



# Perennial Parrot



Volume 25 #1

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

April 2012

## City Parrots go Country

Hi "Gang"

Well, Joan and I had been talking about moving for three / five years and finally after trying to make up our minds we did.

When we put our house in Santa Clara, Ca. on the market, we thought it would take at least six months or more as the housing market was/is kinda slow. There are a lot of houses in that area that have been on the market for more than six months.

Our kids had suggested that we look at Sonora, Ca. as there are hospitals and everything else that a "big" town has. We looked at places in Jamestown, Ca. and Stockton, Ca. We also considered a lot of other places but did not make up our minds as to where we would settle.

Our house went on the market Oct. 14, 2011. Three months later, just before Christmas, we got two bids for our place and decided to take one (they were for the same amount). That meant that we had to get out because escrow would close on Jan. 27, 2012.

Since we had already been out looking, we called the realtor we had been working with in Sonora, and also the realtor in Stockton. Of the two places in Stockton we looked at, one would not be ready until late Feb. and the one that was ready to move into, we really didn't like.

So, back up to Sonora to look at more homes. If we didn't find something, we would have to put our stuff in storage

and live with one of our kids until we do find a place to live.

Well, for some reason we kept coming back to look at this place on Shaws Flat Rd. Three bedrooms with a family room over the very large garage (split level). A large kitchen and medium size living room (great room concept).

The back yard is just right for me, only eight feet by thirty feet of grass to mow. Should take me only ten minutes to mow, and there is a fountain in the middle for Joan (she always wanted a fountain in the yard).



Well, as luck would have it, escrow did close on the 27th Of Jan. and also on Shaws Flat Rd. the same day. So, we moved into our new (10 years old) home on Sat. the 28th Of Jan. 2012.

The house is off the road in a spot like a cul-de-sac and we have nice neighbors. Some come into our back yard.

We will bring some pictures to the "gathering" in June so we can brag about our new home.

O.K. So that should be enough for now. Joan and I will see you at the "gathering" in June so get your reservations in now.

*"Wild" Bill Cannon*

*Editor: Hey Bill ... you gonna bring some venison to Gathering?*



# Letters to the Editor

## Old Poly and S.F. Memories

I just got through reading on your web site about the N Judah streetcars and it brought on a rush of memories. As a kid I attended Grattan Grammar School and lived at the North West corner of Grattan just across the street.

Later I attended Polytechnic High School and eventually graduated from there in 1952. From what I read on the history of the school I was there during the years that Poly football dominated the City high school scene!

I did try football under Coach Milt Axt but moved into track and field and was on the second place All City team for the school in 1952. During that time my family lived on Parnassus Ave within a few houses of Cole Street and I remember a little store on that corner run by the Droobie Brothers. I don't know if I spelled it right but Droobie when sounded out is about right!

*EDITORS Note: Some things just need to be repeated. Below is the story about the N Judah street car that John Molloy refers to. It appears in the August 1990 issue of the Perennial Parrot. In the August 1992 issue the "REST OF THE STORY" appeared and is reprinted on pages 4 and 5 of this issue ... hope you enjoy this story from Poly's past ... hope none of you worked for the MUNI!!!*

## And Now Dorine (Bergstrom) Bickle



I just couldn't resist throwing in a little comment of my own before giving you this little tattle-tale about Dorine.....  
Should it ever become necessary for each of us to pass a test to become "Little Angels", Dorine would probably be the one to FLUNK!



Reading through "The Rise and Fall of Poly High School" about the kids jumping on the "cow catcher" of the N Judah to avoid paying fares brought to mind an incident that involved several of you reading this now.....and most specifically the main culprit.....Aunti Dorine! To the best of my recollection, it was after school one day and several of us were waiting for the streetcar. It finally pulled up and stopped for us and at that very moment, the "gismos" (what do you call those things Bill?) that connect the car to the electric line came loose, flopping around like a long neck goose. Well, the conductor got off the back of the street car to reattach the "gismo" and just as he got it connected and started to get back on the streetcar, Dorine grabbed the rope on the bell and gave it a good "ringy-dingy-ding" and sure enough the driver thought all was fixed and ready to go and off he went with the conductor on foot and in hot pursuit. Well, he couldn't catch us and a new career was launched for Dorine. We stopped at every corner, passengers boarded (no fare of course) and Dorine would "Ringy-Dingy-Ding" and off we'd go again.....What a hoot !!!

carolyn (bier) ross

## The Perennial Parrot Newsletter

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Diplomacy

# HIGH SCHOOL Then & Now

## PART 2

By Monty Montiel

Hi Gang,

Writing about high schools today is a way to express my surprise, shock and sometimes dismay because of the way I see today's students come to school dressed as if they were part of a circus that had just arrived in town. I don't recall there being a dress code that needed to be enforced when we were at Poly but we all seemed to know what was acceptable and what was not. There were very few daring souls that wanted to draw too much attention upon themselves by dressing or looking really strange or weird. Today things are much different.

The inspiration for this article was a young lady who showed up in my classroom with green sneakers and matching green hair. I know that there was no where to find green sneakers when we went to school and I can't think of anyone's mother who would allowed their child to go to school, much less leave the house, with green hair. It was a rare thing when a girl would bleach her hair really light blond. Was there a way to dye your hair green or any other unusual color in our day? I remember there was a movie, "The Boy With Green Hair", but the thought of anyone showing up at Poly with green hair was beyond my imagination.

This young lady, I use the term loosely because she is still a child, was color coordinated with a shirt that was a darker shade of green, yellow shorts and yellow, calf high, stockings. I wonder, did anyone in her family check her out before she left the house? Did they realized she looked like a large parrot? Hey, she could have been our mascot!

And green is not the only strange color I've seen on students including boys. Pink, maroon, bright yellow, orange and fire engine red can often be seen on the campus quad. And don't get me started on piercing and tattoos.

The schools do have dress codes but those codes are mainly written to have some level of modesty on campus that the girls completely ignore. One counselor came into my classroom at the beginning of the semester to remind the girls about the three 'Bs". Butts, Boobs and Bellies she cried out. Don't be showing too much or you'll be wearing some boy's double or triple X tee shirt over your costume, oops I'm sorry, your ensemble for the rest of the day. She also talked to the boys.

The boys now wear their trousers so that the belt line is below their hips which means their boxers are in plain view. I tell them that no one wants to see their skid marks. They can't run like this and sometimes have to hang on to the front of their trousers while walking so that their trousers don't end up around their ankles. When I tell them they will have to abide by a dress code at work when they go out into the real world their faces tell me that they think of themselves as special and won't have to go along in order to hold on to their job. What??? Not be able to wear my green sneakers or have my hair orange?

