

ABRAHAM LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
<http://www.lincolnalumni.com> Telephone: 1- (415) 779-2162 lincalum@lincolnalumni.com

COMING EVENT

Wall of Fame Dinner

(page 3 for info)

TIME TO SEND IN DUES

A publication by Mustangs, for Mustangs, about Mustangs

THE CIRCLE KEZAR TENNESSEE GRILL THE SAND PITS PLAYLAND

Farewell to a Mustang Giant

*We preface this article by saying, Bob, along with his classmate **Bruce Schroffel**, started the 1955 Men's Club back in the early 70's. This large group of classmates met every year for lunch during the Christmas holidays and together gave over \$100,000 to the scholarship program of the Lincoln Alumni Association. We are forever indebted to this group of alums."*

Robert C. Kahn, a native San Franciscan who had a multi-faceted career— insurance broker, rancher, farmer (and athlete) — passed away of natural causes peacefully at home, surrounded by family, on October 16, 2023. He was 86 years old. He is survived by his wife Sharon, their four children, seven grandchildren, a great granddaughter, and his brother Lloyd.

Bob was born at Mt. Zion hospital in San Francisco on October 28, 1937. He attended West Portal Elementary School, Aptos Junior High, and Lincoln High School where he was on the city's championship swimming team and won the all-city diving championship three years in a row.

He then attended Stanford University, where he was a member of the Phi Gamma Delta (Fiji) fraternity. He graduated with a bachelor's degree in pre-architecture and art in 1959. He was the number-one diver on the Stanford swim team for four years, and he won the Pacific Coast Conference springboard diving championship in 1958 and was named as an honorable mention All-Ameri-



Robert Kahn S55.

(Cont'd on page 16)

President's Niche

By Jonathan Woo S02

Gratitude, Not Goodbye

It's hard to imagine, but that time is finally here. This is the last edition of the Lincoln Log edited by the one, the only, **Gary Simmons S58**.

For more than two decades, Gary has faithfully put together this Alumni newsletter. He was hooked into the Alumni Association, asked to put together the Log, and ran with it. No matter how many times he tried to pass it off, to no avail, he kept going. The amount of effort and dedication Gary has put to the pages and to the Alumni Association cannot be put into a proper amount of words.

So, to Gary, thank you. Thanks for keeping up with everything. Thanks for making sure that we had our events advertised. Thanks for persistently pushing for articles like a teacher reminding their students about an upcoming deadline. Thanks for being an outlet to the Alumni. Thanks for giving a place for the Alumni to interact. Thanks for agreeing to publish this, even though the attention makes you uncomfortable.

And most of all, Gary, thanks for playing such an integral and important role for the Alumni Association and for the Alumni who have read these pages. We honestly can't thank you enough.

President's Updates

Back to our regularly scheduled updates:

Scholarships take a big leap this year. We currently have about 35 scholarships and over \$50,000 scheduled to be given away this year to the graduating class of 2024. Both numbers are high marks for the Alumni Association, and we're so very proud of the growth of this program. Scholarships are a combination of Alumni Association funds, individual donations, and legacy gifts. We thank all of those who support the Alumni Association and continue to fund these scholarships.

Scholarship applications are currently out to the students, and they will submit their applications by mid-March. The scholarship committee will then read over the applications and match them based on the criteria for each of the scholarships. We're always looking for people who want to help us read these scholarship applications, so if you're interested

in being a reader or have interest in setting up a scholarship, please e-mail me at the address below.

The Wall of Fame takes place on Monday, April 29th. Congratulations to our Alumni Inductees: **Kevin Anderson (S73)** and **John Pflueger (S55)**. We also posthumously honor **Kenyatta Scott** with the Distinguished Faculty Award. The student scholarship recipients will also be honored at the dinner. The flier is on another page in this Log and on our website. Those of you who regularly attend the Wall of Fame should note that the start time has been moved up one hour and will now begin at 6pm.

Questions? Email me.
jonwoo@lincolnalumni.com



Winter comin' on. Replace that worn out jacket with a warm, billowy one. Find it on www.lincolnalumni.com

The Abraham Lincoln High School of SF Alumni Association's

Annual Wall of Fame Dinner

At The Family Club, 345 Powell Street (at Bush), San Francisco

Monday, April 29, 2024

5pm: No host cocktails

6pm: Dinner and Induction

PRESENTING THE 2024 WALL OF FAME INDUCTEES

Kevin Anderson, Class of Spring 1973. Director of Athletics at University of Maryland from 2011-2018 during which the Maryland Terrapins participated in six NCAA Championships. Before Maryland, Kevin with Athletic Director at West Point.

John Pflueger, Class of Spring 1955. Award winning architect of Pflueger & Associates who earned two historic preservation awards for his restoration of Jack London Village and Cowell Hall at the Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park.

DISTINGUISHED FACULTY AWARD

Kenyatta Scott, posthumously. Math and computer science teacher, soccer coach and athletic director from 2002 to 2022. An ardent supporter of ALHS and the Alumni Association.

We will also celebrate our Annual Scholarships recipients from the Class of 2024!

Reservations may be made online at www.eventbrite.com/event/wall-of-fame-2024 or by completing the form below and mailing to: Janet Ogden, 1116 Fairview Court #21, Walnut Creek, CA 94595.

All reservations must be made by Monday April 15th, 2024

Tickets will not be mailed. Your name will be listed at the door. All donations are tax deductible. For questions, please e-mail disclosure@lucanaland.com or leave a voicemail message at 415.779.2162.

Name: _____ Class Of _____

Address (Street/City/Zip) _____

Phone: _____ e-mail _____

Name of Guest(s) and ALHS graduating class (if applicable): _____

Dinner selection: \$90 includes wine with dinner, choice of entree and dessert:

_____ Prime Rib _____ Game Hen _____ Vegetarian

Checks payable to ALHS Alumni Association or via credit card below.

Card number: _____ Exp. _____ CVV _____

I cannot attend but wish to make the following contribution: \$ _____

Home Grown

One of, actually the most, beloved alumna of Lincoln High is none other than **Barbara (Huffman) Eden S49**, who has authored a new book about her meteoric rise in the world of the thespian, which continues to this day and places her on a golden pedestal. She is the only occupant if this editor's opinion is worth anything. *Barbara and the Djinn* is an exciting story of a young girl's trip into a mysterious and magical book that transports her places an active imagination could have only dreamed of. Throughout her journey, she meets a charming and wizardly Genie who brings her on an adventure filled with excitement.

