

ELUSIAN FIELDS

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You Should Be So Lucky by George Yeoman

At 11:00 a.m. on September 5, 2003 I received a phone call from a William Harvey of Laval, Canada. After verifying my name and address, he asked if I remembered having bought a Canadian lottery ticket eleven months ago. I answered affirmatively. He then congratulated me on having placed third in that lottery and said he had a \$65,000 check for me! Mr. Harvey further stated he would put said check in my hands by 3:00 p.m. that day.

Harvey, claiming to be spokesman for a team of three, asked if I wanted newspaper publicity or flowers or a public presentation. "No, thank you," I responded politely.

"Just one more thing for you to do before the presentation," he added casually. "Go to your nearest Western Union desk (which happens to be Wal Mart), wire my company, America Direct No. 5237, a check for \$874.19."

He further instructed me to get a receipt number, which I would read to him when he called back at 2:30 p.m., half an hour before the presentation. The CPA in his group would ask me to sign a 1099 U.S. federal income tax form acknowledging the receipt of the certified \$65,000 check, drawn on the group's affiliate, Bank One.

One last instruction: "Keep all this confidential so when the staff arrives in Fairfield, there will be a surprise atmosphere." This conversation was completed by 12:15 p.m.

In order to avoid a phone tap, I grabbed my cell phone and called the Fairfield police for the phone number of the nearest F.B.I. office. I was told that someone would return my call the next day. I tried the Sacramento office. They'd call back later that day. Considering the time factor, 'later' would be too late. I tried the San Francisco office and, hooray, it took only ten minutes to reach a real voice.

When I repeated my story to that office, I was asked a single question: "When in your life have you ever received something for nothing?"

"Never."

I asked if they were interested in pursuing my concerns and was advised that their office receives at least six to eight calls a day on the same or related subjects.

At 4:05 p.m. Harvey of Laval, Canada, called back to tell me America Direct had not received my Western Union check and, therefore, he could not authorize delivery of the \$65,000 without the receipt number. I told him my son and I had the cash in hand and would give it to his team. Nothing could be done, he claimed, without the Western Union receipt number. I still wasn't ready to give up.

"My son insists that we give cash, which we have on hand and will give to the team upon their presentation of the certified Bank One check."

"No," he responded, "nothing can be done without the Western Union receipt number."

And so it turned out, four hours of wasted phone time were my lottery reward, but I'm enjoying the satisfaction of stringing the phonies along for those hours when they thought they had snared another sucker. Caveat emptor!

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A Tale with Three Mothers

by Joan Teague

The first mother Virginia Moulden had was Cecelia Bridge, with whom she moved from Washington, DC to Asheville, NC, back to Washington, and finally to Pittsburgh, PA, when she was in the 5th grade. Mrs. Bridges became seriously ill and subsequently died of cancer. Young Virginia, all of ten years old, was placed in a foster home. There were already two sisters living there who made it very clear that they did not appreciate another girl invading their territory. When the social worker was placing Virginia, she abruptly told her that the woman she had known all her life as her mother was not her birth mother.

The second mother was Martha Collins, a relative the social services discovered in Florida. They waited until the child was twelve and could travel alone legally, put her on a train, and sent her off to the South. No one was at the station to meet her. Martha Collins had three toddlers of her own and was also caring for her mother and three teen-agers. Virginia made the ninth person in their household and was not received with affection.

She did well in school and made friends with a teacher who sometimes brought her a sandwich for lunch, since food was hard to come by at home, where Virginia did much of the housework. Two years after arriving, she was required to miss school for days in order to take care of a younger child who had been burned. Weeks later, she decided she wasn't going to miss school any more, packed her meager belongings in a cardboard box and set out. After school, she went and perched on a porch until one of her teacher friends got home. She let it be known that she had no intention of returning to the Collins household and was taken in.

Maggie Carter, the caring teacher, was Virginia's third mother. They legalized the arrangement and Virginia Carter was then her name. Mrs. Carter gave her the opportunity to receive a college degree in education, after which she joined the army. On Christmas Eve, 1945, she met Bill Moulden. He was an officer, and she was enlisted. The military looked askance at fraternization. The Mouldens married in 1947. Later, she became a 2nd Lt. In time, after the birth of her



only child, Cynthia, she started her career in education in East Palo Alto. She was a classroom teacher for eleven years and then an administrator for nine. Soon after her twenty-year stint in education, Bill got a job working for the aerospace division of Ford in Harrogate, England, where they lived for ten delightful years. During this time, Virginia went on many study trips sponsored by the University of Maryland and saw much of the world. They returned to their home in Palo Alto, where they remained until moving to PVE in 1998. Bill died in 2001. Virginia is deeply thankful for all the wonderful experiences she has had in this eventful life. ★

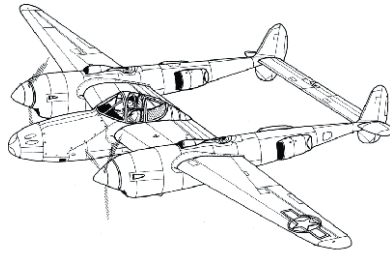


A Bridge of Remembrance

by Pat Maguire and Earl Graham

We recently had the honor of attending a ceremony dedicating a bridge in Oregon to our close friend Col. Rex Barber and to all Oregon veterans. The bridge is located on Highway 97 and crosses Crooked River Canyon, which is one of Oregon's many tourist attractions. The bridge is located approximately twenty miles north of Bend, Oregon.

Col. Barber was the P-38 Air Force fighter pilot who was credited with shooting down Yamamoto on April 18, 1943. Yamamoto, as readers will remember, was the architect of the attack on Pearl Harbor. He was the Japanese admiral who, after the attack, uttered the words, "I fear we have awakened a sleeping giant." Ironically, Yamamoto, only a few short years before, had violently opposed the war and continued to harbor misgivings as the bombs were dropping on Pearl Harbor.