Most of us have had conversations about how much calmer, cleaner, simple and safe things were when we went through our teen age years and it's true. The teenagers today are exposed to so much more and have so many more distractions and I personally don't think it's a good thing. I thank my lucky stars that I grew up during those times with my very good friends at Poly and wouldn't change that for today's teenage life style.

*Monty*

### The Lady of the Moon

MARILLA HIDDEN

On the bank of the canyon,  
There stood, stately and tall,  
The Lady of the Moon, dressed  
In the mist of the waterfall.

On the bank the pebbles glistened  
As if they were diamonds and pearls.  
Her cheeks were as pink as the rosebuds,  
That were twined about in her curls.

This is the lovely maiden,  
Who in your dreams is seen;  
You can hear her fairy footsteps,  
For she alone is queen.

From the  
Spring  
1915  
Yearbook

Is to do

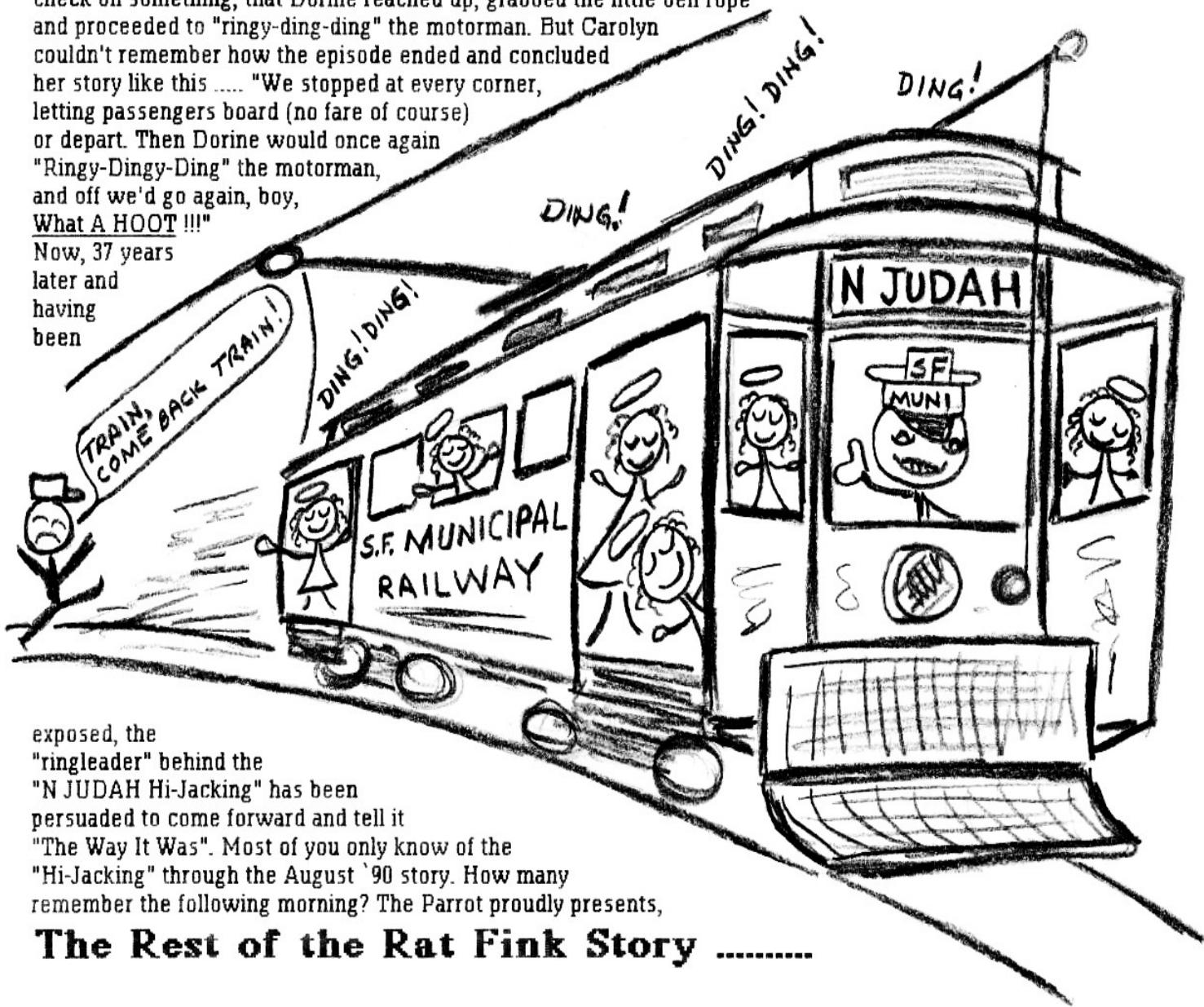


## The Muni Streetcar That Wasn't Named

# Desire

If you remember back in the August 1990 issue of the Perennial Parrot, my better half told a short "Rat-Fink" story about Auntie Dorine and her "Hi-Jacking" escapade with the "N" JUDAH streetcar one very sunny San Francisco afternoon when school had let out. Carolyn described how, when the conductor had stepped off the streetcar to check on something, that Dorine reached up, grabbed the little bell rope and proceeded to "ringy-ding-ding" the motorman. But Carolyn couldn't remember how the episode ended and concluded her story like this .... "We stopped at every corner, letting passengers board (no fare of course) or depart. Then Dorine would once again "Ringy-Dingy-Ding" the motorman, and off we'd go again, boy, What A HOOT !!!"

Now, 37 years later and having been



exposed, the "ringleader" behind the "N JUDAH Hi-Jacking" has been persuaded to come forward and tell it "The Way It Was". Most of you only know of the "Hi-Jacking" through the August '90 story. How many remember the following morning? The Parrot proudly presents,

**The Rest of the Rat Fink Story .....**

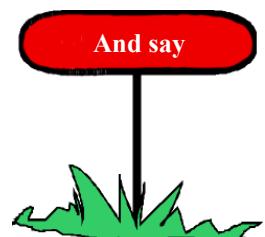


**Gathering 2012**

**June 1–2–3, 2012 Reno, Nevada**



And say



# The Unsolved Mystery of the Run Away "N" JUDAH Streetcar

by "aunti" dorine bickle (alias "grandma mickey mouse")

On a sunny afternoon about 3:11, approximately 100 students came streaming out of Poly High School onto Carl Street eagerly awaiting the arrival of the dreaded "N" Judah. By 3:14 it came chugging down the tracks to stop in front of the crowd that had grown to mob proportions. The multitude charged the car like bee's to honey (or flies to S \_\_\_\_).

