

A CALIFORNIA DISTINGUISHED SCHOOL

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL OF SAN FRANCISCO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

<http://www.LincolnAlumni.com> - Email - LincAlum@aol.com

Coming Events

Summer Event - Giants Game
June 24, 2018 See page 12 for info

Day at the Races Information in September Issue

A publication by Mustangs, for Mustangs, about Mustangs

THE CIRCLE KEZAR STADIUM TENNESSEE GRILL THE SAND PITS PLAYLAND

Our Abe

As we close out this series of articles on the most famous of Presidents, we do it with the humor and ability of Abraham Lincoln to spin a yarn on a moments notice. Lincoln was famous for this ability and many books have been written highlighting it. Among those is a published book entitled, "Lincoln's Own Yarns and Stories," the book was edited by Colonel Alexander K. McClure and has no publishing date. Col. McClure was the editorial director of the Philadelphia Times, which he founded in 1875, and with this fact we surmise he was a friend of President Lincoln and was told these stories of humor and shenanigans in person.

Lincoln and McClure

In 1862 the government needed troops badly, and in each Pennsylvania county Republicans and Democrats were appointed to assist in the enrollment under the State laws. McClure, working day and night at Harrisburg, saw conscripts coming in at the rate of a thousand a day, only to fret in idleness against the army red-tape which held them there instead of sending a regiment a day to the front, as McClure demanded should be done. The military officer continued to dispatch two companies a day, leaving the mass of the conscripts to be fed by the contractors.

McClure went to Washington and said to (his friend) the President, "You must send a mustering officer to Harrisburg who will do as I say; I

can't stay there any longer under existing conditions."

Lincoln sent into another room for Adjutant-General Thomas. "General," said he, "what is the highest rank of military officer at Harrisburg?" "Captain, sir," said Thomas. "Bring me a commission for an Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States Army," said Lincoln.

So Adjutant-General McClure was mustered in, and after that a regiment a day of boys in blue left Harrisburg for the front. Colonel McClure is one of the group of great Celt-American editors, which included Medill, McCullagh and McLean.

(Lincoln didn't sit on problems, he solved them immediately).

Continued on page 2 "Abe"

Memories

When we asked for your experiences while still at Lincoln I expected to get articles about sports, best teachers, less than best teachers, friends and what I considered a cacophony of different subjects. What I didn't expect was the following experience received from Karin Brattli S64.

Karin has contributed before so I expected, well, something different. Something that would rival the antics of a 50s Mustang. But this memory took some chutzpah just to relate. She writes:

An "Evening in Paris" Afternoon

It was Spring, 1962, and I was in the tenth grade. Santa Claus had given me a small, cobalt blue glass vial of *Evening in Paris* cologne, a scent I dearly loved.

"Well, as bad luck would have it, I took it to school to show friends and dropped it, on the tile floor of the girls bathroom. I thought, 'what to do, what to do?' I cringed as I heard the crack of the bottle breaking but all was not lost, there was still liquid in the bottom half of the vial. I put the two pieces together, wrapped them in a paper towel hoping the two pieces would stay together.

"As I looked at the remnants I suddenly realized the rather odorous contents would not be welcomed in my next class.

I didn't have enough time to take it to my locker (not that it would have been a good idea anyway) but Mr. McDonald, my homeroom and Biology teacher was in the Drafting classroom. 'Mr. McDonald may I place this vial in one of the empty cupboards until after school, please?' He smiled and said, 'Yes.'

"I returned to retrieve my cologne but to my surprise, there was no longer any liquid left in the vial! 'What happened to it, Mr. McDonald?' I asked. He told me that it had evaporated. In silence, my face registered, 'Huh?' What? I didn't know that alcohol would evaporate so fast. If my

dry and boring eighth grade Chemistry class had taught lessons in that manner, I would have possibly ended up doing something in the field of Science.

Another lesson I learned that day from Mr. McDonald was, and I'll express it in his words, 'The boys in Drafting class this afternoon were VERY interested in the scent coming from the cupboard, but they made no comment. They had a difficult time concentrating on their drafting too.' (Huh?! What?!) He just smiled and his eyes twinkled. I thanked him and left with my broken, empty vial of 'Evening in Paris' cologne.

I smile when I fondly recall this experience and how in a few words and minutes, I learned some practical chemistry and about teenage male psychology that have stayed with me for the last 56 years. But I can't stop wondering if that cupboard still smells of 'Evening in Paris' and if those boys still remember that afternoon in their drafting class!"

What experiences do YOU remember and want to document for posterity? Send them to the editor at lincalum@aol.com

ABE con't Jeff Davis and Charles the First

Jefferson Davis insisted on being recognized by his official title as commander or President in the regular negotiation with the government. This, Mr. Lincoln would not consent to.

Mr. Hunter thereupon referred to the correspondence between King Charles the first and his Parliament as a precedent for a negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels. Mr. Lincoln's face then wore that indescribable expression which generally preceded his hardest hits, and he remarked; "Upon questions of history, I must refer you to Mr. Seward,

for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head."

"Fetched Several Short Ones"

"The first time I ever remember seeing 'Abe' Lincoln," is the testimony of one of his neighbors, "was when I was a small boy and had gone with my father to attend some kind of an election. One of the neighbors, James Larkins, was there.

"Larkins was a great hand to brag on anything he owned. This time it was his horse. He stepped up before "Abe," who was in the crowd, and commenced talking to him, boasting all the while of his animal.

"I have got the best horse in the country," he shouted to his young listener. 'I ran him nine miles in exactly three minutes, and he never fetched a long breath.'

"I presume," said 'Abe,' rather dryly. 'he fetched a good many short ones, though,'"

Painted his Principals

The day following the adjournment of the Baltimore Convention, at which President Lincoln was renominated, various political organizations called to pay their respects to the president. While the Philadelphia delegation was being presented, the chairman of that body, in introducing one of the members, said; "Mr. President, this is Mr. S., of the second district of our State, a most active and earnest friend of yours and the cause. He has, among other things, been good enough to paint, and present to our league rooms, a most beautiful portrait of yourself."

President Lincoln took the gentleman's hand in his, and shaking it cordially said, with a merry voice, "I presume, sir, in painting your beautiful portrait, you took your idea of me from my principles and not from my person."

Reunion 2018

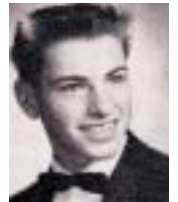
The classes of F57 and S58 had their annual reunion in February at the Basque Cultural Center in So. San Francisco.

Almost 100 attended the luncheon and a good time was had by all.

The group was honored to have some attending from far away - for example; Jim Brunner and his wife Evelyne traveled all the way from France, Bill Collins braved the 5-80 from Redding, Ly-lie (Gash) Francis dropped in from Southern California, and several classmates from both classes from the Sacramento area.



Art Citron S56, Gordon Grimm S58, Norm Sobel S58, Joe Tringali S58 & Bob Corsiglia F57



Haven't aged a day....have they?



