

Perennial Parrot

The
"Our Gang"
Newsletter



Volume 22 #1

Polytechnic High School ... 1894-1972 ... San Francisco, California

April 2009

"Hail Poly" Visits "Perennial Parrot"

March 7, 2009

Shortly after 8:30 PM, Kathy (Bertsch) Compagno, co-host of the "Hail Poly" web site, came down the escalator at the Harlingen, TX airport while Carolyn (Bier) Ross, and Gordon & Marilyn (Fetter) Lewis held up a banner to welcome Kathy to the Rio Grande Valley.

Kathy came to the "Tip-Of-Texas" a few days ahead of a group that was on a bird watching

tour ... the Lower Rio Grande Valley is noted as the bird watching capital of America. Her main purpose of coming in early was to do some family genealogy research as her grandfather was in the Army at Fort Brown in Brownsville, TX from 1912 into 1917. As her grandfather was unable to get furlough to return to Ohio to marry her grandmother, she took a train down to Brownsville arriving on Aug 28, 1916. Grandfather met soon to be grandmother at the train station and whisked her off to the local Catholic church where they were married that afternoon. None of Kathy's family had ever returned to the area to do any family research and after two and a half days she walked away with a treasure chest of information and photos, old and new. To say that she left here "BEAMING" would be an understatement.



Following her genealogy romp, Kathy joined up with her birding group and they were rewarded with three days of wet weather with a cold north wind ... what more could one ask for with an outdoor activity? The weather did clear up for them and they enjoyed upper 70s with sunshine for the remainder of their foray with

the many species of birds that are found in the Lower Rio Grande Valley. We had a great visit with Kathy and hope she can get back in the future to spend more leisure time with us.

bob & carolyn
Perennial Parrot Staff



Left to Right: Bob & Carolyn (Bier) Ross (Perennial Parrot Staff), Kathy (Bertsch) Compagno, Marilyn (Fetter) & Gordon Lewis

Letters to the Editor

Hi Bob and Carolyn,

My name is Franklin Dyer (Class of 1960). I am writing to thank you for your newsletter and website. It has been nearly 50 years now since I walked the halls of Poly and have been searching the Internet for any reference to our high school. I was very pleased to find your site and have been happily living my younger days through memories generated by the information and references you have provided. It really seems like only yesterday and not fifty years, the memories are so vivid of classmates, etc. I still live in San Francisco and very often pass by Poly's home and, actually, have visited the men's gym a few times. There is a circus school there now. I am really looking forward to attending the 50th reunion in October of this year. I have attended a few over the years. Funny how our high school years have had such a profound impact on our lives and how the memories remain so vivid.

Anyhow, thank you again for sharing the Poly spirit.

Franklin
franklinw_d@att.net

I'm very grateful to the two of you for keeping the Poly spirit alive. Surely it takes you hours of research through newspapers, email, and networking to create what you have done for all of Poly's grads. Well done, my friends ... Thank you ...

Bob Miller
President, Class of Fall '59
rw2miller@comcast.net

THANKS for the kudos ... As for the research, well, we rely VERY heavily on INPUT from other Polyites. Did everyone read that? Our inbox is always open for school days stories and photos and your memories of San Francisco in the 40s, 50s, 60s and what remained of Poly in the 70s. If any are interested in Poly's history we suggest contacting Kathy (Bertsch S`64) Compagno at the Hail Poly web site and get hooked up with their research group. Just about anything you want to know about Poly you will find through their group ...

Editorial Staff

The editors ... bob & carolyn ross

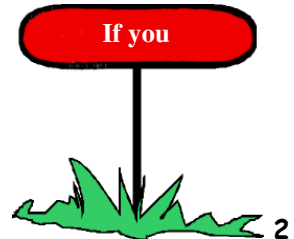
1964 - YOUR YEAR IN REVIEW	
1964 PRICES	
AVERAGE INCOME	\$ 6,080.00
NEW CAR	\$ 3,495.00
NEW HOUSE	\$ 13,050.00
LOAF OF BREAD	\$.21
GALLON OF GAS	\$.30
GALLON OF MILK	\$ 1.06
GOLD PER OUNCE	\$ 35.00
SILVER PER OUNCE	\$ 1.29
DOW JONES AVERAGE	766.08 to 891.7
President -	LYNDON JOHNSON
Vice President -	NONE
MISS AMERICA - DONNA AXUM, EL DORADO, AR	
MINIMUM WAGE \$ 1.25	
Life Expectancy - 69.7 Years	

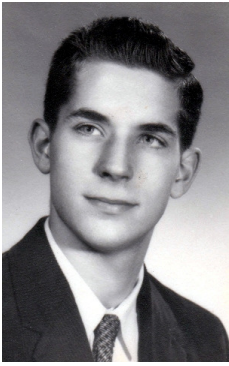


BOY DID WE GOOF !!!

We had a "GLARING" typo in the last issue of the Perennial Parrot (December 2008). We wish to apologize to ALL POLYITES for the misspelling of Milt Axt's name in the headline on page 5 of that issue. We did not catch the error until after all the hard copies and CD copies went into the mail. Luckily we made the correction to the web posted issue before anyone went to the site to read that issue. Be assured that all our masters have been corrected. Carolyn has since told me that headlines are the most overlooked areas in proofreading ... we just proved that.

