

# ELYSIAN FIELDS

October, 2002

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

Volume V, Issue 10

## Here they are! Our newly-elected members of the Resident Council

No hanging chads, no smudges, no unmanned polls, no finicky machines, no recounts, no hankey pankey! PVE resident-voters have cast their ballots and elected three new council members. All winners expressed thanks to those who voted, and appreciation both for the nominating committee, and other nominees. The one regret was that if Dewey Garwood had been elected we could have run the famous headline: **DEWEY WINS!** It was not to be, but we do have three very attractive and qualified candidates that we should all get to know and appreciate. These little biographies will try to emphasize new material on each candidate, rather than rehash what has already been written. Now, in order, ladies first, then alphabetically:

### Marjory Parker

**A relative newcomer to PVE, but what a remarkable mark she is making!**

Marje has a solid vision, and considerable experience with retirement communities. Her mother was in a similar community in Sacramento, and Marje researched many communities before selecting, for her mother, and herself. She finds PVE "Most impressive," and, based on her work with the finance committee, says, "PVE is a fine operation!"



Marje does see problems ahead, "With insurance rates increasing exponentially, primarily due to trial lawyers, and unreasonably high awards being made in court cases." Marje adds, "I also see a serious situation due to publicized increases in nurses' salaries throughout California — increasing to levels unthinkable in the budgeting process; and I think the Resident Council can be of considerable help in working with management and NCROC in this area."

Now, a few more words about Marje that you won't read elsewhere. She moved to PVE just last summer, leaving her Sacramento home of 35 years after her

college sweetheart and husband, Tom, had passed away five years earlier. Together she and Tom had enjoyed travel, backpacking, sailing, scuba diving, flying, skiing, white water rafting, ad infinitum. More recently, and possibly appropriately as we all get a little older, she directs all that energy to other pursuits, and we are the beneficiaries.

Marje has demonstrated her many skills in both her professional and her PVE life. She combines all of these with a great concern for people, and a wicked sense of humor. Her personality, energy, and enthusiasm will mesh well with the current and new members of the council.

### Howard Booth

**"Bud" spreads his wings beyond patriotic, golf, drama, and finance.**

And, it is a guarantee that Bud Booth will serve the Resident Council in his dignified, studied, personable and quiet style. He has worn many hats: in business, in his personal life, and importantly, here at PVE. So many hats in fact, that wife MJ promised a *magnifique* champagne party for Bud — if he lost!



TheBooths arrived at PVE over four-years ago from Orinda.

Is Bud qualified? You bet! As particularly relevant, he points to being division manager of the ten western states for Liberty Mutual Insurance, the largest private carrier of workman's compensation insurance in the world. As claims manager communications with thousands of employees was a key to success.

Living within the framework of the PVE charter, Bud says, "I would most like to see a more amicable relationship between management and residents working together, without the 'us vs. them' mentality that seems to exist." He points out that when we (residents) sold family homes and bought-in to PVE "we literally put our lives in management's hands, and it is our right to know especially financial matters, with only personnel matters private-to-management."

As relates to the council, Bud read from the Resident Handbook referring to the Residents' Council, "The purpose of (the council) is to aid in communications between residents and management, to promote activities of interest to residents, and to represent the resident body in forums where appropriate."

Bud Booth will be a welcome hand as the new council convenes to help solve the challenges of the future.

## Tom Martin

**A big fella, with voice, and qualifications, to match.**

Tom and Jackie have been at PVE for a little over two years, having lived nearby in Foster City since 1986. The Martins had been looking at, and studying, Continuing Care Retirement Communities since first learning of Falcons Landing in 1974. Having visited over a dozen CCRCs, our community became their choice, and Tom, as a new member of the Resident Council, wants to help keep our community at the top of the list, his, and that of all of our residents.

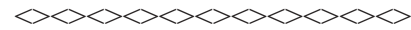


Tom laid out an explicit plan for his election campaign, based on four major planks: #1, *Fiscal responsibility*, both in terms of management, and residents. "Both parties must realize," says Mr. Martin, "that we can't have everything that everybody wants." #2, *Protect and enhance our core benefits*, listing them as the health center, dining services, housekeeping and health

and fitness. #3, *Open lines of communication* with the NCROC board, and #4, *More visible and active representation*, including voting, on the board. Tom says that he has researched these ideas, and feels that much of what he proposes can be accomplished.

Martin included in his qualifications experience with a homeowner's association in a 120-unit neighborhood with common areas much like PVE. He served as chairman of this association for six-years.

Tom promises to be an active, involved member of the council. We hasten to add that he will be highly visible and vocal, as well. ★



## Precipitation

by Peter Palmos

**Following are statistics for rainfall recorded at PVE over the past four years:**

### First and last date rainfall recorded:

<u>First date</u>	<u>Last date</u>		
1998-1999	Oct, 24	Apr 09	
1999-2000	Oct. 28	Jun 07	
2000-2001	Sep 01	Apr 20	
2001-2002	Sep 24	May 20	

### Month with the greatest rainfall:

1998-1999	February	10.11 inches
1999-2000	February	13.97 inches
2000-2001	February	6.95 inches
2001-2002	December	13.08 inches

2001-2002 was the wettest year	31.69 inches
2000-2001 was the least wet year	20.18 inches

The normal annual rainfall recorded at Travis AFB For a year is 23.64 inches.

### Welcome back Pete!

The golfers would appreciate it if you could arrange sunshine, with no rain, and no wind, on Mondays and Thursdays this winter. It would be nice, too, if you could make those days kinda warm.

Thank you. ★

# A Ghost from Custer's Battlefield

by Cal Samson



Custer's battlefield is about sixty miles southeast of Billings, Montana. When I was about ten years old and living at Grandma's house in Billings, there was a garage across the alley that had been converted into living quarters for an old man. He was the grandfather of the family that lived in the main house. One day, while I was out in the backyard playing, the lady of the main house came across the alley with a human skull in her hands. I noticed it was missing the lower jaw. She asked if I would like to have the skull. She said her grandfather, who was a Montana pioneer, had just passed away. He had claimed that he had found the skull at Custer's battlefield.

