

*skyline'64 * newSnote * 12.16*

We go from a time of counting blessings to celebrating with joy to a time of reflection/ summary of the last year. May each of you have the privilege of the best of the Season!

Tom Stallard - You are cool! I am glad you survived driving that Fluid Drive Chrysler, at insane speeds! You are brave and and innovative. Nice work with your fitness program - **John Close**
And congratulations to Tom on his successful reelection to the Woodland City Council. sdc

Mr. Joritsma's passing sparked so many remarks:

[Jennifer De Grassi Williams](#) Mr. J. was my favorite teacher. I think he was part of the reason I ended up with such a long and fulfilling career as a high school teacher. I'll never forget when he pulled me aside to tell me that I was so much better than the boyfriend I had at the time. He was a teacher and a friend... so admired and respected. I wish I had taken the opportunity to thank him personally.

At this point in my life, having written multitudes of classroom notes and lessons, articles, and books, I am not certain which reunion I wrote some of these thoughts, but wanted to share again, interjecting some new thoughts and feelings. When I realized that my favorite high school teacher, Mr. Joritsma, had passed (thanks Shayne, Barbara, and Gay for representing us at his memorial), I was once again faced with my own mortality. I thought Mr. J. would live forever. I thought I'd have the opportunity to thank him for setting the bar of student~teacher relationships at a level that felt welcoming and safe, and I knew he would always be a role model for me. How I would have loved to have told him that I became a passionate teacher and was the first art teacher to ever be the Idaho State Teacher of the Year and the first teacher ever from Idaho to be inducted into the National Teachers Hall of Fame. I don't know if he would have believed it! Whenever I return to the bay area to visit my son and sister, I just must jog up Kimberlin Heights Drive where I lived (and missing my Mother until I can't breathe), to Skyline Boulevard and up the BIG hill to our beloved Skyline High School. I remember how daunting that hill seemed when we were in our graduation gowns, marching down to the track and the football field in the fog! As I jog past the auditorium (imagining Tom Hanks (making all Spartans proud) in his formative years before his mega stardom), then by the administration building (Oh, Dr. Bliss where art thou?), along the senior walkway and senior rock, past the cafeteria (almost smelling the aroma of those cinnamon rolls), by classrooms, through the hallway where we heard the school PA announce the death of President Kennedy, then down the stairs to the gym and more stairs by the bleachers to the track, I always find myself talking out loud. The school reminds me of some great dame from Piedmont Society, weathered and wrinkled from time, with lipstick (paint) smudged outside the cracks of her lips, while still trying to maintain a beauty and sophistication that the years keep trying to erode: "If these walls and halls and walkways could

