

# ELUSIAN FIELDS

May 2005

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## The Ship That Wouldn't Die

At 0700, March 19, 1945, off the coast of Japan, we were launching the first wing of the *Franklin* attack against the mainland. At 0703 two devastating blasts shook the ship to its keel. General alarm sounded, and all hands attempted to man battle stations. The entire ship aft of the island was engulfed in flames. Crew members, regardless of rank, manned fire hoses and fought the flames. The ship took a heavy list to starboard. Heavy cruiser *Santa Fe* came alongside and joined the firefighters. Other ships came to our aid. A group of sailors were trapped on the fantail, and a destroyer came bow-on and took them on board. Up forward, a group of us made ready the ship's anchor chain to be used as a tow line. The light cruiser *Pittsburgh* became the tower, and slowly but surely, the *Franklin* responded. This operation lasted until 1600, when we got one engine room back in commission. We had to cast off the anchor chain because we had no one to operate forward.

Throughout that first day, we had little if any nourishment, but about 1900 the word for chow down was passed. The officers' wardroom served as mess hall for everyone. That first meal consisted of dehydrated eggs and two cans of Budweiser—our store room for recreational supplies had obviously survived the attack.



During the first night we were pestered by the sound of Japanese gunfire but never too close. However, about 0200 all hands were brought to attention when the *Franklin* rolled from its starboard list to an equal port list without warning, due to a zealous damage control officer who miscalculated the amount of flooding necessary to bring us to

an even keel. This flooding was done, of course, without permission from the bridge or the captain. You should have heard the chewing out the captain gave that officer!

Escorted by the cruisers *Santa Fe* and *Pittsburgh*, it took us the next five days to reach Ulithi, the nearest US Base. On arrival, we held a memorial service for

those we lost. We had started with about 3,500 personnel; by Ulithi we had only 704 left. In that service, Chaplain O'Callaghan enjoined us all, on March 19 each year, to get on our knees and thank God for still being alive.

When we left Ulithi we thought we were bound for a west coast shipyard but, much to the delight of the "704", our destination was the Brooklyn Yard.

—by George Hamilton



# The Artist and the Chemist

To spend an hour with Phyllis and Howard St. Louis learning of their early and subsequent lives is sheer enjoyment. Both were born in other parts of the country but moved to California at an early age. Howard was born in Kansas City, Kansas, one of five children, but moved to South San Francisco before he was a year old. Phyllis was born in Des Moines, Iowa, the youngest of four, and moved to Hollywood within two years.

Howard remembers having a mechanical bent as a child. He attended high school in San Francisco, where one of his teachers encouraged him to go to Stanford, which he did, earning a degree in chemistry.

In Hollywood, Phyllis' mother became a hairdresser to stars and had her own shop on Rodeo Drive. When Phyllis was 14, she decided that she belonged in the movies, "borrowed" some clothes from her mother, including high heels that were too small, and set off on a street car for Universal Studios. She told a guard at the gate that she wanted to see the head of the studio. The guard told her kindly that she should wait for three or four years and come back. Subsequently, she got a social security number and went to work behind the candy counter at a five and ten cent store. She went on to earn more money as an usherette at a theater where she saw many stars at previews and then at Grauman's Chinese Theater. After graduating from high school in Hollywood, she went on to the Art Center in Los Angeles.

Howard was in the Army Air Corps during

WWII and served in China, setting up communications. He stayed in the reserves after he returned to civilian life, where he pursued his career as a chemist. They each have children from previous marriages.

Howard and Phyllis met at the Hyatt in Burlingame, where he was with men from his company, and Phyllis was with a friend. He asked her to dance. They exchanged phone numbers, and when



he didn't call her after two days, she called him. He invited her for coffee during the lunch hour. She wore false eyelashes and a hair piece. Arriving first, she sat in the shadows to see if he remembered her. He walked in the front door, noticed some unattractive women at the front and turned to go out. Phyllis caught him in time. During the course of their getting acquainted, one of the

false eyelashes fell into her coffee. She decided the only thing to do was to remove the other one and the hairpiece as well. He was impressed enough to ask her to dinner the following evening and it progressed to marriage. They lived in several places, including Laguna Beach, where Phyllis displayed her painting during the famous art festival. They retired to their dream house in Grass Valley, where they stayed until moving to PVE.

Phyllis had a spiritual experience when she was 21, and her deep faith has sustained her through any crisis. She believes her artistic talent is a gift. She has studied with masters and taught classes as well as individuals every place they have lived. We have been privileged to see her work here, and she is currently getting ready for a local art show in June.

—by Joan Teague

# My Fraternity Brother, “Pappy” Boyington

I had the privilege of being involved with Col. Greg “Pappy” Boyington, USMC, shortly after his release from a Japanese prison camp and his return to Seattle, WA in 1945. At that time, I was attending the University of Washington and belonged to the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity and was living in the fraternity house.

Greg had been pledged to the fraternity while attending the University of Washington before the war. He graduated in 1934 with a degree in aeronautical engineering. After graduation, he spent a year as a Boeing draftsman before he joined the Marines. He was a flight instructor for six years until he volunteered to be a “Flying Tiger” pilot in China, prior to Pearl Harbor. Between his tour in China and Burma and in the South Pacific, he shot down 28 planes – a World War II record for a Marine pilot. On the day of the 28<sup>th</sup> kill, he was shot down by a Japanese Zero fighter and spent the next twenty months in a prisoner-of-war camp until being liberated on August 28, 1945.

We got information of his return to Seattle in October 1945 and decided to honor him by initiating him into the fraternity. A celebration and banquet were organized and held at the Olympic Hotel in Seattle. This party was held on October 29, 1945, a few weeks after he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor by President Truman.