Apparently, the skull's spirit had been working on the woman to provide a more suitable place for it, other than the garbage dump. I was fascinated with the human skeleton, and whenever I was at our doctor's office, I was allowed to go to the consultation room and view the complete skeleton the doctor had hanging from a stand. I would study the various parts of it and observe how they fit together. Then, when I got home, I would draw a skeleton from what I could remember and also make replicas of it out of modeling clay.

Thus, I said I would be glad to have it and asked if she knew whether it was an Indian or a white man's skull. She did not know, so I simply took possession of the skull and ran into my grandma's house and said, "Look what I've got." Both Mom and Grandma were horrified, and Grandma said, "Get that thing out of this house and never bring it back!"

I said, "It came from Custer's battlefield," where we had all been several times. But that did not impress her one bit. I called the skull "he" instead of "it." Later, I was able to talk my grandma into letting me keep "him" in the basement. I had a special place there, which a bunch of us boys in the neighborhood used for secret club meetings. I put the skull on a pedestal in a prominent place in this meeting room. Until then, we had not gotten around to naming the club. Now we had a name, "Skull and Cross Bones," which of course is the pirate symbol and also denotes the presence of poison.

At the other end of the block, there was an apartment house which was owned by a family that lived

next door to it. This family had a son named Billy, and we were close friends. He was a member of our club as well. Billy would alert the club whenever a tenant moved out of an apartment, because the tenant would invariably throw away "treasures." We would go over to the apartment house garbage cans and scrounge through them looking for these treasures. On one of these occasions, when I took the lid off one of the cans, I found a hat box, and in it was a brand new derby complete with a white satin lining. I knew in an instant just where that derby belonged. I took it to the basement's secret club room and placed it on the skull, and it just fit. At first, I had not realized that I had set it slightly cocked, which gave "him" a jovial debonair look. From then on, he became known as "Mr. Bones." He presided over many club meetings until Mom decided to go back to work, and we had to move to Helena. Grandma said, "Mr. Bones has to go," and Mom answered, "Not with us," so I gave him to the boy next door, who had coveted him from the very beginning. I thought about keeping the derby, but "Mr. Bones" seemed so happy in it, I could not bring myself to separate them.

Years later, when I became more knowledgeable about Indian culture, I realized that "Mr. Bones" could not have been an Indian, because they took care of their dead and gave them a proper religious burial. Thus, I am pretty sure "Mr. Bones" was a member of the famed Seventh Cavalry. ☆

## Move-ins, September, 2002

### **Joan and James "Duncan" Kelly**

4010 Constitution Avenue

From: Orinda, CA

(Referred by the Vasaks)

### **Janice**

"Jan" and LtCol.

### **USAF (Ret) Richard "Dick" Bart**

2106 Estates Drive

From: Solvang, CA

### **Pauline and Gordon Sork**

5713 Estates Drive

From: Dixon, CA

# A.A. (Adoptions Available)

by Earl Conley

The article that you are about to read is factual. The names have been withheld to protect the innocent.

At the last P.V.E. Angels' (Well, that's what we're called) meeting, the honorable activities coordinator of the Health Center informed us that we had the privilege of adopting any of her residents.

I asked my wife, "Do you think adopting someone who just might possibly be one or two days older than we are is sensible?"

She answered, "Silly, you know the coordinator doesn't mean for us to do that legally, she is asking if we will act as their Big Brother or Sister?"

Simultaneously, both of us thought of two special residents that we would be very happy to claim as relatives under those terms and conditions.

"Do you know who my choice is," I asked?

"Certainly," she answered, "and my choice is his wife."

This was no surprise to me. This man and woman are both very remarkable. He resides in Assisted Living. She resides in Skilled Nursing. He makes certain she never wants for a thing. We will certainly be proud to claim them as our brother and sister. It is impossible to express the satisfaction of seeing them smile at us when we enter the skilled nursing dining room or anywhere else we meet. Without a doubt, all four of us enjoy this relationship. We have invited them into our home and will try to provide special little services they find not readily available.

There are many "super-nice" people in the Health Center. If you are interested in capturing some of those big smiles and enjoying the rewards of this form of "adoption," give my wife or me a call, (428-3043). We will be more than happy to introduce you to many very nice and wonderful prospects. ❄

*Editor's Note: Earl's nice story prompts me to report that the next issue of Elysian Fields, is planned as a Laurel Creek Issue, with emphasis on this wonderful facility. If you want 15 minutes of fame, in this issue, write a short story. For 10 minutes of fame write something longer.*

# Don't Mess with Texans

by Ancil Baker

Saddam Hussein and George Bush meet at Saddam's castle in Baghdad for the first round of talks in a new peace process.



When George sits down, and they begin talking, he notices three buttons on the side of Saddam's chair.

After maybe five minutes Saddam presses one of his buttons and a boxing glove springs out of a box on his desk punching George in the face.

Annoyed, George carries on talking while Saddam laughs.

Later, Saddam presses a second button and a big boot comes out and kicks George on his shin.

Again, Saddam laughs, and George resumes talking, not wanting to put off the bigger issue of peace between our two countries.

But when Saddam presses a third button and another boot strikes out kicking George square on his privates, he finally had enough.

"I'm heading back home to Texas now", he calmly tells the Iraqi leader. "We'll finish these talks at my place in two weeks."

The fortnight passes and Saddam arrives for reciprocal talks at George's 1,600 acre ranch near Crawford and Fort Hood, Texas.

They shake hands, and as the two men sit down, Saddam notices three buttons on President Bush's chair and prepares himself for the expected retaliation.