Barbara Eden worked in a bank before she got into the field of entertainment. And much before getting recognized in Hollywood, Eden used to perform as a chorus girl at Ciro's, a supper club on LA's Sunset Strip. This talented actress later won a contract with 20th Century Fox.

Barbara's role as Jeannie in *I Dream of Jeannie* helped her to come into the limelight. Besides being an actress, Eden is also an author. She co-wrote that book titled *Barbara and the Djinn*, entirely inspired by *I Dream of Jeannie*. The book was published back in 2021 and is based on a young girl who finds a genie.



Barbara in her nighties



Barbara in her 90s

Author, Author

Now here's a book every Mustang should have in their library. To get this book simply put its name in your browser and within minutes you'll be waiting for its arrival

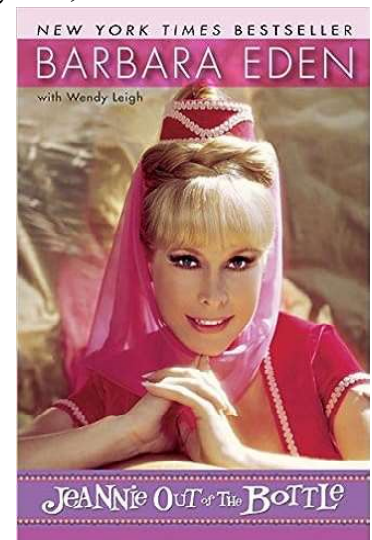
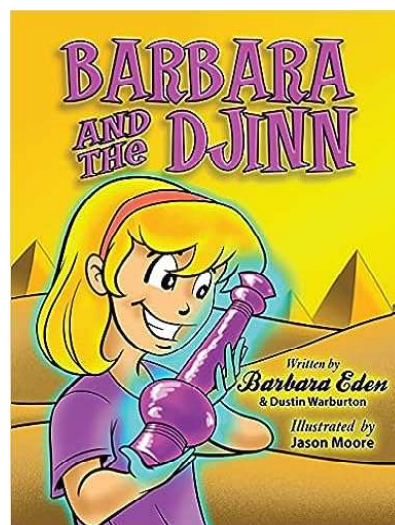
A magical, heartwarming memoir from one of Hollywood's most beloved actresses, best known for her iconic role on *I Dream of Jeannie*,

Jeannie Out of the Bottle takes us behind the scenes of *I Dream of Jeannie* as well as Barbara's dozens of other stage, movie, television, and live concert performances. We follow her from the hungry years, when she was a struggling studio contract player at 20th Century Fox, through difficult weeks trying to survive as a chorus girl at Ciro's Sunset Strip supper club; from a stint as Johnny Carson's sidekick on live TV; to tangling on-screen and off with some of Hollywood's most desirable leading men, including Elvis Presley, Clint Eastwood, Paul Newman, and Warren Beatty, from the ups and downs of her relationship with her Jeannie co-star Larry Hagman to a touching

meeting with an exquisite and vulnerable Marilyn Monroe at the twilight of her career, readers join Barbara on a thrilling journey through her five decades in Hollywood.

But Barbara's story is also an intimate and honest memoir of personal tragedy: a still-born child with her first husband, Michael Ansara; a verbally abusive, drug-addicted second husband; the loss of her beloved mother; and the accidental heroin-induced death of her adult son, just months before his wedding. With candor and poignancy, Barbara reflects on the challenges she has faced, as well as the joys she has experienced and how she has maintained her humor, optimism, and inimitable Jeannie magic throughout the roller-coaster ride of a truly memorable life.

Illustrated with sixteen pages of photographs, including candid family pictures and rare publicity stills, *Jeannie Out of the Bottle* is a must-have for every fan, old and new.



THANK YOOZ

General Fund

Diane (Baker) Kauffman S54

Kevin McCarthy S69

Pat Marvin F55

John Burton S50

Harry Somerfield F59 In memory of Yell Leader **Harry Haimovitch** and Song Girl **Sandy Robinson**.

Steve Robbins S68 in memory of **Robert Fazio S68**

Gloria (Nelson) Wigney S60 and her husband **Lennox Wigney F56** in memory of Gloria's brother **Ned Nelson, Jr. S59**

Lylie (Gash) Francis S58 in memory of **Suzanne (Rutzen) Fore S58** & **Winnett Hagens F58**

Lorraine Loo F55 in memory of **Dave Osborne S54**

Pat Crocker S69 in memory of **Marlene Steinberg S69**

Mark Litke S65 A generous donation to the Journalism Dept.

Kathleen (Lundborg) Barger S65 in memory of **Wilda (Bunny) Scharninghausen Lundborg S44**

Jan Barron S65

Wally Stewart S50

Joyce (Ganapol) Berenstein S63
In memory of brother-in-law **Allan Berenstein S63**

Scholarships

Evelyn (McCune) Stevens-White F49

Bob Kahn S55 for his generous donation to the Scholarship fund.

Bill Stein S58 for his contribution to the 2024 Mustang graduates.

Athletics

Dale Newhouse F57

Day at the Races

Kathleen Copeland Widow of Robert Copeland S47
Susan (Mialocq) Baker F59
Lesley Poole S82 Donation to be used for a raffle prize.

New Members

Kathleen (O'Connor) Shaffer S72

Mark Litke S65

Wally Stewart S65 (Life)

Donations

Bill Stein S58 in memory of his cousin **John Watson S61**

Lynda Schroth widow of **Bob Schroth S55**, for her donation in memory of **Bob Kahn S55**, to be used for the 1955 Men's Club scholarships.

Isabel Hogan S58 for her donation in memory of **Bob Kahn S55** to be used for the 1955 Men's Club scholarships.

