

Julia Marie Diego
Collected Poetry

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1. Introduction

Sitting on the coffee table in John Diego's living room, was a book of poems written by his wife, Julia Diego. She had written poems throughout her life. There are poems about her family, poems for friends, poems for school and social events, poems for when she needed to express herself and my favorite, her annual Christmas poem. Later in her life, she collected all the poems and put them in a three ring binder. That is how they ended up on the coffee table.

Not only are they poems enjoyable to read, but they provide a family history and an insight into Julia's life. While reading through them, I felt a special connection with her. I decided that everyone should get a chance to read through these poems and have their own copy. So I took the time to assemble this book, to share with you all.

Please take the time to read and enjoy this book. I know I have and will many more times in the future.

Sincerely,

Doug Diego

(John & Julia's Grandson)

September 19th, 2008

2. Christmas Poems

Just about every Christmas, Julia would sit down and write her Christmas newsletter. They were poems about her family and the events of the year. She'd send them out to family and friends across the country. Everybody enjoyed them and many wrote back telling her so. During the years when she took a break or left someone out, she often heard from the person or many people, wanting to know where the Christmas poem was. She really enjoyed writing them and I hope you enjoy reading them.

Christmas 1965

Thought I'd send a newsy note
To all our friend's this year,
Aside from the usual greetings,
Of our family you will hear.

Julie looks like daddy
She turned eight this year,
She really keeps us happy
For her life is full of cheer.

Gary turned eleven
His grades, so far are swell
Dr, Lawyer, priest or tailor?
Only time will tell!

Doug, A seventh grader
Long hike he always takes,
He always brings me treasures!
Be it lizards, birds or snakes.

Jim, A "Lowly Freshman"
As active as can be
He's really quite a worker
In our "Diego Company"

Jack works as a box boy
After his stint in school,
Wood work is his talent
He can use most any tool.

Cindy is a senior
She has a stead beaux,
Her plans for the future,
She really doesn't know.

An addition to our family
In the month of June
No---We're not expecting
We'll sing a wedding tune.

For, Peg is getting married,
A lovely bride she'll make
We will gain another son
While a husband she will take.

So--John and I in closing,
This message do impart
"Have a Happy Holy Christmas
Sent straight from the heart."

Christmas 1966

Ready for an encore?
The cast is still the same
Only one small difference
We'll add another name

In Sunnyvale live Peg and Bob
An hours ride from here
They hope to get a transfer
After the first of the year

For Peg is mighty lonesome
The "Quiet" drives her mad
After 19 years of noise and fuss
No "Quiet" has she had!!

We're preparing for a wedding
The first of the year, it be
We're losing daughter no. 2
Poor old lonesome me!!

We're really very happy
To add Skip to our "Clan"
He works at station #4
He's also a Fire Man

This year Jack's a Junior
Still working at the store
Bought himself a "Chevvy"
On this I won't say more!!

(Seems there's always something wrong
A flat or brakes or clutch
Never costs an awful lot
Oh No!! ----- Not much!!)

Jim was a football yell leader
(I think that's the proper name)
Seems we never saw him
He was always at a game

Now that football's over
Who knows what he'll do next
Dad and I said "Never Mind"
Try opening up your "Text"

Doug is in the 8th grade
He's tallest of "Our Guys"
Can't keep up with jeans and shoes
For I never know the size

Gary's growing like a weed
He's almost up to me
Course that isn't saying much
I'm not even 5 ft. 3

Julie's quite the little lady
Helps me lots at home
Be quite a few years yet (I hope)
Before she starts to roam!!

When all the kids were little

We had quite a working crew
But now with working, sports and such
It's dwindled down to two!!

Yep, you have guessed it
Dad and I are the "Two"
We catch the kids occasionally
When they've nothing else to do

Time to close for this year
For not much else is new
Hope to get a little note
From "one and all" of you

Have a Happy Holy Christmas
And A Joyous Prosperous Year
A wish from "All Diego's"
To our friends far and near.

Christmas 1967

Here it is December
Gosh the time does fly
Late with my Christmas message
And here's the reason why:

Cindy was married the first of the year
That left us a family of seven,
Oops, I forgot my son in laws
They bring the count to eleven.

In June of this year
Pop got quite sick
The doctors began to delve,
They decided he shouldn't be left alone
So now our Family is "twelve"

The girls were pregnant together
I know this is nothing new
But having babies the same day???
That makes us twelve + two

Lisa, the girl, is such a doll
She weighed just 3#-11
She's what her mom and daddy call
"A bundle straight from Heaven."

Stevie can't be called a doll
Tho he's tiny like a toy
The best way to describe him

Is "A bouncing Baby Boy".

Grandpa John is oh, so proud,
I laugh till I cry real tears
To watch him changing diapers
A "first" in twenty-one Years.

I'm taking care of Lisa
While Peggy works a spell
If she gets a little spoiled
Far be it from me to tell!!!

The Boys and "Boof" are dandy
As Busy as can be
Where they get their instant Pep
Is a mystery to me !!!!

Can't forget the dogs and fish
Our Mynah, "Googie" too
Sometimes think our house is
"The Diego Family Zoo."

So you see why I've been busy
Why my letter is so late
When I looked upon the calendar
I couldn't believe the date!

Gram and Gramp Diego
Uncles and Aunty too
Send Happy Christmas Greetings
To one and all of you!!!

Christmas 1968

It's time again for "Greetings"
We're sending them your way,
Have a "Joyous, Holy Christmas,
And a "Happy New Year's Day,"

I don't intend to bore you,
Just keep you up to date
Our yearly "Family History"
I will briefly now relate.

Jack is out of high school
He finished up in June
The "Army Reserves" have got him
He'll be leaving very soon.

Jim's a mighty senior
He's working every day
He bought a "Chevy Super Sport"
So there goes all his pay.

Doug is now a sophomore
His grades aren't up to par
Dad says "Buckle Down Boy,
Or you'll never drive a car".

Gary's in his freshman year
He likes it pretty well
Hope he keeps that attitude
But only time will tell.

Julie is no problem,
In school or otherwise,
She try's to help her mother
Handle all these "guys".

Peg and Bob, Cind and Skip,
Are fit as they can be
We see them all quite often,
Which suits us to a "T"

And then there's Lis and Stevie
I could ramble on for days
But words can't really tell you
Of their cute and loving ways.

Stevie with his toothy grin
And Lisa's smile so shy
They laugh and play together,
And they're "The apple of our eye".

Jack and Vicki became engaged
On "Mothers Day" this year,
Wedding plans, and Wedding dates
Are all we ever hear!

They hope to marry next year
If everything goes well
Jack still has the "service"
So only time will tell.....