Standing: HelenJean Bowie S58 & Toni (Veille) Alstad F58 Doug Hammed, Bob Muegge & Mike Shubin all S58



Ron Jones, Dee (Bechtel) Jones, Susan (Etzler) Sarti, Charlyne Martin and Is-e Nadel Hogan



Barbara Miles Hughes, Art Layne & wife Julie and Don Marquis



Donna (O'Leary) Ryan (S59), Jim O'Connor (S58), Is-e (Nadel) Hogan (S58) Arlene (Cherry) O'Connor (F58) and Cliff Elbl (F57)

*We asked and you came through. In our ongoing quest for alums to elaborate on their remembrances of life at Lincoln and the Sunset District; **Frannie (Blum) Field S63** has written a very interesting article on her recollections and aspirations. We hope you enjoy it as much as we did:*

FROM WHERE ON EARTH DID WE COME

Frannie (Blum) Field S63

There were sand dunes from 20th Avenue all the way to the Beach in the 1930's. The Sunset District was one of San Francisco's last "frontiers." I can still remember digging in the sand that was the middle part of the backyard. We couldn't afford a lawn, but all kinds of flowering bushes were all around the sides of the yard, with a scrawny peach tree that had grown in the corner of the yard from a Peach pit thrown there long ago. We actually dug deep enough looking for Gold, and found several big charred pieces of wood and a rusty little kid's truck, one you could sit on to scoot around. Looking back, I'm sorry I didn't rescue that antique toy. I imagine that its still there, resting, rusting, waiting to be discovered again.

Up the block, down the block and across the street were people who came from all over the world to settle in Sunset District in San Francisco. Up the block were the Kennedys and the Murphys from Ireland. Down the block was a family from Utah who were Mayflower kin. And there were the Nicholsons from Greece and Puerto Rico. Next door were the Murisichs from Yugoslavia. Across the street was a family from The Philippines. This was my International world.

There were what we called our "20th Avenue Mothers": Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Kennedy, and Mrs. Murisich. They always let me into their house when Mom wasn't back from the store

yet. I felt welcomed, safe, and cherished. We were the "next" generation, and I could feel that they treasured us. The last of the 20th Avenue Mothers passed away last year at age 97.

Our neighborhood March of Dimes campaign was usually around my birthday, January 31st. My Mother was area chairman, so our dining room table was full of maps of the Sunset District from all around Lincoln High, piled with cloth bags of carefully counted dimes, and our dining room ebbed and flowed with people bringing little Orange Juice cans of dimes. I never heard our doorbell chime so much. I also got to see an intense demonstration of business process. I absorbed so much information just by watching. By special escort, I was even allowed to go to the neighbors to say, "March Of Dimes!" I always got at least one dime. No fear. Unknowingly that was my Birthday gift. No party though. But I got an early education in good business practice. That prepared me to sell Girl Scout Cookies at the 450 Sutter Building. No fear. Budding entrepreneur.

My Mother wanted me to broaden my horizons beyond the Sunset District so we did excursions to Muir Woods where we strolled past kids in Lederhosen speaking different languages; women in flowing saris speaking yet another language; adorable little kids from Japan, very quietly looking and looking at the gigantic Redwood Trees, dragonflies and squirrels. There were bus loads of people from other places, wearing name tags with cameras around their necks. As a little girl I called them "camera breasted tourist birds". Muir Woods is where I first heard a Southern accent. I was astounded that so many people from far away all talked so differently. We couldn't afford vacations but Muir Woods was my window of the world. I loved it all: my International

world.

Since my Father was a professor of Romance Languages, I was used to hearing French, Spanish and Italian at home, but those Muir Woods visitors opened up my world to yet other languages.

Our excursions to Fisherman's Wharf took me outside the Sunset District to the Marina and Fisherman's Wharf for tiny shrimp or crab cocktails where there was a whirlwind of smells of cooking crabs in huge boiling, steaming cauldrons, heated from the bottom with big blue flames. The little men standing over the hot cauldrons looked a little strained to me. Probably that was because they had been up since 4 a.m. in their boats pulling up crab pots, worrying about their catch for that day, cooking crabs as fast as they could to satisfy the many tourists panting for fresh warm crab. Every year we'd have a huge feast of fresh cracked crab from The Wharf, with Sourdough French Bread: a simple gourmet feast.

Mom would drive us across the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito. Gorgeous! I live there now. Heck, my Grandmother walked across that bridge on the first day it opened. What a throng. But even better, crazily, my friend Shirley and I walked across the bridge on its 50th Anniversary. There were so many people on the closed bridge that day that the natural upwards curve of the roadbed flattened out! We didn't know that as we walked with our four yellow balloons. I wrote my grandmother's name on one of the little yellow "bumpies" on the roadbed of the bridge that day. I imagine that the thick orange cables that hold the bridge roadbed to the towers were creaking and groaning. I'm glad I didn't hear it.

It wasn't until I was older that I learned that San Francisco is a "port" town, attracting people from all over the world, with lots of work for the longshoremen. The Embarcadero is where Mr. Murphy, the policeman up the block, walked the night beat, keeping watch.

But we could not see the Wharf

or the Embarcadero from 20th Avenue in the Sunset District. My world was really quite small. We could see the upper half of the Golden Gate Bridge from in front of my house on 20th Avenue. But we didn't stop to look at it. We took it for granted. It was always there. As were the foghorns that lulled us to sleep. My husband Jonathan, who was born in Cleveland, Ohio and raised in Georgia in his formative years asked, "How come the bridge is Orange?" "Dunno", I replied. Rustoleum paint I guess. Maybe the Golden Gate refers to the Golden Poppies on the hills on both sides of the waterway. They grow everywhere. Poppies even grew in the sand in our back yard.

In the Spirit of Ram Dass's book, *Be Here Now, Now Be Here*, so after all, maybe equally as important as where we came from, is where are we going? maybe to learn how to put your entrepreneurial skills into the world to help humanity like I learned at age 7 from the March of Dimes and selling Girl Scout Cookies.

So in being curious about where we came from, we discovered Family Crests. They are museum quality, so magnificently embroidered with real gold and silver threads, showing the intricate details of thick feathers, curvy leaves, birds, wonderful dragons and jousting armor, with words of the history of the name and explanations and descriptions of the designs on a separate parchment page. Almost no one does that beautiful handwork any



more. It's almost a lost art. Here is a photo of one. We include a family crest with each of a m -

ily's deceased veteran and first responders in one of our endeavors (Jonathan Field Collection). If you want one, e-mail me at franniefield@sbc-global.net. Great grandchildren will inherit them and then they too will wonder where we came from.

We got four embroidered Family Crests for my Husband's kin who came over on the Mayflower (Dugony Priest); for his Great Grandparents who built a sawmill on a river at Loudenville, Ohio (smart them); Watson from Scotland; Fild; and his little Irish bricklayer Grandfather, Willie Doolan.

But there were other ancestors before them: Vikings, Romans, Inuits from Alaska, Mongols, who knows. The land bridge between Russia and Alaska was literally the freeway for Mammoths, Mastodons, people and creatures. It must have been very cold. I can't imagine what they ate. I have a small piece of Mammoth ivory from way back then. I can't wrap my mind around how long ago that was. But since one of my Grandmothers looks like an Inuit Eskimo, I imagine her kin came over that land bridge.

So Here I am, umpty ump generations later, grateful for our Golden (orange) Gate Bridge; steaming crab pots; San Francisco Sour Dough French bread; the March of Dimes, and my old friends from 20th Avenue and Lincoln High. Some of my old friends are not around now. I must remember to go visit my 84-year old friend Carol before she passes. I don't have much time left. Maybe just enough time to help others find answers to their question, "Where did we come from?" Maybe they came from across the great land bridge or from across the great ocean to populate the Americas...

Music to My Ears

This article came to us from Erika Ray-Zavalla, Lincoln faculty, who forwarded the email from Cynthia Pacini, Lincoln faculty. It reads:

"Dear Lincoln community, I am thrilled to share with you the results from today's music festival - the Lincoln musicians played beautifully and received high scores in all fields:

SUPERIOR- Bass Duet: Kenny Li, Andy Hernandez
SUPERIOR- Flute Quartet: Samantha Hsu, Yvonne Qiu, Terry Li, Isamar Gonzalez
SUPERIOR- Piano Solo: Jiahao (Billy) He

EXCELLENT- Violin Ensemble: Hannah Cheng, Charles Wong, Ivan Thai, Frances Li, Lani Lam, Daniel Lee, Joelle Yee, Chunying Wu, Joshua Li
EXCELLENT- Brass Ensemble: Charles Moore, Kyle Chen, Brian Huang, Arik Yee
EXCELLENT- String Quartet: Jacky Chen, Kaitlynn Huang, Dennis Lee, Damond Fong
EXCELLENT- Clarinet Ensemble: Hasam Banales, Robert Caceres, Lizeth Martinez, Shirley Xie, Mayliss Delgadillo, Jacky Ruiz."

