



Harry's

Monday Update



We proudly stand during our National Anthem
and the Pledge of Allegiance

A weekly newsletter dedicated to those who
remember and celebrate Vallejo as it once was.



Vallejo
Apaches



St. Vincent
Hilltoppers



Hogan
Spartans



St. Patrick/St. Vincent
Bruins

January 2, 2017
Short New Year's Version

The Monday Update is published weekly, on the
John Bunter Memorial Computer
by Harry Diavatis, who is solely responsible for its content.
Please send correspondence, photographs and archival information to
harrydiavatis@aol.com

The Monday Update is also posted every Monday on www.VHS62.com

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email address, **Copy and Paste** this link to sign in
<http://tinyurl.com/Mondayupdate>

HH = Hogan HS SV = St. Vincent's HS SP = St. Patrick's HS FF = Former Faculty
G = Guest VJC = Vallejo JC SCC = Solano Community College Year Only (ie: '60) = Vallejo HS

Hello Classmates, Schoolmates and Friends:

**Hopefully it won't be long before we return to our normal format, when I
regain some strength. I just wanted to let everyone know what's going
on and that there's still some life left in HD.**

HAPPY NEW YEAR EVERYONE!

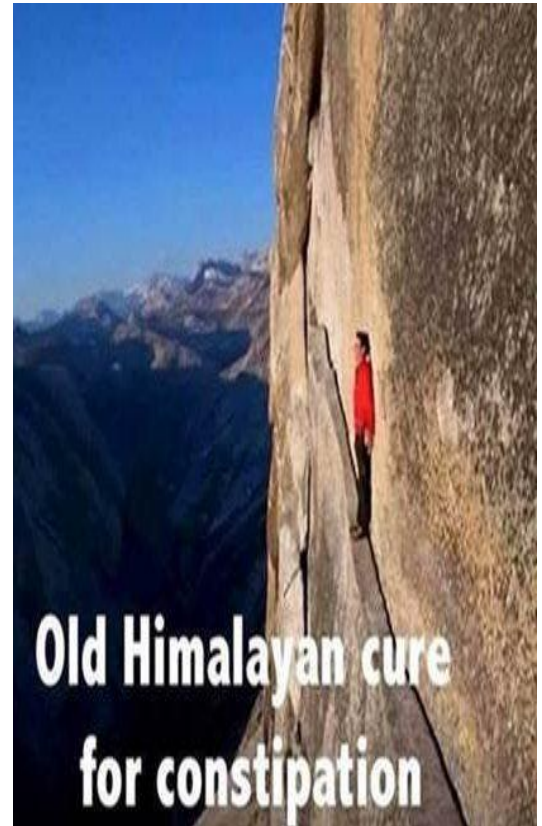
Not yet so far, but there's hope for it.

This ⇐ 'n' ⇒ That

OMG! As in Oh My Gawd!

First of all, my apologies to all who have gone through this or similar procedure and I just didn't give "the devil his due." Especially my dear wife, Sally.

Was it bad? Oh no, not "bad..." Somewhere beyond "awful" and "you'll never believe it." And we're not referring to the open heart surgery.. that only made the top three in pain. Number 2 pain causer was my back from laying on that hospital bed... and even that could be contained with pain meds. Aye, there's the rub. Those same pain meds, that contain the back and chest pain, cause the really painful CONSTIPATION. The worse... awful... excruciating... had me screaming. If I can ever get past this constipation, I'll be on the road to recovery... until then keep those prayers coming.



**I do believe I'm about
ready for the cure.**

And thank God for the prayers, thoughts, and well wishes from my beautiful friends (and even a few of my ugly ones). A few of you dropped by the hospital with "CARE" packs of mainly fruit. Among the

first to show up were Jack and Loretta McCracken-Smith '62 and Gail Greig-Boblitt '62. On Wednesday longtime friend Chuck Water's '70 came by to sit with me for a while and "refresh" my friend supply.... and what great friends they are.

So how could it get worse? Here's how...