On that historic morning, a flight of P-38 fighters left their base at Guadalcanal to intercept Yamamoto and his escort planes. They were flying from Rabaul to Bouganville where the admiral was going to visit his troops. The air battle directed at Yamamoto and his escort commenced only minutes before their planned arrival at Bouganville. The fierce battle that ensued and the resulting victory was thought by many to have been a major turning point in the war. It was, to say the least, very demoralizing, not only to the Japanese military but to the entire population as well!

Yamamoto was known to be punctual to a fault. Our intelligence officials knew this and used it to our advantage. The aircraft flown by Col. Barber sustained 110 bullet holes during the battle. For him to have survived that engagement was nothing short of miraculous.

George Chandler was also an ace and was briefly stationed with Rex in 1943. Mr. Chandler organized the Second Yamamoto Mission Association for the purpose of determining who rightfully deserved credit for shooting down Admiral Yamamoto. His extensive

Legislative Committee

by E.M. (Mike) Michael

The newly constituted Legislative Committee will be zeroing in on pending legislation and regulatory actions which could affect our home here at PVE. As residents, you may give input and be asked to help in our efforts.

Members of the committee are: Dan Child, chairman; George Wyman; Lee Miller; John Clemson; E.M. (Mike) Michael, recording secretary; and John Kersten, medical consultant. Marj Parker is the Residents' Council representative.

Currently we are considering three issues:

1. Pending State Bill AB 1298, which could expose PVE to additional liability cost, referred to PVE management for review and comment.
2. Additional testing of elderly drivers: DMV and AARP are working on this on the basis of not zeroing in on the elderly but on any applicant with apparent problems. This issue may be handled by legislation, or administratively, or both.
3. The possibility of a California "Granny Tax", which has already been imposed in a number of states. It adds up to \$8.00 per day tax on nursing home occupants. ✪



research spanned some seventeen years. The final conclusion was that Col. Barber delivered the shots that brought down the fearless warrior.

The bridge dedication ceremony in 2003 recalled to mind not only the heroism and bravery of Col. Barber but our many other wonderful, courageous veterans as well, especially those who engaged in combat. How blessed our country is to have had them and their unstinting devotion to duty. Many of these heroes grace our halls here at Paradise Valley Estates each and every day. ✪

Aerial Attack

by Linda Faraday

When Marketing slipped that innocent looking contract in front of me, the one that would forever proclaim me a resident at PVE, I happily began to fantasize what the future held in store. I would sit on my private balcony wrapped in a wooly shawl, feet propped up on a stool, knitting in my lap, a soothing pot of chamomile tea on the table next to me. Buster the cat would curl into a furry ball in the chair next to mine, enjoying his dotage, as a faithful feline deserved. I painted gentle breezes and warm sunshine into the scene, and I was ready for my golden years to commence. Little did I dream that I had enlisted for the long haul in a veritable war zone.



First came the ants. With the help of Maintenance, I stemmed the invasion and lived to fight another day. Shortly after that encounter, my neighbors and I were routed out to face a smoke attack. Thanks to the expertise of our staff, I again enjoyed the triumph of success in battle and settled back into my personal dream world, oblivious to the fact I had not yet won the *war*.

Most likely you have seen the film, "The Birds", a short story by Daphne du Maurier, made into a tremendously successful movie by Alfred Hitchcock. The movie was filmed on the Mendocino coast, which is just a couple of mountain ranges northwest of here. It is my personal opinion that those same birds are looking for Alfred Hitchcock and/or another shot at the movies right here at PVE.

I should have had a clue that I was faced with a dilemma when Buster developed a deep-throated growl as he peered out the balcony door, eyes riveted aloft.

Following his gaze, I focused on two adorable birds romantically wrapped around each other, perched on the sprinkler head over the door. Well, they weren't exactly sitting on the sprinkler. They were sitting on a cozy little nest.

I rushed over to the Maintenance office.

"I have a unique problem," I blurted out. There's a nest on my balcony."

"Not so unique," I was informed. "We'll take care of it."

The nest was removed the next morning. That's when the scenes from the Hitchcock movie flashed through my mind. Angry birds swooped down on Buster and me. They strafed us. They dive bombed us. They practiced take offs and landings. They desecrated my stone Buddha. They were relentless. In desperation, I raised the American flag to claim this *my* territory. It must have been the flapping flag and my ferocious feline that finally discouraged the invaders.

It was then I focused on the havoc our uninvited guests had reaped. Challenged by the nastiness, I pulled out all my weapons of mess destruction: Windex for windows, Tide for upholstery, Lysol for the floor. Finally, I could enjoy my balcony, feet up, Buster at my side.

Would I have signed that contract with Marketing if I had known what was ahead? You can bet your life I would have. Consider the tales Buster and I will be able to share with our grandchildren when we eventually reach our old ages in the very distant future. And, oh, yes, I'll skip the soothing tea. Make that a martini, please, very dry and ice cold. ✪

Move-ins Since the Last Issue

Ector, Anne
5108 Independence Drive
Sonoma, CA
Referred by the Balensiefers

Snow, David & Diane
5107 Independence Drive
Orinda, CA

Springer, Laurette
3206 Estates Drive
Rolling Hills, Estates, CA
Referred by the Hughes

Resident Council Notes

by Bill Johnson, President

Elysian Fields Editor

Our thanks to **Hal Carter** for assuming the duties of editor of our newspaper. He has assembled a fine staff, and we wish them much success!