I was asked to loan the use of my fraternity pin for the occasion of his initiation, and I did this. “Pappy” kept it after the party, and in December I sent him his own pin to replace mine. In return, along with my pin, I received a letter of thanks, which I still have. It is postmarked Los Angeles, December 13, 1945, and reads:

*Dear Ray – Received your very nice letter and that wonderful pin this morning. Don't know how I can thank you fellows enough. It makes me very*

*proud to wear it, Ray, old boy. I shall mail your pin back tomorrow and thanks a million for the loan.*

*Nothing would have made me happier than to be back for homecoming, but I guess that just wasn't to be. I am checking out of the Long Beach Naval Hospital tomorrow. I have to go out to the Marine Flying Base, El Toro and get in three months flying time in the following few days. After this I get started on three months leave. Ray, you keep some of those Thetas on ice for me, as I should be back to visit you sometime in the next three months. Guess this is it. Greg*

This is the last we heard from Greg Boyington until I attended a “fly in” of the Confederate Air Force at Brown Field in San Diego on May 31, 1985. Here he was attending the air show and promoting his book, *Baa Baa Black Sheep*, which details his experiences in the war.

—by Ray Lawton



## Tick-Tack-Toe Deadline

Somehow I forgot to set a deadline for entries in the exciting “*Tick-Tack-Toe in the Dining Room?*” contest. The deadline is now set at May 15, 2005.

OK, April 15 has come and gone. You’ve either done your taxes or have gotten an extension. With all the leisure time you now have on your hands, it’s time to enter the contest on why we have tick-tack-toe chairs in the dining rooms.

From the resource of all the incredibly witty people I have met at PVE, I would expect to hear some hilariously ridiculous stories on this subject.

C’mon guys & gals, lets have some fun. Submit to [joesanner@pvbb.net](mailto:joesanner@pvbb.net) or in-house box 2209.

—by Joe Sanner

# The Missing Zucchini

Before we moved to Paradise Valley Estates, we lived in Moraga, CA. We had a large lot with space for a garden. Each summer I planted tomatoes, zucchini, and other vegetables. Usually, I had a good crop of tomatoes to supply the neighbors with as much as they needed.

The zucchini was a different story.

One plant would supply the neighborhood with more than they could use. Sometimes the zucchini would hide under a large leaf and become two feet long, too large to use.

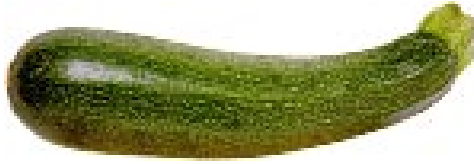
When we moved to PVE in 2000, I found there was a garden area where residents could obtain a plot to raise their own vegetables. I was assigned a plot down by the fence. The first few years I planted only tomatoes, but the soil was clay, and I only got marble-sized tomatoes. I kept adding soil conditioner and fertilizer, but the tomatoes were still barely golf ball size. Each year I would say, "One more year."

In 2004, I was assigned a plot away from the fence. I thought the fence had shaded the plot too much and the large trees had sapped the nutrients out of the soil. The new plot proved to be a good one, and my 2004 tomato crop was a success.

In the spring of 2004, a friend suggested I plant a zucchini plant and let one zucchini grow large enough to stuff with meat and sauce. I did that and, sure enough, one zucchini got quite large, hidden under a large leaf. I watched the zucchini grow all summer, and one day when I was picking tomatoes, I decided that it was time to pick the giant zucchini. I looked under the leaf, and much to my surprise, my prize zucchini was gone. My friend and I were disappointed. No stuffed zucchini for dinner!

I believe that some of our residents have the mistaken opinion that the "public" garden is for everyone and help themselves to the vegetables. I am now a committee of one that will dispute that opinion.

—by Tom Winburn



# Classical Music Lovers Unite!

Last year we organized a small group of ten PVE music lovers to buy season tickets for concerts at the beautiful new Mondavi Center in Davis. Three of us chose the five events we'd attend for the 2004-05 season. We arranged for the PVE bus to transport us, and I ordered our season tickets for the group last spring. Our emphasis was on the major symphony orchestras.

The time is now drawing nigh for us to make our concert decisions for the 2005-06 season, and we cordially invite all of you to join our excursions to Davis for some glorious musical evenings in this world-class concert hall. The brochure for next season will be published soon, so please give me a call at 426-0164 if you are interested or just remotely tempted.

—by Maggie Brockhouse



# Clerisy

At our March meeting, Clerisy decided to return to nonfiction for the next two months.

Selected for May 19 is *Mornings on Horseback*, by David McCullough. This winner of the National Book Award for biography is available in paperback. It relates the fight of young Theodore Roosevelt, a remarkable little boy who was handicapped by near-fatal asthma attacks, and his struggle to manhood, "an amazing metamorphosis seen in the uncommon household in which he was raised."

—by Gaylon Caldwell

# May Days and Montecristi Hats



In a discussion recently about the observance of May Day, I mentioned that it brought back happy memories

of maypoles and learning to dance around one in school. It was quite an achievement to keep all the ribbons straight and get them going in the correct direction.

May 1 was also the birthday of our beloved Mabel, who took care of our household for many years in Balboa, Canal Zone. She was lovingly renamed Maybelle by my older brother, Bill. Maybelle cleaned our house, picked up after the four Zemer kids did our laundry, and many days had lunch ready for us when we dashed home on our noon break.

In those days we did not have washers and dryers, all our laundry being done the old-fashioned way, washed with scrub boards and hung out on clotheslines to dry. In the rainy season, this was quite a feat to accomplish.

