



THE GALILEO OBSERVER

The Official Newsletter of the
Galileo Alumni Association



“Communicate and Participate”

Vol. IX, No. 1

January 2011



***WISHING YOU A HAPPY NEW
YEAR FROM THE GALILEO ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION***

Election Results

Board Members Installed

Following last November's election, four members were re-elected to the GAA Board of Directors, and one new member was added. Dennis Eelen ('61) continues as President and Monica Parenti Kirkland ('53) assumes the duties of Secretary while Cordy Surdyka ('53) and Toni Alessandra ('64) continue as directors. The new member of the Board is Vince Gomez ('52). Two positions remain open on the Board.

SPORTS HALL OF FAME COMMITTEE

COMPLETES ITS TERM

The Galileo Sports Hall of Fame Committee completed its term on December 31, 2010. All expenses and revenues from the October 15, 2010 banquet have been completed. Our bank account has been zeroed out and we were able to donate an additional \$520.00 to Galileo sports. We are happy to announce our total contribution for 2010 amounted to \$6,020.00. Our committee was extremely proud of our success during the many years of service to our Alma Mater.
Ron Ertola, Committee Chairman

Ed. Note: Thanks go to the committee members, Bernard Valdez, Mario Lombardi, and Pete Pompei and to Jim Dresser, GAA liaison. A new committee is in the process of being formed.

Through The Telescope. . .



Sisvan Der Harootunian

“The Last Lions”, a film by National Geographic, is coming to theaters in February. It’s not about Galileo, but if you like the King of the Beasts, you might enjoy it.

The June 1951 Galileo graduating class members who went on to UC Berkeley achieved the highest grade point average of the freshman class. Principal James Morena proudly displayed a plaque stating such in his office for many years. Eileen Dong and I were members of that class. In our Psychology 1A lab, two of the students were Dean Stockwell and his older brother. Dean was already known for his acting roles in “The Boy with Green Hair” and “Kim”. He later gained additional fame in several other movies including “Married to the Mob.” In the class we had to recall 10 nonsense syllables that were flashed for a split second on a tachistoscope. While most of us recalled less than 5 syllables, Dean’s score was 9, the highest in the class. Other than Eileen and I, none of the other students realized he was the actor Dean Stockwell.

Pola Massoni Martino ('50), Joe’s wife, was named Marin County’s Italian-American Citizen of the Year in October. Pola has been active in many activities, including the Nazareth House in San Rafael, St. Vincent DePaul Society of Marin, St. Isabella Church in Terra Linda, and the Salesian Boys’ & Girls’ Club of San Francisco. Congratulations, Pola!

Jowanna Woeber Gaskell ('51), a.k.a. Giovanna diTano (her operatic name), has a new business. In addition to being a voice teacher, she and her husband operate a student jitney shuttle. They have service to the San Francisco airport as well as sightseeing tours

all over San Francisco, including Marin County and San Mateo County. Transportation is in passenger cars and San Francisco night tours can be arranged by request. Call 415-751-9811 or email joangaskell@att.net.

Bobby Brown was student body president of Galileo and a member of the class of 1942. He played third base for the New York Yankees and in four World Series. He holds the record for the highest batting average (.439) for players with at least 40 post-season at bats. He served as American League President for 10 years. And he is currently leading the movement to ban smokeless tobacco from the major leagues. After graduating from Galileo, Brown attended Stanford, UCLA, and received his medical degree from Tulane University. He is Dr. Bobby Brown, cardiologist, and his life's achievements were summarized in an article in the May 2010 issue of *Heart Insight*, an official publication of the American Heart Association (www.HeartInsight.com).

He is one of the reasons Galileo has a Sports Hall of Fame (he was inducted in 1989) and hopefully in the future a Wall of Fame to honor our distinguished non-athletic alumni achievers. I shall be contacting Dr. Bobby Brown and will report on it in a future issue. Dr. Brown lives in Fort Worth, Texas and receives a print copy of the Galileo Observer. We wish him, at age 86, and his wife Sara a continued long and happy life together.