Council Election Schedule

We are preparing for our annual election of members of the Resident Council. Three residents will be selected by your votes and will replace three current members who will be retiring from the Council. The schedule of events for this election process is:

- October 2nd All residents meeting to meet the candidates who have been nominated. Information brochure describing the candidates will be distributed. Ballots will also be distributed on that date.
- October 14th Voting will close. All ballots should have been deposited in the black ballot box on the counter at the Community Center. Ballots will be counted on that date.
- October 15th Regular monthly meeting of the Council, at which time newly elected members will join the Council, and an election of Council officers of the coming year will be held.
- October 16th An all resident meeting will be held (This is the annual meeting of PVE residents) to meet the new members of the Council and to be introduced to the new Council officers. Other business of the Council and the residents will be conducted.

WE HOPE YOU WILL ALL PARTICIPATE IN THIS ELECTION PROCESS.

Employee Appreciation Fund

As each year draws to a close, we encourage all residents to contribute to this fund. It is our way of thanking all our hard-working and devoted employees

Bocce Ball News

by Bev Clemson for John Kroyer

It is hoped that all who wanted to play bocce were at the practice of September 16th at 8 a.m. However, those of you who slept in and still want to play, be advised that the keys to the bocce ball box are available at the reception desk in the Community Center. Please return the keys after locking the box when you are finished with your game. Happy rolling!



Note: John plans to be at the court Tuesdays at 8a.m. to provide instructions to those eager to learn the game. ♻️

Garden Club News

by Jan Holderness, Chairman



Everyone is welcome to enjoy the community garden under our new shade cloth, donated by George Yeoman. Come and listen to the fountain and the birds and enjoy the new bricks, arranged by Bill Cox. Thanks go to Fred, Jim, and Tom for trimming the entry arbor, which is now truly beautiful.

Our next meeting is the usual first Wednesday, which is October 1st. We will meet at 1 p.m. in the garden and then tour the creek and vernal pools, led by Bill Cox, our resident forester. We hope to sustain this fragile creek area for the future. Don't miss this!



for their service to our lives here at PVE. Our treasurer is accepting checks now for this fund, and we sincerely hope that you all will feel generous in this endeavor. Thank you!! ♻️

On The Links with PVE Golf Club

by John Gearhart

Eight teams were out competing for tournament honors on the 6th of August. The weather was great and everyone had a terrific time. The tournament was played under the Calloway rules. Everyone played his own ball, but there were certain holes (known only to the tournament judges) that might not be scored depending on the individual's total score, generally resulting in those who do not play as well getting a better score than the good players, making for a most interesting game.



Some of the bar talk has it that yours truly nearly hit Dewey Garwood with his golf ball on the 16th green, that Phil Knebel lost four balls in the swamp on the 3rd fairway, and that Al Fritz and Ed Millson were seen drag racing their golf carts on the 13th fairway, but, of course these are rumors.

The "Intrepid Golfer" award for July was given to Bob George for his excellent drives and superior skill while playing golf with his team mates from PVE Golf Club. Bob's long drive and fairway shot on the 18th hole were instrumental in helping his team post a winning score. He is indeed an **INTREPID GOLFER!**

Following this award, John Kroyer was singled out for his many talents. Among them are making martinis, horseshoe pits, bocce ball courts, golf tournaments, and his skills in pool shooting, golf, surgery, and even doctoring. He drives around in a Corvette, but everybody knows he really wants a Maserati. We recently discovered the one thing that John has really wanted all his life, so we presented him with a "PILOT IN COMMAND" tee shirt. Such a title is steeped in tradition, honor and history and we are sure John will wear it well.

Here are the lucky winners for the August tournament: First place team was captained by Duncan Kelly with Betty Tylutki, Phil Yaggy and Donald Riess. Second place was a tie between Al Fritz's team with Pat Maguire, Ed Millson, and Glenn Dow, and Fletcher's foursome with Harry Verbeek, Earl Graham and, Jim Graham.

That's all for now. ☆

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The Mating Game

by Joan Teague

A raucous call says, "Look at me". Outside the back door stands a gorgeous male pheasant. His iridescent green head shimmers in the sunlight. The green is offset by huge red dewlaps on either side of this face. A startling white ring circles his neck. His body is tan sprinkled with dark brown dots. Two long, graceful feathers protrude from his tail.

As if all that finery isn't enough, he puffs himself up until the body feathers turn almost inside out, and he shakes himself mightily. I recognize that this display is not for my benefit and go to the glass door and window to get a better view. There is Phoebe Pheasant. She is brown all over with no distracting red or green. She has no white ring around her neck. She is standing next to the pond created when the landscapers removed the tree which was drowning from over watering in a spot where there seemed to be no drainage. Now the empty hole serves as a bird bath. Phoebe is not bathing. She is picking bugs or perhaps mosquito larvae from the stagnant water. She is studiously concentrating on her task and ignoring Mr. Pheasant.

Or is she? At intervals when he seems to be involved in his own preening, she looks up and then quickly down before he can catch her admiring glance. He puffs himself up again. She keeps her head down trying to look as if she is not interested.

The quail family marches right across the patio. When I saw them last week the babies were about the size of golf balls. They were so tiny they couldn't penetrate the tall grass and had to hop along as if they were on a pogo stick. They have grown to be almost the size of tennis balls and have no problem negotiating the lawn. An adult quail leads the parade, and another adult guards the rear. I note with sorrow that there are fewer of the young ones, down from a dozen to about eight.

My counting is interrupted. Mr. Pheasant resents being upstaged and puffs himself up again. The quail exit stage right. Phoebe continues to hunt for bugs. The male, pretending indifference, pecks at the grass for a few bugs himself. Then, Mr. Cool turns his back on the female and struts away, but not far away.

Phoebe seems to think that she can play this cool game herself and flies up to the top of the fence where she sits looking down on him, taking advantage of the

High School Patriotism

by Pat Palmos

Friendship

by Elly Vasak

What is a friendship
If it's not to cherish?
Guard it with care and
Never let it perish.

Nourish it always,
Let it give and take.
Hold it with bonds that
Stretch but never break.