When I became a San Franciscan in September, 1950, my lifestyle took on a different mode. That first May Day in 1951, I noticed my boss, George Lively, came to work sporting his straw hat. He had put away his felt Borcelino Resitol until the fall. When I began to know Mr. Lively better, I asked him if he would like me to get him a real “Panama” hat made in Montecristi, Ecuador. When I got the “go ahead,” I had my mother purchase one for him with at least the required 100 rings to make it authentic. George had it blocked, complete with a small black band, at a famous hat blocking shop on Geary Street. George Lively became my husband, and he continued to wear his “Panama” almost to the day he died.

In San Francisco in the 1950s and 1960s, May 1 also signified the day you began to wear light colored outfits, including beautiful “Mr. John” hats and your white gloves. Your woolens were cleaned and put away until Labor Day, which signaled “summer” was over.

One other May Day I shall always remember was in 1992, when my friend Sharon and I were leaving Aix-en-Provence, France, after spending two

glorious weeks in this fabulous city of fountains. We hired a taxi to take us to the train station, where we would go from Aix to Marseilles and then catch the TVG train to Paris. As we drove through the streets, the market places were filled with masses of beautiful, fresh spring flowers. My friend Elly Vasak told me this day is called Premier Mai, Muquets des Bois (First of May and Lilies of the Valley) in France.

It was a beautiful evening when we arrived in Paris. Sharon’s friend Joanne Marie met us and took us to our hotel, located near the Arc de Triomphe. We had a difficult time finding a restaurant that did not have a long waiting line, but at last we were successful in locating one. The owner greeted each of us with a beautiful rose. It was an evening I shall long treasure. “April in Paris” had now become Premier Mai, Muquets des Bois.

—by Isabella Lively

## Community Garden

A big bouquet of THANKS to all the garden helpers who attended the March meeting and helped with paving the paths with recycled gravel. We need to finish the job, so please spread a small bucketful of gravel when you’re in the garden next time.

There will be no Garden Club meeting in May.

Our bus trip in June to gardens, shopping, and wine tasting in Sonoma will require your signature in The Green Book. Sign up at the Reception Desk at the Community Center. This trip promises to be great fun. Plan to bring a friend!



## Who’s Who

A great little book has come in to our library called *Who’s Who in the California Legislature*. It’s brand new and was given to us by Ron Ridley. It has pictures of all the legislators, their biographies, a map of their areas, and more. The PVE Legislative committee has the book now, but it will soon be in the reference section of the library.

—by Bev Clemson

# Labor of Love

*No occupation is so delightful to me as the culture of  
the earth,*

*No culture comparable to that of the garden...  
But though I am an old man, I am but a young  
gardener.*

*Thomas Jefferson Garden Book 1811*

Imagine my surprise when I arrived at our PVE garden expecting to find a couple of residents snipping dead leaves, only to encounter more than a dozen men and women digging weeds out of the paths, followed by others dumping loaded wheelbarrows of gravel on those paths. These are retirees?

The intrepid Jan Holderness, leader of the pack, had spotted a pile of gravel at the recent construction site and suggested to the supervisor that our garden could really put that gravel to good use. Not only was he willing to donate it, he even volunteered to dump it on a designated site.

On that sunny April afternoon of my visit, Jan was bubbling with enthusiasm for the project. I asked her why, in addition to writing and directing our in-house drama productions, she also involved herself in such heavy work in the garden. “How can I live without a garden?” she responded.

Jan told me that, in addition to her 300 bulbs of tulips, jonquils, daffodils, and freesias, she also “plants” the patio bricks, many of which are memorials or testimonials to residents’ loved ones, others for 911 victims. She assured me there are many bricks still unscored available for purchase.

Bill Cox was on hand, having just installed new batteries in the fountain contributed years ago by George Yeoman. The tinkling resonance augmented the aura of tranquility at the site.

I then asked each of the others what motivated them to maintain their gardens.

Louise Boland was quietly nurturing her large rose garden. I didn’t interrupt.

Fred Schaffer, while shoveling gravel: “Sometimes it’s hard. Fifty years ago this would have been an easy job. I’ve done it since I was a kid.”

Lloyd Espen, who had reluctantly given up his passion for raising orchids in Redwood City: “It’s the thrill of seeing things grow. It’s part of my DNA.”

Al Kocher: “Because I’m good at it.”

Grace Okazaki: “It’s a pleasure to say to my friends, ‘Come and help yourself...Plants are healthy and happy and smiling.’”

John McBeath, with a mischievous grin: “My wife makes me.” He quickly added, “Both of us are gardeners.”

Marjorie Harlan, on her knees, digging weeds out of the path: “Because we always had a garden. We had 30 fruit trees in Hillsborough.”

Tom Winburn: “Last year I raised tomatoes and zucchini. I gave them to neighbors and friends.”

EH Wolff, who has been designated garden philosopher: “Jan told me it’s good for my health.”

PVE’s industrious garden nurturers are now looking forward to an outing in June, open to all residents, including visits to Sonoma’s new Sloat Garden Center store and ending at the hilltop Vian-sa Winery. Meanwhile, all residents are invited to stroll through our garden, relax in our brick patio, and feel blessed.

*That God once loved a garden  
we learn in Holy writ,  
And seeing gardens in the Spring,  
I well can credit it*

*Winfred Mary Letts*

—by Linda Faraday

## Jack Rabbit

Why do they call it  
A “Jack” rabbit?  
Why not Bob or Will?  
With all due respect,  
I rather suspect  
That some should be  
Monikered Jill.

Those semaphore ears  
And kangaroo knees  
Sometimes draw  
Incredulous stares;  
Our resident rabbit,  
As nature would have it,  
Is the Ichabod Crane of hares.

