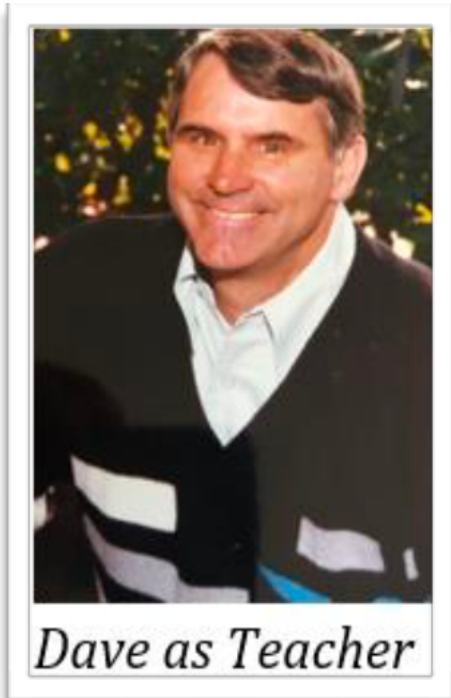
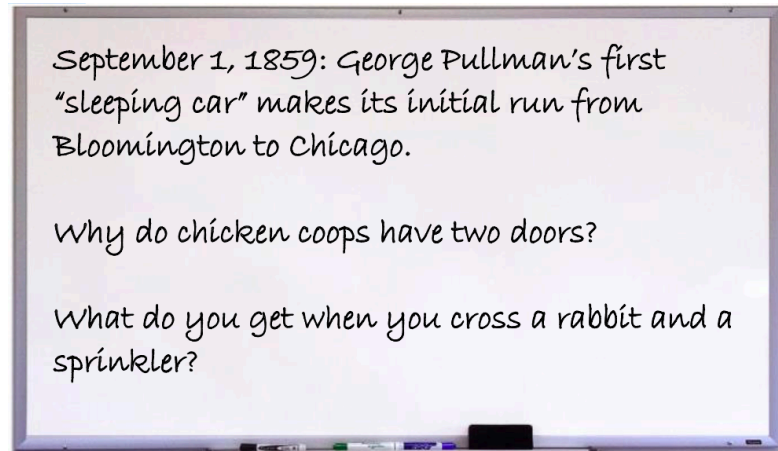


This monthly article highlights one of our branch members. We hope that you enjoy knowing a little more about your fellow members and the interesting life they have had. If you have someone you would like to nominate or if you would like to help author an article, please email the editor, Ron Nakamoto, at [ron.nakamoto\(at\)yahoo.com](mailto:ron.nakamoto(at)yahoo.com).

DAVID “DAVE” E. SQUELLATI



Dave’s philosophy of life was solidified early on, “**Be Positive, Be Happy, See the Bright Side!!**” Dave developed his outlook on life from a close family relationship. If you met Dave, you would remember his high energy, firm handshake and eye-to-eye focused attention to your conversation. Dave took early ownership of his “Profile article” to tell us his story as only he can tell it. He starts with the type of statement and questions he put on the whiteboard at the start of each of his U.S. History classes at Los Altos High School.



Here is Dave’s story:

“**Family** – Positive they could improve their lives, my grandfathers left Europe in the late 1800s. August Winkler, from Germany, and Virgilio Squellati, from Italy, both ended up in California in the gold mining area of Calaveras County. My father, Emery Squellati, grew up in and around the family-owned Pioneer Inn and Saloon near the Gwinn Mine. He became the first member of the family to go to college when he started at Santa Clara University, but had to drop out after one year because of the Great Depression. Staying positive, he signed on with a “start-up” business, United Airlines, in 1934, which sent him to the Boeing School in Oakland. Working from small airports in the Midwest on

mail routes and on up to Flight Dispatcher at San Francisco Airport, Emery was with UAL for forty-three years.

“My two sisters and I were born and raised in Palo Alto. Our first home was on Oregon Avenue (yes, before it became Oregon Expressway). With numerous aunts and uncles, “family” was an important part of our lives. We were always excited to spend time in Calaveras County with activities that most “city kids” never experience. I milked cows, fed chickens, changed irrigation pipes, used outhouses, hunted, fished, stocked shelves and rang up a cash register.

“In the fall of 1950, our family moved cross-town to Edgewood Drive. My new playground included San Francisquito Creek and Piers Dairy. The most positive aspect of our move was meeting Kathy, a neighborhood girl (actually my sister’s friend). I married “the girl across the street” in 1969. We will be celebrating our 50th anniversary next year with a river cruise in southern France and with some special time in Paris. We have been blessed with three wonderful children, Elizabeth, David and Michael, and three grandchildren, Gianleonardo, Luca and Matias. Our lives revolve around our children and grandchildren’s activities (school, sports, plays, birthdays, etc.).

