

skyline64.newSnote. 9.17

Checking with those Texans.....**Dave Niemand** in Houston reports dry and safe but having had to spend five days at home because access road was “under water”.

Yes, because we are in Seattle for the summer. We checked with neighbors in Austin. No flooding in our neighborhood, but 3/5 had lost power. Also some leaking roof damage on campus.

But nothing like Houston. That is terrible.

As some of you know, I recently spent a couple of weeks in Viet Nam. The experience was so strong that I took the time to write about it.

With the embedded pictures, the file is too large to email, so I put it on dropbox. You can find it at the link below, along with some videos.

https://www.dropbox.com/sh/v5n_ayii09wbsgx6/AAB0rViY3b5iL8BAY_cZpBW5Wa?dl=0

Best, **Neal John Evans**

Deanna McLemore hiking in the Alps

Marlen Edelmann Jacobs shared a link.

Don Smart and Marlen Jacobs - Wedding Registry - Amazon.com

We're getting married! See our registry.

IF ANYONE PREFERS, DONATIONS TO THE FRED HUTCH CANCER RESEARCH INSTITUTE IS ALSO WELCOME.

Life has been crazy busy- book signing and art show, two 'Van Go' art workshops at the tiny Lowman School (5 kids in the tiny mountain school), and one in Stanley, Idaho (9 kids in the entire school), and my

sister's house... taking care of beautiful granddaughters... rescuing cats, skunks, squirrels, raccoons, so it goes... Hello to all.

Jennifer de Grassi Williams

Jane Cornwell-Darling

Shirley Hay This is new to me. My grandparents moved to Oakland in 1921. Recently I confirmed that my grandmother passed as white but was half African. I feel lucky to know most of my heritage but am still learning facts/history about being a American.



[Joey Belvedere Calegari](#) posted [3 photos](#) on [Instagram](#).

My husband of 51 years, Richard passed away yesterday. He was a husband, Father, Nonno and as he would say a Fire Cat! I had often been told that he was a very brave firefighter. He showed us all just how brave he could be. He fought this illness with everything he could. Our family is broken hearted, but he was a unique individual and will never be forgotten. He was the family leader with a very strong personality. I am so thankful for our family and they certainly are his legacy! Never to be forgotten! ❤️📷📷📷 (Memorial service at 11 am, Oct 4 at St. Columbia, 1601 San Pablo, Oakland. Celebration of Life at Fratellanza Club following. Guest book at www.brentwoodfuneral.com

In accordance with our policy not to give out contact information without specific permission I am putting Steve's query in the newSnote, so the many of you in the Greater NW can contact him directly. sdc

I have tried to find out about several of my friends from Skyline. Are there any classmates living in the Pacific Northwest, Oregon, Idaho? Please have them contact Steve Jacobs <Jake_The_Fake2@hotmail.com>

Reunion News: Sorry so many of you have had issues with the survey.....if you can't copy and paste or print and mail, just send a summary of your thoughts. The only trend that is statistically strong is that the majority do not want to combine classes yet - not enough time to talk to everyone with whom they want to visit, ie: "No (I had a hard enough time recognizing those in my own class let alone a class I didn't graduate with)."

And the chortle of the month: *"Formal for me is wearing socks with my overalls. I think the last time I wore a suit was at the last Skyline reunion I attended."*