—by Jack Sorrelle

# Fitness Report

May is Ladies' Health and Fitness Month. Our annual ladies' health and fitness day will be held right here at PVE on Wednesday, May 18, from 9:00 a.m.-3:30 p.m. The day features a variety of fitness events and classes as well as our ladies' luncheon. Our



keynote speaker, Dr. Kathryn Amacher, will address issues in women's health and aging. You will need to sign up for the luncheon in the Green Book. The other events /classes do not require sign ups. The day will also offer guided meditation and aromatherapy sessions as well as arm and hand massages. Plan to attend this special day just for the ladies of PVE.

That exercise is good is a principle on which most people will agree. It is good for weight loss, for maintaining a healthy body weight, for boosting metabolism, for toning our muscles, for revving up our heart's ability to pump blood and our lung's ability to deliver oxygen, not to mention that exercise helps our bones stay strong, keeps us looking good, feeling good, and able to keep up with our busy lives. The only downside to this is that we don't always choose to do what is good for us. The following tips may help you maximize your workout:

- Focus on incorporating one or two of them at a time into your workout.
- Don't worry that you aren't exercising enough. Make a commitment and keep it. This brings feelings of success instead of feeling you aren't doing enough.
- Try strength training first. Lifting weights first before your aerobic workout will redirect your focus on toning your muscles. You will see a positive change in the shape and feel of your body.
- Increase the intensity of your workout. This

will help you determine whether you are lifting the correct amount of weight. For example, try increasing the weight by one or two pounds.

- Monitor your heart rate. You may be surprised at what you see. Most people will settle in and exercise at a lower intensity if they aren't monitoring their workout.

Here's more food for thought. When a person stays physically fit, three key areas of the brain, adversely affected by aging, improve. Older adults show a decline in brain density in white and gray areas, but fitness actually slows that decline. A recent study in the *Journal of Gerontology* reveals that cardiovascular exercise and strength training produce better results on cognitive abilities when combined than either does alone.

In other news —We will be offering a new class in our Fitness in Paradise calendar: Aerobics of the Mind. This class will focus on keeping the mind active in aging. It will be offered on Tuesdays from 2:30 p.m.-3:15 p.m. in the large arts and crafts room. You won't want to miss this exciting new class. Watch the Fitness in Paradise calendar for more details.

—by Jan Olson, Fitness Manager

## The Maypole Dance

If it were many years ago  
All the traditions say,  
We'd dance around a Maypole  
On the first fine day of May.

We'd all have ribbons in our hands,  
Wear costumes very fine.  
We'd dance our ribbons in and out  
And plait them in design.

And now it's fun remembering  
The past; but for today,  
We'll smile and greet our neighbors all  
And wish them "Happy May!"

—by Elly Vasak

# The Store

## A Success Story



It's a tiny store, but the results are huge. The concept of an all volunteer benevolent enterprise was initiated almost five years ago by Freda-a Jurian Keever and Helen Millson, who remained its managers for two-and-a-half years, followed by Betty Rodden's two-year stint.

Staffed by a short list of female volunteers (more are urgently needed!), The Store is now under the enthusiastic management of Virginia Noordyk.

At its inception, residents were asked to contribute any items they could no longer use, as well as furniture that did not fit in their units. Daily cash intake was as much as (or as little as) \$3.00 a day! Well, as the story goes—"We've come a long way, baby!"

A subsequent development has been the estate sale, under the direction of The Store. Beneficiaries of residents who have passed away often choose to donate all or part of the contents of a unit—and then... The Store has three days to assemble, price, and dispose of those contents. Three days! This is a mandate of marketing. Seldom is more time allowed for such a formidable task.

This non-profit organization is the only fundraiser for PVE. Proceeds are given to the Residents' Council for disbursement and in the past have provided a long list of benefits to residents: a bocce ball court, a horseshoe pit, a piano for the health center, televisions for the health center, two defibrillators, contributions to the Solano Winds, a popcorn machine to the FFLD Fire Department, a new sound system, \$5,000 to the Benevolent Fund, and the soon-to-be-installed putting green.

Nestled next to the Multi-Purpose Room and around the corner from Travis Credit Union, The Store is operated by volunteers and is available for browsing and purchasing to residents, employees, and guests from 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. weekdays.

A few specifications apply to contributions. Donations of clothing must be clean and in fashion. Kitchen items and electrical items should be in good working order. Storage space is extremely

limited for large items. Donors are asked to check with the manager for space availability and pickup. Wednesdays are free pickup days. A tax write-off sheet is available from management.

For further information, call Virginia Noordyk at 434-9650, or leave a note in her in-house mailbox: 4014. Watch channel 79 for special store events. The Store and its volunteers have depended on residents as donors and customers for past success, and as always, they appreciate all residents' ongoing support.

— by Helen Millson

## Pretty in Pink

Pink Flamingo Fun Day, that is! This is an annual potluck picnic with friendly game competition between the residents and employees, scheduled



for Friday, May 20, 2005. Games are set up on the lawn. Some need to be signed up for, but most are "Step right up and try your luck." Residents can earn points by playing against employees as a team or individually. The ultimate goal is to win the perpetual trophy, on which the winners names are inscribed (residents or employees).

Volunteers oversee the games and keep the scores. Although there are a number of returning veterans of Flamingo Fun Day, there is a great need for additional volunteers. If you would like to help, call Lise Hansen at 432-1131. Chef Dwayne will provide the meat entrée, dessert, and drinks. Residents are asked to bring a side dish to share.

Watch bulletin boards and the Friday Flash for details. Rosy reminders should start arriving in early May. Sign-up sheets will appear about the same time. Plan to wear pink and join the fun at this annual summer kick-off celebration.