Wouldn't you know it but all during the week, Sally's health declined and she had pressing health issues all of her own bringing on their own crippling pain. Stepping up to the plate to take me home on Friday, were Waters and Steve Bleamel '62 while Claudia Downs-Parker '63 did some home shopping for us. What a "Godsend" that lady is.

And then, of course, were the hundreds of phone calls, text messages and emails offering help and to check on my progress.

I suppose I'd be remiss in not mentioning the dozen robo-calls per day left by Melvin F. Brooks, Jr. It was just his way of saying he was worried about one of his last remaining friends. (He felt so bad for me that he and Lorraine took off on a ten day cruise to Mexico last Friday.)

Well, if you're reading this, I suppose I made it. It's been quite a journey and I'm glad to finally be home. My prediction was that I would be home on Tuesday, December 27 and but I didn't get back until Friday Dec. 30. Probably a good thing.

The "adventure" all began on Tuesday night when Sally and I left Fairfield on Tuesday night heading for a small dumpie motel near the hospital so that we wouldn't have to fight the traffic in the morning since I had to be at pre-op by 7:30 a.m. and then on Wednesday a great "final" meal with Crag and Claudia, before surgery on Thursday.

Thursday morning we arrived at our new admitting time of 9 a.m. (I was no longer the lead-off batter) only to wait around until about 11:30 a.m. to finally get wheeled into surgery. That's the last I remember...

Maybe someday when I have some more energy I'll recap this entire journey... maybe not.

. . .



The Mail Bag

From: Barbara Bowman Bower. '66

I'm sorry your surgery got postponed - that's always frustrating, particularly around a holiday. Do you supposed Santa will find you in ICU?

My dad had open heart surgery in 2007, just after his 82nd birthday. I've forgotten what all they did..the surgeon said it was a 3-for-1 deal but he did quite well. Sprint let me work from Vallejo for the 7 weeks of his recovery - mostly he needed someone to chauffeur him around as he was doing pretty well other than that. I hope that your surgery and recovery are equally uncomplicated. You will be in my prayers.

I've not commented on the issues with VUSD since Dad was the superintendent at one time and I didn't live there when he was. I know that not everyone loved him all the time..but that's pretty normal. You can't please all of the people ..etc. However, I know that the students were always his number one priority - because that was always his number one priority no matter what job he was doing in the district. He loved teaching and coaching and wanted to make a difference. So..my wish for the new school board is that they focus on the students. It's my belief that everything else will fall into place. Feel free to share or not at you see fit.

Thanks for all you do..I'll be thinking of you on the 22nd.

. . .

From: Glenn Dyson '66

Damn Harry, I wish you only the best, I know you will be just fine. I sure wish I lived closer, I'd help in any way I could just beyond bedside visiting. Know that with so many friends Sally will be fine, I'm sure she has a number of people to help her get back and forth to the hospital as needed. Not knowing, I hope that someone is taking you both into the city so you do not have to drive. You are in my prayers!

. . .

From: Mary Ellen Ryan SV64

Hi, Harry! Another great issue of the Monday update. I loved all the holiday greetings and pictures and was so glad that you were able to update everyone so quickly on the amazing outcome for the SPSV Football State Championship game against Strathmore on Saturday! What a way to go into Christmas break!

I just wanted to add a PS to the story. This game was the first state football championship for the Bruins but not the first overall for the Green and Gold. That happened in 2008 with the Girls Basketball team leadership of Alex Cowling, Jamie Terrell, and Olivia Reed who returned to Arco Arena for the second year in succession for the Division IV Girls Basketball finals. They missed the win in 2007 against Marlborough (67-52) but gained sweet victory in 2008 against La Jolla Country Day in a close one (67-65), made doubly sweet because the Torreys had beaten Marlborough to get to the championship round. We all know how important it is to remember "the rest of the story." Go Saints! Go Bruins! Go all Vallejo teams!

Mary Ellen, thanks for pointing out that the Lady Bruins won a state championship. I don't know how I missed that one. Did you know that I coached football at St. Pat's in the fall of 1969?

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From: Bonnie Davis-Grunseth '63

Jeanette Stone Davis, class of 1939, wants to wish everyone a happy and healthy Holiday. May 2017 bring World Peace.