SO --

Our family keeps on growing,
Each year we add a few,
And we ALL send our greetings
To each and ALL of you -

Christmas 1969

I can't believe it's Christmas,
This year has really flown,
But I guess it's time to tell you,
How the Diego Clan has grown.

We had a busy summer,
With wedding, babies and such,
Is it any wonder
We haven't kept in touch?

Cindy had a baby girl,
That's a boy and girl for them,
We wouldn't trade our "babies"
For any precious Gem.

Peggy had a little girl,
That's Tracie and Lisa Marie,
We've four of the sweetest babies
You could ever see.

Jack and Vick were married,
A beautiful bride was she,
So we add another branch,
To our family tree!!

Jim is out of high school,
Graduated in June,
He's working, playing, traveling,
For the draft will get him soon.

Doug was our football hero,
The first son we let play,
Dad and I didn't miss a game
Got hoarse from yelling 'hooray'.

Gary's growing taller,
He's passing Jack and Jim,
At the rate he's going
They'll be looking up at him.

Jack's been gone since September,
It seems more like a year,
Be glad when his duty is over
We sure do miss him here.

Last but not least is Julie,
Our baby was 12 this year,
From morn till nite she's 'up the hill'
For horses pasture near!

Sis and John are mighty fine,
Keep busy watching our 'crew',
Our gang is like "Pinocci's nose",
It grew,... and Grew. and G R E W !!

In-closing this Little newsy note,
Our wishes are sincere,
Have a Happy, Holy Christmas
And a very Happy New Year.

Christmas 1970

Time to send our Greetings!
Time to all say Hi!
Time to hear our story
Of another year gone by.

In the merry month of March
Dad was in a play
What a joyous time we had
Rehearsing lines all day.

The part of "Father Ignatius"
Fit him to a "T"
In fact, I felt real guilty
When he was caught kissing me!

July found us in New York
What a trip we had!
Saw relations, old and new
To leave them made us sad

We really had a busy year,
Always on the run
Dad's never still a minute!
From dawn till setting sun.

Jack and Vic have left "Our Town"
Petaluma is their domain
They travel weekly back and forth
For here their hearts remain.

Jim is quite the traveler
Always on the go,
New York, Hawaii, Tahoe,
We never really know!

Doug our mighty "Football Star"
(and what a player was he)
Ended up the season
With a badly banged up knee.

Gary's quite the hustler
(In the game of billiards I mean)
He even shoots one handed
And wipes the table clean!

Julie still loves horses
She's got her own this year
With riding, brushing, feeding
She's very rarely "here"

Skip and Cin, and Bob and Peg,
Are all mighty fine
Working hard as ever
To keep their kids in line.

For Gram and Gramp on both sides
Are putty in the hands
Of those "Four little Angels"
"Who make so few demands"

They get so much attention

From aunts, uncles and us,
I pity their moms and daddys
When ere they make a fuss.

Can hardly wait for Xmas morn
When we gather round the tree
Surrounded by gifts and
 so much love
How lucky can we be?

I could ramble on forever
As grandparents often do
But it's time to send our greeting
To one and all of you!

The "Diego's" send this greeting
To all - far and near
Have a Merry Merry Christmas
And a Happy Prosperous year!

Christmas 1971

Can't believe it's Christmas
And time for my yearly poem
Hope it doesn't bore you
To hear from the "Diego Home".

We've had a busy, fun year
Something going all the time
My problem at the moment
Is to put it all in rhyme

One of our biggest projects
Was started this first of the year
The Diego clan together
Build a swimming pool, **Right Here!

One and all they dug the hole
A labor of love I say
For all of us enjoy it
Each and every day!

In April we had a wedding
What a lovely time we had
The "Bride" was Mom Diego
Of course the "Groom" was Dad

We repeated our vows of marriage
Before a throng of friends
We silently vowed that ours would be
A marriage that never ends!

A family celebration
Was held in mid July
A 75th birthday for "Nanny"
That was the reason why!

In the merry month of August
What a surprise for dad and me
Who should come to live with us
But Sue, and our niece Marie!!

They transferred out from New York State
For they're working girls you see
They've got their own apartment now
And are happy has can be!!

Jim's on active duty
He's stationed close to home
We see him on the weekends
When he decides not to roam

Doug keeps really busy
He works both day and nite
He keeps our cars in order
Or he tows them out of sight

You see, he drives a tow truck
(The phone rings nite and day)
Then Doug is up and at 'em
It's Hi! Ho! Tow Truck--Away!!

Gary's work is never done

At home, at store, at school
And then in his spare time
He works around the pool

He's still a billiard player
So far, he's hard to beat
To seem him do those trick shots
Is really quite a treat!

Julie's grown at least a foot
(Would you believe an inch or two)
She wears her hair in a shorty shag
It's hard to believe, but true.

Lisa and Steve are four now
And Lori and Traci two
Just put them all together
There's nothing they won't do.

Lisa with those big brown eyes
And Stevie's freckled grin
Traci with her mischievous face
And Lori's dimpled chin

All five are really darling
We love them one and all
And I'm afraid "Gram and Grampa"
Are at their beck and call

Peg and Bob**Cindy and Skip
Jack and Vicki too
All join us, here at home

In sending out greeting to you

Christmas 1972

Christmas time is coming and
The turkey's getting fat
It's time for the Diego's
To exchange their yearly chat

So many things have happened
In this year that's nearly past
So if you'll all bear with me
I'll try to make it fast.

Mario and Marian and family
Paid us a visit this year
We had a fun time summer
The whole time they were here

One day we went to Tahoe
Fun was our intention
With our L.A. and New York relatives
It was really a family convention

Jim took a bride the first of the year
"Twas a happy day for all
Till after just a month or so
He got "The Navy's Call"

So Vicki lives at home with us
We're happy has can be
When Jim returns from overseas
Their family will number "Three"

Jack and Vick are expecting
Their family will number "Four"
New house, new car, two babies
Who could ask for more??

As each of our kids get married
You'd think we'd have more room
We forgot a very important fact
We're having a "Baby Boom"

Believe me we're not complaining
How lucky can parents be?
To have all your children near you
Is our dream that's a reality

We added another member
To our growing family tree
Doug brought home a "Boa"
To keep him company!

Gary's building a camper
He likes the outdoor life
So far neither Doug or he
Are thinking of taking a wife

Julie gave up her horses
And she doesn't play with toys
We're sure it won't be very long
Till her thoughts will turn to "Boys"

Sure and Ree are here in town

They moved the first of the year
Now they're at my beckon call
It's great to have them near.