Hug friendship closely,
Never let it end.
How sad the day would be
If you should lose a friend.

Our friend Elysian Fields,
That we feared had said "Adieu",
Has risen like the Phoenix
And is back with us anew.

Air raid sirens were set up all over San Jose. Blackout curtains were hung in all our windows. There were block wardens.

Such items as gasoline, sugar, butter, meat, coffee, rubber, silk stockings, and leather shoes were rationed or unavailable as the war progressed. There were ration stamps for some of these items. The girls wore leg make-up instead of stockings on dates. We would draw stocking seams on the back of our legs with eyebrow pencil. At school there were war bond rallies, and we sold bonds in our neighborhoods. The students had a victory garden to raise vegetables for the school cafeteria. Tin foil and tin cans were saved for the war effort. We made pajamas for the military hospitals, and we wrote V-mail letters to the troops.

The junior and senior girls were encouraged to go to the USO dances each Saturday night. We were not supposed to date the fellows, but now and then we did.

During WW II, our high school gym class learned to march. I was Drill Captain. Movie star Jimmy Stewart was stationed at Moffett Field, and he came to judge our marching. As my squad passed the reviewing stand, I ordered, "Eyes Right", as I usually did. All obeyed, but that day we entered from the opposite direction, which put the reviewing stand on our left.

Where San Jose's City Hall complex now stands, there were vegetable fields. There was a shortage of field workers, so my high school friends and I decided to help the war effort by picking string beans. After working two hours, I developed an itchy rash from the rough leaves and had to abandon my volunteer work in the fields.

Shortly after our farming efforts, my friends and I decided to work in the cannery. We sorted fruit sizes on the production belt and filled the passing cans. We were helping to feed the troops, but to liven up the tedium we would sing loudly over the machinery noise. We thought it was funny to still be singing when the machines stopped at noon. The older workers tolerated our hi-jinks.

We wore rubber thumb protectors, and we thought it amusing to put one into a can once a week. What did we know about lawsuits? For two summers the cannery inspectors never found our "food additives." What might the military cooks have thought of our

Mating Game (continued)

height. "Who cares?" he seems to say and tries to ignore her by turning his back again. The elevated tail feathers show off to advantage from this angle.

Phoebe hops down from the fence and races across the lawn to seek the shelter of a very thick bush. Up until now the drama has been played out in slow motion. Mr. Cool pretends he hasn't noticed but, after an interval, he saunters across to stand about two feet from the bush where she is hiding. In the most impressive display yet, he puffs himself up to almost double in size with the tail feathers pumping. There is a significant movement of the leaves behind which Phoebe is hiding. Mr. Pheasant ducks inside to join her.

Pheasants have a right to privacy too. ❀

Pain – That Elusive Factor That’s Often Difficult to Explain

by Irwin E. Rosen

I have written in the past about the complexities of diagnosis and treatment – “placebo effect” vs. “real effect.” Let me give you three examples. The first is obvious fraud, like the salesman who ran a small trinket stall at a street mall in Paris. A car reportedly clipped his stall and he claimed injuries that resulted in an injury award of one million francs because he stated he was paralyzed and unable to work after the accident. The day after his award, he went to the prayer altar at Lourdes, after which he pronounced himself as cured of his paralysis. The outraged insurance company took him to court demanding its money back with a predictable result. That was a case of obvious fraud. But what about more complex cases?



In 1953, while on a fellowship at the University of Iowa Hospital, I saw a thirty-year old woman who had had disc surgery five years earlier for her acute non-responding low back pain. She returned to the hospital annually for a check-up. She told me she had awakened from her surgery totally pain free and had remained so ever since. When I reviewed her hospital chart, I noted the following: After her induction under anesthesia, the site prepped and draped, an incision about four to five inches long was made. The patient suddenly went into anaphylactic shock (vasomotor collapse). The anesthesiologist then ordered the surgery to be stopped. The incision was resealed and the patient transferred back to intensive care. When out of the anesthetic, she stated she was totally pain free –and remained so for the next five years, stressing how the pain was totally gone since “that wonderful operation.” No one ever told her the true story of her “operation.”

Lastly, there was a sergeant’s wife air evacuated to us at Keesler AFB from Turner AFB in 1962 complaining of “severe migraine headaches” of several months’ duration, resistant to all tried treatment at her home base. She came under the care of our neurologist, who was newly arrived under the doctors’ draft. He was older than most and an assistant professor at Harvard in private life. First thing he did when he arrived at Keesler

AFB Hospital was to go to the pharmacy. He had them make up a gaily-striped capsule in three different sizes and fill them with sugar. He placed the sergeant’s wife on the smallest pill with a lecture on “using the pill carefully because of its potency.” Each day the hype on the pills became larger, gradually progressing to larger and larger pills, along with pep talks extolling the medication’s great potency. After a period of time, the patient became asymptomatic, all complaints of headache gone, and she was transferred back to Turner AFB. Several weeks later the dispensary at Turner AFB called our pharmacy, asked to know where we had purchased the wonderful medication that previously cured her migraine headaches. She needed more. We had to confess all and tell them it was just sugar. ✪

Sequel to the Pheasant Story

(See *Elysian Fields*, August Issue, titled “July 4, 2003)

by Bal Balensiefer

Boy, did I have that guy wrong! The pheasant, I mean. I thought that terrible squawk meant, “I’m lonely”. Can pheasants pray? Maybe that is what did it. All I know is Jeanne from across the street told me she saw six baby birds in her backyard, presumably with a female in charge. Maybe the squawk is actually bragging. We’ll never know for sure.