The Alumni Association speaking for over 44,000 graduates of Lincoln High School, congratulate these talented students and the efforts put forth by their extraordinary teachers.

Stop the Presses!

Just in from Christine Eng, Lincoln Faculty. "An alumnus of the class of 1997 owns The Game Parlour (board games and coffee, etc.) on Irving Street and the grand opening was on 4/30."

Well, most of us missed the grand opening but Christine promises to drop by and take some pics for the September Log. Thanks, Christine, for covering this entrepreneurial scholar's endeavor.

The definition of Hobby is an activity done regularly in one's leisure time for pleasure.

This could also include collecting objects which is also something you do for leisure, relaxation or pleasure.

My wife, **Nancy Rullhausen Cassidy S58**, has an unusual collection. A collection of the Royal Family. She has a curio cabinet full of mementoes.

Beginning from the first day she has collected coins, pictures and announcements. In short, if it deals with the Royal Family, she has it. She has also received thank you notices when she congratulated Kate on the birth of her Royal children.



Nancy and I have traveled throughout the United Kingdom many times and each time we learn something new or different. We would stay at the Vicarage Gate B&B which was just a short hop from Kensington Palace where Diana stayed until her untimely death and now occupied by William and Kate hoping we might see them, in fact I was awakened at 2:00 A.M. [state side] to watch their wedding. The things husbands have to do.

Yes she has pictures when George was born as well as Charlotte and has cups and plaques for both of them, has kept in touch of what is going on by her subscription to "HELLO!", a magazine put out in the UK, keeping everyone abreast about what is happening in and about the Royal Family.

BUT, that's not the only thing she does, her other hobby is sewing quilts. I never knew there were so many different fabrics for quilts and it is very competitive. We went to the El Dorado County Fair a while back and as we went through all the entries, Nancy pointed out mistakes that would normally pass by me.

I have made her many quilt racks, some attach to the wall and others

on stands. I have also built her thread racks, Cobblers bench and a larger ironing board, the regular one was too small. Also a stitch remover tool that was very popular with her friends, yes, I made them one also. She also has an oversized scissors hanging on the wall made from poplar wood. She continues to make quilts for friends and Family. Did I mention we also need a bigger house?

The Cobblers Bench is a story in itself, Nancy brings me a picture, "Can you build this for me?" I'm glad I took Mechanical Drawing in School.

Now you're wondering, "What does he do for leisure and relaxation?"

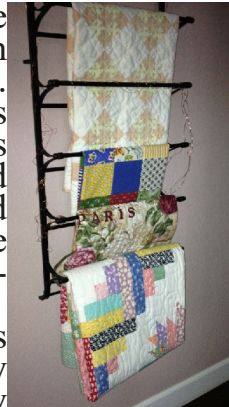
Nancy and I moved from Campbell to Folsom about 14 years ago, we have a three car garage that I converted two of the spaces into my workshop. I'm trying to get Nancy to leave her car outside so I can have the whole garage, NOT working.

Nancy gave me Alexa last year so while I work I can listen to Muddy Waters, Howling Wolf or Robert Johnson. Does not get any better than that.

It took all of those 14 years to accumulate the machines I have and use, most were bought new, but others like my Shop Smith and accessories I got for free, I just had to replace the motor which I bought on Ebay

I have come to the stage I can build just about anything I want. Been through the house and built towel racks, toilet paper holders, bowls, chess set, various clocks, various canes for family and of course the end table featured in the last issue of the log.

I'm currently building another end table for the other end, only quite different; I try to make each project a challenge



of different wood working. An example would be the chess set;

I didn't have a duplicator for my Shop Smith so bought one on Ebay. I still did not have a pattern to work off the chess set so I bought the patterns from a place back east, but they were not compatible with my Shop Smith. Went down to Tap plastics and bought a panel, traced the pattern onto a strip of plastic and cut out on a scroll saw. The plastic strip was compatible so away I went, Maple and Walnut were used. I think I had more fun figuring out how to make the duplicator work than the actual work.

Another Hobby I had before getting totally into wood working was coin collecting. (Numismatics)

This started while we were in Hawaii and I became interested in Japanese occupation money, the PG on the bill designates it was used in the Philippines.

This led to the "Bohol Emergency Currency Board" which printed their own money. The Japanese also printed their own money to be used in that country, then there are the Military Payment Certificates that service men used over seas.

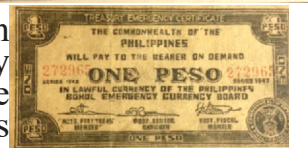
I also have a twenty shilling bill from Uganda. Remember him?

Then I got into coins themselves concentrating on coins throughout the world coming across Nazi Germany. I think these coins are becoming quite rare.

I'm not much into coins any more, I have five binders full, where does it end.

The collection of coins was most interesting when you learn the stories behind them, about special marks and such on them.

So, Alumni, lets hear about **your** Hobbies or Collections, I know you are out there. We have more to share other than going to the same High School.



A San Francisco Icon

Every year, of late, I have made an attempt to draw your attention to one of the icons of San Francisco life. While visitors enjoy the Golden Gate Bridge, the Leaning Tower of Coit, and the all but rural area called Golden Gate Park, there is a monument of San Francisco sophistication right in the middle of Golden Gate Park. Not far from the Chinese Tea Garden and Stow Lake the whispering melodies come wafting across the meadowland adjacent to the ancient bandstand where top of the line professional musicians and entertainers vie for recognition on weekends between April and October.

For 135 years San Franciscans have been blessed with free entertainment and it was all just a hop skip and jump from Lincoln High School.

Do you remember this edifice tucked in between the Steinhart Aquarium and the Museum:



Well, it's still there and waiting for you every weekend. There is absolutely no place you could possibly go and spend an afternoon for the price of \$0.

So, old timers and young timers alike, get on your mustangs and trot over to the bandstand in Golden Gate Park and take in some of the best entertainment you will be blessed to see.

Oh yeah, if it's sunny, take a jacket, you know the old saying, "if you don't like the weather in San Francisco, wait a minute."

FREE FREE FREE FREE
Unless, of course, you'd like to drop a shekle or two.

More SF Information

Of all the stories I've heard of the origin of the Twin Peaks Tunnel, from gold miners digging to the one of Paul Bunyan yanking a tree out by the roots and the hole left by the extricated roots was the start of the tunnel, I've always suspected that there was a more practical origin. I received this information from **Randy Keenan S63** which left no doubt about that origin. He writes:

"The tunnel was opened on February 3, 1918. The eastern entrance to the tunnel is located near the intersection of Market and Castro streets in the Castro neighborhood, and the western entrance is located at West Portal Avenue and Ulloa Street in the West Portal neighborhood."

He also sent this URL which lead us to a most interesting documentary of the making of the Twin Peaks Tunnel. Just go to https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2bEpjm2n_28 for a surprising history lesson of this most interesting San Francisco landmark.

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Tidbits from the Corral

A note from **Carol (Bristow) Spallas S55** happened to mention The Parkway restaurant. I drew a blank and on a subsequent email Carol mentioned it was next to the Parkside Theater on Taraval Street.