Peg and Bob---Cindy and Skip
They're all fit as a fiddle
Busy busy all the time
As happens when your kids are little

Little John is walking
He thinks he's mighty smart
He smiles, laughs, claps his hands
To make sure we see him start

Lisa and Traci and Lori and Steve
Oh how fast they grow
They'll soon be telling Gram and Gramp
All there is to know.

John is finally slowing down
Spends much more time with me
"Preparing you for retirement", he says
For together we plan to be

I've tried to keep this letter short
An impossible task you see
So Merry Christmas one and all
From John---The kids and Me.

P.S. ---A beautiful bouncing baby girl
So we add another
December First at 4 P.M.

Jim's Vick became a mother

Christmas 1973

That time of year is on us
Along with rain and snow
Santa's on the corner
And trees have mistletoe.

Everyone is rushing
So many things to do--
And here I sit composing
Our "Christmas Card" to you.

Our house is fairly empty now
Only Dad, Boof and me
Quite a change at dinner time
To cook for only three

The "Thiercof's" moved to Fremont
And the "White's" left Irwin St.
All really get together now
Is really quite a feat.

Since Petty's house was empty
And needed loving care,
Gary and Doug said to me,
"Mom, that house we'd like to share"

So, lock stock and barrel
And Doug's "Boa" too
Moved to 19 Latham Street
And started a life a new

Jim and Vick live downstairs
So they're really not alone
And when I'm really lonesome
I just call them on the phone

We started off the New Year
By adding to our clan
Jack and Vick the mom and dad
Of another "Little Man".

Jim and Vick and Heather
Not to be outdone
Just added to their family
With a beautiful new son.

We had a little casualty
Right around Halloween
Little John broke his leg
Thank gosh the break was "clean"

And "Little Mar" the newest
(He's only 6 weeks old)
Must have an operation
It's a "Hernia" we are told

Gary has a new job
Says "Best I ever had"
Course we think he's partial
Because--His "Boss" is Dad

Dad and him are building a house

It's really quite a chore
They say when this one's finished
They'd like to build some more.

Can't say that I am for it
Altho they're full of "Fire"
Pounding nails and painting walls
Is that the way to retire???

Marie is teaching Boof to drive
She's got the patience of a saint
I may be lots of other things
But a driving teacher "I ain't"

Julie's no more a baby
Also as tall as Dad
Saved all her pennies working
For car she wish she had.

Each year I say "No more letter"
Our family growing too fast
But here I sit and write again
Of a year that's nearly past.

All our little grand kids
Our sons and daughters too
Want to send the "Seasons Greetings"
To one and all of you.

Christmas 1974

Each year I write a poem
About our "Beautiful Crew"
So I thought "It must be time"
To show them 'All' to you

When All of them where little
It was really quite a task
Now when we're all together
We think "What more could a person ask"

We're 'Blessed' with loving children
Their wives and hubbys too
And all of us together say....
Merry Christmas to you.

Christmas 1975

Each year I say "I'm finished"
I won't write another poem
But here I sit composing
"News" from the Diego home

Quite a lot has happened
To our "Diego Crew"
I won't go into detail
A few short lines will do.

First of all, all kids are fine
Their families sweet & healthy
Dad and I have always said
"That's better than being wealthy"

Doug is still at Isi's
He's "Service Manager" this year
Call for a tow, check your car
He'll go - whether far or near.

Dad is due to retire
In Sept. of next year
Think we'll loaf or travel?
Wait until you hear!

He crammed and studied the
 first of this year
Took tests and tests galore
He passed with flying colors

Altho it was quite a chore.

So "Diego Construction" has
 come to life
He's ready to start anew
Won't have trouble with workers
For his sons will be his "crew".

After 30 years of working
"I" was ready to retire
Instead I end up as Secretary
And one that he won't fire!!!

Gary's working at building again
He's Dad's "Left Hand Man"
With going to school week nites
He sees us when he can.

Gary is getting married
(Another branch on the family tree)
Ellen (sweet, talented, and quiet)
Is the name of the Bride to be.

Our family's left one by one
So now we're down to three
When Julie works a shift at nite
There's one Dad and me!!

but,

Christmas time is family time
All loved ones get together

Be it breakfast, lunch or dinner
And in any kind of weather,

This time of year for little ones
Is such a great big thrill
All our little grandkids
Will greet Santa on our hill.

So, from "All the Diego Family"
Be they Young, Old or New
We send this Season Greeting
Merry Christmas to All of you.

Christmas 1976

Halloween is over
Thanksgiving's drawing near
Time to send my letter
That comes just once a year!

Remember when Christmas seemed
So many months away?
Now it seems I turn around
And Boom!! It's Christmas Day

We've added another member
To the "Diego Family Tree"
Doug was married to Nancy
She's sweet as can be!

Peg and Bob and family
Are doing fine
Bob changed his job this year
And
Hardware's now his line

The Jim Diego Family
(Remember they number four?)
Well, come June of 1977
And they'll add one more.

On a hillside in Novato
Away from all the noise
The fellows built (with T.L.C)

A house, for Jack, Vick and boys

Julie's still "Checker"

Works hard in every way

Bought herself a "C.B"

She's talking nite and day!

Dad is still "Bossin" Gary

They're building a house next to Jack

They're busy working every day

Ambition they don't lack!

Skip, Cindy and Family

It seems are always busy

Cindy catering on weekends

And Skip "Tinkering with some Tin Lizzy"

All the family will gather

Here on Christmas Day

Gifts, Food and lots of love

Is there any other way?

Steve, Mario, Brian and John

Heather, Lisa, Lori

And Traci too

Say Merry Christmas everyone

And Happy New Year all of you

The Diego's at 23 Blossom

Send greetings near and far

Have a Happy, Holy Christmas

No matter where you are.

Christmas 1977

What a busy year we've had
Seems all we did was travel
Sit back, put on your speck's
While all the news I unravel

First we went to the Caribbean
What a trip we had
Got seasick on the first day out
But, That's all that was really bad

Then we flew to Vegas
We left our yearly dues
Couldn't have done it years ago
Or the kids would have no shoes.

The finale of the summer
Was our trip to John's hometown
We visited all this "Clan"
While the rain kept coming down.

Our drought in dear old San Rafael
Is really bad you see
And to see that rain in Auburn
Made us jealous as could be

The Thiercof's in Fremont (Peg, Bob and Girls)
Bought a home this year
It's really quite a cute place
But we wish that it were here.