The "N" Judah streetcar was built in three sections. The front compartment was open aired for the motorman and passengers (passengers that smoked mostly). The middle was closed for passengers only and opened on both ends with sliding doors. The rear section was open aired, like the front, for the conductor, his fare box, standing and smoking passengers. Passengers entered the streetcar at the rear, paid their fare into the conductors fare box and received a transfer from the conductor if they needed to ride another streetcar or bus after departing the "N" streetcar.

After the conductor greets the passengers, collects the fares, issues transfers, screams at passengers to move to the front of the coach, he informs the motorman that the coast is clear by pulling a cord that rings a bell over the motorman's head .... Two Rings to go or One Ring to stop.

The conductor braces himself as the students forge forward, a look of pure terror on his face. He punches car tickets, issues transfers while constantly screaming : "Step to the front of the car...Step to the front of the car."

Now somewhere in the middle of the mob, pushing ever forward, are the sweetest, kindest, most

gentle of Poly Girls: Diane & Joanne Jones, Carolyn Bier, Dorine Bergstrom, Sue & Barbara Cohen. By the time our "ladies" are on the car there is no more room for others to get on. The conductor is beside himself wondering why the crowd can't move forward....so, mistake number one (1) is about to happen.

Our "Brave" conductor squeezes through the sardine packed passengers, getting off the streetcar. He then starts walking along the car, looking into the windows searching for the bottleneck. As he walks, one of our "Lovely Ladies" grabs the "magic cord" and rings the bell twice informing the motorman it is safe to proceed to the next stop. With a hoot and a holler the little trolley jerks forward and rattles off down the track leaving the poor conductor standing on the track screaming "Train .... Come Back Train."

However, the streetcar continues on, stopping for passengers and letting passengers off. One of our Poly "Ladies" now directs new passengers to deposit their fare into the collection box, issues transfers for those needing them, rings the bell twice to have the motorman continue, rings the bell once to inform the motorman that someone wants to depart and to stop the coach at the next stop. If a customer needs change to pay the fare, they are instructed to pay double next time and are given a transfer regardless.

This happy little group continues on its merry way for many blocks, through the Buena Vista Park Tunnel onto Duboce Street, starting and stopping until finally reaching Market Street. There, waiting for the "N" Judah car are the Municipal Railway Inspectors

and several members of S. F.'s Finest Police Department.

This menacing group approaches the streetcar, word flying through the car to our "Ladies" faster than the men can reach the entrance. Our girls squeeze through the passengers towards the front of the car where they depart, "Like Thieves In The Night."

Safe and walking down the street, they look back at the "N" Judah to see the inspectors rummaging through the car, searching for the culprits that stole it and left a half crazed conductor on the tracks talking to himself.

The following morning, the "N" Judah car long forgotten, our girls file into school happy as lambs. As registry ends, we are informed of a special assembly being held in the auditorium. Thrilled, everyone files into the auditorium only to find, much to their dismay, the stage filled with the dreaded Muni Inspectors and S.F.'s Finest. The "honored" guest spoke for about 45 minutes about the way students should conduct themselves on public transportation, etc, etc, etc.. Also, they wanted information that would lead to the punishment of the person or persons who took the "N" Judah streetcar and left a grown man in tears.

Never a word was said, although many knew the truth .... and for 37 years this mystery has remained UNSOLVED!

@@@ MORAL @@@

Polytechnic students were always true to God, Family, Country and most of all (especially in this case) to each other.

@@@ THE END @@@

The nastiest things

From the  
F50-S51  
Yearbook



Anytime is . . .  
SPUDNUT TIME

VINCE'S  
SPUDNUT & SANDWICH BAR

650 Irving

San Francisco

BILLINGS' DIME-PLUS STORE

834 Irving Street  
STATIONERY & SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
*Your Friendly Store*

Staple Merchandise      Gift Novelties

# Those Were the Days

By Mario J Barrios

A few weeks ago a friend of many years sent me this beautiful, beautiful essay by Robert Zimmerman about San Francisco and Polytechnic High School back in the 1950's, the time when I attended Poly.

I was so moved by what I read that I could not help reliving that happy and yet painful period of my life. Feeling grateful, I rushed to send my friend a thank you note, but found myself instead writing uncontrollably, with words pouring out of me like a bunch of frightened wild birds bursting out of an open cage.

As I read the essay, I felt as if it had all just happened recently, maybe no more than a year ago or so – it all seemed so fresh, so alive...the roar of the crowd booming out of Kezar, the sticky smell of burnt Crisco smoking out of that little greasy-spoon next to the school, the catchy melody of "Earth Angel" or the contagious laughter of one's friends hurrying between classes. I often wondered what happened to a lot of those folks who were my friends and schoolmates back then, even though, I am sad to say, I did not have too many. After it was all over, I felt a big relief to get past those turbulent years, as if I had survived a major storm. Yet, I also think of them melancholy, wishing I could relive those days again.

Ohh, yes, those were the days, my friends.

In the movie "Peggy Sue Got Married" (another flick that catches the temper of the 50's quite well, but from a somewhat different angle than "American Graffiti"), Peggy Sue was lucky enough to relive her teens in the 50's. The big question the movie raises is: Does she repeat her life of the past or does she make different choices? What would you do, my friends? But then, that would be playing God, wouldn't it?

Well, I sure wish I could step into my past again and redo certain things that I often wondered about. For one, I would not choose Poly as my high school, sorry to inform you, you diehard Poly lovers. I remember that bad-mouthing the wimps at Lowell, our sports rival, was a favorite Poly pastime, but I know a lot of guys, a bit like me, who went to Lowell and actually graduated, unlike me. Plus that ugly red-brick building was right in my 'hood, about three blocks away – no Muni rides and an easy walk home for lunch. But I wanted to be "cool" and crash the "jumps" on the weekends, so I went to Poly.

Ohh, yes, those were the days, my friends.

Had I stayed in Poly (wow, I dropped out before the end of my sophomore year), I would have graduated with the class of '57, or maybe '58, along with the author Bob Zimmerman, who was a big jock and football star at the time, so I was told. Don't quite remember him then, but I do remember one of the other jocks and football stars who used to go around bullying lower classmates while dangling the "P" block on his white cardinal sweater...Cool, cool.