Now the memories came flooding back, Grammar School, Parkside, Saturday afternoon matinees. In between feature films an emcee would come on stage and pick 4-5 kids to partake of a contest to win whatever their little hands could hold of the pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters etc. in a large glass jar. He had different contests and week after week I would raise my hand and week after week it would be overlooked. Other kids would dip their hands in the goody jar and pull out enough change to maybe ride the street car for a month.

Then one Saturday afternoon while I was waving my hand like a flag in the Sunset District wind, the miracle happened, he pointed to me and I ran up on the stage.

The contest was blowing up paper bags and bursting them. Five paper bags, size 12, five kids sucking up enough H2O to supply a hospital and a crowd of friends rooting for their friends. All the excitement a 10 year old could handle in an afternoon without fainting.

The emcee shouted "Go" and all that built up energy and air started pumping bags. Being a natural blowhard it was inevitable that I would be rich in a couple of minutes. The fifth bag burst and I raised both hands. I won. I had waited all my life to reach into that jar and grab a handful of change.

He gave me a choice, I could reach into the jar OR I could have a chit for a milkshake at the Parkway. Guess what, I loved that milkshake.

Editor's Corner

When I was in school we were taught that Abraham Lincoln through the Emancipation Proclamation had freed the slaves, period. Now it would seem some nitpicking has brought to light that it only freed the slaves of the rebellious states of the South and that all the credit should go to the 13th Amendment to the Constitution which merely backed up what Lincoln had already proclaimed.

Here is a transcript of the Emancipation Proclamation, you decide

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for yourself if this was or was not enough:

"Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit: "That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States,



shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong counter-vailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore I, Abraham Lin-

coln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief, of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed

for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the Parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth[]), and which excepted parts, are for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free;

(cont'd on page 19)

Whazzzzup?

We try to keep you up to date with what is happening in the Sunset and Parkside Districts because once in a while we run into alums who invariably ask, "What's happening back home?" And, not living there, we can only answer negatively to what is happening at the corral.

But there is one organization dedicated to keeping you informed and we acknowledge their great effort to do just that.

*One alum who has gone that extra mile and written books on the San Francisco District is **Lorri Ungaretti S70** who has enthusiastically agreed to comment on the "Outsidelands.org" organization. She writes;*

"Have you noticed that many people think that the west side of San Francisco has no history? Several people, including Ron Jones S58, Lorri Ungaretti (S70), and Frank Dunnigan (S.I. grad) have worked hard to dispel this falsehood. In addition, all of us can join the Western Neighborhoods Project, a wonderful nonprofit group that is dedicated to the history of the west side. Founded almost 19 years ago by Woody LaBounty and David Gallagher, WNP focuses on west-side districts, including the Richmond, Sunset, OMI (Oceanview/Merced/Ingleside), Lake Merced, and West of Twin Peaks. If you haven't experienced WNP, visit the website at outsidelands.org. It features historical articles, photos, chat rooms, podcasts, and more. WNP has also created OpenSFHistory, another website with tens of thousands of historical pictures of San Francisco, many courtesy of a generous photo collector who has donated his collection to WNP.

Now WNP has a great "Home for Western SF History," a new office at 1617 Balboa Street, between 17th and 18th Avenues. A well-attended grand opening

was held on Saturday, February 3. While WNP will maintain offices and continue its OpenSFHistory website project at its Geary Street offices, this new location will house exhibits and provide presentation space for WNP members and guests. The new office is open almost every Saturday from 11am to 4pm and for events. Be sure to visit outsidelands.org for more information.



Woody LaBounty and Jan (Banks) Murray S66



Lincoln alumni Jimmy O'Keefe (S65) and Lorri Ungaretti (S70) celebrated at the opening of the new WNP office at 1617 Balboa



David Gallagher (left) and Woody LaBounty cofounded the Western Neighborhoods Project in 1999.

Lori Ungaretti's books:

San Francisco's Richmond District

San Francisco's Sunset District, 1847-1964

Stories in the Sand

Available on-line while stock lasts.

First off, I am a veteran and as a Veteran I am particularly interested in where our armed forces are going and just who might be leading them in the future.

I, of course, did kid the members of the ROTC (I don't think the "J" was in front back then) back in "the day" before I realized they were my heroes of the future. I spent over four years in the Navy, never shot at, never spent a day in a foxhole and never experienced K-rations. That said, during my service period I learned a lot more about the ROTC program from the officers I worked with and why some of my classmates had aspirations of entering the armed forces as an officer and not a grunt like me.

Back in "the day" the ROTC was not dealt its earned respect, but even so, the song girls were hep to learning a little bit more about the pieces (rifles) they used in training.



I realized later while in the Navy, the ROTC had been finding out things while still in high school I was just beginning to know and that was that they were being taught the basics to becoming an adult male of the species homo-sapien-sapien.

Many graduates of Lincoln High School ROTC program have gone on to military careers. Some are honored in the courtyard adjacent to the auditorium at Lincoln High, honored because they gave everything to protect the freedom of countries far away.

Others have gone on to very lucrative occupations which the way was paved by their experience in the ROTC program

Others have become forever honored by their induction onto the Wall of Fame at Lincoln High. One such ROTC member of the **S60 class, Robert Menist**, excelled in his self-appointed military calling advancing through the ranks to Major General in the U.S. Army.

Recently, Maj. Gen. Robert Menist (retired) returned to Lincoln to audit the JROTC program (notice the "J" had been added by this time, making the meaning "Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps"). He was accompanied by with another outstanding cadet, **Andrew Norblin S61** who, following in the footsteps of Menist, was an outstanding member of the ROTC program rising to ROTC Cadet (in charge), Battalion Commander and ultimately in the Spring term of 1961 he



Above are, Major General Robert Menist, U.S. Army (retired), Andrew Norblin and Colonel George Ishikata, U.S. Army, presently the leader of the JROTC program at Lincoln.

was privileged to have earned the highest rank in the ROTC as Colonel - Brigade Commander of all the ROTC program in the San Francisco high schools.

The military career of Menist is well known and documented on his plaque hanging in the hallways at Lincoln, you have but to affix his name to your browser or research previous alumni Lincoln Logs, but Andrew Norblin

did not go on to a military career even though he was well qualified to do so. Norblin, as a teenager, became enamored with non other than Bill Haley and the Comets, the beginning of a new era in music.

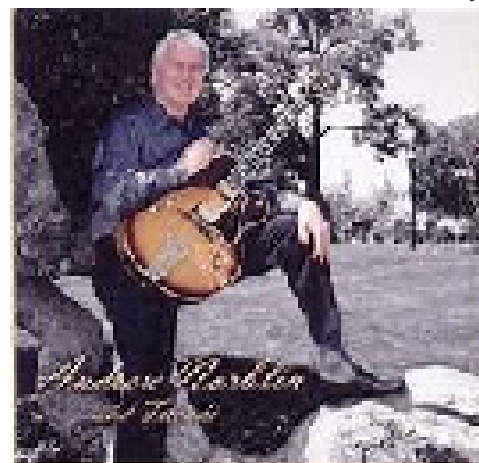
Norblin, who had lost his father, a famous and extraordinary artist who painted pictures of many heads of state throughout the world, and his mother, one of the most beautiful actresses of that era, at an early age bought his first guitar at the age of 13 for \$30 and an icon was born.

After graduating Lincoln, Norblin earned his way through college, San Francisco State, working in a pizzeria and, earning his teaching credentials went to work as a teacher in the San Francisco Unified School District. All the time practicing on the guitar.

He taught at all grade levels but was not a satisfied person as his love of music and playing the guitar prompted him to quit his teaching job and pursue his dream.

He started playing professionally and in 2000 met a Ukulele player who inspired him to make an album as Andrew had never kept any tapes or CDs of his playing ability.