only talk”, I say out loud. There are days I yearn to be back in high school. I remember the smallest of details (things I remember at the strangest of times). I can’t remember last week that well, but remember some of the most insignificant things about my school days. How times have changed since glass bottles in pop machines, Howdy Doody, Peter Wheat bread comics, Andy’s Gang and “plunk your magic twanger Froggy”, Hi-fi’s, Green Stamps, candy cigarettes, Mr. Jorittsma’s Science class where he didn’t make you dissect if you just couldn’t, Mr. Frey’s English class and his thermos, Omo Grimwood’s French lessons, plus coke-shaped bottles made of wax with colored sugar innards that we drank, wax lips, roller skates, Pring’s Drive-In, ‘The Strip’ on a Friday nights, Mels Drive-in, Studebaker’s, Fairyland, the Fuller Brush Man, letterman jackets, going steady, sororities and frats (Faline, Sigma Chi Delta, Bates), Blackjack, Juicy Fruit, and Clove chewing gum, collecting pennies to buy 4 gallons of gas for \$1.00, Lincoln Logs, Tinker Toys, penny candy, cafeteria food fights, 45 records, sock hops, ‘jams’, Spin and Marty, spin the bottle, rapping your hair, the Mouseketeers, listening to Wolf Man Jack, erector sets, pea shooters, mirrors on shoes, curly perms, Lover’s Lane, the White Witch, butch wax, newsreels before movies, telephone party lines, the Good Humor Man, the Flexie Flyer, “Bitchin”, home milk delivery in glass bottles, 11 cent McDonald’s burgers, 25 cent cigarettes, white ‘Buck’ shoes, Oxfords, Keds, sock hops. The worst things anyone did was talk back to their teachers, skip school (rarely), drink beer, smoke in the bathrooms, make out, pretend to take a shower after P.E., be the victim of a panty raid, make a cheat sheet for a test, chew gum in class. We did the twist to juke boxes, wore a formal or suit for the very first time to prom while dancing a foot apart, and were allowed to stay out until 2:00 am on prom night (compared to the usual 11 p.m. curfew (on a week-end) you respected), having a ’57 Chevy as your dream car to cruise in, peel out, drag in, take to a drive-in movie (unless you were the one in the trunk), or sitting next to your boyfriend as you cruised the parking lot. Going steady was a huge deal and class rings were worn around the neck or sized with athletic tape to fit the finger. Doors to cars, houses, or classrooms were rarely locked. You’d play sandlot baseball or a pick-up game of basketball, wearing your PF flyers, and no parents told you the rules or got into your head about the psychology of the game. There were no organized sports on the week-ends for kids, and girls didn’t play golf, soccer, run track, except rarely in advanced P.E. classes. You never saw people jogging, just to jog! There were no safety caps, graffiti, Nintendos, iPhones, or computers. Who knew that shorthand would vanish and learning to type in Mr. Hill’s class would be the precursor to computers! Summers were a time to hike the Oakland hills, go to Roberts or Fremont pool, and Lake Temescal. Time was spent bike riding, having dirt bomb fights, playing kick the can or hide and seek, having Kool-aid stands, and dipping red licorice into Kool-aid packets with sugar. We mowed our lawns with hand mowers, hand washed dishes and cars, had paper routes, used wringer-type washers, dried clothes on lines, and created games using our imaginations with kids in our neighborhood. There were no malls, but sometimes a movie at the Laurel Theatre, ice cream at Loard’s or Fenton’s, and Kasper hot dogs. And wouldn’t it be nice to be able to share those times with the kids of today? We ate meals as a family, feared disappointing our elders, going to the principal’s office, which paled in comparison to what our parents would say if we misbehaved. Being grounded took on an entirely different meaning. We never believed we had any rights at all. We didn’t live in fear of the Ozone, gangs, drugs, chemical warfare, ISIS, hackings, shootings, or terrorism. Serving your country was a privilege and we were friends no matter our religion. Everyone said the Pledge (with their hats off), and for the most part we were a more accepting people. Time share meant spending time together as a family, grandparents rarely raised their children’s kids, and week-ends and evenings were spent with your family

(except for the occasional slumber party with girlfriends). Our parents, both of them usually, were our biggest hurdles, given their united front. We were taught responsibility, to do the right thing, be respectful and honest, and don't be a bully. So now that most of us are 70, and far too many of our friends are *In Memoriam*, what would we do differently if we could? For one thing, I'd thank my teachers, like Mr. Jorittsma, for being able to combine the love of learning with acts of friendship/mentorship. I'd stay in better contact with those with whom we shared those formative years, because bottom line, so many of those common experiences made us who we are today. So, as with the friends that we are fortunate enough to run into, even if it has been 50 years, I say that no matter the time or distance, what we carry in our hearts about those we share a past, will always be protected with a common experience and a shared fondness for having grown up together in our most awkward years, and in the most beautiful city in the world. With that, I wish everyone strength to face the challenges of losing our parents, family members and friends... and also joy in what we have with family, children and grandchildren, grace toward

those we have judged unkindly, great health as we move forward, and the ability to look beyond 'self' as we navigate life, the understanding that we must care for our world and all the sentient animals that roam it, pay it forward when we can, and lastly, I pray that everyone experiences love. Blessings my friends...



Jennifer (Foreman) de Grassi Williams, [National Teachers Hall of Fame 2016](#)
[Idaho Teacher of the Year 2002](#) Distinguished
 Alumni Boise State University
 Author for Teaching Point

My very dear high school friend and college roommate, Judy Fredericks Cameron, came to Boise for a brief visit with her husband. While we have kept in touch, we had not seen each

other for 40 years. We talked for hours and it felt like yesterday that we were at San Jose State. I have missed you and love you my friend.