Jeanette, you're looking great.

. . .

From: Pat Giusto SV56

Hi Harry, only days away and you will out and recovering! I wish you well and fast healing. Do what the Doctor tells you, relax and be waited on.

Always enjoy Your Update and please put me on the "Mud List".

. . .

From: Matt Dacey SP80

Thank you for all you do. Happy Holidays and I am keeping you in my thoughts and prayers.





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From: Jim '60 & Donna (Yep '61) Gleaves

Merry Christmas to you and all the MU fans from snowy Idaho (we have got a lot more since this picture was taken

Get well soon Harry, you are in our prayers.

. . .

From: Carol Schneider-Bourgerie '61

In the Christmas Edition of the MU, Sam Hutkins, SV64 wrote about an 1940's Dalwik Douse house around Central Ave., maybe even the 2nd house in on Ryder St. on the east side. It sounded as if there should have been a picture of it. (What is a Dalwik Douse?)

(There was a picture, Carol. It was in John Parks' ARA column.)

Sam, did you grow up around there? The name Hutkins rings a bell, but with a Sandra maybe? You are 3 years behind me and attended Saints so makes sense that I might not know you.



I grew up on Ryder St., the 2nd house in from Central on the WEST side, if my directions are sound - which they aren't very often. My parents built the house at 1336 Ryder St. and I have pictures of the construction with only one other house close by. Because there were no other houses around, my parents got to pick their address and they picked 1336 as it added up to 13. They were married on March 13, 1926, had 13 roses in the bouquet, etc. Can't remember all of their 13's. My folks moved into this house in December 1930 (also totals 13 - never noticed that one before). My brothers and sister were 1, 2, & 3, with Raymond turning 4 a few days later on Dec. 24 & Norma having turned 1 on Dec. 2. My mom lived in that house for 52 years, moving in 1982.

I am aware, though, of all of the places she lived since Ryder St. The first move took her to an invalid apartment below the one I was living in with my 2nd husband and teenage son in Vacaville. That apartment number was 157 (total 13). When it turned into a hassle running up and down stairs to check on her, take her meals, etc., we decided to rent a house at 166 Court Way in Vacaville, again a 13. Then my husband's ex said she was tired of mending fences and chasing horses, so she was moving into an apartment in town (Santa Rosa) and asked if we'd like to move to "Monk Mini Acres" in Fulton (a property my husband lost in his divorce). She offered to sell us the place after two years if we liked living there. The address? 2290 Woolsey Rd., AGAIN totalling 13. I think my Mom liked it there. She enjoyed watching the horses, chickens, rabbits, hot air balloons, etc. That is where she lived until she had a mini stroke and she was in a convalescent hospital for a few weeks before passing away in May of 1989.

Believe it or not, but our current home is 166 Mandarin Cir = 13 although I've always felt as if "MY" number has been 36. That number has appeared in numerous things for me (addresses, phone numbers, birth years - not mine but 1st husband and current SO, etc.).

Hopefully, this edition of the MU will come out early in January so HAPPY NEW YEAR everyone.

. . .

From: Jane Barlow '60

My David blew out his Aorta! That was February 2010! He was walking within 2 days in the ICU ~ He came home on the 7th day. We were having relations on the 28th day. He was 64 years old. He is Norwegian... You know they are not as strong as Greeks!

You will be just fine my friend.



Jane, you are one funny (and healthy) lady. LOL. If I had "relations" on the 28th day, it would mean my nieces and nephews would be dropping by for a visit.

. . .

From: Jeane Aaronson-Corcoran '60

I did some research on the "V". I came up with Gustavo Arealiga Garcia as the owner of the property located at 1837 Santa Clara Street. The APN # is 0051-182-390. I am now trying to locate the phone number. If not I will go by the property in the next week or so.

Take care and have a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year! All of us out there will be sending you good wishes. Please let me know you got this email.

Jeane, 1837 Santa Clara is on the next block down.

. . .

From: Carol Schneider-Bourgerie '61

Regarding the "V." On my White Pages app on my phone, the address of 429 Carter St. gives a multitude of names but only one phone number under the name Tara M. James who is listed as between 40-44 yrs. of age. That number is 707 644-0681.