As they talk, George presses a button. Saddam ducks, but nothing happens.

George snickers.

Soon a second button is pressed. Saddam jumps up. But again, nothing happens.

Bush laughs out loud.

Saddam says, "I have a question."

"Your Excellency, I will gladly give you an answer if I have one," George replies.

Saddam says, "My son watches this show, 'Star Trek' and in it

there are Russians, Blacks and Asians but never any Iraqis. He is very upset. He doesn't understand why there are never any Iraqis in 'Star Trek'."

George pounds his desk, roars with laughter and says, "It's because it takes place in the future."

Whereupon, George presses his third button, Saddam again jumps up and again nothing happens.

“Forget this,” Saddam says. “I’m going back to Baghdad!”

Through tears of laughter George says, “What Baghdad?” ❄

## What’s Coming Up

by Lise Hansen

- ◆ Crocker Art Museum and IMAX Theater in Sacramento
- ◆ San Francisco Opera “La Boheme” at Luther Burbank Center, Santa Rosa
- ◆ McEvoy Olive Ranch and Marin French Cheese Company, Petaluma
- ◆ Napa Valley Golf Championship (formerly the TransAmerica) at Silverado Country Club, Napa
- ◆ Muir Woods
- ◆ Antique Show in Vacaville
- ◆ Holt Planetarium at the Lawrence Hall of Science, UC Berkeley
- ◆ Guitarist Louis Valentine Johnson with special guest star Jose Louis from Argentina at PVE
- ◆ “Rail Travels Around the World” slide show by Morgan Lawrence at PVE
- ◆ Garrick Ohlsson, pianist at Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco

## What we’re working on

by Lise Hansen

- ◆ Sacramento Choral Society & Orchestra “Heroes & Dreams”, Sacramento
- ◆ Jackson Rancheria Casino
- ◆ Bolshoi Ballet “Swan Lake” at Zellerbach Hall, Berkeley
- ◆ Hanna House/Stanford Shopping
- ◆ Donald Runnicles & Friends at the Napa Valley Opera House
- ◆ “An Evening with Gershwin” at the Fairfield Center for Creative Arts
- ◆ Shanghai Ballet at Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ West Valley Chorale Barbershoppers at PVE

- ◆ “Carousel” at Davis Musical Theater
- ◆ Air Force Band of the Golden West at the Fairfield Center for Creative Arts
- ◆ “Home for the Holidays” San Francisco Homes tour
- ◆ The Dulcetones at PVE
- ◆ Grace Cathedral Choir at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco
- ◆ Valley Brass Quintet at PVE
- ◆ “A Touch of Roses”, Pasadena Tournament of Roses Parade
- ◆ “Blast” at the California Musical Theater in Sacramento
- ◆ “Princess Ida” by Lamplighters Music Theater at Dean Leshner Regional Center for the Arts, Walnut Creek
- ◆ Happy Birds at PVE
- ◆ “Stones In His Pockets” at California Musical Theater in Sacramento
- ◆ Oakland East Bay Symphony
- ◆ “How To Succeed In Business Without Even Trying” at Davis Musical Theater
- ◆ Brandenburg Ensemble, San Francisco Symphony
- ◆ “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” at Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ Stuttgart Ballet “Romeo & Juliet” at Zellerbach Hall in Berkeley
- ◆ “Tango Buenos Aires” at Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ “Very Viennese” by the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in San Francisco
- ◆ “Voices of Eve and Angels” (VOENA) at PVE

In a recent interview, General Norman Schwartzkopf was asked if he didn’t think there might be room for forgiveness toward the people who have harbored and abetted the terrorists who perpetrated the 9/11 attacks on America.

He said, “I believe that forgiving them is God’s function. Our job is simply to arrange the meeting.”

Amen.

# First Day at School

by Russ Bowen

I remember being scared when mother took me to my first day in kindergarten. It was September, 1917 and I was just five years and one month old. The Kelsey Street School in New Britain, Conn. was only a short four-block walk from my home at 550 Stanley Street. I was filled with excitement about the new adventure. Now I was on my way to school just like the older kids.

When Mother and I entered the classroom, there were eight or ten early arrivals gathered in a group around an “old, old” teacher who rushed forward to greet us. As you would expect, this shy five-year-old clung to his mother. Also there to greet the newcomers was the school principal, Mrs. Tormy. She had been my mother’s teacher in this very same school of which she was now school principal, and my mother had been one of her favored students, so naturally she took a great interest in this shy little fellow. But, believe me, on my part, it was completely unwanted. So there I stood, with finger in mouth, still clinging, as I surveyed with wide eyes the unfamiliar scene.

More children, complete strangers, were now arriving. One, a boy both older and bigger, saw an opportunity to establish dominance by pushing me. Several small girls added their bit to the raucous tableau by bursting into tears as their parents departed. Mother bent down to kiss me goodbye, and I realized that I, too, would be left behind.

I felt totally abandoned in a world filled with strangers, and I saw no chance for escape. My eyes filled with tears. Would I survive till the noon pickup? Indeed, this was scary.

*From the copy editor: “Is this the end? Did he survive? We know he did, but —? When submitted by Liz Wildberger, from her Memoir Writers’ Group, she said: “Imagine, total recall after 85 years.”* ★



# Misplaced Rainbow

by Peg Cutshall

It was one of those “misty, moisty mornings” in November, with dark clouds scowling as they scooted across the sky. The kind of day when we are forced to admit that the lingering California summer is in final retreat, this first rain nudging it toward climes far south of the equator.



Our “not-quite-three” year old grandson, Michael, was in the kitchen with his mom, chatting about what they would do after breakfast. Our intuitive daughter suggested that it might be fun to take a rainy day walk and, Mike agreed eagerly, trotting off to find his new yellow slicker, boots, and peanut size Sou’wester hat.

