



Perennial Parrot



Volume 24 #3

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

December 2011

Class of '32 Still Going Strong ...

From Pat (West S'55) Puchert

My husband and I take lunch four times a week at our Carson City Senior Center. There is a lovely lady who makes change for our meal purchase, and today she told me she was originally from San Francisco. She grew up in my area --the Sunset. Naturally I had to ask her the high school she attended, and guess what? She's a Polyite ... Class of 1932. Victoria Grossman later married and her name now is Ferguson. Victoria is 96 years old. She lives in a mobile home by herself near the senior center, and she drives three times a week to work at the center.

She is always beautifully dressed and has lovely makeup. She is really an AMAZING woman. What a joy it is to meet such a wonderful woman ... and a Polyite.

Of course, once a Parrot, always a Parrot.



Pat (West S'55) Puchert and Victoria (Grosman S'32) Ferguson at the Carson City, NV Senior Center

On The Beach, Looking Good ...



By Bob Ross (S'55)

Diana (Andrus S'55) Bachelor dropped this photo on us while we were visiting her and Ernie this past summer. The photo was taken sometime in 1954 on the sea wall at the beach ... back when there was still a Playland at the Beach. What I would like to know is why I'm not one of those guys that have "All The Luck" ... seems every time I went out to the beach all I found on the sea wall were sea gulls!

From the Class of S'55, left to right:

Norma Edwards, Joyce Porter, Sandy Boyd,
Diana Andrus, and Flo Christie



Letters to the Editor

From Joan (Brower S'58) Thorsen

YOU DID A FANTASTIC JOB ... AGAIN

REALLY ENJOYED READING IT ALL AND I FORWARDED IT TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT ON YOUR MAILING LIST AND DON'T SEEM TO WANT TO BE, BUT YET— ENJOY IT WHEN I SEND IT TO THEM.

I ACTUALLY EVEN PRINT IT OUT AND MAIL IT TO THOSE THAT DON'T HAVE COMPUTERS ... CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT SOMEONE DOESN'T HAVE ONE ... BUT SOME OF US POLYITES ARE DAMN STUBBORN

Joan

Editor: Thanks for sending the newsletter on. It's nice to know that the counter for the website does not reflect how many folks actually read, and we hope, enjoy, the newsletter.



From Robert Miller, Fall '59

I live on the other side of the country and so feel rather distant from the Northern California environment ... and so your website is all the more important in keeping me connected to my past and roots. One carries Poly throughout life, I've found ... like a springboard into adult life that I've always appreciated. The small classes for college-prep students and training in industrial arts have stood me well—



Robert "Bob" Miller F'59

I built a technical institute in Honduras that was based on what I saw and learned at Poly. And I'm convinced at this stage that everyone is not suited for nor should be channeled into college. Largely gone is craftsmanship with manufacturing shipped abroad or mass-produced. So your website is much appreciated, and I trust you receive sufficient words of thanks from other Poly grads as well so as to make the effort worth it.

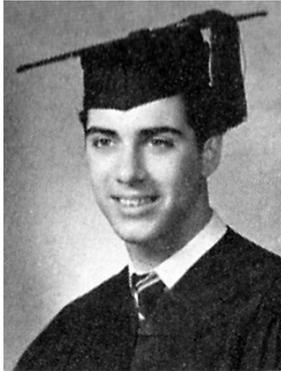
Bob Miller

Editor: Bob also sent more about the "Fall of Poly." Look for that story and another about his work in Honduras later in this issue. As for Bob's comments about the newsletter ... I'm trying to find a hat to fit my head.

From John Molloy, S'52

I just ran across the Perennial Parrot site while looking for a reference to Polytechnic Track and Field information for 1952, I was on the All City Poly relay team that took second place in 1952 and am a "Spring of 52" graduate.

Zero success on finding any track stats for that year but I did learn a great deal on your excellent web site. Poly sure had the Football Title sewed up during my days there and I actually tried out for football under Milt Axt but decided track was a great deal easier on my body especially after seeing one fellow player get a ruptured spleen in practice and a few others that acquired damage of various types. Now that I'm 77 and still blessed with working body parts I feel like I made the right move!



John Molloy S'52

I fondly remember running at the old Kezar Stadium. Before then my father would volunteer to take WW2 Vets from Letterman Hospital to the games when I was very young before my Poly time, and I got to tag along with him, so I fondly remember watching the 49'ers play teams like the Rams. My dad was a former baseball player and knew some of the players in baseball and football as well. One neighbor was a lineman named Leo (the lion) Nomilini, (not sure of the spelling) and Frankie Albert was the QB at the time. I really enjoyed all the references to places in San Francisco in your many web comments. I loved going on the streetcar to Sutro Baths and Playland at the beach! I won't bend your ear right now with any more memories except to say I lived within walking distance of Poly and attended Grattan grammar school. If you are still actively promoting the Perennial Parrot Website and would like more memories locked in my head, I'd be happy to add them in the future. Regards from John Molloy!

Regards from John Molloy

John Molloy

P.S. Do you remember Uncle John McLaren, the founder of Golden Gate Park? My Dad worked for him.

Editor: I was only 6 years old when he (McLaren) died.

