GOOD GRIEF GERTRUDE!!!

YOU WENT AND DID IT AGAIN!!!

THREE WOMEN IN CHARGE!!!

Well, “Our Gang” has survived this situation in the past and will “Grin & Bear It” for another two years. Ya know … they could be re-elected in two years, ain’t that a funny hat to wear!

All kidding aside, CONGRATULATIONS to our new leaders, may your reign be full of wonderful memories and giggles. We know you will make “Our Gang” and Polytechnic PROUD, silly looking, but PROUD!!!

Can’t help but say … “Another great Gathering.” The memories flowed, the faces smiled and the Poly cheer sounded out LOUD & CLEAR. Now what more can one ask … guess it would be Charlie & Noreen asking that we don’t break their bed.

And “Our Gang” likes newcomers so well that we make them club officers before they get a chance to swallow … Welcome to “Our Gang” Mary. Just think, in two years you get to “Elect” someone to replace you (even if they are not in the room).

It was especially great to see some “young blood” (Spring 64) take office as us 50s folks are starting to drag a little. It’s hard to realize that the day will come when “Our Gang” and Poly will be nothing more than some fading pieces of paper in a dark corner of someone's attic and Poly a memory of no one. Until then, we are the spirit of Poly. We sincerely hope that each of you will entice other Polyites, from whatever year, to join us to share the memories of our times at Polytechnic High School … who knows, you might even get to wear a silly hat.

HAIL POLY
LONG LIVE THY NAME!

2010/11 Our Gang Club Officers

Guys in back, Left to Right:
Past Exalted Parrot Face, Herb Truchon S’55,
Class Collector, Lou Bamberger S’55

Girls in Front Left to Right:
Court Jester Supreme, Joan (Carson S’55) Cannon
Parrot Face Pro-Tem, Mary, (Ballantyne S’64) Matson
Exalted Parrot Face, Kathy (Bertsch S’64) Compagno
GOSH-GOLLY! No one loves us anymore … <(-:-(

WOW! Is it great to be back in “SOUTH USA” … some call it “The Lower 48.” this was our second, and probably our last trip to that northern county of Texas. (And I didn’t even stutter when I said that)

This trip was quite different from our 2003 trip when we traveled North with Gordon & Marilyn Lewis in their RV. This time there were seven RVs that started the trip … note I said “started” the trip … but that’s another story.

We won’t discuss the highways but leave you with this choice bit of information … US101 rivals the worst you will drive on in Canada and Alaska!!!

If you, or some friends, are thinking of making the journey there is one place that is a MUST SEE & DO. It’s the Sign Post Forest in Watson Lake, Yukon Territory. Don’t ask us how many signs are there but a good guess-ta-mate would be 78,000. Many folks make their own, as we did, and many, by whatever means, acquire street name or city name signs and attach them to a post … finding an empty spot on a post is a chore.

This all got started by a homesick GI while the Alaska Highway was being built back in the early 1940s. One day he got so homesick that he took a piece of wood and painted the name of his home town, how far away it was and then nailed it to a post pointing in the approximate direction of his home. Other GIs were quick to pick up on the idea and the Sign Post forest grew from there. There is even a visitor center on the far side with a little museum and a movie about the building of the highway.

We made two signs, one for Poly and one for where we live. If you are planning to make the journey up the Alaska Highway don’t forget to make your sign (or signs) and nail them to a post in the Sign Post Forest.

MUSH … Bob & Carolyn
Aren’t photos wonderful? Now, I know you don’t believe any photos you see today because being digital strange things seem to happen to them. BUT … I guarantee that the photos on this page are exactly as they were taken. Just look at them … how on earth could any photo program duplicate the movements and jesters presented here? Yes, I do have a tendency to “mess” with a photo now and then (see page 7). But these are just TOO CLASSIC!

Bowling scores??? Well, as you can see, Poly started the morning keeping score but by the end of the session he couldn’t take it any more!!!

Gathering 2012
June 1–2–3, 2012 Reno, Nevada
Sutro Baths started out as a vanity aquarium for 19th century industrialist Adolph Sutro. It got away from him, as home additions will, and ended up as seven swimming pools, a diving pool, an ice skating rink and a museum with a glass roof covering the whole works, before it went bust.

To get that story, you have to come on a Friday morning between 10AM and 1PM, when National Parks volunteer Tom Bratton is around. Bratton, 71, is a reliable source because he learned to swim at Sutro Baths and later worked there as a dressing-room attendant and the guy who spun records and made announcements for the skating rink.

“Any kind of question they got I can answer it,” says Bratton, who comes over from San Lorenzo with a binder full of archival photos as study aids. To find him you have to avoid the temptation to go straight down the stairs into the ruins from the Lands End parking lot, or to hike in on the trail from the north, along the bed of the old 1 California streetcar line. By either route you will end up on the wrong side of Bratton, who is sitting on a ledge below Louis’ Restaurant on Point Lobos Avenue.

This spot, uphill from the Cliff House, is next to the original entry into Sutro Baths. You can still see the outline of the switchback staircase that went down the steep hillside. the pools at the bottom are now below 8 feet of spring water. With Bratton’s assistance, you can make out their outlines under the algae, like a sunken ship at Pearl Harbor.