“Education – I attended St. Thomas Aquinas School in Palo Alto. Actually I tried to flee on the first day of school. Our teacher was a nun who wore a black gown and a large white hat that scared me to death. Our class was the first to attend 1st through 8th grades at STA. Many of us will be attending our 60th reunion this fall. I next attended Bellarmine College Prep in San Jose. I rode my bike to the California Avenue train station early each morning and met other “day dogs” riding the old Southern Pacific trains. (They sure didn’t look like today’s sleek rail cars.) At Bellarmine, history became my interest and baseball became my sport. After graduation, instead of accepting an appointment to the Air Force Academy from Rep. Charles Gubser, I followed my dream to play baseball and accepted a partial scholarship to pitch for Santa Clara University. I earned a B.A. degree with a History major and English and Philosophy minors in 1966. I received my California Secondary Teaching Credential the next year while I helped coach the Frosh baseball team at the university. Some years later, I attended San Jose State in the evenings and earned my Masters Degree in Education with a Specialty in Teaching Reading.

“Vocation – An elbow injury during a Peninsula Winter League game at Candlestick Park in my senior year at SCU put an end to my baseball career. As life unfolded and my dreams of a professional baseball career were dashed, I chose to stay positive. I realized I could share my interests and help young people at the same time by becoming a high school history teacher and baseball coach. This profession would also allow me to spend more time with my family. I began my career in 1967 as



Pitcher at Bellarmine

an English teacher and J.V. baseball coach at Los Altos High School. As the years went on, I helped start a reading program there and later taught Advanced Placement courses in U.S. History, Government and Economics. I became department head and teacher representative, but nothing compared to being in the classroom with my students. I attempted to be firm, fair, humorous and, most importantly, interesting. I would put a “daily happening in history” and what one might call a “joke” on the board each day. (See date and jokes above) I wanted my students to look forward to their history class. I loved teaching and taught at LAHS for my entire career of thirty-nine years. A number of fellow SIR member’s children attended my classes... and still talk to me!

“Happiness – Where do I start? My wedding to Kathy and the birth of our three children are at the top of my list of “happy” events. I was always thrilled to see so many of my students move on and do well in college and in life. One of my students is now my periodontist, another is a news anchor on KNTV, one is a major league umpire and several are teachers/professors. I also enjoyed helping numerous student teachers and interns from Stanford, Santa Clara and San Jose State. One of my students at LAHS became a student teacher for me and then was hired to take my place when I retired in 2006.

“I’ve had so many other exciting experiences in my life. As a young Little Leaguer, I rode on a plane bringing many N.Y. Yankees back to New York after the All-Star game (Mantle, Maris, Berra, etc. were not too tired to talk with this very happy kid). I escorted Vice President Hubert Humphrey around the Santa Clara campus in December of 1965 (Secret Service agents knew everything there was to know about me). I spent college summers playing baseball in Bellingham, Washington and Eureka, California. We were not pros yet, so I had to work at least half- days at the lumber mills. (On the bright side, I sure “bulked up” and pitched much faster.) Although I played with major leaguers such as Larry Bowa and Tom Seaver, nothing could compare with pitching against the San Francisco Giants when they visited the Santa Clara campus in 1964 and 1965. Playing against Mays, McCovey, Cepeda and Marichal in front of packed stands at Buck Shaw Stadium was amazing, that is, until Jesus Alou put one of my curve balls over the left field fence. I was overjoyed to see one of my college roommates, Michael, and his father, Robert, start and make a success of the Robert Mondavi Winery, especially since they always kept my “glass half full. “

“Retirement – In retirement, I stayed active at LAHS as a proctor for AP tests and a batting practice pitcher for many years. I also wanted to get involved in our Sunnyvale community, so I volunteered and served two terms (eight years) on the Heritage Preservation Commission. This commission’s purpose is to ensure the restoration, maintenance and operation of heritage resources in Sunnyvale. I am now a docent at the Sunnyvale Historical Museum and thoroughly enjoy the museum’s education program leading tours in the spring for all third graders in Sunnyvale. I love gardening (I

promised Kathy a rose garden), attending plays, reading novels and golfing (yep, got a hole-in-one at Poppy Ridge and recently got my second one at Deep Cliff on hole #16)). I can't end this profile without giving accolades to the members of SIR Branch 35 Golf Group. They keep me "looking on the bright side" even when I miss a very short putt.

"As I did at the end of class each day, here are the answers to the jokes:

- Why do chicken coops have two doors? ...If a chicken coop had four doors, it would be a sedan.
- What do you get when you cross a rabbit and a sprinkler? ...If you cross a rabbit and a sprinkler, you get hair spray.

"Corny or funny, either way, I hope it made you smile. I conclude this profile with the philosophy and attitude I have tried to embrace throughout my life: Bob Marley's "Don't Worry, Be Happy."