The Perennial Parrot Newsletter

Editorial Staff: Bob (S'55) & Carolyn (Bier S'57) Ross
1400 Zillock Road Lot V026 San Benito, TX 78586
Phone: 956-276-0948 Cell: 512-658-8048
E-Mail: PerennialParrot@gmail.com

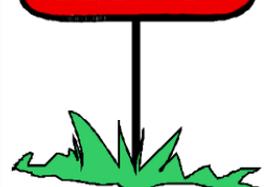
Perennial Parrot Web Site

www.PerennialParrot.com

Polytechnic High School Web Site

www.maxie24.com/hailpoly/HailPoly/index.html

Dinah doesn't



HIGH SCHOOL Then & Now

By Monty Montiel

Hi Gang,

First let me say that I'm not exactly the expert on today's high schools but I do have recent and relevant experience.

After retiring from Xerox in December of 2001, it didn't take long for me to get bored. I went to the gym every week day, took over the cleaning and cooking duties and was still bored. My daughter who was teaching at a middle school suggested substitute teaching to end my boredom. She was right.

Some of you may remember that I was a pretty good student grade-wise but my behavior, then it was called deportment, according to some teachers, left something to be desired. How many times was I sent to Mr. Callaway's office, oh, let me count the ways. By today's standards, I was an angel.

Today the high schools in our district have six periods (I seem to remember we had seven). and where I'm currently teaching school is in session 7:30 to 2:20. I just remember our school day lasting much longer and waiting for the 3:10 bell. How about you?

Some of the kids are very short and I'm talking about girls 4'7" and a few smaller. Some of the freshman boys are not much taller. On the flip side I have a senior basketball player who is 6'3" and she, yes she, towers over me. (Okay, okay, you remember me as someone who wasn't that tall and by the way, now I'm shrinking.) I saw her in the hall between periods with her boyfriend who is about four inches taller. These are high school kids!

I remember most of us being concerned about being late to class but between the stairs, four floors, and the crowds in the halls at Poly, there wasn't much running. Today the girls who complain about having to suit up and do any physical exercise during gym can be seen running down the hall to their next class like it's an Olympic event. These girls are hauling buns in shoes that are not much more than flip-flops carrying a backpack or purse. It's best to stay out of their way. Some of these girls are the size of a college linebacker.

Clothing styles. My grandson, when he was in junior high, asked me to take him to lunch at Hooters. I told him he would see more legs and cleavage in high school and that's

the truth. Some of the girls wear shorts that would make Daisy Duke, from the Dukes of Hazards, blush. The girls seem to have some kind of competition trying to see who can show the most cleavage and get away with it. Of course, this behavior doesn't apply to most of the girls but it does to about 40%. Even the freshman girls, who are still in the process of developing, show what they can. Dress code? We don't need your stinking dress code!

The boys are a hoot. They wear their pants so low that they have to walk with their feet apart in order for their pants to stay up. Their belt ends up around their upper thighs and they think nothing of showing their boxers which sometimes makes it necessary to walk about holding on to the top of their trousers to keep them up. Most of the boys wear the clothes loose and sloppy but then there are the other boys.

Some of the thinnest boys wear pants that are skin tight with tee-shirts to match. I have no idea what they have to do to get their clothes on or off but it must be a bit of a chore. These same boys will show up with blue or green tennis shoes. Why? I'll never know.

Every school district has a dress code, however, enforcement is another issue. If a male teacher sends a girl to the office because she is showing much too much flesh, the teacher is asked what exactly was he looking at. Most male teacher choose to say nothing and leave it up to the female teachers.

Ah, then there are the female teachers. If they send a girl to the office for a dress code violation the teacher is often asked if they are jealous because they are now what is called a full figured woman? After all the girls are simply expressing their individuality and style. I have to admit that some schools really do enforce the dress code and give the girls large, I mean very large, T-shirts to wear over their "clothes."

Today it is not uncommon to see a young man walking down the hall or through the quad carrying a guitar, strumming and singing as he walks to the next class. I remember reading about troubadours in the times of King Arthur's Court but I wasn't ready to see them in today's modern times. We had a few serious musicians at Poly but I could never imagine them dragging around a guitar and singing while they walked to class. Can you imagine the comments we would have made? Bob Dylan was right. The times, they are a changing.

Well this is the first in a series of short articles I plan to write to bring you up to date and give you a glimpse of what is taking place on high school campuses today.

Paraphrasing Al Jolsen, You ain't read anything yet!

Cheers,

Monty



As Poly Falls, A Teacher Exodus

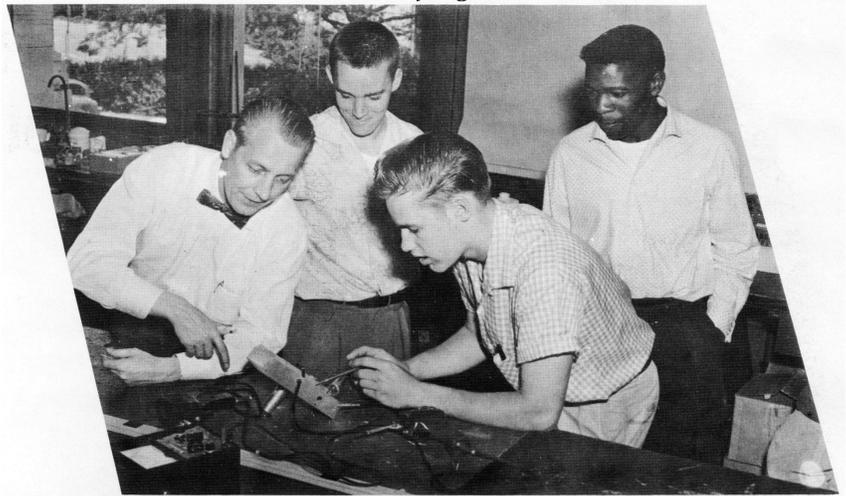
From Bob Miller, Fall '59

I recently asked a friend with whom I worked in the after-school program at the Lux Lab at Poly about where some of the Poly faculty migrated to following the closing of the school. Fred Stark and I were students at UC Berkeley, and he went on to teach at Lowell. Perhaps your readers might appreciate what he wrote:

About the time that we were all in college, Poly started going down hill and there was a mass exodus of the faculty. Bob Lombardi (English), Leon Shaff (Spanish), Paul Lucey (Counseling) and Ray Coats (Journalism) came to Lowell. They were all there when I started teaching there in the mid-1960's. Cal Pearson, John Harlan (Physics), and Stu Diamond (Chemistry) went down the peninsula to the then new high schools that were just opening there. A couple of others like Gene Roberts and Ernie Nackord went to City College. A few others transferred to other schools in the district: Gabe Raab (Math) to Washington, John Houston (Biology) to Lincoln. The Lux Lab closed and then Poly closed, but by that time most of the faculty we grew up with had left or retired. Al Maxwell was one of the first to pass away. A heart attack got him while he was out playing golf and that was in the early 70's. The only faculty member I know of who is still alive for sure is Paul Lucey.

With regard to the class of 1972, I'd watched Poly slip into decline, beginning with the introduction of the bussing of students after 1961 followed by the auditorium fire. I can imagine the heart-felt pain of the members of the class of 1972 who received their diplomas from the old Commerce High on Van Ness Avenue (my dad attended that school).

From the Fall '56/Spring '57 Yearbook



Mr. Allan Maxwell, one of the pioneers in the Lux Lab program, instructs his classes on the intricacies of the various phases of electronics.

Your brief article again brought it to mind. The true legacy of Poly, however, is not in the buildings or in this sad tale, but in the graduates and scripts we have written with our lives, the values we received from teachers like Milt Axe, Paul Hungerford, James Kinney, Marie Wallenstein, and others, and the enduring spirit of Poly High that lives on in our hearts.

Bob Miller

Editor: The story of the "Rise & Fall of Poly" appeared in the July 2005 and December 2005 issues of the Perennial Parrot. Both of these issues (VOL 18-01 & VOL 18-02) are now available on the web site (www.perennialparrot.com). Just click on the "Newsletter" tab and scroll down to the newsletter listings.

"The Key to His Heart"

By Verla McGinnis ... Poly, 1919

*Some said he was frozen by sorrow's chill,
The man who lived lonely on yonder hill;
Some thought that the key to his heart was lost,
And all staid away from his mien of frost.*

*An innocent child with a catol gay
Danced mezzily into his life one day.
She melted the chill with a sunshine datt,
Unlocked with the key of ttrue love his heart.*



Gathering 2012
June 1-2-3, 2012 Reno, Nevada



But if he'd



Polytechnic Man Wins British Medal for Air Fight

September 7, 1918

1st Lieutenant Allan F. Bonnalie, Outnumbered, Battled Hun Squadron, Obtains Photographs, Awarded Distinguished Service Cross by the British Army.

1st Lieutenant, U.S. Army, Pilot, Royal Air Force (Attached), Air Service American Expeditionary Force.

Date of Action: August 13, 1918.

Citation: The Distinguished Service Order was presented to Allan F. Bonnalie, First Lieutenant, U.S. Army, for extraordinary heroism in action near Bruges, Belgium.



On August 13, 1918, First Lieutenant Bonnalie led two other machines on a long photographic reconnaissance. In spite of the presence of numerous enemy aircraft, they were able to take all the photographs required, but were attacked by six Fokker biplanes. During the combat Lieutenant Bonnalie saw that one of his accompanying machines was in difficulty and that an enemy airplane was nearly on its tail.



He at once broke off combat with the enemy with whom he was engaged and dived to the assistance of the machine in trouble. He drove off the enemy plane, regardless of the bullets which were ripping up his own machine. Eventually, however, his tail planes and his elevator wires were shot away and his machine began to fall in side slips. Lieutenant Bonnalie managed to keep his machine facing toward the British lines by means of the rudder control, while his observer and the third machine drove off the enemy aircraft, which was still attacking. In its damaged condition, Lieutenant Bonnalie's machine was tail heavy, and he therefore had his observer leave the cockpit and lie out along the cowl in front of the pilot. In this manner, he re-crossed the British trenches at a low altitude and righted his machine sufficiently to avoid a fatal crash. Had it not been for the gallantry of Lieutenant Bonnalie the injured machine to whose assistance he went would have fallen into enemy territory as the pilot had been wounded and its observer killed. Lieutenant Bonnalie's own machine was riddled with bullets and it was a marvelous performance to bring it safely to the ground.

While at Poly, Bonnalie became interested in the new science of flight and became a member of the newly formed Polytechnic High School Aero Club. It consisted of about ten members and together they built a biplane glider having a Farman-type box tail, undercarriage, ailerons and elevator, but no rudder. Control surfaces were not totally effective so shifting of the operator's body was also necessary in flight.



When completed, the Club glider was taken to the Twin Peaks vicinity of San Francisco where a suitable hill was available for flying experiments. There, Bonnalie made his first flight on November 1st, 1911. During their experiments the club members frequently made flights up to one minute duration. The majority of flying was done on weekends and the glider usually suffered enough damage on the first day so that necessary repairs took evenings of work during the week to get it ready for the following Saturday.