Anyway, thanks for your favorable reactions to my story. One person told me of a place where pheasants were being raised, but nobody offered to chair the inevitable committee. I must give you all credit, though; nobody questioned the suggested levy of \$2,000 per resident except my brother-in-law, but he doesn’t even live here. I think I’ll try to start some other kind of worthy program. There’s money out there. ✪



Skid vs Non-Skid

by Ancil Baker

Right after World War I Montgomery-Ward and Sears-Roebuck became household identities and providers, with big catalogs of plain black and white paper two inches thick. Folks in rural as well as in urban homes could order everything but ice cream from them. They could even send you a pre-fabricated house, one of which, even to this day, stands on the Rush Ranch, south of Suisun City. I sometimes wonder if a few that I've seen in Fairfield came from the same place.

People ordered corn flakes and soda crackers by the wooden barrel for winter consumption. Rat trap cheese was about a foot and a half in diameter and six or eight inches thick.

Last season's catalog turned out to be better toilet paper than corn cobs and inspired everyone to build an outhouse to protect it from the elements. Ours was a two-holer, one of them being small enough that I could find comfort without fear of falling through. Every year a new pit was dug next to the old one and the outhouse moved over it. Quick lime was spread in the old hole and then filled with dirt from the new pit.

Mostly, we did business with Montgomery-Ward, and last season's catalog lasted just about six months. Actually, it got to the point where those catalogs made it possible for long John and BVD wash days to be reduced to once a week; ours was always Monday.

Then the catalogs began gradually to arrive with slick pages in elaborate colors inserted, and they didn't work too well; they soon garnered the colloquial reputation of being "skid" pages. This naturally reduced the number of non-skid pages, and eventually we had to save last season's Sears-Roebuck catalog too, and muster it into service to carry us through the ensuing six months.

Eventually, all non-skid pages were phased out, and that's when today's soft, satin bathroom tissue was invented.

As time passed, ranchers and farmers living way out at the end of dirt roads sold the horses they used to pull their buggies and wagons to town as well as the saddle horses they rode. The money they got from these sales went to buy Ford pickups, which they used to raise columns of dust fifty feet high as they blasted into town two or three times a week with a big can of cream which they sold to buy butter and soft,

News from Your Library

by Bev Clemson

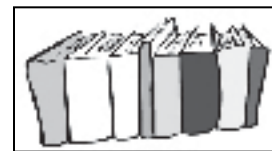
There has been a change in your library. The new contributions box is now back to its former position under the desk under the clock on the left side of the room. Many of you want to contribute books for use of the library, and we have now decided you want to drop them only in this place. Okay! Here you are! There is a lettered block in place that reads "New Contributions".

Otherwise, we are thinning out some of the books that we know you will not read. We need the room and, frankly, some of those books are just too much for anyone. They are textbooks, mainly, and some old fiction from before the 1950's. You do know that we take them to Vacaville library for the Friends of the Library to sell at their semi-annual sales. We will be taking them to Fairfield when they are active again.

The rubber bands are still being taken to the *Daily Republic* in Fairfield and are much appreciated.

Driver's license tests are continually being handed out to those renewing licenses and, thus far, so they say, all have passed. Maybe they don't report if they don't pass?

We have had many, many kind words about the library. The only dissatisfied customers have been those looking for phone books from other counties. If you have a phone book of this kind you would like to give, please do drop it by. We'll find room — somewhere!



Skid

satin bathroom tissue, even though not all of them had yet acquired a bathroom.

Occasionally the pickup would carry a pig into town, where it would be sold and the money received used to buy bacon and soft, satin bathroom tissue.

Gone are the good old days, especially those when winter temperatures dropped to forty below Fido.

Not too long ago Montgomery-Ward went out of business entirely, and Sears-Roebuck quit printing catalogs. No wonder — who needs them? ★

Brother Ed and the Snake

by Jean Hilbrink

We still laugh as we recall Ed's report of "the night I slept with that snake." Ed was the much-loved youngest member of our five siblings. He had a gift for telling a tale, which elicited laughter from all his hearers. At our yearly family gathering we would ask Ed to retell the snake story.

Our farm house had two large porches on the east side, both well screened to protect us from the many flies always present in a farm setting. The downstairs porch with cement floor was useful for many activities, with a door from the kitchen, the dining room, and one into the front hallway.

The upper porch served as a sleeping area, much desired on hot summer nights. Our older brother Joe claimed it as his own, and younger brother Ed shared the double bed with him. Of course, Ed was delegated to sleep on the house side of the bed, away from cool evening breezes. When both should have been asleep, Ed shook Joe to report, "There's a snake in this bed."

"Oh, you are dreaming. There's no snake in this bed. Go back to sleep."

"Joe, there really is a black snake over here."

"Don't bother me with that nonsense, Peanut. Forget it!"

"Okay, Joe, if you don't believe me, you sleep over here."

And with that, Ed crept under covers to the outside of the bed, leaving Joe next to the snake.

Later, Joe awoke to find the biggest black snake he had ever seen in bed beside him. He was relieved when it slithered across the floor, through a hole in the wall and into more hospitable surroundings.

When Ed told his popular "snake story" at our family gatherings, it got better and better in the telling and eventually became a family legend. ★



Public Relations

by Linda Faraday

One of our Premier members included the following remarks in a thank you note to her hostess after the last Ambassadors Club luncheon.

Referring to *Elysian Fields*, she wrote, "I thought *Daedalus, Icarus, and John* a splendid article. There is the future, and I found it exciting. There will probably be a renovation in the E.F. staff and articles, but I think it is a great newsletter. It's rich in articles."

"By the way, I bought my grandson a guard and set of bocce balls. I was elated to find measurements for the court, which I copied and sent to him, plus the pronunciation "butch-ee" ball. Thank you, thank you."

The letter was signed: Ann Moller, Sonoma, CA.