We have received two yearbooks and several "old" Lincoln Logs and other memorabilia from family and friends of former alums - **Please feel free to send us your memorabilia if you don't want it.**

Abraham Lincoln High School Alumni Association Application Form Name (Please Print Clearly)

Last: _____ First: _____ MI: _____
Address: _____ Maiden name: _____
City: _____ St: _____ Zip _____
Email Address _____ @ _____ Yr. Grad. _____
Tel: _____ Work: _____
Spouse's Name _____ MI: _____ (Alum? Y N)

(Clip and mail to 2162-24th Ave, SF. CA. 94116)

Sign me up! Here are my first year's dues of \$25. I understand each additional year will be \$25.

I want a Lifetime membership, here is my \$250. There will be no annual renewal.

I forgot to send in my dues. Here's my \$25 renewal fee.

I am a paid up member but would like to donate \$ _____ to the Alumni Association.

(All contributions and membership fees are tax deductible and eligible for matching funds from your employer)

The Maltese Cat Has a New Project

John Jackson F69, author of the **Maltese Cat Book Series**, is working on a new *YouTube* channel to be entitled *Classic Tennis with the Maltese Cat*. It will be a series of instructional tennis videos in a style that is no longer encouraged by today's instructors. For those of you who enjoyed tennis in the eras of Pancho Gonzales, Rod Laver, Chris Evert, Jimmy Connors, and John McEnroe, these videos will show you how this manner of playing tennis is still well suited to recreational tennis today, instead of the high-performance physical gyrations which only the top athletes can use.

John has had a long history in tennis. He started teaching tennis in 1971, and has coached national and international champions in Europe. In fact, one of his first pupils was a ten-year old child from the Sunset District who later became the world's number one women's 35-and-older champion. Incidentally, she is a Lincoln graduate and a Lincoln Sports Hall of Fame honoree.

John started relatively late with tennis. In high school, he was the JV quarterback and an All-City pole vaulter. He says, "The players on the tennis team didn't seem to be that athletic because they didn't play other sports, so I took no interest in their activities. After high school my mother and little sister were taking lessons at Sunset Playground, and my sister asked me to join her. One of the

directors there, Allen Robinson, was teaching tennis while learning himself from books. I joined and got hooked on the sport. After a year, he asked me to help him teach his classes. I attended UCLA, which had won the past two national championships in tennis, while there, observing the varsity team players close up and playing with some of the players, my tennis improved dramatically enough so that when I was back in San Francisco, I was teaching my instructor."

Tennis influenced his business life as well. "There was a time in the 1980s when I was being pursued by four stock brokerage companies. I chose Dean Witter because they offered the best conditions. Because the Regional Manager for Germany and Austria was a tennis fanatic, I had a big advantage. On the first day of work, the boss took me out to lunch and then out to the tennis court. I was still recovering from an ACL tear in my knee and had a metal pin attached to it. I couldn't move much, but I ran him around the court. He was convinced enough to have me set up two company teams to play in a bankers' tennis league.

"After that, I was a Registered Representative of the New York Stock Exchange for the next twenty-plus years."

In the 1990s, John set up a large tennis program that provided instruction to two international schools and had more than hundred enrolled

tennis pupils. In addition, he was the head pro for the American Consulate which hosted all the international foreign delegations; the Americans had the only tennis courts. He also played the number one position on a Men's 35-and-over team at the highest national level in Germany although he was already well into his forties.

In 2000, John took an early retirement and concentrated more on the sport of polo. In 2006, he moved to Argentina to be at the center of the polo world. Eventually, in 2018, he gave up polo and slowly returned to tennis.

These days, he wants to share his knowledge of tennis which he has gathered during the past fifty-some odd years. John elaborates, "I play an antiquated style called a Continental Style. The last top pro to use this style was Stefan Edberg in the 1980s and 1990s. Yet people constantly tell me they want to learn it. It is eminently useful in today's game, especially for recreational players, because it is so easy on the body and so aesthetic to watch." The YouTube channel will try to make a case for it. "I just want to get this information out before I am too old to play it."

Meanwhile, he continues to write novels and short stories from his Patagonian hideaway.

John Francis Jackson is the author of the ten-book Maltese Cat series together with other books under his own name, available at Amazon.com, as well as at Barnes & Noble, Powell's, Walmart, and other book outlets.

A Readers Response

To the editor:

Kudos on your outstanding Log piece, "Proofreading is a dying art...", which brought smiles and should be required reading in English classes at Lincoln and everywhere.

My two favorite examples were: "Miners refuse to work after death" and "Man kills self before shooting wife and daughter..."

I also was reminded of a supposed Biblical quote from Abraham, which my grandfather, an SF minister, used to cite frequently in his sermons: "And Moses tied his ass to a tree and thense walked a mile up the mountain..." Being a former Log editor, I looked up said quote and discovered it had been mutilated! But the more popular version, as read from grandpa's pulpit, never failed to get helpless giggles from his three young sons and the wrath of my mortified grandma, sitting beside them in the front pew.

The three sons grew up to be graduates of Lowell and not my and my siblings' beloved Lincoln, where we doubtless would have been reminded to check the source on such a quote!

**Meredith Minkler (Merry)
Class of '64**

Statistically Inclined

A few statistics to boggle your mind. Academically, Lincoln is ranked 1,142 in the U.S.A.. Now that is quite disappointing when you think about it, but when there are 20,595 high schools in the U.S.A. all of a sudden we look pretty good. Right? We're ranked 180 in California, number 33 in the Bay Area and number two in San Francisco. With a 90.8% enrollment of minorities there is still a 96% graduation rate. Thanks to the teachers.

RING, BELL, RING

*After 78 years, I humbly thought the alumni of Lincoln High would appreciate learning just how the "Bell Game" came to be. Here, from a 2016 Lincoln Log (School paper), article by **Jacquez Williams S16**, who wrote the definitive legend of the "Ring of the Bell"...*

In 1945, on a cold and foggy afternoon in November, the boys from the San Francisco's two western most neighborhood high schools, Abraham Lincoln from the Sunset and George Washington from the Richmond district, laced up their cleats for what was to become a 70 year-old tradition. The Bell Game is the annual rivalry between Washington and Lincoln, created in 1945 to mimic the Stanford Cal Big Game.

The rivalry between the Sunset and Richmond districts is older than the schools themselves. Current principal Barnaby Payne said, "Washington and Lincoln have always been natural enemies because we're such similar schools, and we both had such excellent reputations and outstanding student achievement for many decades."