The Perennial Parrot Newsletter	Perennial Parrot Web Site www.PerennialParrot.com
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Faculty Memories

From Robert "Bob" Miller Class President ... Fall '59

James Kinney, Student Body Advisor ... 1958

Mr. Kinney taught Math and was dearly loved by everyone; that year would be his last before retirement. At the final assembly, the students would surprise him with a trophy in his honor, the James Kinney Leadership Award. But, to my story. That semester I was taking Geometry

class, and one incident in particular stands out in my memory that gave witness to his belief in the students that went beyond the classroom. The night before a test, there was another upset in my home and a beating by my father. I tried to study for the test but couldn't focus. The next day, I weighed the alternatives of just cutting class or doing what I could on the exam which in normal circumstances would be a cinch as math came easy for me. I decided to go for it. Fifteen minutes into the exam I put down my pencil on the blank sheet of paper and went to him, confiding the circumstances of the night before and that I was too upset to concentrate. "I couldn't take the test, not then anyway." He had the grace to excuse me, an act of kindness and sensitivity that I'll always remember and will always make similar space for others in my own expectations.

It has been almost 50 years since I last walked the halls of Poly and now I can only remember the sounds of those hallways. But along with those memories are these of four of my teachers that made a difference in my life. Maybe you had or remember these teachers also ...

Harry Collis, French ... 1958-59

I was in Mr. Collis' class and one day curiosity was raised about Mr. Collis ... his background, his hobbies, etc. Somehow we learned that he played piano evenings at a bar located up the hill, on Parnassus, west of Poly. A small group of us decided to surprise him one evening with an unexpected visit. It was about 10PM when we arrived and he was well into his set. His jaw dropped and his hands slowed their dance on the keys when he saw us entering the room. At his break, he told us that he had always made an effort to separate his social life from his teaching profession and hoped we would keep our visit in confidence. It was never mentioned again.

Eve St. Marie Wallenstein, French ... 1959

I was enrolled in her classes that year, but was not doing well. A language was required for college admission and it looked like I would be failed come December 1959. Miss Wallenstein took an interest and asked if I would agree to study with her over the Thanksgiving and year-end holidays. In those years we had about two weeks total. She invited me to her home each day on Franklin Street where she lived with her mother. With her help, I squeaked by with a C-minus, which enabled me to be accepted at UC Berkeley. That single act of kindness changed my entire life.

Ernest Nackord

Mr. Nackord championed an approach to high school education that included living skills, managing a check book and credit card, budgeting, writing job applications and preparing for interviews, being a good worker at a job, a responsible tenant of a flat or house, family planning, putting one's family first, and handling responsibilities ... all the skills one would need in the adult world after leaving high school. His curricula was intended for students who were not college-bound. I suppose those of us who were to go to college could figure it all out on our own, but Ernie Nackord believed the educational system owed this to all of us.

Hope this triggered some good memories for all ...

Bob Miller



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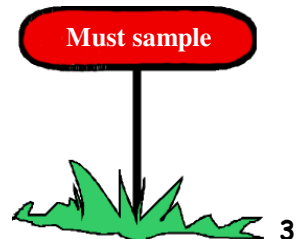




Gathering 2010

June 4-5-6, 2010 Reno, Nevada





Flying Down Gates

by Monty Montiel

Hi Gang,

Among those of us who were born and/or raised in San Francisco, most lived on streets that were hills. There are very few "flatlanders" in San Francisco. I lived in the second house from the corner of Anderson St. and Tompkins on the south side of Bernal Heights. My mother always complained about the long block and then short one she had to walk up, to catch the bus on Cortland Avenue but ours was not a very steep hill.

There was a hill, however, just south of Paul Revere School called Gates Street or Gates Avenue, I can't remember which, after so many years, but it was the steepest hill around to every eleven year old that lived close by.

Yes there were other streets close by, like the top of Anderson St., just below Bernal Heights, and some of the other streets that ran parallel, that were probably steeper, but for me and my friends Gates was our challenge.

This street was so steep that the 10 Monterey, the Muni bus, would crawl up this hill so slowly, with the diesel engine straining while in compound low gear, all the time thinking that we could probably outrun the bus.

We wore those metal skates that had clamps for the front of our shoes and a leather strap to keep your heel in place. We wore our skate keys around our necks with a string but I wore my key with a leather shoe string I took from my father's old boots. At least I thought they were his old boots. The key was used to tighten the clamp to our shoes and there was wrench like affair to adjust the length of the skate. The idea was that you could keep on making your skates longer as you grew but the skates themselves never seemed to last that long.

Johnny Mendez and a couple of my other friends would gather at the corner candy store at the top of Gates and Tompkins daring each other to go down this hill that seemed so steep and so long and so scary. We would start down Gates and then make a quick U turn before we picked up too much speed and then skate back to the top saying, "Well at least I went down part way!"

At the time my father was a machinist and he had some special oil that I think could have been castor oil, telling me that it was the best oil around, while he squirted all the ball bearing on my wheels. And then I headed out to meet my friends at the top of Gates.

Now you have to remember that we were eleven years old and to us, skating down Gates was a challenge like climbing Mt. Everest or swimming across the San Francisco Bay or maybe even jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge and surviving, like Tarzan. I told my buddies that today was the day I was going to fly down Gates Street but then we told each other that every time we met. I started down Gates with every intention of making a U turn just

in the nick of time but I hadn't figured on how much faster I would reach that critical speed, with freshly oiled wheels, thus making a U turn completely impossible. The oil worked too well! I reached the point of no return so much faster than I anticipated and felt a pang of fear that no eleven year old should feel. I was headed down infamous Gates knowing that if I attempted a turn now, I would go head over heels crashing in the middle of the street and leaving a good deal of my young flesh on the asphalt.