Norblin who, I heard, is now firmly enshrined in the Rockabilly



Hall of Fame, took on the formidable task of writing the musical arrangements, building the cover of the album and literally having total control over every aspect thereof.

While viewing a televised interview Norblin had with Marilyn Priel, this editor was captivated by his presence, ease and candor talking about his life. The entire interview can be viewed by going to "The Better Part - Andrew Norblin - The Journey of a Guitarist."

Toward the end of the interview, Andrew was prompted to play a few selections from his album and I was completely blown out by the talent of this man. A true testimony of what one can accomplish if one loves what they are doing and is willing to sacrifice to achieve their goal. Now, I love the music of Chet Atkins but now I have another guitarist at the top of my list, one Andrew Norblin, guitar aficionado extraordinaire.

Getting back to the original article, these two outstanding graduates of Lincoln High visited with and talked to the 2018 version of the JROTC program at Lincoln. Observing the marching, presentation of the flag and demeanor of the cadets and offering their congratulations on a job well done.



Lincoln Cadets looking sharp!

A Little Humor Please!

Law of Probability

- The probability of being watched is directly proportionate to the stupidity of your act.

Law of the Theater & Hockey

Arena - At any event, the people whose seats are furthest from the aisle, always arrive last. They are the ones who will leave their seats several times to go for food, beer, or the toilet and who leave early before the end of the performance or the game is over. The folks in the aisle seats come early, never move once, have long gangly legs or big bellies and stay to the bitter end of the performance. The aisle people also are very surly folk.

Where Do YOU Read the LOG?

Now that the excitement of the changing of the seasons is over, we can concentrate on the more important aspects of life.

Like getting your photo in the *Log* for instance. Since the inception of this column we have had myriad responses from all over the world. And we love to receive those photos for the *Log* because it means that one more bird may= have a clean cage come tomorrow.

Kidding aside, everybody here looks forward to the next photo and the geographic location where said photo was taken. Sometimes we get really groovy background aesthetics and sometimes just a groovy deck chair. Whichever it turns out to be it makes for a really nice page filler.

Below, we have Spring 1961 classmates **Linda (Begen) Peltz** and **Janis (Rosenbaum) Musante**, friends from kindergarten, reading the Lincoln Log in Oceanside, California. That's a 68 year friendship and it still takes two of them to read a newsletter. Our gratitude for the kindness of thinking of us. Got camera?



The Parade of Cadets is a yearly event presided over by the Battalion Commander.



Summer Activity

Summer is here and the Giants are in their 60th year as the San Francisco Giants. Not to say that the San Francisco Seals were not an adequate Saturday afternoon distraction but there is just something about seeing the best of the best playing right before your eyes.

The Alumni Association in the form of Board Help member **Dan Cerri S66** have inaugurated the first Lincoln Alumni Day at the Ball Park.

This was Dan's brainchild and we know it will blossom into a Summer event to be reckoned with.

While starting small as a venue for a class activity, we can see the potential for a fantastic day event for the entire alumni.

Alum **Ann (Polacchi) Jennings F66** sent in this comment and picture from the spring training camp of the Giants:

"Fellow Mustang and Giant's hitting coach, **Alonzo Powell S82** at Spring Training. He mentioned Alumni Day at the park this June. He hopes to work with the Giant's to meet the Lincoln group."



It's all happening on June 24, 2018, against the San Diego Padres, an interstate rival. The seats allocated have been sold out but there will be plenty of information for next year's

event at that great park called ATT, one of the best venues for a baseball game in the U.S.A.

THANK YOU

If you'll recall, in the last Log we ran an article on the students of Lincoln volunteering to help in the Easter collection. Christine Eng, who led that drive sends this Thank You to those outstanding persons who also helped:

Thank you so much for all of the donations and kind words in support of my Easter basket drive for the homeless children in the San Francisco's Hamilton Families program. With your contributions, along with the donations from **Colonel Ishikata's JROTC cadets, Mr. Sylvester's English students, Bill Barnickel (ALHS class of 1970)** and the Irving Street Merchants Association, and the friends and families of my freshman English students, we donated 30 baskets for children and teens, ages 0-15. Additionally, all recipients between 10-15 received Starbucks gift cards. Hamilton also asked for Welcome Home baskets to give to families who were stepping into their first apartment. Our goal was to donate two baskets. Through your generosity, we donated TEN baskets full of household goods and even had enough money to attach a \$25 Amazon gift card to each one!

Is-e and Toni—You are awesome alumni and I made sure my students knew how much you donated. I told them they needed to follow your example and to remember your kindness because they'll become Mighty Mustang alumni, too!

And a huge heartfelt thanks to all of my retired friends—and one who just moved on to "greener pastures" □—for all of the financial help and goodies for the baskets!

The generosity of the alumni is well documented in many ways and proud Mustangs continue to choose the right avenue.

Letters to the Editor

*My favorite column, of course. Everyone likes to receive great emails and I'm no exception. The difference is that I share my emails with the alumni of Lincoln High which elicits more emails, etc. I also love photos of alums who take the Log along on trips. The following we received from a member of the class of S60, namely **Gloria (Nelson) Wigney S60** Wonderful people sharing their experiences. She wrote:*

Dear Alumni Association,

My husband, Len and I traveled from San Carlos to Mt. Sinai, New York for Len's sister, Dorette's S60, 75th birthday. we shared so many memories of our wonderful days at Lincoln!

Love the Lincoln Log.



From L to R: Shel Weintraub, **Dorette (Wigney) Weintraub S60, Gloria (Nelson) Wigney S60 and Len Wigney F56**

Remember when you would take your girl friend to the movies and your arm would fall asleep on the back of the seat? Or when sitting on a fence your leg would fall asleep? That action has a name, it's called obdormition. Now try fitting THAT into a conversation!

AA Needs Yearbooks

We have had an abundance of requests for yearbooks between the years of 1957 to 1969.

Unfortunately we have only our master copy of these yearbooks which, of course, we keep in our library for reference. So;

Wanted

Yearbooks from the classes of 1957 through 1969. We will pay the postage if you will please send the books to; Abraham Lincoln Alumni Association, 2162-24th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94116

Humor

At my age "getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering just why I got out of my TV comfy chair and cattle-tradled all the way to that room. Doubly lucky if the room is a bathroom.

Sending Dues, Donations and Information to the Alumni Association

We sometimes have a problem with dues going to the school instead of to the Alumni Association. PLEASE, when addressing the envelope, make sure it is addressed to Lincoln High School **Alumni Association**. That will ensure the check doesn't end up on the desk of the ski coach and take months to find its way to our mailbox. Thanks for your follow-thru.

Thank Yooz & Members

Thank you to **Gloria (Nelson) Wigney S60** for her generous donation to our funds.

And to **Doug Taylor S58**, thanks for coming back.

A big THANK YOU to **Jean Sward F61** for her kind remarks and acknowledgement. Hugs.

Welcome new member, **Jer-ry Gordon S89**

A big THANK YOU to **DR. Ellen Prager F63** for her very generous donation to the Annual Giving program.

Thanks to Nicholas Gazu (non-alum) for the generous gift to the Ted Soulis Scholarship fund.

Thank you and congratulations to **Doug Taylor S58** and **Jane (Plough) Taylor S59** high school sweethearts, on 55 years of marriage and still members of the association.

Thank you to **Gloria (Nelson) Wigney S60** and **Lennox Wigney S56** for the most generous donation to our scholarship fund.

Thank you to **Marilyn Eul S60** for her very generous donation along with yearly dues.

A big hug to **June (Spinetti) Heise S52** for her nice note about how much she enjoys the *Log* and how she shares them.

Thanks to **Ardeen Russell-**

Quinn S58 for her donation to the **Diane (Delabar) Wolfe Memorial Scholarship**

Thanks to **Robert Sherwood F48** and **Stan Sherwood F50** for that extra something you sent in with your dues.