Deviled Eggs, Anyone?

by Bev Clemson

The annual exercise groups' pot luck was held September 11th at the pool. Everyone lived it up and had a merry time. The tables and appurtenances were arranged by Lise Hansen and crew, with flags, table cloths, and opened awnings. So many people brought deviled eggs that there were some left over; an unheard of occurrence before now. All the food was excellent, and most if it was not overly rich.

The Tai Chi group, wearing their red, white, and blue outfits, did a demonstration at pool-side. Nearly half of the sixty-five attendees also wore red, white, and blue in honor of the day of the Twin Towers attack in New York.

Gaylon Rude gave an informal talk to some of the attendees afterward about the future pool arrangements, which include a "water softener" type filter. We are all looking forward to that. ★



WHAT'S COMING UP

by Lise Hansen

- ◆ *San Francisco Symphony*, Brahms
- ◆ *Sausalito Floating Homes Tours*
- ◆ *Jean Myers' Glassworks*
- ◆ *Golden State Accordion Club Band* performing at PVE
- ◆ *"42nd Street" – Best of Broadway Series*, Sacramento
- ◆ *Thunder Valley Indian Casino*
- ◆ *Solano Winds* at the Fairfield Center for Creative Arts
- ◆ *Marc Chagall at SFMOMA*, San Francisco
- ◆ *New Ferry Building*, San Francisco
- ◆ *Shriner's Hospital Tour*, San Francisco

WHAT WE'RE WORKING ON

by Lise Hansen

- ◆ *Norwegian Dancers* performing at PVE
- ◆ *Giftmart/Jewelrymart*, San Francisco
- ◆ *"Flower Drum Song" – Best of Broadway Series*, Sacramento
- ◆ *Folsom Premium Outlets*
- ◆ *Cal Bears vs. Washington Football*
- ◆ *Jeremy Weinglass, pianist at PVE*
- ◆ *Stanford Shopping Center*, Palo Alto
- ◆ *Shopping at Union Square*, San Francisco
- ◆ *"Tartuffe" – Napa Valley Repertory Theater*
- ◆ *Ballet Folklorico* at the Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ *Juan Diego Florez, tenor* at Zellerbach Hall, Berkeley
- ◆ *"H.M.S. Pinafore" – Lamplighter's Theater*, Dean Leshner Center, Walnut Creek
- ◆ *Happy Birds* at PVE
- ◆ *Royal Philharmonic Orchestra* at the Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ *"Cinderella" – Moscow Ballet* at the Marin Center, San Rafael
- ◆ *"Nunsense" – Vallejo Music Theater*
- ◆ *"Great Composers" – Solano Symphony*
- ◆ *Salvatore Licitra, tenor* at Zellerbach Hall, Berkeley
- ◆ *"The Time of You Life" – A.C.T.*, San Francisco
- ◆ *"Richard III"* at the Mondavi Center, Davis
- ◆ *Solano Symphony Annual Pops Concert*
- ◆ *Michael Tilson Thomas and the San Francisco Symphony* at the Mondavi Center, Davis

Dining at PVE

by Ed Millson

The new chairman of the Dining Services Committee is Jack Lindeman, supported by Pat Child as vice-chairwoman, and Ed Millson as secretary. The committee also selected Dick Bart, Helen Preston, and Madelynne Wolfe from ten applicants to serve three-year terms starting in October. It was difficult decision-making since there were so many interesting backgrounds and reasons for wanting to join the committee. Congratulations to those selected, and those who missed out are urged to apply again next year.

Besides using the dining services comment card box at the hallway credenza (505 comment or suggestion cards were received since December 2002), residents also are urged to communicate directly with the committee members. Other committee members are Bettyann Fritz, Miz Lively, and Otto Vasak.

Bon appetite! ☼

A REPEATED URGENT PLEA

Many able-bodied residents still insist on crowding around the dining room entrance, paying no attention to those residents with walking disabilities who are trying to make their way along the hallway corridor or trying to exit or enter the dining room with canes, walkers, etc. It can be a frustrating, irritating, and scary experience for them, and we continue see thoughtless and uncaring behavior on the part of residents who, fortunately, enjoy better health. *Please be aware and watchful when near the podium or standing in the hallway, waiting to be seated or just conversing.*

Please note that the *new relaxed dress code for residents using the Café* is posted in the hallway outside of the facility.

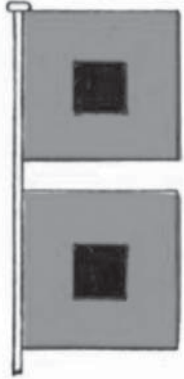
We're Working On

- ◆ *"Thoroughly Modern Millie" – Best of Broadway Series*, Sacramento
- ◆ *The Producers" – Best of Broadway Series*, Sacramento ☼

The Hurricane of '54

by Jackie Roemer

It was my husband's first shore duty in seven years with the seagoing World War II navy. We anticipated going to Newport, Rhode Island where he had been assigned navigation instructor at the Navy Line School.



Following Norfolk, VA's extremely humid heat and mediocre living quarters, Rhode Island seemed like a heavenly place for shore duty. Housing was scarce and it was again difficult to find a suitable place to live. Through a colleague, we were able to rent a large apartment on the top third floor of a beautiful farmhouse. The family who owned the farm were Portuguese and were not only landlords but also very support-

ive friends. The property won what was called the "Green Acre Award" for its pristine beauty. From the main road, there were large old oak trees lining a long driveway to the entrance. The barn was half garage, where we parked our new Oldsmobile.

The next year, 1954, was filled with parties, congenial friendships, and wonderful lobster dinners. All was idyllic until my husband was diagnosed with a life threatening illness. After five hours of surgery, he recuperated in the Newport Navy Hospital, which was approximately four miles from our apartment.

It was hurricane season. One particular day, the wind started blowing, and the rain came down in torrents. A radio commentator announced an impending hurricane. Farmer Correy, our landlord, secured all windows and boarded the garage door, which housed our car, in preparation for the storm. I was told I could go with the family to the basement of the farmhouse until the winds subsided. The visual devastation was overwhelming. Huge beautiful oak trees were uprooted, fences were askew, power, and telephones became nonexistent. Mother Nature was indeed in control.