I could feel the wind blowing my hair and my shirt fluttering and my corduroys making a noise I had never heard before as I sped down Gates and then I got what I thought was a good idea. If I fell, I wouldn't get hurt so bad if I was lower to the ground. Maybe if I squatted down like a catcher. It seemed like a good idea at the time but then at eleven I didn't know anything about aerodynamics.

Squatting down only served to increase my speed and then make it seem like suicide to stand up again. I found myself using every swear word I had learned at my father's side, while he worked on the family car. He claimed that swearing made it easier to remove rusty bolts and made it easier to deal with scraped knuckles. I was just finishing using every swear word I had learned for the second time and then switched to praying. Discretion is the definitely the better part of valor.

I could sense the houses and cars parked along the sidewalk going by but didn't want to turn my head to look thinking I would lose my balance and perhaps a limb, or two. I was terrified and speeding towards the Ogden intersection praying that some car wouldn't turn on to Gates because there wasn't anyway for me to get out of the way. How could I have been so stupid? It seemed like I yelled so loud, but no one heard and perhaps that was a good thing because I pronounced to all the Gods and neighbors to hear, that my father was the result of a union of two unmarried people, my grandparents.

I finally reached Ogden safely and that is where Gates sort of leveled off and I started to slow down. It seemed to take forever to slow down to a reasonable speed but I eventually came to a stop and turned around to see my buddies waving their arms. I waved back and started back up Gate after I took off my skates. There was no way I was going to take a chance of slipping on my skates and accidentally starting down Gates again.

I finally reached the top of Gates and Tompkins and my friends were smiling and patting me on the back saying that I really had a lot of guts and "Man you were going fast!". I just smiled and said, "There nothing to be scared of. Hell there's nothing to it." And then the challenge,

"Who's going next?"

Cheers ... Monty



Pictures Worth Sharing

Some things are just meant to be shared among friends and we consider all Polyites our friends. With that in mind, here is a Christmas card and a photo that arrived last December too late for the December newsletter and we wanted to share them with all as they are school friend related.

To the right is a Christmas card we received from Joyce (Porter S`55) Lindquist. Joyce and this editor were in the same home-room at Poly but traveled with different crowds through school. Joyce found and joined "Our Gang" a few years after it formed and always brings a spark of warmth and friendship at each Reno "Gathering".



If you haven't met Joyce yet, you need to ... she will put a smile on your day.

From Nancy (Shellhammer S`55) Mobley we received the photo to the left. Nancy operates a retirement home on Vancouver Island called *The Oceanview* (<http://www.oceanviewretirement.com/index.html>). Nancy's home is located just below the retirement home, just beyond the trees on the left in the photo. This note accompanied the photo ... "Hi guys, This is looking out a window at *The Oceanview* of the Saltspring Island ferry. Fresh snow had fallen last night. Look



close and you can see the mountains above Vancouver. The icicles are hanging from the roof."

The second photo is Nancy's home taken on June 11, 2003. Zoom in and you will see this editor standing on the porch ... we were visiting Nancy on our first trip to Alaska.

SO ... got a special photo related to Poly or of Poly

friends that you would like to share? We would be more than happy to place them in the newsletter and/or on the newsletter web site. Just be sure to include the who, what, when, where, and why. Please, when sending photos by email send them as Large or Full-size attachments. We will do any needed reduction in file size on this end.

Enjoy the photos ... *Bob Ross*

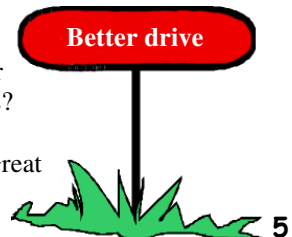
Spring 1942 Yearbook ...

And here are a couple of yearbook photos from before our time at Poly.



The Senior Bench at noon time is an ideal vantage point for getting a panorama of Polytechnic "at ease".

Any of you guys remember turned-up cuffs? I do, but not to this extreme. Great dirt catchers!



A Look Back at Poly Sports

by Angus MacFarlane, Class of '65

I have a lot of disorganized research to get in order, but briefly, the athletic history of Poly begins with a track meet in the east bay in the mid 1890s. This was the first organized athletic endeavor in which I find our alma matter mentioned. Before that, high school sports in San Francisco amounted to Boys' High having interclass meets/games/matches, since Boys' High was the only high school in the city.

Soon an athletic association of private and public high schools and academies was organized. The Academic Athletic League, the gran-pappy of the old AAA (Academic Athletic Association).

The year after the east bay track meet, Poly and Boys' High/Lowell had their first one-on-one encounter at what was known as the Olympic Grounds. This was an athletic field owned by the SF Olympic Club between 1890 and 1900 between Lincoln and Irving Streets & 7th and 8th Avenues. Incidentally, this is where Cal and Stanford had their first track meet in 1893 (?) called The Big Meet.

By 1898, high school football was being played in various locations. The main one was called the Presidio Athletic Grounds, located in the Marina District approximately across the street from the Palace of Fine Arts ... of course, the Palace did not exist then as it was built for the PPIE in 1915. Until the earthquake, the Presidio Athletic Grounds was the main venue, but football games were also played at what was called the Folsom Street Grounds at 16th and Folsom. Cal and Stanford played there also. Another site was the original Recreation Grounds at 8th and Harrison. Additionally, there were out-of-city sites.