John Hills Member of original Skyline faculty
 Great newsletter. Please note that I'll be 94 on December 17.

Also, Herb Jorritsma was very respected by faculty members. He was, as you said, very businesslike. In fact, he used to call us by our last names. He was very smart; a good person.

sdc: We'll have to get you to Kaspers or Fenton's for some BD cake!

John: Thanks for the kind invite, Shayne. Not possible now but I'd appreciate a rain check this time next Nov as I close in on hump year for my 90s.

Here's hoping that I will be around next year and make the birthday list for November 29!

Jeffrey Prevost j.j.prevost@verizon.net *Like I always say, the birthday list is fluid!* sdc

Joel Kuechle's October in the Sierras:

Attachments: [IMG_0843.JPG](#) [IMG_0851.JPG](#) [IMG_0820.JPG](#) [IMG_0844.JPG](#) [IMG_0850.JPG](#)
[IMG_0818.JPG](#) [IMG_0692.JPG](#) [IMG_0834.JPG](#)

Here is something I ask students when I talk to Middle- or High-School classes:

Have you ever been wrong? Will you ever be wrong again? How would you know if this is one of those times?

It makes it much easier to get them to discuss ideas that may go against what they "know".

Like: "The essence of democracy is the right to be wrong. But you need to take responsibility for the results - right or wrong."

Will Newman II, Natural Harvest Farm

Without agriculture, civilization is not possible. It is the bounty of agriculture that is the foundation upon which civilization is built - the food, fiber, building materials and medicinals that agriculture can provide. But conventional agriculture is flawed - it is unsustainable. It destroys the soil, defiles the water and air, and disrupts the critical dynamic balance of natural systems upon which all life on earth depends. If human civilization is to survive, we must develop a sustainable, regenerative agriculture, and we must do it in this generation. - W'nutu

The movie: Hacksaw Ridge

Hi to everyone. Hope you are all well!

If you haven't seen this movie yet, it is really a good movie. Our son-in-law was the Executive Producer for the film, David Greathouse, who is married to our daughter, Michelle. It was directed by Mel Gibson.

The movie is based on a true story about a consciences objector during WWII. It shows Daws growing up, a love story, and of course the war where he saves 75 lives without the use of a rifle.

I hope you go to see it. Terry and I are very proud of Dave. Please let me know what you think of the movie if you do see it.

Take care, **Nancy Klinkner Mulligan** [<njm313720@gmail.com>](mailto:njm313720@gmail.com)

Kasper dates for December are the 12th and 26th.



Another Fenton's extravaganza:

Bottom row: **Gayle Smith, Cheryl LaMarre, Sharon McWalters.**

Top: **John Lyman, Bruce Quan, Bob Falaschi, Cynthia Young Harelson, Carol Vierra Szymkiewicz, Tom LaMarre, Frank Johnson, Gary Sommer.**

Tall Ones in the Back: **John Ballanger, Doug Bartman** and yes!, **Coach Al Kyte** peeking over GS's shoulder.

Camera shy (actually left before camera came out): **Marsha Standish, Barbara Harbidge, Don Schnarr, Milly Caldwell Swafford, Neil Golden, and Judy Belcher.**

Hiding/orchestrating: George Szymkiewicz

And then there were those who couldn't go home.....were the Johns renewing their foot stories under the table?
(Enlarge photo to find out)





December

- 02 Peggy Tisdal Cross
- 03 John Lyman
- 04 Dennis Bushnell
- 07 Dennis Cooney
- 09 Susan Buikema
- 12 Marsha Standish
- 12 Margaret Pachner
- Joe Peak
- Jan Descombes Bassett
- 18 Jon Rawitzer
- 25 Valerie Ranche
- 26 Linda Conradi
- 27 Phil Bateman
- 27 Shirley Donaldson Whipple
- 29 Rodney Burge