—by Lise Hansen

# What's Coming Up

- ◆ *San Francisco Ballet "Romeo and Juliet"*
- ◆ *Asian Art Museum: "The Kingdom of Siam: Art of Central Asia"*
- ◆ *Dulcetones* at PVE
- ◆ *Trout Fishin' with Capt. Nimmo*
- ◆ *AARP Driver's Safety Class* at PVE
- ◆ *Filoli Gardens tour and lunch*
- ◆ *Solano Symphony Homes Tour*
- ◆ *"Oh, Kay"* at Spreckles Performing Arts Theater, Rohnert Park
- ◆ *A Day at the Races*, Golden Gate Fields
- ◆ *Pink Flamingo Day*
- ◆ *"Winning the Age Game"*, two classes taught by Gloria Heidi at PVE
- ◆ *Pianist Andre Watts with Napa Valley Symphony*
- ◆ *Japanese Dancers* at PVE
- ◆ *A Day in Benicia*
- ◆ *Riverboat Jazz Festival Lunch Cruise*, Sacramento
- ◆ *"Frankie & Johnny" – Smuin Ballet* at the Leshner Center, Walnut Creek

# What We're Working

## On

- ◆ *"The Lion King" – Best of Broadway Series*, Sacramento Community Center Theater
- ◆ *A Day of Wine and Roses*, Sonoma
- ◆ *Hawaiian Luau*
- ◆ *"Othello", California Shakespeare Festival* in Orinda
- ◆ *Giftmart/Jewelrymart* in San Francisco
- ◆ *Vacaville Farmer's Market*
- ◆ *North Bay Opera Chorus* at PVE
- ◆ *Robert Cameron's Aerial Photography* at the Presidio
- ◆ *"Zarzuela" – Jarvis Conservatory*, Napa
- ◆ *Thunder Valley Casino*
- ◆ *4<sup>th</sup> of July Fireworks at the Suisun Marina*
- ◆ *Saturday Opera Night at the Jarvis Conservatory*, Napa
- ◆ *4<sup>th</sup> Street, Berkeley and Treasure Island Culinary Academy*
- ◆ *"I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change"* at Napa Valley Opera House, Napa
- ◆ *Hanna House and Stanford Shopping Center*

- ◆ *Davis Farmer's Market*
- ◆ *"West Side Story", "Crazy For You", "Cabaret" and "The King and I" at Music Circus*, Sacramento
- ◆ *Summer Musical Tea*
- ◆ *"The Magic Flute" (AT NAPA VALLEY OPERA HOUSE)*
- ◆ *San Francisco Conservatory of Flowers*
- ◆ *KORET Fashion Show and Shopping at Vacaville Premium Outlet Stores*
- ◆ *Dixon Scottish Games*
- ◆ *Albuquerque Hot Air Balloon Festival*
- ◆ *Branson, Missouri*

—by Lise Hansen

# News from your Library

Things go along smoothly most of the time in the library at PVE. Books come in and go out. Magazines are donated weekly, and duplicates and old issues go out to the health center or David Grant Hospital weekly. The rubber band jar fills up. Driver's license tests are given out. Paperbacks are shuffled back and forth. People are reading the papers and settling in for a good book in the chairs. All goes well.

Then, once in a while, there is a sudden attack, and a band of gremlins mysteriously creeps into the library. The *Wall Street Journal* is missing. The *Chronicle* has a whole section taken out. The paperbacks are all jumbled and in improper places. The magazine rack, so carefully alpha-arranged the day before, now has several odd magazines placed randomly on the racks. The ceiling lights begin to fail. Even the phone cranks out strange numbers when someone is dialing. The gremlins are at it again. Ah, woe for the librarians!

They get back to work and set everything aright. Someone comes in on a scooter and tells them the library is a boon to her. She reads several books a week, and she couldn't do without this little library. Someone else tells a librarian how great the library looks and how nice to be able to have it. That makes everything right again, and the world goes on.

Thanks for your wonderful donations and support.

—by Bev Clemson

# Picking up Dinner at the Club

It was a dark and dreary night when I wound my way down the hill here at Paradise Valley Estates at 5:30 p.m. to pick up the dinner I had ordered at The Club. Few people realize that The Club has been taken over by the Mafia and that it is the hangout for some very tough and dangerous characters. In fact, some of the habitués have been hanging out there so long they are really sons of habitués!

I approached the premises carefully. I turned up my collar and pulled down my cap as I entered the darkened room. Sure enough, over in the corner sat three of the most deadly criminals the world has ever known, but I knew them. There was one who it was rumored was a retired Marine and put people away with a cannon! Another, they said, was a Naval Academy graduate, but he looked just like a hood from Hoboken Tech in New Jersey to me. The third was so bad in Novato that if you whispered his name in that town, you'd get a knife in your ribs. If you think these guys were tough, you should see their molls sitting with them.

As I approached the bar, I noticed a broad sitting there having a drink. I angled away from her as my wife had warned me about possibilities like this, if you know what I mean. Then, up popped Rosie the Riveter, the cute barmaid, who dragged over one of the barstools and put it next to the broad, saying she needed company.

As I sat down, the dame next to me says, "Don't be afraid of me sonny; I'm 94-years-old." With that, Nick the bartender poured me a martini so dry that he just shouted, "Vermouth" at it. Don't tell this to Ron, the owner of the joint, or he'll probably water down the gin from here on.

With these assurances, I turned my attention to my partner. She really didn't look a day over 90 to me and wasted not a minute telling me how much she enjoys living here in PVE. She turned out to be a gem, going on about how much she enjoys meeting her friends for dinner after her stop at the bar and telling me how important it is to think positively. By this time, I had forgotten all about the Mafia sitting right behind me. She asked me, "Do you know why I like a martini?" "No," said I. "It improves my appetite before I go in to eat, and it makes jokes

funnier." I told her the one about the waiter and the fork, and she laughed so hard I fell off the stool and was suddenly awake in my own chair in my own place up on the hill on Constitution. My wife was shaking me. "Bal," she said, "You've been dreaming. You've got to stop watching those Godfather reruns on TV. Now get your hat on and go down to get our dinner. It's 5:30, and don't talk to any of those floozies in the bar!"