Suddenly all was deathly still, as can occur during the "eye of the storm", and I had a compelling desire to get to the hospital to be assured of my husband's safety. I persuaded Farmer Correy to remove the beam, because I had decided to drive the car. Clad in raincoat, hood and boots I began the four-mile drive.

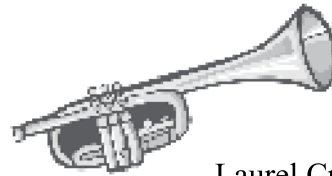
It took all the will power I could muster but I was determined and kept reassuring myself. After all, there were times when I had driven through ice, snow and sleet from east to west coast. The dangerous drive from the farmhouse to Newport Navy Hospital may have been foolhardy but I didn't care. There wasn't another car on the road. I weaved, dodged, and zigzagged around fallen trees, telephone wires, and roadblocks, maneuvering the automobile in a reckless but persevering manner. Finally the hospital was in sight and I could see that the building was untouched. My husband was safe in that strong brick structure.

I was proud of my perilous trip. When I walked into my husband's room, the first words he spoke were, "How's the car?" 🌟

PVE's Dixieland Band

by John Kersten

This is a fledgling group which meets somewhat irregularly, depending on how good the fishing is for our clarinet player. Currently, we practice every second and fourth Thursday at 3 p.m. in the



Laurel Creek assisted living dining room or at the John Kersten home. We have not yet reached "performance" level and play for our own amusement.

At present, our members include: Carol Block, piano; Otto Vasak, clarinet; Bill Preston, trombone; Ken Jones, drums; Jack Biederman, bucket bass; Edna Biederman, vocalist; and John Kersten, banjo. We would welcome new members, especially on trumpet, sax or backup for our other instruments.

If interested in joining, (little skill is required) please call John Kersten at 427-1475. 🌟

Bingo Jackpot Winners in September

September 3 Miz Lively
September 9 Mary Chavis
September 16 Angie Sanner

100 Years In Music — The Canal Zone and Re- public of Panama

by Isabella Zemer Lively

On September 3, 2003, Panama celebrated its 100th anniversary of independence. The Americans, both civilian and servicemen, living and working in the Canal Zone from 1905 to Dec. 2000, were a special people. I was one of those first generation Zonians.

In July 2003 the Panama Canal Society of FL put on a special show encompassing some of Panama's finest musicians and former Zonians, commemorating 100 Years of Music. Here are some of the highlights and some of my own recollections.

In 1918, WWI was over. My Dad was dating my mother. They were dancing to "It's Three O' Clock in the Morning"; "If you knew Susie." The Canal had been opened four years and was beginning to change world trade patterns. Panama was only fifteen years old, but its music, the cumbias and decimas of the interior, was more than two centuries old. By the time I was born in the 20's, the Canal was thriving.

As the 30's were ending, war broke out in Europe, but the US remained at peace two more years. The big band sound became popular and jitterbugging was the rage. The Andrews Sisters sang "Drinking Rum and Coca Cola".

As the 40's began, thousands of G.I.'s passing through Panama on their way to an uncertain fate carried away fond memories of Panama, and one of those memories was dancing and listening to the organ, cow bells, and drums of a young organist named Lucho Azcarraga and his Cojunto at the local beer gardens.

The war was a time of bad news, anxiety, and the separation of servicemen and their families. The music of that period reflected those feelings and the longing for the war to be over — "Every Time We Say Goodbye" and "I'll be Seeing you". Frankie wowed screaming girls (including me) with "Always".

By 1954, conditions in Panama were rapidly changing, fundamentally our open way of life. The music had an openness and simplicity which we would later miss. In 1955, Perez Prado's: "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White", a cha-cha-cha, zoomed to number one on the Hit Parade. That same year, Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock" also

went to number one. As if these two sounds weren't enough, Elvis, The Platters, and Chubby Checkers all came on the scene.

Two Panamanian songwriters, Ruben Blades and Erika Enders, achieved fame during the '90's. One of Blade's albums was a Grammy winner, and Erika Ender's "Candela" was named Best Latin Song in 2002.

Along with the actual songs, the "music" of the tropical rains, sounds of palm fronds scraping against each other, the noise along Central Avenue, the special beat at Carnival, and the dancing to Panameno, Panameno, *Vida Mia*, will forever be cherished in my heart. ☆



"Always Summer"

"There's a sky-blue land where oceans kiss
And the big ships pass right through the grass
On their way to anywhere
There's a magic land where birds are green
And I can't forget, I can't forget
It was always summer there."

"Sand as white as silk and black as jet,
The kiss of sun, I feel it yet.
The pearly moon above the palm;
A holiday that lasts 'til dawn."

"I wore a red hibiscus in my hair
We were young; it was always summer there.
Adios, tierra de mi corazon" (land of my heart)
Adios Panama".

Lyrics by Mary Knapp
Music by Steven M.

Computer User Groups

by Dominic Battistella

Basic Internet – At the September meeting, Jack Biederman presented computer graphics/photos and showed some examples of how they can be adjusted and modified. There was a lot of interest in this because the quality of graphics/photos greatly influences the quality of both web pages and e-mail. The discussion will be continued at the next meeting. How to create digital graphic/photos, either by using digital cameras or scanning existing work, will be addressed as will file sizes and how to adjust them to work best on the internet.



Members were invited to bring their favorite photos to class so that they can have some hands-on experience in producing modified copies. If photos brought in are not in digital form, they will be scanned to produce digital copies for us at the next meeting.

