in a large pot. For more, make another pot of boiling water.

Open the bags and the omelet will roll out easily. Be prepared for everyone to be amazed.

Nice to serve with fresh fruit and/or coffee cake. Everyone gets involved in the process and it makes for a great conversation topic.



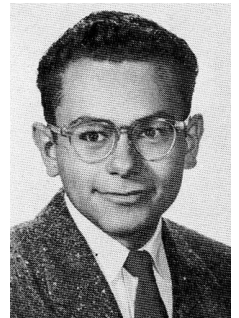
## Class of 1956



### Planning Committee Report

The first meeting of the planning committee for a 50 year reunion for the class of 1956 was held on October 29th, 2005. The general consensus of the committee was that they should proceed with planning for the reunion.

The members present asked Jack Bonanno to be the chairperson and he consented. All agreed that it is not a one person job and everyone should assume responsibility for the work necessary to ensure a successful reunion. Several dates were put forth as possible for the reunion to take place. Those dates are: May 19, June 3, June 19, and October 21, 2006.



Jack Bonanno

At a follow-up meeting in early November the reunion date was set for October 21, 2006 and will include the classes of Fall 1955, Spring 1956, and Fall 1956.

### Planning Committee Members:

Jack Bonanno *Chairperson*  
 jackbonannolaw@earthlink.net  
 Ray Lombardi  
 ray103@pacbell.net 650-366-3159  
 Marian (Goodwin) Kolm  
 trainkolm@aol.com 510-881-1553  
 Tom Schultz  
 tschultz@discobay.net 925-516-6638  
 Mae Ellen (Cupp) Threadgill  
 mthread99@aol.com 415-333-9021  
 Esterlene (Hampton) Williams  
 ew115@cs.com 650-992-3736  
 Doris (Costa) Colombo  
 650-355-6619  
 Joe Rinaldi  
 650-312-1450  
 Howard Zugman  
 hzugman@attbi.com 510-724-5794  
 Cherrie (Parish) Sherrard  
 Carol (Brandt) McDermott



**BERNICE MOORE**  
 CUSTOM PICTURE FRAMING  
 Pictures — Mirrors — Shadow Boxes  
 1039 IRVING STREET  
 Bus. LO. 6-6368—Phones—Res. WA. 1-9164

School Supplies      Office Supplies  
 Portable Typewriters  
 Wedding Announcements  
 Gifts  
**TORREY'S**  
 STATIONERS  
 1458 Haight Street      UNDERHILL 1-4327



# Poly Athletic Luncheon Sept 2005



Dian (Andrus) Bachelor & Joyce (Porter) Lindquist



Ray Monteroso

"Next year use a level on the podium poster!"



Gordon & Marilyn (Fetter) Lewis



Poly Athletic Association  
HALL OF FAME ... 2005 Edition



Left: Dorothy (Glover) Cheek & Juliet Garfinkel



Right: Julie Garfinkel & Carol (Sale) Randall

Julie must have an affliction to open eyes for the camera ... photos from two different cameras.



Herb Truchon, Ray Lombardi, Gordon Lewis, Bob Ross & Louis Bamberger



Morley Johnson & Gary McDermott



Bob St. Clair & Dian (Andrus) Bachelor



Bob & Carolyn (Bier) Ross



Gabriel "Chico" Carillo



Pete Onstadt & Joyce (Porter) Lindquist

# Kibbles And Bits And Pieces

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



Hi Gang ... Hope this issue finds everyone healthy and wise. We know none of you are wealthy after paying for gasoline this past year. For us, driving the RV out to California and back this summer was especially painful as 6mph, down hill with a tail wind took a LARGE chunk out of the pocket book.

It was worth it, however, as we had never attended a Poly Athletic Luncheon before and it was really great seeing so many of the gang and a lot of faces we have not seen since leaving Poly.

## LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY

About five or six years ago someone suggested we send the newsletter over the internet. Problem is, if you don't have the same program I created it in, it has to be converted into a PDF file so you can open it with Adobe Reader which almost all have in their computer. The Adobe PDF Reader is a free download ... the Adobe PDF Creator, however, is a high dollar program. Another problem (which still exists today) is the file size of a complete newsletter which means, if you are on a dial-up connection like us, it is an extremely long up-load time on our end and likewise for you to down-load the file.

Over the past several weeks we have been looking at the problem once again because of the cost of printing and mailing the newsletter. The last newsletter cost about \$4.24 per person for materials and postage ... the largest expense being ink.

We have found and downloaded a free PDF creator program, tried it out and found the Adobe Reader opens and prints the files without a problem. However, the PDF file for the last newsletter was very large at 13.7MB, and after up-loading the file to send it to Carolyn for an hour it was only two thirds done so that method of sending the newsletter is still not feasible as most of you are still using a slow dial-up connection like us. CDs, on the other hand, have become very cheap. What we have found is that we can put the entire newsletter and the club listing on a CD in the PDF format and mail it to anyone with a computer, as most all computers have the PDF reader, for somewhere between 81 to 90 cents per person depending on cd, envelope and postage costs.

The last newsletter cost a total of \$203.52 after printing and mailing ... no club listing included (which would have increased the postage). At 81 cents per person using the CD method the total cost would have been about \$38.88, including a club listing. Even a rocket scientist can "CD" the cost difference there ... excuse the pun.

We will be sending out this issue of the newsletter on CD to several folks as a test run. They should be able to print out a hard copy for themselves and as many others as they want to share with others. If you would like to receive a CD to try it out yourself just send me an email (reross@ev1.net and don't forget, that's the numeral one, not a lower case l) and we will send you one right out.

We will have a high speed internet connection here within the next six months (we hope) and at that time will email the newsletter in PDF format to any one else with a similar connection as up-load and down-load times will have little meaning thereby reducing our costs even more. Yes, all of this means our costs plummet and the subscription rate plummets also.

Send us your thoughts.

## MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS AND SEND IN YOUR REGISTRATIONS FOR GATHERING 2006 ... NOW!!!

Registration slips are attached to this issue for the 2006 Gathering. If you're planning to attend please send in your registration so we can get a head count for the Saturday party food stuffs. And don't forget ... make your hotel reservations NOW ... don't wait until the day after you get there or you might end up in a motel in Fernley, Nevada.

From our casa  
to your casa,  
the very best  
of holidays and  
a wonderful  
New Year

A Think To Thought On  
My wife leads a double life ...  
Hers and mine!



Bob & Carolyn



May The Parrot Be With You 11

# Why Computers Sometimes Crash!

By Dr. Seuss

(Read this aloud .... It's great!)

If a packet hits a pocket on a socket on a port,  
And the bus is interrupted at a very last resort,  
And the access of the memory makes your floppy disk abort,  
Then the socket packet pocket has an error to report.

If your cursor finds a menu item followed by a dash,  
And the double clicking icon puts your window in the trash,  
And your data is corrupted cause the index doesn't hash,  
Then your situation's hopeless and your system's gonna crash!

If the label on the cable on the table at your house,  
Says the network is connected to the button on your mouse,  
But your packets want to tunnel to another protocol,  
That's repeatedly rejected by the printer down the hall .....

And your screen is all distorted by the side effects of gauss,  
So your icons in the window are as wavy as a souse;  
Then you may as well reboot and go out with a bang,  
'cause sure as I'm a poet, the sucker's gonna hang.

When the copy on your floppy's getting sloppy in the disk,  
And the macro code instructions is causing unnecessary risk,  
Then you'll have to flash the memory and you'll want to RAM your ROM,  
And then quickly turn off the computer and be sure to tell your mom!

Well, that certainly clears things up for me.

How about you?

Thank you Bill Gates,

For bringing all this into our lives!