More visible is the circular foundation of the fish tank that was the beginning of Sutro’s money pit. This goes back to 1887, when there were no environmental impact reports or California Coastal Commission to hinder him. Before Sutro and his grandson, Adolph G. Sutro, were finished, their complex sprawled across 3 acres, and rose so high that the roof would have been at eye level from Louis’ Restaurant. You couldn’t see the ocean or even Seal rocks.

At its peak, about 100 years ago, Sutro Baths could be filled in an hour of incoming tide, 1.7 million gallons of sea water heated to varying degrees in the pools. There were 40,000 towels and 20,000 bathing suits for rent.

When Bratton was hired, in 1953, he was just 16 and a sophomore at Mission High School, but he had an inside track because his father managed the entire complex.

By then the baths were in slow decline. New owner George Whitney tried whatever might draw a crowd, which turned out to be nothing.

In 1966, Sutro Baths closed. Developers were tearing it down when an advantageous fire took care of the job.

What you see now is the concrete that wouldn’t burn, and Bratton never gets tired of seeing it.

“I have a lot of memories down there,” he says.

Editors Note: Yes, I learned to swim at Sutro Baths, several years before Mr. Bratton was hired. I remember the switchback staircase, the museum with the Tom thumb family, and the dressing rooms with their aroma. NO, I didn’t go into the COLD pool … BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB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Well. Carolyn finally found out how to get me to eat sweet potatoes. I even had a second helping. On a diet? Check out all the low and reduced fat items and something new with this recipe … a nutrition information chart at the end.

3 pounds Yukon Gold potatoes, peeled and cut into 1/2 inch dice
1 pound sweet potatoes, peeled and cut into 1/2 inch dice
4 ounces 1/3 less fat cream cheese
1/2 cup fat free sour cream
1/2 cup shredded reduced fat Cheddar cheese (2 ounces)
1/2 cup shredded Parmesan cheese
1 tablespoon unsalted butter
1 1/2 teaspoons kosher salt
Pinch of nutmeg
A few cranks of freshly ground black pepper

Place the potatoes and sweet potatoes in a large saucepan and add enough cold water to cover. Cover and bring to a boil. Reduce the heat and cook, covered, at a low boil until tender, about ten minutes.

Drain well and return to the pan. Add the cream cheese, sour cream, Cheddar cheese, Parmesan cheese, butter, salt, nutmeg, and pepper. Use a potato masher or ricer and mash the potatoes until smooth.

Season with additional salt and pepper to taste. Serve out of the saucepan, or spread potato mixture into a 9 X 13 inch baking dish and bake, uncovered, for 15 minutes until heated through. Makes ten servings.

Nutrition Information per serving: 220 calories, 5 g fat (3g saturated), 350 mg sodium, 36g carbohydrate, 3g fiber, 7g protein, 120% vitamin A, 25% vitamin C, 20% calcium

Hi again,

Let’s see … 1958 was the year my ship went into dry dock which meant spending some shore time in Long Beach, California and being sent to special schools in Long Beach and La Jolla. Eventually we headed overseas again because of the Quemoy Crisis and didn’t return for seven months. The upside was that we stopped in Australia and New Zealand and I had a blast. The rest of the year is sort of a blur.

Your Hit Parade 1958:

1. Volare: Domenico Modugno
2. It’s All In The Game: Tommy Edwards
3. Patricia: Perez Prado
4. All I Have To Do Is Dream: The Everly Brothers
5. Bird Dog: The Everly Brothers
6. Little Star: The Elegants
7. Witch Doctor: David Seville
8. Twilight Time: The Platters
9. Tequila: The Champs
10. At The Hop: Danny and the Juniors

Well Gang, there’s only one more year to go ...
In Memorium

Robert “Bob” Norwood     POLY 1955
Birth unknown / Died 3-9-2010

James P. Witt     POLY 1941
6-24-1923 / 3-8-2010
Poly High School Hall of fame
SF Prep Hall of Fame
Varsity Basketball coach 1957, 58, 59

Charles Grant “Charlie” Murray     POLY 1950
7-9-1932 / 3-27-2010

Theodore Tobias Rosenberg     POLY 1927
1909 / 2010 101 Years Young

Coach Bob Ebert

William Andrew Kockoc     POLY 1936
12-23-1918 / 4-21-2010

Ernest Joseph Clot     POLY 1938
7-3-1920 / 7-14-2010

vonetta McGee     POLY 1962
Birth unknown / 7- - 2010  65 Years
Voted Most Beautiful Girl, Class of Spring 1962
Film Actress 1970s

For those club members not getting the newsletter on CD or 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 and EMAIL subscriptions.