Scorning umbrellas, the pair ventured outside, faces tilted upward as though daring these sky sprinklers to douse them, but really wanting to feel the plop-plop of drops on their cheeks, giggling when they did. Hand in hand, they were in high spirits, warm and cozy in their rain gear, and definitely ready for whatever new experience might come their way...and then one did!

Since there are no sidewalks by their house, Mike and his mom were sloshing along the street, splashing through pools of water, some of which had motor oil swirling on the surface. Suddenly Michael stopped dead in his tracks as he noticed a myriad of colors spread before him, floating on top of the water. He could hardly believe the spectrum, seemingly placed there for his personal amazement and amusement. “Look, mom, a rainbow!” he shouted excitedly as he pointed to this latest discovery.

While we older sophisticates know that this phenomenon is typical of the early rains of the season, Mike’s first reaction was simply pure joy in its existence. But then as he stared, he was totally mystified by this juxtaposition. Looking heavenward to where a rainbow should be, and unable to explain it, he paused as he struggled to come to an understanding. Finally, shrugging as he trudged onward, he said to himself in a small, unsure voice, “I guess it fell.” ★

# Ray and Pat Heimbuch

by Charlotte Montandon



Memoir writers at PVE and elsewhere compose their essays not only for their children and grandchildren, but also for themselves, so that they might make sense of events in their lives. Even if the writers look back with satisfaction, they may realize that lives are all too often shaped by circumstances beyond individual control. Because writers and readers hope to find out how other individuals cope with life's problems, many of today's bestsellers are biographies and autobiographies.

Meeting Ray and Pat Heimbuch you see a couple devoted to each other, deeply caring, and accepting of the turns their lives have taken. Married since 1946, they are parents of one son and two daughters and grandparents of six. Ray appears to be the vocal one, the storyteller; Pat is more quiet, but supportive of Ray's conversation. Then, suddenly, there is a snag. Ray cannot go on. His voice gives out, and he struggles for composure. To understand, you will have to read his autobiography.

October seems to be an eventful month for Ray. On Oct. 22 of this year he will be eighty-three years old. In October 1941 he left the Philippines, in October 1945 he returned to the US from Japan, and in October 1961

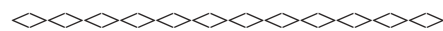
he retired from the airforce. In October his book will be published, and in October PVE readers will be able to buy a copy in The Store.

"I'm One of the Lucky Ones" is a gripping account of Ray's childhood, young manhood, his life in the military, from which he separated with the rank of Major, his life with Pat, his satisfaction with his family. However, before you assume this is the tale of an ordinary life; look at the pages that begin with World War II. Ray had fought in the Philippines only five months when the US troops got the order to surrender to the Japanese. What happened to him in the four years after the surrender is what marked Ray indelibly.

Ray speaks English, German, and Spanish. Several generations ago, German farmers had been invited by Catherine the Great to come to Russia and cultivate the land by the Volga river. Ray's family lived there until the promises made to the German farmers were disregarded and their sons conscripted into the tsar's army. Ray's grandfather and all his offspring left and came to the US, where they settled in South Dakota in a climate that reminded them of home. When Ray grew up, German was still spoken by the family. English, of course, is the language of the country he lives in and loves. Spanish he learned in the Army language school and perfected during three years in El Salvador. His children went to school with San Salvadorans. Obviously Ray is open to other cultures. Above all, he does not condemn whole nations for the horrendous evil committed by some. Twice in his book he makes it very clear that he holds no grudge against the Japanese civilians, though he does condemn those police and military men who had been given a little power over the POWs and used it criminally. What helped him survive was his ability for friendship, the "buddy system," his way of sharing what little one had, and of looking out for one another.

His memory is sharp. He remembers names and places perfectly. His attention to detail is such that one could follow step by step his descriptions of how he did something and come out with the same result as he.

After his return at the end of the war, life went more smoothly. Let him tell you, put the book on your reading list, discuss it in Clerisy and, above all, welcome our new neighbors Pat and Ray Heimbuch. ★



Live in the past, but don't remember too much.  
—From RULES FOR AGING by Roger Rosenblatt

## News From Your Library

by Bev Clemson, Head Bookie

Maybe you read the last Elysian and remember that the Library was in a state of chaotic movement when Fiction decided she was expanding and wanted more space. To go on with the story, the whole library then went crazy. Other sections wanted to move too. So now we have Literature over on the inside front wall, with Poetry, Short Stories, Opera, Music and who knows what else moving to that section. It does seem rather fitting that they should be grouped together, however — all the arty things.



Health had become too fat also, and got rather out of hand and was spilling over into the next shelves. We hope to tame her down by giving her more space and putting her into categories like Arthritis, Diets, Diabetes, General Health, Parkinson's, etc.

Several new bookcases have moved in. One from C.C. Frazer is in the computer room, and none too soon. We have almost filled it. Of course, we have more books, some recently from John Wester. A pair of new bookcases with space underneath for our work items now resides to the left of the front door. They will hold all the Art books. The marble-topped sideboard had to leave, but it found a nice place downstairs in the Memorial area. Soon to leave, are three armchairs and one wood cylinder at the front door.

If we ever stop spinning, we will work on a map to show where all the sections of your library are located. Did you know we have a Finance section? Ancient History? Mystery? Reference? Maps? Language dictionaries, now including Swedish? Large print? Well, you'll see where they all are when our map is prepared.

In the meantime, poke around and use your library. Explore. Do research if you want. Write your own book or paper. Or just read something interesting. You know we have lots of books and new books come in every week. By the way, will the current readers of "John Adams" please let Bev Clemson know who you are?

Maybe you'd like to guess how many books we have. Put your name and that number on a slip of paper in the rubber band bowl. We will be counting in the near future. The closest to the total count gets a prize. (An old book? Well, something.) ★

## Campus of Extended Learning

by Liz Wildberger

Sign up sheets for two classes in memoir writing are now available in the Green Book at the Community Center Reception Desk.