As for George Seifert, he came to Polly a couple of years after my time. He often got his name spread all over the school paper (The Poly Parrot?) and in the City papers as well. The jocks, they had it made, particularly the football stars. They were kings of the hill – got all the cool chicks, first crack at getting calls for part-time jobs, sugar-coated referrals to coveted colleges and universities, plus the special assignments allowing them to miss classes and harass any one caught on the hallways during class times, to name a few. Nowadays, I suppose, they would be the bad guys featured in "Revenge of the Nerds."

Ohh, yes, those were the days, my friends.

Another prominent figure of that time, at least among my friends, was the Dean of Boys, a big and intimidating figure. When he sent for you, it was usually that something was wrong, most probably one's doing. It seemed like he was always hell bent on getting every square peg, like me, out of the campus on the first infraction. One day he came to get me out of class (I still tremble at the thought), everyone watching as I left with a crimson-red face, and once outside he grabbed me by the neck and pushed me all the way to his office. He made no effort, as I recall, to find out the reasons or causes why a boy was not up to snuff ... you either shaped up or got shipped out.

Ohh, yes, those were the days, my friends.

As for the rides to the beach and back during lunchtime, I don't remember ever doing that, but then again, I was not part of the privileged class. In fact, my first rides in automobiles didn't happen until I was 18 and in my own car, a '41 Pontiac coupe, which I bought for \$75 with my very first paycheck from my very first full-time job. Man, that was freedom, accomplishment, success, paradise, a purpose for living and doing something with my life. All I needed then was a hot date to rumble with in the back seat. But a hot date was a lot harder to get than a car, and couldn't be had for \$75. Unfortunately, a buddy of mine wrecked the car soon after I bought it and way before I ever got a chance for that hot date.

In the nicest way

Ohh, yes, those were the days, my friends.

Continued on Page #7



# *Those Were the Days*

Continued from Page #6

The one person that was always in his car and seldom seemed to exercise was the football genius and P.E. teacher, creator of many heroes and school trophies. We'd be huffing and puffing, keeping our livers from bursting out of our guts while running from Stow Lake, when suddenly he would drive by with his loud speaker booming "You got three minutes, Barrios, or you are staying after school." At other times, he would have us line up in the Boys' Gym, barking out exercise drills while sitting on his duff, with one of his pets in an Adonis body and a block "P" on his shorts, showing us "how do it right." If you didn't do it right, you'd be doing push ups after school. Remember that?

Ohh, yes, those were the days, my friends.

I suppose one could say that things are different now, more enlightened, more caring. In today's schools we caress the soul as well as nourish the brain, while trying to figure out what's aching the student when he or she fails. But, are we better off for it? Are our schools achieving better results with the schooling of our kids? And, is our society as a whole better off? Probably 'yes' in some ways, and definitely 'no' in others. You readers are smart enough to figure out which are which.

The one thing I know for sure, from experience, is that it would be a lot easier for a non-conforming boy like me to succeed in school these days. Not necessarily because schooling has been dumbed down considerably, but because of the different options that weren't around back then. Things like alternative education, independent studies, charter schools, 4/4 programs, ROP, college prep academies, and a few more. It's no longer either college prep or trade school, no longer do or die in one mold or the other.

Now, these are the days, my friends.

Sometime in the late 60's I went back to Poly, not as a student but as a substitute teacher. What I saw shocked and saddened me a bit. It was easy to sense that it was no longer the thriving school that it been during my time. It was no longer the showcase of high school sports and trade prep with ties to private industry. It seemed as if it had fallen out of grace with the powers that be. It wouldn't have surprised me then to see "Mr. Daddy-o" (Glenn Ford) being chased out of a classroom like a scene from "The Blackboard Jungle."

Too bad that some of the Poly famous alumni, especially the big sports figures, did not step up and come to its rescue before it closed. But then maybe it was meant to be since a brand new high school had been built at the bottom of Twin Peaks, plus school enrollment was declining at that time, mainly because of "busing," the panacea of all our social ills.

As I walked to my car at the end of that day, I ran into one of my old teachers who seemed to have resigned himself to finishing his last days there, but no longer with that enthusiasm of a Mr. Tibbs or a Jaime Escalante. Then suddenly he said to me: "Mario, you have to have a big heart to succeed here. It's no longer just brains or brawn like in the old days." Gee, I always liked that man, always a fair and perceptive person.

Yes, those were the days, my friends.

Not long thereafter Poly was closed for a number of reasons and the buildings were all razed, except for the two gymnasiums. Yes, there is no longer a Poly, no more series of hodge-podge structures resembling a barrack instead of a temple of learning, no more dark hallways with the exterior yellow brick façade, no more noisy young people streaming out of the buildings at 3 pm, dying to light up a Camel, but then, as we old Polyites know all too well, how the memories linger on ... and on ... and on ... and on.

Yes, those were the days, my friends.

*Mario*



F'54/S'55  
Yearbook

*Spring  
Student Judges*

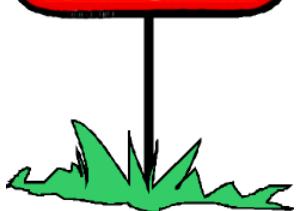
Top L to R  
Jerry Crabtree  
Gil Neff  
Sid Thomas

Bottom L to R  
Diane Andrus  
Diane Belcher

## **DISNEYLAND**

Two blondes were going to Disneyland. They were driving on the Interstate when they saw the sign that said  
**Disneyland LEFT.**  
They started crying and turned around and went home.

**BurmaShave**



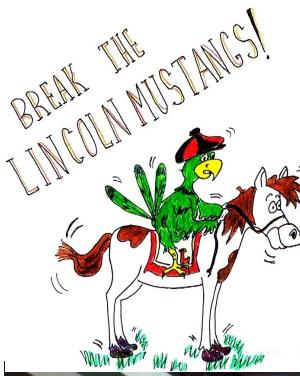
# Gathering 2012

WELL ... THIS EDITOR GOOFED ... AGAIN!!!

Should have put the 2012 Gathering Registration form in the December issue of the newsletter. So wadda-ya-want? I never took Journalism in high school so my editing ain't what it should be.

About the only thing different this year from past years is there will be two more bowlers on Saturday morning ... US! YEP, we started bowling again shortly after returning from Reno in 2010 so we'll be lofting the ball down the alley with you other every two year bowlers ... <];-)

If you will be a newcomer to Gathering the main thing you need to know is that we meet in the **Fireside Lounge** at the



**Peppermill Hotel/Casino** on **Friday night (June 1st)** starting about **6PM**. We won't be hard to find .. There are usually a few senior hats floating around and probably a stuffed parrot that a couple of spouses from Lincoln High trying to tear it apart. From then on, "*you are in good hands*". NO, I'm not selling Allstate Insurance!