According to Bill "Rocky" Mason, a 1944 graduate and past president of the Lincoln Alumni Association, Lincoln won the city championship in 1943, and the rivalry between

the two schools began to gain steam.

Originally, they were going to call the game the "Battle of the Fog," in honor of the mist that engulfs the entire western portion of San Francisco. Fortunately, they didn't. When Lincoln won the inaugural Big Game, 27-6, behind the exploits of Jerry Hamilton, running back Al Cementina, and linebacker Dick Abraham, a bell-ringing tradition was born.

Between the two rivals, the Eagles have had the longest winning streak, winning 13 years in a row. Lincoln's best run in that span was three years, 1978-1980 under former coach Ray Greggains. Phil Ferrigno took over in 2002 and holds the record of 8 wins and 6 losses against the Eagles.

According to Ferrigno, "The Bell Game is one of the most important games to Lincoln's program. It's such a huge tradition in Lincoln's history not only to me but to the football players, students, staff, faculty, and Lincoln's alumni." Overall Lincoln and Washington are tied up with 35 wins and 34 losses and 1 tie. The most recent Bell Game was Nov. 6th, 2015, and that game was to settle the tied record of wins and losses between Lincoln and Washington. The Lincoln Mustangs played outstandingly, shutting out the Eagles with a final score of 52-0. The major goal in this battle is simply to win the game and get a chance to ring the bell.

Here are some more "Betcha Didn't Knows." When I was at Lincoln there were about 2,400 students. Today there are 1,920 students and the ratio of teacher

to students in MY time was 30:1, it is now 20:1, which is perhaps the reason for the 96% graduation rate. Now fit THAT into a conversation.

Day at the Races - by Is-e Hogan

The Last Day at the Races was held on Saturday, Oct. 28th at Golden Gate Fields. The Lincoln Alumni went out in full style. Almost 100 were in attendance from the classes of the 50's thru some current students with their parents and even non-alums. We started this event over 25 years ago when Bay Meadows was open - and moved to Golden Gate Fields which will be closing at the end of this year. Although I have chaired the event for years, this Last Big Derby was organized and supported by the wonderful women from the class of 1982. Not only did they make fabulous signs, they blasted the event on Facebook and Instagram and even brought candy, cookies from Yvonne Hines Southern Sweet Bakery and to top it off most from the classes of 1981-1983 were decked out in full Derby outfits and hats. It was outstanding. Special thanks to **Lucretia Robertson King**, **Grace Calucin Barraza** and **Stacey Salinas**. You are awesome and so appreciated.



Rockin' Down the Sunset

Thanks to **Randy Keenan S63** for this reminder that “We had fun without the WWW.”

The Soap Box Derby was held yearly on Sunset Blvd. between Ulloa and Vicente Streets.

No speeding tickets were issued during those hours because some of these teenagers fathers were cops.

The theme behind the “Soap-Box-Derby” held on Sunset Blvd. was to excite kids to fact they could build things, with their father’s, of course, and when the races were over they knew they had accomplished something. No participation trophys here. You earned those.

For every action, there is an equal and opposite criticism



S82 Reunion Committee



Yellow hat- **Nora Foster**
 White hat: **Marietta Natuzzi**
 Bow Tie: **Jim Nguyen**
 Red Hat: **Lucretia King**
 In front of Lucretia: **Nenita Nguyen**
 Black hat: **Grace Barraza**
 Blue hat: **Myra Hurley**



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Lincoln Log:Editor Gary Simmons



Written by Norman Stahl, F66, member of the ALHSAA Board of Directors.

The Night We Tore the Goalpost Down

Let us venture back to the middle 1960s for a brief moment...long enough to come clean about one Friday night in the fall of 1966. Yes, it was a Friday night like so many. In the afternoon the Mustang football team was victorious in beating a second-tier team such as the Washington Eagles. It was time to celebrate in a manner so appropriate for team members and camp followers alike.

What did that mean you ask? Well, I probably will surprise you, but it was with mass quantities of beer. Yes, the evening always began with a quick trip down to the "Mom and Pop Grocery" on the corner of Pine and Buchanan streets to procure enough beer to offer several cans to every member of the 7th fleet should it be in town. Still our arrival at the bodega had to be timed in a most strategic manner. Success in scoring beer required that we arrive exactly when Mom and Pop of the "Mom and Pop Grocery" were upstairs at dinner, and the item checkout counter was manned by their 12-year-old son. His ID checking was based on whether you could reach up to top of the counter and you could then slap a couple saw bucks down within his reach. It worked every time. So, with our cars loaded with mass quantities, the next step was to make a beeline to the sand dunes that now compose the southern end of SI Preparatory Academy. Yes, we would join friends at a weekly meeting of the Rat Patrol (so named af-

ter a popular television series). But wait, this night was to be different.

We dutifully parked on the Sunset Blvd. side of the dunes. Each fellow loaded up several six-packs (come to think of it...having backpacks would have been a good idea) and headed out to join our friends in the center of the dunes. But wait, along with these gents there stood two individuals who were dressed in blue and who were packing heat. Even a front lineman known as the Animal knew that such was not a good sign. So ever so quickly we hid enough six-packs across the east-side of the dunes so that construction workers later building SI could have liquid lunches for weeks on end.

Bravely we then ventured forward. Then in chatting with San Francisco's finest, we told them that we were celebrating a football victory. Given that the cops were former Mustangs and second cousins to each of the fellows there that night, their sage advice was that we leave the dunes and go somewhere else to party... well beyond the Taravel precinct. Then being helpful representatives of the force, they suggested several places in the Richmond precinct for our consideration.

Being the students who made up 72% of the enrollees in the Senior English Review classes at Lincoln, we carefully considered their advice. I did mention they were our cousins. Hence, we all went east, and your cousins went west. As the patrol car pulled out of the west-side parking lot, we scurried around the dunes trying to find as many six-packs of Regal Select (one of America's three great beers—which had to be true as that was stamped on every can, and it had to be true for at 99 cents a six-pack it was a dime more expensive than the Brown Derby found in Safeway stores).