Cindy and Skip are working
Sine the kids are both in school
Their days are always busy, but
They follow the "Golden Rule"

Jack and Vick, Brian and John
Have a busy year
Jonny started first grade
And Brian "Works" real near

Brian works with "Papa", you see
He works most every day
He's one of the few helpers
Who doesn't ask for "Union Pay"

Jim and Vick and family
Added to their clan
Dante David Diego
Is quite the little man

We're expecting another grandchild
A Christmas present maybe?
Nancy and Doug the parents
Of our tenth new grandbaby

Gary's still the "Left hand man"
Ad the "Diego Construction" site
While Ellie stays at home all day
To keep the home fires bright.

Julie's still a checker

And a "C.B." nut as well
She'd like to be a "D.J."
But only time will tell.

I hope that Christmas of "77"
Is joyous for love and togetherness
And lots of happiness too

Time to close this letter
Our greetings are due
Merry Christmas---Happy New Year
To one and all of you!!!

Christmas 1978

We started off the New Year
With the birth of a baby boy
To Nancy & Doug, his parents
He's really a constant joy

In March we went to Hawaii
We sailed the mighty Sea
Really enjoyed the islands
But not the "Humidity"

July found us in Tahoe
At a cabin amidst the trees
With 26 of us enjoying it
There wasn't room for "Fleas"

All the kids and grandkids
Were there for seven days
Lots of noise and confusion
But togetherness really pays!

August came the relatives
Oh what fun we had!
Joe, Mary and Ricky
Made our summer glad

Peg and Bob left Fremont
Moved three hundred miles away
There's a void in family gatherings
Till they move back to stay.

Cindy's working full time
Along with hubby Skip
Lori and Steve are learning
To keep "A real tight ship"

Brian and John are growing fast
Not babies anymore
In fact Jack and Vicky
Never know what's in store...

Jim and Vick are adding
To the Diego Family Tree
Number four is coming in
The middle of Febry Ar-ee

Ellen's feeling better
(She's been sick most of the year)
With Gary watching over her
She'll never have to fear.

Boof is still a checker
And Happy as can be
Brings joy to all her customers
As well as to Dad and me

I've tried to condense this greeting
It gets harder every year
It's always easy writing
About things you hold dear.

Time to say to all of you

"A Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.....Lots of health and happiness from all"

Christmas 1979

Christmas time is here again,
Can't believe it's time.
Seems like only yesterday,
I wrote to all of you!

A family project was underway,
For most of this lovely year.
A cabin for the Diego Clan,
Three hours drive from here.

Call it "Sunshine, Snow & Love";
Dad chose the name,
Says each word describes it.
And we all feel the same.

Jim, Vick and Family
Have added to our tree.
Sarah was born in February,
And cute as can be.

Our tree is getting heavy
We add most every year,
Doug and Nance had a baby girl
She's just a little dear.

Six and six our number,
Even girls and boys,
Seems sex doesn't matter,
They all make lots of noise.

Jack, Vick, Brian and John
Are all mighty fine.
The boys excelled in baseball
In this they really shine.

Peg, Bob, Lisz and Trac,
All still miles away.
The girls are busy in 4-h,
Keeps them busy thru the day.

Cindy, Skip, Lori, Steve
What a busy group.
Working, Sports and Hobbies
And of course the "Blue Bird Troup"

Gary and Ellen are busy
Living in Tahoe you know...
Ellen cooking and keeping house
While Gary shovels the snow!!

Julie is still a checker,
At this she does excel,
Brings joy to all her customers,
Or so her bosses tell!!

John is always busy,
Keeps me on the run,
Be it work or hobby,
We manage to have fun...

Merry Christmas to everyone!!

And also a good New Year.
That's our wish for everyone
From all Diego's here.

Christmas 1980

Just a little note this year
To keep you up to date
Our family's grown so large you see
T'would take pages to relate

Last year we numbered "Twenty Eight"
Can't believe it's so
We're adding still another
We just seem to grow and grow

In July of Nineteen Eighty One
Our Julie will be wed
And addition to the Diego Clan
Who's fondly called just "Ed"

Our Clan will be together
This joyous Christmas Day
We'll give our thanks for all "Our Blessings"
For "He" has led the way

Gram and Gramps and kids galore
Send this joyous phrase
"Merry Christmas one and all
And Many Happy Healthy Days"

Christmas 1980's

I haven't written a poem
For a good many years.
Used to you posted
Of all our joys aren't fears.

But this is the Xmas season
And have lots to be thankful for,
Thought I'd fill you in
On all the Diego Lore!

Since last I wrote we've really grown
Our grandkids number fifteen
Some are over twenty one,
Lots are still in their teens.

John and I are very proud
Of all "The Diego Clan"
They've grown and prospered through the years
What more can parents plan?

I've had three heart surgeries
Within the last five years
My ever-loving husband John
Has lived with many fears!

But thank the Lord, I'm feeling great,
And John is really "Super".
With a family such as ours
We gotta be "Super Duper".

So we wish you a Merry Christmas
From 118 Antonette,
Have a very hold Christmas
And the best New Year yet!

3. Family

Julia really loved her family, but it wasn't always easy. Can you imagine taking a loaf of bread every morning and making sandwiches to fit the likes of seven children? The following are poems about the good times, the hard times and the really funny times.

Dad's Day Off

After having Dad work all week, all look forward to his day off on the weekend. This poem is self-explanatory. - 1964

I'm sure that you'll be angry
When this poem you read
But sometimes it's the truth that hurts
And I'm afraid the truth's in need.

I can't even talk to you
And tell you how I feel
You always turn it upside down
And it ends up I'm the heel!!

Guess I better end this
For I could rattle on all nite
Wouldn't want to bore you
When my troubles seem so trite!

I don't mean to hurt you
But I feel like second best
I've become a "Mrs. Fix it"
So you can have your rest

When I find a little job
That only "Dad" can do

You always lose your patience
And end up in a stew.

Whenever I want something done
We wait till some day soon
You'll be sure and fix it
Before the clock sees noon.

But someone calls and needs you
(It'll only take a awhile)
So off goes dad to work again
While I sit home and smile???

I know you really love me
You always tell me so
And every little action
Is sure to let me know.

I know that you are too good
To people you can't say no!
But honey!!!! I'm a people
I'm sure my feeling show.

You promised Sundays were our day
And work we'd never mention
Not for me or anyone
We sure had good intention

In closing my "confession"
Of life and love and such
I'll say only that I love you
Maybe much too much.

Vacation September 1964

Vacations almost over
Back to the old routine
I'm sure my kids are happy
 cause
I've sure been feeling mean

When summer days were busy
And the weather nice and hot
My angels worked? Then swam all day
And bothered mother not.

Our last two weeks were dreary
Our heat just died away
Wind and fog just drifted in
On almost every day ...