Saturday morning will find the early birds down the street from the Peppermill at the Brown Bear restaurant at 8AM. After breakfast, it's a few blocks South of the Peppermill to the bowling alley to throw a few gutter balls. Don't bowl? Join us anyhow ... there's as much chit-chat going on as bowling. The memories only pause for a frame.

Saturday afternoon is free time. Do some shopping, visit a museum ... there's a great car museum in downtown Reno, or drop some coins in a one-armed-bandit. You have until 5PM to get to the PARTY.

Saturday evening at 5PM will find us at Charlie & Noreen's home in Sparks, NV. Don't worry about getting there ... there will be maps available and there is usually an empty seat or two in someone's car. The food is great, the friends marvelous and the host & hostess are SUPERB! This is a great time to bring your yearbook (if you still have it) and add more signatures. This is where the memories abound and many new friendships are created across the class years. AND ... we will be "**ELECTING**" (for lack of

a better word) new *Our Gang Club Officers* for the next two years ... love those hats!

So like Bill Cannon said on the front page ...



*O.K. So that should be enough for now. Joan and I will see you at the "gathering" in June so get your reservations in now."*

You will find registration forms for both Gathering 2012 this coming June 1-2-3 in Reno and the Poly Athletic Luncheon this coming August attached to this newsletter. Don't delay, get all your ducks, OOPS! ... PARROTS in a row and plan to head for Reno ... SEE YA THERE!



**F'54 / S'55 Yearbook ... STAGE CREW**

Left to Right: Bottom Step; Michael Perryman  
Second Step; Duncan Benas, Sandra Hunter (Secretary), Bill Standiford.  
Third Step; Carl Gishifu, Darrell Mulloy.  
Fourth Step; Mike Taylor.  
Top Step; Jerry Keenan, Charles Sauers (Stage Manager), Christianson.  
Absent; Joe Denefeld, Steve Sampson (Photographer).

# A Time to Remember, A Friend to Remember

By Ronnie Bier, S'55

## MY FRIEND GORDON

Where were you in the fall of 1952? I had picked Poly over Mission and Balboa! Then I took Army ROTC over PE. These two decisions set a course to meet my friend Gordon Lewis. The fifties was the setting and ROTC was the attitude. These ingredients amplified by a mix of personalities by the rest of us, led to a group we affectionately called, "OUR GANG".

Imagine a group of guys, full of free spirit, where two stood over 6' 2", three at 6' and here came Gordon at 5'4". Seeing Dave Melville at 6'4" and Gordon together was a fixture at Poly and I believe was a trademark of "OUR GANG". Now that the scene has been set, we can get into what I think were some of the best times ever.



Looking for an excuse to have a "PARTY" was never a problem. A party could be putting all the cars in a circle behind Fleishhacker Pool near the beach and tuning all the car radios to the same music station, so we could dance in the sand.

How about the time we all went to Gordon's folk's cabin near the Russian River, when it was flooding. Each of the girls had told their folks they were at girlfriend's. Getting in and out was a total challenge, due to deep mud ruts from all the rain. I won't tell what all was in one mixed drink that one girl drank; or how we knew there was a bear trying to get in the door. Yes, there were screams. Oh yeah, the most famous of shots ever made. Gordon and I both fired at the same instant, cutting a bird clean in half. One half fell on one side of the tree limb and the second half on the other side ... "HONEST".

Gordon's driving his folk's car on our prom night down Dolores Street, enjoying the flying jumps, until a car pulled out in front of us. The Plymouth up on two wheels after scraping the high curb in the center, teetered for a bit, then luckily bounced back on all four. Made for a night to never forget...

For real adventure, there was that trip to Willits, California, where my aunt's dad was the Sheriff and her niece lined us up with dates. Well at the movies, their boyfriends sat a few rows behind us. Then out on the Highway 101, they passed us swinging balsa wood clubs and yelling "GO HOME". Later, well into the night, they drove up and down in front of my aunt's house, singing "The eyes of Texas are Upon You" Etc. ... Oh ... did I mention, we had sewed Confederate flags on our black cowboy shirts. Don't think that helped matters any.

Stow Lake presented a challenge, where we would paddle our boats to the back side of the island, out of view, so we could have dirt clod fights. You know, war at sea. Then at lunch chase sea gulls, by throwing out pieces of tuna sandwiches. Wonder what would have happen if we had ever caught one. Playing football on the asphalt parking lot by Kezar Stadium with a beer can, in the mornings, was a favorite practice.

Memories of this magnitude drive the desire for gatherings, together, again. Now the "OUR GANG" meetings held every two years in Reno, NV revives those good old feelings. Carolyn and Bob Ross have been instrumental in organizing and propagating these reunions, plus publishing a newsletter that rivals none I've ever seen. Thanks to them so much.



Now for Gordon ... as with anything else, time takes its toll. Who would have thought we would end up where we have today. But nothing can ever take away those best of times. Good friends like Gordon, are like fancy chocolates. It's what's inside that makes *him* ...



Gordon Lewis 8-13-1936 ~ 3-1-2012

Miss ya Bro ...

*Ronnie*

# Welcome To our Gang



Thea (Barrios) Peterson  
Spring '64

Science & Language major  
Fencing manager; GAA, Block P,  
Big Sisters

*Editors Note: No, she is not related to the Mario Barrios who wrote the story on Pages 6 & 7*

*Our Gang* Club members will find address, phone, etc., in the updated club roster accompanying the newsletter. Other Polyites wishing to contact Thea can drop the editor an email. We will check with Thea before releasing information to non *Our Gang* members.



# **HEALTH MESSAGE from Maxine!**

As I was lying in bed pondering the problems of the world, I rapidly realized that I don't really give a rat's ass. It's the tortoise life for me!

1. If walking/cycling is good for your health, the postman would be immortal.
  2. A whale swims all day, only eats fish, drinks water, and is fat.
  3. A rabbit runs and hops and only lives 15 years.
  4. A tortoise doesn't run and does nothing, yet it lives for 450 years.

And you tell me to exercise?? I don't think so.