But you ask, and you should, where did you go in the Richmond

District? Well, we went up the hill to the east-side football bleachers at Lincoln. Heck, we were a good block and a half from the Taravel Police Station. As mass quantities and other delights were consumed, one of Lincoln's worst kept secrets was confirmed, but each of us took a vow of secrecy over a shot of Southern Comfort never to divulge what we saw until the time both of the parties would be in the great classroom in the sky. The question was then of course what to do with the rest of the evening? We might go home and do our homework. (Damn, to this day that thought makes me chuckle.) No, the decision was let's go to the Kezar Stadium and watch Riordan High School get trashed in football by the Jesuit powerhouse of the peninsula – Bellarmine, which had never lost a game in the past decade.

Cars were loaded, and somehow the designated drivers (in those days that meant you had an unrevoked license, and you had a vehicle with enough gas in the tank for the night) made it to the stadium and found a place to park without coming to rest midway up a cedar tree. Tickets for admission were bought, and our seats were taken on the 50-yard line across the field from the many fans from little Riordan High School. Indeed, little Riordan's students were quite unlike the scholars from SI or those ruffians from SH. Yes, Riordan was a school that proudly accepted the fact that they were number three in the hierarchy of male Catholic school coolness. This explained why none of the Riordanites could ever get a date with any of the hot chicks from the fabled Mercy High School...you know, the school where the nuns taught two basic laws of the church to the girls: 1. Never ever wear a

skirt that went above the knee, and 2. Never ever Kanoodle with a boy from Lincoln.

Well then, as would not be expected, it was actually a tight game. Within the last several minutes the team from little Riordan pulled off an upset. Dang, they actually won a game and against Bellarmine at that. Those lads from Riordan were now thinking two things: First and foremost, not one of those hot Mercy girls should look twice at me, and Secondly, we should tear down the goalpost on the east end of the stadium and sadly present a piece of it to the first Mercy girl we see.

It did not take more than a nanosecond for several hundred Riordan students to jump the fence and run down the field toward the east goalpost all the while intent of malevolent behavior. But wait, our boys in blue (did I mention they were our cousins) and a half dozen older fellows dressed in khaki who served as SFPD weekend warriors stood there in front of the goalpost in defiance to ward off the mass of purple and gold clad students.

So, by now you are asking what the heck does all this do with the Lincoln lads who were standing in the stands on the now empty Bellarmine side of the field? Being the scholars that we were...2+2 equaled that there was an unguarded goalpost on the west end of Kezar Stadium. In a flash one of the Lincoln lads yelled "Let's get it." Before you knew it, he was flying down the field past the 50-yard line, the 40-yard line, the 30-yard

line all the time praying – "Dear God, please may all the rest of my buddies be right behind me."

Thankfully they were, and most of the Mustang front line led by the Animal tackled the west end goalpost. As it swayed back and front about to break lose, 300 plus Riordan lads had observed our endeavor and in mass quickly broke the California high school hundred-yard dash record by racing down the field so as to bring the teetering goalpost to the ground.

By the way, I do not believe I mentioned that along with half of the Catholic clergy in the city, a guest of the Riordan Athletic Director sitting up in the Kezar skybox was none other than Coach Dutch Holland who just so happened to be wearing the same Lincoln jacket as half of the young men who pulled down the west-end goalpost. Coincidence? I think not. We might assume that this Mustang legend muttered "Oh S***!" as he silently slipped out the backdoor of the skybox.

Should our story end here? Well no! Heck no! The Mustangs now had half of the cross beam from the goalpost, and it was loaded on the surf racks of a station wagon. The question you might now raise is "What in the world did you do with it?" Well, it went directly to the Lincoln football stadium to be hidden in the bushes by the east-side stands.

Come Monday morning as Coach Holland sat at his desk under the stands, a half dozen gents who had participated in the Friday night romp brought him a ten-foot present from the west end of the Kezar Stadium. After all, would not every high school football coach love to have such a prize from an NFL stadium?

Well, old Dutch looked up, his jaw dropped, and his black dyed hair turned white. He was then heard to say "Get that out of here. I never saw it. I don't care where you take it or what you do with it. I'll give you each a pass to whatever class you need it for when you come back. You might as well burn it."

That was a brilliant idea. That was why Holland is such a Mustang legend to this day. So, off our Lincoln heroes went to the beach. It was a San Francisco fall day, and the weather was perfect for a Mustang beach party. But there was one stop to make. There were still multiple six-packs stashed across the dunes previously. Now in the light of day, most could be found. Then with a summer's worth of drift wood, the cross beam burned for what turned out to be hours. As for going back to class multiple six-packs later, Coach Holland was a man of his word. He wrote out passes for 6th period for a now dozen gents having been working for the Mustang Athletic Program for five periods including homeroom that day.

Now you must be saying that this adventure in Mustang history must be over. No, no it is not. As two weeks to the day, the head administrator at little Riordan was observed opening an envelope from the San Francisco Department of Parks and Recreation. Enclosed within it was a bill for a new goalpost for the west end of Kezar Stadium. And you may assume that Bellarmine was pulled into the madness at that point.

Yet, I know you still have a question about those Mercy girls. And, why wouldn't you? Were any of the Riordan lads able to get close and personal with a Mercy girl after the gridiron victory? Come on folks, who are we kidding. History shows that Riordan boys were the inspiration for the hit movie, The Forty-Year Old Virgin. It's true. So then, question posed...question answered.

Still some five plus decades later the names of our hearty Mustangs lads cannot be shared as even though the statute of limitations is well past, it is understood that the Jesuits never forget.

Where Do YOU Read the Log?



Taking a slight sabbatical in Northern Italy and avoiding the rigors of living in dreamland and taking care of the business of filling her much-needed position in the Alumni Association, **Is-e (Nadel) Hogan S58** takes an Alumni Lincoln Log to help pass the time while traveling. An action highly recommended.



You would think being a police officer myriad years would be enough risk taking. But this S63 Mustang just keeps volunteering to make life easier for you and me. The caption read: **"Randy Keenan S63**, who retired as an Alameda, Calif, police sergeant in 2000 and now lives in Colfax, is a volunteer docent at the world-class Towe Auto Museum in Sacramento, Calif. Keenan also helps out with security for special events. He quipped, "My wife is very happy to get me out of the house!"