Welcome to **Edith Neto F49**. We hope your experience with the Alumni Association is memorable.

Thanks to **Barbara Holman S56** for her generous donation to the Annual Wall of Fame - she can't attend but sent a donation which will cover the cost of a student's dinner.

Thank you, **Bill Koenig S58** for your generous donation to the **Diane Delabor Wolfe Memorial Scholarship Fund**.

Thanks to **Henry Lang S64** for his very generous donation to the association.

Thank you **Roger Murray S49** for his donation to the scholarship fund.

Thanks to **Frank Vanskike S51** for his donation also to the scholarship fund.

Thanks to **Sheryl Diamond-McCoy S72** for the vintage Log.

Variation Law

If you change lines (or traffic lanes), the one you were in will always move faster than the one you are in now.

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)

Closing in on Sixty Years Lincoln Graduation, January 28, 1959

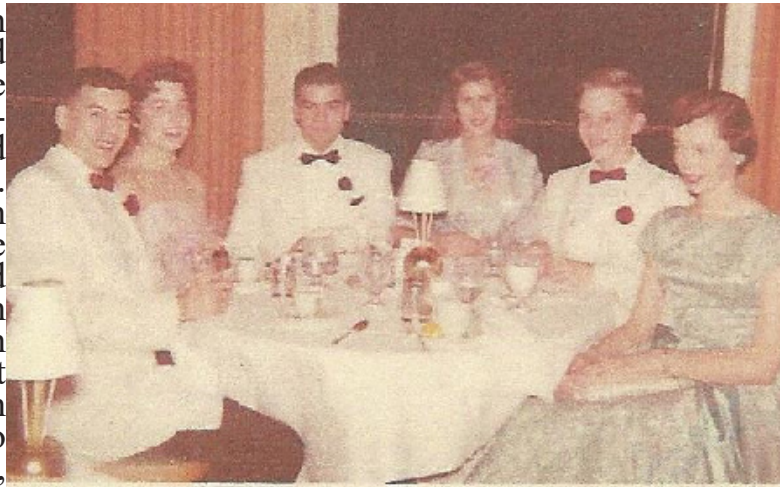
Article by **Alan Thomas F58**

My friend (then and now) Wally Woolfenden picked me up in his dad's 1953 Lincoln Capri sedan at 7:00 a.m. We attended a mandatory church service at Portlhurst Presbyterian Church on Taraval around 15th Avenue. Those observing Judaism attended service at Temple Ner Tamid near Lincoln, and those of the Catholic faith attended Mass at St. Cecilia's. Atheists? I have no idea. After the church service, we attended the Senior Breakfast at the Lincoln cafeteria. The girls wore dress up clothes and heels, a contrast to their daily long skirts, bobby socks and Spauling or saddle shoes. The boys wore suits or sport clothes, all with ties, in contrast to their usual belt-in-the-back khaki slacks, button down collar shirts and Chukka boots. We had observed this ceremony since 1956 and it was finally our turn. We were "high" on the hilltop. After the breakfast we attended classes. How much useful information was taken in on that day? Leaving Lincoln in the Lincoln to go to Jumbo's for lunch, Wally and I were harassed as always by the "counterculture" 1969. The date of the Fall 1958 Senior Prom. L to R: **De-nis Norrington, Pat Schmulian, Alan Thomas, Yvonne Orengo, Dennis Wickham and Ardeen Russell.** This was a mild epithet meaning we were known to the hecklers as nerdy Junior ROTC cadets and it was hurled at us on our last day.

While this article is primarily intended to commemorate the many years that have elapsed since the graduation of the Fall 1958 class, I can't help but recall some of the outstanding students who I encountered along the way in the JROTC

program—and I feel that they should receive particular mention.

Major General Robert L. Menist – achieved leadership of the Lincoln JROTC battalion and went on to the University of California ROTC program where he was designated Distinguished Military Graduate. Robert served in Vietnam and received the Bronze Star medal. Bob had a long career in the U. S. Army and Army Reserve and attained the rank of Major General. He is also a Lincoln Wall of Fame honoree. I understand that General Menist also keeps an active watch over the JROTC program in San Francisco. While the Board of Education has tried for many years to dismantle the program, Robert Menist has been instrumental for these many years in ensuring that the San Francisco JROTC



This photo was taken at the Cliff House on January 24, 1969. The date of the Fall 1958 Senior Prom. L to R: De-nis Norrington, Pat Schmulian, Alan Thomas, Yvonne Orengo, Dennis Wickham and Ardeen Russell.

program is sustained.

Captain Jerome Sapiro – started a JROTC Drum and Bugle Corps at Lincoln and ably led it until his graduation. Jerry also participated in the Cal Berkeley ROTC program and actually was Bob's company commander at Fort Ord very early in their careers. Jerome was also sent to Vietnam where he sustained en-

emy-incurred injuries and was medically discharged from the Army. Jerry has had an illustrious career as a noted San Francisco attorney.

Cadet Colonel Martin Gundlach – Martin was the consummate JROTC participant, engaging himself in every aspect of the JROTC program. In the fall of 1958, Marty was designated regimental commander of the San Francisco Junior ROTC program, in essence the highest ranking person in San Francisco JROTC. He simultaneously held the position of Lincoln battalion commander. Martin became a flight instructor for those seeking lessons in commercial aircraft flight.

Cadet Major Wallace B. Woolfenden – my best buddy since ninth grade at Giannini Jr. High, a modest but outstanding person in all of his endeavors. Wally's father came to see a public JROTC review and later said to me: "Here's Wally in front of all these men and I didn't have a clue he had this sort of position!" Wally was a JROTC company commander at the time and ultimately attained the rank of cadet major. Wally also served in Vietnam and was stationed in areas of concentrated combat. He had a distinguished career with the U. S. Forest Service in eastern California and is a great artist and cartoonist.

I digress but [taking a deep breath] feel it was needed.

The graduation commencement was held in the auditorium that evening. **Ernie Maggioncalda** played a solo on his accordion with surprise accompaniment from drummer **Mike Grinsell** in the school orchestra. I played Chopin's Military Polonaise on the Lincoln Stein-

way, solo I might add. About five of the “smart classmates” made talks and then Dr. Hill handed out the diplomas. I had been in the Lincoln orchestra under Mr. Pihl’s leadership every semester and it felt strange to be removed from it. Pomp and Circumstance would never be the same to me as I left the orchestra behind.

Wally and I attended a party after the ceremony at Park Merced. A 1959 party—no booze, certainly no pot, and probably Cheetos, Fritos and dip and a punch made with ice cream and Seven Up. Main topics included college plans if any, avoiding the draft and a possible car purchase. The fellows for the most part went to City College of San Francisco or San Francisco State College (university designation came later). The girls generally went on to be secretaries, nurses or teachers – or wives. This is just a generalization as a good number of our female classmates also went on to college and some had distinguished careers in their own right.

Wally and I keep in touch almost daily by e-mail and he stays with us at my home in Marin County when he attends Lincoln events of particular note. He lives in an Eastern Sierra community and get this: he is still a member of the volunteer fire department and is occasionally pressed into service. General Robert Menist participates in various military events in the Bay Area and we shared a table last year at the centennial anniversary of the 91st Army Division in which we had both served. The 91st was formed in 1917 during World War I and was commanded by Robert’s father, Major General Stuart D. Menist, from 1957 to 1971.

I am grateful for my years spent at Lincoln High and believe our education and training gave us good grounding and foundation. All of the

Lincoln Alumni friends I have retained have done well.