In April 1917, he made application for enlistment in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, U.S. Army but was rejected due to his being underweight. Later he was accepted and assigned to the School of Military Aeronautics, University of California at Berkeley where the 8-week course was taught. Upon completion of the course, Bonnalie was one of ten sent to the headquarters of the Signal Corps at Bedloes Island, New York. There they joined ground school graduates from other schools and on August 13, 1917, he was one of sixty men to sail from New York for overseas assignment. Arriving in Liverpool the group was sent to Oxford University for further training.



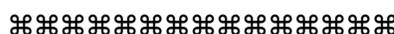
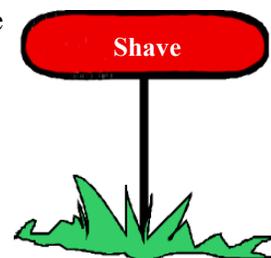
Distinguished Service Order

In May, 1918, Bonnalie was assigned to the 211th Squadron, Royal Air Force. In early September he was transferred to the 108th Squadron, then later that month was detached from the RAF and was assigned to the final Bombing School of the United States Air Service at Clermont Ferrand. While with the RAF, Lieutenant Bonnalie



Distinguished Service Cross

was decorated by the British with the Distinguished Service Order, the highest decoration awarded an American officer at that time, and was also awarded the United States Army Distinguished Service Cross.

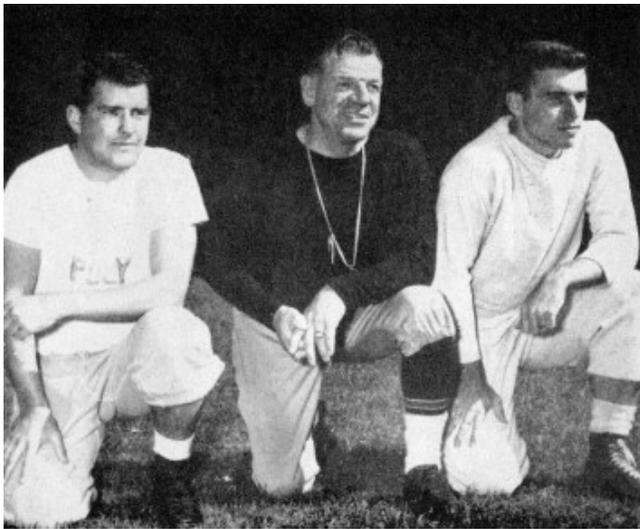


1951 A.A.A. Football Pageant



The Pre-season Football Pageant planned for Saturday, September 22nd, is a most interesting and worthwhile innovation in the San Francisco high school interscholastic program. Apart from being a wonderful spectacle and giving patrons of high school sports a preview of the coming season, it will do much to generate a feeling of solidarity and good sportsmanship among the high school students and the members of the various teams. A great deal of detailed and time-consuming planning has been necessary in preparing for this pageant. Those responsible for the planning and preparation deserve whole-hearted cooperation and enthusiastic support.

Hebert C. Clish
Supertintend of Schools

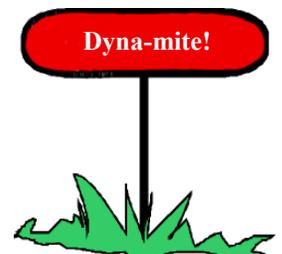


Larry McNerny, Asst. Milt Axt, Head Coach Bob Kirk, Asst.

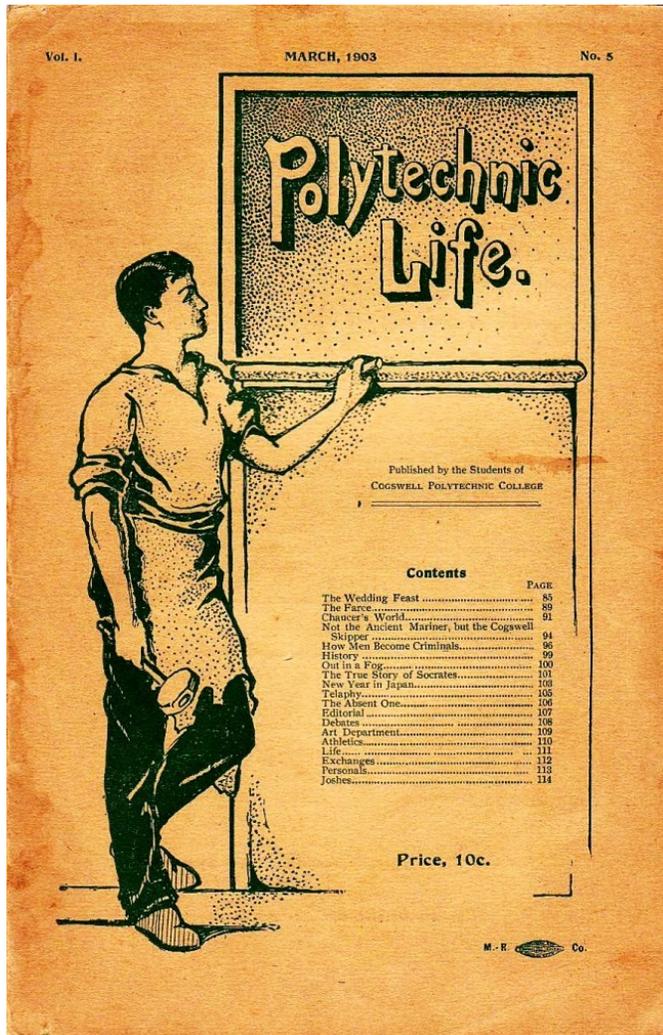
1st Row, left to right: T. Ozaki, T. Lindsay, S McCarthy, R. Tischburn, B. Moorehatch, R. Carrillo, C. Moe, P. Lara.
2nd Row: D. Brown, G. Young, B. Jones, P. Peterson, C. McKahn, C. Brown, N. Poppin, W. Taylor, F. Hall, W. Fannin, C. Gilson, N. Cross, W. Sampson. **3rd Row:** R. Moore, J. Lighty, J. Forbes, A. Hinsch, F. Ozell, F. Montabana, A. Forbes, B. Sanders, J. Laskey, T. Kemp, D. Chute, D. Verbrugge. **4th Row:** G. Shum, D. Ross, G. Nance, A. Pryor, K. Orzell, J. James.