Until next time, the observatory is closed.

Mez Sez



Vince Gomez ('52)

On November 1, 2010, the San Francisco Giants defeated the Texas Rangers in Game 5 of the 2010 World Series at Arlington, Texas, to become world champions of Major League Baseball. This was the first World Series win for the Giants since their move from New York in 1958. After 52 years of ups and downs of each season along with losses to the New York Yankees, Oakland A's, Los Angeles Angels, in the World Series of 1962, 1989, and 2002, the 2010 team finally brought home the trophy to San Francisco. It was the victory that brought out the largest crowd for a parade in San Francisco history. Over an estimated million people witnessed the victory parade over the same route (Montgomery to the Civic Center Plaza) as the first Giants team in 1958. Prior to that year, native San Franciscans followed Pacific Coast League teams like the San Francisco Seals, Oakland Oaks and Sacramento Solons. I recall that on Opening Day of 1958 the Dodgers and Giants played at Seals Stadium. Gino Cimoli, Galileo basketball and baseball star of the class of 1948, led off for the Dodgers in that game. The 2010 Giants team was able to

overcome the frustrations of the previous 52 seasons by defeating the San Diego Padres on the last game of the regular season to get into the playoffs. They defeated the Atlanta Braves in the Division Series in 4 games, the Philadelphia Phillies in the league championship series in 6 games, and finally the Texas team in 5 games to win the Fall Classic.



(Vince Gomez and wife Carol Moholt with the World Series Championship Trophy, December 6, 2010.)

Many of the members of the team will return in 2011 to defend their title. The strong point of the group is the pitching staff which includes Tim Lincecum, Matt Cain, Jonathan Sanchez, Madison Bumgarner, Barry Zito and closer Brian Wilson. Rookie of the Year Catcher Buster Posey, infielder Aubrey Huff, outfielders Andres Torres and Cody Ross were stellar performers among others during the year. A few of the members of the 2010 team have moved on to other teams but the nucleus of the team will return for spring training in a month. The 2011 season opener will be on March 31 in Los Angeles against the archrival Dodgers. The season of 2010 will forever be remembered as the season of Torture to Rapture. It was unforgettable!!!

As another year ends and one begins, we remember former Galileans who have recently passed away. In a December SF Chronicle column by Leah Garchik, she wrote about two distinguished San Franciscans. They were the late James Schwabacher and the late Richard Goldman. They were great pals as boys, graduated from Galileo and UC Berkeley

and attended many SF Seals games. Another recent death was Al Ratto who was one of the Eleven Men of Iron from the Galileo class of 1938. He graduated from St. Mary's College and was inducted into the Saint Mary's Football Hall of Fame. Closer to home for me was the passing of Joe Medina and Don Cavallini in October and November of the old year. They both graduated from Gal in January of 1954. Joe became the Fire Chief of the city before his retirement from the department, and Don lived in Roseville before his death. As schoolmates during the 50's, we shared great times during our days at Gal. I will remember those times with joy and gratitude.

The following quote is attributed to Eleanor Roosevelt, and I share it with you: "*The past is History, the future is a Mystery, but the present is a Present*". Remember in the New Year to have as many presents as possible for you and your loved ones. HAPPY NEW YEAR and GO GIANTS!!!!

Tony Compagno's

Ramblings

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION, by Tony Compagno, age 67
Leg One of My First Trip to Europe: A Rambling Journal

September 23, 2010: We were able to get a later flight out of Heathrow. Previously, we were forced to cancel our first reserved night at the Elysees Union Hotel in Paris because flights out of Heathrow had been temporarily suspended due to an air controllers' strike. But this strike was short-lived, and we got to France as scheduled. Strikes are big over here in Europe. In all my vocabulary lists, at least in Italian (my main focus), the word for strike always seems to pop up.