Alan Thomas and wife, Barbara

“The innocence of those days particularly resonates now. I merely want to share the calm and innocent lifestyle that we all so enjoyed back then.” Alan Thomas

A Gathering of the Clan

The 50s and 60s were great years and the students who went to school in those days are still closely knit. Below are the ladies of the **F61 class** who have been friends since Grammar School, some 60 some-odd years ago. They progressed through West Portal Elementary School, and then Herbert Hoover Junior High School before moving on to Lincoln High School, after which they

went on to do the work/marriage/mortgage thingies. All the while keeping in touch. Helen Perry says, “Our friendships expanded and strengthened when we were at Lincoln and we’ve since maintained these relationships.”

That’s a maintenance of 56 years since graduation. Wow!



Above are **Sharon (Yosiph) Froba, Helen (D’Amico) Perry, and Meredith Born**, who have been “sharing memories about the old department stores in downtown San Francisco that they frequented back in the day. They recalled the historic stained glass dome from the Beaux Arts building that housed the old City of Paris department store. The dome is now in the Rotunda at the Neiman Marcus store across from Union Square. Recently, Sharon, Helen, and Meredith met for lunch at the Rotunda to visit and catch up under the historic dome.” We wish them many more years of “maintenance” and camaraderie.



Leslie (Johnson) Sinclair, Frances (Rankin) Turner, Diane (Warden) Currier, Jean (Halpern) Sward, and Sharon (Yosiph) Froba,

Observations from the WWW

Author unknown

As the year 2018 arrives, let's not forget where we have been and how we have survived.

A gentle reminder if you have or have not seen this before.

Born in the 1930s and early 40s, we exist as a very special age group. We are the smallest group of children born since the early 1900s.

We are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war which rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.

We are the last to remember ration books for everything from gas to sugar to shoes to stoves.

We saved tin foil and poured fat into tin cans.

We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available.

We can remember milk being delivered to our house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" on the porch.

We are the last to see the gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors whose sons died in the War.

We saw the 'boys' home from the war, build their little houses.

We are the last generation who spent childhood without television; instead, we imagined what we heard on the radio.

As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood "playing outside." There was no little league. There was no city playground for kids.

The lack of television in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little real understanding of what the world was like.

On Saturday afternoons, the movies, gave us newsreels sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons.

Telephones were one to a house, often shared (party Lines) and hung on the wall in the kitchen

(no cares about privacy).

Computers were called calculators. They were hand cranked; typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing the ribbon.

The 'Internet' and 'Google' were words that did not exist.

Newspapers and magazines were written for adults and the news was broadcast on our radio in the evening by Gabriel Heatter and later Paul Harvey.

As we grew up, the country was exploding with growth.

The G.I. Bill gave returning veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with new installment payment plans opened many factories for work.

New highways would bring jobs and mobility.

The veterans joined civic clubs and became active in politics. The radio network expanded from 3 stations to thousands.

Our parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined.

We weren't neglected, but we weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad we played by ourselves until the street lights came on. They were busy discovering the post war world.

We entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity; a world where we were welcomed, enjoyed ourselves and felt secure in our future.

Although depression poverty was deeply remembered. Polio was still a crippler. We came of age in the 50s and 60s.

The Korean War was a dark passage in the early 50s and by mid-decade school children were ducking under desks for Air-Raid training.

Russia built the "Iron Curtain" and China became Red China

Eisenhower sent the first 'Army Advisers' to Vietnam. Castro took over in Cuba and Khrushchev came to power.

We are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our homeland. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, "global warming", and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life with unease.

Only our generation can remember both a time of great war, and a time when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. lived through both.

We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better. not worse.

We are "The Last." More than 99% of us are either retired or are deceased, and we feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times"!

And YES it WAS Happy Days
Just ask the Fonz

ALUMNI STORES

It would seem we have been remiss in advertising the articles we still have in the storeroom. We still have some sweatshirts in a couple of sizes with the Alumni Association logo and a few Polo shirts, (mostly mediums) also with the Alumni Association logo.

These are smart looking tops that let everyone know you are a proud member of the Alumni Association. The sweatshirts are very warm and just perfect for the Giants evening games. "The color is black for both of the items so if the sun does shine they'll keep you warmer,

We also have postcards for sale at 4/1.00. These colorful postcards

These postcards show Lincoln High on the front and a brief history on the back with plenty of space for notes to your classmates. Information: 415-457-8969 or lincalum@aolcom.

Tidbits

If you're a baseball fan, and even if you're not, you can relish in the fact that the San Francisco Giants have acquired a new batting coach, non other than Lincoln's own **Alonzo Powell S82**.

Alonzo started his baseball playing and coaching career right out of high school and the experience reached its pinnacle last year when he earned a World Series ring with the Astros as their assistant batting coach.

Powell also admits to being a life-long Giants fan and would occasionally skip a few classes to enjoy a season opener.

Also baseball related; the Giants welcomed back Gregor Blanco after a stint with the Arizona D'Backs and Pablo Sandoval, whose ability at third base closely resembled a vacuum cleaner is once again on the roster.

Girls Volleyball. Oh what a thrill the lady Mustangs have had this season. going all the way to the California State Championship game. Lincoln's girls made history appearing for the first time in a girls volleyball state final by ANY San Francisco Section school. No San Francisco section had won even a Northern California playoff match previous to this..

Coach Vince Tang S05, thrilled at the results but regretful of their loss to Pt. Loma - San Diego in the championship game, simply said, "Why not us?" as they proceeding through the playoffs defeating contenders which included rival Lo..Low...(you know, that other "L" school), breaking their 14 consecutive championship years

Top players for Lincoln were **Lana Radakovic, Caitlyn Chin, Jasmine Yun and Sarah Blumenfeld**.

This season was huge for the Lincs and the school in gen-

eral setting a standard that will be hard to achieve but can be beaten by winning that coveted State Championship that barely eluded them this time.

Speaking of eluding, the varsity football team avoided another city crown when a Galileo running back took off on a 76 yard TD run in the fourth quarter of the playoff game and held on to win 22-17.

The Lincs had lost to Galileo in the round-robin games earlier in the season but had their way with the top-ranked Galileo team until that fateful run.

Under **Coach Ferigno**, the Mustangs had dominated the championship games for the previous 10 years, a remarkable voyage on a sea of new faces every year. We salute the team and coaches for bringing respect to the football program at Lincoln.

Successfully defending her State title was **Pamela Amaechi**, athlete extraordinaire, as unleashed a discus throw of 174 feet 7 inches in the CIF state track and field meet.

Amaechi, later, won the State shot put title in Clovis, Fresno county, meet where she also came in second in the discus.

Coach Kevin Doherty, who had worked hard to bring Pamela to this pinnacle, but not as hard as Pamela stated his pleasure at working with such a great athlete.

Amaechi was the second Mustang to excell in the discus and shot put. The first was another Pamela, **Pamela J. (Kurrell) Ascariz F56** who excelled in the field events at the 1956 Olympics and the 1959 Pan-American Games, winning medals in those games.

Pamela also won the discus and javelin throw in the AAU National women's Champi-

onship. Ascariz passed away in 2016 before she could be inducted to the Lincoln High Sports Hall of Fame and the Wall of Fame.