Sooo all my little angels
And neighbor kids galore
Congregate at our house
[We need a swinging door]

Thursdays' my vacation
School that day resumes
I'll sure enjoy the quiet
Of all the empty rooms.

Do you think that I'm complaining?
Is the house a constant mess?
Does honey come from beehives???????

My answer --- yes yes yes.

While on this ship
We bought us a nag
You can bet your boots
He won't have jet lag

Up to the post
And away we go
With jets on his hoofies
And smoke from his nose

We bought us a winner
Us Italians can't lose
Be it horse or women
We know what to choose

So place your bets on No. 4
His name is Speedy Joseppy
When he hits the finish line
You can bet we'll be real happy.

Dedicated to Mario

August 1965

John and Sis have "7" kids
Of this you are aware
If it wasn't for the trips we've made
We'd be "The Millionaire"

We could have a mansion
Or own part of San Rafael
With monies spent on visits
But you never heard us yell.

But now you hear me yelling
I'm yelling good and loud,
And believe me, when I'm yelling,
I really draw a crowd!!!

"Honest Sis, we'll be out"
(To quote my dear friend Mar)
"Not this year tho ***
You see, we bought the car".

"For sure next year tho"
(Then the girls were wed)
So another 36 months went by
While stories we were fed!!

"Honest Injun, we'll be there
In 66 for sure,
Our anniversary money

We're the saving for the tour".

Do these stories ring a bell??
We've heard them one and all
We really thought the last one true,
But we suffered quite a fall!!

So put that siding on your house
With all your pennies saved
And we'll be out to visit you
When the road to "Hell" gets paved!!!

Don't ever say you're coming west
Cause that's another fable,
By the time you do decide
I'm sure you won't be able.

When you look at that new siding
I hope you think of this-----
"I think a lot more this house-----
Than I do of John, his kids, and Sis"

Unusual Gift

December 1965

Rec'd unusual gift from brother-in-law Mario. This was my reply.

Can't express how thrilled I am
With gift rec'd today
When the greyhound co. called me
I went there right away.

"Boof" and I were guessing
"What could that box contain?"
Noting who the sender was
Many thoughts went thru my brain.

When at last we opened it
Imagine my surprise
A figure duplicating mine
Right before my eyes!!!!

I will say this dear brother-in-law
It brings a song to mind
I'm sending it to Marian
She'll sing it line for line.

You've heard of the "Headless Horseman"?
Well this has got him beat
For she's not only headless
She also has no feet.

After much deliberation

I've found a place for "Jane"!
We'll put her on the chimney
She'll be our weather vane.

I'm getting quite a collection
Of legs, spoons and such
I'd start my own museum
But gosh it costs so much.

So thanks again dear Mario
We know you think of us
We know that if you didn't
You wouldn't go to such a fuss!!

After talking with John, I found that they had a long running gag of sending strange gifts back and forth with Mario. This particular gift was a lady's leg from about the thigh down.

A Stinky Sunday

I can truly say that ever word in this poem is the "TRUTH, WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH". December 12, 1965

One day Jack called to me
"Ma, the toilet sounds real funny,"
Since I was rather busy then
I called "I'll be there in a minute honey".

Well time flew by and I forgot
For baths had kept me busy
Then I heard a screeching yell
We all went into a tizzy!

Seems the toilet overflowed
This explained the screech
When I walked into the bathroom
I yelled but lost my speech.

I tried to turn the water off
To stop the overflow
But soon found the trouble was
An outside pipe below.

I called to dad to help me
The water seemed to vast
It just kept flowin'
"Foreign objects" coming fast!!

"Coyote" came to the rescue

To his "Rabbit" he did say
"Your pipes are movin fine sweetheart
It's mine that aren't O.K."

We tried in vain till ten p.m.
To clear the blasted line
We ran a hose and flushed it out
It backed up mighty fine

We figured something blocked it
Where? Was the only question
When I think of all the holes we dug
I get acute indigestion!!!

We couldn't run the water
We couldn't take a shower
We doubled up on "Toilet use"
And flushed it on the hour!!!

Dad thought we had a break
Between the house and wall
We only had to find it
No trouble---none at all

After diggin "Half an Acre" up
With ditches, holes and such
We found the 4 inch sewer pipe
On this I won't say much

Let me tell you I'm a "Stinker"
And all I say is true
Did you ever clean a 4 inch pipe?

Well all I can say is "pew"!!

All my pushing and pulling
Digging, wading and such
Didn't do a lot of good
We needed "Coyote's" touch.

Skip did this dirty work
"Coyote" told him how
Pushed that hose to kingdom come
Then all of a sudden "POW"!!!

After all was said and done
The piles were all repaired
I headed for the bathroom
Which all the boys have shared.

I felt that I would clean the mess
While Dad cleaned up outside
When I opened up the shower door
I darn near sat and cried!!

For there before my very eyes
The water sat so still
The shower drain was plugged up tight
Of this I'd had my fill!!

However this easily fixed
And I finished cleaning up
I went on into the kitchen
Where Cindy was washing a cup.

I walked across the kitchen
My gosh!! The floor was wet
The stink was leaking underneath
I wasn't finished yet!!!

These trials and tribulations
Of "Coyote" and his "Rabbit"
Are part of their togetherness
All marriages should have it.

Side by side we always work
In garden, house or sewer
That's what's known as true love
Or "Instant Love Renewer"!!!

Dearest "Coyote"

Christmas 1965 I gave Dad a Cement Mixer. I really managed to surprise him. The following is what he had to go thru to get it.

In a small package under the tree was a St. Christopher Medal. Inside the box was the following message.

This is just a little something
To protect you while you drive
For all the saints above us know
I want you safe and alive!

If you look beneath the cotton
Another poem you'll find
It'll send you on a journey
But I'm sure that you won't mind

Walk into the bedroom
Look beneath the chair
There you find a present
It's something you can wear. (A dirty old sock)

Hope you like your present
But wait there's more to come
Look behind the toilet
You'll find your a tidy sum!!

Weren't those pennies extra clean
I really made them shine
Now look inside the "refer"
You'll find your favorite wine. (Blackberry Brandy)

Getting tired sweetie?
Not much more to go
Look behind the chesterfield
(A gift their I did stow) (A screw? toothpicks, nails)

Our journey's almost over
I'm running out of verse
Try unlocking Peggy's door
It can't get any worse!!

In Peg's room, I had hidden the mixer. When Dad opened the door he saw the mixer with this note attached.

Here I sit so patiently
What took you so darn long?
I want to get to working
And sing the "potsy" song.

Our Romance

In January of 1966, Peggy asked me if I could write a poem about her "Romance with Bob", so that she could put it in her wedding book. This is what I wrote.