Got into a cab at DeGaulle after the short flight from London. The driver, a black Frenchman, spoke hardly a word of English; so, I assumed he was oblivious to the Woody Allen-like display in the back seat of the cab as I frantically fingered the little Rick Steves pouch which I'd hurriedly put on in a DeGaulle Airport restroom just minutes earlier. My wife grimaced and twitched and sighed as I played with the two zippers of the pouch just inside my pants. The pouch was like an ancient Chinese puzzle; the zippers did not seem to easily allow access to the Euros I needed for the cab ride. I started to sweat. I finally undid the damned pouch and pulled it rather indelicately, with very little panache (there's a great French word for you), liberating it from my pants so that Kathy could deal with it. She did. I folded the pouch and just put it inside my jacket.

We proceeded past an IKEA and a SIEMENS building towards the Paris I'd dreamt about for years.

We checked into the Elysees Union Hotel and got the key from a pleasant clerk named Christoph. Room 216. Small but cute room with no view except for a

"well" reminiscent of the old North Beach and Marina flats I grew up with. Small but serviceable bathroom with no fan or hooks or electrical outlets. The TV offered a Frenchman crying real tears because his soufflé got a bad review in some culinary reality show. Kathy and I went for a late bite at a little restaurant next door to the hotel. We sat outside, the lighted Eiffel Tower visible directly down the narrow street. A few raindrops coaxed us inside where the French waiter in the Italian joint served us Penne Arrabiata with a glass of rosso for Kathy and bianco per me, merci. We were too tired for dessert and retired for the evening, crashing until about 8:30 next morning. We had a nice little complimentary breakfast downstairs and took off for a guided tour through Paris, which was a delight, especially since the sun broke through the clouds as we looked at things I'd only heard about and seen in travel films since childhood: Church of Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Seine River, the Arc de Triomphe, et cetera. A lovely day, even though our digital camera wouldn't work. We will re-visit some of the landmarks tomorrow after charging the camera's battery tonight, I thought.

Note: some in the U.S.A. have told me that the French don't love Americans. I've had varying responses from the locals. Some have been friendly, sweet, courteous, some rude, detached, cold. One clerk at the DeGaulle Airport was impatient with me for asking how far it was to the Elysees Union and how much a cab there might cost. She seemed annoyed and said something about Paris being a big city, which was not very assuring for someone who'd never been across the Atlantic and was dependent on the kindness of strangers in a foreign environment. Maybe some of the French don't like us because we've generally taken their precious idea of freedom and individual rights and corrupted it into something whereby we "ugly" Americans now revel in the right to be less than we could or should be. I don't know.

Day Two we walked to the Eiffel Tower, a light rain not diminishing one bit the beauty or excitement of this place, this Paris. Sometimes it's exactly as I've seen it in my mind; in other moments it's completely different. A lot of fumes from mostly little cars and motor scooters combine with much cigarette smoke (mostly from the cigarettes of women young and old, it seems) and a particularly popular perfume. I was angry at Kathy for thinking less of me and more of the protocol and expected finesse involved in answering a phone call in a dark strange bedroom in a foreign country and a state of only semi-consciousness after little sleep. We could have this disagreement in San Mateo, and a lot cheaper it would have been.

New day. Visited the Louvre, but didn't stay long. Looked at and photographed some wondrous sculptures of classical subjects, including the world-famous Venus de Milo who disarmed me with her relaxed demeanor and self-assuredness even for a creature of stone and without arms. Incredible. After that, we followed the crowd to the relatively small painting protected by glass: the Mona Lisa. I tried to get my mind around the fact that this small portrait of a basically plain, only moderately attractive woman, cryptic smile and all, is the prototype, the oil-painted mama, of the millions of reproductions that have made the image almost part of the collective unconscious.