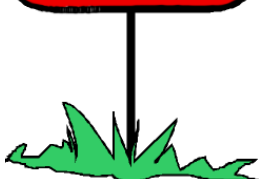
The earthquake of '06 disrupted everything including football. Poly didn't field a team until 1908. Between 1908 and the opening of Ewing Field to prep football, the high schools played in an array of locations, most of them out of town for obvious reasons.

Rugby replaced American football about 1910. There had been a gradual movement to ban American football as too rough. Prep football was the biggest game in town. Poly-Lowell games drew over 15,000 spectators to Ewing Field, taxing its capacity. Eventually, Kezar was built to accommodate the high school football fans who were regularly turned away from the Poly-Lowell games and the few championship games that the two schools didn't compete in.

Kezar played to packed houses, but its original 25,000 capacity still couldn't accommodate all of the rabid prep football fans so it was expanded to hold 60,000 spectators. The following web site, <http://content.cdlib.org/ark:/13030/tf6000091r&brand=oac/> shows the expansion work on Kezar being done. You may recognize the building on the left. The original Kezar was like today's modest field but had seating all the way around up to street level. The expansion raised the seating about 30 feet above street level, becoming the Kezar we knew and loved and saw everyday when we walked out the front doors of Poly.

Suffice it to say that Kezar was built because of the popularity of prep football, especially the Poly/Lowell games. Kezar had to be expanded because of the enormous popularity of the game. Remember,

Where traffic ain't



in the 19teens, 20s, 30s, and even 40s, there was nothing happening after baseball season, no TV, no internet, some radio, some movies, but for fan appeal, there was nothing to compare with high school football.

Kind of like it is in small towns in Texas on Friday night.

GO PARROTS

Angus

BEAT LOWELL



Editors Note: Well now, "... like small towns in Texas on Friday night." That's interesting. We have lived in Texas almost 40 years and that's definitely the last thing I would say to a "Native" Texan without a "y'all" at the end. Kinda like saying "You're an idiot, SIR!" to your boss before you get fired.

F. W. Woolworth Co.

<p>BACON and TOMATO 50c Toasted Three Decker Sandwich</p> <p>BAKED HAM and CHEESE 60c Toasted Three Decker Sandwich</p> <p>CHICKEN SALAD 65c Toasted Three Decker Sandwich</p> <p>HAM SALAD and EGG SALAD 50c Toasted Three Decker Sandwich</p> <p><small>Above available on two slices of bread on request.</small></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">PLAIN or TOASTED SANDWICHES</p> <p>HAM SALAD Sandwich 30c</p> <p>EGG SALAD Sandwich 30c</p> <p>AMERICAN CHEESE Sandwich 30c</p> <p>PRESSED HAM Sandwich 30c</p>
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TRY OUR SUPER DELUXE HAM SANDWICH—BAKED HAM SLICED VERY THIN AND STACKED HIGH ON PLAIN BREAD, TOAST OR HARD ROLL
40¢ YOU WILL LIKE IT! 40¢

Fountain Features

<p>ICE LINE</p> <p>TULIP SUNDAE 25c 2 Dippers of Ice Cream covered with Crushed Fruit or Fresh Fruits in Season</p> <p><small>CHOICE OF STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE, CHERRY, CHOCOLATE OR HOT FUDGE Topped with Whipped Topping Bounded Nuts and Cherry Ring</small></p>	<p>SUPER JUMBO</p> <p>BANANA SPLIT 39c 1/2 Banana covered with 3 Dippers of Ice Cream and Crushed Fruits or Fresh Fruits in Season</p> <p><small>CHOICE OF STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE, CHERRY, CHOCOLATE OR HOT FUDGE Topped with Whipped Topping and Bounded Nuts</small></p>	<p>EXTRA RICH</p> <p>ICE CREAM SODA 25c</p> <p><small>POPULAR FLAVORS Made with 2 Dippers of Ice Cream Crushed Fruit or Fresh Fruits in Season</small></p>
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<p>MALTED MILK 25c <small>Popular FLAVORS Made with 2 Dippers of Ice Cream</small></p> <p>MILK SHAKE 25c <small>Popular FLAVORS Made with 2 Dippers of Ice Cream</small></p> <p>BANANA SPLIT Regular 25c <small>Popular FLAVORS Made with 3 Dippers of Ice Cream</small></p> <p>FRESH ORANGE JUICE Regular 20c Large 30c <small>Freshly Squeezed to Order</small></p>	<p>DRINK Coca-Cola KING SIZE 100</p>	<p>HOT NESTLE'S WITH WHIPPED TOPPING AND WAFERS 15c</p> <p>APPLE PIE Per Cut 15c <small>11g Additional with Ice Cream</small></p> <p>LAYER CAKE Per Cut 15c <small>11g Additional with Ice Cream</small></p>
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Home Style Desserts

WOOLWORTH COFFEE—ALWAYS GOOD

HAVE A COKE GOES GOOD WITH FOOD

PRINTED IN U.S.A. NO. 3474 REV. 9-60

Anybody for lunch?

How long since you sat at a Woolworth lunch counter? Don't remember? Well then, check out this Woolworth lunch menu from January 1950. Wish it was early 2010s vintage, I could handle these prices!