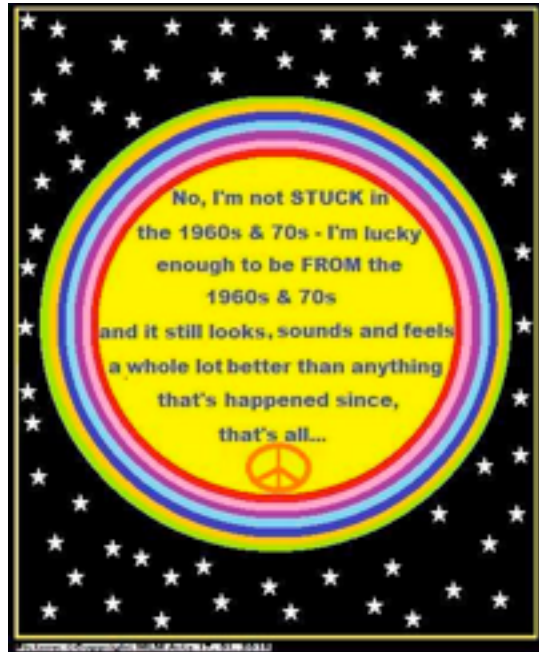


Trust 7th grade home ec to create lifetime good cooks! A quick reunion of Bret Harte '61 girls gathered around a laden table include (pictured above **Nancy Brick Robinson, Cheryl Merrick Hultgren, Terry Davidson and Carolyn Hansen Hartman**. Also munching were **Jean Kurz Quirk, Pam Kenyon Ostrom, Melissa Silverman Willaby, Margaret Rait Muat, Mildred Caldwell Swafford, and Barbara Uhlig Harbidge**. **Merilyn Copeland** sent the best "regrets": I have an enviable excuse, however, I am in Italy viewing Roman excavations for a month. Give everyone my greetings.

For anyone needing a Bret Harte'61 yearbook: <http://www.pbase.com/elliott/bretharte61>

Birthdays

| | | |
|------------|----|--------------------------|
| Oct | 01 | Carol La Dolce Donato |
| | 02 | Sharon Smithburn Sutter |
| | 05 | Andrea Summers Hutton |
| | 05 | Robin Cole Rauch |
| | 06 | Bob Whitesides |
| | 09 | Michael Edward Dickinson |
| | 09 | Tom Mortensen |
| | 13 | Heidi Johnson Stolp |
| | 15 | Bob Conn |
| | 16 | Clyde Batavia |
| | 17 | Al Mathewson |
| | 18 | Karl Hoenack |
| | 21 | Lois Roberts |
| | 24 | Nancy Brick Robinson |
| | 30 | Elizabeth Beeby |
| | 30 | Sharon Allphin |
| | 30 | Bob Sabatini |



November

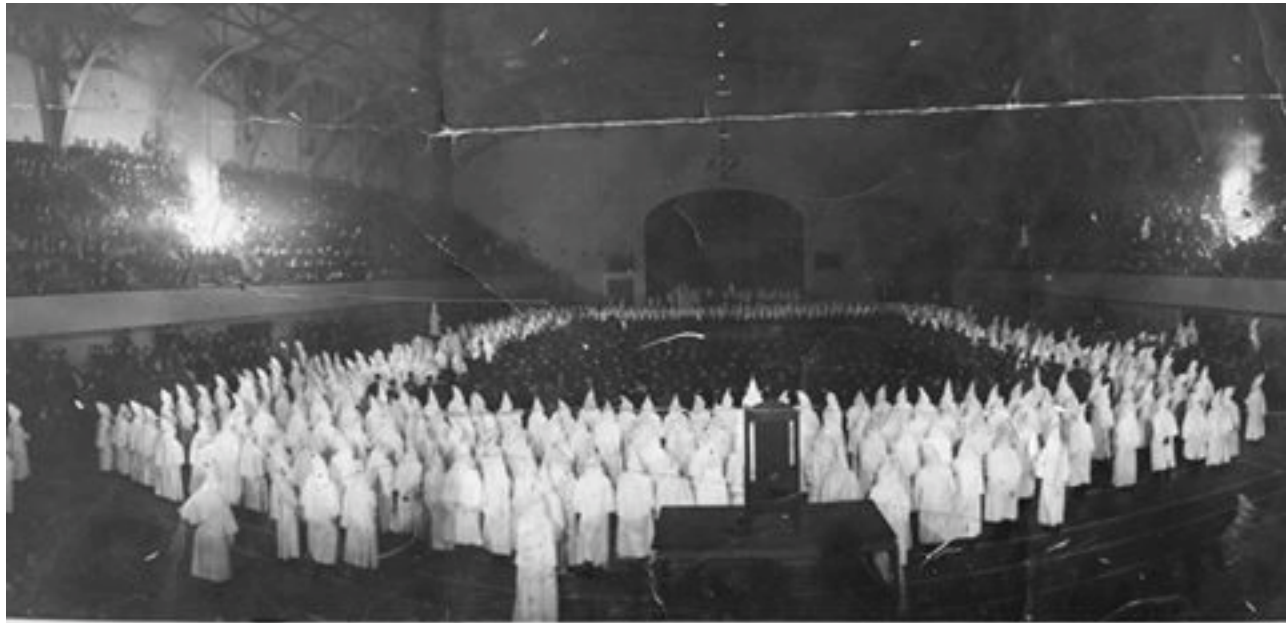
| | |
|----|---------------------------|
| 01 | Barbara Bowles Holt |
| 03 | Clint Rylee |
| 03 | Karen Dodge Wetherbee |
| 05 | Sheila Oxley |
| 06 | Barbara Renouf |
| 08 | Sidney Cummings |
| 08 | Joel Kuechle |
| 11 | Joetta Christopher |
| 10 | Barbara Smith Stott |
| 10 | Jennifer Foreman Williams |
| 11 | Tom Smith |
| 12 | Lorrie Miller |
| | Marlene Siegel Anthony |