1st Quarter	
Balboa	13
Lowell	0
2nd Quarter	
Lincoln	10
Washington	0
3rd Quarter	
Poly	7
Galileo	0
4th Quarter	
S. H.	6
S.I.	0
5th Quarter	
Commerce	7
Mission	0



Yes Martha, another Polytechnic in the City!



Well, sort of. Above is the front cover of the *Polytechnic Life*, Vol #1, #5 produced in March of 1903. It is a 35 page publication of Cogswell Polytechnic College in (at that time) San Francisco.

Cogswell College was founded as Cogswell Polytechnical College on March 19, 1887, and opened in August 1888 as a **high school** with well-equipped departments of technical education for boys and business education for girls. The school operated in this capacity until June 30, 1930, when its status was changed to that of a technical college offering a college-level two-year program

In 1971 Cogswell began offering four-year Bachelor degrees and now offers a Bachelor of Science in Digital Arts Engineering, a Bachelor of Arts in Digital Art and Animation, a Bachelor of Science in Digital Audio Technology, a Bachelor of Science in Computer Engineering, a Bachelor of Science in Software Engineering, and a Bachelor of Science in Fire Science.

The school was originally located in the Mission District. When the 1906 earthquake partially destroyed the campus, the College relocated across the street to an existing home on the property. After the City of San Francisco purchased some of the land by eminent domain in 1917, a new building was constructed at Folsom and 26th Streets to house the school. In 1974, having outgrown its existing campus, the College moved to a location at Stockton and California Streets. In 1985, the College moved to Cupertino, where it remained until 1994 when it moved to its present location in Sunnyvale, CA. (its old San Francisco building became a Ritz Carlton hotel.)

If you are curious and would like to know more about the college just do a Google Search on Cogswell Polytechnic College.

Life.
Brightly it dimples,
Lightly it trills,
Limpid and pure from its home in the hills.

Lengthening vistas,
Strengthening stream,
Fair is the prospect and bright is the gleam.

Worrying channels,
Hurrying on,
Seething o'er shallows, it gleams and is gone.

Clearer the current,
Nearer the end,
Milder the sound of the waves as they blend.

Wearing the breakers,
Fearing their roar,
Lost in an ocean with infinite shore..

C.B.

The poem above is from the *Polytechnic Life*, written in 1903. The publication is printed as a 6" X 9", 35 page booklet and contains stories, poems, and articles written by the students.



Poly Grad Makes A Difference

From Bob Miller, Fall '59

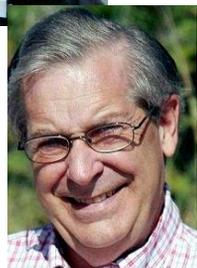
My name is Robert "Bob" Miller, Class of Fall 1959, and I'm an Episcopal priest. I was sent to Honduras with my wife, Margi, in 1979 to build a large church in the capital city of Tegucigalpa and to start up a large program for abandoned street boys. Money came from US-AID, the Canadian government, churches of various denominations in the US, Ireland, Canada, and England. The agricultural school was a joint effort between the Catholic and Episcopal Churches.



Above:
Graduation
Spring '59



Right:
At work in
Honduras,
1979 ~
1988



Right:
2011
RETIRED
(ALMOST)

The kids had been orphaned a few years before our arrival by Hurricane Fifi in September 1974 and were invisible to the government. The hurricane killed thousands of people, destroying entire families. It was our goal to provide housing, medical care, an education and vocational training to boys who had been displaced from their families, either due to their deaths or our inability to locate family members. It was the goal of the program to restore those relationships. The boys we found on the streets in the pre-dawn morning hours were as young as 5 years and as old as 11.

Older boys we discovered were too street-wise and often addicted to glue sniffing. They were living on the streets begging, surviving off garbage behind restaurants, sniffing glue (glue, purchased for a nickel in a plastic bag from shoemakers, helps

you escape fear, loneliness, and hunger -- many kids died by age 12). I tried to get the glue manufacturer to add a chemical that would cause the kids to vomit, but they turned me down because it would add to their cost of production ... they were in it for the money, I suppose. That chemical additive was implemented in the US.

Girls were kept at home to take care of younger siblings, while their mothers worked. Many found their way into prostitution, an occupation that ensures survival. Unfortunately, AIDS first appeared in Honduras in the villages near the American Air Force base at Palmerola in the central highlands and quickly spread to the capital city and the commercial centers on the north coast. At the time, medical care drugs were unavailable and many died. Centers for the girls have been established in the past few years.