KAMALEIS Forever

These lovelies from the "Happy Days" era have hung together for 65 years and celebrated this event at the San Francisco Yacht Club in Tiburon on September 23, 2023. Graduated in the Spring of 1958, they epitomize the gals that Fonz always chased.



From L to R: **Anne (Mohn Gade), Sandra (Antone) Solomon, LeahRae (Badaracco) Snowden, Angela (Sabella) Peterson, Pamela Philbrick, HelenJean Bowie and Diana (Davis) Lopez.**

Norman Stahl F66 brings up a pertinent (areawise) question: Why doesn't San Francisco schools have a JROTC program for the Navy and Air Force? Since San Francisco is a port city with visits by the fleet, it would be a godsend to those students whose ambition is to see the World from a warship, or a fighter plane.

Lottery: A tax on people who are bad at math.

*No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationery.

*When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.

*Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.

*I know a guy who's addicted to drinking brake fluid, he says he can stop any time.

*He had a photographic memory but it was never fully developed.

*When she saw her first strands of gray hair she thought she'd dye.

Comments From the Corral

Mary K. (Skolak) Trumble S65 writes; I have been subscribing to the *Log* for a few years now. I graduated from Lincoln in the Spring of 1965. I saw in the latest *Log*, that you are retiring as editor of the *Log*. I am happy for you two, but sad. You have done a wonderful job, we are spoiled and expect a job well done as it has been. Enjoy your retirement.

The most recent article in the *Log*, by **Joe Gerrans**, about It's It out at Playland at the Beach, was my life-long/sister's friend's favorite place to get ice cream. Her name was Linda Hines. We grew up together across the street on Crestlake Drive. She graduated in 1963 even though she was supposed to graduate in 1962, she had major podiatry surgery in her senior year, and the Girls Dean, at that time was Mrs. Welch, wouldn't let her make it up so she had to wait a semester to graduate. Anyway, Linda knew the best places to go in SF for food and fun. She sadly passed from cancer in Augusts 2010. I house-sat for her when she and her younger daughter took their last vacation together in Hawaii, where she passed.

And here's a wonderful poetic tribute in the memory of Abraham Lincoln, by William Cullen Bryant, sent to us via USPS by Joseph Ok???? of Kingsport, TN

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power - a nation's trust.
In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.
Thy task is done--the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.
Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,

Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

And now, we are ALL a little brighter.

A Letter to the Editor

Editor:

As usual, I enjoyed the latest edition of the *Log*, Particularly the article "My Favorite Teacher" portion. I agree with Gary (editor) she (Francis Goodrich) was a great teacher. I arrived at Lincoln in the Fall of 1947 and was assigned Reg. 10, out in the "shacks." Mrs. Goodrich was next door, only her name was Berkowitz then. She was my ninth grade algebra teacher. I was a fair student, but I finished our assignments early, so I was appointed "Stove Attendent." The shacks were heated by a coal burning standing stove! Not high tech but functional. With the help of some co-conspirators, I tried to get the stove a bright red, almost made it a couple of times but lost that job and became the "chalk-board monitor!" Are there any Spring 1950 alums left? I guess we could hold our reunion in a phone booth (IF we could find one.

My membership is enclosed as well as for my good friend Loren Wilson, class of '56(?), he's getting old and may forget. Apply any leftover to a worthy cause.

I didn't graduate with my class of 1950; as a member of the Marine Corp reserve, I was sent to Infantry training with Richard Pearce, when the Korean War broke out. We later served in Korea where Dick was killed in 1953. His name is on the memorial on campus at Lincoln. The Marine Corps taught me many things, not least of which was "never give up." So, I returned to school, earned a B.A. in Math at San Francisco State, and later, an M.A. in applied mathematics from Stanford. I taught math in the San Francisco Unified School District for 30 plus years, but I was always a Mustang.

Signed: Wally. **Wallace Stewart S50.**

A REUNION TO REMEMBER

Kathy Elwood S83 writes;

The Class of 1983 celebrated their 40 Year Reunion on Saturday, September 30, 2023! Our event included the classes from 1979 through 1988.

We had an amazing time of reconnecting with everyone during our entire evening! We started with Cocktails and Hors D'Oeuvres in the Courtyard, before proceeding into the Ballroom for a Program of Welcome Speeches, Dinner, In Memoriam presentation, Door Prize Drawing, and Dancing. It was a very memorable experience for all!



Front: **Sal Mulata '82, Lucretia (Robertson) King '82, Alfredo Valles, donor, Jonathan Woo, Alumni Association President, Amy Alexander, Class of '81**

Back: **Kenneth Osborne '82, KaSondra (Robertson) Celona '85, and Mayo Pascua '81**



Class of 1983 Reunion Committee Members:

Carol (Martin) Basconcillo, Bambi (Mendoza) Besada, Joey (Gregore) Duffield, Cathy (Hidalgo) Elwood, Annette (Escobal) Javier, Suprema Madrid, Carlos Mayfield, Caprece (Piernas) McConico, Joanna "Jsa-Jsa" Pineda Roger Sinasohn, Anne (Papina) Smith

Reminiscing

One of my favorite contributors, **Gary Allyn**, dropped a line about losing friends. He says;

"It saddens me to read the latest Log wherein it announces that you are hanging up your editorial cleats at the end of the year. The sadness was enlarged by your most excellent memorial for **Ron Davis**. I was just trying to recover from losing his long-time friend, **Dave Cordano**, when Ron's article arrived.

We three, Dave, Ron and I, were part of a Sunday afternoon football group around 1950 playing touch football on the streets of San Francisco, Forest View Drive off Sloat Blvd.

Other Links were **Bill Guiles**, **Dick Sanden** and **Dick Barbeiri**. Those were the days when the NFL merged with television. We would watch an eastern game in the morning, get charged up, and throw the ball around in the afternoon."

Well, Gary, back in those days we could play football on just about any street, as people were at work and the streets cleared of parked cars.

Tennis ball baseball was rampant on 29th Ave. as proven by the amount of balls on the rooftops of adjoining buildings. Memories, sigh.