The other names listed for that address are: Kirstin A. Laughlin, Jennifer Bello, Sharon Gans, Ian S. Laughlin (age 30-34) & James Tara (age 30-34).

When I put in the phone number, it shows that number as belonging to M. James who might also know Mike T. James, Mildred T. James and Tara M. James which is the name that comes up under the address.

Positive thoughts and prayers going your way; both for no more delays in the process and a successful surgery and fast recuperation.

The address we are looking at is 429 Carter St. I hope we can make some significant progress in this endeavor early this year.

. . .

From: Suzie Schmutz '59

Believe it or not, I just called Harry Diavatis on his cell phone and he picked it up in the hospital where he is recovering. He said that he may be released to go home from the hospital either tomorrow or possibly Thursday. I told him: he will have a wonderful Happy New Year !!

From: Diane Brooksell-Beuthel '61

What great news for Harry, Sally, their family AND all of us who so appreciate all his work to keep us connected via the MU. Give him love for me and tell him all are in my prayers for continued healing.

. . .

From: Brian Biggs '59

Hi Harry, Just heard you might leave the hospital tomorrow. You bounce back strong. Best wishes to you. I'm thinking of you and know you'll have a speedy recovery. Might come down this spring. See you then.

Yes, the sun should be out by then, Brian.

. . .

From: Kathy Thurman-Robin '62

I just did some studying and came across this:

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid". John.

God be with you.

Actually, dear old friend, I'm not afraid... just in pain. LOL. I suppose that's okay?

Kathy, as long as I have friends like you, God is always with me.

. . .

From: Allan Yeap '89

Harry, Good luck on your surgery!

Hope to see you up and running soon.

"Up?" Yes, that's a good possibility... "running? Probably not. LOL.

. . .

For those of you always hopeful and always looking for some good news...

It's Sunday evening (finally) and I'm getting ready to send out the MU and I AM FEELING BETTER. The constipation now seems to have passed, that's the good news... the bad news is it's given way to diarrhea. That's okay, I'll accept any progress.



The Apache Review of Arts

... Wishing you a really good 2017!

By John Parks

SOME OF YOU ---- will recall the Fred and Lois Bannister family with three sons: Art, Charles, and Mark. (My mom and Lois were good friends.) Charles (Chuck) settled in Pocatello, established a successful business, and became quite the outdoorsman which included good skills in photography. One day, out in the Idaho wilds, he managed to get this classic shot of a cougar crossing an ice-covered stream. I admired it so much that later my mom, helped by sister-in-law Carol, surprised me with a framed print for my birthday. Cool, eh?



BALAGI CAFE! ---- I met a vegetarian friend for lunch the other day – at this Indian vegetarian restaurant over in the town of Herndon. It is owned by chef Naresh Advania, a veteran of 37 years in the restaurant business. I could tell it was authentically Indian because almost every customer that came in appeared to be Indian. You choose from about 100 different dishes pictured on a little screen near where you place your order. I got rice with eight different sauces in little cups to pour over it as you please, plus a mango drink. I liked it all.

TURN IT UP! ---- Now that winter is here your furnace is probably churning away to keep you comfortable. (My house has a heat pump.) In honor of central heating the ARA song of the week is “The Heat Is On” by Glen Frey. Enjoy it right here! It’s OK to get up and dance in the aisle!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uCoP2W4v2v8&list=RDuCoP2W4v2v8#t=8>

"Ring out the Bells"

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

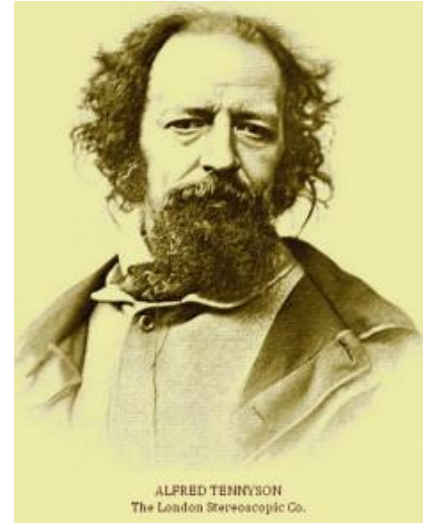
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

"Living large",

John



Lord Alfred Tennyson, 1809– 1892

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A

CUP OF JOE



By Joe Illing '61

Berkeley, the Sixties and Me, Part 4 ... THE FINAL STRAW

Imagine! Twice as much!