| | |
|----|--------------------------|
| 13 | Carol Vierra |
| 14 | Tom LaMarre |
| | Kent Willis |
| 15 | Carlee Wells King |
| | Joann Torbutt |
| 17 | Cathi Trebotich Beaubien |
| 19 | Gayle Smith |
| 20 | Ron Wofford |
| 21 | Nancy Klinkner Mulligan |
| 26 | Christopher Perry |

- 27 Diane Breen Helman
- 27 Rick Steen
- 28 Diane Squaglia Fly
- 29 Jeff Prevost
- 30 Calvin Brugge

Why does time fly ... or not? It's all in your mind - Science News - ABC News

http://www.abc.net.au/news/science/2017-08-29/science-explains-why-time-flies-when-youre-having-fun/8831478?utm_source=sfmc&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=abc_science_newsletter%3a125&user_id=9bef758d25912a218b84616df85cb5d75feb9a3d0512a4ffe5c611e2f174afe0&WT.mc_id=Email%7cabc_science_newsletter%7c125&utm_content=story_2_title



[Alex Park to Oakland History](#)

One of our darker chapters. A 1924 rally at what's now the Henry J. Kaiser auditorium. Via: [https://www.reddit.com/.../the_rise_and_fall_of_the_oakland .../](https://www.reddit.com/.../the_rise_and_fall_of_the_oakland.../)

Lakeshore Ave 1941 with Key System #18

[2012.1.107 | OMCA COLLECTIONS](#)

Original envelope reads: "Fires, Floods & Quakes." Photograph shows a flooded city street with a cable car marked "18 Lakeshore" at center. Parked cars appear at upper left along a row of shops, and three cars are visible at center right driving through the standing water. White paint is applied appliedcollections.museumca.org [Oakland International Airport - Wikipedia](#)

Oakland International Airport (IATA: OAK, ICAO: KOAK, FAA LID: OAK) is an international airport in Oakland, California, United States. It is located approximately 10 miles south of Downtown. It is owned by the Port of Oakland.[1][4] The airport has passenger service to cities in the United States, M...



<https://en.m.wikipedia.org/.../Oakland International Airport>

North Field 1960's



14th and Broadway in postcards

1926

More stories about Oakland history

- [Tiki Tom's and Oakland's tiki culture](#)
- [Niebyl-Proctor Marxist Library](#)





NEXT KASPER'S DAYS:

OCTOBER 9 & 30
12:30 pm
(between Lincoln and Coolidge)

**A tribute to Kasper's:
History, in hot dogs**
By [Samson Reiny](#) Posted
March 18, 2009 1:28 pm

Her water broke. They grabbed what they needed, scrambled out of the house and hit the road. The

couple finally arrived, and it wasn't a minute too soon. The husband jumped out of the car and rushed inside to the counter. "I'll take two hot dogs please—to go!" he said.