—by Bal Balensiefer



## Bocce Ball

The court is ready for play and is open at all times except for occasional short periods following rain. At such times, a sign will be posted at the court. Walking on a damp court causes surface irregularities.

While the court is available to all residents, we anticipate almost daily play from the Bocce League. The key to the equipment box (located at the court) is kept at the main reception desk in the Community Center. If the key has been signed out, a game should be in progress. When the key is returned, the court is again available. Anyone desiring to play should just sign for the key, return it, and sign in when the play is finished.

Anyone desiring to play in the league should call me at 426-0780, and I will fit you in when possible.

—by John Kroyer



# California's Wet Winter Dries-Up for PVE Golfers!

Another winter season ends, and the PVE golf gals and guys were blessed with unusually dry, seasonal days for every "First Wednesday of the Month!" It was ever thus: For seven years (almost eight) it is hard to remember a golf game cancelled because of rain or cold!

I'm remembering an early PVE golf game at Rancho Solano, probably in June, 1998. A beautiful day! Coach (Ed Albrecht) arrived in his Mercedes and turned toward the clubhouse on the cart path between the clubhouse and the tenth tee, arriving within mere inches of the pro shop. The shocked assistants poured out to back Ed off the cart path, back to the road that led to the parking lot.

Poor June Clausen! After paying her greens fees, she caught a cleat on the step down to terra firma, taking a big tumble. Dick and June played a lot of golf at Oakmont in Santa Rosa, and we've missed them in the PVE group.

The winners on that years-ago date were the Rancho Solano Greens. They are huge, and three putts are common. In those days, Art Hyslop and Bob George usually "took home the bacon."

The winners of April 2005 Best Ball: Third place: the ever-winning Duncan Kelly and his team of Winkie Wirrick, Tall-Guy Fletcher and Wm. Armentrout. Second Place: The usually-winning Dom Battistella and team, including Carl Johnson and Ted (new Putting Green) Lindley. First Place went to Lucky Nick Nickel and his crew of Betty Tylutki and Jack Biederman!

Congratulations to all, especially those who keep playing and not winning. Your day will come! Get John to pair you with Kelly or Batty! Better yet, "John, pair me with one of these guys!"

—by Bill Stoneberg, subbing for John Gearhart



# Our Second Air Force "Dining Out" in Planning Stage

A committee has been organized and is working on plans for a second Air Force dining-out formal event, to be staged on Sunday, September 25, 2005, in the PVE dining room. The first dining-out was held in May, 2002 and was hugely successful, filling the maximum seating capacity of 130. It featured a bagpiper, a Travis AFB musical group, a featured Air Force guest speaker, and the ritual Air Force dining-out ceremonies. The maximum seating is set so that everyone is in a position to have line-of-sight viewing of the festivities.

The event will not be economically viable unless there is a committed sign-up of 125 attendees. The higher costs of the event are caused by special room preparations, use of two bar setups, wait staff, and entertainment expenses.

PVE residents eligible to attend are retired Air Force personnel and their spouses, Air Force widows and their guests, and individuals with previous Air Force service or close working connections.

There will be several mailings with details of the event over the next three months.

Mark your calendars and reserve September 25, 2005. If you have questions concerning the event, call Pete Palmos at 429-5002 or Ed Millson at 434-1907.

—by Ed Millson



# Theater News

"Two for the Show," is the upcoming presentation of the Not Quite Ready Players. The playbill includes two delightful short plays with song and dance. Plan to attend the performance on Sunday, May 1, at 2:30 p.m. in the Multi-Purpose Room of the Community Center.

Don't miss it!

—by Jan Holderness

# Rewriting Civil War History

This author's impeccable qualifications as a noted sectional and war raconteur were established early in life. An official 1956 FBI Background Security Check for Classified Matters notes that he was born in the summer-dried swamp of Frenchtown Bottoms, Arkansas, onto the shirt off his father's back, on the running board of a Saxon Six touring car in the presence of the family physician and two registered nurses. His first three years of formal education were in a one-room school house, where he was the smartest in each grade as he was the only student in each grade and, by the age of ten in the mid-1920s, established a record of arrest and jail for driving under age with his three brothers in the family four-door Model "T" Ford to Trinity Episcopal Church Sunday School in the incorporated city limits of Pine Bluff, Arkansas.



Arkansas was the 25<sup>th</sup> state to join the Union, and the ninth to follow Virginia into the Confederacy. Although more than 776 military events of the War Between the States occurred in the "Wonder State," it was little known except for its long staple cotton and the dragon-sized mosquitoes. Two of these 776 events are historically intriguing, yet over time have been editorially ignored.

The first shot of the war was fired about one mile from Frenchtown Bottoms, some five days prior to the first cannon firing on Fort Sumter, Charleston, South Carolina, at 4:30 a.m. on April 12, 1861, historically recorded as the commencement of hostilities.

Just below Pine Bluff, the Jefferson Guards captured two Federal steamboats going up the Arkansas River with supplies for garrisons at Fort Gibson and Fort Smith. Since the act was carried out by regular troops in uniform, under officially written orders from Governor Rector of Arkansas to seize the cargoes for the Confederate Army, it has long been held that the warning musket discharged from the south riverbank was the first shot in the War Between the States.