The Coke machine caper was pulled-off with exemplary military precision. The caper's commandos, a dozen or so strong, stood assembled in stocking feet on the second floor landing, straws in hand and ready for action ... ready to make Rat F**k history in Durant Place. We were ready to take-down the first floor Coke machine!



This was 1961 and our landlady's Coke machine still dispensed the tiny 6.5 oz bottles from an ancient time that preceded Pepsi Cola's revolutionary 12 oz bottles ("Pepsi Cola hits the spot, twelve full ounces that's a lot!") that had forced Atlanta's mighty Coca Cola Company to up-size their bottles to 10 ounces ... igniting a decades long marketing frenzy that's with us to this day.

We wanted the bigger bottles and she wouldn't budge! We'd pleaded with her and begged her to stock her machine with 10 oz Cokes ... after all she sold them at a premium price! But to no avail. She said nothing, explained nothing and nothing was what we got.

Her stone-walling mutated alarmingly when mated with the virulent form of RF that had found its perfect culture in Durant Place. This infestation kept getting worse until it became downright incendiary.

And so it came to pass that, after weeks of pleas and failed petitions, her aggrieved tenants promulgated a resolution that spread like wildfire. It read:

In that our Land-lady's unpredictable and irrational behavior has irreparably damaged the morale and decorum of Durant Place;

In that our Landlady feeds her boarders vast quantities of carbs along with unidentifiable bits of protein;

In that our Landlady has completely disregarded her boarders' repeated pleas for economic justice and caloric comity;

In that our Landlady has consistently maintained an imperious attitude unbefitting her position and status;

And in that our Landlady has refused to increase the size of the bottles in her Coke machine;

Therefore we, her aggrieved boarders, resolve to take immediate, decisive and conclusive action!



Ground zero!

I don't know who among us came up with the genius Coke machine strategy ... he was probably an engineering student ... but it was absolutely brilliant! It had sophistication, irony and grandeur! Why, it could have made Berkeley's Book of All-Time RFs had there been such a book.

The raid was simple ... the attack force consisted of several units led by an alpha squad who trod cautiously downstairs to said Coke machine. ... a relic of the small Coke era. It was a chest-type refrigerator in which bottles hung vertically from slots. When fed the correct amount of change, a pop could be slid along these slots and out.

Silence was a tactical imperative as the machine lay just outside the door of the land-lady's living quarters. When these stealthy raiders reached the machine they quietly and as fizzlessly as possible removed all the bottle caps from the little bottles, being extra careful not to bend any of them. They then pulled-out straws and proceeded to suck-up several bottles.

Wave after wave of midnight commandos attacked the machine until all bottles were dry. The final wave re-attached the unbent caps and re-capped the bottles.

This entire RF was pulled off flawlessly and we were exceedingly proud of our epic accomplishment! But not for long! As with most of life's endeavors, consequences don't always comport with script ... and this one went wildly awry!

First, none of us had counted on our RF to be our landlady's "final straw" as it were ... the one that pushed her over the edge! Second, none of us had even remotely contemplated her ensuing nervous breakdown! Third, none of us expected her to immediately abandon Durant Place leaving us unfed orphans! And fourth, none of us anticipated the rooming house's sale!

Talk about a Rat F**k backfire! And, to top it all off, none of us Cal geniuses figured out that the large size Coke bottles wouldn't fit ... they were too tall!

***Welcome my dear!
I'm so tickled to see you!***

Of course why she didn't point that out to us we'll never know, and we never had a chance to ask her. In fact we never saw or hear from her again!