"I can't tell you how many times that's happened, how many pregnant women wanted Kasper's hot dogs before they went to the hospital," said a smiling Harry Yaglijian, third generation owner of the now-defunct Original Kasper's Hot Dogs on Telegraph Avenue. The anecdote was just one of many shared this past Saturday at "Kasper's Stories," as residents recollected their memories of the famed Temescal establishment.

Five years after closing, the solitary maroon building stands quietly, the windows boarded up, its neon lights dulled and dusty. The large billboard up top with a cartoon of founder Kasper Koojoolian eating a hotdog is now splattered with graffiti.

Hosted by the Site Memory Collective, comprised of a group of graduate art students from John F. Kennedy University in Berkeley, "Kasper's Stories" is a part of the group's commitment to "exploring the changing urban landscape as seen through individual and community memories of public spaces." In the case of Kasper's, it's a study of one place's impact on its residents—both when it's there and after it disappears.

"You don't analyze how important something like this is until it's gone," said Kim Campisano, one of the organizers. "And you don't realize how important it is to have that everyday connection with the same place and people in what is a vastly changing world."

After having moved his eponymous hot dog joint around Oakland a few times since the late 1920's, Koojoolian settled at 4521 Telegraph Avenue in 1943. He passed away in 1946, and his son-in-law, Harry Yaglijian, quit his gem-cutting job and took over the business in 1947. Yaglijian's son, called "Little Harry" by some to distinguish between the two, began to help his

father in 1980. He managed the family enterprise after the elder Yaglijian, who spent fifty loving years there, got sick in 1997 and could no longer work.

The elder Harry Yaglijian at the counter.

Kasper's hot dogs grew into the stuff of legend as the rich, famous, and influential came there in droves. "Ron Dellums used to come here as a kid," said Yaglijian. "So did Eugene McCarthy when he was running for president...Danny Glover...Metallica."

"I came in on a Saturday afternoon and Tommy Davis, at that time he was playing for Chicago," said Ernestine Nettles, 58, about the professional baseball player. "He sat in Kasper's and ate five hot dogs nonstop."

Jeff Norman, a 25-year resident of Temescal, noted an obituary he had read a couple of weeks ago. "Some obituaries list the deceased's range of interests...within this long line of interests this guy has had...it was mentioned that he loved Kasper's," he said.

"Kasper's Dogs is to Oakland is what Garrett Popcorn is to Chicago. There's no place else in the world you can get it," said Nettles. "My mother who's gone on now, she lived to be 94. She would not eat hot dogs from anywhere else in the world but Kasper's...if we came to Kasper's, had dogs, and did not bring her one home, it was like, don't come."

But in 2003, Kasper's—the joint that presidential candidates, musicians, and women in labor alike had made legend—closed. "There were repairs that needed to be done," said Yaglijian. "The kitchen had been there, well, since 1943, and I didn't have the money."

On Saturday, former patrons could only crowd around the eatery that once welcomed them inside. Fresh lemonade, coffee and cookies were offered as some wrote down their thoughts on yellow leaflets branded with the Kasper's hot dog logo, others recorded their stories on audio recorders, and many took pictures with Yaglijian.

For the past ten years, people in the community and throughout the world have left comments online at the company's website (OriginalKaspers.com), some of which were read by members of the collective. One testimony signed by M. Chinita was particularly amusing for its longing description: "First the cook, Michael, bastes a long steamed bun with yellow mustard: right, left, and middle. Then he fishes a long, skinny frank out of the steamer, places it in the bun, and smears that with mustard. He dabs relish down the middle. He slices fresh wedges of deep red tomato and semicircles of white onion and tucks them into the sandwich, taking his time. Then (and this makes my heart skip) he tops off the whole thing with a chunk of real cheddar he hand-cranks through a rotary grater, forming a fluffy orange cloud. 'Salt and pepper?' he asks."