**Old age used to be
all in my head,
Now it's in my
joints too.**



17 John Hills (94)

January

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------------|----|------------------------|
| 1 | Bob Alton | 18 | Karen (Juil) Mihok |
| 1 | Arno Krippene | 18 | Richard Street |
| 1 | Debbie Goldfarb Denos | 25 | Wayne Loomer |
| 1 | Scott Noble | 29 | Dave Gebhard |
| 3 | Cathy Wight Brown | | Janet Johnson McIntyre |
| 8 | Michele Ayers | 30 | Marlen Edelmann Jacobs |
| 8 | Lisa Wallace | | Dale Matsui Satake |
| 15 | Cheryl Merrick Hultgren | 31 | Bob Barklow |
| 17 | Debbie Agee Roessler | | |

Hands around Lake Merritt to protest hate, celebrate diversity, and the freedom to love who you love.



OAKLAND SECRETS YOU HAD NO IDEA EXISTED

(adsbygoogle = window.adsbygoogle || []).push({}); The lake above the lake “Ugh, Lake Merritt is allllllll the way across the street,” thought the architect of Oakland’s Kaiser Center, the curvy of...

fashionpro.info



Jeni Paltiel > Forgotten Montclair

For the Montera alums out there (and everyone else): Visit your old haunts and support the art and elective programs (like fan-favorite wood shop!) at your alma mater by shopping at this Saturday's Montera Craft Fair, Dec. 3 from 10am-4pm in the Montera Multi-Use Room (5555 Ascot Rd - lots of parking available in the back lot off Scout). We'll have over 55 local artists and vendors, kids' activities, an 8th grade bake sale, a raffle and more. (Apologies in advance if this is too salesy for this group - it's for a good cause so I'm hoping it's okay. And I'm including a photo of an original Montera pennant from 1959 we found while organizing the PTO supplies.)



Attachments: Skyline Newspaper #1.pdf

Greetings Skyline Alumni,

Thanks to your generosity (more than \$5,000!) Skyline now has a student newspaper again! (see attached).

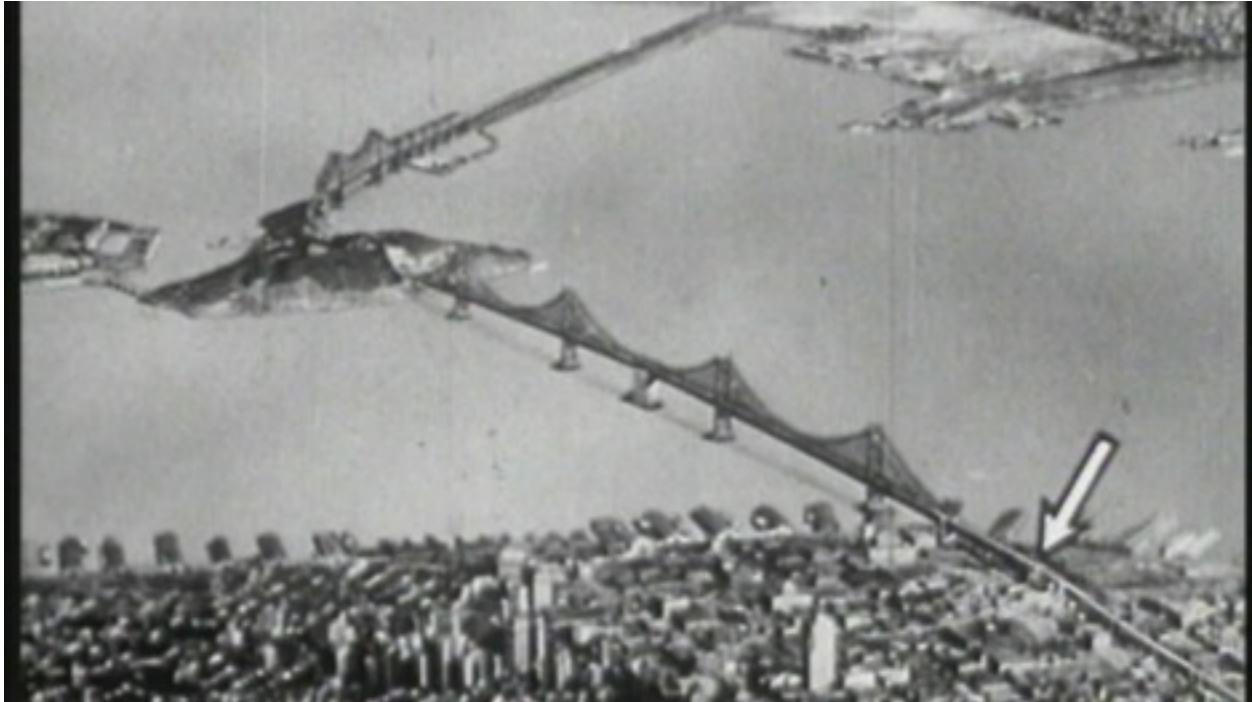
Although we may not all agree with some of the content I'm sure our parents and grandparents felt the same way back in the 60's! I was glad to see that there are opposing opinions expressed on issues such as Colin Kaepernick.