Naturally we all felt pretty low. But in a few week's time we came to realize she was fighting a battle that couldn't be measured in fluid ounces, and that perhaps her erratic behavior was a result of those struggles.

In any event, the house went-up for sale and an interim landlady arrived a few days later in the form a muscular young merchant marine sailor from Scandinavia in port for a couple of months.

Our new landlady's term in office turned out brilliantly. He loved beer and loved to share it along with stories about his adventures in brothels in exotic ports of call all around the globe!

So after the dust settled and our feelings of guilt subsided, we decided that unintended consequences weren't necessarily unwelcome visitors, as personified by Hans, our new landlady for whom the university's rules governing student housing were about as irrelevant as the Ten Commandments in a Turkish whorehouse!

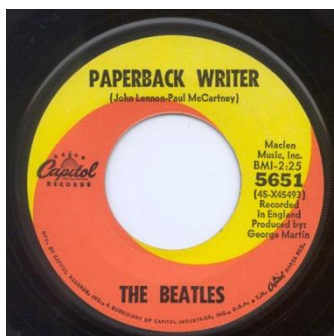
DON'T MISS PART 5 OF "BERKELEY, THE SIXTIES AND ME" ... A River Runs Through It.

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Okay, Readers, send in that little short story, essay, poem, remembrance or whatever, you always thought deserved to be published and we'll use it in Paperback Writer..

"Dear Sir or Madam, will you read my book?
It took me years to write, will you take a look?"

Paperback Writer



The Winter of Time

Reflection is where we dwell, even sitting by our computer, looking out at the rain, then sunshine comes. When time is present even some life events become a distraction, though often welcome.

As we sit and think, slowly a realization comes, that age is measured in what we now don't want to do, such as the difficult or uninteresting.

Measured, time creeps around the corner of our eye, mocking our difficulty, but is gently pushed back into the box with proof we can still maneuver without assistance.

Time is left in a corner, to think about another day.

...Ron Collins '60

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From: Julie Valentino Pramuk SV63

Dear Harry, I would like to receive the Monday update. Could you add my email to your list. I went to St. Vincent High School and

graduated in 1963. I grew up in Vallejo and my father and mother had the Vallejo Country Club, a favorite Italian restaurant in the 1950's and early 60's.

...And you have a brother named Jimmy. I'd love to put you back on Julie, but about a year ago you unsubscribed so you'll have to resubscribe by going to: <http://tinyurl.com/Mondayupdate>

The Monday Update also welcomes new subscribers: Carole Smith-Duncan, Dennis Flynn, Debbie Hagen, and Louis Caretti

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In Memoriam

Charlene O'Rourke SV57
May 4, 1941 - Dec. 13, 2016

Charlene O'Rourke, 75, passed away suddenly and peacefully on December 13.

At Charlene's request, a Celebration of Life was held on Saturday, Jan. 7, at the family home. For more information, please contact Christine at (707) 315-3455.

Cremation and arrangements entrusted to the direction and care of Twin Chapels Mortuary, Vallejo

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Betty Jean Kolarik
February 12, 1928 - December 2, 2016



Betty Jean Kolarik was born in Hanford, CA on Feb. 12, 1928 and passed away in Vallejo, Dec. 2, after a brief illness.

Survived by children, Susan Danaher and Ed Kelly; stepsons, Tony and Ralph Kolarik; eight grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Betty was our much loved mother, step-mother, grandmother and great grandmother. She loved people, nature, horses, and above of all, Jesus Christ.

Married to John Kolarik for almost 45 years. They shared their love, their interests, and their adventures until his death this year. She gave of herself unstintingly to others and we are eternally grateful that this sweet lady was in our lives.

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The Last Word

All out of words for now. Sorry. I think I'll just sit down to a bowl of my daughter Wendy's healing chicken soup.



You will no doubt find several errors in today's hastily put together MU. We'll try to do better as we progress so please forgive the errors and messages not returned. If I lost something you sent in, please resend.

... thanks for starting your Monday and another year with me... hd

. . .

Thanks dear Lord, without your help I couldn't have gotten through this and I know I have a way to go.

Please don't let go of my hand.



And finally from our resident artist Ray Salmon.