Now on a personal note; You never know when, or how, you're going to meet another Mustang. Occasionally, we (the wife, **Judy (Banks) Simmons S63**) go to the big city, Chico, to do some shopping. On one occasion we traveled the 25 miles to get some yarn to appease the madness of her hobby and a new mouse for a travel computer. At this point I'll have to digress somewhat to clear up the question mark that will inevitably manifest above your head. Judy needs wheels to get around so we bought a four-wheeled "Go-Go" so she can be mobile. To make things even easier we bought a Dodge Grand Caravan which had been modified with hydraulics so that the back opened up and a ramp comes down so she can drive the Go-Go into the back of the van. Now, we had just unloaded the Go-Go when a lady asked about it and the van, while talking to her a gentleman walked up and asked about it and the cap I was wearing which had affixed to it the emblem and name of the U.S.S. St. Paul CA73, and asked if I had been stationed aboard her, all Naval ships are female because they really rock. I replied I had and he asked if I knew of the "Freedom Ship" in San Francisco that he had been affiliated. I said sure and that I grew up in San Francisco. He stated he lived at 47th and Irving and I asked if he had gone to Washington High because that was, for some un-explainable reason, the cut-off point between Lincoln and Washington which caused untold numbers of students to take the circuitous route to get through the park but might explain the (Cont'd page 18 - Tidbits)

Classmates Remembered

Submitted by **Lea (Badaracco) Snowden S58**

Diane Delabar S58 was crowned Miss Junior Achievement in 1957. She continued her achievements with a fulfilling career, raising two beautiful and successful daughters, Kirsten Wolfe-Brown and Gretchen Hansen, and devoting herself to five adoring grandchildren. She remained, until the very end, a kind and loving friend to all that knew her. We will miss her greatly.



Jim Lewis S64

by **Barry Altman S64**

I was deeply saddened to hear of Jim Lewis S64's passing. Unfortunately, I am all too familiar with glioblastoma as I lost my sister-in-law to it a few years ago. The only positive is that it gives you time to prepare.

I didn't know Jim in high school other than as a passing acquaintance. It wasn't until a mid-year reunion at the Tennessee Grill in 2004 that we started talking.

That became the start of a new friendship that meant a lot to me.

Jim was the only person that I ever shared my innermost thoughts and feelings. We shared numerous stories of a very personal nature. Thoughts on marriage, growing up and growing old.

For the last dozen years we would get together whenever I was in California.

I shall always remember those class reunions and the dinners with Renee and Jim at the Savor Restaurant. It was his favorite place. Those were always the "good times."

We often talked about how being the Class President in our senior year became a lifetime vocation. I have many great memories of Lunch at the Tennessee Grill and the afternoons shared at the Parkside Square Park. All thanks to Jim for arranging these memorable events.

I will be one of very many who will remember Jim for the rest of our lives.

Jim will be remembered at the 1st Annual Jim Lewis Memorial Picnic on June 24, 2018.

Tidbits

slightly deranged mind set of our traditional rival Eagles.

"But, no," he answered, "I went to Lincoln through the 11th grade but graduated from Chico High. I stated our motto, "Once a Mustang, Always a Mustang" and asked for his contact info to put him in the database. He said he'd send it to me but perhaps he lost my card because the message has not manifested as yet.

Not having a pen on your person at all times can be hard on the memory because I can't even remember his name. Well, you can't have money, looks, notoriety, a great SUV AND a good memory too. Aaaa... well maybe one out of five isn't that bad, is it?

Once again, isn't it a small world, rears it's head to the tune of this very Log. It seems that **Betty (Triplett) Thompson's F54** (Dec.) son, Keith, owns the Service Press

that prints this fine publication and offers advise as to how to line your bird cage also.

We think they do an outstanding job and thanks to Don Bowcott who has proven invaluable to the accurateness of same.

Oh, almost forgot, thanks for the Lincoln Logs of 63 years ago. 1955 was a very good vintage for Lincoln grads and in future Logs we may quote from those antiquated literary publications.

***** From letters to the Alumni Association we quote from a contribution sent by **Sheryl Diamond-McCoy S72**, who has very excellent cursive. She says, in part; "Enclosed is the Lincoln Log dated June 8, 1972, one week before my graduation. It was only ten cents in 1972 and well worth a dime.

"I reread the paper once I stumbled upon it. Wow! I enjoyed it so much as it instantly brought back some good memories for me.

"I am still in touch with a few of my friends from Lincoln high, some of whom I met in Giannini. For my good friend, **Judy Bird S72**, and myself, it was our 50th year anniversary of our friendship. We have never lost touch in all of these years since we were 12 years old. We still write letters (in handwriting as we always have) and cards almost every week. Isn't it amazing? We became friends the first day we met, an instant friendship, and one I've always cherished, for her as well.

"I'll miss this Log now that I have discovered it once again."

We thank you, Sheryl, for thinking of us. Our archivist will protect it with the proper covering so that it will still be readable 100 years from now.

Do YOU have publications from the past that you wish to donate to the association?

Beverly (Green) Rose S45

6-14-27 2-13-18
San Jose, California

IN MEMORIAM**Robert P. Rosenblatt S59**

6-25-41 2-4-18
San Francisco, California

Bill N. Derham S48

7-30-30 4-13-18
San Francisco, California

Gail (Bromberg) Bushberg F52

4-13-35 11-11-17
Tucson, Arizona

Martin Dempsey S60

3-28-42 4-9-18
San Francisco, California

Richard H. Mohr S50

5-26-32 2-16-18
Walnut Creek, California

Gary J. Gualco S55

8-6-37 2-6-18
San Francisco, California

Michael J. Donegan S64

10-22-46 2-26-18
Half Moon Bay, California

William (Bill) Tognotti S50

1-12-31 1-29-18
Burlingame, California

Dennis J. McCue S55

3-9-37 9-17-11
San Rafael, California

James (Jim) Lewis S64

11-24-46 2-23-18
San Francisco, California

Maj. Lee D. Griffin S51

5-16-33 5-21-17
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

Marion L. Morrison S56

4-2-38 4-15-18
San Francisco, California

David J. Radojevich S65

9-20-47 4-17-18
El Dorado Hills, California

Sally (Brown) Hessler S51

1-30-33 4-21-17
Wolfesboro, New Hampshire

Joyce (Ranghiasi) Carnazola F57

5-16-40 2-18-18
Napa, California

Paul H. Clayton S66

8-1-48 5-20-16
Norco, California

Joyce (Cullum) Lombardo S53

8-24-35 1-31-98
San Mateo, California

David Bittner S58

11-14-40 4-3-18
Thornton, Colorado

Richard A. Mangan S67

10-21-49 3-10-18
San Francisco, California

Irene (Buckley) Terry S53

4-12-36 2-23-18
Daly City, California

Barbara (Pittson) Hunter S58

1-10-41 8-23-16
San Leandro, California

Dorothy (Hayte) Butler S73

1955 1-15-18
Antioch, California

Mary (Stelling) Andresen S55

6-6-37 3-29-18
Napa, California

Colleen (O'Donnell) Hammer F58

3-19-41 2-3-18
Boulder Creek, California

Matthew M. Nevin S80

4-25-62 12-15-17
San Francisco, California

(cont'd from page 8 - Editors Corner)

and that the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages. And I further declare and make known, that such persons of

suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United

States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN
WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State."

Well, Mustangs, did he or did he not "free the slaves?"

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San Francisco
Alumni Association
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Thank You For Renewing Your Membership

Reunions

“If it is to be, it is up to me”

S64 Jim Lewis Memorial Picnic on June 24, 2018 opposite the Lake Merced boat house from 11:00 a.m. to sunset.

S68, 50th reunion. To be held in October of 2018 (date and location to be determined). Please email **Ford Long** at **fordlong2@gmail.com** for more information and to be added to the class email list.

S88 will have their 30th reunion Oct 20th Sat at the Lake Merced Boathouse. For more info please contact **Brian Chew** me@**brainchew.org** or refer to our facebook group **www.facebook.com/groups/LincHigh88**

S96, 22nd Reunion. To be held on **July 28, 2018**. For information contact: Erin Leichter at **96reunion@lincolnalumni.com**.

Do you have a reunion that is not listed? Please let us know so we can list it and possibly increase your participation. We can help you get your reunion off the ground also. We are here for you, use our expertise.