From the Louvre to a tea shop across the street and then a couple of dime-a-dozen gift shops with a lot of Eiffel Towers and T-shirts with the lady's mystic smile ironed on their fronts.

We ended the day with a relaxing cruise on the Seine dropping us off at the Eiffel Tower, from where we walked back to our hotel.

Sunday morning, the 26th, up at four. Didn't cause any bodily injury to myself or anyone else in finding the phone receiver and returning it to its cradle. Checked out and waited for the cab in the hotel lobby. We had had a good stay at the hotel on Eue de l'Amiral Hamelin - (I just enjoy throwing these French names at you). The female affordable to the masses, to form a smell that will define for me my brief visit to Paris. The men and women who live here - and I guess that they're residents because they aren't toting cameras or backpacks or wearing Dodger caps or debonairly trying to remove a 5-euro bill from a tummy pouch or getting tongue-tied trying to pronounce "merci" without having it come out "mercy" - generally dress very smartly, and look good despite the smoking and irresistible temptations lined up in the windows of bakeries and chocolate shops and the mostly very good wine. There are dozens of restaurants, from French to Italian to Thai, and flower shops with flowers that smell fresher and better and healthier than flowers in the U.S. It all makes me take a fresh look at my own beloved San Francisco, to rate it anew, bring a new, more informed standard to my final judgment. I still am a child of San Francisco, and will never betray it, even in the light-headed pleasure of discovering a new and totally engaging place that gives my golden city a run for its money.

Note: one of the restaurants in my new "neighborhood" here in Paris is called Le Galileo. No, the marquee is not done up in orange and purple lights.

Friday night, the 25th, we couldn't sleep after a few hours. Turned on the TV and watched CNN with Anderson Cooper. We tried sleep again after cringing over a couple of stories about child abuse and a priest's demise after years of escaping defrockment because of a loophole that required he himself to request removal from the priesthood. Fell into a deep sleep, disturbed dramatically by the phone ringing. Kathy had asked for a 7:00 a.m. wake-up call. I bolted from the pillow disoriented and caught my lip on the edge of the nightstand as Kathy jabbered in my ear to "get the phone, get the phone," and I couldn't locate it (inches away) in my stupor, eventually knocking it and several containers of medications onto the floor, another Woody Allen moment that Kathy did not find a bit funny, only graceless, gauche, ridiculous, and unacceptable, the small abrasion on my lip of little importance, or none, to a woman who would like to think that a Cary Grant type would have married her if I hadn't come along and somehow tricked her into hitching up with the aforementioned Mr. Allen's doppelganger. The cab driver got us to Orly Airport swiftly but asked for 48 euros, an outrageous price considering the short distance and ease of travel in the early morning hours. Adding insult to injury, she dropped us off at the WRONG station! But it was a short shuttle ride to the correct one. At Orly, Kathy and I had a muffin, and she had tea while I had a coffee served in a container the size of a thimble. Waiting to board the plane, we thought ahead to the next leg of the journey: the eternal city, Roma.....

Postscript: I've had some self-indulgent fun with these impressions of our trip, but on a serious note, I want to call attention to the passing of a Gal alumnus and friend of mine, Pete Curreri. Pete was an engaging, spunky little paian who made me feel accepted when I entered Gal in '58 and went on to a career as a barber in the Marina and then Marin County. Pete was one of the best cheer leaders I ever saw. Although I lost touch with him through the years, I am told that he was a wonderful husband and dad. My special image of him is in his white cheerleader's sweater and skin-tight (or "pegged") pants as he orchestrated pandemonium from the football field. Sleep well, Peter.

Belated Happy New Year to all Gal alumni. I hope that 2011 is a banner year. For me, it marks fifty years since I graduated from the high school near Fisherman's Wharf. Perhaps in my next installment of Ramblings, I will share some impressions of a class reunion at a hotel very near where the ol' OTT'S used to be. Bye for now.