But, besides the hot dog fetishizing and name-dropping, there were other things to remember—the people. To some, it's the men behind the counter that made Kasper's special. A man at an adjacent traffic stop rolled down his window. "Is Kasper's open again?" he yelled. Someone said no. "I remember [the elder] Harry; he had the cleanest hands in the business, always washing them. He was a good man." He then parked on the side of the road and chatted with the owner.

“Fifty years of relationship is like family,” said Anthony Graham, 63, who had eaten at Kasper’s since he was nine years old. “When I drive by here and don’t see this place open, it hurts me right here,” he said, pointing to his heart.

On the Memory Wall on the back side of the building, people left notes:

“We stopped by on the last day Kasper’s was open to have a hot dog and say, ‘see you later!’” one said.

“Harry, you helped me get started, and I’ll never forget that,” said another.

Yaglijian, smiling and mingling for two hours, said he wanted to reopen the place. “It’s time,” he said, confident that he can get the money. “I’ve kept saying that without giving the exact year for the last few years. But this time it’ll be ready again by the end of this year or early next.”

“The quicker it’s open, the better I’m going to feel inside,” said Graham. “I can start my tradition all over again with my granddaughter, who is seven weeks old.”

About Us

Oakland North is a news project of UC Berkeley’s Graduate School of Journalism. [Learn more here](#)



CALIFORNIA TYPEWRITER is a documentary portrait of artists, writers and collectors who remain steadfastly loyal to the typewriter as a tool and muse, featuring Tom Hanks, John Mayer, David McCullough, Sam Shepard and others. It also movingly documents the struggles of California Typewriter, one of the last standing repair shops in America dedicated to keeping the aging machines clicking. In the process, the film delivers a thought-provoking meditation on the changing dynamic between humans and machines, and encourages us to consider our own relationship with technology, old and new, as the digital age's emphasis on speed and convenience redefines who's serving whom, human or

machine? CALIFORNIA TYPEWRITER has been rated "100% Fresh" on [Rotten Tomatoes](#), with outstanding reviews nationwide. Gary Goldstein of the Los Angeles Times says the film is "a rich, thoughtful, meticulously crafted tapestry about the evolution of the beloved writing machine for purists, history buffs, collectors and others fighting to preserve or re-embrace analog life," and continues, "Oscar voters, keep this one in your sights." Directed by Doug Nichol.

CALIFORNIA TYPEWRITER GIVEAWAY! Enter for a chance to win a limited-edition Smith Corona typewriter from Tom Hanks' personal collection with a typed note from Tom Hanks himself! To be eligible, email filmclubpromo@landmarktheatres.com by Wednesday, October 4, 2017. Please write "CALIFORNIA TYPEWRITER Giveaway" in the email subject line, and include your full name, mailing address and phone number in the body of the email. One entry per Film Club member. One (1) Grand Prize winner will be chosen at random from all correct entries and notified via email. ([Official Rules](#))

[Dimond fresh air course - Newspapers.com](#)

Found in Oakland Tribune in Oakland, California on Sun, Oct 26, 1930. Dimond fresh air course newspapers.com

dimondoakland.blogspot.com 2008_02_01_dimondoakland_archive.html

[Gene Anderson](#) A big thing in 1930 https://www.newspapers.com/clip/13753682/mini_golf/

[Mini golf - Newspapers.com](#)

Found in Oakland Tribune in Oakland, California on Thu, Oct 9, 1930. Mini golf newspapers.com



[Residents bid farewell to Dimond Park's beloved...](#)

By [David Boitano](#) | Correspondent

PUBLISHED: August 29, 2017 at 6:21 am | UPDATED: August 29, 2017 at 1:36 pm

OAKLAND — The towering oak tree that stands above the picnic area in Dimond Park has looked down upon a lot of life events during its time.