The Journalism teacher sends her deepest gratitude and explains..."despite the pleas of Mr. Anderson and I, our students, staff and some teachers were very insistent on changing "The Oracle" to "The Titan Times" for a fresh start...we tried, though!

Thanks again for your support. I'm happy to see the students directing their energy and education in such a positive direction.

Don (Class of '70) 101 Greenwich Ct San Ramon, CA 94582
Cell 510-517-0363 donrouth@comcast.net www.del-corazon.org

[SFGATE's video](#)



[SFGATE](#)

Happy 80th birthday, <https://www.facebook.com/funnyforeverrr/photos/a.333150180136070.76081.332595463524875/1292622234188855/?type=3!!>

To celebrate, check out this newsreel from the 1930s showing the construction of what would become the w... [See More](#)

http://www.eastbaytimes.com/2016/11/15/oakland-lifelong-friends-reunite-at-skyline-high-reunion/?utm_medium=Social&utm_campaign=Echobox&utm_source=Facebook&utm_term=Autofeed#link_time=1479221383

Oaklandish Holiday Gift Boxes

The holiday season is generally seen as a time for giving. Although we are here to help you find gifts this holiday season, we are also committed to giving back to the community.

If you're as terrible at wrapping gifts as we are, these gift boxes — complete with tissue paper and golden elastic ties — will look great under your Christmas tree while giving you some extra time to make those chocolate chip cookies for Santa.

This holiday season, we will be donating 100% of the proceeds from every Oaklandish gift box to four different Oakland-based nonprofits. These four organizations have proven their dedication to Oakland and its residents, and we are thrilled to continue to support their efforts. The four groups receiving a portion of the proceeds from our 2016 holiday gift boxes are [The Hidden](#)

[Genius Project](#), [The Town Kitchen](#), [Lotus Bloom Child and Family Services](#) and [Camp Reel Stories!](#)

From Plaid Friday (11/25) throughout the month of December, we will have a fun way to vote in-store on where the proceeds go! You'll get a token for each gift box purchased, and then we will distribute the proceeds based on customer votes, so you'll have a direct impact on these nonprofits. For more information, and to cast your votes, stop by our downtown Oakland or Dimond retail stores starting this Friday, November 25th. Voting window will end December 31st of this year.

For your viewing pleasure:

An ad by Kleenex needs some: <http://www.trendingly.com/teacher-surprise>

<VID-20160804-WA00041.mp4>

<http://viralvo.com/best-christmas-ad/>

<http://www.arcamax.com/thefunnies/pickles/s-1894060>

http://www.nytimes.com/2016/11/20/opinion/sunday/dancing-in-a-hurricane.html?emc=edit_th_20161120&nl=todaysheadlines&nid=25905172&r=0



[Bingo? Pass. Bring on Senior Speed-Dating and Wine-Tasting.](#)

Senior centers have undergone profound changes in recent years to appeal to baby boomers who are living longer and expect more — much more.

nytimes.com | By Constance Gustke

God's plan for Seniors

Most seniors never get enough exercise.

In His Wisdom God decreed that seniors become forgetful so they would have to search for their glasses, keys and other things thus doing more walking. And God looked down and saw that it was good.