The first important battle was at Elkhorn Tavern

(called Pea Ridge by the Yankees) on March 7-8, 1862, in the northwest region of the state, when Union control over Missouri was solidified. This engagement is best remembered as having the largest concentration of American Indians of any Civil War encounter. The Five Civilized Tribes of the Southeast, i.e., Creek, Choctaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw, and Seminole, assisted the Confederates with three regiments. Col. Stand Waite, a.k.a. Degatoga, or "Stand Together," commanded the 1st Cherokee. Waite distinguished himself twice at Elkhorn Tavern. On the seventh, he charged with the Ninth Texas Cavalry, brandishing guns and tomahawks, bows and arrows. Union gunners panicked and fled. On the eighth, Waite led the last "gray" contingent off the battlefield.

A Cherokee of the Deer Clan, Brig. Gen. Waite was the only American Indian on either side to attain the rank of General. He was the last officer of the South to surrender. On June 23, 1865, at Doaksville, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory (Oklahoma), he laid down his arms to federal officers, and the Civil War was over.

—by Ben Jarvis

## Dining at PVE

The new menu has elicited positive responses, both verbal and written. 197 comment cards were received this last month, only 16 of which were negative.

The jeans/no jeans controversy, as it applies to the formal dining room, still is in limbo. A further review of the dress code by the council and staff is imminent.

David Kalbaugh continues to interview the numerous applicants for the position of bartender in The Club. Expect an announcement soon.

New, more efficient computers are to make their debut in the dining room May 18. Wait staff will have training in their use, but the transition may require a bit of patience by the residents.

The purpose of the new dessert menu cards is to acquaint residents and guests with all of the dessert possibilities. Their regular usage will be reevaluated in May.

Server Jason and busser Jennifer were April's incentive award winners.

—by Madelynne Wolfe, Dining Committee Chair

# PVE Commemorates Memorial Day



**Back row: Cal Samson, Dan Child, Jan Holderness, Cletus Nelson, Bob Steinkraus, Liz Wildberger**

**Seated: Betty St George, Carol Block, Gay Bowen**

In a change from traditional commemorative programs, the Patriotic Committee of PVE, under the chairmanship of Captain Dan Child (USN, Ret), has chosen to recognize the role of women in the establishment and ceremonies associated with Memorial Day. A body of historical evidence discloses that organized women's groups in the South were decorating graves of the fallen Confederate soldiers before the end of the Civil War, and in 1915, Moina Michael conceived of an idea to wear red poppies on Memorial Day in honor of those who died serving the nation during war. In 1948, the US Post Office honored Ms Michael for her role in founding the national poppy movement by issuing a red three-cent postage stamp with her likeness on it.

PVE's program features Jan Holderness as hostess, and includes short presentations by several women residents. Jackie Peterson, past president of the PVE Resident Council, will give the keynote address; Elly Vasak, PVE's poet laureate, will present an original poem written for the occasion; Col. Pat Maguire (USAF, Ret) will speak on the role of women in the Armed Forces; and Liz Wildberger, Elysian Fields May 2005

mother of many, will represent the service family in her remarks. Carol Block will lead the PVE Chorus in a selection of songs relevant to Memorial Day. Gay Bowen and Betty St George will offer the closing prayers.

Lt.Col. Cletus Nelson (USAF, Ret) will define the theme, while PVE Executive Director, Ron Ridley will introduce the keynote speaker. Col. Bob Steinkraus (USMC, Ret) will fire the ceremonial cannon following the playing of Taps.

The event promises to be different in presentation, yet traditional in theme. For all of us, it is not important who was "the very first" to celebrate this patriotic holiday. What is important is that Memorial Day was established. This holiday recognizes reconciliation; it is about coming together to honor those who gave their all. It is another example of patriotic involvement in our community.

—by Liz Wildberger



## PVE's Memorial Wall

Residents, staff, and employees will have an opportunity to remember loved ones at the Memorial Day commemoration on May 30. Small cards will be available at a table placed near the podium on the lawn near the Pavilion. Those who wish to may write brief messages of remembrance on a card, naming a person they wish to memorialize, and then tie the card to a screen located adjacent to the podium.

To assist residents, a sample card will be available at the site and also shown on Ch. 79.

# What's in a (PVE) Pet Name...?

The American Kennel Club has strict regulations on registered names. A name is limited in length, and no two names can be the same. Some breeders use their kennel name plus similar descriptive names for each dog in a litter. Some give the new owner the naming privilege, and it may be that the registered name and the call name have no apparent relationship. Jackie Peterson had no say in naming either of her Corgis. Her new Corgi is Hedgeside Verilo Raggedy Ann; her call name is Annie. Her older dog Desi, now 13, is officially Ch. Nebriowa Double Stitch. Her grandmother was Ch. Nebriowa Stitch in Time. So why Double Stitch? Because her grandmother was also her paternal and maternal grandmother! This is acceptable in the dog world if the breeder is knowledgeable about the dogs involved.



Bill and Doneyn Johnson wanted another New-

foundland similar in temperament to their first, Rosie, who was quiet and gentle. Instead she turned out to be vivacious and full of mischief, a real Jezebel! She has mellowed a bit, but the name stays.

The newest resident dog is also one of the newest of the AKC breeds, a Havanese (originated in Havana) named Rainey. Rainey was already named by her breeder when she moved to PVE in March to live with Bart and Eula Marschall. Why Rainey? Because she was born on a rainy day. Rainey has only her litter registration, so the Marschalls get to give her an official name when they decide what it will be.

As a puppy, Drummer's grandmother Meg had an assertive high-pitched response to me — arooOOoo. It reminded me of a descant, a counter melody sung above a musical theme, so Descant was part of her name. To carry on the musical theme, her daughter (Drummer's mother) was the only bitch in the litter, so Cadenza, a solo, belonged to her. Her call name was Kari, no connection to her registered name. Milwyn's Drummer followed. All three Scotties moved to PVE with us.