Children who had been separated from their birth families migrated to the central highlands where the capital is located ... the estimate of the boys on the streets in the city of Tegucigalpa alone was over 2,000. These kids were not eligible for adoption, and our goal was to engender pride in their country and to give them the skills necessary to support themselves and families of their own creation.

I was responsible for finding the kids, training staff, setting up the programs, building the facilities, and raising the money to support it all ... in the beginning, all hands-on with volunteers. Initially, *El Hogar de Amor y Esperanza* (The Home of Love & Hope) was established in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. This was followed by the establishment of two more centers: a technical institute, *Tecnico Instituto Santa Maria* in the capital city and an agricultural school, *El Porvenir*, located in the impoverished south near the Nicaraguan border. *El Porvenir* was the only cooperative venture of the Episcopal and Catholic Churches in all of Central and South America, in a concordant we negotiated between the Anglican church in the United States and the Papal Nuncio in Panama. However, with the change in the ecumenical climate, it has passed wholly to the Episcopal Church.

By the time I left, there were 240 kids in the program and I expect over 1,100 kids have been served in the intervening years. Recitative rate was less than 2%, although the kids were free to return to the streets at any time.

There are a couple of websites of the programs for abandoned street boys we started in Honduras. They now serve girls as well:

- 1 ... www.users.drew.edu/sjameso/Honduras/honduras_pics-El_Hogar.html
- 2 ... www.elhogar.org

Margi and I returned to the US in 1988 where I took assignment as the priest of a church in Ames, IA. I am currently retired and live in Venice, FL and assist as a priest at the Good Shepherd Episcopal Church. Last month, Margi and I gave a talk to a parish group on our work in Honduras. This can be viewed on the parish website where there's a copy of the audio and photos:

- Photos ...** <http://www.goodshepherdvenicefl.org/images/stories/WomenFellowship/church%20women.pdf>
Audio ... <http://www.goodshepherdvenicefl.org/images/stories/audio/el%20hogar.mp3>

There's also a book, now out of print but available free on a CD. Anyone interested in obtaining a copy can contact me at:

rw2miller@comcast.net

All of this is a long time ago,
we all have moved forward in life



Bob Miller



August 2011 ... Vallejo, CA ... Waiting for the S.F. ferry
 Left to Right: Carolyn (Bier) Ross, Diana (Andrus) Bachelor, Marilyn (Fetter) Lewis, Gordon Lewis, Ernie Bachelor, Bob Ross

Parrot Decals

From Joan (Brower) Thorsen, S'58

Well, the Athletic luncheon has come and gone ... and I always look forward to going to it.

I was selling Poly Parrot decals at the "welcome table" - I have my decal on the bottom of my front windshield so I can always see it. People who are from SF would immediately identify with the school it represents. I was never more aware of that as when I went to my dentist in Saratoga and asked if he would go out and tell my son how long I would be - he came back in and asked WHY I had the Poly Parrot decal on my front windshield. I told him I was down for the annual luncheon and he told me he grew up in SF, wanted to go to Poly - but his parents made him go to Lowell. He was a graduate of Lowell 1957; I graduated in 1958. I have been going to this dentist for 45 years and never knew about his SF affiliation until he saw my decal - AMAZING. Will have lots to talk about in future with my dentist.

Paul Belben (Class '58) designed these wonderful decals (see top of this page) and was nice enough to front the cost, to provide us Polyites with some warm memories. If anyone is interested in a Poly parrot decal (they are approx. 3" x 4")they can contact me at (209)795-6355 or

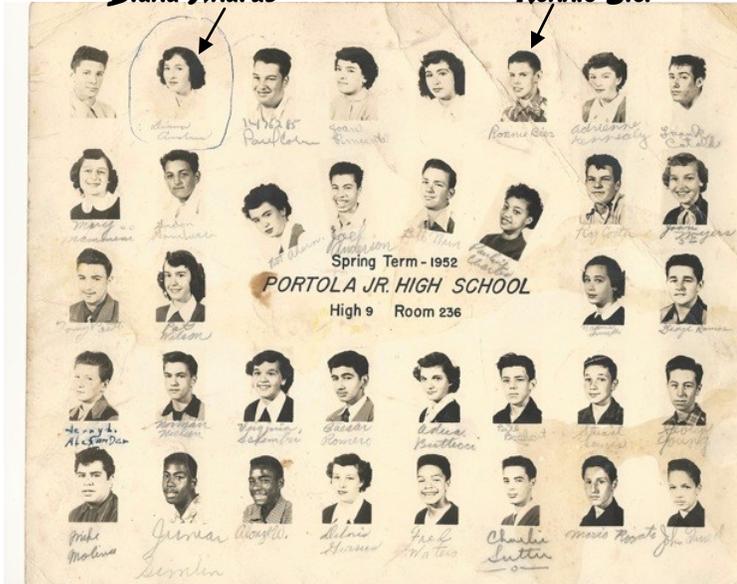
joanbrowerthorsen@yahoo.com .

The cost is \$5.00 plus \$.47 for mailing.

Thanks *Joan*

Editor: Think I read in the paper that postage is going up a couple of cents come February 2012

Portola Jr. High ... Spring 1952
 Diana Andrus Ronnie Bier



Here is an interesting map from the 1951 Football Pageant Program that should tickle a few memories.

CAFE EL PORTAL

Dinner From \$1.25
Served Daily from 12 Noon

Dance to
Mel Lyons Orchestra
Nightly 9 P.M.