Then God saw there was another need. In His Wisdom He made seniors lose coordination so they would drop things requiring them to bend, reach & stretch. And God looked down and saw that it was good.

Then God considered the function of bladders and decided seniors would have additional calls of nature requiring more trips to the bathroom, thus providing more exercise. God looked down and saw that it was good.

So if you find as you age, you are getting up and down more, remember it's God's will. It is all in your best interest even though you mutter under your breath.

Eight Important Facts to Remember as You Grow Older

- #8 Death is the number 1 killer in the world.
- #7 Life is sexually transmitted.
- #6 Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.
- #5 Men have 2 motivations: hunger and hanky panky, and they can't tell them apart. If you see a gleam in his eyes, make him a sandwich.
- #4 Give a person a fish and you feed them for a day. Teach a person to use the Internet and they won't bother you for weeks, months, maybe years.
- #3 Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in the hospital, dying of nothing.
- #2 All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.
- #1 In the 60's, people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world is weird, and people take Prozac to make it normal. A friend sent this to me -- she must have mistakenly assumed I was aging.

Strict 'modesty' laws were in place among many states across America during the early 1900s

Believe it or not, strict modesty laws in early 1900s America limited female bathers to only wearing traditional swimwear garments, This led to many arrests and fines for anyone showing anything shorter than the measurements permitted. But it wasn't only women who bore the wrath of the modesty police. Men were also susceptible, and it wasn't until 1937 that males were



allowed to go topless on a beach.

The Best Sermons are Lived Not Preached

- 1. Today, I interviewed my grandmother for part of a research paper I'm working on for my Psychology class. When I asked her to define success in her own words, she said, "Success is when you look back at your life and the memories make you smile."**
- 2. Today, I asked my mentor - a very successful business man in his 70s- what his top 3 tips are for success. He smiled and said, "Read something no one else is reading, think something no one else is thinking, and do something no one else is doing."**
- 3. Today, after a 72 hour shift at the fire station, a woman ran up to me at the grocery store and gave me a hug. When I tensed up, she realized I didn't recognize her. She let go with tears of joy in her eyes and the most sincere smile and said, "On 9-11-2001, you carried me out of the World Trade Center."**
- 4. Today, after I watched my dog get run over by a car, I sat on the side of the road holding him and crying. And just before he died, he licked the tears off my face.**
- 5. Today at 7AM, I woke up feeling ill, but decided I needed the money, so I went into work. At 3PM I got laid off. On my drive home I got a flat tire. When I went into the trunk for the spare, it was flat too. A man in a BMW pulled over, gave me a ride, we chatted, and then he offered me a job. I start tomorrow.**
- 6. Today, as my father, three brothers, and two sisters stood around my mother's hospital bed, my mother uttered her last coherent words before she died. She simply said, "I feel so loved right now. We should have gotten together like this more often."**
- 7. Today, I kissed my dad on the forehead as he passed away in a small hospital bed. About 5 seconds after he passed, I realized it was the first time I had given him a kiss since I was a little boy.**
- 8. Today, in the cutest voice, my 8-year-old daughter asked me to start recycling. I chuckled and asked, "Why?" She replied, "So you can help me save the planet." I chuckled again and asked, "And why do you want to save the planet?" Because that's where I keep all my stuff," she said.**
- 9. Today, when I witnessed a 27-year-old breast cancer patient laughing hysterically at her 2-year-old daughter's antics, I suddenly realized that I need to stop complaining about my life and start celebrating it again.**
- 10. Today, a boy in a wheelchair saw me desperately struggling on crutches with my broken leg and offered to carry my backpack and books for me. He helped me all the way across campus to my class and as he was leaving he said, "I hope you feel better soon."**
- 11. Today, I was feeling down because the results of a biopsy came back malignant. When I got home, I opened an e-mail that said, "Thinking of you today. If you need me, I'm just a phone call away." It was from a high school friend I hadn't seen in 10 years.**
- 12. Today, I was traveling in Kenya and I met a refugee from Zimbabwe. He said he hadn't eaten anything in over 3 days and looked extremely skinny and unhealthy. Then my friend offered him the rest of the sandwich he was eating. The first thing the man said was, "We can share it."**