BurmaShave





Poly Athletic Association

P.O. Box 821 Millbrae CA 94030

Remembering great tradition and the people who established it.

(650) 697-0386 January 2009

was inducted into the San Francisco Prep Hall of Fame. Thomas Piggee ('60), was honored for his outstanding Football, Track and Field career while at Poly.

Our TWENTY-FIFTH SILVER ANNIVERSARY ANNUAL LUNCHEON was a smashing gala affair. Polyites came from across the country to attend. A great time reminiscing about Poly was had by all.

This year the Athletes inducted into the Poly Hall of Fame were: Vince Aguiar ('64), Marco Benassini ('58), Joe Castromayer ('68), Dick Chute ('53), Larry Dalby ('55), Jose Espina ('52), John Flaherty ('62), Raul Garcia ('65), Mel Gregory ('62), Leonard Gumm ('60), Ron Maxwell ('67), Erv Morgenthal ('48), Frank Nevares ('59), Jim Roberts ('49), Len Stefanelli ('59), Bob Suhl ('49), Al Ward ('53), Lowell Ward ('55), and Wayne Warden ('57). Cheerleaders were Darlene Marte Holman ('59), Linda Miller Seifert ('61), and Marie Boeker Wright ('58). Equipment Manager Joe Cavello ('67) was also inducted.

We had some very important people attend. Among them the late Coach Milt Axt's daughter Anita Axt, Coach Pete MacPhail's widow Jo Anne MacPhail and his son Peter MacPhail Jr. Also in attendance were authors Dick Boyd, Flo Cimino, and Dick Underhill.

We wish to thank those who made the afternoon a memorable one: George Antoniotti ('66) delivered the Invocation, Tom Schultz ('56) sang God Bless America, Coach Clyde Krusinski introduced the faculty, Coach Don Benedetti talked about the Great Polytechnic Tradition and Coach Warren Johnston presented the Hall of Fame Inductees.

We also thank those who came the night before to get the hall ready. Betty Bigone Altendorf ('57), Rosalie Mamone Hare ('57), Bob Canihan ('56), Joan Keegan King ('57), and Joan Bower Thorsen ('58).

This year All-City Stars from other schools attended. From Lowell: Lou Aronian, Jim Bass, Milton Axe Jr., and Clarence Grider; from Balboa: Ron Taylor and Cic Williams; from Galileo: Mario Lombardi; from Mission: Al Vidal, Denis Delvin, and Jim Gallagher; from St. Ignatius: Jack Scramaglia and from Washington, John Panagakis.

Every Poly athlete, cheerleader, coach, faculty member and team manager is eligible for induction into the Hall of Fame. Send to us the name of the person along with the year graduated.

We are proud to announce that last May another Polyite

If you are having health problems, or are having a problem dealing with a death in the family, call us. We have many Polyites willing to help you. Someone who has gone through it will call you.

Last year we sent out over 500 cards to Polyites who are ill or suffered a death in the family. But we need your help. Let us know if there is someone we need to send a card to. Just call (650) 697-0386. Best time to call is after 4PM. Ask for Ray Monteroso.

If you are having a class reunion, call us. We have over 4,000 names. We will share those of your class. For those classes no longer holding reunions our luncheon is a great function for you to get together. Everyone is seated by year of graduation.

The Association needs everyone's help to keep it running. A \$5.00 donation is appropriate. Any donation more than \$5.00 is encouraged and will be greatly appreciated. We are a US tax-exempt organization (Tax-Exempt #75-3208016).

Those who wish to remain on the mailing list are asked to send a minimum donation of \$2.00.

**THE NEXT ANNUAL LUNCHEON,
OUR 26TH, POSSIBLY OUR LAST,
WILL BE ON ...**



May The Parrot Be With You

The Stadium

Reprinted from the December 1921 Yearbook
(No by-line)

The greatest athletic victory won in San Francisco in many years was won, not on the athletic field, but on the field of diplomacy when James Rolph, Polytechnic's student body president, succeeded in putting over the stadium project. It is now assured that San Francisco will soon have a \$100,000 stadium built opposite Polytechnic on the present site of the park nursery.

ATHLETICS



Polytechnic has long coveted the natural amphitheatre just acquired and has cherished the dream of an athletic field there, but this dream seemed destined to remain in a purely shadowy state, so many obstacles lay in the way of its realization.

But finally the person appeared who possessed a combination of qualities which proved irresistible, Jimmie Rolph. He

gained the sympathetic cooperation of Mr. Ralph McLeran of the Board of Supervisors, and of Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Fleishhacker of the Park Commission. These four were able to convince Mr. John McLaren, the park superintendent, that the nursery which made Golden Gate Park one of the most famous in the world by starting little trees on their way to becoming big trees, now had a greater service to perform, that is, to help little men on their way to become big men. A suitable location for the nursery was finally found, and, after many conferences, the matter was settled.

The site of the proposed stadium had already been surveyed under the direction of Mr. Mohr, and plans had been drawn under the supervision of Mr. Walker. These plans, which have been approved by the Park Commission and the Board of Education, call for a quarter-mile track with a 220-yard straightway, football field, baseball field, basketball courts, tennis courts, drill ground, and seats for several thousand spectators.

To all who helped along the plan for the stadium, the schools of San Francisco owe a debt of gratitude. Because

of its location, Polytechnic is, of course, especially fortunate, and therefore, doubly pleased.