## **I'm retired. Go around me!**

# Fall '58 / Spring '59 Yearbook

The class of Spring 1959 will long be remembered at Polytechnic. It is the last class to have started the school as Low Freshmen. It is a class whose members have brought honor to the school. Such names as Sharon Lee, Rich Popin, Tamara Hill, Janice Poli, Hiroshi Fukuda, Shelby Dirks, and Vera Sidorov stand out because of the activities in which they have participated. On these pages it appears that the seniors are busy scanning the newspapers for want ads now that high school is nearly completed.

However, this photograph shows one memory which will always stand-out in their minds: distribution day for the award-winning school paper, The Parrot. Seniors will never forget scanning the pages to find their names in print. They will not forget their four years at Polytechnic now that graduation has arrived

Dear Pearl... Well, my little plum, I truly hope that you have a very happy future with all kinds of success.  
I remain your little drip ... Love, Lyle  
P.S. I hope to see you a great deal in both vacation and future terms. Lyle

A Signature from the  
Spring 1939 Yearbook

## A Signature from the Spring 1939 Yearbook



Where the elite meet to eat

## Spam Skillet Casserole

EDITOR ... I LOVE SPAM!!!

2 Baking potatoes, cut into 1/8" slices  
 1 can (12 oz) SPAM Luncheon Meat, cubed  
 1 cup Thinly sliced carrots  
 1 cup Thinly sliced onions  
 1/2 cup Thinly sliced celery  
 2 Garlic cloves, minced  
 2 tbl Flour  
 1 tspn Coarsely ground pepper  
 3/4 tspn Dried whole thyme  
 1 can (16oz) No-salt-added whole green beans, drained  
 1 can (16oz) No-salt-added whole tomatoes, drained & chopped  
 1 can (5 1/2 oz) No-salt-added vegetable juice cocktail  
 Butter flavored vegetable cooking spray

Cook potatoes in boiling water 3 minutes or until crisp-tender.

Drain. In skillet, cook SPAM until browned; remove from skillet.

Add carrots to skillet and sauté 4—5 minutes, stirring frequently.

Add onion, celery, and garlic; sauté until vegetables are tender.

Combine flour, pepper, and thyme. Stir flour mixture into vegetable mixture; cook 1 minute, stirring constantly.

Add SPAM, green beans, tomato, and vegetable juice cocktail.

Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Remove skillet from heat; arrange potato slices over SPAM mixture to cover completely.

Spray potato slices with vegetable butter flavored cooking spray.

Broil 6" from heat source for 10 minutes or until golden.

*EDITOR ... SPAM also makes a great sandwich. Try it straight from the can in thin slices, zapped in the micro-wave or fried and placed on toasted bread with Mayo or Miracle Whip, lettuce and sliced tomatoes ... TRY IT, YOU'LL LIKE IT!*



## Poly Athletic Association

Our 28th Annual Luncheon was not one of our larger events but it was attended by a very joyous crowd and everyone had a great time.

I've often thought about discontinuing organizing the annual luncheons. However, after much soul searching, I decided to continue. I really need you to help by sending in your dues and attending the luncheons. ANNUAL DUES are \$10. If you wish to add a little extra, we thank you very much.

The athletes inducted into the Polytechnic Hall of Fame were: Ed Artavia ('42), Bill Berglind ('58), Bill Broderson ('44), Sal Camera ('50), Alton Carr ('58), John Casey ('65), Paul Cortez ('57), Don Quon Dere ('51), Tom Hora ('67), Paul Jones ('64), Al Lenzini ('58), Gerry McDermott ('55), Donnie Pereal ('64), Art Rankin ('57), Dan Ross ('59), Fletcher Sims ('55), Michael Stienback ('69) and Bob Winters ('59). Sal Camera was unable to attend due to ill health.

Cheerleaders who were honored included: Sallie Christensen Arveden ('58), Jolene Bleggi Gelardi ('59), Tom Gille ('66) and Patty McGuern Lewis ('64).

We wish to thank those who took part in the program: Reverend Fletcher Sims ('55), Tom Schultz ('56), Coach Clyde Krusinski and Coach Warren Johnston, as well as the cheerleaders who came up on stage to lead us in the POLY HYMN.

Special thanks to those who came by the evening before the luncheon to help decorate the hall.

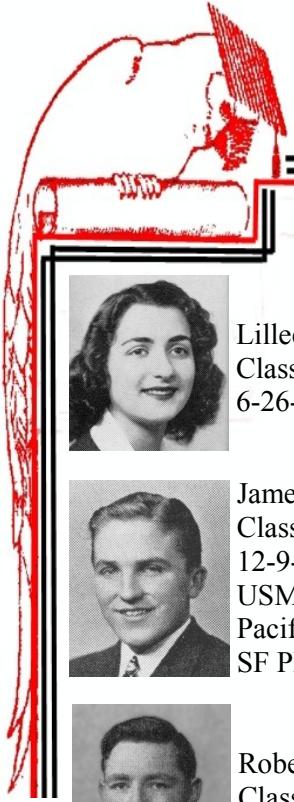
Every Poly athlete, cheerleader, coach, faculty member and team manager, is eligible for induction into the Hall of Fame. If you know of someone who deserves induction, please send us his/her name and year graduated.

Last year we sent out over 450 get well and condolence cards. If you know a Polyite who is ill or has had a death in his/her family please call Ray Monteroso between 4PM and 9PM at 650-697-0386. If you are having health problems and would like to talk to someone, call us. There are many Polyites who are willing to lend an ear and help.

If your class no longer holds reunions, the Annual Luncheon is a perfect time to get together and renew friendships. Each graduating class has its own designated table(s). Come join the fun!

**MARK YOUR CALENDAR!!!  
NEXT LUNCHEON IS SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 2012**

**Poly Athletic Association  
P.O. Box 821  
Milbrae, CA 94030**



# In Memorium



Lillee Esther (Benjamin) Alamsha  
Class of S '42  
6-26-1923 ~ 3-1-2012



James Curran  
Class of S '43  
12-9-1924 ~ 12-10-2011  
USMC WW II  
Pacific Fleet Boxing Champion 1945  
SF PD 31 Yrs, Retired as Captain



Robert "Bill" Barton  
Class of S '45  
1928 ~ 1-7-2012  
Navy WW II

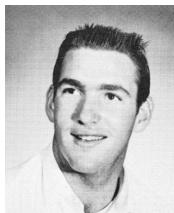


Thomas C. Ledda  
Class of F '52  
8-18-1934 ~ 1-2-2012



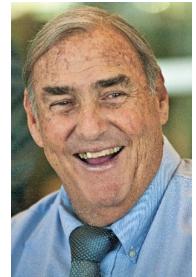
Gordon G. Lewis  
Class of F '55  
8-13-1936 ~ 3-1-2012  
Poly Athletic Hall of Fame  
USAF

*So long "Shorty", catch ya down the pike. Bobby*



Tom Martinez  
Class of 1962  
1946 ~ 2-21-2012

*February 22, 2012, 05:00 AM By  
Nathan Mollat, Daily Journal Staff*



Martinez had what can only be described as a stellar career coaching at College of San Mateo. Hired to coach football and teach physical education, he added softball and women's basketball to his coaching load. It was considered a unique feat in modern-day community college annals to be the head coach of three teams at the same time.