In the merry merry month of May
The third to be exact
Our romance began to blossom
And grew to be a fact.

It took from May till July Eleventh
Before our very first date
Then it became a steady thing
And Bob was seldom "Late".

We dated through the summer
Gosh we had the fun
Dining, Dancing, Movies
It kept us on the run.

October Eleventh, a red letter day
Bob gave me his class ring
Our going steady was official
To me it meant everything.

To a ball Bob took me
A thing to always remember
We went dancing at the "Sheraton"
In the merry month of December

Then came June and graduation
The senior ball was great

Told Mom and Dad "Don't worry
For we'll be very late."

Trader Vic's for dinner
A party after the ball
The trip to Santa Cruz
Enjoyed by one and all.

We though on graduation day
My engagement ring I'd get
But Bob's ideas were different
He wasn't ready yet.

He wanted Dad's permission
Before he gave me a ring
On the twenty third of October
This message he did bring

"I love you very dearly
I want you for my wife
Wear this ring I give you
And let me share your life."

Marijuana

18 April 1968

Marijuana's just a weed
Harmless as can be
"Speed" (the one injected)
Make's you feel so free.

We only have our bodies
As long as we take care
Why not really live it up
Make sure I get my share!

What if it's against the law?
Who are they to say?
I'll smoke, drink, take pot and speed,
They'll not dictate my way!

School and work are out man--
For me there is no need
I'll get my education
From smoking that little "weed".

Let the good guys fight the war
Let them die for me
For I'm perfectly happy
To sit and have my "tea".

Wake up all you Mom's and Dad's
Where's your son tonight?

Is he really at the school dance
Or out getting "tight".

Morals taught in Mother's day
Don't apply to me
I'm a privileged "Hippie"
Just look around and see.

My hair is long and dirty
My clothes are really Mod
Each one of us is different
Not like peas in a pod!

Mom and Dad don't share my views
I'm strictly on my own
Who needs "folks" to boss you
I like to play it alone

When smoking pot becomes to dull
I'll get my kicks elsewhere
All I need is "bread" -- Man
Then I'll by my share!
And how about your daughter?
Did you ask about her date?
What did they do till 2 a.m.?
Isn't that pretty late?

Hectic Sunday

After a hectic Sunday with Dad at work and all the kids home, this is what I felt.

Seems that I am never right
I'm always so unfair
I'm not fit to be your mother
So I really shouldn't care

Is it really worth my while
To try to teach you right?
When really all the thanks I get
Is one long constant fight.

I'm getting awfully tired
I feel weaker every day
I fight a losing battle
Does it really pay??

Constant fights and nasty works
Are part of days routine
Sometimes feel the time is up
And all my I've seen.

I try to please all seven kids
In everything I do
I've found it's quite impossible
I'm sure that you would too!

Will all of you remember
When your own you have to raise
When parents show their love for you

It isn't always praise.

Will you like it when your children
See no good in one another
Do you think you'll feel as I do
"I'm a failure as a mother."

When all of you were younger
We had so darn much fun
"Seven little angles"
Kept me on the run

Seems that I'm still running
But I feel so very lonely
For all my "Seven Angles"
Have thoughts for "themselves only"

Moms and Dads are human
We have feelings too
Don't you think it hurts us
When we have to punish you?

It would make my life so simple
To let you have your way
No more sass or bickering
What a happy day!!

But would you really like it?
To do whatever you please?
No more work? Just play all day
Live a life of ease?

God blessed us with our family
We've always been so glad
Can't you see the flights you have
Can only make us sad?

Try a little patience
For "Love's" a glowing thing
And spread among a family
Sure happiness "I'll Bring".

Just a Schedule

This is just a schedule
Of what I do each day
Be it late December
Or smack in the middle of May

I rise and shine at 5 A.M.
(The frogs aren't even up)
I've already made the coffee
So I sit and have a cup.

Then I read the paper
While the house is nice and quiet
After all the kids are up
You'd swear it was a riot

Time to make the lunches
A loaf of bread will do
Jam, Salami, Bologna
I always make a few.

All the kids are up now
Breakfast is their dish
What are we havin' to eat Mom?
Oh, have whatever you wish.

Eight o'clock...It's time to go
They pile into the car
Wait--Gar forgot his tennis shoes
Julie's fish is out of the jar...

Well the kids are finally gone
A minute's piece I get
Before I tackle dishes
I fall in a chair and sit.

Gosh the house is quiet
And all the work is done
I picked up after one and all
Which isn't any fun

I washed the clothes and baked a cake
I scrubbed the kitchen floor
I make the beds and dusted
Washed fingerprints galore.

The house is oh so quit
I wish the kids where here.
I miss the rush and hub bub
That comes when they are near!!

Oh How I Miss You Tonight

Oh how I miss you tonight
As we sit by the open fire
To be with our folks in N.Y.
Is really our hearts desire

Mars with his head so shiny
Marian whose nose is so bright
"Ree and that radio music"
(It's enough to give you a fright)

Jim and his witty chatter
Jack and his untied shoes
Nancy and baby Kristen
Oh we're getting the blues

Nancy Dick and family
In Liberty, Sandy and Jack
Oh we'd give our eye teeth
If only we could come back...

Do we sound really lonesome?
For Marian Mar and crew?
You bet your bottom dollar
We'd love to be with you...

We're all getting older
Time is flitting by
Save those precious dollars
For a California fly...

Holidays mean family
Gee we miss you all
If we had a million
We'd be at your beckon call...

This sentimental sister
Had better close this verse
We miss you, love you, want you
This distance makes it worse...

Twenty Fifth Anniversary

Seems like only yesterday
That Hel and Mick were dating
She in her ankle length dresses
He in the front room waiting

You could hear "Mick" coming
A block or two away
His motorcycle shining bright
He polished it all day...

Papa had a fit or two
Don't you ride that thing...
Little did he realize?
A son-in law it did bring.

Times were not so easy then
When Hel and Mick were wed
But by gosh in those days a dime bought a loaf of bread...

A week's supply of groceries
Bought with a five dollar bill
Now with the same legal tender
A cupboard you can't fill...

4. Poems

Love

Love is such a simple word
But so hard to define
But love to me is you, Dad
No other through is mine

I love the way you always smile
The way you hold me tight
And if I have a worry
You always make it right

As a dad you're really tops
Our children know it well
They may not say it often
Cause it's me they always tell.

Have I made it clear to you
My love can you see?
What I'm really trying to tell you
Is, You mean the world to me

Love is everlasting
Tho mortals may not be
Our love is thru 'Eternity'
For you Dad. And me.