*Memoir Writing For Beginners* is intended for those who have been considering writing some recollections or reminiscences about their lives, from childhood to the present. There are no requirements. Instruction is in workshop format, with "writing prompts" supplying the initial impetus to get the writing process started. Time is set aside for writing during the class period, and there is a writing assignment. Participants read their work aloud for critique by the members. Handouts are provided at each session. Classes meet in the Round Room of the Community Center at 1 p.m. and last until approximately 2:30 p.m. Dates: Tuesday, October 8 - Friday, October 25 (eight classes).

*Advanced Memoir Writing* is open to all those who have completed the *Beginners' Memoir Writing* class, or those who feel they have mastered basic non-fiction writing skills. Emphasis is on refining existing work and extending the memoir to include additional vignettes. Prompts emphasize setting, objects and character. Writing in class and assignments on given topics are included in the workshop format. Handouts are provided for each class. Classes meet in the Round Room of the Community Center at 3 p.m. and last until approximately 4:30 p.m. Dates: Tuesday, October 8 - Friday, October 25 (eight classes).

Instructor for both classes is Liz Wildberger. She is the author of *Author Approaches to Literature* and the co-author of *Raising Readers and Literacy Place*.





## Meet Our New Real Estate Team:

Pat Orme  
Jan Holderness

**But, they don't want to sell you a whole house, Just a brick or two!!**

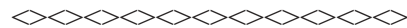
When was the last time you took a walk in the garden, when the dew was still on the roses? Now's a good time: the flowers are beautiful, the vegetables abundant. But, look down! Look at the center patio, where the new fountain will be installed this month! It's supposed to be a focal point, paved with personalized, inscribed bricks that reflect thoughts of love, or to honor a friend or family member. That potentially beautiful patio is pitifully bereft of bricks.

**That's Why We Have Declared October "Buy a Brick" Month**

Hey! Just \$35.00 buys a brick that will last *forever!* How can that be a bad buy? Just write down on a little

slip of paper the few words you want inscribed, write a check for \$35 and stuff both in Box #4033 for Pat, or #5833 for Jan. And, if you have trouble with writing a little something special, either of them will help to make it easy. Just \$35.00. As they say at pledge time on the telly, "let's hear those phones ring, let's stuff those boxes, let's hear those pens scratching on those checks!"

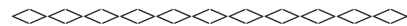
October is "Buy a Brick Month" at PVE and we'd like to report in the next issue of *Elysian Fields* just how many bricks can be added to the patio. There are about 100 there now. Another 100 should be a skip-through-the-dew! Let's settle for 50! *The brick is in your court.* ★



## Garden News

By Jan Holderness

Since our fine editor has officially declared October as "Buy a Brick Month," we will have a celebration in the garden on Wednesday, October 9th at 10 a.m. Those who have donated bricks are especially urged to attend and share a story about their brick. This gathering replaces the regular meeting of the Garden Club. ★



## Good News!

from Virginia Noordyk



Lost bird found! Security personnel Virginia's lost parakeet on 9/4/2002. been reunited with family and his companion parakeet.

## Everet Morin

Died August 10, 2002

The family greatly appreciates your cards and sympathy.

**Helen Morin**

## Dining Services Report Chow Down

by E. M. (Mike) Michael

Because of 9/11 your Dining Services Committee did not hold a meeting in September. They did take a very interesting field trip, however. More on that at a later date.

Notwithstanding, the fact that we all live in a great environment including our dining arrangements, the committee has a little list — quite informal no less, of pet peeves residents have with the dining room. I have watched very carefully and noted that staff performance has really improved. Almost without exception none of those petty infractions are occurring. There is, however, one new one that has popped up. We were all taught by our Mamas not to speak while chewing— that is with our mouths full of food. Hence bus persons (or is it bus boys? — bus girls?) should not ask us if its ok to clear our plate when our mouth is full of food. Well, it would be impolite for us to reply. It seems to me that there may be another reason why bus persons should try to clear in that situation.

Some residents have arthritis in their hands and have difficulty handling their utensils. This is particular true when we have picnic type meals — such as the Labor Day buffet, where plastic utensils are in use. If that is the case for you it is suggested that you ask wait staff to bring you regular utensils. Alternately, you might consider having special, personalized utensils made/modified for your day-to-day use.

The consensus is that the new (09/09/02) menu is another hit.

### From the net: Idiots in Food Service

My daughter went to a local Taco Bell and ordered a taco. She asked the person behind the counter for “minimal lettuce”. He said he was sorry, but they only had iceberg.

Bon Appetite! ★



## All Issues of *News from Paradise & Elysian Fields* Now in Our Library

Want to check up on somebody that you just met? Check on their biography in *Elysian Fields*. There's a complete list of all bios at the front of each of two binders, now in the library, that will direct you to the issue date.

Want to learn how it all happened? PVE that is. John Collens (BGen. Ret. USAF) has written eight articles on the development of PVE from the beginning. There's a list of his articles, chronicling the phases of PVE development, in the front of each binder.

Then again, you may not be looking for something specific. Maybe you'd just like to read all about PVE from the start.

It's all there, from the first issue of *News from Paradise* in February, 1998, until the most recent issue of *Elysian Fields*, usually with the photographs and artwork in color.