The project was given a spectacular sendoff at a great stadium rally which our Mayor said was the most exciting he ever attended. On this occasion the entire student body was present, and many distinguished guests sat upon the rostrum. The gathering overflowed with enthusiasm as the speakers pledged their support to the undertaking.

Among those who spoke were Mr. Addicott, Mrs. Sanborn of the Board of Education, Mayor Rolph, Mr. Ralph McLeran of the Board of Supervisors, Mr. Wm. Humphreys of the Park Commission, Mr. Clark of Lowell, Dr. Hatch of Crocker, and James Rolph III of our own school. Mr. John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, and Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker of the Park Commissioners were unable to be present but pledged their support.

Mrs. Sanborn told of the God-given right of a child to play and of her happiness in seeing the entire city cooperate to promote athletics and outdoor exercise.



Club Listing Changes

For those not getting the newsletter on CD or by EMAIL, here are a few changes for you to make on your hard copy of the Club Listing ... These changes are already incorporated in the Club Listing on the CD / EMAIL subscriptions.

HMMMMM ... Well, guess I'm getting senile! For whatever reason I had you change Vince Aguiar's graduating class from F`63 to S`64 ... WRONG!!! ... change it back to F`63 ...

EMAIL Changes:

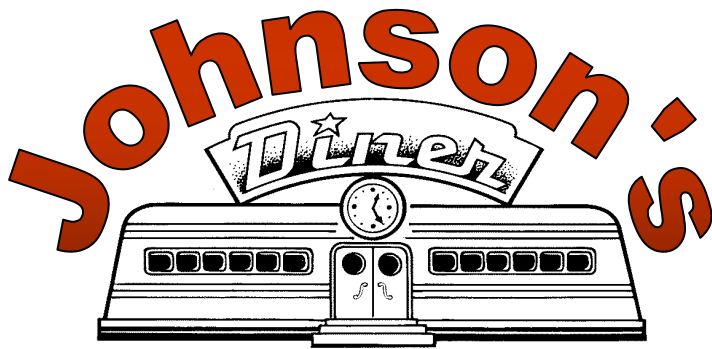
Joan Cannon ... keglertigerjoan@yahoo.com
Richard Cosbie ... Thecos99@yahoo.com
Alma Dunstan-McDaniel ... almamcd1938@att.net
Dean Smith ... dean-sheryn@sbcglobal.net
Zukernick ... mmzukernick@sbcglobal.net

ADDRESS CHANGE:

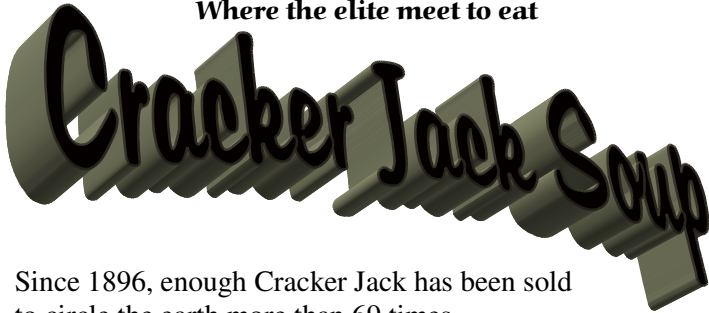
Zukernick ... 2878 Saklan Indian Drive
Walnut Creek, CA 94595

LISTING ADDITION:

Under Arlene (Haines) Boyer ... Add Arlene's husband;
James R. Boyer ... Watertown High School, Watertown,
South Dakota ... Class of S`55



Where the elite meet to eat



Since 1896, enough Cracker Jack has been sold to circle the earth more than 69 times

- 1 1/4 cup shelled peanuts ...
or 1 cup smooth peanut butter
- 3 tablespoons peanut oil
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 medium-size yam, peeled and chopped
into 1/4 inch cubes
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 1/4 cup canned coconut milk (not to be
confused with coconut cream)
- salt
- cayenne pepper (optional)
- 2 tablespoons freshly squeezed lime juice
- 1/2 cup Cracker Jack morsels



In a food processor, add peanuts and 2 tablespoons peanut oil. Puree until smooth. If using peanut butter, omit the 2 tablespoons of oil used to blend the peanuts. Set aside.

In a large pot over medium heat, add 1 tablespoon peanut oil, butter, onion and yam. Cover and cook for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add chicken stock, coconut milk and peanut butter. Turn up heat until liquid reaches a boil, then reduce heat and simmer for 15 minutes.

Let cool slightly, then puree in a blender. For super – smooth soup, do what restaurant chefs do and pass the soup through a fine mesh strainer and discard the remaining solids. Season to taste with salt and cayenne and finish with lime juice (be careful if seasoning for kids).

To serve, reheat, then garnish each bowl with Cracker Jack candied popcorn.

Makes about six servings ... ENJOY

Melodious Memories

From Monty Montiel

Hi Gang,

Ah yes, 1954. That was the year Chevrolet came out with their red hot V8 and Ford introduced their overhead valve V8. It was also the start of my junior year in September and the year I got my drivers license. My father had a black 1949 Pontiac that I used a lot and if I drove it I had to clean it. And I lived for one of Johnson's hot chocolate éclairs in the morning.