And that other Scottie? It was whispered to me that Scottie is a cat, a Scottish Fold cat belonging to Audi Dallmann.

—by Freddi Miller

## Precipitation

Following is the rainfall recorded at PVE for the season beginning July 1, 2004:



	<b>For the month</b>	<b>Cumulative</b>
February	5.52 Inches	24.70 inches
March	5.20 Inches	29.90 inches
Through Apr. 14, 2005	1.38 inches	31.28 inches

The average rainfall recorded at PVE for the past six years through March 15, 2005, is 26.58 inches. Most rainfall through March 15 was 29.62 inches in 2005.

Least Rainfall through March 15 was 19.68 inches in 2001.

### WATER STORAGE

Shasta Dam—89% of capacity

Oroville Dam—74% of capacity

Lake Berryessa (where Fairfield receives a portion of its water) is 101% of capacity

—by Peter Palmos

Elysian Fields May 2005

# The Reluctant Toastmaster

An accomplishment that I am proud of happened in the late 1980s. I had always been somewhat reticent about speaking out in a group of more than six or eight people. I don't know whether this would come under the category of stage fright or just being shy. When I think back to my early experiences of listening to the adults in my extended family, it seemed that most of them were listeners rather than talkers. I grew up with the idea that you were to ask people to tell you how they were doing, rather than tell about yourself. I still feel uncomfortable talking about myself for very long.

Whatever the reason for this discomfort, I knew that I had to learn to speak out in a group. I was soon going to be the president of the Santa Clara Reciprocity Bureau of P.E.O., where I would be presiding over meetings with many members present, so even though the idea of it was scary, I decided to join Toastmasters. There, I would have to give speeches, tell jokes, give a prayer, conduct the meeting, and be an evaluator of others' speeches.

It was really quite challenging! The first speech in the manual is called the icebreaker. This is when you talk about yourself, not exactly my favorite thing. I picked out several magazines from home, which I held up one at a time to say something about myself. There was my *Wheaton College Alumnae Quarterly*, a Presbyterian magazine, a house and garden magazine, and a travel magazine. This gave the listeners a clue as to my interests, and having the magazines present made it easier for me to remember what I wanted to say.

I never considered myself a joke teller or a storyteller of any ilk, so when the manual said that it was time to give a humorous speech, I was worried. I wrote out a speech about some of the strange things that I had seen other drivers doing when they were driving by or stopped at a traffic light. Some were putting on make-up, shaving, reading, dressing, and eating. I even saw a man cutting his hair, using two hands.

I was to use gestures in this speech, another uncharacteristic behavior. I practiced and practiced before the mirror, and someone videotaped it for me. I was out of my comfort zone on this one. My

## REMEMBERING . . .

Mrs. Grace Dodds  
Loving Wife  
Arrived: November 20, 2001  
Departed: March 17, 2005

Mr. Howard "Bud" Booth  
Loving Husband and Father  
Arrived: July 24, 1998  
Departed: March 29, 2005

J. Arthur "Art" Boland, Lt., USNR(Ret)  
Loving Husband and Father  
Arrived: October 15, 1998  
Departed: April 2, 2005

Dr. Stanley Newman, Lt.Col., USA(Ret)  
Loving Husband and Father  
Arrived: March 31, 2000  
Departed: April 12, 2005



evaluator was kind and said, "Connie is naturally reserved and dignified, so this was a difficult assignment for her," but hearing people laugh at my speech gave me a boost. I was able to move back into my comfort zone.

Giving that humorous speech was a real milestone for me.

—by Constance Gum

# “Spring” into Tennis

Every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 9 a.m. (8 a.m. in the summer)” there is a “drop in” tennis. This is for all levels of tennis. Some who have come have never played before or have not hit a ball in 25 years or more. It’s surprising how it all comes back. Come and rack up your racket on the numbered peg board just inside the gate and rotate onto the court as your racket comes up. Rotate around and play four games. One person comes off, and one goes on and removes his/her racket. Play with different partners on the rotation. Rerack your racket in the last open peg when you come off. As other people come off, your racket gradually progresses back to the number one position.

Removal of a racket anytime before you go onto the court indicates either that you are going home or that you do not want play even if you are number one. In that case, the next person is up and has the right to go onto the court. If you do not want to lose your turn, leave your racket in position on the peg board until you go onto the court!

—by Millie Healy

P.S. Three women are looking for a fourth lady for women’s doubles. Maybe Thursdays could be ladies’ days! Call Millie Healy at 422-2025 (leave message).

## Move-ins Since the Last Issue

Bills, Norman & Jeanie  
3206 Estates Drive  
Roseville, CA  
Referred by the Eyres

Bock, John & Jane  
1203 Estates Drive  
Paso Robles, CA

Brown, Richard “Dick”, Col., USAF(Ret) and  
Elizabeth “Bette”  
4104 Constitution Avenue  
Santa Maria, CA

## ELYSIAN FIELDS STAFF ORGANIZATION

<b>Editor</b>	Hal Carter
<b>Associate Editor</b>	Liz Wildberger
<b>Copy Editor(s)</b>	Madelynne Wolfe and Ceil Bellinger
<b>Make-up, Layout, Publishing</b>	Marj Parker and Joe & Angie Sanner
<b>Photography</b>	Jack Albrecht and Dick Betchley

### Editorial Assistants/Writers

- (1) **Biographies of PVE residents**  
Joan Teague
- (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
- (5) **Fitness feature writer** Jan Olson
- (6) **Poems** Elly Vasak

## 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 of the subject matter editors or the editor.