Look for the two large white ring binders on the shelf. ★

## Memory Walk 2002

by Jan Olson, Fitness Coordinator

The Wellness Department is pleased to announce that PVE will be participating in the Alzheimer's Association Memory Walk 2002. This is a national fundraising event to help those battling Alzheimer's. The event is a fund-raiser and you do not have to walk in the event to contribute to the cause. The event will be held at Jelly Belly here in Fairfield on Saturday October 5th at 10:00 am. The walkers will be led by PVE fitness coordinator, Jan Olson. She will also be our PVE team leader. If you would like to participate in this event, either to make a donation, or to walk, we would love to have you. See Jan in the wellness office or pick up a registration form at the recreation center. Please register by September 26<sup>th</sup>. If you have questions you can reach Jan at 432-1105. Why not come out and take a step to end Alzheimer's. ★

# Virginia Moulden Celebrates on the High Seas

## Introduction by Charlotte Montandon

The birthday cake was in front of her, the waiters were singing, fellow passengers were applauding . . . that's what happened when our long-time PVE resident Virginia Moulden turned 83 on August 14, 2002. Not only was it her birthday, but also her wedding anniversary, for she had married the late Major William Moulden on that day in 1947. At one time they had both been in Alaska; this time she was with her friend and neighbor Pat Okawachi, recently returned from Japan. Virginia is a world traveler, as is Pat. Both have a good sense of humor and a ready wit, so they made perfect roommates, no easy feat on a fourteen day togetherness cruise on sea and on land.

Virginia was a 2nd lieutenant in the Reserve, as well as a teacher and principal. She is the mother of one daughter, the grandmother of one, and now a great-grandmother. All during her husband's sickness and after his passing, she has belonged to an Alzheimer's support group and now can give encouragement to families of persons thus afflicted.

She sees God's workings in the beauty of nature, and considers travel the best way to see this beauty. With this thought she begins her and Pat's story of their memorable and enjoyable trip, taken by two undaunted world travelers, and our PVE friends.



# My Alaska Cruise

## by Virginia Moulden

Travel is a wonderful opportunity to see the wonders of nature. What we experience when traveling is etched permanently on our brains. That can be said of my recent fourteen-days exploration of parts of the Inside Passage of Alaska.

Since 1963, when I traveled in Alaska with my husband Bill, I have had visions of repeating the trip, though to different parts of the state. So, in August of this year, Pat Okawachi and I boarded the Universe Explorer, a 737 passenger ship, in Vancouver, Canada. The ship docked several times, making land tours possible.

We saw the Pipeline which gives access to the natural resources of the region. We took the train ride at Skagway high up into the mountains. We also visited Sitka, the former Russian possession, where the Russian heritage was apparent in the folk dances performed for us and in the church the first Russian Orthodox church in America.

In Juneau we took the "tram" which goes up 1800 feet and gives the most expansive view in all Alaska. Also, we came to Valdez, which is completely surrounded by majestic snow-capped peaks. Before the 9.2 earthquake of 1964, the town was four miles to the west, but was then moved to more stable ground. Another tour took us to the base of Exit Glacier where we visited the guide's log cabin and his three sled dogs.

We met the young people of several Indian tribes who, with their dances, costumes and chants brought to life the history of the Alaskan natives. At Ketchikan we saw the largest collection of totem poles in the world. Finally, on the way back, we stopped at Victoria, the oldest city in the Pacific Northwest, where we were able to admire fabulous homes and gardens.

The trip neither let me see the largest glaciers nor did it let me hear the thunder made by a calving glacier, but we did see smaller glaciers, beautiful waterfalls, and lots of flowers. We did not see one bear, nor one eagle, but the whole trip was heavenly. My Bill would have loved it, too! ☆

**Oscar**

**Fall 1986 – August 2002**

**Oscar, a dachshund, gave 16 years of love to Ed  
& Virginia Noordyk**

## A Welcome to the Football Season

# My ‘Chute Didn’t Open!

by Bill Stoneberg

**... probably because I never jumped,  
never pulled the ripcord.**

Recently, a friend sent a full-page article from the *Chicago Tribune* about Jay Berwanger. The Tribune used to have printed on the first page: “World’s Greatest Newspaper,” with which I’m sure many newspapers would argue, and, “Two Cents—Pay No More,” an indication of its worth (?), no matter the times.



Now, I have stumped a few sports talk-show hosts with the question, “Who won the first Heisman Trophy?” The answer: “Jay Berwanger,” University of Chicago football player who won the trophy in 1935.

Here’s where I come into the story. After completing pre, pre-flight school, and WTS (war training service) and real pre-flight (U of Iowa), I finally got to primary training in the Navy V-5 program at NAS Lambert Field, St. Louis in December of 1943. My flight instructor for a flight in an N2S Stearman was – you guessed it – Lt. Jay Berwanger, one of the men sometimes, negatively, referred to as “90 day wonders,” although surely not by me, because they got their commissions in just three months.

Jay, “Sir!” and I were to go flying, he in the front seat, me in the back. I was supposed to be able to see ahead and around his nineteen-inch neck and shoulders that seemed still to be in football pads! It was to be a “familiarization” flight. I was to learn where the stick, throttle, trim, rudder controls, etc., were located, and what they might do with a little pressure this way or that, and even learn where the home field was located. The flight went well. On the way back to Lambert Field, Lt. Berwanger, “Sir,” picked up the “Gosport” tube, a primitive speaking tube between front seat and back. He put this tube to his mouth and shouted to me as I put the tube to my ear, “Hey Stonie, wanna make a para-

chute jump!?!”

I, tube to mouth, spoke. He now listened for my response, tube to ear: “Sir! You want me to jump out of the airplane? Now? Uh, let me think about it.....” “Sir...I have thought about it. Maybe next time!” For sure, my response would end my flying career! I thought next time you see me, I’ll be a yeoman sweating over an Underwood typewriter nine to five, or whatever hours the Navy kept in those jobs.

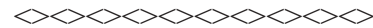
With tail between my legs, embarrassed and chagrined, I thought surely this was it. We (he) landed. We (he) taxied to the flight line. Unharnessed, we jumped out (he first). “Uh, Lt. Berwanger, Sir! I’m sorry I chickened-out! Let’s go up again. I’LL DO IT!”