1. Little Things Mean A Lot ... Kitty Kallen
2. Het There ... Rosemary Clooney
3. Wanted ... Perry Como
4. Young-At-Heart ... Frank Sinatra
5. Sh-Boom ... The Crew Cuts
6. Three Coins In The Fountain ... The Four Aces
7. Little Shoemaker ... The Gaylords
8. Oh! My Pa-Pa ... Eddie Fisher
9. Secret Love ... Doris Day
10. Happy Wanderer ... Frank Weir

Al Roberts had some interesting information on the music of the fifties. He wrote: "This is great with the old music! *Blue Tango* came out in 1952 with Leroy Anderson. It's an instrumental. By the way, if you look up www.fiftiesweb.com it has all the songs of those years. I use it for a source when we have a bunch of people around that remembers, or at least tries to remember, the music from that era."

Howard Zugman wrote: "The memory that comes back to me is when Eddie Fisher (apparently inspired by Frankie Laine and Bob Merrill the year before) pulled off the P.T. Barnum like trick of selling the same horse to the same guy twice. In 1951 Frankie Laine had a hit with *Rose, Rose, I Love You* and the B-side of his blockbuster *Jezebel* nearly simultaneous with Merrill's near clone of *Rose called Belle, Belle, My Liberty Bell*."

Eddie Fisher being no dummy (after all, he married Elizabeth Taylor during the low mileage of her career) nearly duplicated that feat the next year by recording Herbert Lawson's *Anytime* and then following up a few months later with Jessie Barnes' *Many Times*. The first three notes of both songs are identical (at least that's how I recall it) as well as sounding nearly identical.

Yes, the music of our youth does bring back memories and most of them are really good!

Cheers and good memories ...

Monty

Kibbles And Bits And Pieces

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



HI GANG! Hope this finds you all healthy and wise ... ain't nobody wealthy these days.



An item we received too late to put into the newsletter you will find attached to the back of the newsletter. It's a press release from *San Francisco Generations Inc* announcing the Sixth Annual San Francisco Native Jamboree to be held on October 2nd of this year at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco. For more information you can visit their website at www.sfnativejamboree.com.



If you haven't done so yet, you should check the "Links" tab on the www.perennialparrot.com web site for upcoming class reunions. There are three occurring this coming October. The Class of `69 will have it's 40th reunion and the Class of `59 it's 50th reunion ... both of these reunions are on October 10th. October 22-23-24 will be the 55th year reunion for the Class of `54 and the staff of the Perennial Parrot will be attending this reunion along with Gordon & Marilyn (Fetter) Lewis. You will find details, contacts, and registration forms on the web site. Hope to see many of you there.



With this issue we begin a new subscription period for 2009/2010. We wish to thank those who opted to make the switch from receiving the newsletter as a hard copy or on a CD to the FREE (IS GOOD) methods of either email or from the web site. That really helps cut expenses. Those who have not renewed their subscriptions for the hard copy or CD versions will be getting an email with the club listing attached letting them know that the newsletter has been posted to the web site. We will be mailing a letter to those who have not renewed and for whom we do not have an email address.

We know that there are a lot of folks, Polyites we assume, that are reading the newsletter on the web site as we watch the site counter daily. to those folks we say THANK YOU for visiting with us and hope you enjoy the newsletter and the other items we post on the site. If any of you would like a listing of the folks in the "Our Gang" club just drop us an email and we will get one back to you as a PDF file on an email. AND ... we welcome input for the newsletter from any Polyite so don't hesitate to grab your keyboard and email us a story about your times at Poly or San Francisco as you remember it when you were in school.

Our sincere thanks to every one for your support.



A health up-date from this end ... This editor has entered the world of "hybrids" after having a pacemaker implanted this past March 4th. Seems my heart beat was wandering all over the place. What I find strange is everybody telling me that I look MUCH better ... can't help but wonder how bad I must have looked before! Tick! Tick! Tick! Tick!



OK Gang ... we are putting this issue to bed, the presses are running.

WOW!

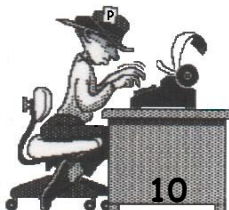
VOLUME #22!

Hope to see ya at the October 22-23-24 reunion ...

Hail POLY!

A Think To Thought On ...

**Don't talk about things you know nothing about.
People will think you are running for office.**



Bob & Carolyn



May The Parrot Be With You

What Made Me, Me

Author: Unknown

Long ago and far away, In a land that time forgot,
Before the days of Dylan, Or the dawn of Camelot.
There lived a race of innocents, And they were you and me,
Long ago and far away in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Oh, there was truth and goodness In that land where we were born,
Where navels were for oranges, And Peyton Place was porn.
For Ike was in the White House, And Hoss was on TV,
And God was in His heaven in the Land That Made Me, Me