For Reservations
SKyline 1-1514
FULTON ST. at EIGHTH AVE.
"By Golden Gate Park"

Where I Have & Have Not Been

I have been in many places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone.

I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognizes you there.

I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my friends, family and work.

I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump, and I'm not too much on physical activity anymore.

I have never been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there.

I've been in Flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm.

Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I go there more often as I'm getting older.

One of my favorite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the Stimuli I can get!

And more and more I think of the Here After ..
Several times a day, in fact, I enter a room and think
"What am I here after?"

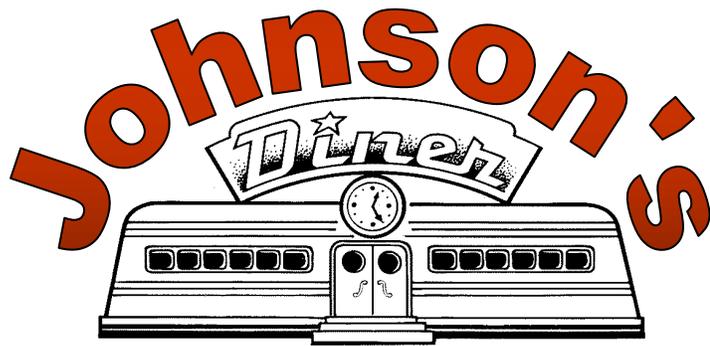
Author Unknown



**SERGE & PAT (WEST) PUCHERT
LOOKS LIKE SERGE HAS HOLD OF THE WICKED
WITCH OF THE WEST!**



**DIANA (ANDRUS) & ERNIE BACHELOR
IF I WERE DIANA I WOULD PUT A LARGE
LEASH ON THAT PUPPY!**



Where the elite meet to eat

Pecan Goodies for Christmas

Cinnamon-Sugar Pecans

- 1 large egg white (about 2 tablespoons)
- 2 cups pecan halves
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Combine egg whites and pecans in a small bowl. Mix until pecans are moistened. In another small bowl, combine brown sugar and cinnamon. Mix well. Add to nuts; mix until coated. Pour into greased, nine-inch microwave-safe pie plate. Cook on HIGH 5 to 6 minutes or until coating is no longer glossy, stirring twice during cooking time. Let stand until cool. Store in airtight container.

Pecan Rum Pie

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups pecan halves
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 teaspoon rum flavoring or vanilla extract
- 1 baked 9" pie shell in microwavable dish

Place butter in 2-quart glass bowl. Cook on HIGH for one minute, or until melted. Blend in pecans, sugar, corn syrup, eggs, and rum flavoring. Pour into pie shell. Cook on HIGH 10 to 11 minutes, or until center is set. Cool to room temperature.

NOTE: That's rum flavoring ... NOT RUM!

Handyman.®

By Pete Gray

It used to be I could do it all,
Plug the leak and patch the wall.
Now I can't get off the floor.
I ain't no handyman no more.

Hard work never did bother me,
Crawlin' on hand or bending my knee,
Reachin' up high to change a light,
Gettin' on down to lift a bight.

Up in the attic to change a fan,
Down in the cellar with the router man,
Put a new faucet in the sink.
Change the filter, pure water to drink.

Out in the cold shovelin' winter's snow,
Sweatin' the heat for the fires glow.
Mowin' the lawn to keep it low.
Pullin' them weeds so they won't grow.

Nail that drywall, tape and spackle.
Sand it smooth so there ain't no crackle.
Wire those outlets, change those breakers.
Be glad this lot ain't got more acres.

Assemble that cabinet, hang that hinge,
Homeowners watchin', don't make 'em cringe.

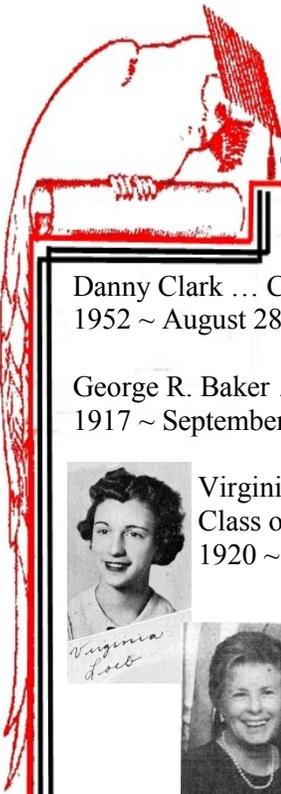
Clean the dirt from the old sump pump.
Take the garbage off to the dump.

Paint the walls, the ceiling and floor.
Careful with the trim around that door.
Vacuum the carpet and sweep the kitchen.
Fix whatever else needs fixin.

Clean out garage and sweep the drive.
Beginnin' to feel more dead than alive.
Back is achin' and my calves are sore.
I ain't no handyman — no more.

Editors Note: This was written by a member of the Writers Group at Fun N Sun RV Resort where we live. It doesn't have anything to do with POLY but it sure does have a lot of meaning for a lot of us ... this editor included. Our thanks to Pete Gray for allowing us to publish his poem in our newsletter.





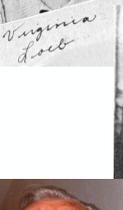
In Memorium

Danny Clark ... Class 1970 or 71
1952 ~ August 28, 2011

George R. Baker ... Class of 1934
1917 ~ September 30, 2011



Virginia Ann (Loeb) Meyer
Class of Spring 1937
1920 ~ November 14, 2011



Patricia Reynolds Riepenhoff
Class of Spring 1950 (?)
1933 ~ November 2011



Henry Joseph Judnick
Class of 1945
1923 ~ November 25, 2011

Richard B "Woody" Wood
Class of 1939
October 6, 1921 ~ November 6, 2011

May the Parrot be with them on their journey



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"Careers in Business For Young Women"

Young women, who are planning their careers, are invited to write for this valuable illustrated guidebook.