Why Am I?

Did you ever wonder
Why the lord made you?
Why some of us are 6 foot tall
And some are 5 foot 2?

Why some are awfully chubby
And some be mighty lean
Why some are always happy
And some are always mean?

Why am I a mother
Blessed with a family of seven?
Why is the earth so awfully round
And what's it like in heaven?

Questions, questions, questions
Answers mighty few
This is still a secret
Between our lord and you.

A Christmas Poem

December 1965

Many many years ago
On a quiet nite,
Shepherds watched their flocks
While stars above shone bright.

Music seemed to fill the air
The angels came to sing
They said "to you, a king is born"
This message, they did bring.

In the town of Bethlehem
Many miles afar
The shepherds followed all the way
Led by a "shinning star."

In a stable, ever so small
In a manger filled with hay
They saw the Chirst child laying
They fell to their knees in pray.

As Christmas day approaches
And busy as we are,
Let's don't forget the "reason"
Remember the "shining star."

For god was born to us that day
To teach us many things
Among his many priceless gifts

His love to us he brings.

So let us kneel, as men did then

Our thanks let us reveal

As we celebrate his birthday

For him the church bells peal.

5. Friends, School, Groups & More

Julia was very active with her Church and School. She was president of the St. Raphael's Mothers Guild for several years. Here are a few poems about these groups, school events and more.

Incoming Officers

I was asked by our Guild President Denny Cerutti to write a little ditty about our incoming officers for the year 1964-1965.

Hi everybody
Gee we're glad you're here
Would you like to meet the officers
who'll serve this coming year?

Florence Taylor first vice pres.
I'm sure you'll call her Flo
Plans all the entertainment
She puts on quite a show.

Our second vice is quite a gal
Her job makes her a rover
I'm sure you'd like to meet her
Her name is Jane --- Jane Grover

Minutes kept in record books
Can't be hit or miss
Let me introduce me
My friends all call me Sis

Treasurer of our Mother's Guild

Shes always quite alert
Gertrude is her given name
But friends all call her Gert

Keeping track of the money
That Gertie has to spend
Is dear little Carolyn Catalaa
She'll always call you friend

Elaine takes care of letters
Thank you notes and such
Be sure and get to know her
You'll like her very much.

Our auditor is Emily Macinich
It's quite a job indeed
But busy as it keeps her
She'll come, if you're in need.

Parliamentarian for this year
Borrachia is her name
Past president of Mother's Guild
Is Mary's road to fame.

Our hospitality partners
Just call them Claudia and Marge
Will serve you? Greet you? Help you
For they're the one's in charge.

Field Trips

May 1964

I've chauffeured many field trips
From first grade up thru eight
I get so many "Thank You" Notes
I feel really rate

I really want you all to know
My thanks I send to you
For I've enjoyed each minute
I'm just sorry we're all thru.

Saturday? The sixth of June
Will climax eight full years
I know you'll all be happy
But you'll also shed some tears

When you enter high school
The years will go so fast
But I'm sure you'll all remember
St. Raphael's in your past...

New friends I know you'll make
But don't forget the old?
For friends are more important
Than many pounds of Gold.

I watch your first communion
Your confirmation too
Now it's graduation?

Another step for you.

So thank you Eight Grade "64"

I'll miss your "Hi's" and smiles

For all of us together?

Have covered lots of miles.

Happy Birthday Father Petroni

May 1964

A Happy Birthday Father Petroni
You see, I didn't forget
If I didn't, Well you can bet
A razzing I would get!!!

It's nice to have two birthdays
Of course, I'm sure you know?
Birthdays age us all a year
Are yours doubling as you go??

Instead of being 26????
You must be fifty two
Surely wouldn't guess your age
I guess it's cause you're "You".

Today is really not your day
But tomorrow I must roam
Couldn't bake a cake you see
Unless I stayed at home.

We're taking all the eight grade
(By car and some by bus)
On a scientific journey
It really isn't any fuss!!

So have a Happy Birthday
I hope you're always near
Sure would be an awful mess

To mail your cake next year!!!

!!!!!!!HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!!!!!

Lonesome

This was sent to Sister Jeanne when she was out of class for over a week with a bad leg. May 1964

Sister Jeanne, We miss you
With every passing day
Please get well in a hurry
It's almost the end of May!!!

Mrs. Meeks was very nice
And Mrs. Kelly too
But you know dear sister
For us there's only "you"

We miss your happy laughter
Your footsteps in the hall
I guess you know dear sister
Your missed by one and all!!!

So please
Do as the doctor tells you
Stay down, get lots of rest
I'm sure when you come back to us
You'll see we've done our best.

We say a prayer for you each day
Our "Lord" will surely listen
For as he sees us every day
He knows it's you we're missin'.

Dine Drink Dance

Jan 1965

Want to Dine? Drink? And Dance?

Meet friends old and new

Then read this ditty carefully

I wrote it just for you....

Our dinner dance is all arranged

The time, place and date

The Racket Club? The Thirtieth

Plan on staying late

You really won't believe the prices

It hits the wallet light

Fifteen dollars a couple

Is all you'll spend that night

This takes care of dinner

(Drinks included too)

Everything is ready

All we need is you.

Twenty Fifth of January

That's the closing date

There's limited reservations

Hurry, Don't be late

Call these numbers right away

Don't procrastinate

I'll close with a reminder

"January Jaunt" Thirtieth is the date

P.S.

There's gonna be a raffle

Goodies left and right

Be sure and get your tickets

It may be your lucky nite.

For Yolanda Del Santo's Birthday - 1965

Once a year we get together
In this your special day
We try to show our thanks to you
In a very special way

All the little things you do
Seem to you a minor chore
But multiplied by hundreds
Makes for quite a score.

We can't begin to thank you
It would take the live long day
So Happy Birthday and God Bless you
In our prayers you'll always stay

We had in mind some dishes
(You picked them out yourself)
But when we went to buy them
They were all gone from the shelf

We didn't trust our judgment
In picking out a set
So we all decided
The money you would get.

You can pick another pattern
Or wait till yours come in
But buy yourself those dishes
For yours are mighty thin.

Denny's Baby

When we found out that Denny was going to have another baby (after 14 years) I wrote this for her. March 1965

All of us need a nite
Away from kids and duties
We formed this little "Poker Club"
Included were "The Cerutti's"

All our families grew and grew
In number as well as size
The years just seem to slip away
Before you realize

Den and Ray and Linda
(Their family numbers three)
Watched all club additions
And the expanding family tree.

We Had

No more dirty diapers
Most the kids in school
Denny plays her rounds of golf
And Ray's a baseball fool.