Martinez's 1,400 career wins in football, basketball (state record 565), and softball (800) over 32 years made him the "winningest" coach in California Community College history. His teams won 32 championships.

He has been named to the halls of fame for San Mateo County, Daly City, San Francisco State University, the California Community College Softball Association and the California Community College Women's Basketball Association. Most recently, Martinez was named to the initial Hall of Fame Class at the College of San Mateo.

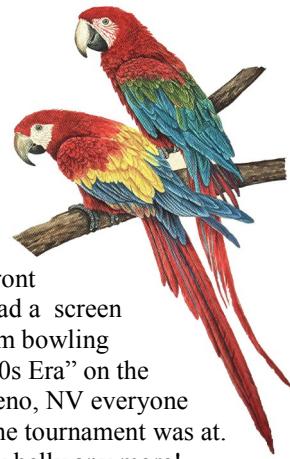
After retiring from CSM in 2007, Martinez began a highly successful career as quarterback coach and mentor to hundreds of young men all over the country. His fame and notoriety grew exponentially when one of his early students, Tom Brady, led the New England Patriots to the Super Bowl. Referred to as the "quarterback whisperer" by the national sports media, Martinez continued to coach and mentor quarterbacks from grade school to the pros.

He prepared JaMarcus Russell for the NFL Combine, making him the number one draft choice that year. Other NFL quarterbacks he worked with include Matt Cassell, when he was with New England; Richard Bartels, for the Arizona Cardinals; Matt Gutierrez of the Green Bay Packers; and Danny Southwick of the Oakland Raiders. This past year, he helped prepare Ricky Stanzi for the Combine and NFL Draft to Kansas City and ran Jeremiah Masoli's Pro Day at Ole Miss. Martinez worked with Brady in New England just prior to the NFL opener.

***May the Parrot be with them on their journey***

# Kibbles And Bits And Pieces

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



Well, just went through my notes for this issue and came across two "Letters to the Editor" that got buried ... better late than never ...

From Eva Freeman, Class of 1970:

I found your website for Polytechnic alumni. Love what you are doing. There is also a Facebook page some people in the SF area started also, this would be a great addition or even a great Facebook Page itself. I hope you don't mind if I mention your website on the page.

Thanks ... *Eva Harrison Freeman*

*Editor: Thanks Eva ... I'm not a Facebook person but would appreciate if you could post a link to the PP website there.*

From Paul Derby, Class of Spring 1955:

What a surprise to run across your site as I was browsing internet sites after Googling Polytechnic High School. I have had no contact with anyone from our class since talking to Gary Marte a number of years ago. Other than Gary, I have no idea what happened to the others in our class although I ran into Gabe Carrillo in Japan around 1957 while I was in the Navy. I wonder how many of us are still alive and kicking. I am semi-retired in Camarillo, CA.

Regards ... *Paul Derby*

*Editor: Alive yes ... kicking, weell!!!! If anyone would like to contact either Eva or Paul just drop us an email and will return their email addresses to you.*

From Paul Belben, Class 1958:

Bob, I appreciate the credit for the Poly Parrot Decal you gave me in the last Perennial Parrot, but I don't wish to sail under false colors. The design was taken by me from the image on the old Poly book covers. I copied it and had it reproduced in decal form by a local company. It is Iconic and should be displayed everywhere. I just wanted to set the record straight. I think Joan Brower has the last batch I sent her.

Hail Poly ... *Paul*

## A Think To Thought On ...

Try to be as good  
As your dog  
Thinks you are

I guess we'll both go to jail Paul. Back in the early 90s I made a relief of the front cover of the F'54/S'55 yearbook and had a screen made for the back of red with black trim bowling shirts and the words "Our Gang, The 50s Era" on the back. First time we all wore them in Reno, NV everyone wanted to know which bowling alley the tournament was at. Still got the shirts, but they don't fit my belly any more!



Well, we are more than ready to put this issue to bed. March has been quite a month for us. It couldn't have started off any worse because of the loss of our very close friend Gordon Lewis who we have known from our beginnings at Poly as Gordon, Marilyn, Carolyn and myself are all part of the original core group of "Our Gang". It's not too often that you find a group from high school that stays in touch over all these years like this group has done. As Ron Bier said earlier in this newsletter, time is now beginning to take it's toll. If I did have a time machine it would only have a reverse as going forward without friends is not an agreeable thought.

In the past I have done special issues of the newsletter when someone in the *Our Gang* group has passed on. I now find, however, that the words needed are just not there so I have, instead, added Gordon's obituary and a few photos to this newsletter to remember this "Shorty" person who was so much a part of our lives.



The Spirit of Our Gang ... THEN and NOW ... continues to walk the halls of Poly.

We are looking forward to sharing our memories with all who attend Gathering this June.

Let us always remember Poly and our classmates that made those years such a special time in our lives ...

**HAIL POLY, LONG LIVE  
THY NAME**



*Bob & Carolyn*



**May The Parrot Be With You**

# The GREEN THING

Checking out at the store, the young cashier suggested to the older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment. The woman apologized and explained, "We didn't have this green thing back in my earlier days." The clerk responded, "That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment for future generations."