Response (from Heisman/Berwanger/Lieutenant/Sir): “Hey, cadet, forget about it. I’d catch hell from the skipper if I let you jump. I ask that question of every cadet. Nobody has jumped yet. Matter of fact nobody has ever said, “Let’s go up again. I’LL DO IT!”

I got an up-check that day, when I certainly expected a down! And, I slept OK that night!

Jay Berwanger died in Illinois on June 25, 2002. The *Tribune* pages I got in the mail were part of his obituary.

*Note: My first flying lessons were at a make-shift facility in Bloomington, IL at the local airport in Taylorcraft airplanes, all owned and operated by a fellow named Art Carnahan, under contract with the Navy. Fifty odd years later at PVE, I met Bob ‘Steiny’ Steinkraus, who took his first flying lessons from the same Art Carnahan. same town, same airfield. Small world! ☆*



## Fathers and Football

by Otto Vasak

In the late autumn of 1938 at the University of Wisconsin, it was Dad’s Day. Students’ dads were being honored at the Saturday football game being played at Camp Randall Stadium. Our band director, Ray Dvorak, decided that band members’



d a d s should march out onto the football field with their sons and daughters during the opening ceremonies before the game started.

We lined up under the south goal post ready to march out on the field. My father was standing next to me, a lot shorter than I was, but all smiles. We waited for the fanfare to begin. In the front row were the Swiss flag throwers. Behind them was the line of herald trumpeters, and behind them was the marching band.

The fanfare was coordinated with the band's brass instruments and the herald trumpets. The music modulated from one key to another and sent shivers down one's back. After the fanfare, we marched out on the field playing "On Wisconsin," my father marching proudly along with me.

The band then went to their seats on the 50-yard line, and my father joined my mother in the stands. For my father and me, this October Father's Day was the most memorable of our lives. ★



## Sports

by John Kroyer

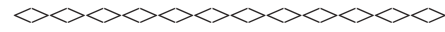
Hallelujah! Bocce Ball court construction has finally begun. The land has been cleared. Though the area "looked" flat to the naked eye, the fall-off from one end, and seventy-seven feet to the other end, is fourteen inches. This had to be determined because the top surface of the cement walls surrounding the court surface must be absolutely level. The cement "bathtub" is seventy-seven feet long, eleven feet wide, with the exterior walls being six inches thick. The empty, inside of the tub, must then be filled with five different layers of aggregate. Around the outside, dirt must be replaced against the lower half of the cement wall to counter-act the lateral pressure from the inside.



Now, enter the male PVE residents. In order to make the Bocce court economically feasible, we need to supply the labor to move the aggregate and dirt into position. Hence, the formation of shovel and wheelbarrow teams. The work will be slow and easy, with much rest and conviviality. With enough volunteers, only a few need to work at any one time. When completed we can be proud of a court which we built for the playing and viewing pleasure of any of our residents. I recently watched a state Bocce tournament at the Fairfield senior center and the only hair color of par-

ticipants, male or female, was gray.

If you have a little time and muscle available, please call John Kroyer and leave your name and phone number to add to the eleven volunteers that have signed up. Thank you. ★

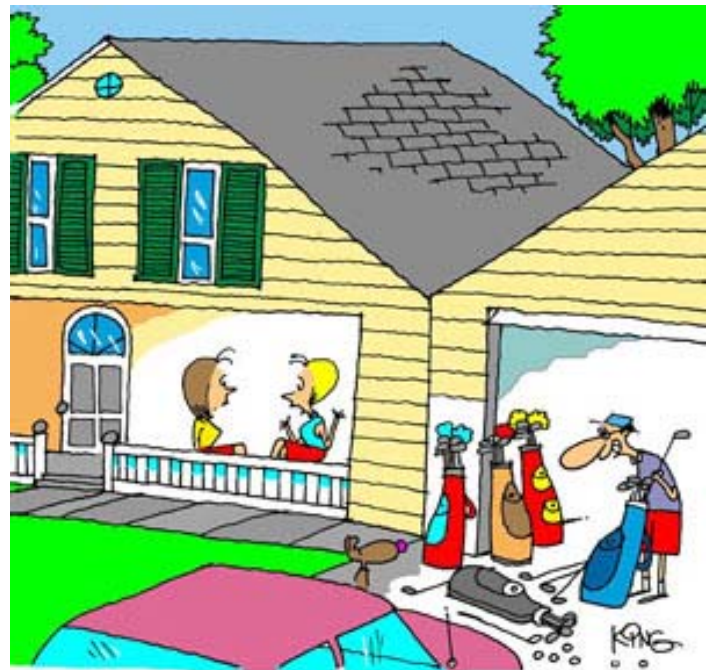


## 5<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration for Paradise Valley Estates

Mark your calendars for Friday, November 1, 2002, at 3:00 p.m. to join in celebrating the 5<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the opening of Paradise Valley Estates.

Plans are now being made to commemorate PVE's existence, achievements, accomplishments and overall spirit for the Residents, Board of Directors, Staff and Future Residents.

A planned program and reception will start the celebration followed by a "special dinner" in our main dining room. Details will follow as plans are formalized. ★



"I watch every penny I spend and we're still broke. I just don't know where our money goes."

# Tears of Pain, Tears of Joy

by Mibby Taylor

Some things one never gets over. I can still cry tears of joy and pain when I think of an amazing day when our son Jimmy lapsed into a coma while a patient in a Pennsylvania hospital. It was Good Friday, 1972. I was summoned by Jim's school for the mentally retarded in Langhorne, PA. I was working at the Maryland legislature in Annapolis. Arnett was busy at the Naval Academy, and daughter Robin was working in Washington. Together, we drove to Langhorne to the hospital, went to his room, and held him and each other, weeping over our brave, loving Jimmy. He was twenty years old, tall and blonde.