When checking for upcoming events between issues of the *Observer*, please visit the web site <http://galileoalumni.org/home.html> for the most up-to-date listings.

Announcements

Attention! graduates from years 1977, 78 & 79: Contact Melva Sheard masadaya2@aol.com
1(707) 334-4869 for a potential 25 year reunion.

160 people attended the Class of 1970 reunion at the Millbrae Golf Club.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN: Art Leones (Class of 1951) passed away on January 29th after a long illness. There will be a memorial service at 12 noon on Saturday, February 5th at Santa Rosa Memorial Park, 1900 Franklin Avenue, Santa Rosa, CA. A tribute to Art's life will be published in the April issue of the Observer.

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

GAA Board Meeting - Room 210, Galileo Academy, 6:30 PM, Thursday, February 10, 2011
2nd Annual Spring Fling April 30, 2011 details to follow <http://galileoweb.org/alumni>

GALILEO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
Annual Financial Statement
January 1, 2010 – December 31, 2010

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| BALANCE FORWARD | \$11,895.35 |
|------------------------|--------------------|

INCOME

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Membership Donations (New) | 2,610.00 |
| Membership Donations (Renewals) | 2,789.10 |
| Bank Interest | .26 |
| Event (Spring Fling) | 4,320.00 |
| Spring Fling Auction | 1,673.00 |
| Spring Fling Raffle | 440.00 |
| Event (Picnic) | 655.00 |
| Picnic Raffle | 91.00 |
| Loan repayment to GAA – George White Plaque | 1,000.00 |

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| TOTAL INCOME | \$15,578.36 |
|---------------------|--------------------|

EXPENSES

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Office Supplies - Postage/Stationery | 1,400.25 |
| Fees – State of California | 170.81 |
| PayPal expenses | 20.21 |
| Spring Fling expenses | 3,634.38 |
| Picnic expenses | 960.01 |
| Donation – Pendulum | 800.00 |
| Donation – Galileo Academy ASB | 200.00 |

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| TOTAL EXPENSES | \$7,185.66 |
|-----------------------|-------------------|

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| BALANCE as of 12/31/2010 | \$20,288.05 |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|

Submitted by: Joe Scafidi Treasurer, GAA

GALILEO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
Annual Financial Statement

Solari Endowment Fund

SOLARI ENDOWMENT FUND First Republic Bank

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| CD Value as of 12/07/09 | \$17,525.71 |
| Interest 12/08/09 – 6/06/10 | 324.54 |
| Withdrawal to repay GAA loan for George White Plaque per schools request. | (\$1,000.00) |
| Balance as of 6/06/10 | <hr/> \$16,850.25 |
| Reinvested 6/06/10 | \$16,850.25 |
| Interest 6/07/10 – 1/03/11 | 105.09 |
| | <hr/> |
| C/D Value as of 1/03/11 | \$16,955.34 |

The OBSERVER Is For All

Galileo alumni, family, friends, students, faculty . . . anybody and everybody, the *Observer* is for you. If you haven't already done so, send in the email addresses of anyone who would like to receive a FREE emailed newsletter to <http://galileoalumni.org/contact.html>. We'd like to reach as wide a range of readers as possible.

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The Galileo Observer invites your articles, letters, memories, inquiries and suggestions. All submissions are subject to editing. Deadlines for submissions are January 1st, April 1st, July 1st and October 1st. Send them by email (preferable) to galileoobserver@aol.com, or by postal mail to: Galileo Observer, c/o Galileo Alumni Association, 1150 Francisco Street, San Francisco, CA 94109.

Note: Send letters to GalileoObserver@aol.com or to Galileo Observer, c/o Galileo Alumni Association, 1150 Francisco Street, San Francisco, CA 94109. All letters are subject to editing

GAA BOARD OF DIRECTORS, OFFICERS, & COMMITTEE CHAIRS ARE LISTED AT <http://galileoweb.org/alumni/contact/>

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