No one knows exactly how old it is, but the oak has been sheltering Oaklanders from the sun for as long as anyone can remember. Generations have come and gone, but the tree remains.

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“It’s seen many world wars and conflicts,” said Giacomo Damonte, senior arborist for the city of Oakland. “I also thought of the many picnics, all of the babies who took naps under the tree, the

first kisses, climbing through the middle of the tree and the first beers. We can only imagine in our minds the huge amount of history that is soaked into this tree.”



Ruth Villasenor speaks to residents Saturday who came to Dimond Park to say goodbye to an oak tree scheduled to be cut down. (David Boitano/for Bay Area News Group)

But like all living beings, the tree cannot live forever and is scheduled to be cut down in September. Its demise began in June when a large branch fell and heavily damaged a nearby picnic table. After years of drought, the tree was soaked in water during last winter’s heavy rains only to have that water warm up during the summer heat wave.

“It was dripping with water and basically boiled and exploded,” said Michelle Doppelt, recreation supervisor. “It was an old tree.”

About two dozen neighborhood residents gathered Saturday to bid farewell to the tree. The ceremony included songs, a Native American ritual and a recognition that the tree is, in a sense, alive.

“You are like-minded people,” said Ruth Villasenor, who lives in the Dimond, “You are for all the living beings around us.” All of us are aware that we are caretakers of this land. I thank you for your consciousness of the energy that surrounds us.”

Determining the exact age of the western oak is difficult, but Doppelt said it likely may have been around when the Hugh Dimond family (after whom the park is named) bought the property in the 1850s.

Damonte didn't know either, but used another human analogy to date the aged oak.

"Sometimes — like a graceful older woman — you don't want to ask, and they don't want to tell," he said.

Droughts, heat, fungus-caused rot and other factors can impede a tree's ability to fight off disease, Damonte said. Oaks in the Bay Area and nationwide are subject to the rot.

"Drought is one of the many stress elements that can make trees less able to defend themselves," he said. "It does play a factor. Though oaks are more drought-tolerant, they are subject to that boom-and-bust cycle."

"The tree was bringing up a lot of water into the canopy during the hot weather," Damonte said. "That causes extra weight, which causes extra strain, and, because of the decay that was present, it caused the limb to fail."

Doppelt said once the tree is felled, she and others will be able to tell its exact age by counting the growth rings on the base. That section may be mounted on the scout hut with push pins to mark worldwide events that occurred during the oak's lifetime, she added.

The remaining timber is not of the quality to be used for wooden construction, but it could be made into carved art, Doppelt said. She is looking for ideas, and one resident suggested that the wood could be carved into seating.

Once the upper sections of the tree are removed, the lowest section will remain standing until crews can find the time to grind the stump. This is to prevent park patrons from tripping on the wood, Damonte said.

"We would rather have someone run into it than trip on it," he said.

Being an arborist, Damonte does not like to cut down trees, but sometimes felling them is necessary, he said.

"At some point, it's time to say goodbye, but I wanted to let everybody know that we took this decision very seriously," he said. "It wasn't something that we went into lightly or frivolously."

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EATING IN THE FIFTIES

Pasta had not been invented. It was macaroni or spaghetti.

Curry was a surname.

A take-away was a mathematical problem.

Pizza? Sounds like a leaning tower somewhere.

Bananas and oranges only appeared at Christmas time.

All chips were plain.

Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.

Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves and never green.

Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.

Chickens didn't have fingers in those days.

None of us had ever heard of yogurt.

Healthy food consisted of anything edible.

Cooking outside was called camping.

Seaweed was not a recognized food.

'Kebab' was not even a word, never mind a food.

Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days, and was regarded as being white gold.

Prunes were medicinal.

Surprisingly muesli was readily available. It was called cattle feed.

Pineapples came in chunks in a tin; we had only ever seen a picture of a real one.

Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline for it, they would have become a laughing stock.

The one thing that we never ever had on/at our table in the fifties ... was *elbows, hats and cell phones*.