Macintosh Group – The September meeting featured a presentation by Mike Michael on the use of broadband. The session was designed to inform Mac users about retrieval and e-mail features. ★

First Pet Show at Laurel Creek

by Jan Holderness



Sixteen proud owners paraded their well-behaved dogs, one nameless mouse, and a cat through the Health Center dining room on September 11th. There were few woofs but lots of happy faces and applause from the large group of residents. Dogs ranged from a Peek-a-Poo, Scottish Terrier, Shih-Tzu, Poodles, Australian Shepherd, Dachshund, Labradors, West Highland Terriers to the beautiful Newfoundlands. Biographies of each dog were read by Kim Adams, the able activity assistant on site. Pet lovers understand you CAN wear fur in summer!

Killdeer Birds

by E. H. Wolff

Killdeer, another of our native birds, is a resident of the Central Valley, including PVE. The killdeer name probably was derived from its loud, strident, frequently repeated cry, somewhat resembling the word “kildee”.

Killdeer are famous for building nests in unusual, generally gravelly areas, including gravel roads and driveways. The parents take turns incubating the eggs, usually four, and make great efforts to lure intruders away from the nest by feigning injury. Their performance of the “broken wing” act excels. They flutter away from the nest with both wings dragging as if broken, sometimes almost rolling over. While keeping up an incessant screaming. Meanwhile, the mate circles overhead, adding to the protest until the intruder leaves. An hour or two after the eggs hatch, the chicks are lead from the nesting area and soon find their own food. Killdeer, a most beneficial species, feeds almost exclusively on insect pests.

Last summer, a killdeer made a nest in a small depression among the wood chips near the 3000 building sign. Shortly, four eggs were laid, and two chicks hatched. They were immediately led toward the golf course by one of the parents. A killdeer then resumed sitting on the remaining two eggs, but after about two weeks, during which time the eggs failed to hatch, the nest was abandoned.

This spring, killdeer returned to the same area and, as killdeer do, established a nest in the same spot. By mid-April, a bird began sitting on the nest. Several mornings later, only a few feathers marked the spot, the killdeer no doubt a victim of a cat, whether resident or feral. ★



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Joan Teague and Betty St George

(2) **Life at PVE (human interest stories about travels, hobbies, and incidents)**

Linda Faraday and Liz Wildberger

(3) **Memories (of past events and significant happenings)**

Liz Wildberger and Miz Lively

(4) **Organized activities and events at PVE**

Bev Clemson and Ceil Bellinger

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Jackie Roemer

Irwin Rosen

Bill Stoneberg

Joan Teague

Elly Vasak

E.H. Wolff

George Yeoman

Instructions for Submitting Articles to Elysian Fields

The **Elysian Fields** staff invites contributions from all PVE residents. Articles should be legible, typed if possible, original, signed, and not exceed 500 words. Submissions by e-mail, on floppy disks, or CDs are welcome but not required. Submissions should be directed to one to the four subject matter editors or the editor.

- Biographies of PVE residents (#4005 or #3313 or e-mail jjteague@aol.com)
- Life at PVE (human interest stories about travels, hobbies, and incidents) (#2308 or #5406 or email PhotoRoz@aol.com or liz@pvbb.net)
- Memories of past events and significant happenings (#5406 or #2103 or e-mail liz@pvbb.net or mizlively@aol.com)
- Organized activities and events at PVE (#5205 or #4111 or e-mail b26plt@prodigy.net or bellceil@aol.com)
- Editor (#5116 or e-mail hca8947262@aol.com)

We, the unwilling
Led by the unknowing
Are doing the impossible
For the ungrateful.

We have done so much
For so long, with so little
We are now qualified
To do anything with nothing.

— Submitted by Ed Hoersch
Author unknown

Let's Play "Who"

Results:

More Wrong than Right

by Bill Stoneberg

Let's have some fun! Let's start with the eleven wrong guesses. One person said Jan Bart (half right). Other guesses include: Isabel Redfield (two), Betty St George (two), Dortha Anderson, Helen Wiley (two), Gay Bowen, "Beautiful" Elly Vasak, plus just Elly Vasak (We'll call that two). That's eleven entrants that got it wrong. Now then, who got it right: Del-fina Kruge, Robert Dempsey, Jean Hilbrink. Cletus Nelson included the following notation: "Jan (what a girl!) Holderness. Over four years, I have been directed by this lady in plays. Sat across from her when we developed scripts, stories, presentations, and helped plan programs, etc. It may be unfair to count my entry. If you count me last, I won't mind".

So . . . just four of 500 of you got it right!!

Ex-Ed Note: As to the hints: bobby socks and penny loafers were simply to indicate a "with it" person. The gardenia and the wings just had to be from Bud, and yes, Jan was, indeed, homecoming queen at North Hollywood High School. Hollywood and Vine Street were the famous avenues those loafers had trod.

The family of William C. "Andy" Anderson would like to express its gratitude for the outpouring of sympathy from the wonderful residents of PVE. Andy insisted on a party for his memorial to properly celebrate a life well-lived. Thanks to the loving support of the PVE gang, his wishes were beautifully carried out.

Remembering...

Edwin "Earl" Buss

Loving Husband and Father

Arrived : 11/02/98

Departed: 7/18/03

Col. John Benaquista

Loving Husband and Father

Arrived: 1/07/03

Departed: 7/31/03

Carolyn Battistella

Loving Wife and Mother

Arrived: 11/02/98

Departed: 8/01/03

Merrilyn "Lyn" Fletcher

Loving Wife and Mother

Arrived: 6/29/99

Departed: 8/22/03

Louis Slate

Loving Husband and Father

Arrived: 12/31/01

Departed: 8/22/03

Col. Arthur Weinberger

Loving Husband and Father

Arrived: 5/26/98

Departed: 8/27/03

Marjorie Caulfield

Loving Wife and Mother

Arrived: 3/31/00

Departed: 9/19/03