It is packed with facts about salaries, the future in business careers, beginning positions, top positions, and advantages and opportunities in American Business—one of the greatest assets in the world today.

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Yearbooks ... Above, Spring '47 Below, Spring '45



From the Fall 1936 Year Book

Oh, Give Me a Horse, a Great Big Horse

IT'S FUN TO
COME IN
COSTUME!



DRESS UP AT
GOLDSTEIN'S
989 MARKET ST.

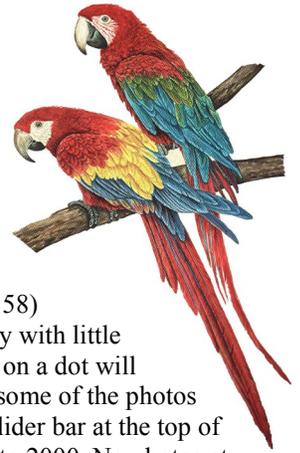
GOLDSTEIN & CO.

Costumers for Polytechnic Theatricals

The Puchert's and the Bachelors (Page 10) must have stopped by here before Halloween ...

Kibbles And Bits And Pieces

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



Well, many of you were looking for the “Rest of the Story” about the “Class Ring” story from the last issue. We have yet to receive any follow-up from the young lady. Sent another email several weeks ago but have not had a response to date. Maybe next issue.



WOW!!! Only three issues until the END OF THE WORLD!
Folks in our park are already planning a “Going away party” on December 21, 2012.



If you are planning to attend **GATHERING 2012** on the weekend of June 1-2-3 of next year, it’s not too early to start planning. Don’t wait too long to make your hotel reservations. For those who might be planning to attend for the first time the Peppermill Hotel is where most of the folks stay. If you are in an RV there is the Silver Sage RV Park right across the street from the Peppermill. Don’t forget to bring your bowling balls. Even this editor will be bowling this time around.



Ever wonder why you keep seeing photos of the same folks in the newsletter? That’s because nobody else sends in photos! We don’t care what class you are from ... you are a Polyite and THAT is what counts. If you stumble across an old school snapshot and know everybody in it, send it in with the names of the folks and a little note about the photo. We love photos like the one on the front page of this issue. If you are like my co-editor you probably have a few shoe boxes stashed in a closet just full of old school photos ... DIG `EM OUT!!!



Here is a great website for all of you who grew up in and around the City. It was sent to us by Charin (Wakefield F`58) Garcia. Basically, it is a map of the City with little red dots, some with numbers. Clicking on a dot will bring up a photo(s) of that location ... some of the photos date back into the 1800s ... there is a slider bar at the top of the page starting at 1800 and going up to 2000. No photos at 1800 but as you move the slider to the right more and more dots appear ... the number inside the dot is how many photos are at that location. Of special interest are the dots around Poly. There is also a “Satellite” view selection and be sure to use that selection around the Poly area on the map. You will also find this link on the “Links” tab of the Perennial Parrot web site.

<http://www.oldsf.org/#11:37.784944~-122.434730,m:37.78800~-122.4383715>



Time to put Volume #24 to bed. What an amazing journey this has been for us. Never imagined back in December 1985 that we would still be doing this after all these years. Next issue will mark 25 years of publishing the Perennial Parrot and we wish to thank all of you who have contributed to these pages ... DON'T STOP NOW!!!



We wish all of you the very best for this Holiday Season and may the New Year be filled with wondrous things for you and yours ...

We Love All Y'all, Happy Holidays

A Think To Thought On ...

The high cost of medical care is best exemplified by the fact that doctors' waiting rooms are larger than their examining rooms.

Robert C. Gallagher



May The Parrot Be With You

Old Person Pride

I never really liked the terminology "Old Person" but this makes me feel better about it. And if you ain't one, I bet ya you know one.

I got this from an "Old Personal friend of mine"!

I'm passing this on as I did not want to be the only old person receiving it. Actually, it's not a bad thing to be called, as you will see.

Old People are easy to spot at sporting events; during the playing of the National Anthem Old People remove their caps and stand at attention and sing without embarrassment. They know the words and believe in them.

Old People remember World War II, Pearl Harbor, Guadalcanal, Normandy and Hitler. They remember the Atomic Age, the Korean War, The Cold War, the Jet Age and the Moon Landing.

They remember the 50 plus Peacekeeping Missions from 1945 to 2005, not to mention Vietnam.

If you bump into an Old Person on the sidewalk he will apologize. If you pass an Old Person on the street, he will nod or tip his cap to a lady. Old People trust strangers and are courtly to women.

Old People hold the door for the next person and always, when walking, make certain the lady is on the inside for protection.

Old People get embarrassed if someone curses in front of women and children and they don't like filth or dirty language on TV or in the movies.

Old People have moral courage and personal integrity. They seldom brag unless it's about their children or grandchildren.

It's the Old People who know our great country is protected, not by politicians, but by the young men and women in the military serving their country.

This country needs Old People with their work ethic, sense of responsibility, pride in their country and decent values.

We need them now more than ever.

Pass this on to all of the "Old People" you know.

I was taught to respect my elders.
It's just getting harder to find them.