We learned to gut a muffler, We washed our hair at dawn,
We spread our crinolines to dry in circles on the lawn.
And they could hear us coming All the way to Tennessee,
All starched and sprayed and rumbling in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We longed for love and romance, And waited for the prince,
And Eddie Fisher married Liz, And no one's seen him since.
We danced to "Little Darlin", And sang to "Stagger Lee"
And cried for Buddy Holly in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Only girls wore earrings then, And three was one too many,
And only boys wore flat-top cuts, Except for Jean McKinney
And only in our wildest dreams Did we expect to see
A boy named George with Lipstick in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We fell for Frankie Avalon, Annette was oh, so nice,
And when they made a movie, They never made it twice.
We didn't have a Star Trek Five, Or Psycho Two and Three,
Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold, And Chester had a limp,
And Reagan was a Democrat Whose co-star was a chimp.
We had a Mr. Wizard, But not a Mr. T,
And Oprah couldn't talk yet in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had our share of heroes, We never thought they'd go,
At least not Bobby Darin, Or Marilyn Monroe.
For youth was still eternal, And life was yet to be,
And Elvis was forever, in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never seen the rock band That was Grateful to be Dead,
And Airplanes weren't named Jefferson , And Zeppelins weren't Led.
And Beatles lived in gardens then, And Monkeys in a tree,
Madonna was a virgin in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never heard of Microwaves, Or telephones in cars,
And babies might be bottle-fed, But they weren't grown in jars.
And pumping iron got wrinkles out, And "gay" meant fancy-free,
And dorms were never coed in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We hadn't seen enough of jets To talk about the lag,
And microchips were what was left at The bottom of the bag.
And Hardware was a box of nails, And bytes came from a flea,
And rocket ships were fiction in the Land That Made Me, Me.

Buicks came with portholes, And side shows came with freaks,
And bathing suits came big enough To cover both your cheeks.
And Coke came just in bottles, And skirts came to the knee,
And Castro came to power in the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had no Crest with Fluoride, We had no Hill Street Blues,
We all wore superstructure bras Designed by Howard Hughes.
We had no patterned panty hose Or Lipton herbal tea
Or prime-time ads for condoms, in the Land That Made Me, Me.

There were no golden arches, No Perrier to chill,
And fish were not called Wanda, And cats were not called Bill.
And middle-aged was thirty-five And old was forty-three,
And ancient was our parents in the Land That Made Me, Me.

But all things have a season, Or so we've heard them say,
And now instead of Maybelline We swear by Retin-A.
And they send us invitations To join A A R P,
We've come a long way, baby, From the Land That Made Me, Me.

So now we face a brave new world In slightly larger jeans,
And wonder why they're using Smaller print in magazines.
And we tell our children's children Of the way it used to be,
Long ago, and far away in the Land That Made Me, Me.



Carol (Brandt) McDermott



January 12, 1939 — March 23, 2009

Polytechnic High School
Class of Fall 1956

Block P Sergeant at Arms ... Junior Red Cross Vice President ... Yearbook Staff

Herb & Susan Brandt have unexpectedly lost their sister on March 23rd of this year and *Our Gang* has lost a friend and classmate.

It's a wonderful thing to renew an old acquaintance but such a sad thing that it should end after so short a time.

Two hours after we had finished printing this issue of the newsletter we received an email from Susan Brandt telling of her loss. We mention this as most of you know we try not to leave any page blank but had this time ... we are deeply saddened to use this page to say good-bye to Carol.

Carol has contributed much to this newsletter through articles and those wonderful parrot drawings. We had decided when Carol first sent the first ones to us that they would be used in every future issue of the newsletter. We have now added a signature line to each of those great sketches to say "Thank You" so long as this newsletter exists.

Although attending Poly at the same time, we ran in different crowds and only made occasional contact, only meeting again when Herb, Carol, & Susan joined *Our Gang* in 2003.

Adios our friend ...

May The Parrot Be With

The last time we saw Carol was in Reno at Gathering 2004



At the far left is Susan Brandt. Carol, in the black & white outfit, is sitting next to Susan.



San Francisco Generations Inc.
220 Montgomery Street, Suite 100
San Francisco, CA. 94104



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Contact: Debra Mugnani Monroe
debra@sfnativejamboree.com
415-732-7520 X 11

****Press Release****

SAN FRANCISCO, CA - The Sixth Annual San Francisco Native Jamboree will be held at The Sir Francis Drake Hotel, 450 Powell Street, San Francisco, CA 94102 on Friday, October 2, 2009 from 6:30 pm to 11:30 pm. The day has been proclaimed San Francisco Native Day by the Mayor Gavin Newsom.

The San Francisco Native Jamboree is a unique event bringing together native San Franciscans who share the common bond of being born or raised in the most beautiful city in the world! Television personality, Greg Sherwood, fifth generation San Franciscan and son of the late popular radio personality, Don Sherwood will be on hand as the Master of Ceremonies. Second generation San Francisco native and pianist, Sandy Cordoni, daughter of the late local big band bandleader, Johnny Cordoni, will provide dinner music. A delicious dinner will be finished off with San Francisco's old time favorite, "Blum's lemon crunch cake." There will also be a cocktail reception, dancing and entertainment.

The event's theme is "Playland at the Beach." With the assistance of the good folks at the Playland-Not-at the Beach Museum, there will be the opportunity to learn about the Whitney's Playland and the Sutro Baths or if you were someone lucky enough to have visited there, reminisce about your good times there.

To give back to the community, the San Francisco Native Jamboree supports The San Francisco Conservation Corps which is celebrating its 25th year. Its mission is to help San Francisco's young people by providing education, training, and marketable job skills while addressing community needs through service work. The proceeds of a silent auction and a portion of the net profit will be donated to this deserving organization.

The event is produced by San Francisco Generations, Inc. and sponsored by Monroe Personnel Service LLC and Temptime, Hoogasian Flowers and Doorstep Photography.

For more information, visit the Website at www.sfnativejamboree.com. Email: info@sfnativejamboree.com or call 415-732-7520 X 49.