EMAIL CHANGES:
Lou Bamberger … loubamberger@sbcglobal.net

ADDRESS-PHONE-EMAIL CHANGE:
Darlene (Marte) Holman
9088 Preakness Drive
Southaven, MS  38671
901-230-9345
deeemarte@aol.com

BAD EMAILS:
If you know their changed emails please let us know …
Duncan Benas: OLD … bbenas@aol.com
Ray Carlson: OLD ...raymondcarlson@att.net
Tom Schultz: OLD … tgschultz@mac.com

Memories for Lou Bamberger were also found in this 1928 article from the annual Lowell/Polytechnic “SHOOT OUT” about “The First All-City” football team. Lou’s brother, Jean LaCau, who attended Galileo at the time, was named as Fullback on the First Team for that year.

One line reads; “… and Jean ‘Battering Ram’ LaCau, big Galileo fullback at fullback spot.”
Well … someone once said “Better late than never” … which is exactly what this issue is. Our apologies to all for being TARDY! Wasn’t sure for a while that we would even get an issue out, being on the road for almost five months isn’t conductive, at least for this editor, to accomplish this feat. Our apologies, also, to those who normally get the newsletter as a hard copy … didn’t carry the materials with us to produce and mail hardcopies. AND Remember … the December issue will be the last hardcopy issue. After that it will be posted on the web site at www.perennialparrot.com or sent as an email attachment, your choice and it won’t cost you one red cent … remember, FREE IS GOOD!

What a great Gathering. It was really nice to see new faces and shanghais (got to stop slipping that word in) one of them into office. At least it’s a pretty sure thing she will be back in two years to pass on her hat or get, you know, re-elected. And Charlie & Noreen Neely once again were fantastic hosts … thanks kids, I know the whole gang joins us in sending hugs and love. And if I remember right, the traditional boys & girls on the bed photo shoots were on a new bed this time … think we finally wore out the old one? We do hope that all who were there this past June will be in attendance come June 1-2-3 of 2012. That could be our last Gathering you know … in case you forgot, the world is coming to an end in December 2010 … oh well … we are of the 50s & 60s and it has never been any better than that and probably won’t ever get any better … take me back … PLEASE!

Once again, our apologies for being late with this issue. We really had our doubts about getting this one out as we didn’t take a lot of story material with us from home.

OH, what’s that you say? The editor needs articles and stories for the next issue? Well why don’t we just sit right down and write him a story and send a picture along with it … wouldn’t that just be wonderful!!!

GEE! THANKS FOLKS!

The day after the luncheon we will be back on the road again but this time headed in a southeasterly direction … that’s where Tejas is located. Can’t wait to get back in my big comfortable editors chair … and fall asleep!!!

HAIL POLY!

A Think To Thought On …

After the kids leave home, some parents suffer from the empty-nest syndrome; others change the locks.

Going to the Poly Athletic Association Luncheon on the 18th of September? We will be posting this newsletter to the web site just a few days before the luncheon. One thing we are taking note of is the 50s table keeps moving towards the windows in the dining hall … where are all those 30s & 40s folks? They had better start getting in there registrations if they expect to sit in the sunlight next year. OH! … OK.

In any case, the Parrot Staff will be there this year and are looking forward to seeing lots of classmates.

Sept 9, 2010 … Pier 39 San Francisco
A beautiful day with wonderful friends
Left to right: Bob & Carolyn Ross, Susie (Lou’s friend) & Lou Bamberger, Gordon & Marilyn Lewis, Judy & Herb Truchon

May The Parrot Be With You
MEN ARE JUST HAPPIER PEOPLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NICKNAMES</th>
<th>If Laura, Kate and Sarah go out for lunch, they will call each other Laura, Kate and Sarah. If Mike, Dave and John go out, they will affectionately refer to each other as Fat Boy, Godzilla and Four-eyes.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>EATING OUT</td>
<td>When the bill arrives, Mike, Dave and John will each throw in $20, even though it's only for $32.50. None of them will have anything smaller and none will actually admit they want change back. When the girls get their bill, out come the pocket calculators.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MONEY</td>
<td>A man will pay $2 for a $1 item he needs. A woman will pay $1 for a $2 item that she doesn't need but it's on sale.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BATHROOMS</td>
<td>A man has six items in his bathroom: toothbrush and toothpaste, shaving cream, razor, a bar of soap, and a towel. The average number of items in the typical woman's bathroom is 337. A man would not be able to identify more than 20 of these items.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARGUMENTS</td>
<td>A woman has the last word in any argument. Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FUTURE</td>
<td>A woman worries about the future until she gets a husband. A man never worries about the future until he gets a wife.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUCCESS</td>
<td>A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend. A successful woman is one who can find such a man.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARRIAGE</td>
<td>A woman marries a man expecting he will change, but he doesn't. A man marries a woman expecting that she won't change, but she does.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DRESSING UP</td>
<td>A woman will dress up to go shopping, water the plants, empty the trash, answer the phone, read a book, and get the mail. A man will dress up for weddings and funerals.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NATURAL</td>
<td>Men wake up as good-looking as they went to bed. Women somehow deteriorate during the night.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OFFSPRING</td>
<td>Ah, children. A woman knows all about her children. She knows about dentist appointments and romances, best friends, favorite foods, secret fears and hopes and dreams. A man is vaguely aware of some short people living in the house.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**THOUGHT FOR THE DAY**

A married man should forget his mistakes. There's no use in two people remembering the same thing!