As we stood by Jim's bed, a kind-faced nurse came in and greeted us. She told us how sweet a person Jim was, despite his mental disabilities and the seizures that racked his body. She told us that when we'd phoned the day before, she'd been in Jim's room, that he had been so happy and excited over our call. "That was my parents," Jimmy told her. "They love me very, very much. And I want you to know something," he had continued, "it's very, very important to be loved."

The tears flowed. How wonderful to have met this dear nurse and know what Jim was thinking just before he went into the coma. We shared our feelings with the nurse, hugged, and planned to get together when she was free. Then, we let her go to her other duties.

Later, when we went to find her, glancing up and down the corridor, we could not spot her. We went to the main desk to enquire. No listing, no such person working in the hospital, unknown to the hospital staff!

Was she an angel sent to comfort us with assurances that Jimmy's last thoughts were happy ones of love and family? Neither Robin, Arnett, nor I could remember the nurse's name after that day. ☪

## Oh, Really?

by Ellie Vasak

"The best is yet to come."  
Have you heard that lately?  
The best's ahead – oh,  
Who are you trying to kid?

When were you at your best,  
In your forties, your fifties?  
When did you shine?  
When was your grand slam bid?

Were your sixties and seventies,  
Well remembered?  
Eighties and nineties,  
Live 'em for all they're worth!

We never give up hope,  
There's still lots to live for,  
Stars in the sky,  
And the magic of babies' birth!

## REMEMBERING

**Donald "Rode" Rodewald**

Arrived PVE:            July 27, 1998  
Departed:                September 17, 2002

**Devoted father of three daughters**



## To our PVE friends

Thank you for the prayers and encouragement you gave us during our son Bruce's long illness. We also appreciate the many cards and expressions of sympathy we have received his death. Your caring and love continues to help us during this difficult time.

**Leslie and Unadel Shapton**

## Sit and Be Fit

by Isabella Lively

Five days a week my alarm goes off at 5:35 a.m. With thanks for a new day, I rise, accomplish the necessary rise ‘n shine items, and then go to the kitchen to turn on my teakettle. In a few minutes the water is boiling and I have my first few sips of Taster’s Choice Gourmet Blend Coffee. It really helps to warm me up and get my joints moving.

Grabbing my exercise band, and a small round ball, I quickly move a chair into its proper position and click on Channel 9. Mary Ann Wilson’s (RN, lecturer and columnist) warm voice welcome me to “*Now, get ready to sit and be fit.*” Sometimes Laurie McCormick, a certified Physical Therapist, assists her.

With my back straight, chin pulled in correctly, head up, shoulders back, the first warm-up commences. Every day there is a variety of music – sometimes slow and easy; other times it is highly spirited. There is no time to relax; Mary Ann keeps you moving from one exercise to another.

There are other exercises designed especially for the finger joints, so I get my ball in hand. It is then time to get out of the chair and stand directly behind it. Laurie leads alternative moves for those who choose to remain seated. The pace really heats up; the music becomes more lively, and soon our arms and legs are moving rapidly with the aid of the exercise band.

Wind-down time means stretching those muscles: The quadriceps, hamstrings, calf and hip flexors. My favorite part at last has arrived – a whole two minutes of relaxation, breathing deeply while watching soothing landscapes, vivid sunsets, rippling streams or bold close-ups of flowers in bloom. As Mary Ann says, “Keep reaching out for a better day!” I reach for my clicker so I can change channels before “Mr. Roberts” comes on at 6:30 a.m.

The exercise program on Channel 9, KQED, is also videotaped Monday through Fridays on PVE Channel 78, at 8:30 a.m. should you prefer not to rise at the earlier hour. ★

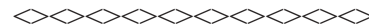
Just because the person who criticizes you is an idiot doesn’t make him wrong.  
—From RULES FOR AGING by Roger Rosenblatt

## Tennis

by Millie Healy

Tension? No, relax. What tension should one have their strings strung? Some people believe the lower tension creates a trampoline effect that propels the ball faster. Recent studies show that the velocity at which a ball leaves the string bed doesn’t change when tension is altered. What changes is the length of the shot. A ball hit with loose strings will stay on the string bed longer and because of the low to high swing, leaves from a higher position and a higher trajectory. The ball travels deeper into the court, giving the illusion that you are hitting harder. Further, it has been said that the lower tension on the strings gives you more control. Sometimes it is best to follow the manufacturers recommendations and judge your own game, and string tension.

**Court Quips:** Henry: “*What power!*” as he hit the ball into the net! ★



## Pixels From Paradise

by Marje Parker



I owe you computer users an apology. Last month I told you that Juno had gone bankrupt. It hasn’t; it’s still in business although it now charges for its service. Thanks to Bernie Murray for setting me straight. (That is the last time I believe anything I find on the internet!)

High speed internet access (Paradise Valley Broadband) for PUG and MUG members is moving along. The wiring is in. The last hardware was scheduled for Friday, September 27. In the following few days, the software will be set up by members of the CUGs.

Because we will have PVBB, it was decided not to spend CUG funds to renew with Earthlink. ★

# *Elysian Fields*

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Earl Conley	Jan Olson
Peg Cutshall	Pat Orme
Sharon Dominik	Peter Palmos
Lise Hansen	Marje Parker
Millie Healy	Cal Samson
Jan Holderness	Mibby Taylor
John Kroyer	Elly Vasak
Isabella Lively	Otto Vasak
Patti Luccioni	Liz Wildberger



"You heard me! Spit it out!"



## VISIT OUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

(As of September 18, 2002)

### Valley Memorial Hospital

Ruperta Beall

### Vaca Valley Hospital

Aileen Brandt

### Kaiser Vallejo

Marilyn Fletcher      Aaron Drizen

### Laurel Creek Health Center

Dortha Anderson	Eldon Ray
William Anderson	Mary Ray
Ella Appleton	Douglas Riach
Carolyn Battistella	Irwin Rosen
Mary Bedinger	Arlene Royce
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