Missing Alums

*One of the most important aspects of your Alumni Association is to 'Keep the Family Together.' And no one has been more diligent than **Is-e (Nadel) Hogan S58**. Having worked closely with Is-e for the last 26 years I can safely say we would not be in the fantastic shape we are in if not for her. The following is just one instance of taking the ball and running with it.*

Finding an Alum After 60+ Years

Article by: **Is-e (Nadel) Hogan S58**

The Alumni Association received an email from someone telling us about an alum curious about his time at Lincoln back in 1958. Turned out to be the "missing/lost" Robert Knox, now known as Hayden and is living in Copenhagen. Hayden has lived in Europe for most of his adult life, and Is-e Hogan has been communicating with him. Hayden, was in the Highlanders Y club, graduated in F57 and sent the following with permission to print this in the Log. He is now communicating and re-discovering old friends.

"Hayden studied Art and got a Master's Degree in Fine Arts, taught at the University of Hawaii, on the Big Island, moved to Paris in 1974, then moved to Copenhagen in 1998. Married and divorced 3 times, 3 children, one from each marriage.

Made a deal with myself that either I learn to speak French or I return to the States (I learned to speak French fluently. My accent was so far from a genuine French accent. The shock was that French people loved my accent."



(Cont'd from page 1 - Kahn)

can.

After graduation, he became an officer in the US Army Transportation Corps. In 1962, he married Karen Jacobsen, a Stanford classmate. They had two daughters, Abigail and Cameron.

In 1960, Bob went into the family insurance business with his father, his uncle Charles G. (Chili) Bertoli, and his brother Lloyd. In 1968, he co-founded Kahn and Nippert insurance brokers, a prominent San Francisco brokerage firm, and sold the agency to an international insurance company 20 years later. During his insurance career, he was on the board of directors of the Western Association of Insurance Brokers.

Bob, along with a partner, bought a 32-foot double-ended Monterey fishing boat — the Pelican — in 1972, which he had for over 50 years.

Bob was an avid skier and was a patrol leader on the National Ski Patrol at Squaw Valley for over 25 years. He built a home in Squaw Valley in 1965 that the family still enjoys. He also was a wind surfer in the early days of the sport and he and two of his friends were the first windsurfers to sail on San Francisco Bay. They would frequently sail under the Golden Gate Bridge out to the Point Bonita lighthouse and back. On one occasion Bob was out there alone and broke his mast.

He tried to paddle back in, but the tide was coming out of the Gate and he was getting swept out to sea. Luckily he was spotted by a fishing boat and rescued.

After selling the insurance brokerage firm, he worked as an insurance consultant in downtown San Francisco for several years, but wanted to, as he put it “...get a little country back in my life.” (He had worked at the family rice farm in Colusa, California in summers during high school.) An opportunity arose to buy a derelict cattle ranch in the Big Horn Mountains in northwestern Wyoming in 1989. The ranch was 2,500 acres, with another 6,000 acres leased from the BLM.

Bob decided to build a log house; he acquired damaged lodgepole pine trees from the 1988 fire in Yellowstone National Park. A log cabin company peeled and notched the logs and shipped them to Wyoming, and Bob and three others put the house together in two weeks. He also built a barn for horses the same year. A rare class-one trout stream ran through the property for over two miles; elk, deer, and moose were abundant.

Karen passed away in 1993 and in 1995 Bob married Sharon Huntley. Bob and Sharon have lived in Belvedere for the last 30 years.

Bob, Sharon and family had some of their happiest times at the ranch, but in 2008 decided

that the Big Horn Land and Livestock Company was too cold, too big, and too far from home, and they sold the ranch.

Soon thereafter, they bought a small working farm in Sonoma county adjacent to the Napa Valley, with 2,000 olive trees, a vineyard, and fields of lavender. Bob acquired commercial olive oil equipment, and made olive oil for over ten years. He then formed a partnership with the McEvoy Ranch in Petaluma where they produced certified organic olive oil under a shared label.

Bob built a home on the property and rebuilt the barn after it was destroyed in the catastrophic fire of 2017. In 2018, he decided to “retire” and they sold the farm, and shifted to a much quieter life in Belvedere.

Sharon, Bob Kahn's wife says, *Bob had an extraordinary life of accomplishments – athletically and in business, as a rancher in Wyoming and a farmer in Sonoma. He loved San Francisco where he was born and raised, and particularly Belvedere where he lived for 55 years. But Bob was drawn to the wide open spaces, and our times on the Big Horn Ranch in Wyoming with family and friends were the happiest.*

At our wedding, I said I was looking for a man with depth of character, and I found him. It's been an honor to be your wife, Bob. Happy trails and rest in peace - Sharon

Hot Rod Fever

The second hand hit zero, the flag came down, and Old Car Day was off and running.

The cars streamed in from 22nd Ave. and took up a space in Lincoln's play yard. Some motivated to speed, others to just plain beauty.

The time and effort put into these machines cannot be measured in hours, nor months, but the word cons pleases my senses.

You'll have to come and see the display of marvelous old machines next year to really appreciate what automobile designers of yore put on paper and watched it materialize.

The customization of a '55 Chevy Bel Air almost makes it look brand new and ready to put the pedal to the metal on the Great Highway.

See now, some of what Bill Mustanich has worked for years to establish:



Photo courtesy of Janice (Banks) Murray



Photo courtesy of Janice (Banks) Murray



All other photos courtesy of Ric Lee S70 <https://link.shutterstock.com/kCy4leBDzDb>

A Labor of Love

By Gary Simmons S58
Editor; Alumni Lincoln Log

Somewhere, in the year 1997, I consented to attend a meeting of the fledgling, ten-year-old, Lincoln High School Alumni Association at the urging of **Is-e (Nadel) Hogan S58**. This, after attending a class reunion and observing what a fantastic job was done by the reunion committee. I volunteered to do “something” to help at the next reunion, and Is-e said, “If you want to help, come to an alumni meeting.” So, I did. And was fascinated by the amount of work the association was doing to help alums and students alleviate the stress of “keeping the family together.” You see, we ARE a family, we spent almost one quarter of our lives in proximity to each other, ergo, we identify with each other.

One bright and very profound instance was when I met the beautiful girl that sat next to me, **Judy Banks S63**, but with her back to me at these meetings. It took me four years but we drifted down the aisle and locked our future in place.