She was right -- our generation didn't have the green thing in its day. Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks. But she was right. We didn't have the green thing in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's diapers because we didn't have the throw-away kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 220 volts -- wind and solar power really did dry our clothes back in our early days. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that young lady is right; we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

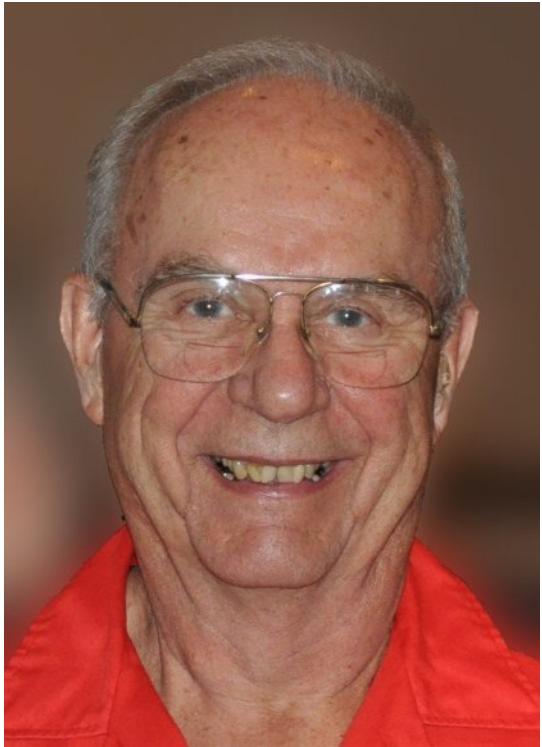
Back then, we had one TV, or radio, in the house -- not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of the state of Montana . In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used wadded up old newspapers to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; we didn't have the green thing back then.

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But we didn't have the green thing back then.

Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 2,000 miles out in space in order to find the nearest pizza joint. But isn't it sad the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the green thing back then?

Please forward this on to another selfish old person who needs a lesson in conservation from a smartass young person.

Remember: Don't make old People mad. We don't like being old in the first place, so it doesn't take much to piss us off!



## Gordon Lewis

Born August 13, 1936, to Gordon Elmer Lewis and Ruth Henrietta DeMousset, passed away on March 1, 2012, at his home in Sonoma, CA. He is survived by his wife, Marilyn Fetter Lewis; former wife, Joan Cook Lewis Lane; son, Edward Lewis; daughter, Sharon Lewis Sala; step-children: Cynthia, Scott, Anthony and Sean; sisters Virginia Martino and Dian Barkan; brother Ronald Lewis; nineteen grandchildren and many nieces and nephews. Preceded in death by his brother, Lawrence Lewis, and nephew, Gordon Martino.

A veteran of the U. S. Air Force, Gordon went on to study at Skyline College. He retired after 32 years with PG&E, the bulk of his time as a sub-station operator. In retirement, he loved every minute of being an accomplished woodworker, engraver, and award-winning published writer.

In 2009 Gordon was inducted into the Polytechnic High School Athletic Association Hall of Fame for winning the Hearst 6<sup>th</sup> Army High School Rifle Match in 1955. To date he is the only R.O.T.C. student to achieve this honor.

Gordon was a volunteer Reserve Police Officer in Pacifica. He also volunteered at the Glen Ellen Community Church on various repair projects and gave many haircuts as a licensed barber at the City Kids' Festival. Gordon had an innate ability to use humor throughout his life, even if it was the same joke, again and again. He made sure he did what *he thought* was right and he made sure his family also did what *he thought* was right! He gave his life to the Lord in 2011.

A Memorial Service was held on Saturday, March 10, at 2 p.m. in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church at 16290 Arnold Drive, Sonoma, CA 95476. In lieu of flowers, many made donations to the Glen Ellen Community Church, P.O. Box 41, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, in memory of Gordon Lewis.



# Bananas Have Appeal

## THE FACES OF GORDON LEWIS



**Polytechnic High School  
Our Gang Gathering 2012  
Reno, Nevada ... June 1, 2, & 3, 2012**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Class of (S/F & Year) \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse \_\_\_\_\_ Class of (S/F & Year) \_\_\_\_\_

If Spouse did not attend Poly please give high school name & class year

---

Email \_\_\_\_\_



Registration Fee is \$5 per person: Number attending: \_\_\_\_\_ X \$5 = \_\_\_\_\_

This Registration Fee is for the Saturday evening party (June 2nd, 2012) to help offset the cost of food and snacks only ... the party is a BYOB affair. In order for our host to properly plan for the food and snacks please return your registration **NO LATER THAN MAY 15th, 2012.**

Make checks payable to and send to our Class Collector:

Louis Bamberger  
2438 Massachusetts  
Redwood City, CA 94061



The primary hotel for Gathering is the **Peppermill Hotel/Casino** in South Reno. You can visit their web site at <http://www.peppermillreno.com/> to make on-line reservations or call the reservation desk at **1-886-821-9996**.

The secondary hotel is the **Atlantis** located several blocks South of the Peppermill. You can visit their web site at <http://www.atlantiscasino.com/> to make on-line reservations or call the reservation desk at **1-800-723-6500**.

There are also number of motels in the area, you will have to let your "Fingers do the walking".

For those traveling by RV there is the **Silver Sage RV Park** which is located directly across the street from the Peppermill Hotel/Casino. This is a gated RV park with free WI-FI. You can visit their web site at <http://www.silversagervpark.com/> to make on-line reservations or call **1-888-823-2002** for reservations. NOTE: Credit card info cannot be entered on their web site and they request you call the 1-888 number with credit card information.



# Poly Athletic Association

P.O. Box 821 Milbrae, CA 94030

Remembering great tradition and the people who established it.

650-697-0386 (4 PM to 9 PM)

WE INVITE POLY STUDENTS AND FACULTY TO OUR 29th ANNUAL REUNION LUNCHEON. IT'S BEING HELD ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 2012. WE WANT TO KEEP THIS TRADITIONAL REUNION LUNCHEON GOING, BUT IN ORDER TO DO SO WE NEED YOU TO ATTEND.

Date: Saturday, August 25, 2012

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

Time: 11:30 AM Social Hour ..... 1PM Lunch

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

Cost: \$40 per person. Reservation deadline is August 10, 2012. Absolutely no tickets sold at the door. Tickets will be mailed out ten days prior to luncheon. No refunds.

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

Note 1: Many athletes and cheerleaders will be inducted into the Polytechnic Hall of Fame.

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

All tickets will be sold on a first come, first serve basis. Please help us by making your reservations as soon as possible. Fill out form; check off proper line for choice of entrée. Make check payable to POLY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION and mail to:

Poly Athletic Assn.  
P.O. Box 821  
Milbrae, CA 94030-0821

If you cannot attend, please fill out form and send it back to us so we can verify your current address and we'll send it to your Class Reunion Committee.

\*\*\*\*\*Please Print \*\*\*\*\*Detach Here\*\*\*\*\*Please Print \*\*\*\*\*

Beef

Chicken

Vegetarian

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Year Graduated: \_\_\_\_\_

Guest(s): \_\_\_\_\_

I cannot attend but keep me on the mailing list for next year.