Then came Den's announcement
"A Baby's on it's way"
Back to dirty Diapers and
Golf ----- Another day!!!!

God gave us babies
To hold, love and praise

He also gave us "Moms and Dads"
For the "Babies" --- They must raise

If the babe gets cranky
And things go all amiss
I'd love a turn at spoiling "It"
Just phone and ask for
"Sis"

Frank & Bob

Hadn't heard from Frank or his friend Bob, so sent them this little number. June 1965

We miss our A.P's 1st and 3rd.
Frank and Bob by name
Without your noisy banter
Our week ends not the same.

Didn't forget the 24th
For it's Frank and Bob I need
Keeping all those kids in line
Will be your days good deed.

Maybe if you're real good
I'll let you have a treat
"Hear Aunty on that organ"
She's really got the beat.

Frank and Bob were chaperoning an Azarian dance for me on the nite of the 24th.

A Note to the Vattuone's

Hadn't heard from the Vattuone's for quite a spell, so I sent them this little note. October 1965

Here I lay a dying

No one seems to care

I used to have some neighbors?

Wonder if they're still there?

I think their name was Vattuone

It's been ages --- I'm not really sure

I think they really meant it?

They must be on a tour.

Is your phone out of order?

Or have you lost your voice?

Or is it very simply

Other friends are your choice?

Father Miles O Riley

Father Miles O Riley was in the hospital for a leg operation. He was also completely exhausted from overwork. November 1965

I'm sure that when you read this
You'll feel quite up to par
And by the time you're finished
I hope it gives you a jar!

Before I start my lecture
This I wish to say
Your successful operation
Was our first prayer today

A little "Birdie" told me
You've been really beat
Can't imagine why tho
You're never on your feet!!

You can't sit still a minute
Not even time for lunch
Dinners just "A hunk of meat?"
Not even time to munch!

Father Kennedy called me
We talked for quite a spell
He feels that he is part to blame
For your energy? He can't quell!!

Really I feel guilty

For I know we're all to blame
But any other priest to us
Just wouldn't be the same!

I know that feeling multiplied
A hundred times or more
By the people in the parish
Always knocking at your door

Don't you know it isn't fair
To us you need so
To let your body get no rest
And keep it on the go.

Can't you be like other folks
Go to bed when you are ill?
No---You have to keep appointments
Not even time for a pill!!

I'm praying you will heed me
Advice you really need
Rest--Eat--Enjoy yourself
Please--Don't make us plead

How long since you enjoyed our pool?
I'd say quite a spell
Sneak an hour or two this summer
No one will ever tell!!!!

How about your golfing
Do you ever find the time
No, Of course you don't

Your excuse--I just can't rhyme

At the pace your keeping
You'll be old before, you're young
I know---Mother Diego
You better watch your tongue.

If we didn't love you
We wouldn't give a hang
Wouldn't say a single word
Or so I tell my gang.

I shall try to change my ways
All the kids and "Papa" too
We won't call father Riley
(Unless a haircuts due)

So---Now I've said my piece
The rest is up to you
I can preach and yell all day
But only you can do.

St. Raphael's Mothers Guild - DINNER DANCE

14 May 1966

Trip the light "FUNTASTIC"

Old and young alike

Be sure and get a sitter

To watch the little "Tyke"

Time to have a fun nite

Time for all to relax

Time for me to give you

The price and all the "Fax"

Social time for an hour and a half

Then to a luscious buffet

Roast Beef with all the trimmings

But wait? I've more to say.

There'll be

After dinner dancing

And liquid refreshment galore

For once you buy your tickets

You spend not a penny more.

OOPS? I forgot one thing

It'll cost a few cents more

For Sis has the raffle

And she'll greet you at the door.

We have limited reservations

They close the FIRST of May

So send your check in promptly
At the door you cannot pay.

The price is twenty dollars
For food fun and drink
So call Gert Bonfiglio now
It's later than you think.

Class Reunion

Old friends, old times, old places
That's what we came to renew
Thirty years slipped by so fast
At least I think so....Don't you

Remember the fun at ole San Rafael?
Football, dances and such
I'm sure all our kids would say
"Gee you didn't do much"

Remember the Scrap Drive In "43"
All of us working as one
Teamwork, muscle and laughter

I could go on forever
Remembering this time or that
But now that we're all together
Let's sit and chew the fat.

Rosie's here from Sweden
Let's give her a great big cheat
She's our only "Out of country gal"
And we're sure glad she's here

Many wondered in "45"
What will our future be?
Look into my crystal a sec
And here's a few you'll see

Ray and Flo did marry
A fireman he be
They've two lovely children
And grandparents they'll be

Bill waited quite a while
Before he took Sunny for his wife
He works for P.G.E Engineering
His family and job are his life

Gen and Ted have three nice boys
They keep them on the go

Football, Baseball, P.T.A

It's Football, Baseball, P.T.A

I never really know.

Our assembly man from California
Was right from our home town
Bill Baglietto was the name we knew
But by Bagley he's known

Bertha and Bill are in Napa
Their family numbers five
Bill's a city father there
He keeps that town alive

Avis works for a glass house
While miles butchers the meat
All their kids are married and gone
So at their table there's a seat.

Don Dalpino and his wife Jan
Live right in San Rafael
He's manager of a grocery store
Are prices going up pray tell?

John and Clare were married
I think right out of school
He owns a lumber store
You can buy most any tool

John is still at the firehouse

While I dally at home
Now that all our family is raised
We may decide to roam

My crystal ball is clouding
(I'm running out of rhyme)
So I'll say (To be continued)
At some other time

So to all our buddies
To the class of "45"
We say this in closing
Ain't it great to be alive???

Holiday Bazaar

Alice Christensen and Bonnie Ghilotti

Our bulletins they make
If junior brings a note home
Read it for goodness sake

Barbara Debuffie assisted by Kay
Is head of the room mother crew
If stumped on any questions
They'll be happy to answer you.

Our holiday bazaar this year
Is headed by Louise
Get busy on your sewing
Or anything you please.

Luncheon aka salad bowl
Get reservations early
All our food is scrumptious
That's the word from Shirley

All groups need a governing board
Our mother's build included
Following is our able group
I hope no names are eluded.

Pamela Cervetto
Lorraine Laerman
Joan Chelly
Marilyn Heckler

Noie Brolan

Yolanda Del Santo last but not least
A friend to all in the school
Always pleasant and cheerful
She follows the Golden Rule...

Leader of this whole shebang
Is really a little cutie
I'm sure that you all know her
Our president Denise Cerutti...

One more thing I most forgot
Volunteers we need
Ink or pencil we don't care
Just sign your name with speed