The Association’s Board of Directors and committee members had to work together to keep this much needed boat afloat, and one of the leaks that had to be plugged was attention to the alumni newsletter, “*Lincoln Log*”, which needed someone to help get the information about the association to alums. The president, and one of the founders of the association, **David Whitehead S64**, pled for articles to fill the four-page *Lincoln Log* for the yearly distribu-

...“and auld lang syne?”

tion. Unbeknownst to me, my hand raised of its own power and without communicating with my brain, I volunteered to write an article. THIS, from a “D” English student, sans higher education, and four-year member of the U.S. Navy where you DID NOT volunteer for anything. To make a long story a bit shorter, when I left that meeting I was the editor of the alumni *Lincoln Log* and started on a journey of love that has lasted 26 years, and grown into an 80-page a year, quarterly newsletter.

I have now reached a pinnacle, and started the downhill sled-ride into the existence of “what’s the word I’m thinking of,” and “Where on my computer did I put that photo?” to the extent I lose sleep after awakening at 3:00 a.m. thinking, maybe THAT’S where I put the photo.

In other words, when this issue of the *Log* hits the streets (so to speak) it will be my last issue. Twenty pages of gibberish that somebody, somewhere, will read and enjoy. Because that has been my main intention throughout those years, to make a smile appear on someone’s face.

The March, 2024 issue of the *Log* will be under new management and I’m sure a fresh outlook and more intelligible text, as I’m sure they won’t be “D” English students.

I would be remiss if I didn’t acknowledge the help I received from ALHSAA members. Foremost is **Is-e Hogan**, who fed me leads and made suggestions I couldn’t turn down (tongue in

cheek). **Lew Pollack** who scanned the obits and helped me fill the 30 boxes on page 19 every issue. **Bill Mason, Bill Mustanich**, who encouraged me, **Toni (Veille) Alstad, Jeff Stahl, Norman Stahl**, and the many other alums who contributed to make the *Log* one of the foremost high school alumni newsletters in the nation (well, on my block, anyway). Somewhere along the way I’ve gone through myriad proof readers, ending with the next issue with **Ron Pang, Danell Zeavin, Joanne Fox**, and, of course, **Is-e Hogan**, all of whom made the *Log* a publication to be proud of (remember? A “D” English student). And to those who actually believed there was a birdcage, I’m sorry, that was a suggestion.

To borrow the words from a song of eons past, “*So long, its been good to know yah... I’ve got to be movin’ along*”. This is Gary Simmons and Judy, signing off saying, may you all have the best of everything. God bless, Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, and GO MUSTANGS!



I don't suffer from insanity; I enjoy every minute of it

**Wilda (Bunny) Scharninghausen
Lundborg S44**
5-13-26 8-4-22
San Francisco, California

IN MEMORIAM

Linda (Grafil) Hoffmann S63
? 8-31-22
Yorba Linda, California

Tom Chesterman S49
7-14-31 4-10-23
Santa Rosa, California

Ken Tillotson F57
3-30-40 9-29-23
Millbrae, California

Paul Soule S63
11-27-45 6-15-18
Santa Clara, California

Bruce Lubarsky F54
3-3-37 9-15-23
San Francisco, California

Ernest Maggioncalda F58
4-13-41 10-2-23
Pacifica, California

Kevin A. Rugani S67
6-12-49 9-2-18
Novato, California

Ruth (Nadel) Schafran F54
12-17-36 9-14-23
San Rafael, California

Gerry McManigal S59
1-8-42 10-17-23
San Francisco, California

Danielle Boder S70
1952 1-9-23
Lausanne, Switzerland

Robert (Bob) Kahn S55
10-28-37 10-19-23
Belvedere, California

Milan Radojevich S62
5-19-45 10-9-23
Rancho Mirage, California

William S. (Billy) Kerns S71
12-22-52 8-29-23
San Francisco, California

Judith (Seats) Bowler S56
9-3-38 8-4-23
San Bruno, California

Allan Berenstein S63
10-29-45 8-5-23
San Francisco, California

Sandra (Carlson) Pascua S81
7-31-63 6-10-23
San Francisco, California

Sidney (Morrill) Kennedy S57
6-21-39 7-15-17
San Rafael, California

Ken Delaney S63
1946 11-9-89
Unknown

Rommel DeLeon S82
5-29-64 3-3-18
San Francisco, California

Surprise

So, You Thought Lincoln High was the First Lincoln in San Francisco? Here's another thought;



View southeast from the corner of 5th and Market Streets of Lincoln School, circa 1870s. Marilyn Blaisdell Collection

LINCOLN SCHOOL — Built in the early 1860s on Fifth Street, just south of Market, the school educated thousands of local youths (including this author's grandfather) who grew up nearby when the neighborhood was still largely residential. Though the school was lost in the 1906 fire, the City and County of San Francisco retained ownership of the land, and it was leased to a firm that built an aptly-named "Lincoln Building" at the site,

catering to many local retail firms adjacent to the Emporium Building. When the San Francisco Shopping Center was built in the late 1980s (now known as the Westfield San Francisco Centre), the San Francisco Unified School District continued to own the land beneath the new establishment, and it still receives regular lease payments. **BONUS:** The separate building at far left is the 1855 St. Ignatius College/High School located adjacent on the 800 block of Market Street.

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Alumni Association
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A Reminder, SEND IN DUES, PLEASE

REUNIONS

F55, S56, S57, F57 & S58 Joint Reunion Luncheon Set for Thursday, Feb. 29, 2024 (leap year) at the Basque Cultural Center in So. San Francisco.

For questions please contact: Arlene Crabb Citron (F57) at citron63@gmail.com,
Is-e Nadel Hogan (S58) at isehogan@aol.com,
Nancy Nicholson Reidy (F55-S56) at kjr60@aol.com
or **Malene Bohn Hunt (S57)** at mjhunt525@sbcglobal.net.
(See page 8 for the whole invitation)

***Class of 1995:** 25th reunion is in the planning stage. For information; **Connie Chiu,** constance522@yahoo.com

Do you have a reunion that is not listed? Please let us know so we can list it and possibly increase the participation.

If it is to be, it is up to me!